THE BLUE AND WHITE
Columbia University in the City of New York

SECRETS OF PINE
by Michelle Bertagna and Alex Angert

THE RETURN OF FIRST FRIDAY DANCES
by Dixon Trotter Gaines

PERSONAL ADS
by the staff and friends of the B&W!
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*About the Cover:* The Rodin sculpture Columbia should have commissioned: “The Low Kiss” 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 1765–1813). The display faces are Weiss and, new this month, Cantoria.
903 is the date of the first recorded use of the term "hook-up," according to the OED: "It'll put us in line for a hook-up with th’ reform bunch in th’ fight for th’ town next year.” Voting for “reform bunch” is not exactly what most Columbia students have in mind when they use the term “hook-up.” They seem to mean something closer to the services that a “hooker” would have offered, as in an 1845 edition of Tarheel Talk: “If he comes by way of Norfolk he will find any number of pretty Hookers in the Brick row not far from French’s hotel.”

How exactly do we use it today? Well, no one is quite sure. “Hooking up” seems to mean very different things to different people. It was our mission in this number of The Blue and White to investigate the term in all its senses and references, connotations and denotations. These range from a hard-core conversation with the brothers of the fraternity Beta, a plea for chastity, a forum on what hooking up means for our community. We have related articles about the return of the legendary “First Friday Dances,” which offer a great opportunity for hooking up, advice on how to woo members of both sexes, and personal ads by the staff and friends of the magazine. Finally, “Secrets of Pine” is a sequel to one of the most popular articles ever published in The B&W, last volume’s “Secrets of the RolmPhone.”

This number is the last to be published under the guidance of Editor-in-Chief Matthew Rascoff, to whom we offer thanks and the best of luck.

Next issue, Richard J. Mammana, Jr. will take over as Editor-in-Chief and Daniel S. Immerwahr will become managing Editor. Congratulations to our new executives!
A thousand years ago, more or less, music, together with its then-related subjects astronomy, arithmetic, and geometry, formed the quadrivium, that part of the medieval curriculum that led to the Master of Arts. Music has long since had no such honorable place in universities, and in the American university had no place at all until well into the nineteenth century. When it reappeared it had lost its connections with both astronomy and mathematics. In these interplanetary days the “music of the spheres” is but a poetic image; professors of music are more likely to visit departments of anthropology, computer science, history, and languages than mathematics. In fact, music departments lead somewhat sequestered lives. They puzzle administrators who try in vain to fit them into conventional patterns. Nevertheless, they are valuable public relations assets, for they train musicians who sometimes become successful performers and harbor composers who also become known to the larger public.

That Columbia professor best known to music lovers the world over was not a musician at all, but its first professor of Italian, Lorenzo Da Ponte, Mozart’s librettist for Le Nozze di Figaro (1786), Don Giovanni (1787), and Cosi Fan Tutti (1790). His “Mozart period” had been over by a third of a century when he was appointed professor in 1825—at the age of 76! He could have found no composer-collaborator at Columbia, for there was to be no Columbia Professor of Music until 1896.

Knowing that he was always the rewriter of preexisting material—as two of his Mozart libretti attest—one tends to think that he was also the reviser of his own life story. But however much one may be forced to suspend belief, the bare facts are these:

He was born Emanuele Conegliano in a Jewish ghetto near Venice in 1749. When he was fourteen, his widowed father remarried, this time to a Catholic, who required the family to convert to Catholicism, whereupon Emanuele took the name of the officiating bishop. He eventually entered a seminary, mastered Hebrew and the classical languages (in which he wrote poetry), and soon was promoted to professor, and then vice rector—all the while carrying on several love affairs.

He was ordained at age 24 and assigned to a church in Venice, where he caroused with the likes of Casanova and Gozzi for six years. Though he arranged entertainment for a brothel and got a married woman twice pregnant (among other forgivable unclerical escapades), the authorities found some of his poetry unforgivably seditious. He was brought to trial—in absentia, for he had already fled to Vienna—and banished.

In Vienna he acquired such a reputation as a poet and librettist that he was named Poet to the Court Theater of the Hapsburg Emperor. It was Mozart’s landlady who introduced him to Da Ponte, who was known as Abbate Da Ponte (one who has studied for the priesthood) and not as an ordained priest. Of their collaboration we know little, for there was no occasion for Mozart’s usual chatty and informative correspondence. Their three happy marriages of text and music, on amatory subjects chosen jointly and quickly, suggest a collaboration like no other.

In 1791 Mozart died and Da Ponte was dismissed by a new emperor. He left for Trieste with a reigning soprano. After she had been reclaimed by her husband, Da Ponte proposed marriage to an Englishwoman whose Jewish parents were supposedly rich. Whether they actually married is not clear; he was still a priest, she had converted to the Church of England, and both were Jewish by birth. Nevertheless, they were known as “Mr.”—later, “Professor”—and “Mrs.” Da Ponte, Anglicans.

On the advice of his friend Casanova, to whom he introduced Mrs. Da Ponte as his mistress for the sake of appearances, they moved
to London, where for twelve years he wrote, play-doctored, libretto-doctored, translated, and ran a rare-book shop. Just before he was to be arrested for debt, he escaped to the United States.

Their ship, The Columbia, was a harbinger. The twenty years Da Ponte spent in the United States before he joined the College faculty were his usual combination of high living and misadventure. A chance meeting in a bookstore with the recent Columbia College alumnus Clement Clarke Moore led to private teaching and to meeting Moore's father, Benjamin, who was Bishop of the Anglican Church. (Benjamin was also President of Columbia College, and his son was a Columbia Trustee.) But Da Ponte's distilleries and grocery stores failed. His cartage service between Sunbury, Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia was a success, but the former court poet found Sunbury dull.

At the suggestion of the younger Moore, he returned to New York City and opened a bookstore and a rooming house, both frequented by Columbia College students, who savored the sophisticated talk about the arts, the Mozart years, and the Italian cooking. It was not long before Moore, by that time the author of "Twas the Night Before Christmas," suggested a professorship in Italian, and Da Ponte was forthwith appointed. The professorship added dignity to what he had already been doing since his move to New York City: teaching the Italian language and literature to private students (mostly young women) and in various schools. His continuing public lectures on Dante—and his efforts on behalf of other classic writers, such as Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, and Metastasio—made him the founder of Italian literature studies in the U.S. His teaching at Columbia also met with great enthusiasm, but within a couple of years registration dwindled: in those days the study of modern languages had to be paid for in addition to regular tuition. His highly idiosyncratic ideas for improving matters were not accepted by the Trustees—or was his letter of resignation.

When he died, near the age of ninety, still professor of Italian, and last rites were admin-
UNIVERSITY RESIDENCE HALLS UPDATE

Waiting by the Phone

If you have sent in a work ticket, either by calling HAPPY or through an online work order (www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls/maintrq.html) and no one has come to help you, please call your Area Director's Office:

AREA I x4-9135
East Campus
Wien
Ruggles
47 Claremont

AREA II x4-9133
Carman
Furnald
Hartley-Wallach
John Jay

AREA III x4-6847
Schapiro
Woodbridge
Broadway
Hogan
McBain
Watt

A Note for the Holidays

If you have a kitchen on your floor, in your suite, or in your room (you lucky Watt seniors), remember to clean your oven as per the instructions, so it doesn't smoke and set off the alarm. No one wants to evacuate the building (which they must do) because you burned your Christmas or Hannukah ham. Pay attention when cooking.

Happy Holidays from University Residence Halls!

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
BLUE J.

Alleviate the faculty housing shortage by replacing RLCs with junior professors.

Known and feared as one of the most violent breeds in the aviary kingdom, the Blue J is about to kill two birds with one stone. Columbia has two problems that may be solved in one fell swoop: first, we don’t have enough apartments to house our junior faculty, and second, our Residence Life Coordinators (RLCs) are awful. The Blue J’s idea is to fire the six RLCs and hand over their apartments and their responsibilities to junior professors.

This year, the Blue J lives directly across the hall from his RLC. At the beginning of the semester, he wrote a friendly note to her on her marker-board introducing himself and his roommate. “Hello,” they wrote to the RLC. “We live across the hall, and wanted to get to know our neighbors. Please knock on our door or give us a call some time at 3-xxxx!” This was just to be friendly. The note remained on the board for a week, then two weeks, then two months. She never responded, and never even bothered to erase the message from her own board. Eventually, the Blue J himself erased his the note, out of embarrassment that it was never answered by the RLC. Neither Blue J nor anyone else on his floor seems to know the name of this RLC, because, after nearly a whole semester, she’s never introduced herself. He knows her face only because she holds the door open during fire drills. What residence life has she coordinated? An occasional coffee break, a bagel brunch here and there, but the J knows that it is the RAs who buy the bagels, brew the coffee and post the flyers.

Now to the housing shortage. In an article in the Spectator last month, University Provost Jonathan Cole called faculty housing "critically important to the future of the University." Professors "want to be closer to work and closer to jobs ... all of which we would like to encourage," Cole said. But, he added, "There’s a tremendous desire to come to New York now... There’s a tremendous supply-demand imbalance." In fact, the University’s ability to house faculty is often critical in recruiting top academic talent. "If we can’t house faculty who are coming to the University," Cole said, "they won’t come."

Firing the RLCs would free up six one-bedroom apartments in which Columbia could house scholars. While it’s true that most star junior professors do not hold the degree of MRLC (Master of Residence Life Coordinating) as most RLCs probably do, Blue J is confident that many of these Ph.Ds would be qualified to supervise residents and promote social life in the halls. It is certainly a better investment of Columbia’s limited housing space to offer these apartments to professors, who would stay at Columbia for years, rather than ResLife professionals, who move frequently from one school to the next as part of a career path. The job would offer new professors a good initiation to Columbia, and would allow them to build ties with students early on. The job would be good training for academic advising, an essential component of the professorial life. Consider it, Dr. Rupp.
Tired of the CubMail tease, you say? Sounds like somebody's ready to move beyond that easy interface. Well, suck in your gut, paste on a flirty smile, and get ready to meet Pine, Columbia's sophisticated, sexy email alternative. Pine calls itself "a screen-oriented message handling tool," but it's only being modest. In reality, this unix program is both talented and versatile, and it's not afraid to have a little fun.

As Pine first greets you with her enticingly curvy dollar prompt, take the opportunity learn the how to make her your email slave. Type "man pine" after login and be treated to a comprehensive manual detailing the thousand and one ways Pine can please you (scroll down using the Enter key). Once you have gleaned all the juicy secrets those ACIS guys hoard so jealously, hit Backspace to return to the $ prompt.

At the prompt, hitting the up and down arrows will cycle you through all the previously input commands, perfect for those times when Koronet's grease all over your fingers gives you no choice but to peck your way into your inbox with your nose or pencil eraser. Speaking of your inbox, get there quickly by typing "pine -i". Then switch between the inbox, sent-mail and drafts using "<" and ">".

Back at the $ prompt, a few secrets will let you avoid the endless foreplay of menus. Simply type "pine" and the person's CUID if you want to email someone with a Columbia account. For example, “pine aa606” will take you straight to a message addressed to aa606@columbia.edu. Looking to send a kinkier message, say to more than one person at a time? Simply use a space between the CUID's. In other words, “pine aa606 mabl4” will address a message to both aa606 and mabl4. To attach a file, hit Ctrl-J and input the file name or hit Ctrl-T and browse your file list.

This is all well and good, you say, but we’re only on second base. If you want something to really knock the pants off the Silicon Valley recruiters, then try some of these keystrokes—hot enough to come straight off the pages of Cosmo and sure to make Pine do your every bidding. While in your inbox, type "$". Then go wild sorting your messages alphabetically by sender, by recipient and by subject, or else shuffle them by arrival date and size, in either normal or reverse order. Or just type a message number to go straight to that message. What a program! It's enough to fulfill all your teenage fantasies, and more...

For the truly insatiable, Pine has still more to offer. To create a signature file (that thing with your name, phone number and enlightening quote of the week) at the bottom of your emails, simply type “cat >.signature”. Once you’ve entered your information, hit Ctrl-D to

The Secrets of Pine
by Michelle Bertagna and Alex Angert

THE BLUE AND WHITE
save the file. “Cat” can also spice up your email life by allowing you to forward all future incoming messages to another email address—simply type “cat >.forward” and then the new address, a handy trick when you go home for the summer or switch accounts.

Tired of typing the same thing over and over again? Pining for a quick fling? Just enter “alias pine = ‘whatever’ “ at the $ prompt, substituting your own command for ‘whatever’. That way the computer will automatically recall your alias command the next time you type “pine” at the $ prompt.

And if you’re one of the closet Pine users with a fetish hardcore, you can try rewiring your account by typing “more .pinerc”. This will allow you to toy with a variety of features at will . . . but be warned! This type of fun can come at a price, so reckless retyping and frivolous deletions are not advised in this area.

But just because Pine looks a bit different from your average email program, don’t let her intimidate you (unless you like that, of course). If you ever get lost or simply overwhelmed, “pine –h” is a good way to take a breather and access the friendly Help file.

Practically the only disappointing feature of this miraculous program is the heartbreak you get when looking at the main menu (“m” at the $ prompt). There, as a footnote to Pine’s cybernetic glory, reads the line “Pine is a trademark of the University of Washington.” Can we learn to love something so alien, so West Coast? Can we live with the torrid past of our Columbia darling? I know the many hasty fingers that have used her, and yet I cannot stay away. For she is so easy to love.

LOVE THE ONE YOU’RE WITH

The deadline to apply for a Room Transfer is December 15th, so if you don’t like your room now, get your application in on time. You will have to be here over the break to move. If you are doing a Room Swap, you must make the swap by December 1st. If you can’t be in the room you love, honey, love the room you’re in.

University Residence Halls

DECEMBER 2000
It's that time of year again, when Verily decides to emerge from his shell and shock himself with the depravity of popular culture. Just the other day, he laid down the latest issue of *Commentary*, adjusted his spectacles, and opened his eyes to the revelations in a stray issue of *Cosmopolitan*. Verily was raised in a simple home with simple values, like macaroni and cheese and Adlai Stevenson, and *Cosmo* certainly wasn't one of them. Verily's first "Bad Girl issue" was a distressing revelation. It was a bit akin to a conversation V.V. savored over Chinese beef with a distinguished Nigerian art historian the other day. "Did you see Gwyneth Paltrow on the new cover of *Elle*?" the latter asked with a rhetorical flourish. "She's such a tart. I thought she'd be the next Audrey Hepburn, and there she is like a piece of meat." Verily, battling an order of oxtails, could only nod sagaciously. The gratification of the meaty American man's desire to fantasize about himself sharing the presence of Gwyneth, scantily clad descendant of the famous line of Paltrowich rabbis, is the tragedy of modern fashion journalism. Hooking up was once a grandly artificial concept. Now it is not even a literary convention, merely a crassly contrived exercise in photography. "The recipe for a steamy rendezvous: You, a tub, and your stripped-naked stud," proposes a *Cosmo* page. "The key to being happy is doing what you love," counsels another. In this vein, the feature "Use Your Sex Appeal To Get Ahead" offends not so much for its unliberated undertones as for its overt triteness. *Cosmo*, and modern writing on sex and its fetishized representations in fashion, follows what might be called, in a perhaps impolitic turn of phrase, the Asiatic school of prose craftsmanship. *Cosmo* lacks agency. In another day and age, Helen Gurley Brown put together the magazine like Alexander the Great. Now a vast unsigned mass of Persian horde editorial assistants slaps it all together. The photographers may get credit (for copyright purposes), but the women all look alike. Make them Liz Taylor, make them Garland, make them Lucrezia Borgia—but enough morphine-eyed deshabille damsel are enough.

In the opera *Pique Dame*, Tchaikovsky set to music the nineteenth-century gay man's perception of heterosexual romance. The passing from one hand to another of the key to a bedchamber for a future tryst warrants the composer marshalling his ear for melody, his lush powers of orchestration, and a few tympanis for grandiosity's sake. The preparation for the implement for the gaining of access to the possibility of anticipated romance summons the composer's most urgent music and highest drama. The twentieth-century straight women who write *Cosmo* by committee serve up scoops like "Top Tinseltown Tushies" and features like the elementally banal "Spice Up Your Saturdays." Where are terror and ecstasy, mystery and suffering, passion and transcendence?

Recall the days when Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cape in the mud for Elizabeth to tread upon. Nowadays a gentleman buys the condoms. Now cohabitation passes for courtship, writes Tom Wolfe in his new book. Wolfe has a point, inasmuch as a poorly preserved, aging angry conservative dressed like a low-rent Liberace can. Trotsky was ice-picked, Gloria Steinem is married. Contemporary radicals and sexual liberators, cursed with overgifted predecessors, have run out of new ideas and sexual positions. Only shrill vulgarity remains. Where are the Red Virgins of yester-year? Verily repudiates hooking up on the grounds of prose style alone. When young ladies remember how to blush and young men forget how to speak in locker rooms, when the bar scene grows lyrical and tequila takes voice to sing, and into the polysyllables of seduction enter new words, then Verily will return to the singles scene. Until then, let the opera play on.

—Verily Veritas

**TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS**

*The Blue and White*
This month's conversation took place in the Beta fraternity house on 114th St., on October 25, at approximately 9:50 p.m. With some exceptions, which are noted, the brothers went by their fraternyms, as follows: Cardinal Richelieu (a pseudonym for a frat name), Froggie, Tony the Gimp, The Big Ho, Mark the Beerhole, the Kooz, JJ Zondo aka Zaza, and Sammy-Boy. The interview was conducted Madonna and Shoshana (both pseudonyms) of The Blue and White. The conversation has been edited for length, clarity and taste.

S: Ok, our issue is “Hooking up at Columbia”—CR: FROGGIE!!
S: —so we thought we'd interview you guys regarding pick-up lines, hooking up...related topics.
M: Let's start with pick-up lines to begin with. Do you have anything, like stories, or—
F: This guy has been telling girls he plays Simba in the Broadway version of “The Lion King.”
X: These two girls just came here from like Sweden, and they're like “Oooh, Broadway.” and I'm like “Hey, I'm on Broadway!”
CR: Sammy-Boy, talk to me. What you got?
SB: What kind of stories you want? I got plenty of shit. (laughter)
CR: Honestly, we gotta think about this here...I told you fucking people to think! Froggie, talk.
F: I don't know what you want me to talk about.
CR: About hooking up!
S: Well, pick-up lines. Like, what have you used?
TTG: No one uses pick-up lines. They don't work.
S: Well, what do you say if you spot a girl. Like, how do you work it?
TTG: First, I get really drunk. (laughter)
CR: Honestly, you spot the girl, right, and like, where is this? On campus, in a bar or some-
thing?
M: It's on campus.
F: I walk up and I say “Hey, how you doing?”
CR: The key is getting her attention.
S: Well, how do you do that?
CR: By any means necessary!
Brothers: AAAAH!! (hoooting)
F: This guy can light his hair on fire.
CR: I have been known to set my hair on fire. You seen the trick?
SB: That trick is quality...
F: Alright, I'll tell the story.
CR: Wait, we gotta explain our terms!
F: OK, lemme give you an example of cock-blocking. I'll be sitting in a bar, talking to a girl, and things are going well, she's sitting on my lap or whatever, and some guy comes over: “HEY FROG, TAKE HER HOME AND BANG HER UP!”
F: Alright. We were at Columbia Bagels, and this girl comes like knocking on the glass and gestures for me to come out, so I come out, whatever, and she’s like “You were talking to me at a sorority party.” And I was like “No I wasn’t, I don’t even go to sorority parties.” So we’re talking and walking down the street and the girl says “So what’s your major?” and I say “Political Science.” And she says “So what do you want to do with that?” And I’m like “I want to be mayor of New York City” and the girl’s like “I’m working on Hillary Clinton’s campaign,” and I’m wrecked at this point, and I’m like “Hillary Clinton? How can you work for that fake bitch??!”
CR: You gotta understand, we’re all New Yorkers here.
F: At that point, Giuliani was still in the race, and I said, “Giuliani’s a real New Yorker. Hillary, she just puts on a Yankees cap and pretends!” So anyway, I’m getting into a heated argument with this girl, and she just starts walking away.
TTG: We got to about where their block was, and I had to, ah, run interference and talk to the friend, and he [Froggie] was doing well, cause she was basically trying to get Froggie’s attention, kind of hitting on him, and once they get into that whole little argument or whatever, you see her face change and everything and as soon as we get to the next block, we’re gonna turn and walk them home and they’re like “Alright, see you guys later!” and they took off. And I turned to him and I was like “You realize what just happened, right? You just got cock-blocked by Rudolph Giuliani!”
CR: That’s the thing, though. Round here you find a lot of aggressive women. You’ll find a lot of women who’ll be right upfront with you. So, pick-up lines…even though the roles, say of a guy hitting on a girl at a bar, even though it still exists, women are a lot more aggressive as well.
M: So do you get girls hitting on you?
CR: All the time! All the time! I walk out of this house and they swarm! I feel like Jim Morrison. I’m like the sixth Backstreet Boy. I can’t check my messages. I get sixty a day! (laughter) So what do you want to hear?
S: Funny stories, like getting cock-blocked by Rudolph Giuliani.
F: Oh, I’ve got stories but they’re way too vulgar.
S: Ah, we’ll print it.
F: Alright. This is one of the greatest stories ever heard. Umm, you don’t got to Barnard, do you?
M + S: No.
F: Alright, him [Cardinal Richelieu] and a few of our friends, it’s like Club Night their freshman year, and they’re about to go to a club, and they’re just getting plastered. So they’re ridiculously drunk and he decides he’s getting laid tonight, and he’s not gonna—so he’s walking around—
CR: If it’s in my mind, it will happen. I can will it to happen.
F: He decided—
CR: Schopenhauerian Will.
F: He’s taking out his penis and he decides he’s not putting it back in his pants until he uses it. (laughter)
CR: So I made a contract.
F: He makes a contract and signs it with his
penis that he's not putting it back till he uses it. So they go to the club, and they don't get let into the club. They go to McDonald's; he's still got his thing hanging out his pants. He orders everything on the McDonald's menu except for—I think—one Big Mac, and they go back on the subway. At this point, everyone's like "Put your dick away, man." And someone is like "You gotta fuck something first!" And he's like: "Alright, you want me to fuck something?" So he takes out the Big Mac (incredulous gasps from the interviewers) and he proceeds to, ah, devirginize the Big Mac on the train. And this girl Brie, she gets insulted by this and she tells him to put his dick away. So he gets up in her face and he's like: "Fuck you, you Barnyard bitch!" So she swings at him with the right, and he ducks and gets up and laughs at her—"aaahhhhh!"—and she swings with the left and floors him!

CR: It was like: "Ah-hah, you missed me—BOOM!"

F: We had to wake him up at 116th Street.

(M: That's a good story.

F: It's such a great story: "President of Beta gets knocked out by basketball player."

CR: Alright—"Hooking up at Columbia." What do you think of the scene here?

S: Do you think the scene here is obviously worse for hooking up than it is at other schools?

CR: It's getting better.

S: It's getting better?

CR: It's gotten better since I've been a freshman. Let it be known, the girls have gotten a lot better looking. When I was a freshman, the seniors and juniors were heinous. At least the girls in my year and the years below me are good looking. I tell you what: a lot of people here are extremely intent and focused on school. So, like Thursday, Friday, Saturday, a very small percentage goes out to hook up, but most people don't hook up till say midterms, finals—that sort of thing.

S: So it's high-stress times that get people to hook up?

CR: I think it's the beginning of the semester, where it's just a big party, orientation week, everyone's coming back from where they've been...

S: Everyone's got a tan....

CR: So like the beginning of the semester, right before Spring Break, right before Thanksgiving Break, where you know you have a week off, so you go out and let loose. There's just kind of Dionysian excess. Hey, I've been here too long—"Dionysian excess!"

S: So what do you want to hear? Do you want like our views on the Columbia scene?

M: Yeah, that would be great, actually.

CR: I think the Columbia scene sucks. I think this place sucks. I think not enough people are into enjoying their college years.

TTG: A lot of people take themselves too seriously.

TBH: During college, you have to treat your dick like a used car. You have to put as many miles on it as possible.

TTG: Just as a point of clarity, can we get an average weight of your last three hookups?

(Three girls come into the room. Froggie and another brother begin talking to them. They ignore the conversation.)

CR: 343 pounds!

TTG: He's a believer in quantity over quality.

CR: What are the pick-up lines you've heard? You must have heard some bad ones. Like,
A Forum on Community

Does the culture of quick and meaningless “hook-ups” reflect a lack of community feeling at Columbia? Is there such a culture? Is there such a lack of community? We asked the forum participants to reflect on communal life at Columbia. They responded in poetry and prose, jest and earnest. We encourage email rejoinders, addressed to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

The Multilayered Community
by Mariel Wolfson

In the prototypical college community, students all within a few years of each other in age traverse an arboretum-like enclave, making their way to hallowed and quaint classroom buildings. Rarely does the outside world intrude. While we do have our hallowed halls, and even quite a bit of greenery, even the most cloistered Columbian can see that a typical day on our campus is different. We are regulars at UFM and Westside, not just JJ’s Place; we get to know the owners and workers at neighborhood businesses and they become fixtures in our daily routines. Columbia’s lack of community is an old refrain, but we most certainly do have community—of a different sort. Recognizing our community depends on recognizing the fluidity of its boundaries—in seeing how the layers of college, University, neighborhood, and finally, New York City, all mingle and mesh. Our community is a multilayered one. We have our insular college life, surrounded by gates and divided by College Walk instead of 116th Street. But we need not travel far to leave this behind. I cross Broadway, not a quad, to get to my dormitory. I see familiar faces—some Columbian and some not—running every morning in Riverside Park. These New Yorkers are part of my daily life, as are the friends who live on my floor. Community at Columbia is unique: varied and diverse, stable and yet never static—a mélange that would be difficult to replicate anywhere else.

We All Wear Pants!
by Emily Clark

Oft heard said: “The spirit’s dead! Damn the school beyond concord! Populace disparate indeed impairs it!”

But I do advise: lower your eyes from the variance you see above. Community lies atop our thighs if one examines close enough. Yes, my friends, community begins when similitude at last be recognized. So, cast a glance at your neighbor’s pants, for in garments, we are universalized. From cargo urban to cords suburban, in pants we all abound!

Find me one who dares to shun two cloth cylinders so sound. From different races, genders, places, our lives unfold with no interlock. But aren’t we all fond of the pants we don as we strut across our College Walk?

In John Jay, where the freshmen stay, they’re low-rider dirty from “Dawson’s Creek.” And over in Hogan where they’re busy smoking, the seniors sport flannel chic. In Avery, they’re purest, with pleats and cuffs aplenty: the classic style required while one fondles all that money. The seniors sport flannel chic. Avery does find stylish rinds prancing to drums distinct. Tight traumatic and polychromatic, sound their different beats.

No link between the motley hordes?

THE BLUE AND WHITE
In Philosophy, they’re apostrophied:
no one glances beneath your face.
“I only read,” they each concede.
“No fashion for the chaste.”
Across the road they’re known in code
as “skirts,” but by the fourth wave solely.
The rest are clad in black or plaid,
cropped, patched, or sequined pseudo-holy.
From foot to leg to hairy crag,
we each enjoy our britches.
Commune is made from happy-staid
in our inseams, pockets, stitches.
But I must decree that you follow me
and push yet one step more:
the flies that bind will look most fine
when two are tangled empty on the floor.
Community exuded when trousers excluded,
the mechanisms of meet have met.
And now it’s time to bare our hinds
for the greatest fellowship yet.

The Plight of the Transfer
by David V. Sack
As New Yorkers with a decided New York
attitude, we have no time for people we don’t
already know. Most Columbians form their cir­
cle of friends through intense first-year floor­mate bonding. These cliques naturally discour­age the inclusion of new people. Thus, those
who wish to socialize outside their own Carman coterie should prepare for difficulty.
Those who never had one to begin with
should prepare for solitude.
Such is the ill-starred fate of the transfer.
Despite our status as legitimate Columbians,
we rarely get our lion’s share of social rela­
tions. We feel out of place on campus as we are
surrounded by people recognizable by face,
not by shared experience. The spring transfers
have an even greater challenge. Having missed
the fresh start of the fall, they begin their Columbia experience while everyone else pre­
pares for the academic year’s end. The admin­
istration offers them small, poorly attended
orientations that heighten their sense of
detachment. Transfer housing is most prob­
lematic. While most students have the choice
of living with or near the friends they’ve made
during their years at Columbia, transfers by
definition do not.
More could be done to ease the transfer’s ill­
timed entrance to Columbia. For instance, why
not offer the option of living in “all-transfers”
suites within the URH system? By providing us
with at least one center of social solace, we
would feel more comfortable navigating the
established circles of the Columbia community.

The Barnard College gates are a semi-perme­
able membrane through which assorted mole­
cules flow at will. While there are sturdy
groups of students who exist mainly on the
Barnard campus and find their social scenes
within the Quad, I have observed that the
greater trend is to find attractions far from
Barnard. The result is a campus that feels frac­
tured, full of some unions of groups, but most­
ly marked by repulsion. A calm surface that lies
placid above constant motion disguises the life

THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
If that isn’t a good thing, fear not! You don’t have to go home for
Winter Break. Unlike most schools, the residence halls remain
open and active for the holidays, so spend New Year’s in the Big
Apple.
Just remember guests still have to be signed in and out.

University Residence Halls

DECEMBER 2000
The Return of 'First Friday Dances'

by Dixon Trotter Gaines

You just can’t stop the retro boomerang. The kitschy flotsam and jetsam of the Me Decade keep coming back to haunt us: witness the resurgence of ABBA, the return of John Travolta, and the resurrection of polyester as a viable fashion accouterment. But Columbia is witnessing the rebirth of an institution prized by the gay community even more than their original copy of “Dancing Queen.”

The First Friday dances have returned.

Way back in 1971, when Richard Nixon was beloved by orphans and nuns across America, the very first First Friday dance was held. At this time, Columbia was ground zero for gay student activities. The first gay student group in the world was founded here in 1967, and after going through the nastiness that intolerant times bring, including the director of counseling services at Columbia, Dr. Anthony Philip (among others), sniping that the group would encourage “deviant behavior,” the “Student Homophile League” (known today as Columbia Queer Alliance) grew in both size and reputation. In 1971, Rick Shur and other group members, feeling a lack of funk and hepcat jive amongst the gay students, organized the dance with the prerequisite amount of flair and sass, and a genuine Columbia institution was born.

The dances, held in Earl Hall, were a bastion of post-Stonewall gay NYC. Featured in gay guides to New York, the dances were attended by more than just Columbia students, with such notable DJs as Victor Calderone and DJ Pride (who, for those who aren’t glow-stick wielding club kids, are the Hall and Oates of New York DJs) often spinning at the dances. But like all good things, it came to a sputtering halt. Earl Hall, which had originally offered the ballroom space gratis, began to charge $1800 a pop for their facilities. With their budget and staff stretched thin, in 1996 the CQA halted the First Friday dances, which, at this point, had been reduced to once every semester.

This year like a big-screen version of Charlie’s Angels, the dances have reemerged. Jeremy Wilson, GS’01, President of the CQA and architect of the revamped dances, proclaims that “these dances are my legacy to the gay community at Columbia. And all the cool straight people too.” (To which the lacrosse team no doubt exhaled a nervous breath of acceptance.) Now situated in the fully-loaded party space in the basement of Lerner, the new First Friday dances began this September, just as all the first-years were settling into a comfortable John Jay dining routine. Wilson explains that he had wanted to have the first dance in the midst of first-year orientation to give the hopeful impression that these sort of dances happen all the time. If the last two dances are any indication, they certainly will.

With over 320 people attending the September First Friday dance, and slightly less for October’s dance, it seems as long as there’s a will for a Backstreet Boy dance remix, there’s a way. With pumping dance, trance, pop and retro hits, each First Friday dance has packed in all the cheerful boys and girls from Columbia and beyond. With Madonna on the speakers, cheap drinks at the bar, and pretty things aplenty, gay men and women haven’t been this happy since “Will & Grace” won an Emmy. But Wilson hopes that the dances will go beyond just making for a hot evening. “Hopefully,” he explains, “[the dances] will foster a sense of community, and energize the students to get involved in more events with the CQA.” And in one of those neat twists of fate that makes life seem so pleasant, that’s just what’s happening. Joe Gaynor, C’04 says that the first dance was so much fun that he was drawn to help out. Gaynor relates “seeing how well-done it was made me want to get involved in things here.” And with the CQA board now being composed of mostly freshmen, it appears that he wasn’t the only one feeling a little altruistically funky.

The Blue and White
And just to help those who are a bit shy or somewhat groove-impaired, Wilson also employs a bevy of student Hosts, including Michelle Wang C'02, Chris Wurster, C'02, Louis Parker, Law, and myself, to help keep things chugging along to the trendy beats. Parker explains that "our job is essentially to get people moving. People naturally stay apart for whatever reason, so I play the mediator, and introduce people." Parker continues that having the host act as a third party helps people get rid of the sense that someone is only talking to them because they're just interested in sex. If they don't sense an agenda, people are more likely to open up. "Hopefully, we've created some friendships along the way," says Parker.

So as far as gettin' jiggy wit' it with a higher purpose, Wilson and the CQA have done aces. Not only is there a greater sense of community and fraternity being created, but all the profits from the dance go directly to the Elizabeth Glaser Pediatric AIDS Foundation, and gee whiz, but who can find fault with kids with diseases? As an instrument of good, the dances succeed.

But how about as an instrument of evil? Now, don't worry all you moms and moral purists out there. I don't mean Evil with a capital E, not in the nefarious sense of the word, like Hitler or Stalin or Said. I mean more in the general mischievous sense, more in the area of tearing a tag off a mattress or spiking the punch at a high school dance. Not so much an instrument of evil but a more Austin-Powersy tinged "instrument of eeevil." Put bluntly, have the First Friday dances helped Columbia students out in the hook-up department?

Wilson acknowledges that there is probably a fair number of people hooking up thanks to the dances but says that "I go to dances to dance, not to hook-up. Maybe to enjoy the scenery, but that's it." Going in with expectations of meeting the Ivy League equivalent of Brad Pitt is only gonna bring you down and ruin your night, he warns. Gaynor and Parker both agree, thinking that going in with a game plan of netting some nookie will just diminish the fun of the night. Parker elaborates that, "you can meet people but not necessarily with the intent of having after-hours fun." But, as he admits, boys will be boys. And with the dances providing alcohol plus loud music plus famously sexually frustrated Columbia students plus a room just dark enough not to see you're gettin' freaky with your Orgo TA, it's probably not your imagination that the gay young men and women of Columbia perhaps have had a healthier glow than usual lately. So thank the booze and the blaring Whitney Houston song. Parker and Wilson agreed that the best part of hook-ups is their lack of stress or pressure. Think of a hook-up as the sexual equivalent to Pert Plus; you just wash and go, no muss, no fuss.

But, as Wilson points out, the dances are primarily about creating a foundation for a community, not insuring that Ricky and Scott get their rocks off. Wilson gleefully relates that the night of the first First Friday dance was the most gratifying night of his life, that "to work so long and so hard on something and see people coming together because of it is simply fantastic." He hopes that the dances resume their long life, and that they continue well after he has graduated. He shouldn't worry; as long as there's funky beat and friends to dance with, the First Friday dances will keep people bumping and jumping until the early hours of the morning. Or until Lerner starts charging for the party space. Whichever.

DECEMBER 2000
THE TOGA PARTY
IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR
You are putting on
the towel as a toga.
The red and yellow stripes
dip and flame around your belly.
You tie it closed
with an old bathrobe belt,
and look at me. Yes, I say
with a nod—
Yes, you are glorious.
Your thin chest puckers white
and the air around you whispers
excitedly. You close
the door behind you.
I am still burrowed
in your bed, covers pulled
up to my neck.
I am still foggy with sleep
and too warm flesh.
The party voices next door
are loud and trying too hard
to be drunken. They frighten
me. In my mind, I am vapor
on your breath, hurtling
past the cramped hallway,
rising fast, throwing myself
wildly into anonymity.

—Jane Chuang

FOR YOUR APPROVAL
Some more limbic, more foreign thing
for your approval, Herr Doktor. Mine
own self be sifted through these
avenues, be wandered, be
a fine geometric proof. The sub­
altern ego winds his threshing-ball
of appetite for accolade, destruction,
certain social successes. Handmaid
to your more convivial art-hewing
machinery, I can only promise old­
fashioned soin et souci among these
galloping bright gears, the scissoring
metals of your grand undertaking.
A bit of terror, and much grand
attention, my liege. This is what
you have got from me.

—Ariana Reines

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AUTUMN EVENING

These days, when the air crisps as you idle down Broadway through the earlier darkening air, 
the shadows weigh heavier, grow longer and greyer, 
as if they have more density 
than their flitting summer cousins, 
pinned tighter to the earth by the gravity of impending winter.

—Shannon Bond

Lord, it is time. The summer was vast. 
Lay your shade on the sundials, 
And on the open fields, let loose the winds. 
Command the last fruits to ripeness;

Give them two more southern days, 
Urge them into fullness, and chase 
The last sweetness into the heavy wine. 
He who has no house, will build himself none.

He who is alone, will remain so a while, 
Will awake, read, write long letters, 
And will wander in the wooden alleys 
Restlessly, when the leaves drift.

—Rainer Maria Rilke 
translated by Noam M. Elcott

CONCERNING FATHERS

Then I'll live in your lung, he told her this morning eating sweet-buns, ripping sweet strips from the swirl plunking dough in his tea. She wouldn't respond. She winced and left the table. She marched up the stairs and slammed the door shut, fell into bed, squeezed close.

He wiped his chin off with a napkin, and she saw him standing in the gilded Byzantine chamber of her lung. Sapphire blue light filtering through a stained glass ceiling: velvet floor, the soft blurring of a bell choir, curling smoke, candleabra, gold mosaic walls.

He stood limp, crying, soggy as crueller.

And as she inhaled a trembled breath, as the candle light, his only light, flew up flicked out, he swept up like an obelisk, arms vertical in the dark. In her coiling breath his hair mohawked, his eyes reached up like sleepy elbows. While she held him there transfixed by sensation and a quivering desire to sneeze, a wheat-colored light streamed down from her throat into his hands. In that blonde and unexpected second he lowered his palms, eyes softened watery; this is it? he whispered and grinned and bowed his forehead, kneeling into prayer.

—Elizabeth Farren
Amidst all of Columbia’s hearty noise about hooking up, getting it on, and schtupping, we would humbly like to point out a current that runs below the surface of our libidinally-possessed community: chastity. Could it be the case, that Columbia is not as, how shall we say, prolific as it might seem to the casual observer?

Of course, comes the knowing reply, eyes rolled, not every one who shows up bleary-eyed and stumbling on Saturday morning was actually celebrating their youthful fecundity the night before, but surely they gave it a good old college try. What, they ask, could be more natural than for attractive young people to, as St. Augustine says, “do the horizontal hokey-pokey?”

These concerns aside, it seems that not all of our number are knocking boots, and a good subsection of these are abstaining voluntarily. Chastity, by which we simply mean abstention from sexual intercourse, can be practiced for a variety of reasons: religious, philosophical, emotional, psychological, ethical, medical, economic, and, our favorite, philosophical (as Foucault succinctly put it, “Sex is boring”). Similarly, it can take many forms: everything but, nothing below the navel, nothing below the neck, and, strictest of all, nothing that would be illegal in Texas.

Chastity is among us. And yet we are surprised at the degree to which it has remained subterranean at Columbia, only visible to those who know to look for it. More often then not, we assume that our friends, colleagues, TAs, and managing editors are, if engaged in any sort of sexual interaction at all, taking it all the way. And what do we have to make us believe otherwise? While those who partake of sexual intercourse often keep us well-informed of their achievements, we rarely hear boastful freshmen touting their restraint in those late-night bull sessions. Sexual interaction is, for most of us, not a public act, and only through self-reporting, a Congressional investigation, or the thin walls of East Campus, do we come to know what our neighbor does. We hope, fellow Columbians, that you have not been pretending to be wicked while being really good all the time.

Something more than wishful boasting forms our assumptions about the sexual habits of others; even our language seems to conspire against the ranks of the chaste. While our argot provides many ways for describing sexual intercourse, there are few options for describing sexual adventures in such a way that everyone knows that they did not culminate in the nasty-nasty. Terms that our parents and grandparents used, such as “necking,” “making love,” and “watching Howdy Doody” have either been abandoned by the linguistic wayside, or, in a grand moment of Nietzschean ressentiment, been appropriated to refer explicitly to sex. (One author fondly recalls reading his father’s comic book collection from the 1950s and finding Mickey Mouse begging for the opportunity to “make love” to Minnie; may we live to see a time of such linguistic innocence again). Even our beloved catch-all, “hooking up,” can now refer to sexual intercourse, leaving us, heaven forfend, with nothing outside of crude baseball metaphors to describe sexual interactions not involving hitting a home run.

Leaving us where, gentle reader? We envision a Columbia where chastity is no longer a forgotten art. A Columbia where the virginal can stand up tall and claim their birthright. A Columbia where “parking” behind Teacher’s College, “necking” under the ramps of Lerner, and heavy “petting” in the Butler Stacks are not looked down upon in scorn, but held up in glory. Go forth, bold Columbia, revirginize thyself.
This year’s Columbia Catholic Ministry-sponsored Merton Lecture, a talk delivered annually by a distinguished theologian, presented Reverend Brian E. Daley, S.J., professor at Notre Dame, a former Rhodes Scholar and an expert in early Church fathers. (Past Merton lectures have featured the late John Cardinal O’Connor of the Archdiocese of New York and Sister Helen Prejean, C.S.J., noted death penalty activist.) In keeping with the Church’s celebration of the Jubilee Year 2000, the subject of the lecture was “Thinking in Millennia: Jubilee or Apocalypse?”

The mystical imagery of the Apocalypse—the Four Horsemen, the lamb with seven horns and eyes—has always held an undeniable attraction to romantic or morbid people, but beyond the fantastic figures, there is a genuine quandary for Christians. Intrinsic to the Christian faith is the belief that, with the Second Coming of Christ, the world will indeed pass away—that Earth, like its inhabitants, is mortal, and that, as depicted in the Book of Revelation, humanity will be subject to an Apocalypse, in which all the mysteries of time will be revealed and there will occur a Day of Judgment. Many early theologians divided human history into three phases, nominally based on the three persons of the Holy Trinity: the Era of the Father, meaning all time previous to the life and ministry of Christ, the Era of the Son, which is the post-Jesus age that we ourselves live in, and the Era of the Holy Spirit, an era still to come—an age of God’s grace, and the resurrection of the saints.

Although Father Daley briefly mentioned Y2K anxiety and 19th century apocalyptic panics, he concentrated on his specialty, explaining early Church thought regarding the belief that, because of Rome’s decline, the world God created had reached the end of its natural lifespan. Many people believed that they were witnessing the collapse not of an empire, but of history. Numerologists proposed dates for the

ostensible end of the world, using various “clues” in the Bible, and generally giving rise to apocalyptic hysteria. St. Augustine tried to quell the panic, saying, in his letter 199, that we should not attempt to calculate the Day of Judgment, but must live prepared to see the end of the world and rejoice in it, with “unshakable hope and ardent love.”

At their deepest and most religious level, apocalyptic hopes are an attempt not merely to tell the future, but to translate a sense of the ever-present God. Christians believe that “the end is near” because Christ is the end of our history and Christ is, by definition, always near. In its best sense, belief in the Apocalypse acts as a moral exhortation to live a better life in preparation for the Judgment, and is an extension of resurrectionism—belief in life after death.

The question remains: Why do people keep trying to predict the Apocalypse if their guesses are always wrong? Father Daley pointed out that the Day of Judgment is a powerful image for those living in violent or oppressive times; not only does it act as a long-dreamed-for consummation, but also offers the hope of comeuppance to evildoers.

Pope John Paul II, in his 1994 encyclical on the coming millennium, used St. Paul’s words to describe God’s presence in the “fullness of time,” and encouraged the faithful to see the judgment as a chance for the full and final self-realization of humanity. With metaphysical elegance, the Holy Father explained that within the dimension of time, the world is created and the drama of salvation unfolds. Time, thus, becomes a dimension of God. The challenge of Christian faith is to keep a balance—mindful of the Second Coming, yet focused on the person, work and message of Christ.
Aphrodisiacs!

For those who can't bait the objects of their desire using pick-up lines or their own personal charm, all is not lost. In the unlikely event that desire is flagging and lust is in the doldrums, there is a cure. The time-honored antidotes are aphrodisiacs. For thousands of years, different cultures around the world have come up with their own remedies for the lack of sexual excitement. These love enhancers consisted of various foods, drinks, and herbs, which one could easily purchase at the market.

Lately, however, Americans' passion for pills has lead some companies to produce over-the-counter remedies that supposedly are a panacea for sexual ailments. A perusal of the cyber-agora reveals such products as Vimaca, which contains maca, a substance that Inca warriors would consume before battles to increase their strength. Once they conquered a city and were among the company of women, the soldiers would have to go off maca cold turkey for fear that it might cause too much sexual excitement. Now, for $39.95, anybody can engage in this ancient tradition. (The Food and Drug Administration, however, denies that these pills have any aphrodisiac qualities and also warns consumers about their safety.) Instead of spending money though, why not invest in culinary aphrodisiacs, which have shown their effectiveness throughout the centuries?

One of the oldest traditions of culinary aphrodisiac history is the concept of resemblance. Basically, if a food looks like certain parts of the male or female anatomy it may cause arousal in those areas. Genitalia-like asparagus, ginseng, and oysters have long been touted as aphrodisiacs. Tracing the etymology of ginseng, one discovers that its literal translation is "man root." Among the Aztecs avocados were prized aphrodisiacs. The word avocado actually comes from the nautl word for testicles.

History's most famous Aztec, the last emperor Moctezuma, put a popular aphrodisiac to good use on a daily basis. The Spanish chronicles from the sixteenth century report that the Aztec ruler drank 50 cups of hot chocolate a day so that he could satisfy the 600 women in his harem. Of course the hot chocolate Moctezuma chugged was not exactly the stuff you drink when coming in from the cold. His beverage contained cocoa powder, chili pepper, spices, and water. (Spicy foods themselves are also regarded as aphrodisiacs, because the perspiration they cause is reminiscent of another kind of sweating.) Nevertheless, it's still important to remember chocolate's strong aphrodisiac qualities.

Another prime source discussing foods that arouse comes straight from the Lit Hum syllabus. In *Art of Love*, Ovid advises men to eat white onions, kale, eggs, honey, and pine nuts to enable them to "go to it in bed." He also warns that herbal aphrodisiacs like chamomile and nettleseed are "poison." With aphrodisiacs, as with love, not everything is fun and games. The French sex machine, the Marquis de Sade, got himself imprisoned for

### Seductive Chocolate-Dipped Strawberries

1 container of strawberries
chocolate chips

*Procedure.*
1. Melt chocolate chips in a microwave.
2. Dip strawberries in melted chocolate.
3. Place finished strawberries on wax paper.
4. Chill until chocolate hardens or eat immediately!

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THE BLUE AND WHITE
fooling around with one of the most potent and dangerous aphrodisiacs, Spanish fly. This hazardous substance is made from chopped up pieces of the green blister beetle found in southern Europe. In 1772, the Marquis de Sade offered anise-flavored candies containing Spanish fly to four prostitutes in Marseilles. Only two of the whores were bold enough to try them. They were sorry they did so, for soon after eating the candies the two women complained of stomach cramps and vomited dark bile.

The Marquis paid for his sexual experiments and his good name with imprisonment. The French authorities had good reason to throw Sade in jail. Spanish fly, or cantharides, is really a poison. Small doses irritate the urethral canal and the blood rushing to those sensitive areas causes sexual stimulation. Large doses, however, can result in damage to major internal organs and even cause death.

Not all the stories concerning Spanish fly are grim. The Oxford Companion to Food relates a story about a researcher in Morocco asking a local about his experience with Spanish fly. The aphrodisiac used to be a component of a Moroccan spice blend called ras-el-hanout until the government banned it in the 1990s. The Moroccan said that his wife was once making pasta and added some of mixture to the water. When she went to serve the pasta, he said every strand was standing perfectly erect.

—Pontius Palate

### Passionate Pasta

_Asparagus comes out locally in the spring, but it is not hard to find it imported from South America during the fall._

2 tbs. of salt (it doesn’t all go in the food)
2 tbs. extra-virgin olive oil
1 large onion
1 lb. asparagus
1 lb. pasta (try a suggestive shape)
1 bunch of basil
1/2 cup pine nuts
freshly ground pepper
Parmesan cheese

**Procedure**

1. Boil water in a large pot with two tablespoons of salt.
2. While the water heats up, place oil in a large sauté pan. Turn heat to medium high. Cut onion into thin strips. Drop onion into pan.
3. Wash asparagus and cut off fibrous end pieces. Cut each stalk into one-inch pieces.
4. When water is boiling, add the asparagus. Let it cook until tender, about 6 to 8 minutes.
5. Remove from pot with a slotted spoon or fork and drain well. Keep the water boiling.
6. Drop pasta into boiling water and cook it as long as the package says.
7. While pasta cooks, wash basil and dry it as best you can with a salad spinner or paper towel.
8. Roll up four or five basil leaves at a time and chop into thin strips. Repeat four or five times.
9. Drain pasta reserving 1 cup of the cooking water.
10. Place pasta, onions, basil, and asparagus in the pot used for cooking the pasta.
11. Put pine nuts in the pan used for the onions. Turn heat to medium high. Toast pine nuts until they have some color. Be careful not to burn them.
12. Toss pine nuts with the other ingredients in the pasta pot. Add some of the reserved water to create a sauce. Add grated Parmesan and ground pepper to taste.

_Serves 4-6_
Every area of New York has a hungry or homeless population and Morningside Heights is no exception. However, organizations such as the Emergency Food Pantry/Clothes Closet and Community Lunch are working to ameliorate this situation locally.

The Emergency Food Pantry/Clothes Closet is a service for people who actually have a place to live but are no stranger to poverty nonetheless. It originated with a group of graduates living in Ford Hall in the 1980s who, in response to a growing number of homeless in the area, took to the streets with bowls of home-cooked spaghetti. In fact, the students who started this service were also instrumental in the establishment of Community Impact, the umbrella organization for community service groups on campus. The Emergency Food Pantry program is now funded by several government grants, bulk grocery donations and fundraisers. It still operates out of Ford Hall (614 W 114th Street between Broadway and Riverside Drive) and also offers donated supplies, like used clothing and books, from its Clothes Closet.

Since Emergency Food Pantry is meant as only a temporary aid for those who occasionally cannot afford nourishment, it accepts clients solely through referral agencies. These agencies use the food pantry as a “band-aid solution” and continue to work with the client to find permanent means of support. Emergency Food Pantry also requires that its recipients use the program only once every thirty days and be either over 50 years old, HIV positive or the head of a family. Every Monday and Thursday morning, several Columbia, community and missionary volunteers assemble dozens of “food packs" filled with fresh and canned foodstuffs as a line of eager people forms outside.

One feature that distinguishes this food pantry program is a practice initiated by its former coordinator, and present Community Impact Assistant Director of Programs, Sandy Helling. Current Staff Program Coordinator, Katy Saintil explains: “We didn’t want to give people [their food in] just tattered plastic bags. So we actually spend some of our budget on buying bags from University Food Market. It’s expensive, but it’s so people can feel like they can walk down the street with [these groceries] because it’s from a local market.” Although the program has had to cut down on the amount of fresh produce offered in their food packs due to budget cuts, it still manages to fulfill its dedication to “serve people with dignity.”

Ms. Saintil also oversees the Community Lunch program, a volunteer service located at the Broadway Presbyterian Church aimed at feeding local homeless folk. Unlike most soup kitchens, this program, run by CI on Friday and Broadway Community Incorporated on Monday and Wednesday, provides a warm sit-down lunch. Instead of a cafeteria-style service, the hungry are waited on by volunteers, many of whom also help to prepare the meal beforehand. The Community Lunch program is always looking for one-time or regular volunteers for its weekly lunch program, as well as for special events such as Thanksgiving and Christmas. If you have a free morning or will be around for the holidays and would like to help feed the community, contact Student Coordinator Hallie Schnier, hs314@barnard.edu.

After our feasts and holiday sweets we all should have a few clothes that no longer fit us. The Emergency Food Pantry/Clothes Closet welcomes non-perishable donations during its hours of operation: Monday and Thursday, from 10 to 2 approximately. Other times, donations may be dropped off at the Broadway Presbyterian Church on 114th street. If you are interested in helping to manage the Clothes Closet or have any other questions regarding these volunteer food programs, please contact Katy Saintil at kjs5@columbia.edu or 854-6310.  
—Hilary E. Feldstein
Flyering, they say, is the only inexpensive and effective method of marketing on campus. Bulk voicemails cost a few hundred dollars; tabling takes too much time. (Did you ever wonder where Lydon LaRouche finds supporters who have nothing better to do with their weekdays than rant and rave?) In the past couple of weeks we’ve noticed a turn toward odd and amusing flyers. Following is a selection:

$5 or best offer
TELEVISION* 
call x37553 
ask for Carlos

Television for sale, taking up too much room and no longer needed as a doorstopper!
In good condition, 18”, no remote, only has one cable jack in the back, loves bedtime stories, very moody
*This is a serious attempt at selling this television set. If you are interested, please call. I am NOT JOKING about the price. If you are not happy with your purchase . . . what kind of TV do you expect to get for five bucks?

Next to the Wallach elevators:
I DO NOT HATE MY ROOMMATE!
Move into Carman and GET PAID $100! If you live in a single, 
I will pay you $100 to switch rooms 
Contact Scott at x-xxxx

(Pull tabs, with the words “Move into Carman—$100 URGENT!!!!!!!!!)

At the streetlamp pole on the Corner of Amsterdam and 116th:
MODERATELY TALL TRANSFER COLUMBIA STUDENT LOOKING FOR TALL FRIENDS*

Friendly, outgoing, slightly judgmental (in a good way!!) Columbia student (just transferred from out-of-state all-girls school) looking for some new friends. Would like some funny, nice (but not pushover, blandly funny or fake nice) people to spend some quality time with (ie talk, hangout, other non-sexual fun!)
*Small and medium sized friends are welcome to reply as well.

Pulltabs with the words “In search of Tall OR Short friends, CelestineVanGauer@hotmail.com.”

In Hamilton Hall:
think you’re a HACKER? 
or do you know one?
I NEED THE HELP OF ONE FAST!!!
please contact me as soon as possible at need_h_soon@yahoo.com
THANKS

DON’T DECK THESE HALL
If you are planning on making your room festive for the holiday season, just remember not to bring decorations you can’t use. Candles can only be burned in designated public areas—never in student rooms or suites. See page 66 & 102 of the Guide to Living for details.

University Residence Halls

DECEMBER 2000
"Bitterness imprisons life; love releases it. Bitterness paralyzes life; love empowers it. Bitterness sours life; love sweetens it."

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

To say that Columbians understand bitterness is an understatement. We were not warned upon acceptance into the College that the "city that never sleeps" engenders a student body that never dates. We spend most of our time in intense study. No matter how much we'd like to believe it, Butler is not a good place to meet a potential lover, unless the prey is seated within whispering distance. Consequently, most of us are desperately horny.

Before 1983, a Columbia Lion could have easily found a date amidst the bevy of belles in Barnard's library. Nowadays, however, the collegiate pick-up spots are not as easily defined. Yes, every CU student has made at least one round in The West End, 1020 or Nacho Mama's. But, if we are to find a date worthy of our Ivy League memories, shouldn't we throw off the shackles of our beer-goggles? Here are some pointers from two expert Columbia daters on how to meet a lover worth seeing in the full light of day.

PURSUING THE SCARCER SEX
By David V. Sack

Run, Lion, Run!—Whether limbering their sculpted legs outside Dodge or running resolutely through campus in all seasons, the firm forms of the Columbia Track Team catch every man's eye. If the lascivious type is what turns you on, you'll be sure to find him while bearing it all at the track team's annual naked quad run. The virile voyeurs often come early to this event, waiting with bated breath and loaded camera to marvel at the track team's developed glutei and jiggling privates. While clothed, you can approach your favorite lecher before the run to grab his initial attention. Then, during the run, adopt a slow, leisurely pace to separate yourself from the pack, allowing your body to bounce in full splendor. You'll leave the boys bedazzled.

Don't dodge Dodge—Dodge Fitness Center is the virtual home base for the athletic Columbia male: here he takes refuge from the stress of academia. While relaxing his brain and flexing his pecs, he wants you to look as he struts his stuff. If you join a strength training class you'll find plenty of aspiring muscle-men ready to give you more than a few pointers on weightlifting. If you're more the authoritarian than the submissive type, however, land a job at Dodge's front desk or behind the lock and towel counter. All you'll need there is a friendly smile and you'll soon have the men vying for your attention. If they don't respond to your charm, simply deny them access to Dodge. You'll certainly have his attention then. A word of caution: this course of action may provoke a stronger response than what you had originally hoped for.

Love Thy Slide-rule—SEAS abounds with desirous chaps! After spending sixteen hours on one problem set, these staminate studs will be in dire need of human contact. At SEAS your competition will be few and your wooers many. Eclectics should be warned that a conversation with a SEAS male will probably prove quantitative, not qualitative. If solid state physics and biomechanics do not excite your thermal systems, there remains a more creative science, a mastery of which will make men swoon: architecture. The supreme sexiness associated with fresh young architects is inexplicable.

For ladies of high-birth—Nothing turns on a gentleman as much as a Gucci princess in high heels. Traversing the campus in packs, incessantly yelling nonsense into their cellphones, these prissy pussy-cats refuse to enter Butler without mascara. To add an accessory that's sure to make you irresistible, tote a specialty drink from Tealuxe. Your ability to purchase a $5.00 cup of tea from the trendiest venue (Starbucks is so last-semester) will impress the Columbia cats like nothing else.

8 1/2 Ways of Wooing
IF YOU FANCY A FEMALE

By Hilary E. Feldstein

Learn the language of love—No, this does not mean attending Alice! events (you're more likely to bring home a tube of water-based lube than a sexually inquisitive female). Take a foreign language class. French is the optimal course since the majority of your classmates will be (no joke) attractive women. Going to Reid Hall is a guaranteed boost for your social life if you're a male. You will be one of a handful of straight men amidst dozens of homesick American girls who appreciate wine and candle-light cafés. If French isn't your bag, take any introductory language class. What better way to get to know someone than by practicing words with new tongue positions?

Become a user-friendly RCC—Yes, computer nerds can be sexy! Especially when a girl is exhausted and overheated from moving in and would rather lie in bed than hook up her computer. Unlike most other RCCs (Resident Computer Consultants), you should respond when someone asks you for help with their computer installation. This will automatically gain you access to a lovely's room; plus, you'll be able to maneuver the following trick which tennis and golf instructors have relied on for years: Corner her between your arms as you reach for the keyboard to check out her TCP/IP connection. Note: this only works if the woman is already seated in front of the computer.

Make Hamilton your second home—if you stand outside this Core Curriculum hub between classes at any time of day, you will invariably see almost every first and second year student, as well as many other liberal arts majors. This is prime socializing time and the place to be seen amongst the Humanities set. Ideally, you would be with at least one other friend since this signifies to others that you are socially acceptable and probably not a raving lunatic. If you lack a sidekick, then stand very close to a large group of people and perhaps the ladies will think you're trying to distance yourself from your wearisome social milieu. Regardless, the key to this stratagem is to always have an extra cigarette. I do not advocate smoking at all, but when an underclass filly has been up all night studying for her midterm or final, she will be grateful for a stoge. Catch her in her sleep-deprived delirium, enhanced by the cigarette high, and she might even grant you a date.

Have lots of ugly friends—If all you're friends are less attractive than you, you must be, by default, relatively good-looking. This one seems completely ruthless, but hell, many of us are bound for cutthroat careers, so why shouldn't our Columbia experience prepare us for such environments? Milk your heinous friends for all they're worth. Walk around campus in a large group of them, and when an attractive female approaches, make sure to look as if you're fully enjoying the company of these ogres. That will make you seem more endearing and less image-conscious. Be sure to avoid eye-contact with the female, so as to increase her curiosity in you. Most importantly though, remember not to tell your unsightly companions of their purpose.

For men, my friend and Barnard goddess, Rachel Dobkin, has the following advice on how to get a girl: "be a boy!" to which I add: "be an attractive boy." In a school where the male/female ratio might as well be 10/90—since most of the good-looking guys are already taken—it's hard to believe that there remain any of you out there still looking for a date. There are six lonely women for every toe of every male body on campus! Shower, look approachable, strike up conversations as much as possible, keep smiling and be sincere.®

DECEMBER 2000

83
Personals

In the spirit—and perhaps the hopes—of “hooking up,” The Blue and White has asked its staff and friends to submit personal advertisements. The numbers at the end of each advertisement refer to real Lerner Hall and Macintosh mailboxes. Reply!

SEEKING MEN

Seeking Closet jazz dancer in search of uncoordinated male with Rasputin eyes for loving relationship and periodic tangoing to “Midnight Train to Georgia.” Must fear neither hot, spitting oil nor sunset strolls along the Hudson. Comatose slumber style and propensity for public acts of self-mortification are both pluses. Tortured, brooding types need not apply. 5927 Lerner.

Recovering Cannon's girl with 800 SAT Verbal looking for a Jane Austen hero to deal with girly neurotic tendencies and help me procrastinate in imaginative ways. Interested in someone who can appreciate my bare stomach and cleavage without deeming me too cute to be smart, and who is up for all forms of exercise, indoor and out. Mikes or Johns need not apply. 1378 Lerner.

Self-righteous female ISO spicy lifelong partner in crusade against greed, materialism and Britney Spears. Enjoys dancing, drawing and trespassing. Applicant must have a background in starting community gardens with a creative and savvy edge. Prefers quadralingual speakers esp. Mandarin, Spanish, Uzbek and Arabic. Anti-Mao and pro-noodles. 5352 Lerner.

I’ll be your mirror. If you know the origin of the previous sentence, I will bear your child. Highly caffeinated young coed seeks tortured soul, for tea, clove-smoking, and reading aloud Milan Kundera novels. Come lay your head in my lap and have a former Catholic schoolgirl tell you about Welsh legends and late nights at the Knitting Factory. Love of Columbia arcana a plus. Bad dancers and those with nudity hang-ups need not apply. 1892 Lerner.

Darling vixen seeks anti-nihilistic Francophile with a penchant for body sculpture, mutation and clandestine osculation. Must want to learn Pidgin Korean. Lactose-lovers and those unfamiliar with Canadian beaver habitats need not apply. Sporadic lunacy encouraged; interest in turtles a plus. 2348 Lerner.

Repressed Catholic girl and dominatrix in training needs volunteers to help break some commandments and break in a new whip. Hard body a necessity and leather attire a plus. No former altar boys please. 1378 Lerner.

Charming Victorian-style girl is seeking equally charming anglophone gentleman. Waxed whiskers a plus but Paul McCartney look-alike will do. Must be willing and able to support family of 12 after traveling to Polynesian paradise and collaborating in production of award winning documentary entitled, “Matriarchies in Post-industrial Oceania.” Preferably from Westchester county. 5320 Lerner.

Lion-tamer ISO tall acrobat for trapeze and related high-wire performances. Fondness for edible gold paint a plus. Must appreciate elephants and other neglected circus animals, although aversion to seals OK. They smell anyway. Come equipped with costumes and headdresses. Hopefully comfortable in front of camera. 4395 Macintosh.

Aspiring gay media mogul seeks coy Catholic fawnlet with prep school charm and school boy looks for oil-soaked Greco-Roman wrestling, British punk rock, Dante and DeLillo recitations. Must find beauty in the German tongue. Tongue rings a plus. 3872 Lerner.

Urban sophisticate wannabe seeking gentle yet virile mechanic for night swimming and other mischiefs. I'm thinking lip syncing and throwing food (gummy bears or popcorn?) at strangers. Or we could watch our spit fall from balconies, put on funny little outfits or even have silly conversations on the subway just to see other people’s reactions. Oh what fun.. However, if a goof, accommodations possible. Carpenters need not respond. 4477 Macintosh.

Well-toned, progressive Southern woman seeks effeminate man to massage her, make cream puffs, and decrease passive-aggressive
episodes. Prospective Chosen One (PCO) must not have a complex about the fact that my biceps and torso are probably much firmer and better-defined. Persons with even the vaguest mental connection between "Woman" and "Kitchen" need not apply. Please submit a handwriting sample, a family photograph, and a urine specimen to 4946 Lerner.

Female curmudgeon seeks male companion to discuss the subtler distinctions between Latin clauses of purpose and result, and to live by the philosophy of "early to bed and early to rise." I enjoy waking at sunrise and taking to my feet for tests of aerobic endurance as well as singing paeans to the Core Curriculum, including, but in no way limited to, Homer's extensive genealogies in the Iliad. Please direct inquiries—ancient languages preferred—to box 6143, Alfred Lerner Hall. Carnivores need not apply.

SEEKING WOMEN

Ascetic hermit with early bedtime is seeking strong-graved female of Amazonian proportions for cuddling, crime-fighting, and companionship. Must be willing to dress up in pirate garb, recite Fascist poetry, and reassure me that it is OK not to like the Frankfurt School. Appreciation of nationalist music composed west (and only west) of the Rhine preferred but not required. No ugly people, please. 3090 Lerner.

Exceedingly handsome young man seeks well-polished mirror for peeks, looks, and long romantic gazes. No distortion. Full body-length required for all-night nude observation. Easily transportable a plus. Frame will be provided. Please send measurements (height, width, reflectivity) to 5865 Lerner.

Pious wild-man seeks young nymph with acute fashion sense and great legs for devotion, hi-jinx, and pipe-smoking. We will discuss 19th-century Anglican theology as we bundle together in the comfort of a cozy Plimpton single. Must like liturgical incense, sherry, Ace of Base, billiards, kissin'. Serious applicants only. 4011 Lerner.

Swarthy, spastic, intellectual giant seeks petite, doe-eyed woman with large breasts and no waist for a rollicking good time. Must enjoy opera, Walter Benjamin, and dressing up like prominent female faculty members. Sex will be short, rough, and sometimes wet. Bring galoshes. 2219 Lerner.

World-vepyric epicure seeks jaunty beret-wearing female melancholic with whom to imitate perfume ads, karaoke to totalitarian pop, savor Indonesian ginger candy, maintain unabated sexual tension, make proper use of the form 'whom.' Love-hate Jewish mother surrogates preferred. "Did I raise you to be a disgrace? You haven't touched your zaid." Write to Verily at 3758 Lerner.

Aesthetically conservative Wynton Marsalis fanatic seeks the Jewish Maya Lin for walks in Central Park discussing matrilineal ancestry, dreams of the XVième arrondissement, and dogs. I make chicken tikka, you console me. 4552 Lerner.

SJM ISO tall, lithe, non-smoking, beret-wearing, non-cell-phone-using SJF for a strenuous relationship of rugged trail running and other out-of-the-way encounters. Must be passionate about traveling anywhere, including Mongolia where we can comb the soft under hair of the mountain goat on the desolate steppe and weave our own cashmere. Culinary acumen a plus. Must love Midnight Oil. 3090 Lerner.

Aspiring Orientalist seeks princess to complete 19th century fantasy. We would share quiet moments poring over miniatures, reciting Persian poetry, reminiscing about Alexandria and Trebizond and Herat. Must be willing to represent the Government at the Sublime Porte. Competence with watercolors a definite plus. No daughters of Wahhabis, Czarist agents or post-colonial literary theorists, etc., please. 4870 Lerner.

Beleaguered poet type seeks Muse for inspiration, grape-feeding sessions, and fireside evenings spent in song and soliloquy. Knowledge of Greek and Latin preferred, but not required. Please send all inquiries (iambs only, please) to 3372 Lerner.

B&W staff is seeking Rebecca Siegal, Tom Mosher and any other admirers for drinks, friendship, and occasional recitation of odes. Becca and Tom will sit with us on a veranda as we sip scotch and joke about Verily Veritas's exploits, all while being gently fanned by manservants. 3090 Lerner.

Humble, ensorcelling fop seeks female persifleur to engage in repartee while enhancing the education of missile systems engineers. Interest in varied tryst locales a must, especially Arizona deserts and commercial airplane lavatories. RSVP a la boîte 6857 Lerner.

Artsy jock seeks voluptuous pseudo-intellectual with whom to debate about film, literature, and college basketball. Blond preferred. Must be prepared to live out fantasy of Catholic schoolgirl while copiously copy-editing my Jewish-themed novel of acculturation, submitting to the 'ruler' if caught misbehaving. Please include picture of yourself in plaid skirt, knee-high socks, and pigtails. 4217 Lerner.

Big G from the Hood ISO mamasita gordita to be my ghetto princezz. Yo, keepin' it real. I don't want no pigeons, goldidgigas or undercover officers. I want a ho to love me for who I really am.Willing to pay if necessary. Don't hate, don't hate. Peace out. 1148 Lerner.
within. However, these life forces at work are not usually cooperating. Due to this chi, and complicated because of crucial academic limbs that the college lacks, the community does not constitute a whole body.

My first year at Barnard was a study in contradictions. I lived in the heart of the residential campus. My window overlooked one of Barnard’s lush lawns. I also looked into the rooms of hundreds of students I had no other connection to and with whom I probably never spoke.

Sure, we may have met in our impatient rides in elevators, or as we stole fruit from Aramark, but that was only after meals during which we sat alone, apart, and read our own books. Some of my friends in college, at Barnard and elsewhere, got to very feel fond of people that live near them in the first year. They used the proud word “floor,” revealing a sense of cohesiveness. But my first-year floor seemed more like a lottery of dissimilar and disinterested souls. The best thing I can say is that we all endured the year while residing in proximity. I was fortunate to be assigned to a roommate who quickly became my best friend. Yet, I never met many neighbors. I do wish I had more ties to Barnard. I get my mail there, I have lunch at McIntosh and I take one Barnard class. My Barnard housing this year happens to be closer to Harlem than to Hewitt. To make some Barnard ties, I’ve considered starting a fun club like doll-making or puppetry; softball; basic communication.

Fostering a sense of community at a women’s college in a major research university in this individualistic and commercial city requires substantial effort. By encouraging groups like McIntosh Activities Council and the revivers of the Barnard Greek Games, the college tries. Other student groups attract substantial numbers of Barnard students. I have found a place in no group particular to Barnard. Groups on the Columbia campus are where I belong. The strongest place I have felt the power of Barnard is in the English classroom, particularly studying feminist theory for the first time. In mandatory first-year English courses, we approached history with sensitivity, lauding unsung women writers and finding systematic weaknesses in the Western canon. In these, my only truly same-sex classes, I found widespread understanding, and the precious freedom to speak openly around a round table. On the fourth floor of Barnard Hall, I entered the great tradition of scholarship that the college offers.

The basic community we share is academic. Everything else is transient.

Party Night
by Ariel Meyerstein

Fresh air sneaks through my suicide-proof window, bringing in the distant shrieks of the deranged of Morningside Park, and the crack-mobiles seductively cheerful melody as it winds through Spanish Harlem’s streets. It’s 11:30 on a Saturday night. Rumor has it that there’s a party somewhere, hosted by some guy’s girlfriend’s best friend—I don’t know them, and although I sent out a few phone messages to make plans with people, my phone has been jarringly silent. Maybe I’ll go downtown, there’s so much to do: clubs, bars—the noise and the alcohol—maybe I’ll meet some New Yorkers. We’ll see, the phone should ring and then we’ll all do something cool. This week will be different.

The Blue and White
The weekend passed uneventfully. I spent Sunday in the library. People passed by, they looked at me and I at them, our eyes searching fervently for something—a spark, a connection—there was none. Butler culture is ephemeral like that—come dressed to kill, or come in sweats because you're that cool, feigning indifference to opinion. We seem united here, all working and flirting, but few people actually walk out with someone different than the person they walked in with, if anyone at all. Many people seem to take refuge here, in this haven for thoughts and the lonely students that think them, where the sun never sets, yet the darkness seems somehow to still seep in. In the abstract, "the Butt" is an unpleasant place, an underworld where books go to get lost and shade-like students pass by and through one another, never finding that look of commiseration for which they seek, their ticket to redemption—but it is all we seem to have. Yet there are still others who never venture past the 24-hour guard at the desk, perhaps anxious that they won't get let out. I wonder what they do instead? I know when I get home, at two or three, or whenever my dracular habits permit, my eyes wander towards the window, as I lay my head down in my repressively spacious single bed. They shirk back from the bright lights of the city, recoiling, shocked back inside their sockets. They focus instead at things nearer at hand: the brackets on the window keeping me in, bolstering the integrity of this, my womb, and oh yes, suffocating.

ODE TO CLIO

(A very liberal translation of Catullus 58)

Clio, our Clio—you know, Clio, that Clio, the one catalogue Catullus loved more than himself or his kinsmen—now at crossroads and down back alleys, jerking off Mighty Remus's grandsons.

—Daniel G. Fulton

BALLAD FOR THE GOLDEN YEARS

two balls of yarn from table tumbled
so you and i, my homespun queen
were joined by chance; a blind fate stumbled
her snipping scissors our romance
forgot, left to time's patient test
and we grew old just like the rest
too slow in death
and doomed to fumble
with fingers spastic, tongues awry—
this klunking dance tapped on the sly
left us so spent and short of breath—
with neither soul quite satisfied
nor aptly glutted either eye
but gulping, choking on that sheen
of dazzling-cruel What Might Have Been
if only, years ago, by chance
our knot were cut instead of tied.

—Alex Angert

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Conversation continued from page 69

“Nice shoes, wanna fuck?” (addressing one of the girls) You heard that?

Girl: (laughing) Well, they are Versace and all.

CR: There’re a whole slew of very bad pick-up lines, and I’m a connoisseur of them. Like “Hey, do you like pizza? How ’bout we get some pizza and a blowjob?” Then, when you get slapped, you can say “What, you don’t like pizza? Look at this one, she don’t like pizza!” (laughter) But you know there’s games guys play. Like, good cop-bad cop is a classic game. And God knows, I’m the perennial bad cop. You come into a bar next to me, and you’re almost assuredly getting laid.

TTG: You know, it’s happened a few times where I’ve gone from apologizing for Cardinal Richelieu, like “Oh, I’m sorry, I’ll take care of him, he’s had a little too much to drink…” to “So how’re you doing? Oh, uh-huh.” I just slide right in.

CR: The bar culture at this school is very segmented, very clique-y. You walk into, say, Cannon’s and you’ll see different cliques. Like our clique, or the wrestlers, the baseball guys, the basketball guys. And women have their own cliques too. The volleyball players, the Power Twins—

S: What are the Power Twins?

CR: —Team Bulgaria!

TTG: These are these two girls we call the Power Twins, and they have a whole group that hangs with them we call the Power Rangers.

CR: So they come into the bar and I’m like “Power Rangers get the hell out!”

TTG: Apparently they love the attention.

S: And who are Team Bulgaria?

CR: They’re the Bulgarian girls.

S: We have Bulgarian girls at our school?

CR: Oh yeah. The thing is with the Bulgarian girls is they’ll get dressed up like they’re going to a club and it’s like a Tuesday afternoon. And you say “Where are you going?”—“Oh, I’m going to the Post Office.” (laughter) “I’m going to the ATM.”

(Kooz walks in)

Brothers: Kooz!

CR: Kooz, give me a pick-up line. I’m a sexy girl. I’m Cameo.

K: “Are those space shoes you’re wearing? Cause your ass is out of this world.”

S: OK, we’re gonna wrap it up. Parting thoughts. Any last stories?

CR: I hooked up with a random thirty-year-old at Cannon’s. That’s the good part of being in Manhattan. You can hook up with random 30 year-olds.

TTG: What line did you use on the 30 year-old?

CR: Oh, I was sitting at the door to Cannon’s and I give her a cattle call, like (whistles, like you might to hail a cab) and she’s walking by with somebody else.

TTG: Cattle call, wow.

CR: She’s from Seattle, what do you expect. She comes up and she’s like “I have to bring my sister home. She’s staying a hostel over there.” I’m like, “Ah, she’s not coming back.” She comes back, she walks up, I’m like “Hey, what’s up?” So I bring her back, and the next thing I know, we’re up in my room, boning. 30 year-old with two kids. I’m loving it. She was cute too.

TTG: Of course, he has photographic evidence.

CR: I do have photographic evidence.

TTG: That’s the thing—you have to produce photographic evidence of things you did. We also have a system called “mack probe.”

CR: You know academic probation? We have “mackademic probation.” Meaning that, you know how girls talk about guys? Guys do the same fucking thing. Guys talk about girls all the time, and guys rate girls on the standard 1 to 10 scale, one being absolute worst, 10 being absolute best. Your mackademic probation rating is the average of the girls you’ve hooked up with in a sufficient period of time. So what happens is—if you start hooking up with a bunch of nasty 2.3 girls, then you’re on mackademic probation.

TTG: It brings your average way down.

CR: You have to work it off within a period of time. It takes a while to get off. Also, if you haven’t had sex in six months, then you become a born-again virgin, and you are automatically on mackademic probation. There are people present who are on mackademic probation. Raise your hands!

(Some of the brothers raise their hands.)
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DECENT 2000
The Undergraduate House Council, in an act of unprecedented conscientiousness and generosity, has decided to make students' lives just a bit more convenient: a brand new General Electric Spacemaker II microwave oven now graces every floor of Morris A. Schapiro Hall. It is clear that this means more than just the rapid reheating of leftover takeout—rather, a culinary renaissance is on the horizon. For confirmation, look no further than the declaration of a delighted Schapiro resident, who, upon beholding the gleaming white appliance, rejoiced at her liberation from the dark ages of cookery: “Oh! We got a microwave?! Now I can cook!”

The Blue and White commends the UHC for gracing us with the wonders of radiation.

To mark the occasion of Vice-President Al Gore’s visit to the campus, a group of intrepid young Columbians braved the cool autumn day to let their politics be known to the world. Amidst their determined cries of “Gore says death row, we say hell no!” a Secret Service agent helpfully informed them that their position, behind the barricade, was unacceptable and that they would be moved, peaceably or forcefully. When the Columbians inquired about their free-speech rights, they were told that the Secret Service had designated the Furnald Lawn as the “free speech area.” The Blue and White heartily congratulates the Secret Service on this approach, and will henceforth hold all meetings on the Furnald Lawn in accordance with the law.

From the Unexpected Sexual Images Department: A Blue and White editor who, during her freshman year, worked at the Reserve Desk in Avery Library, still has traumatizing dreams about the overhead lamps on the upper floor. These off-white orbs have the exact same shape and protuberances as, well, breasts. The fact was often joked about by Averyites, who nicknamed them “the mammary lamps” or, more straightforwardly, “the boob lights.”

CUBMAIL IN TURKISH: If doubling the Cunix quota to 40 megabytes wasn’t enough, here is yet another reason to love AcIS.

Date: Mon, 30 Oct 2000 00:35:08 -0500
From: Bingo <theblueandwhite@columbia.edu>
To: alan@columbia.edu
Subject: CubMail languages
Dear Mr Crosswell,
Hello. I’m writing as editor of the campus magazine The Blue and White.
Why is it that CubMail may be accessed in 23 different languages, but not in Turkish, which is spoken worldwide by over 70 million people, and at Columbia by dozens of students and faculty?
Sincerely,
Bingo

Date: Wed, 01 Nov 2000 10:52:05 -0500
From: Joseph Brennan
Cubmail is free software called IMP. We implemented all the languages it comes with. If someone who knows Turkish wants to assist the project with Turkish translations, let me know and I’ll look up the contact address.

Joseph Brennan
postmaster@columbia.edu
Academic Technologies Group, Academic Information Systems (AcIS)

JACK-O-LANTERN?: On Sunday, October 29th, an unknown artist-vandal placed a conspicuous-looking pumpkin outside the Barnard Dormitory at 620 W. 116th Street. This pumpkin noticeably lacked the traditional eyes, nose and mouth. Instead had a penis carved into its façade, and was illuminated by a defiant candle that stood firmly against the Riverside winds. The B&W is curious as to whether the pumpkin is meant to be a shrine to the male penis or an In Memoriam.

The Blue and White congratulates philosophy professor Wolfgang Mann on his recent demonstration of restraint in the face of an obnoxious display of cell-phone pretentiousness. During a recent meeting of Prof. Mann’s Plato lecture course, a student received a loud cell phone call. When Prof. Mann very gently requested that the student turn off his cell phone, the self-important pupil informed Prof. Mann, and the rest of the class, that he wanted to take the call. He subsequently got up from his seat, cut in front of Prof. Mann, and walked out of the room.

When the student returned to class, no comment was made by either party, although The Blue and White noticed that, in a later class, Prof. Mann introduced the time-worn Socratic example of the disgruntled philosophy professor and the chain-saw.

LESS GEEKY THAN THE MEDIEVAL HUNGARIAN KING KALMAN, THE BOOK-LOVER: At the death of the Sasanian Emperor of Persia, Yazdegerd I in 420 AD, his son Bahram enlisted the support of his vassal al-Mundhir, Arab prince of al-Hirah, and won the throne. After a brief war with Byzantium, he embarked upon an enlightened rule of justice, peace and toleration. He is celebrated for mastery in hunting and amores in Persian popular tradition as King Bahram V Gur, “Wild Ass.”

AN ENCOUNTER: While in front of Earl Hall this afternoon, a Blue and White editor watched with interest as an older gentleman walked towards her, every few minutes emitting a short, piercing whistle. He sat down on the bench in front of Earl and continued whistling, while every squirrel on campus, it seems, ran around his feet in a frenzy of ecstasy. He started tossing acorns to them, which the squirrels grabbed, dashed off with, and nibbled happily a few feet away. A truncated version of their conversation follows.

B&W: (shyly) Excuse me, sir. What are you feeding the squirrels?
Him: (warmly) Acorns!
B&W: Do you feed them a lot?
Him: Oh yes, every day almost. Usually in front of Earl or Hamilton. The squirrels get hungry around five, so they always like to see me.
B&W: (sitting) Where do you get the acorns?
Him: You can buy bags of them at 110th, but they’re cheaper at the Fairway.
B&W: Do you feed the pigeons too?
Him: (with force) No! They’re dirty.
B&W: Do you teach at the University? I’m a junior.
Him: My wife is in the French Department—Professor Gita May?
B&W: Hmmm... I don’t think I’ve met her. How long have you been doing this?
Him: Fifteen years. Here, take some.
(She takes some acorns and begins throwing them to the squirrels)
Him: Look, the big one’s scaring all the others away!
(They both laugh at one very silly squirrel, who is hissing and nipping at the others)
B&W: Do the squirrels know you?
Him: They recognize my whistle.
(The editor introduces herself, and they chat. She tells him about being in London this summer and he tells her about his time stationed in Cambridge, England, with the Air Force in World War II. They sit for some time longer. She realizes the time.)
B&W: Well, I should probably get going. It was nice to meet you.
(The editor gets up and starts walking. She turns around. He is still sitting and whistling and tossing acorns to the squirrels.)

Coward’s mischievous desire to see it writ large on West End billboards, they returned to London.” —Philip Hoare, Noël Coward: A Biography, 203

Overheard in a Butler elevator: “Yeah, it’s no good. You tell them you’re 37 and then they say, ‘You’re old enough to be my father.’ And then they’re just not interested.”
Poor guy.

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT:
If you are looking for any of the eleven German and English texts Columbia holds on Lutheran heretic Caspar Schwenckfeld, two of whose Pennsylvania Schwenckfelder followers served with distinction in the Reagan administration, please contact Verily Veritas, care of theblueandwhitew@columbia.edu.

SUBTERRANEAN POLEMICS: On the title page of the Milstein Collection edition of Edward Said’s 1975 Beginnings: Intention and Method, a wag has penned beneath the author’s name, “(PLO Spokesman).” A presumptive supporter of Palestinian liberation, in turn, has added an arrow in black ink pointing to the blue writing and announcing, with e. e. cummingsque lowercase simplicity, “idiot.” The Blue and White commends all those who would annotate and debate on Butler Library frontispieces and title pages, but continues to hold with Woody Allen in condemning co-eds who pen “how true” into the margins of editions of Kant.

An Inconvenience: The “O” on the keyboard of the left public terminal in Hartley (behind the security desk) doesn’t work at all, meaning those with “o”s in their login or password are out of luck. This really blows.