About the Cover:
Inspired equally by the dartboard in 1020 and the Rose Window of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine across the street, our cover symbolizes the harmony of the sacred and the profane. “Faith and Reason,”
by Katerina A. Barry.

Additional Graphics
by Meredith L. McGuire, C’00.

CONTENTS.

51 INTRODUCTION
52 AREA STUDIES DEFENDED
55 BLUE J.
56 ANIMAL ADVENTURES
58 CHAP. DAVIS CONVERSATION
61 TOMBSTONES AND PHOTOS
63 MEASURE FOR MEASURE
66 LECTURE NOTES
69 TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS
71 CAMPUS GOSSIP

Want to run for office?
CCSC elections are coming in April.
ccsc@columbia.edu

The Student Council on the Web
http://www.columbia.edu/cu/ccsc

Any questions?
dial 1-CCSC
We’ve got answers.
The Blue and White invites Columbia students to contribute original literary work and welcomes letters from all our readers. All articles represent the opinion of their authors, not necessarily the editors. Communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor and should be accompanied by the name of the writer.

http://www.theblueandwhite.org
theblueandwhite@columbia.edu

Anadu and Jerusalem, Athens and Varanasi, Rome and Mecca; from every spiritual capital there is a path that leads to Columbia. We have experts and course offerings in every area and every culture—and we should, argues Prof. Mark von Hagen, Harriman Institute Director and himself an expert on the former Soviet Union. (A further taste of that region may be found in Noam M. Elcott’s review of photographs of Jewish tombstones from the Pale.)

Then again, so do a lot of universities. What distinguishes this campus is its student diversity, and a large element of that diversity is religions in their various and sundry forms. While we have not been able to track down the Jain who we know is hiding somewhere, members of virtually every other religion may be found inside Delacorte Gate. And as our conversation with University Chaplain Jewelnel Davis makes clear, these are no mere passive followers: Many students are proud practitioners and unabashed believers. (Of course, many are also proud non-practitioners and unabashed unbelievers.)

Then there are the mystics, the magicians, the prophets. Prophecy, as Blue J. proves in his article, once played a major part in official College life, on Class Day. Fortunately, there are still independent practitioners who continue these ancient arts. Rachel E. Robertson, for example, writes about her ability to communicate magically with squirrels.

All told, religion is a major component of this “secular” place, where almost all the buildings are modelled on Greek temples and where the president is an ordained divine. We pray our religion issue captures a piece of the complexity and vitality of this life.

This is the final issue published under the aegis of founding editor Noam M. Elcott and publisher Michael T. Treadway. The incoming editor and publisher express their thanks and admiration for the superb work they did and for the high spirits in which they did it.

Adieu!
Should there be area studies?

by Professor Mark von Hägen

Recently Columbia’s investment in the traditional model of regional or area studies has come under scrutiny together with the regional institutes that are their primary vehicle. Columbia’s predicament is shared by universities across North America (and Europe to a lesser degree), and the critics raise important issues about the organization of knowledge that area institutes cannot afford to ignore. Professor of History Mark von Hägen is director of the Harriman Institute. He welcomes the opportunity to discuss these issues with an undergraduate student audience and invites responses or reactions to the ideas outlined below.

Columbia University’s Harriman Institute is the oldest and one of the largest regional institutes devoted to studying the postcommunist world in a North American or European university setting. It was founded in 1946, at the start of the Cold War, to help Americans better understand the Communist world with which they now found themselves in fierce and expensive competition. Starting its life as the Russian Institute, a group of Columbia faculty, many of whom had been advisors to the US and Allied governments during the recent World War II, launched the systematic, multidisciplinary study of the Soviet Union and its East European empire. They, together with their colleagues who formed the East Asian Institute shortly thereafter, and for similar purposes (to study the communist and nationalist revolutions in China, and, later Vietnam, Korea, and Cambodia), invented the novel organization of knowledge that has come to be known as area studies or regional studies. Eventually they were joined at Columbia by institutes for Africa, Southern Asia, the Middle East, Latin America and Iberia, and Western Europe. What united the institutes at that time was an intellectual faith that the societies they were studying were significantly different from those of the “free world” (an emerging NATO and its allies) and demanded a different, or at least an enhanced, set of skills to understand them. Among those skills were mastery of foreign languages and familiarization with the institutional, intellectual and cultural history of the region. This model allowed, for example, a political scientist studying the Communist Party to think about “her” institution in new ways by discussing the command economy with an area economist, who could learn in turn from a Soviet literature specialist about the changing images of engineers in the political economy of socialism, just to name one example of cross-disciplinary conversations that occurred in the period of Soviet area studies.

Most of these scholars had their primary home in a traditional social science or humanities department (such as history, political science, or literature), but they were pulled by the resources of the area institutes toward an alternate intellectual and scholarly community that was united by its focus on a region or set of countries. Those resources very often came from outside the university budgets, primarily from influential foundations (especially Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie) and the United States government through myriad channels. It is important to note that of all the regional study enterprises, Soviet or Russian and East European studies were the best financed from the beginning. In the case of the Russian Institute at Columbia, it came to enjoy a luxury that few of its competitors could boast, a large endowment that allowed Columbia to expand its Soviet studies activities.
at a time when influential public voices were lamenting the decline in quality and quantity of American expertise on the region. A gift of more than $10 million came in 1982 from the family of former New York Governor and American Ambassador to the Soviet Union W. Averell Harriman, and came ironically just as the Cold War was coming to its end, even if few could suspect the momentous transformations ahead.

Since that early period of the Institute’s founding, much has changed in the world that our predecessors had studied so earnestly. In response to the continuing transformations in the regional and global orders, and to related changes in American higher education and Columbia University in particular, the Harriman Institute and its counterpart institutions across the country (and world) have begun to redefine their functions and missions. The new missions are clearly evolved from the original models, but they have begun to diverge from them in significant ways. New intellectual alliances and collaborations reflect in many ways the realignments of political, economic, and cultural power in the world since the late 1980s.

Much of that change has been called globalization and its after-effects; but after a decade of optimistic faith in the uniformization and equalization of economic and political systems that was to be driven by market and technological forces, it is becoming clearer that important differences are emerging or reemerging in the world, differences which are in part political and economic, but also expressed in ideological and cultural terms of distinction. And what’s more, it now appears that America and American culture and politics are beginning to change in response to the transformation of global culture that has been occurring as it leaves its once more familiar American home. (One striking and familiar, but not trivial, example is the Latinization of American pop culture, which in part reflects the rapidly growing Latino population of the United States but also larger international media and entertainment reconfigurations.)

In important ways, the regional institutes have begun to rediscover their original missions, especially in the discussions that have begun in response to the challenges by important blocs of social scientists to the existing model of area studies. These debates are related to and overlap with the discussions of ethnic studies and the core curriculum at Columbia and, like those discussions, they too often converge on the struggles to define Western civilization and the limits of tolerance of non-Euroamerican values, however those are to be understood. For the faculty and students of the Harriman Institute, that challenge has most recently appeared in the form of a proposal for the creation of a new Institute for the Study of Europe (ISE) to supersede the existing Institute for Western Europe and encompass the Center for East and Central Europe:

"ISE would define its geographical scope broadly and flexibly, . . . ‘Europe’ would be considered the social, economic, political, and cultural crossroads between the Atlantic and the Urals, including Europe’s broader historical and contemporary linkages to trading partners, allies, adversaries, and former colonies outside of Europe . . . By treating the region not as a clearly demarcated area divided into national states to be studied individually but as a locus where people and socio-economic, cultural, as well as political forces and ideas have continuously encountered each other, attention would be focused on how people, resources,
GOT THE BLUES?  
Intro To Emotional Health

Has Depression Got You Singing the Blues?

It's normal to have mood swings or feel ups & downs over time or in response to particular experiences. Look out for the following symptoms. They may vary from mild to intense:

Feelings:
- Sadness
- Emptiness
- Loss of interest or pleasure in usual activities
- Loneliness
- Hopelessness
- Excessive guilt
- Thoughts of death or suicide

Physical Symptoms:
- Changes in sleeping patterns, appetite, hygiene, usual appearance, sex drive, energy level
- Restlessness
- Chronic aches and pains that don't respond to treatment
- Slowed movement or speech

Behavior:
- Difficulty concentrating and/or making decisions
- Social withdrawal
- Crying frequently
- Irritability or excessive anger towards alcohol and/or other drugs

If you find any of these symptoms continual, distressing, or unbearable, help is available.

Dealing with the Blues and Relationships

Supporting Yourself:
- Embrace your dynamic self; think constructively about the attributes you wish to improve.
- Set realistic goals for yourself; remain flexible as your needs and priorities change.
- Trust your thoughts and intuitions.
- Accept the fact that sometimes things won't go your way.
- Surround yourself with positive, healthy people.
- Take time out for something you enjoy.
- Get involved in projects that help others.
- Exercise, eat healthfully, get plenty of rest, and learn techniques for managing your stress levels.
- Reach out to people who will support you.
- Seek counseling or self-help/support groups.

Supporting a Friend:
- Show that you care and are available to listen.
- Be honest and clear about what you've observed in your friend's behavior or comments.
- Recognize your own limits.
- Educate yourself about referrals; encourage your friend to get help when ready.
- For other ideas and support, talk with a trusted mentor or professional.

Self Esteem Boosters

- Accept who you are: strengths, weaknesses, feelings, and emotions, with an eye on self-improvement.
- Forgive our mistakes: they are chances to learn and grow.
- Trust your thoughts and intuitions.
- Do what makes you feel happy and fulfilled.
- Take pride in your achievements; big and small.
- Set realistic goals for yourself.
- Replace negative self-talk with positive, supportive statements. If something goes wrong, do not blame yourself; learn to accept that it may have nothing to do with you.
- Exercise, eat right, and get plenty of sleep. Being tired and out of shape makes you more vulnerable to insecurity, anxiety, and self-dissatisfaction.

Brought to you by: CCSC, ALICE!, and Columbia University Health and Related Services

"You're Not Alone"

ALICE!
ALFRED LERNER HALL-7TH FLOOR
854-5453
www.alice.columbia.edu

COUNSELING AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICES (CPS)
WALK-IN HOURS: M-F, 1-2PM
ALFRED LERNER HALL-8TH FLOOR
854-2468

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY HEALTH AND RELATED SERVICES (CUHRS)
www.columbia.edu/cu/health

COLUMBIA/BARNARD RAPE CRISIS ANTI-VIOLENCE SUPPORT CENTER
854-WALK, Available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week
854-1493, Pastoral Counseling

Brougkt to you by: CCSC, ALICE!, and Columbia University Health and Related Services
BLUE J.  

Bring back the Poet and Prophet to Class Day; Valete, Valedictorians! Let the best speaker address Class Day ceremonies, not the best GPA.

Perched among the tomes of Columbiana — the world’s only Columbia-history library, conveniently located in Low (inconveniently never open) — this antiquarian bird discovered an aged box containing the remnants of the Columbia College Class Days of yore. Presiding over the graduation rituals is the senior class president. Valedictory and salutatory addresses round out the current body of student oration. But there was a time when no Class Day was complete without the poetic and prophetic words of the class poet and the class prophet. What savage act was performed to deprive us of prophesying prose as well as poetry we may never know. All that is of import now is that no college class this side of the millennium suffer such deprivation. Thus quoth the Blue J.: Return the class poet and prophet to Class Day.

The B&W — through her association with Columbia’s oldest literary journal, The Review, and with the help of Columbia faculty poetically inclined — could certainly find a class poet. But where to seat for the prophet in our midst? After much deliberation, Blue J. would like to lay out the following criteria:

One. The prophet, following biblical models, must be a shepherd of the people. Likewise, she or he must refuse the honor, when it is first presented, as no prophet runs to prophesy. Last among the Good Book’s directives, the prophet cannot be culled from the establishment, but instead from the periphery of society, whether ancient Israel or contemporary civilization. Accordingly, the class prophet mustn’t otherwise have a shot at being on the Class Day dais, were it not for the calling of a higher power.

Two. The class prophet must be funny.

With these two criteria in mind, The B&W hereby invites the entire Columbia College community to counsel our Class Day elders, whose ranks include the senior class president, our own editor and others, in the names and worth of potential prophets. By way of theblueandwhite@columbia.edu, recommend to posterity all but yourself, as prime prophecy is rarely volunteered.

As undergraduates, most of us have had the good fortune not to suffer through a valedictory address of a classmate who wants nothing less than to deliver a valedictory address. Blue J. cringes at the memory of the vindictive valedictorian who, after four grueling years of psycho-neurological-life-in-a-lab and a 4.63 GPA, had only vitriol to share with her classmates, friends and family. Blue J., always quick to criticize, was instead simply saddened. More common are the annual addresses that are, well, common. These do justice to neither the superstar grade-point-averager nor his or her classmates.

But Fortuna shines brightly, for Class Day programs from the 1890s to the 1920s provide a way out. Back then, the student with the highest GPA was duly acknowledged in the program with an award. The valedictorian was quite another character, chosen by means we no longer know. Blue J. recommends that we return to our roots by honoring the best GPA, but selecting the parting oration, the valediction, on its own merits. Let a committee of students and faculty choose the valedictory address, the author of which will be the valedictorian. Finis.

Class Day Program, 1921, the last year known to have included a Poet and Prophet (Columbiana Archives).

March 2000
Raising pigeons, talking to squirrels

by Rachel E. Robertson

I raised a baby pigeon, I can talk with squirrels, and once I was part of a subversive underground dog-walking counterculture. My life wasn’t always this way. In fact, that strange period has all but passed. However, there was a certain sequence of events that, for a time, transformed me into the Dr. Doolittle of Morningside Heights. Let me explain.

DOGS

One year ago I began walking a little dog named Button. He was a nice dog, a cute dog, a seemingly harmless dog; yet that friendly pup was my draft ticket into a war that once raged in the great battlefield known as Riverside Park.

Button was well-liked in Riverside, and for that reason I soon became a trusted member of the scene without ever knowing what I had gotten myself into. Roughly around the time when I started walking Button, Giuliani began a leash law crackdown, sending platoons of trucks filled with park rangers to police every square foot of grass in the borough. The rangers had been commanded to ticket anyone found exercising a dog without a leash. The dog-walkers, who had always felt a strong sense of community, became convinced that their world was under attack by “the man.” However, while “the man” was armed with heavy fines and tickets, they had only their wits, their love of dogs, and each other with which to defend themselves. This friendly group of dog-walkers soon transformed into an army of leash-wielding comrades willing to protect their lifestyle at any cost. The common greeting of, “Hello! And how’s (Sprinkles, Daisy etc.)?” became replaced by a furtive glance and a hushed, “Seen any rangers out today?” The people wanted the right to release their hounds, and they wanted it bad.

Once while I was walking Button through the park we were approached by a man with a miniature schnauzer. “Seen any rangers out today?” he asked me. “No, not yet,” I answered. He leaned in close. “Listen,” he said, “If they ever catch you, don’t tell ’em anything. I was in here the other day with Bart and I didn’t have him on his leash, and this truck pulled right up next to me and a ranger started yelling at me, right next to my face. And I just ignored him. I kept walking and he kept following me. He was asking for my name and my license and I didn’t say anything. What’s he gonna do? He could follow me all the way to my apartment and I would just go inside and that would be the end. My doorman’s not gonna tell him who I am. I tell you, never say a word to those people.” I watched him as he pulled a trash can into the middle of the park’s main road. “Slows ‘em down,” he told me. I looked off in the direction he came from and saw that there was a long row of trash cans, one every twenty feet or so, right along the center of the road. “If you ever see a ranger drive through one of these cans, you get the license number and phone in a complaint. They’re not allowed to do that. They have to stop, get out, and pull it back over to the side of the road before they can drive on. So if you see any of them running one over, call up and complain.” I nodded and said that I would. “Alright, see you!” he said, and walked away.

SQUIRRELS

A couple months later things were more or less back to normal. The leash law controversy had shifted out of Rudy’s political spotlight, leaving the park regulars with fewer rangers and more freedom. Resentment still lingered, but a general peace, however precarious, seemed to have been reached.

It was during this more carefree time that I first saw the man who would one day teach me
how to communicate with squirrels.

I was walking Button up the stairs to the 103rd Street exit from the park when I heard a strange noise coming from above. I reached the top and bumped into a man holding a large sack. He looked at me and grinned. “Time to feed the little ones,” he said and walked down the stairs. I turned and watched him enter the park. He took a few steps in, stopped, and started making clicking sounds similar to those a squirrel makes. He then raised his right arm and began quickly flicking his wrist at random intervals. Suddenly squirrels came pouring out of trees, some from twenty-five, even fifty yards away, and sprinting over to him. He gave each a nut from out of his bag and walked further into the park with a mass of squirrels following at his heels. He was the Pied Piper of Riverside.

A couple of weeks passed before I saw him again. He was a ways up the road from me, walking in the same direction. I made Button pick up the pace until we were about fifteen yards behind him. The scene was the same as before. He was clicking his tongue and waving his hand and squirrels were racing to him from all over the park. After five minutes of following him close behind, I decided to talk to him. I walked up and we exchanged greetings. He looked at Button and lamented not having any dog snacks in his bag. While we talked squirrels kept coming over to him for food. He reprimanded one for trying to get food when it had already had some. Finally I asked him the obvious question. “How do you do this?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, “I’ve been watching the squirrels. Most people don’t really, but I do and I’ve picked up on a couple things. The noise I make, you know that noise, that’s really just to get their attention. It’s actually all in the hand signals.” He demonstrated by picking his hand up over his head and flicking his wrist. A couple squirrels came over to us. “I learned it from watching them. I’ve figured out that they talk to each other by flicking their tails. They lift their tails up behind them and then they flick ‘em real quick, like what I’m doing with my hand.” It was all very scientific. “How long have you been doing this?” I asked. “For about five months,” he answered. I couldn’t think of anything more to say, so I said goodbye and turned back.

On my way home I couldn’t resist trying out this magic. I looked around to make sure no one could see me and began clicking my tongue and flicking my wrist, as he had done. A squirrel instantly turned in my direction and made eye contact with me. He slowly started walking towards me, even though Button was straining against the leash to get at him. In complete awe of this strange power I had suddenly been given, I called the squirrel closer. The second he was within range Button lunged at him, jerking me forward and chasing the squirrel away.

You skeptics may think this is all just an example of classical conditioning, and that this man was no more communicating with squirrels than Pavlov was talking dogs into salivating. However, I have been somewhat scientific myself in investigating this phenomenon. If done correctly it can work anywhere in the city. Once in Brooklyn a squirrel almost jumped into the apartment window I was signaling it from. I’ve even tested this out upstate, where the squirrels are much less friendly than their fearless city cousins. The results were similar.

I thought long and hard about relating this technique in more detail, so that anyone reading this could do it, but I’ve decided against it. For one, it is an extremely powerful tool. If it fell into the wrong hands, I would never forgive myself. Secondly, I have begun to think that perhaps the squirrel-man purposefully chose me as the one to whom he would teach his secret. And maybe one day I shall meet the next chosen one, the next vessel for this sacred knowledge, and the circle will continue.

PIGEONS

What squirrels are to the squirrel-man, pigeons once were to me. I’ve always felt that there’s a lot surrounding that species that we never stop to think about. But the pigeon issue that intrigues me most revolves around their young. And that issue is this: where are they?

Continued on page 65
Our conversation was held at Chaplain Davis’s apartment on February 2, 2000. Present were: Chaplain Davis herself; Ezra Friedland-Wechsler, JTS/GS ’00; Munira Shamim, C’02; Lara K. Simone, C’02; Noam S. Cohen, C’00; Shiben Banerji, C’02; Nazreen Karim, C’03; and B&W Conversations Editor Rachel E. Robertson, C’00.

Chaplain Davis: When I think about my own sense of being a person of faith and being a chaplain at the university, I think of how much it requires a certain knowledge of yourself. It requires an acknowledgment that at a place as diverse as Columbia you might be called into the unfamiliar. Being at a place like Columbia makes new connections possible.

Noam: I do think that Columbia does afford contact and communication between people of a lot of different faiths. However, I’ve noticed that because of the liberal community here it seems that anyone who subscribes to an orthodox religion is considered by a large percentage of the student body to be misled or naive in some way.

Lara: Or intellectually underdeveloped.

Noam: It’s like if you’re not an agnostic or an atheist there’s something wrong with you.

Chaplain Davis: I’ve found that it’s not just like that at Columbia; it’s like that in the world. I’ve had people talk to me and say, “you seem too intelligent to be as religious as you are.” I think that it’s hard, at Columbia, to be someone for whom religious tenets are fundamental.

Lara: I think that religious life at Columbia is very strong but is pushed down by a milieu of intellectual sophistication that looks down upon religion. Which is why I think there are some really surprisingly strong pockets of religion, but they have very little idea of who each other are...

Chaplain Davis: Being an undergraduate at Brown in the religious studies department, it was assumed that you were a critic of religion and not a practitioner. The only other practitioner in the department, my mentor, was a rabbi. I think of how he described religion as a way of life that effects everything: what you eat, what you aspire to, your relationships. And I guess for me it really is about self. So then there’s a kind of grief that I feel when someone says, “I came in religious and Columbia took that away from me.” Then I wonder what their sense of themselves as a religious person was in the first place. One of the things I worry about in undergraduates in particular is how many have parents who have been reluctant to give them a religious education...

Munira: I would not describe the Columbia community as looking down upon religion. My personal experience has been very positive. I have come across a lot of people who are very religious themselves and who respect me for being attached to my own faith...

Lara: I myself actually came to Columbia fairly non-religious. I had a vaguely Protestant background and when I got here and was confronted by the very rich texts of Western Christianity I rediscovered my faith and joined the Lutheran church. So although I’ve known people who have lost their faith, I really feel that somehow something at Columbia helped mine to be restored.

Ezra: I think that when a religious person comes to a “secular” university, it’s a gamble. On one level I think it’s an incredible thing that you’re exposed to all these new sources. But then on the other side you can be affected, and I think that really depends on yourself... You see these people, knowing that if they were in the right environment their faith could be strengthened once again, but seeing them slip and rationalizing this and rationalizing that and bringing up questions of faith that are almost half-hearted. It’s frustrating.
Chaplain Davis: Do these challenges come from the classroom or do they come from social relationships?

Ezra: I'm a cynic. I would say that it really is a social thing, but people take their classroom learning and use that as the reason to make it look more respectable. I'm not saying that for everyone. I think some people do have genuine intellectual questions, but so much of it is just social pressure.

Lara: I think one of the frustrations of being in a classroom, perhaps not a lecture hall but one of those CC classes where you're supposed to engage in conversation, is not being confronted by cynics or cynical teachers, but sort of feeling that you failed somehow if you cannot, in any way, defend a religious text. Not just Christianity in particular, but you can't even defend the idea that something could be scriptural or inspired. I feel sometimes like I failed. I shouldn't be arguing for the truth of Christianity, but somehow I shouldn't cave in to pressure.

Noam: I don't know if this is unique to Judaism, but I have a friend who is a Bible scholar and she takes classes in biblical criticism all the time and classes that prove pretty much beyond a reasonable doubt that certain parts of the Bible were written by certain individual. . . . She's also a religious Jew and believes, in terms of faith, that the Bible, the Torah, was given to man by God at Sinai. These things don't conflict for her in any way. . . . She knows that as long as it doesn't affect her practice, as long as she keeps doing what she knows is right, then her faith can continue on. Do other religions — do your religions — have challenges that can be surmounted by practice?

Chaplain Davis: I would say that it's one of those things that made it possible for me to actually major in religious studies as an undergraduate with a focus on biomedical ethics. Because when I went to college, I wanted to get a Ph.D in genetics. Once I got there and took my first genetics class I became much more interested in the ethical questions that some of the things that science would make possible to raise. . . . When I went to college, there was a big gap between what I did in my religious life and what I did in my life as a person, as a scholar, and as a scientist. The gap got smaller as I learned about the imprecision of science. And therefore, the space for faith became much larger. I think the connection between faith and learning for me, and the kind of learning you can do at a place like Columbia, the kind of learning you can do as a person who understands biblical criticism, the kind of learning you can do if you understand political theory or economics, is the spirit of the word as opposed to every individual letter. So it makes it possible for me to see how a setting like a university could be very different than making the decision that I need to be in a local church. Because then I know that God does accept my own talent and my own sense of myself: a person who loves the life of the mind, who still finds it important to be able to draw from the discoveries of science to my understanding of a fully developed adult. Sometimes I am reminded how good it is to have proximity to people whose orientation to what constitutes the universe may be fundamentally different from my own.

Lara: I think one of the ways that I keep faith, even though it doesn't always feel that strong. . . . I think of the love aspects of faith, that religion is loving other people, and also the fear of doing wrong, they balance each other out. So whenever I feel drawn in one direction — becoming too morose or becoming too lax, somehow all those different parts of it fit back together.

Nazreen: Superficial questions will pop up; sometimes I find an answer to them and sometimes I don't, but I think fundamentally there's something just in me that I know is something I can't ever argue against. I'm a neuroscience
major and I'm premed. One of my closest friends, an atheist, is constantly like, “How can you believe in evolution and believe in God?”

Lara: I would like to pose a question. Do people think that, if you want to be a religious person and have an identity that is honest and not hypocritical, that you need to somehow reconcile those different parts of your life? . . . Do we have to somehow reconcile the two and make sure we’re not leading a double life?

Chaplain Davis: I guess I would find it impossible to lead a double life, because I do believe that religion is a way of life for me. I would find it hard to be standing behind a veil, though it may not be something that I talk about. I would think that over time it would be degenerative to one’s spirit to have to keep quiet about your religious faith and not to be able to use it as a resource in most situations.

Munira: I don’t feel the need to live two different lives because I actually do not find anything in my religion that is particularly irreconcilable with my regular life. And I wouldn’t even call my everyday life a secular life. I live my life religiously on a day to day basis.

Noam: I think it is essential not to live a double life, but to be of two minds or of three minds, or of four minds. I think that is important in what you can get out of being in a place like this. Although there are social issues that can cause you to lose your faith or to go away from your faith in ways that may be harmful to you, you’ve definitely wasted something if you don’t use this time . . . to think that maybe some of these things are wrong.

Ezra: . . . Every Thursday night, I think, the Korean Christian group has a program, and I see some of the Islam programs going on, and I see some of the people there, and obviously I’m sure within their groups there is the same thing, but I see certain emotions, and I’m so drawn to these emotions. . . . I’ve always felt that there are no people who look like me and act like me more than religious Muslims in the community. . . . Columbia opens doors to religious understanding.

Nazreen: Coming to school here, one thing that I’ve found is that I’ve stripped away a lot of the cultural values that might be associated with Islam as an Indian Muslim as opposed to just a Muslim. Here, if you’re religious, then that in itself is a common ground. . . .

Chaplain Davis: One of the things that I’m really pleased about here as University Chaplain, is that in general it seems to me that the approach among the various groups in Earl Hall is that there isn’t this “least common denominator” effort. I think that in some places there’s not a critical mass of any one group and the people say, “Well, we’re religious people, we’re spiritual people, so we have to hang on to those common threads and can’t ever talk about what it is that makes us different.” I think it is important for one to see different groups coming and going out of the Earl Hall auditorium and actually see some of the activities that students are able to do. Sometimes the Hindu students need to do something for themselves and sometimes it may be an interfaith thing. My experience over the last four years suggests that at Columbia it is possible to be reaffirmed in your own faith by being near people who are strong in a faith that may be different from yours.

Lara: Well, this has been really wonderful for me because I do have so little contact with groups outside of my own. I mean you can’t show up to a Hindu meeting and say, “I want to appreciate your Hinduness.” It’s wonderful to see the faith that other students have and the commitment they have to it.

Chaplain Davis: Yes, it’s good to take time to pause to think about these things that we’re concerned about.

Noam: Even though it is a really positive thing that people of different religious faiths can bond and share common ground, I wish that we didn’t have to have that “us and them” mentality and feel that others are looking down on us or find us an inconvenience because we’re religious. I wish we could find common ground among everybody.
My grandfather marked his recent 80th birthday by recounting the events of his life before a video camera. He concluded in that even tone unique to men of the War generation: I hope to see you at my 90th, but if not, please include on my tombstone that I was a teacher. My grandfather was speaking through the photographic medium to a time when he would no longer be with us, instructing us in his graveside memory. He intuited the unspoken connection between photography, death and tombstone.

Rectangular. Flat. Granular. Gray. Aging marks of that which is no longer, that which is past. Tombstones and photographs. In an exhibition of several score black-and-white images taken by Daniel Goberman from 1930 to 1960, the Brooklyn Museum of Art has tried to reveal the vanished world of nineteenth century Jewish life in that part of the Russian Empire called the Pale of Settlement. It has succeeded, instead, in a most brilliant illumination of the essence of photography. Photographs as tombstones, markers of the past.

The great photo-theorist Roland Barthes identifies Time as the constituent element of photography. Amongst its myriad functions, the photograph always asserts: that-has-been. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin indeed sat together at Yalta. My sister and I did visit the Eiffel Tower. Jack Ruby in fact shot Lee Harvey Oswald. How do we know? We have a photograph. And it declares, that-has-been. Thus photographs; thus gravestones. Before anything else, a gravestone affirms that a life has been lived. Here lies Yisrael Leb, son of Zev Levi. He was, and is no longer. The modest woman, Rose. Perhaps. But modest or not, she lived and lives no more. Old photographs often feel like tombstones, with death concealed behind the lifelike images.

Is it not the same horror that seizes us when we encounter manipulated photographs or ravaged graves? Each is a desecration of the past, an attack on the essence of each. In this digital age, where instantaneous or doctored photographs can be ordered up like crème brûlée, the astonishment of “that-has-been” is rapidly disappearing. To truly see antiquated black-and-white images, we must borrow the eyes of our grandfathers and see photographs like gravestones, bona fide markers of the past. Lest we forget, Coberman charms tombstones using photography such that each implies the other in a self-referential pas de deux. Coberman’s intuition, like my grandfather’s, collapses photography and gravestones, revealing the essence of each.

But whose bones occupy these subterranean vaults? A stone sitting atop a grave offers physical evidence as mute as it is factual. A gravestone rendered nameless—whether by wind and rain, vandals or a photographic view from the uncarved

Continued on page 70
Room Selection Information: A Room of One’s Own — Or a Double

Location, location, location. In the fast-paced world of New York real estate, this is the motto to live by. Don’t worry, this isn’t “Glengary Glen Ross.” URH will take you through the process of finding your way in the melee of 2000-2001 room selection. The College and Engineering housing system can seem daunting at times, but Columbia has a whole lot of nice digs, and there’s plenty of friendly people whose job is to make sure you are happy.

The lottery is where you pick a number that determines when you will select your room. Information sessions will be offered for students who are unfamiliar with the Room Selection process. We invite you to learn how the Housing Lottery works and to ask us any questions you may have. Anyone who has questions should feel free to go to any of the sessions offered. Question and answer sessions are scheduled for:

- Hartley Feb. 29 6-7 PM
- John Jay Feb. 29 7-8 PM
- Schapiro Feb. 29 8-9 PM
- McBain March 1 6-7 PM
- Wallach March 1 7-8 PM
- East Campus March 1 8-9 PM
- Wien March 2 7-8 PM
- Carman March 2 8-9 PM

The lottery will be held in John Jay Lounge on:

- March 7 (for rising seniors)
- March 8 (for rising juniors)
- March 9 (for rising sophomores)

Students who are not guaranteed housing for 2000-2001 may apply to the URH Wait List by filling out an application in the Housing Services Office, 125 Wallach Hall, beginning February 15 or by applying on the URH website.

To conserve resources, all Room Selection information and forms will be posted on the URH website (www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls). We will not be sending out the usual 50-page Room Selection Guide this year, so please check the website for all information about Room Selection.

Room Selection will be held in Carman Basement.

Group suite selection begins March 27. General selection begins April 10.
The dream is almost always different.
You have your grey hat on and the wind
isn’t blowing as hard but the facts remain.
You’ve never believed in details.
They’re all I’ve ever had to see.

Two glasses of red wine after lunch, thumbing through
old friends. Eli was in the drama program at Boston
University with a new haircut and apparently they
throw everybody out; Sam went missing on his
twenty-first birthday lying drunk in a room with a
girl none of us knew. Will flipped back, you
can’t talk to him anymore; someone ran into
Raphael in July with his DAR girlfriend. Not to
mention seven that got married, three with kids.
And then who knows how many like us wake
calling out in the calm night, half-blinded, not
knowing why and subtly slowly fading?

When the psalmist grew on in days they covered
him with blankets, and they did not give him warmth.
A beauty was brought from the borders of Shunam –
while his sons began to battle hotly beneath him.

Some things we shouldn’t let affect us
theories strictly determined are subtle
as cinderblocks to the skull why does that man
eat his meat so particularly and with his napkin
in his collar, you don’t like him so we begin
throwing raw dough at one another
and you, in earnest, claim we’re not communicating.

The Whitestone Bridge near sunset, my
hands are too cold, I keep dropping my cigarette
and somewhere the noise of an airplane
and somewhere the benisons of angels swinging
in the infinite regression of oil slick puddles,
I am only a regular person and a tired one at that
ill-equipped for considerations of geologic time
trying to smoke in the wind, too weak even
simply to hold on as if that was all I’d ever tried.

-Noam S. Cohen, C'00
Women's History Month

An extraordinary century for women

In honor of National Women's History Month, we've compiled a compelling book selection that celebrates the contributions and accomplishments of women. Please visit us and experience the voice, vision and valor of women through history, fiction, poetry and the arts.

Columbia University BOOKSTORE

2922 Broadway & 115th Street • New York • 212.854.4132 • http://columbia.bkstore.com

STORE HOURS: Monday–Friday: 9a.m.–9p.m., Saturday–Sunday: 11a.m.–6p.m.
Continued from page 57

No one seems to know. Their parents are all over this island; you can't escape them. You see them doing strange mating dances every Spring, and I think it's safe to assume that at least some of these performances yield results, yet the whereabouts of their offspring is a complete mystery. So where are all the baby pigeons hiding? For a time, the answer to this aged Manhattan riddle was 216 River—my room.

I suppose the story really starts last Spring, when a baby pigeon was born into the air-shaft of River Hall. Before the baby pigeon I never had a reason to go near my window. My view was your average shaft view: columns of windows framed by a patch of sky above and the gray concrete below. Perhaps now you see why the instant that rare miracle of nature appeared, I became obsessed.

Not that I had much of a choice. It woke me up every morning at 7:30 AM, chirping for food. And every morning I excitedly dashed to the window and grabbed my telescope in the hope of learning something new. Sometimes I would become so immersed in my observations that I would almost forget to go to class. I watched the baby pigeon from the day he appeared until the day he left the nest, and I learned a lot about what might be termed "developmental pigeonology" in that time. But I never thought that knowledge would be useful. The truth is, I never counted on Billy-Albert. We found Billy-Albert in late August on 114th and Broadway. He had no mother; he had no family; he was wandering in and out from under parked cars. No one knew how he had gotten there. Like much that surrounds the baby pigeon, it was a mystery.

Some friends and I scooped him up in a shoebox and, after much deliberating, got him settled in the room belonging to the one of us who cared the least about Feng Shui. I seemed to be the only person who thought there might be advantages to having a baby pigeon flapping around in my prosperity corner. In fact, after my obsession during the Spring, I thought this bird was my dream come true. I was wrong.

That pigeon chirped like a maniac every time I entered my room. I fed him; I comforted him; nothing shut him up. I was forced to sneak in and out like a thief in order to avoid sending him into a chirping spree. I couldn't listen to music; I couldn't watch TV. If I let him out of his box he would peck at my feet and chase me around. Soon I was living in the library. My room became his.

Don't misunderstand me. We did have some happy moments. When he got a little bigger I started giving him flying lessons, and that was fun. It was rewarding to see his improvement. I soon figured out, however, that he had been deceiving me about his flying abilities. I came home one day to find him innocently in his box and his excrement on top of my dresser. That was when I decided that it was time for his reintroduction into the wild. I released him around a large flock of pigeons at 110th and Riverside. He appeared to be doing the right things: he pecked at the ground and started taking short flights. I took a deep breath, turned my back and walked home. I worry sometimes because he looked a lot skinnier than the other pigeons that were out there, and I released him with winter yet to come. But he was a smart bird. Every once in a while I find a kernel of birdseed in my room and I think of him. Good luck, Billy-Albert. I did my best. Now it's up to you.

Like I said, that time is gone. Visiting Riverside is a powerful experience for me now. It's like going back to a house you once lived in.

I saw Button there last fall. He was being walked by some pre-teen. She let me play with him for a minute, but then they had to get going. I could tell he didn't want to leave me, though. I haven't seen the squirrel-man since that one fateful day. I do call the squirrels sometimes, when no one's around. I like to stay in practice. Every time I'm there I can't help but keep an eye out for Billy-Albert. The only problem is, I'm not sure I remember what he looks like.

He's over there somewhere, having wild pigeon adventures and adding to that book of stories that is Riverside Park.

MARCH 2000

65
Professors Andreas Huyssen and E. Valentine Daniel co-teach the seminar “Introduction to Comparative Literature and Society.” The course represents a unique pairing of a humanist and a social scientist: Prof. Huyssen, the director of the Center of Comparative Literature and Society, is from the German department, while Prof. Daniel is from Anthropology.

Prof. Huyssen began the first seminar by asking basic questions: What does “comparative” mean? What is compared to what? He pointed to some of the basic organizing principles in comparative literature that include studying across boundaries, both in terms of nation and genre. As a discipline it requires the establishment of national literatures and departments in which they are studied. The very rise of the discipline goes against this national concept and attempts to understand literature as a social and political project in and of itself. Many of the earliest scholars of comparative literature were European refugees. European languages remained the main focus until quite recently; now it is expanding. Professor Huyssen argued that comparative literature must respond to changes in the real world and maintain its own heritage. In the coming years, it has a genuine chance to develop new dialogues with science, law, etc.

Prof. Daniel outlined the connection between comparative literature and anthropology. Anthropologists who work with literature have moved from mainstream to the margin. Anthropology began as a hobby for the wealthy and well-traveled; evolved into a gentleman’s job of studying “others” from a “scientific” perspective combined with late-nineteenth century claims to evolutionary superiority. This was replaced by structural functionalism, the study of societies as units held together by structures. In the late forties and fifties, due largely to the influence of Lévi-Strauss, anthropology took a linguistic turn. Lévi-Strauss substituted the leading paradigm of the body with the paradigm of language. Language was a cultural universe and to know a language was to know a culture. This work was tremendously confident: “Give me a language and I will give you a cultural explanation.” More recently, anthropology has struggled to maintain its posture as a science and has become consumed with doubt. Culture has become much more than simply language; who speaks, to whom, about what, all contribute to the construction of meaning. It is no longer about a set of codes but larger contexts. Like comparative literature, anthropology has become acutely aware of its need to adapt to current conditions in order to maintain its relevance as an academic discipline.
and ideas have flowed both to and from Europe, extending beyond Ireland and Portugal to the Americas and into Eurasia, North Africa and the Middle East.

The task force authors view the Harriman Institute as one of two core intellectual partners for the new European Institute. They acknowledge that the "Harriman's focus, of course, is not limited to Europe; its remit includes Asian geography reaching to the Pacific. Increasingly, however, it has been looking westward. The dramatic changes in the world, that lie behind this report's rethinking of European studies have broken the barriers containing Soviet and Eurasian studies and opened up vast new opportunities, as well as a compelling need, to broaden and enhance the research capacities and purpose of the Harriman Institute. It has an opportunity, much like that facing ISE, to take a leading, formative role in the definition of 'Eurasian' area studies and a new Eurasian research agenda."

In short, this very thoughtful set of recommendations represents an institutional and intellectual challenge to the ways we have done business in the past. In response to these significant reform proposals, I called a meeting of the Harriman Institute's faculty to discuss the issues at stake with several Task Force members and the Dean of the School of International and Public Affairs, the principal administrative officer to whom all the regional institutes at Columbia answer. That first meeting, and the email discussion that briefly followed, launched a self-critical and exploratory discussion with our colleagues both at Columbia and at other leading American universities about the place of area studies in the post-Cold War world. Later this semester we'll host a set of discussions about political science and area studies. We have begun in earnest to re-evaluate what it is about what we do and have done that is worth preserving, if in a modified form, and what needs more thoroughgoing rethinking.

These are not exclusively intellectual debates; large financial resources are at stake. The foundations that were most active in launching and sustaining area studies for so many decades have to a large degree redirected their funds to domestic American policy issues, while reserving only a fraction of the monies formerly spent on area studies for a new category of research and programming that is often called "international studies." Much foundation money, often from foundations that were not historically involved in area studies, goes to support the export of American legal and economic norms to foreign countries. This is true of the once-generous level of funding from the US government; it too has declined for area studies, but now new funds are available to train Russian, Ukrainian and Uzbek students in business and public administration, economics, and law. One consequence of this redirection of funds from graduate student fellowships, language learning, research trips abroad, and even faculty positions, has been that existing area studies programs find themselves in fiercer budgetary competition with the traditional departments and, more recently, with newer interdisciplinary programs in gender studies and ethnicity (as well as the new Center for Comparative Literature and Society), to name just the most analogous and recently established centers. All of these new centers are importantly focused on undergraduate curriculum and programming, whereas the regional institutes were more oriented toward faculty and graduate student audiences.

This intensified rivalry over university bud-
gets has its counterpart in the intellectual debates I mentioned above and has sharpened the terms of how we distinguish what we in area studies do from what departments do (and most all of us wear two hats, one departmental and one in the area institute). Area scholars are now charged with ignoring theory and comparative work, thereby sustaining increasingly anachronistic Cold War-era intellectual isolation for both themselves and the objects of their study. Most often when they invoke “theory,” our critics mean some form of economistic or rational-choice modeling that has become a dominant mode of discourse in social science departments across the country. For these scholars quantitative skills are more important than mastery of foreign languages. Another subset of scholars, substantially overlapping with the first group in their pleas for more “sophisticated” theory, criticizes area studies for overemphasizing regional similarities and inter-regional differences when the most important processes affecting the world’s present and future are, in their opinion, global and transnational ones, such as the cross-border flows of technologies, capital, labor, goods and ideas (as well as diseases and environmental pollutants). In sum, both groups can agree that regional specialists get too attached to our beloved second cultures and thereby lose sight of the important commonalities, universal truths, and cross-border transfers because we come to believe in the particularistic and the local. A smaller subset of these critics believes there is some valuable place for area specialists; most often, this means that the local knowledge experts, with all their linguistic skills and in-country experience, do the “empirical” groundwork for the “true” social scientists who can then transform and elevate the data that we gather into elegant theoretical formulations. Those in this subset have the greater, more omniscient vision of theory that allows them to distill the more important commonalities from the residual distinctions in comparing cultures and societies across regions. How do we begin to answer these criticisms, which are made considerably more forceful in the wake of the recent transformations of the post-Soviet world toward market economies and diverse levels of democratization, transformations which are being understood as the triumph of the American way, or the triumph of the market economy, or globalization, or even the “end of history?”

(Please see our next issue for the conclusion.)
Verily Veritas has experienced blasphemy and longing of late. A ravishing redhead solemnly informed V.V. that, in the Pauline epistles, Jesus is said to endure the crucifixion anew each time someone commits the sin of apostasy. Verily’s reaction to these sacred words was worldly rapture. How for Verily to phrase this desperate and unthinking devotion, how to tell her that she, dear damnation-bearing damsel, could transfigure even Uris Hall behind her into a thing of beauty, something no longer resembling a vast intercollegiate sewage treatment facility? How to say that she somehow made life, this poor, temporal existence, worth living? At last, your correspondent marveled cleverly to the lovely thing that, with six billion people on this world, Christ must be recrucified once every 37 seconds. She was not amused. Verily could only wander off to commiserate with his friends, the gentle dusty tomes of Butler’s withdrawn shelves, where he found a volume on French Protestantism with which to win an angel’s pietistic heart.

Verily Veritas finds contemporary faith confusing. It lacks the simple charm of his salad days during Vatican II, when the telegrams were pouring in from Rome asking for the latest word among Lit Hum preceptors on unbaptized infants in limbo. Thrust into problematic postmodernity, Verily at last looked up just about the only faith not represented on campus, the Church of Scientology. Trolling the Internet, V.V. requested information under the guise of 27-year-old unmarried professor of dentistry Conrad McIlhenny, ingeniously invoking the name of the great makers of Tabasco, Columbia’s pepper sauce of choice. E-mails back reveal that the chief consultant at the Scientology Information Center is one André Letch. Boasting disciples with names like Letch, one expects that fine cult must bestow great secrets of seduction upon its faithful.

Yet despite the temptation, V.V. realizes that Scientology is not the best path to the heart of a winsome young daughter of the Reformation. The true path is food. Would it be through the haute cuisine of Café (212), where Verily could order her an urbane touch of grilled portabello with a knowing wink and, ever the old-fashioned gentleman, swipe for her? Perhaps a bite to eat in the basement of Avery, home to Morningside Heights’ most postmodern shrink-wrapped egg salad sandwiches? Or perhaps the most potent aphrodisiacal culinary weapon of them all: the Second Avenue Deli. No woman on earth can resist the heady aroma of brown mustard and chopped chicken liver so good you could plotz. No woman, not even a Lutheran. It would be a fine night indeed, redolent with romance and free pickles.

Until that storied day of matzoh ball conquests, Verily shall yearn on. In the meantime, there is satisfaction enough in listening to Judy Garland cover the standards with faux Spanish drums thicker than a President Rupp martini. The delicate dance between faith, food and desire on campus keeps V.V. puzzled. Then again, so does the defeat of the Georgia Nut Man by the Incontinent in the ’80 elections. There will be disappointments in life and love. Dean Quigley’s accent may be independently delicious, but one still wishes he might try a turn for the David Bowie and do “All the Young Dudes” or dabble in glam lipstick. In the same vein, women may yet resist Verily’s corned beef charms. But there will be future rock star deans and Valentine’s Days to come. Here’s V.V. hoping. —Verily Veritas

MARCH 2000
Continued from page 61

back—marks a life departed as well as an imperial tomb. But without an accompanying text, we cannot distinguish Yisrael Leb from his father Zev Levi. We remember Rose as modest only because her tombstone says as much.

Photography unites evidence and marker in a single image painted by a pencil of light in photochemicals, but it too falls silent. Already Walter Benjamin understood the textual imperative of photography. Without captions, haphazard images would remain bound in coincidence before a blind viewer, impotent to decipher this message without a code. Exhibition viewers, unable to read the Hebrew script of the tombstones, turn first to the caption to discover who, where and when. Without captions, each photograph would blend into the next, a search for a loved one in a cemetery without headstones.

While we learn of a modest Rose and a Levite named Yisrael, the vanished world of nineteenth century Russian Jewry reveals few other cemetery secrets. The photographs hang in reverential silence and the writing on the wall is neither prophetic nor profoundly descriptive of a lost culture. Instead, the exhibition is a tombstone upon which is carved a single line of text:

*Here lies the Jewish Culture of the Russian Pale. It was, and is no more. With a solemn bow to a bygone culture, the exhibition illuminates the essence of photography, that-has-been, and is no longer.*

It is in the light of these sparks that the photographs emerge so beautifully, so unapproachably from the darkness of our grandfathers’ days.

"Carved Memories: Jewish Tombstones of the Russian Pale."

*Photographs by Daniel Coberman*

Now through April 30, 2000 at the Brooklyn Museum.

Reprinted by permission from the New York Arts Magazine.
Prof. Bulliet recently mentioned in his history of domestic animals class that humans have the ability to imitate animal noises. He himself claimed he could do a great "running camel," which is the noise a camel makes as it runs (we guess). "It sounded a lot like a turkey," according to our correspondent, "but I've never actually listened to a running camel.

This class just keeps on getting better."

Overheard in the Kent elevator: "I thought the University was refurbishing the Broadway signs to make the place look nicer. Do they think it's more upscale to have them all the same? Someone should tell them it looks like a strip mall."

"My Mom always says that the way things are going, America is eventually going to look and be the same, just one big homogenized whole."

"Which will look exactly like Long Island."

"God have mercy on our souls."


Reminiscing about the University of Iowa in the '60s, Professor Spivak was heard to say, "It reminds me of this time I was going to this faculty meeting on mescaline and this guy's tie was totally bugging me out — it was huge!"

The Blue and White commends Professor Spivak in promoting mescaline as a safer alternative to shrooms.

From the syllabus of University Professor Edward Said's latest undergraduate seminar comes a tidbit of Maria Edgeworth's 1800 classic, Castle Rackrent:

A full account of the Irish Gol, or Ullaloo, and of the CAOINAN or Irish funeral song, with its first semichorus, second semichorus, full chorus of sighs and groans, together with the Irish words and music, may be found in the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

For the advantage of lazy readers, who would rather read a page than walk a yard, and from compassion, not to say sympathy, with their infirmity, the Editor transcribes the following passages: — . . . The crowd of people who assemble at these funerals . . . gather as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or when they come near any houses, they begin to cry — Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Agh! Agh! raising their notes from the first Oh! to the last Agh! in a kind of mournful howl. . . . In the province of Munster it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask — "Arrah! who is it that's dead? — who is it we're crying for?"

Always one priest, often five or six priests, attend these funerals; each priest repeats a mass, for which he is paid, sometimes a shilling, sometimes half a crown, sometimes a guinea, or a guinea, according to their circumstances, or, as they say, according to the ability of the deceased.
“If you don’t know what a home system access number is, you probably shouldn’t be screwing with this.”
—Mike Schiraldi on programming your message waiting button, *The Blue and White*, November 1999.

Hi, Mike, this is S— calling you from 3—. I just read your article in *The Blue and White* about, uh, the secrets of the ROLM—great article by the way. But my friend J--- accidentally used that, like, um, scheme where you program a speed dial into your, uh, zero button and it changes the message waiting option and, um, I have no idea how to get it back and I don’t really think I know what a home system access number is, so if you could, uh, get in touch with me at 3--- I would greatly appreciate it, because as of now I don’t know what I’m really going to do to get my messages, and I’m starting to get a little worried. Thanks a lot, Mike. Bye-bye.
—Voicemail received by Mike Schiraldi, December 1999.

Wild rumors have streamed into *The Blue and White* offices of the “chocolate cupcake” soufflé creation on the menu at Dalia’s Tapas on Amsterdam. Descriptions run the gamut from ‘chocotastic’ to ‘the Godhead in fudge’; pondering what Kant might have said of it, one wag proposed that the master would pen the Critique of Pure Chocolate. Highly recommended.

As second semester gets under way, many seniors have chosen to forgo the betterment of their minds in favor of the desecration of their livers. Some seniors, hypocrites to the end, have become perturbed by the influx of undeclassmen into 1020 on weeknights. (It’s bad enough they have the audacity to crowd the place on weekends!) Discerning 1020 regulars have gone Underground, and they encourage other legal drinkers to join them. All those still relying on fake ID’s, please return to Butler.

While the Superbowl coin toss held your attention, a toss of a slightly different kind occupied the Greeks of rue 114. For over an hour Greeks pummeled each other and several unlucky taxicabs with freshly fallen snow. Several members of Kappa Alpha Theta retaliated with buckets of water suckerpunched from the second floor of their house. The women soon discovered, however, that their meager windows were no match for the snow-pegging hordes. One Pi Kappa Alpha persevered until he heard chants of “get the guy with the glasses,” and fled. Carman residents attempted to mark their territory but the cold weather and the frustrated engineers across the street proved too much, too quick. Security arrived, only to be prevented from leaving their cars until residents retired to their halls and houses and nearby restaurants for recuperation.

The Intergreek Council representative reported that one person was injured in the skirmish. When asked for a comment about this unfortunate consequence, a local frat boy had this to say: “Gee, I hope it was Kyle!”

Barnard Professor of Art History Benjamin H. D. Buchloh was recently sighted outside Labyrinth Books being chased by a homeless man. “Professor, Professor, you don’t have to read my dissertation, but read Street News!” the gentleman called after Buchloh. With Germanic dignity, Professor Buchloh declared, “I am terribly sorry,” and fled down the street.

The editors of *The Blue and White* would like to offer the homeless gentleman a copy of the latest issue of the journal *October* and join in recognizing his contributions to making Morningside Heights the intellectual community that it is.

A flashy new LED sign was recently erected over the entrance of the Dodge Physical Fitness Center informing the students of coming athletic events. It’s ugly!