THE BLUE AND WHITE
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REMEMBRANCE & MEMORY
by Noam M. Elcott

MORNINGSIDE HAGIOGRAPHA
A series by Richard J. Mammana, Jr.

VERILY VERITAS
on the pleasures of privateering

WHO STOLE MY GOLDEN ASS?
by Noam S. Cohen

ROMAN PIRATE STORIES
by Leonard M. Braman

PROF. JAMES SHAPIRO
on Versity vs. the University

Special Piracy Number
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About the Cover:
“Alma Goes to Sea”
by Clare H. Ridley
No longer is piracy a simple affair. Pirates used to be the fellows who proudly flew the black flags with the skulls and the crossbones, sailing the world with pavlovian parrots on their shoulders, living on rum and salted meats, fighting a thousand duels and then dying of scurvy, having fathered dozens of children by beautiful women from Spice Islands in Polynesia. Pirates were proud of what they did, and they were delightfully unselfconscious about the way they made their living. Gilbert and Sullivan caught the spirit in “The Pirates of Penzance”: "Oh, better far to live and die Under the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanctimonious part With a pirate head and a pirate heart. Away to the cheating world go you, Where pirates all are well-to-do; But I'll be true to the song I sing, And live and die a Pirate King. For I am a Pirate King! And it is, it is a glorious thing To be a Pirate King! For I am a Pirate King! These days piracy is, of course, “a cheating world . . . / Where pirates are well-to-do.” All you need is a CD-ROM burner, a PC and 15 minutes and you can make money as a pirate yourself. In fact you probably are already. If you download MP3s of commercially recorded albums then you’re a pirate. If you used Versity.com to browse the notes for courses in which you were already enrolled then you were probably not a pirate, but if you were the person who was getting paid to post the notes then you almost certainly were.

Unfortunately, since piracy has become a way for ordinary people to steal money it is not as inherently interesting as it used to be. There’s quite a bit less drama in downloading than in dueling. Now that piracy is no longer evil, you might say, it’s become banal. Our aim with this number was to sprinkle some salty life onto today’s piracy issues. We spoke with Prof. James Shapiro about Versity.com; we’ve got some stories about pirates in the Roman world; and a celebration of the privateering life by Verily Veritas. Enjoy!
Environmental Civilization: a proposal

by Professor Bruce Wallace

Writing in the alumni magazine Columbia (Winter 2000), Jacques Barzun makes several points that bear closely on my own advocacy of a comprehensive course on environmental literacy. He deals in part with Columbia College’s outstanding course of many decades: Contemporary Civilization (CC). In my own writings I refer to that course (which I took as a college freshman in 1937) and the one I now advocate regarding the environment as the two faces of the Roman God Janus: One teaches how Western societies have gotten where they are; the other attempts to show where these societies are going, if they continue on their present course. Both courses are amalgams. Columbia’s CC course deals with the political, economic and intellectual history of Europe and America. Environmental literacy calls for a much more complex amalgam that encompasses not only the natural, engineering, and social sciences but also the humanities, the classics, philosophy, and religion. In our confrontation with environmental issues, science is clearly not enough.

Multidisciplinary instruction is not easy; on the contrary, it is stressful. Speaking of the origin of Columbia’s CC course in 1923, Barzun states:

To many observers it seemed strange at the time that instructors should be teaching matters “outside their field”; but if the student mind was capable of grasping the expanded offering, it was reasonable to suppose that the teacher’s could stretch to a like extent (my emphasis).

The matter of teaching “outside one’s field” poses problems even yet. Of my colleagues, past and present, only Ernst Caspari, a physiological geneticist of considerable note, was authorized by his superiors at Wesleyan University to teach Greek and Classics as well as introductory and advanced genetics. As a rule, college and university administrators play it safe: “Cobbler, stick to your last.” Those who occupy the lower rungs of the academic ladder quickly learn that promotion and tenure are achieved by adhering to one’s letter of appointment—a document whose sanctity is attested annually in faculty activity reports. The mold is virtually shatterproof.

Barzun provides a brief history of history in his article. From merely being past politics, history’s scope expanded to include “the life and course of ideas.” It moved, that is, from an account of statesmen and warriors to the “people” of the past. Opinions regarding “truth” differ, of course: On the one hand, economics is seen as the driving force while, on the other, culture and style have been pinpointed for attention.

A historic approach to environmental issues would also reveal an intellectual evolution. Perhaps one might first cite a 1909 announcement of the Bureau of Soils:

The soil is the one indestructible, immutable asset that the nation possesses. It is the one resource that cannot be exhausted; that cannot be used up.

Waiting for Mr. Right Room?

If you’re on the Sophomore wait list, make sure you’ve filled out a Sophomore wait list form.

If you want to move from that Wien bachelor bungalow to your friends’ Claremont party pad, come by 100 Carman Hall to apply for a summer transfer. And as always, send us feedback at urh@columbia.edu.

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THE BLUE AND WHITE
Twenty years later soil erosion was recognized as a national menace:
Every one who knows anything about it admits that the problem is a serious one, but few realize how very devastating is the wholesale operation of erosion.
It would be nearly an additional forty years before Aldo Leopold formulated his more inclusive land ethic, an ethic that "simply enlarges the boundaries of the community to include soils, waters, plants, and animals, or collectively: the land." Subsequently, in discussing the obstacles to the adoption of a land ethic, Leopold added;
No important change in ethics was ever accomplished without an internal change in our intellectual emphasis, loyalties, affections, and convictions. The proof that conservation has not yet touched these foundations of conduct lives in the fact that philosophy and religion have not yet heard of it. In our attempt to make conservation easy we have made it trivial (my emphasis).

Much of environmentalism during the past two or three decades has dwelt on the easy, the trivial. The effort to keep America beautiful was largely concerned with billboards that lined the interstate highways. Remove them! Keep them at a distance! Keep America Beautiful! Hedgerows of trees were left standing on the peripheries of stripmined areas. Hide the ugliness! Keep America Beautiful!
Environmentalism, "conservation" in Leopold's terminology, is not easy. Nor should it be trivialized, whether inadvertently or purposefully. Stopping the construction of a proposed interstate connection in Chicago required the coordinated effort of a half-dozen professions. Instructors in environmental literacy should apprise those who are about to enter those professions—their life calling—of the legitimate concerns of others. Barzun emphasized in his article the reluctance of some to have CC taught by instructors drawn from history, economics, and political science;

these instructors were teaching “outside their field.”

Instruction in environmental literacy will meet with an even greater reluctance. Instructors drawn from each profession will attempt to simplify issues, to make instruction easy, to trivialize. To avoid trivializing instruction, to avoid casting fake pearls before students, teams of instructors drawn from diverse fields—religion and engineering, philosophy and molecular biology, or history and ecology for example—are needed. Team members must expand each other's mind as well as those of the students. The administrative accommodation for such complex instruction may be difficult to arrange, but it is essential that the difficulties be promptly confronted and solved for we have so little time.

Bruce Wallace, C'41, a biologist, is University Professor Emeritus at Virginia Tech. He is the author most recently of two books on the environment, both published by Elkhorn Press.

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Why not write
For The Blue and White?
Around here, it's all sweetness and light . . .
We're bright,
and possessed of quite a mite of delight!
So why not write
For The Blue and White?
Do have a blight?
Perhaps a fright?
Well don't, 'cuz we think you're outta' sight!
Write! — Krusty

MAY 2000
EXTEND YOUR SPRING 2000 HEALTH SERVICE COVERAGE THROUGH THE SUMMER!

Did you know that your Spring 2000 Health Service Coverage* will end on May 31st? If you will be in the New York City area for the summer, we would like to help you stay healthy.

Columbia University Health and Related Services (HRS) remains open and active during the summer months. In addition to receiving quality care in Primary Care, Women’s Health, and Counseling and Psychological Services (CPS), the summer is a great time for you to utilize other excellent services available, such as:

⇒ see the Nutritionist about a diet and exercise plan that will help you maintain your energy for all the summer activities you have in store.

⇒ utilize CU on the Road, the travel medicine program, if you are planning to travel abroad. For more information on the travel medicine program, call 854-4543 or check out www.columbia.edu/cu/health/cuonroad.htm.

⇒ visit the Women’s Health Service, which will be open all summer for examinations and consultations. The Service offers the Emergency Contraceptive Pill in addition to other contraceptive methods.

⇒ discuss Integrative Medical approaches, such as hypnosis, with a physician or nurse practitioner.

⇒ quit smoking with the help of the Smoking Cessation Programs offered by HRS staff in John Jay.

ENROLLMENT FORM

Please extend my Columbia University Health Service Coverage for the period June 1, 2000 through August 31, 2000. I understand that the charge is $120 for the three months and that it is non-refundable once this form is processed. I am not enrolled at Barnard or at the Health Sciences Campus, and I do not intend to enroll for 6 points or more of summer classes.

PRINT NAME ____________________________________________

SIGNATURE ______________________________________________

SOCIAL SECURITY # ________________________________________

SCHOOL __________________________________________________

MAILING ADDRESS _________________________________________

Please mail this form in the enclosed envelope to: Columbia University Health Service, Attention: Enrollment Office, John Jay Hall, 519 West 114th Street, Mail Code 3601, New York, NY 10027. You may also bring the form to the Health Service Enrollment Office, Room 401 John Jay Hall, before May 29th. Graduating students should send or bring this form with a check for $120 directly to the Enrollment Office, Room 401, John Jay Hall. (phone: 212-854-7210)

* Note: This fee is not to extend your Student Medical Insurance. If you enrolled in Student Medical Insurance for the Spring, coverage continues until August 31, 2000.
BLUE J.

No kosher dining room in the Kraft Center? It's a shanda.

The Blue J is not a particularly religious bird. Noah sent out ravens and a dove. Abraham sacrificed doves and pigeons. Romulus and Remus read the divine signs in the sky from vultures flying overhead. Blue J was grateful to be spared the honor of being released from an ark to fly off into a world covered with water, or the even greater exaltation of being sliced in half by the founder of monotheism as a sign of God’s covenant. And he certainly wouldn’t have wanted to be a party to the Roman fratricide.

The J likes to think of himself as a secular-humanist breed. As a city dweller, he’s respectful of the rights of others. In fact, he’s been told he contributes positively to ecosystems. According to the Canadian Wildlife Service, “the fact that the Blue Jay preys on the young of other birds is no cause for its condemnation, for this bird plays a role in keeping bird populations, as well as some insect pests, under control.”

Okay, so it’s true. The Blue J is a bird of prey. He is partial to the raw flesh of young chickadees and canaries and finches. Of course, being a bird of prey makes the Blue J not kosher. But he doesn’t take the slightest offense at this. In fact he’s rather flattered that a whole group of people, the Jews, have decided to swear off his meat. He is perfectly able to get along with the kosher fellows. In fact, some of his best friends are Empire Chickens.

The J was very happy for these friends when he heard that Columbia was building a special coop for them, called the The Robert K. Kraft Family Center for Jewish Student Life. But then he found out that there was no kosher kitchen in this new coop, and his friends the Empire Chickens would be denied their greatest glory in life, being eaten at Shabbos dinner in a Hillel.

Blue J has heard of the days when there was no kosher food in the whole University, and kosher students had to trek to the Jewish Theological Seminary cafeteria. This was in the 1960s. But it is absolutely inconceivable to him that forty years later the school would build a special building for Jewish life on campus and not serve kosher meals there. What could possibly explain this? This bird does not yet know, but he has finally found his religious mission.
During the research for “Rome’s Pirate Problem: 102-66 BC,” my final paper for Prof. W. V. Harris’s Introduction to Roman History course, I encountered a few nice anecdotes. Here are some of the more absurd ones.

(1) *Did you know?* The Mediterranean was a breeding ground for pirates in the first century BC, until the infestation was checked in 67 by Pompey the Great (not to be confused with his brother-in-law, Pompey the Mediocre). During this period, pirates made most of their honest living by kidnapping people, either to hold them for ransom or to sell them as slaves. It seems that some pirates had a sense of humor. If they chanced to kidnap an important personage who made a great fuss about being a Roman citizen, they would often pretend to be very sorry about the mistake. Then they would proceed to throw the flustered Roman overboard in his fancy toga, with best wishes for a pleasant trip home. Scholars believe that this pastime may have originated the time-honored pirate cliché of “walking the plank.” But I’ll bet you thought it was an ingenious punishment thought up by Peter Pan’s arch-nemesis.

Anybody who studies enough Roman history, with its long chain of conquests and exploitations, becomes like a reluctant Yankee fan secretly rooting for Atlanta. You just want someone to stick it to those arrogant Roman sons-o-Bithynians! The pirates of the first century BC stand out among all the nations ever to stick it to the Romans, since they alone stuck it with a smile.

(2) *Did you know?* The one and only Julius Caesar was himself captured by pirates as a young man. Let’s take a trip back in time to that fateful day... As swarms of fearsome-looking pirates board the small merchant vessel, all the passengers are screaming and fighting for the lifeboats, Titanic-style. Young Jules, however, engrossed in the latest scroll, cannot be bothered to stop reading. The pirate chief catches sight of the indifferent lad, and decides to have a little fun:

“Aarr. ’Scuse me, good sir, what is it ye read?”

“’Tis a work of oratory. Kindly let me finish. Good day.”

Turning to his cronies, the pirate king says, “Boy’s got manners. We’ll get twenty pieces for ’im.”

Closing the book with a snort, Caesar calmly retorts, “I beg your pardon, but I’m worth at least fifty.”

Imagine roars of good-natured pirate laughter.

During the weeks leading up to his ransom, both Julius and the pirates develop a deep understanding of the other side of life. He eats their grub, drinks their liquor, and uses his new friends as a captive audience for his rhetorical exercises. Finally, the time comes for Julius to go home. A tear forms in the pirate king’s eye as the young senator looks up at him.

“I’ll never forget you.”

“Nor we you, boy. Arr, give us a hug!”
Also keep in mind this short epilogue, which the upcoming Disney version will no doubt omit. As soon as Caesar reaches land, he rounds up a fleet of ships to pursue the pirates. Upon finding and arresting them, he orders their crucifixion. But, always the humanitarian, and somewhat nostalgic for those happy days with his pirate buddies, Caesar relents at the last minute. They should have their throats cut first, he decides, and then be crucified.

No one knows what the pirate chief’s final words might have been, although I could make a few guesses. As for J.C.’s own famous last words, they were not, as Shakespeare thought, “Et tu, Brute.” As the conspirators’ knives were slashing him to pieces, Caesar actually shouted, “Iste quidem vis est!” which translates literally as “This is violence!” (A more faithful rendering might be, “Owww. Quit stabbing me.”) I don’t know about you, but for me, this little detail completely ruins the story. Tune in next time: I’ll tell you how it wasn’t a vision that convinced the emperor Constantine to Christianize the world, but a clever flute-playing dwarf named Myropnous. Or how, after the death of his lover at the hands of hungry Nile crocodiles, the emperor Hadrian composed the well-known tune “Crocodile Tears in Heaven.” Everything’s coming up Romans.
We are consumed by a mnemonic fever. Never has the call to remember been so great. Postmodern chroniclers of doom read this as indicative of the end of living memory: "Memory is constantly on our lips because it no longer exists" (Pierre Nora). Less foreboding is the realization that we are without a halakha, "a commonality of values that would enable us to transform history into memory . . . [and through which we] will know what to appropriate and what to leave behind" (Yosef Yerushalmi). For both these visions, the loss of memory is linked to the loss of ritual. We nostal-gically turn to bygone days when memory and ritual met us at sunrise and assured our sleep. With the current diversity-technology-rapidity-postmodernity, memory has become a thing of the past.

Remembrance is not an easy task. Think of the 4th of July with its barbecues, fireworks and apple pie: The Revolutionary War and American independence scarce­ly make an appearance. Maybe because we live American freedom, there is no need to memorialize it. And so, the story of our independence is consumed by the luxury of our freedom. Were we ever deprived of our independence, we would also be without a redemptive kernel, a living memory that cries out for liberty. More locally, think of the countless monuments in Riverside Park or on campus. Who has even read the plaque commemorating George Washington's victory in the Battle of Harlem Heights, embedded in the wall near the 117th St. Gates. But it need not be so. Columbia is embarking on a new mnemonic project. Remembrance, as the endeavor has been named, will commemorate the Columbians who have fallen in battle on behalf of these United States. A memorial will be erected in the vicinity of Low Library, probably around the 250th anniversary of the University. We may use the intervening time to reflect on memory—its dissipation, ossification and true memorialization through rituals and monuments.

We must turn to a successful model of ritual-ized memory. Such is the Exodus from Egypt, which has been translated into a living memory. In the recently-celebrated holiday of Passover, the Exodus survives in the Seder (the feast of the retelling) and in the Haggadah (the book of the retelling). Here, the message—once again freedom—does not consume the historical event, but is sustained by it. The Seder, in turn, does not commemorate a historical event so much as offer the opportunity to relive the memory of freedom: I was a slave, now I am free. The Jewish success in memorializing the Exodus had lead to its adoption as a universal Western trope of freedom. In America alone, enslaved blacks sung of a Moses who would free them—the children of Israel—from bondage; and Benjamin Franklin proposed that the United States seal be an image of the Israelites—now the American peo-
pie—crossing the Red Sea, accompanied by the words, “Rebellion against tyrants is obedience to God.” The particularly Jewish memory of the Exodus has thus extended to a universal memory of the fight for freedom.

The Seder itself allows for this multiplicity of meaning. It remains unredacted in form, fraught with internal contradictions. The haggadah separately memorializes matzah as “the bread of poverty which our ancestors ate in Egypt” and, quoting the Bible, as the bread of freedom baked without time to rise “because the Egyptians drove them out and they could not linger.” In the parable of the four sons, the “wicked” son speaks in exact accordance with the biblical narrative only to be rebuked with a response that violates the Bible’s scripted answer (Exodus 12:24-27). The open nature of the Seder certainly contributes to its widespread observance among Jews and has facilitated, if not encouraged, the many recent additions to Passover’s ritual and liturgy.

Each Seder participant assumes the role of storyteller, listener, and actual freed slave (i.e. author, reader, and subject matter). Or in the words of the Haggadah, “In every age and generation, one is obligated to see himself as if he left Egypt.” Ritual assists in reliving the passage from freedom to slavery: Bitter herbs, salt water, and the “bread of affliction” mark (the retelling of) the time in Egypt. As kings and queens freed from bondage, we lean on pillows, drink four cups of wine, eat the bread of freedom and sing songs of praise to God. The Seder does not represent so much as it re-pres­ents; not “Israelite slaves were once freed from Egypt,” but, “We were slaves to Pharaoh in Egypt and the Lord our God brought us out from there with a strong hand and an out-stretched arm.” While not one was an Israelite slave, African-Americans, America’s founding fathers, first-century rabbis and contemporary Seder participants can say, “I was a slave, now I am free.”

Jumping from ritual to monuments, Jochen and Esther Gerz’s monument against fascism in Hamburg (1986–91) exemplifies the interactive, personalized memory we found in the Haggadah. The goals for their monument, or counter-monument (Gegen-Denkmal), were twofold: design a monument that avoided (or, better, undermined) fascist monumentality and would not usurp the community’s will to remember (or, better, invigorate it).

The Gerzes erected a twelve-meter high, one-meter square pillar plated with soft, dark lead. The pillar’s own inscription explains it best: We invite the citizens of Hamburg and visitors to the town to add their names here to ours. In doing so, we commit ourselves to remain vigilant. As more and more names cover this 12 meter tall lead column, it will gradually be lowered into the ground. One day it will have disappeared completely and the site of the Hamburg monument against fascism will be empty. In the end, it is only we ourselves who can rise up against injustice.

The intransitive qualities in this work are overwhelming: Artist, viewer and artwork have been wholly confused. Photographs of people signing the pillar, taken by the Gerzes, mark among the most poignant moments of reversal. Here, the “artists” record the “viewers” at work. Moreover, with the final sinking of the pillar in 1991, the monument was fully meta­morphosed into artists and viewers.

But the Gerz monument’s success derives not only from its interactive quality. Its living features include the multiple, contradictory voices it sustains. In the five years following its inaugu­ration, the pillar collected not only countless signatures, but random messages, graffiti and even swastikas. The living memory of fascism in Hamburg is codified in the pillar’s multiple voices without falling into imperial singularity or archival irrelevance. Moreover, the inclusion of opposing voices forces life into the memory. As the Haggadah’s wicked son quotes Bible, the Gerzes’ anti-fascist monument includes swastikas. Nonetheless, this monument against fascism affirmatively imparts a sense of direc­tion and growth that is constituted as the individual and his or her community work out the implications of the memory.

Finally, as calls to remember! or never forget! remain vague and have become tiresome, the Gerzes’ monument introduces a different mnemonic obligation familiar to us from the
Haggadah:
And even though we are all wise, we are all full of understanding, we are all elders with much worldly experience and we all are familiar with the Torah, it is incumbent upon us to partake in the telling of the Exodus from Egypt. And the more one elaborates on the story of the Exodus, the more one is to be praised.

Storytelling is no longer incumbent upon us in a religious sense. Monuments intensify this lack by denying the right to enter into the story. Not so with the Gerz monument. As James Young notes, "It remains the obligation of the passerby to enter into the art: it makes artist-rememberers and self-memorializers out of every signatory." And as the pillar is interred in accordance with the rate of signing, the more one elaborates on the story of fascism, the more one is to be praised.

In the years to come, Remembrance will take shape on campus—first spiritually and then physically. We will remember our war dead and the struggle for freedom for which they died. Surrounding the discussion of the Holocaust memorial to be erected in Berlin, it has often been noted that no monument could ever be as successful as the German parliament's now eight-year-long debate over the monument. So too here, may the many discussions, questions, even arguments that surround this monument likewise contribute to its living memory. Remember: The Haggadah's wicked son, however wicked, still quotes Scripture; his words are not to be discounted.

In the earliest journal-sized Blue and White, published 4 March 1891, our first founder, Sydney H. Treat C'1893, started out "with the distinct and only purpose of giving bright and newsy items." After re-beginning these blue and white pages now over two years ago, I make my final departure today. I will not, like Hamlet's murdered father, implore remembrance. Instead, I entreat the B&W to retain all the richness, contradictions and interactivity of the Haggadah: Ensure Curio Columbia never forgets that the greatest Columbia texts are found on bathroom walls, Varsity Show and Marching Band scripts, and other hidden corners of the dynamic palimpsest we call campus. Recall that Columbia is made up of students, faculty and administration—and that even the wicked child may quote Scripture. In Blue J, heed the students' every need. (And impel the administration to regard Blue J's every complaint). Let Campus Gossip turn each Columbian into author, reader and subject matter. After all, as Columbia is to be our memory, the B&W is our story.

And so, I end my days of blue and white print with great love for this time-honored, start-up publication and the glorious, wretched Columbia she serves. And I turn to yet another retelling of the Exodus, Cecil B. DeMille's epic The Ten Commandments. Yul Brynner, playing the mighty Pharaoh whose imperial sun has all but set, concludes each decree by affirming the power of the printed word: So let it be written. So let it be done.
Who Stole My Golden Ass?

A Poorly Researched, Highly Conjectural Meditation on Changes in the Core

by Noam S. Cohen

There's a fairly common (and therefore almost certainly untrue) campus legend, which is sometimes used to criticize our famed and much-defamed Core Curriculum, but which certainly bears some examination. It seems that a few years ago, all of the professors and graduate students who were teaching sections of Lit Hum and CC that semester were gathered in a campus lecture hall. They were then told that they were being given a short, informal quiz. They were asked to take out a piece of paper, and write down, from memory and in any order, the eight names that appear on the front of Butler Library. People began to write, shifting nervously in their seats, some turning around to realize that the windows of the room, as they had suspected, did not offer a view of Butler. Who was up there, anyway? Frantic whispers were heard: "Are you sure there are eight of them?" Finally, the moderator of the meeting asked that all of the papers be handed in. When they were looked at, the results were fairly shocking. None of the professors or graduate students had recalled all eight of the names. More than fifty percent got seven out of eight. About twenty percent hadn't remembered either Sophocles or Cicero. And not a single one of the participants had written Demosthenes.

"Demosthenes!" You may be saying, "How could they possibly have forgotten the father of oratory?" Well, they did, but bear two things in mind. First of all, it's not a true story. Secondly, I'm sure if you had asked any one of them who the great orator of Ancient Greece was, all of them (or most of them, let's be fair) would have known the answer. The fact is, they were trying to remember which particular figures in the canon, the Core, had their names on the top of that particular building. And Demosthenes hasn't been part of the Core for many years. Certainly none of the section leaders there had him on their syllabi that year.

The fact is, the Columbia Core is constantly being changed. It is reviewed every year and updated. Some books are put in to Lit Hum and CC, others are taken out. Sometimes the entire syllabus gets an overhaul. The texts that are read in Lit Hum today bear very little resemblance to the standard syllabus as it stood when the class was first made part of the Core, in 1937. Especially in the 1960s and 70s, the Core went through some major changes, and it continues to change. This is as it should be. Even though the texts themselves do not change, the canon does. The books that are considered most important and influential do not remain the same, and the Core should reflect as much. Demosthenes has apparently fallen by the wayside of late. This is not to say that his writings are insignificant. There is simply a limited number of books that can be read in a semester (one that, if I recall, is significantly smaller than the number on the syllabus).

That said, it is also important to realize that those who vote to change the Core are human beings, not the omniscient guardians of the canon. They are not the sole arbiters of the influence and significance of these texts. The Core seems to change fairly readily, while trends in academia seem to take longer to shift.

Continued on page 121
A MODERN'S CREED

Maternity's ward a New England coffee-house,
Among downward leaves like the
Dawning beep incessant reminder of
The day a month the week a year.

And certainly the years will yield to grow
The faces turn their eyes to Mom and glow
To know a wrong or right their cups we fill
With leaves that fall outside our window—

Truth taken as truth but
Arbitrary the root, like the
Wet stain of a
Dead leaf's outline on pavement.

"The real a pose!"—the reeling woes,
With those away I choose to go.
My pen paces like swimming ink in lanes of
words, to
Forge a free thought in columns.
(Though cotton or down I sometimes
prefer, a
Warm pacing breath, a pen or a pen
or a pen or a pen.)

An exile 'mong maternity spirits.
The species 'gain in circles revisits,
Like p'om to form so quickly bends its
words
A rule that's blind beckons—

Responding, a bearded New Yorker (twisting bending):
"Liberate the word!"
The leaves of art's wings agree to unbound-ed flow, equal
Balance, equal truth.

We are all orphans, strangers our parents;
Our looking-glass dances in leaves,
Kicks them about and smells their fall,
And we chase it on ice without shoes:
A backwards, fruitless glance.

We chase as stars from behind the sun watch,
Laughing at daily discourse, like Keats once did.

But stars comb their hair at night
To display their designer beams.
(They still need our fawning sighs.)

Do I dare disturb the universe?
When I consider how I spend my light,
(My light's deceiving beams that crawl behind navy-blue cotton folds)
Instead I stand upon my head
And watch my toes.

—Joe Rezek, C'01
TO GET HOME

It's such a routine thing that I've resorted to counting the seams in the sidewalk in order to distract myself. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.

"One, two, three, a dog present..." Either way, it's still the same twenty minutes as it would have been had I been looking ahead, "Hold your shoulders straight, please!"

like the normal ones in this yuppie town.

Conversations are always better when there's no one to talk to. Sure, you get a few odd looks, especially when your face twitches, but they don't know that it's my umteenth time treading this sidewalk. If they knew, I think they still wouldn't sympathize, but who can blame them? I'd look at myself funny if I weren't myself. Funny how this isn't changing that twenty either.

Different route. I change my conversations to Spanish. I practice my vocabulary with each hurried stride. "Morirse de aburrido," I declare with purpose. And I picture the Spanish-sawy catching off-hand "to die of boredom" off-handedly spoken on their hurried way by me.

I laugh (out loud). I start to worry. At least I said it with conviction—people seem to be falsely sporting conviction like a smile these days.

Maybe I'll take the bus tomorrow.

—Gennarose Pope, C'01

TO OUR READERS:

The Blue and White is looking for a literary editor to start next year. If you are interested in this position please send an email message to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu giving a brief autobiography, explaining why you're a good candidate for the position and telling us which is your favorite feature of the B&W. Good luck!

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

MAY 2000
Our conversation this month took place in the office of Prof. James Shapiro, C'77, of the English Department. — Ed.

Prof. Shapiro: Have any of you looked on Versity.com?

Rachel Robertson, C'00, B&W Conversations Editor: I haven't looked on it yet. But I was reading the article the Spec did about it. I was going to bring this up, because I have something of a moral issue about it now. After reading about it, I felt like I was against it. There's a class I completely hate; it's a complete torture to go to, and a girl in my class told me there were notes for it online. So I said to myself "I'm never going again!" So I had a sort of debate in my mind about it.

JS: You all pay tuition I assume.

ALL: Mmm-hmm.

JS: So who owns what goes on in class? Do you as consumers of your education here buy the right to take notes. And as students, can you sell your interpretation of what goes on in class to anyone who wants to buy it? This is Versity's position. Is that your right to do that?

Miriam Parker, C'00: I don't really think so. I think my right as a student is to take the notes and use them to learn.

JS: Well that's one right. But there are rights beyond that—to share them.

MP: I don't feel the need to. I don't think that the information I get from a class that I transcribe into my notebook is necessarily mine.

JS: Okay. Did Socrates ever put pen to paper? Who put all that stuff down?

ALL: Plato.

JS: So what's the difference between Plato copying down Socrates' ideas, and a student taking down notes in class and selling them on Versity.com?

It seems to me that Saussure's ideas on language are known to us only because someone copied them down. It's the same with Coleridge's essays on Shakespeare. People sat in the audience during his lectures, and now we have the anthologies on Coleridge's ideas about Shakespeare. Otherwise they would have been lost to us.

RR: By that argument it sounds like professors should be happy that their notes are being published by students online. They're attracting a reputation.

JS: There are three competing constituencies here. There are students or consumers, or people who can claim ownership to the notes. The next claim is made by faculty. They say, "my ideas are a laboratory. I have to think out ideas and make mistakes, but sometimes I think a good idea that I may want to publish in a forum." Does a professor have a right to that information he or she expresses in class? Let's say I'm giving a lecture on a cure for cancer and I come up with a brilliant idea, which somebody puts on the web. Let's say someone beats me to the punch and publishes my ideas. Is that theft of my ideas?

MP: Definitely.

Rose Francis, C'00: Aren't your ideas essentially published when they're on Versity? Isn't it clear that it didn't come from the students—that it came from you?

JS: Well, it's published, but it's not copyrighted. Copyright means that the law takes care of it. Published just means it's circulated.

Most professors who are on Versity are not even aware that they are, so they have no idea.

JS: Let's say I'm not tenured (I am tenured). In a class, I have a very complicated discussion about
abortion. A student takes it and puts it online. Ten years later, when President (what’s your last name?)

RR: Robertson.

JS: Twenty years from now, President Robertson decides to appoint me to the Supreme Court when somebody dredges up my old position on abortion, which was just rhetorical. And it gets used in a political context. What am I going to say to the Senate Judiciary Committee? That the student was sleepy and missed the nuance of what I was saying that morning? The problem is that you only get one student’s interpretation. It could be all wrong. But once it gets leaked into the public realm, there’s no way of making sure it’s properly understood. So we have to look at how to protect the privacy of what goes on in a classroom.

RF: Couldn’t those students come back twenty years later and testify against you?

JS: The Washington Post wouldn’t go to you, though, they would go to the web to see the notes.

Here’s another example of a complete misrepresentation of what went on in the privacy of a classroom. My lectures on Shakespeare are in a lecture-discussion format. But earlier this semester when they appeared briefly on Versity.com, they were presented as just lectures. Shapiro said this, Shapiro said that. It was not the way it happened.

The third category is the administration. Every year I have to sign a statement, like all the other faculty on this campus, about conflict of interest, and who owns my ideas, and my work. It’s a very vexed issue, and faculty and administration are currently discussing whether I can, as a professor, sell my notes online as an employee of Columbia. With me as a tenured professor, does the University have a right to put a camera in my classroom, and sell that lecture to 50,000 people around the world, and thereby get a new revenue stream? They pay me; don’t they have a right to stick a camera in that room?

ALL: (Laughter.) No. No.

JS: I can see what they mean, what their argument would be. They own the building.

RR: It sounds like they would need your permission.

JS: Why would they need my permission? They hired me. It could be written in as a contractual stipulation. What do you think about that? What does that do?

How much do you pay for a Columbia education? What happens if you have to pay $400 for a lecture that somebody can download for $50? Does that dilute the value of your Columbia degree?

It’s something that could become a problem, if people think they could go to their state schools for free and watch Columbia lectures online.

But you still need a degree to get a job, or to go to med school. At the same time, there’s a problem with our increasingly decrepit classrooms. Instead, the administration could potentially make a lot of money by saying “we’ll offer you the same lectures in the comfort of your own home.”

So it comes down to a competition between three competing constituencies, and some kind of settlement is going to have to be reached. It involves not just money, but of course issues of privacy as well. It should be obvious to you all that I think faculty have control over what faculty do in their classroom, and that no one should be allowed to interfere with that.

RF: How is all of this different from a professor doing outside consulting work? I mean, a professor can do work in his or her field outside of Columbia, right?

JS: The difference is that I probably wouldn’t be teaching the equivalent of my classes at Columbia if I were doing outside consulting work. On the other hand, if I never mentioned that I was a professor at Columbia the situation might be different. This is all still being negotiated.

MP: How is that different from you writing a book about Shakespeare?

JS: Ah! Good question. There is no difference. Traditionally, the administration has never asked for royalties from my publications. Theoretically, the University can challenge my right to collect those royalties. In practice, the negotiation is currently being completed on this issue of who gets what piece of the pie, and they decided not to touch the question of
Time to Say Goodbye

Moving out of the home where you’ve eaten, drunk, and been merry for two semesters can be tough, even if you’re not Andrea Bocelli. Fortunately, URH is here to help. Here’s what you need to know:

Keys of the Kindgom
Starting 1 May, 118 Hartley can only lend keys for an hour. After one hour, the lock will be changed at your expense. As the John Jay lounge explains, hold fast to the spirit of keys, let years do what they may.

Home Sweet Home
Sticking to the same room this summer? Be sure to register for spring interim housing. Sticking to the same room for the summer and fall? Register for spring and fall interim.

Summer Storage from Package Express
Although URH will not be offering storage this summer, we’ve teamed up with Package Express to offer great rates. For small to medium boxes, fully packed and under 60 lbs., it’s $20 for the first box, $17.50 for the next two, and $15 for each additional box. Desk chairs are $25, refrigerators are $45, futons are $85, and sofas are $115. Put your name and your room for next year (e.g. Ted Hornswoggle, 9001 East Campus) on all sides of each box. Insurance is $2 for every $100 of value.

Pick-up and delivery are offered at the following locations:
- 114th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam
- 115th St. between Broadway and Riverside
- 116th St. between Amsterdam and Morningside

At the following times:
- 11 AM–6 PM Monday, 8 May through Friday, 12 May; and
- 10–3 Saturday, 13 May.

Delivery runs from 31 August to 5 September, with packages available earlier for a small additional fee.

Clean Up Well—Win a Prize
It’s not too early to start getting your things in order before your leave. URH is sponsoring a contest for the suite or floor that cleans up best by the earliest date. Ask your RA for more information.

See You Soon!
Fall check-in is 31 August. Your key and your shiny new room will be waiting for you. Have a great summer!

Questions? E-mail urh@columbia.edu or point your browser to www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls
Columbia, according to brochures and view-books, sees herself as a school that produces Nobel Prize winners and mega-millionaire donors. The University and College are seldom portrayed as training grounds for saints, however. Indeed most undergrads find themselves occupied more with the maintenance of their sanity than the pursuit of sanctity.

A close look at the annals of alumni rewards the would-be hagiographer with the names of Columbians who have gone on to be recognized in their respective religious traditions as persons of especial holiness: Episcopalian James DeKoven, Roman Catholic Thomas Merton, and the Hindu mystic Bramachari.

With this issue the Blue and White begins a section of Morningside Heights Hagiography, giving short biographies of those alumni whose lives have been recognized as evidences of sanctity.

James DeKoven C'1851 (1831-1879) was like most of the leaders of the Episcopal Church in the nineteenth century in that he attended both Columbia College and the General Theological Seminary, also in New York City. But there the similarity ends.

DeKoven's life is on many levels a study in contrasts. "I have never seen," wrote one friend, "feminine tenderness and gentleness so sweetly compounded with masculine strength and force and courage as they were in him." This integration of supposed dualities appears elsewhere in his life. He was a man dedicated to a life of personal poverty in a church of notorious wealth and power; of heavenly ideals who lived in a country of sometimes sickening practicality; and most important for the unfolding of this story, he was a man devoted to the sacramental nature of the world, and the eyes of most in his church were then blind to this.

By the time de Koven delivered the valedictory poem at his graduation from Columbia on 30 July 1851, the Episcopal Church had been embroiled for two decades in a controversy about her identity: was she protestant, catholic, or both? From 1833 a school of theologians at Oxford—led by John Henry Newman, John Keble and Edward Bouverie Pusey—had asserted forcefully the former position. Though the Church in England had separated for political reasons from the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Church, they said, her faith and practice were still essentially catholic. With bishops, priests and deacons; sacraments and a liturgical life, as well as continuity with the pre-Reformation Church, they had a strong case.

For daughter Churches in Canada, the United States and Australia, the same logic held. Another party of Anglicanism held itself to be essentially protestant, and so battle lines were drawn. DeKoven, like many Columbia undergrads, threw his weight behind the Catholic position. This meant a steadfast devotion to the place of the poor and marginalized in the Church. It meant an insistence on aesthetic beauty in music, architecture and liturgy. It meant a serious commitment to the catholic doctrine of the sacraments, and a life of per-
sonal asceticism.

One of his first efforts after graduation was to establish a school for poor children in New York City. He continued his interest in education throughout his life; despite the offer of prestigious parishes to the new ordinand, he accepted a call to the newly-founded Nashotah House Theological Seminary in the wilds of then-frontier Wisconsin. Later, he would found Racine College in the same state, where he was a beloved president and professor until his death.

James DeKoven's fame in the national Episcopal Church came not for his scholarship or his educational activities, but for his patience, humility, integrity and suffering at the hands of an institutional church beset with party spirit and political infighting. He was nominated or elected three times during the 1870s as bishop for various dioceses throughout the nation Massachusetts, Milwaukee, Illinois. Every time, despite the overwhelming desire of large numbers of Episcopalians for him to minister to them as a bishop, committees refused to confirm the election. He was believed to hold "unsound doctrine" about the nature of the Presence of Christ in the Eucharist.

James DeKoven had gone on record as holding that he could not "say how it is present. I deny that it is by Transubstantiation, Consubstantiation, or any other device of human reason. As to what is present, I say it is the body and blood of Christ; and as to where it is present, I assert that it is in sacramental union with the consecrated elements to be the spiritual food of the faithful."

For this opinion, judged too dangerously catholic by his contemporaries, he was persecuted by fellow church members, and his character was slandered widely. By the end of the decade, three men who held the very same views on the presence had been elected as bishops. He was ahead of his time, and eventually many of those who had publicly maligned him would confess the error of their ways, and their wrongful insult of a man with a "great and wonderful and almost majestic soul."

After his episcopal nominations, DeKoven set himself to continue his quiet work as an educator and priest in rural Wisconsin. This was not to be; he had caught the attention of a nation, and parishes in many states asked him to be their rector. He declined all such offers, preferring to remain faithfully in the humble work for which Columbia College and New York City had prepared him. In March 1879, DeKoven wrote to a friend that he "might soon and suddenly fall." Within a few days, he would fall on ice his life ended quickly as his stress-worn body succumbed to an attack of apoplexy. Words he had written to another friend just a few days earlier were inscribed as his epitaph: "very sharp thorns always have roses of a celestial bloom somewhere behind them."

Immediately after his funeral, James DeKoven, several hundred miles west of his Alma Mater, was acclaimed as a saint for his Christ-like humility and commitment to truth in the face of ecclesiastical corruption. It would be decades still before the Episcopal Church would add him to her ecclesiastical calendar as a fit example for the faithful and enshrine in stained glass the man once thought unfit for high office. The day did come, however, and now a Columbia alumnus stands among the ranks recognized in the Church as a saint of God.

Breaking Up is Hard

Deal with separation anxiety from your dorm with the helpful move-out tips at www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls. There’s valuable info, including getting handtrucks and shipping packages. We’ve posted the service times for Taint Gate, the Furnald backdoor and the EC elevator. And the cleaning tips are there to deal with Stu and the projectile vomit incident. Check it out!

brought to you by URH
than do tectonic plates. When the changes in the Lit Hum and CC syllabi seem more arbitrary than reasoned, we must wonder what is causing them. How, after all, can they possibly know which Ancient Greek figure is going to pop up at my next important cocktail party? If it happens to be Demosthenes, I, like many of the rest of us, as well as a significant number of our Lit Hum teachers, am going to be at a loss.

If the cocktail-hour quizzer turns out to be interested in Apuleius of Madaura, however, I am a lucky member of one of the few classes that will be able to shock the pearl onions out of the questioner's Tanqueray Gibson. Apuleius, of course, was the composer of *The Golden Ass*. The story of Lucius, a traveler who is turned into an ass, is one of the great works of the ancient world. It is also one of the very first known works of prose fiction, and it had much influence on many later writers, notably Boccaccio, who occupies an important position in the second semester of Lit Hum. This was almost certainly a major reason why *The Golden Ass* was included in the syllabus in the first place. It was there, however, for only a very short time. It seems that Lit Hum classes only a few years prior to my own did not read the proto-novel, and it has not been on the syllabus for the past two years. Current sophomores have not read the delightful tale of Lucius and his comical and amorous adventures.

And so I am led to ask: Who stole my Golden Ass? Was it judged unnecessary, or simply not as influential as the *Hymn to Demeter*? Attributed to Homer, of whose works nobody will claim there is a dearth in the syllabus. Or, say, Ovid's *Art of Love*? Don't we already have the Symposium, which seems to be about many of the same things (and is much more entertaining, as it contains immortal lines such as “Gentlemen, I am plastered!”)? Why are the incoming classes of today denied the many joys of this work? Aside from the already stated influence on Boccaccio and others, it is a very important part of the Lit Hum syllabus for several other reasons. It fills an important role in literary history as well. Without it, classes of today are doomed to believe, erroneously, that Cervantes invented the novel, when clearly it had a long and lurid lineage.

But the most important benefits of *The Golden Ass* were those that might have been less apparent to those who decided to excise it from the syllabus, reasons that they probably never considered, especially because I came up with them just now. The fact is, in my day, Apuleius' accessible work provided the weary Lit Hum student with a much-needed respite. Homer is my boy, and he certainly deserves that first spot there on top of Butler. But after all that epic, all those Books, and the names of everyone's father, it seems to me that it's time for a break. Without *The Golden Ass*, unsuspecting freshmen are led directly into the tragedies, which, forgive me, are sort of a downer, and the stimulating prose of that party animal Thucydides. Apuleius is important, but he's also fun; this guy gets turned into a donkey and then he meets a woman who likes...donkeys! It was certainly a needed breather between the wars and wandering on one side and the wars and plague on the other.

There are other, less obvious benefits to having the Ass in the syllabus as well. One that comes immediately to mind is the fact that it comes just in time to teach an important lesson to the frat-jock-clown who was popular in high school. Namely, that it's going to take a whole lot more than snickering or making a crack every time the professor says the word "ass" to attract members of the opposite sex who may be in your section. It allows the society wit to move onto more advanced pitches of woo, such as the never-fail second semester, "Hey baby, wanna put the Devil back in Hell?"

The Core is always going to change, and it should. The students, however, have their own perspectives on the syllabus, the works, how they interact with one another and their classes. We should have some input into the constant redress of the canonical texts. Why did they take the Ass out?

We may never know, but here's my vote for its replacement: Please bring back my Golden Ass. It's not for me, it's for the children.
FRATBOYZ
Come on down, to
One fourteen, Take your
Coat off; pull up a chair,
Drink a forty, smoke some weed. At
Fraternity row. It's the
Best place to be when you've
Got no place better to
Go.

Every class I take, I
Always play the joker. I'm
Never at the top or bottom,
I'm just always mediocre.
But it's not my mission, to
Have some great ambition. Just wanna
Welcome my friends, to
Live my life, so I can
Live my life. Cause I'm a

Frat boy.
Yeah, I'm that guy.
I spend every weekend at the
West End Gate, I'm the
One that you hate, and
How did I matriculate,
Here?

You say our brotherhood will
Eventually die. You
Look at me and see a one-
Dimensional guy. I'm
Sorry if my having fun
(rest) offends you. I'm
sorry if I don't feel that I've
Got something better to do.

I hook up with drunk girls, cause my
Hormones they are surgin' and
Yes I paint a fire hydrant
Every time I nail a virgin.
But why should that make me,
Someone you despise?
I don't wanna hurt you, I just
Wanna be one of the
Guys.

There' Pi Kapp Alpha
And AEPie's for Jews.
If you like guys in wife-beaters, then
Just go down to Sigma Nu
Sammy was a great frat,
But then they lost their housing
And you can go to Sig Ep
If you find losers arousing.

Beta has the alpha males
And there's always ADP
Which is perfect for exploring your
Homosexuality
(Spoken) And even though Fiji has not been
recognized by the university since 1845
They own their own brownstone so
They're still alive. You can . . .

Go to Sigma Chi where the men all look
like Wookies. And
If you're into gambling,
ZBT has their own bookie.
St. A's not a frat, but they still use cocaine, they
Keep slaves in the basement, and they're
real pretentious assholes and they
Don't support democracy they started World
War II they also smell bad and they're ugly.
(Music stops)

(Spoken) But guys, they give us free alcohol.

So we can’t complain. 'Cause we’re Fratboys
We spend every weekend doing keg stands in the basement
Who knows where the case went
And there’s just no replacement for . . . Fratboyz!

ROAR LION ROAR
Welcome back to Columbia, where
We smile the whole live-long day.
Alma Mater you get two thumbs up-ia.
Columbia, o-kay!

Let’s have a party this weekend in Wien!
All the cool kids’ll be there it’s so peachy keen!
There’ll be so many hot guys oh how can we chose?
And with all of the babes we can’t possibly lose!

We have so much fun at Columbia,
We do just whatever we choose.
There’s nothing to hate at Columbia
Except all the Asians and Jews.

The administration’s so nice at Columbia,
It’s so easy to cut the red tape.
Everyone’s safe at Columbia,
’Cause officially, no one’s been raped.

We’re never sarcastic, we mean what we say.
No one’s sexually frustrated; we always get laid
We have no concern for what tomorrow may bring
Columbia’s there for us; that’s why we sing.

Hail Alma Mater,
Heil Alma Mater!
And Heil to the Blue & White!

Welcome to reality at West 116,
Where genuine emotion can rarely be seen.
They used to talk philosophy they learned in the Core,
But no one reads it any more so

Roar, Lion Roar,
And wake the echoes of the Hudson Valley
But the days are long gone
When you fought Vietnam
Nothing now will make you rally.

On this side you have cynicism, people are jerks.
On that side you have apathy, they don’t do their work
By day the kids take classes here in Hamilton Hall,
But by night the sneak in and spread shit on the wall.

Roar, Lion Roar
Can’t anything make you happy?
You’re all so dismayed
You see nothing but gray
You think anything tender is sappy.

You only think it’s funny when it’s bitter and mean
Guess it’s just a product of the American Dream
Laughing at the jokes we make in the Varsity Show,
We like to call it irony in case you didn’t know so . . .

Score Some Sweet Storage
Starting this year, URH is replacing its past storage options with subsidized summer storage with the experts at Package Express. They’re the best rates around, and there’s affordable insurance, too! Package Express will be picking up your stuff all week 8 May–13 May at convenient locations around campus, so haul out the futon and the boxes of Lit Hum books you use to line your shelves and come on down!

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NYCampus.com
Let New York be your campus.
Piracy is a way of life. Piracy is more. It is the worldview of universal ownership. Such is Verily's worldview. The true pirate stands on the rooftop and lusts. It is all out there; whether twinkling in the dusk or glittering in the day, it just waits to be boarded and won over. Verily knows that there is no greater booty than to be Prince of the City, except perhaps to be King of Barnard. Each school has its ways. Dartmouth subscribes to the Russified shamanist's creed of vodka as holy water. Princetonians enjoy rowing crew and practicing the calligraphy for their Certificates of German Purity. The Columbia student is a swashbuckler on a ceaseless voyage. Gypsy blood and a pirate's heart, those are Alma Mater.

Verily finds nothing more tiresome than the senselessly vigorous myth that the pirate lacks ethics and goodness. After all, the intrepid Jean Lafitte, proud privateer of the Republic of Cartagena and terror of New Orleans, took $30,000 in bribe money from the British but still rendered noble service to Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812. President Madison himself pardoned Lafitte and his brave men for their pirate past. Verily concedes, to be sure, that Lafitte could be something of a recidivist. He founded a commune on the future site of Galveston, Texas, and, with one brief interlude when his men attacked US ships and forced him to pick up shop and burn the town behind him, lived out the rest of his life innocuously preying on the Spanish Main. Piracy, high ideals, communes involving a lot of smoke—the only difference between Jean Lafitte and Stu from Haight-Ashbury is that Lafitte could remember more.

V.V. despairs that today's gentrified world can humble piracy from high adventure to crass commercialism. Sometimes corporate cohorts can't even wait for a real store to disappear before starting in on their necrophilia commerce. The periodicals merchants Universal News, for example, have moved in to quash family-run Global Ink. Once their sinister plan is complete, they can reduce their inventory to the best magazines featuring what S. J. Perelman would call scantily clad balloon smuggling starlets, magazines like *Maxim*, or the Tina Brown *New Yorker*. Together with watery caffeine swill and $4 biscotti, this is the formula for big profits at a little yuppie magazine shop.

Verily only knows one way to combat the power of evil corporate piracy, and that's with the power of good individual piracy. Whenever possible, V.V. stocks up on complimentary Starbucks sugar: all the better for tasty cakes, cookies and pastries. Verily then proceeds to bake intensively for week-long stretches; after all, the gas is paid for already, and Verily is eager to get his money's worth out of University housing. Piracy is the right attitude to inform every aspect of Columbia life. This ranges from grabbing handfuls of matchbooks to punish bad chain restaurants to requesting Jehovah's Witnesses literature under assumed names, like Belmont Chin Foo Auchincloss, or Gerald Ford. In fact, Verily will emend himself. Piracy is more than lifestyle and worldview. It is a quest. The Moving Finger writes, and having writ, moves on. But the Moocher mooches forever.

—Verily Veritas
On Tuesday, 28 March, the Center for Cultural and Historical Studies presented a lecture by Declan Kiberd, Professor of English at University College, Dublin. The lecture was entitled, “Reinventing Ireland: Contemporary Cultural Debate.”

Prof. Kiberd was introduced by Prof. Edward Said, whose seminar Prof. Kiberd had co-taught the day before. Said stated that Prof. Kiberd’s work had placed Irish culture and literature squarely in the field of post-colonial study. “In his work, Inventing Ireland: the Literature of the Modern Nation, Professor Kiberd has located this literature, for once and for all, as the literature of an oppressed nation.”

Prof. Kiberd began his lecture by addressing the notion of the Irish—Northern Irish in particular—as a people fixated on the past. Kiberd stated that this was not true. Irish people, he argued, are less interested in the past than in their own power over the past. They refer to history only as inspiration for a futuristic project. To illustrate this idea, Prof. Kiberd referred to Joyce’s Ulysses, and his use of Homer as a foundation for a work which was, in fact, radically new. Prof. Kiberd said that Joyce’s use of Homer was comparable to Pierce and Connolly’s use of the Irish mythic hero Cuchulain, in the Easter Uprising of 1916. In both instances the people involved were pretending that something radical and new was actually a restoration of something old and familiar. This idea has been integral in the nationalist movement.

Most Historians, Prof. Kiberd noted, see it as their duty to question the tradition of resistance. This revisionist version denigrates militant nationalism and also tends to excuse the British. Prof. Kiberd also voiced his frustration at the majority of Irish historians who tend to shy away from researching the more painful events of Irish history. He believes that because of this, the Potato Famine and the collapse of the Irish language, major historical events, have gone relatively unstudied.

In the 1980s, the question of Ireland’s place in the international setting came to the fore. The two main schools of thought that emerged were Europeanization, which believed that Ireland could only become modern by becoming less Irish, and Post-Colonialism, which viewed Ireland as a country that had been oppressed by Europe and a country that should maintain its culture.

This debate increased in intensity until 1990, when Mary Robinson was elected president. Robinson, in her own beliefs, managed to combine the two models and convey this image to the Irish people. Also influential in the reconciliation was Brad Friel’s play, Dancing at Lughnasa. Friel’s play depicts a country attempting to hold on to its preindustrial culture and at the same time find its place within a modern setting.

A new school of thought appeared, which viewed Ireland as a combination of first- and third-world countries. Some have argued that this idea is found in Joyce’s Ulysses, in which he mapped a third-world reality onto a first-world narrative.

In the 1990s, the Post-Colonial model came to be thought of as extremist. Prof. Kiberd’s class on post-colonialism was pulled from University College, where he was told that by teaching it, he was acting as a wing of the IRA. The fact that he was not allowed to lecture on such topics is what led Prof. Kiberd to write Inventing Ireland.

His aim in the book, he said, was to circulate post-colonial ideas within the Irish people and thereby help Irish political nationalism be reborn as the interest and study of Irish cultural history.
In his undergraduate seminar, University Professor Edward Said recently took issue with the self-worshipful Seamus Heaney, flush from the success of his new translation of Beowulf. Prof. Said, an accomplished raconteur himself, related an engaging tale of meeting Heaney in Boston by chance. Heaney immediately assumed Said was there to see him, going on to talk at onerous length about himself and how fêté he was and how everyone was there to see him. At this point in the story, Professor Said labeled Heaney “such a pompous old fart” and summarily booted him from the syllabus, both actions meeting with great student acclaim. Word of a new anecdote in the legendary tradition of Said wit then spread across campus like wildfire, especially the “pompous old fart” element. The Blue and White is honored here to record it for posterity.

Tourists can often be seen riding around in the open tops of the city’s ever-present red double decker tour buses. Apparently, the guides read from a standard script, so listen carefully if one of the buses happens to stop at a light on Amsterdam and you may hear the following:

“Now we’re in the area known as Morningside Heights, North of 110th street, home to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and Columbia University, as well as, if you look around you, some of the most unattractive statuary in the entire world. The massive sculpture above you, called ‘Bellerophon Taming the Pegasus,’ sits above the entrance of Columbia’s prestigious law school. The story goes that some years back, Columbia hired a professional art appraiser to value their statue. After seeing it, he refused to put a price on it, saying he hoped that Columbia had no intention of selling it in the near future.”

The Law school’s statue is indeed named “Bellerophon Taming the Pegasus,” and all of the other sculptures and statues on campus have their own names as well, though many of us are unaware of them. There’s Alma, and Hamilton, and the Thinker, but what about the inverted metal triangle that graces the patch of grass in front of East Campus? “Flight” is his name. The larger metal sculpture nearby, often insensitively referred to as “The Tooth,” is, in fact, called “Three Points.” Three Points actually rotates on its base, a demonstration of which you should be able to view on any weekend night sometime after last call at Cannon’s. Our sources inform us that, when it was originally installed, the sculpture rotated very slowly all the time, driven by a motor in its base. It was expensive to keep it running, however, and the administration had it disconnected. We sincerely hope that the powers that be agree with our sentiments: Moving parts are extremely tacky. Despite our relative prosperity and the burgeoning economy, therefore, let’s leave the turning of “Three Points” to our beloved intoxicated athletes.

We can all use some extra cash every once in a while, and by the time they graduate, many undergrads will have participated in at least one psychology experiment, answering personality questions or playing games for a few dollars. Some students, however, have opted to try greater rewards by participating in even less
orthodox activities. After answering a classified advertisement they found in the *Spectator*, two seniors were contacted and screened by the organizer of a Manhattan "foot fetish" club. Apparently their feet made the grade, because the two male students were invited to be the guests of honor at one of the club's parties. There, they were bound, and had their feet tickled, gazed upon, and generally adored for a few hours. Their take for the evening: a nice salary, plus a free back massage, free drinks for the whole evening (Campari and Grapefruit was the house drink), and several scraps of paper bearing the foot fetishists' phone numbers. Not bad for a night's work, but the B&W has to commend these men for their extreme bravery. Personally, we're going to stick to tamer sources of income, such as doing anagrams on a computer screen in the bowels of Schermerhorn.

James Hudspeth, CC'02, wrote from the recent IMF protests in Washington, DC. Looking around at the crowd, I saw red-shirted socialists passing out fliers to environmentalists wearing sea turtle costumes. Nearby, black-clad anarchists with gas masks at their side and bandannas on their faces shared the shade with the families of labor unionists. A Korean drum corps, complete with traditional clothing, danced by, the beat of their drums mixing with the chop-chop of overhead police helicopters and the heckling of a lone counter-protester, who insisted that we "go back to Berkeley, go back to Berkeley, go back to Seattle, go back to Berkeley"... This variety of causes did lead to a certain ideological tension which became evident whenever someone began a chant of "what do we want?" and half a dozen different replies were about to break out. But beautiful weather and a generally positive spirit generally prevailed over any disagreements, giving the day the atmosphere of a street fair, complete with pretzel vendors and giant puppets. At one point a large group of us gathered in front of a barricade, backed by the omnipresent riot police. Someone began a chant of "this is what democracy looks like," which quickly spread throughout the crowd. Looking at the people around me, I was struck with the unintentional double meaning of our words; we meant them as an indictment of the masked and armored agents who stood before us, ready to stop us from assembling and voicing our concerns. But this statement applied equally to the crowd of protesters—a group of people with widely different beliefs and backgrounds, united by a common interest to take action together. Indeed, this is what democracy looks like.

In the wake of the monumental success of Alfred Lerner Hall, Columbia has followed up with a sequel on an even more ambitious scale. At $11.5 million, The Robert K. Kraft Family Center for Jewish Student Life promises to be the most technologically advanced and expensive ghetto ever built. President Rupp is confident that the University's burgeoning Jewish refugee population, a veritable chulent of communities including Long Island, The Five Towns, Baltimore, Silver Spring, Riverdale, and both the Lower East and Upper West Sides of Manhattan, will find a comforting and familiar environment in the Jerusalem stone of the airy, sunny building designed by Gruzen Samton Architects of New York. Mr. Samton is said to have undertaken the project to provide Columbia's Jewish population with "the ghetto my parents didn't have growing up; electricity, indoor plumbing, Ethernet connections—just the cozy essentials." Kudos to Bob Kraft and everyone else involved in making this dream no myth. Eat your heart out, Tschumi!

**Correction:** In our March number, the account of Professor Spivak's reminiscences of mescaline were taken out of context. In fact, Professor Spivak utilized the anecdote to illustrate Wordsworth's attitude towards unmediated imaginative identification as comparable to hallucination and therefore requiring recollection and metrical control. The *Blue and White* apologizes for the error.