THE CULT OF THE COLUMBIA PROFESSOR
by Dimitri Portnoi

VENDING MACHINES REVIEWED
by Mariel L. Wolfson

THE LIVING LEGACIES PROJECT
An Introduction by Prof. Wm. Theodore de Bary
CONTENTS.

Columns
3 INTRODUCTION
7 BLUE J
14 MEASURE FOR MEASURE
16 TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS
21 CURIO COLUMBIANA
22 CAMPUS GOSSP

Features
4 "Living Legacies" Introduced
9 The Cult of the Professor
11 Vending Machines Reviewed
17 "A Clearing in the Distance"
19 Volunteering Guide

About the Cover: "Apotheosis"
by Matthew Rascoff
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Typographical Note
The text of The Blue and White is set in
Bodoni Old Face, which was designed by
Günter Gerhard Lange for Berthold. The dis­
play faces are Weiss, created by Rudolf Weiss
for Bauer, and Centaur, which was com­mis­
ioned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art
and designed by Bruce Rogers and Frederic
Warde for Monotype.
We begin with history.

The Blue and White was founded as a weekly journal in 1891. After three years of publication, the magazine disappeared in 1894.

103 years later, in 1997, Ilan S. Salzberg C'99 discovered a stack of crumbling copies of the old B&W in the Columbiana Collection, a University archive located in Low Library. The magazine's mission, as expressed by Editor Sydney Treat C'1893, was:

to give bright and newsy items, which are of interest to all of us, combined with truthful comments on the same, in order to show clearly the exact tone of the College each week. We thought that, if by concerted effort and a spirited display of College feeling we could extend the influence of Columbia in any way or raise her to the position which she owns by right of the associations clustered around her name, our work would be accomplished.

The mission was pursued mainly in assorted regular columns: "Blue J" was devoted to complaining—more or less constructively—about the school. "Curio Columbiana" reproduced a primary document from around the campus. "Told Between Puffs," always by a writer under the pseudonym Verily Veritas, was a witty and self-conscious musing about life at Columbia. There were poems ("Measure for Measure"), some serious, mostly not. And there was Campus Gossip.

The first B&W of the 20th century, Vol. IV, No. 1, appeared in May 1998 under Founding Editor Noam M. Elcott, C'00. Since then, thanks to an extraordinary staff of writers, artists, editors and publishers, the B&W has grown to include feature articles, outstanding original art, and regular faculty essays. Later this year we will begin to publish fiction. And in this number we begin a four-year association with the 250th Anniversary Committee's Living Legacies project to publish essays by current Columbia professors about great figures and moments in 20th century Columbia history.

The B&W invites the Columbia community to contribute original literary work and welcomes letters from all our readers. Articles represent the opinions of their authors.

Email: theblueandwhite@columbia.edu
Birthday Prose for Columbia's 250th
An Introduction to the Living Legacies Project

by Professor Wm. Theodore de Bary

While almost everyone else has been anticipating the millennium year, a hardy and resourceful band of Columbians—faculty, administration, trustees and alumni—have been looking beyond the year 2000 to 2004, the 250th Anniversary of the University’s founding. A presidential committee co-chaired by Professor Kenneth Jackson, Barzun Professor of History, and Chairman Emeritus of the Trustees Henry King C’48, has been making plans to celebrate the 250th Anniversary in a variety of ways—through academic convocations; special seminars held in the professional schools; exhibitions at key sites in New York City (e.g. Trinity Church, the Museum of the City of New York, the New York Public Library); producing a documentary film; establishing a web-site on Columbia’s anniversary; installing plaques to commemorate important sites on our campuses, etc.

Nor are more familiar genres for recording and interpreting Columbia’s history being neglected. The writing of an official “scholarly” history has been entrusted to Professor Robert McCaughey, who has taught history at Columbia and Barnard for many years. Since he holds no Columbia degrees, McCaughey has no umbilical tie to the institution, but he knows the place well, and besides a specialization in educational matters, brings his own perspective to the subject from his long-held observation post as Academic Dean and Vice President at Barnard. McCaughey’s efforts will be assisted by a University Seminar on Columbia History which has a wide metropolitan outreach, and by the participation of undergraduate and graduate students in a special seminar he is conducting. Oral histories are also being recorded for this purpose. Distilled from all these materials and findings by John Rousmaniere will be an illustrated history—often described in the Anniversary Committee as “a coffee table book,” for more relaxed readers of Columbia history.

The idea of having a series of essays on great moments and great figures in Columbia’s intellectual, scientific and educational history—what we call here “Living Legacies”—emerged in discussions of the Anniversary’s Publication Committee, the idea being to focus attention on special developments in the recent past (mostly twentieth century) that should be celebrated not just as a part of local history, but indeed as having national and even international significance.

Essential to this plan was the idea of having the essays written by scholars of great distinction, able to speak with authority in their own fields but also, in most cases, on the basis of some personal association with the event or scholars and scientists involved in it.

A special committee was formed to head up this project, and with the cooperation of the publishers and editors of the alumni Columbia Magazine and The Blue and White, a plan has been adopted for a series of special installments to be inserted in successive issues of the magazines leading up to the year 2004—and possibly beyond. Eventually we expect these essays to be gathered in a separate published volume, as a complement to other.

In anticipation of the Columbia’s quarter millenium in 2004, The Blue and White has teamed up with the Anniversary Publication Committee to publish a series of “Living Legacies” essays on great figures from 20th century Columbia history. The essays will appear in these pages over the next four years. Prof. de Bary, C’41, GSAS’53, HON’95 introduces the series on behalf of the Living Legacies Committee.
The focus on the recent past and on special figures has more to recommend it than just the obvious advantage that short essays have over a long history book as convenient reading for busy people. Life at Columbia reflects the extraordinarily rapid changes in twentieth century America. Thus, though in terms of age Columbia is classed among the earliest of Ivy League institutions, there is little ivy on its walls or ancient moss underneath—little sense of living tradition or institutional memory. With a swift succession of administrations, rapid turnover in the faculty, and substantial alterations in faculty structures—to the point that few understand what a “faculty” stands for in terms of its educational mission and responsibilities (as distinct from tenured professors defending their own special interests)—it is no wonder that many students, faculty and even administrators, have lost touch with any sense of community history and often wonder what can be done to reconnect with the past. Now there is little even for the wishfulness and wistfulness of nostalgia to feed upon—with the possible exception of the enduring loyalty of the College alumni to the Core Curriculum and to the great teachers they had.

Where are those to be found who can still engage in the belated effort at recovery of lost memory, not just for sentimental purposes (legitimate though these be in themselves) but for the very serious business of understanding who we are as an intellectual and educational community, heavily engaged with a much larger world? A measure of the challenge is that the consciousness of this lack and need was first expressed by a relative newcomer, Eric Kandel, while the burden of meeting it has fallen to an oldtimer like myself, whose earliest memories of the place, going back over seventy years, are not of the scientific giants Prof. Kandel writes about in his Living Legacies essay, but of the almost forgotten giants of the gridiron at Baker Field in the late twenties—Ralph Hewitt, Ralph Furey, Hubie Schulze, and, a little later the Rose Bowlers Cliff Montgomery and Al Barabas (none of whom are likely to appear in these pages).

Sic transit gloria Columbiae!

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**Topics and authors scheduled for publication in the Living Legacies series: a selection**

- **Genes, Chromosomes, and the Origins of Modern Biology:** Thomas Hunt Morgan and his school at Columbia, by University Professor Eric Kandel.
- **Mark Van Doren, Mortimer Adler and the ‘Great Books’ Movement,** by John Van Doren, with additional comments by former Dean of Columbia College, Carl Hovde.
- **History at Columbia in the era of Carlton Hayes, Allan Nevins, et al** by Professor Emeritus Jacques Barzun.
- **Sociologists Robert Merton and Paul Lazarsfeld** by Provost and Professor Jonathan Cole.
- **Meyer Shapiro and Rudolph Wittkower in Art History,** by Professor David Rosand.
- **Asian Studies—Its Extraordinary Early History,** (Dean Lung, Ryusaku Tsunoda, Sir George Sansom), by Professors W. T. de Bary, Donald Keene and Carol Gluck.
- **Lionel Trilling,** by Professor Emeritus Quentin Anderson.
- **Richard Hofstadter and History,** by Professors Eric Foner and Fritz Stern.
- **John Dewey,** by Professors Isaac Levi, Sidney Morgenbesser and Akeel Bilgrami.
- **I. I. Rabi, The Manhattan Project and Physics,** by Professor Emeritus Samuel Devons.
- **Two Great Classicists: Gilbert Highet,** by Robert Ball, and **Moses Hadas,** by poet and classicist Rachel Hadas.
- **Paul Kristeller and Medieval Philosophy,** by Professor Robert Sommerville.
- **Salo Baron and Jewish History,** by Professor Yosef Yerushalmi.
**UNIVERSITY RESIDENCE HALLS DIRECTORY**

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The Blue J was more than a little miffed to discover he'd have to pay $20 for a campus phone of his own this year. Over the summer, for a moment or two, he considered deserting the sweet warbling lady of the Rolm and purchasing a cell phone. He realized, though, that without telephone wires there would be fewer perches from which birds such as himself could peer down on their beloved Columbia. (It did occur to him later that there are no telephone wires in the City, but his mind was already made up.)

Whenever Blue J arranges to meet a friend at the 116th Street Gates he regrets his decision not to go wireless. The closest public telephones to the gates are across Broadway in front of Ollie's. Sometimes the J will cross the street and call his delayed friend, then cast a glance back only to discover that his company is already arrived and waiting. The next closest public phones, near the College Walk entrance to Dodge, are even worse. The Gates are barely visible from this spot half an avenue block away. There is a single RolmPhone black box speakerphone near just inside the Gates, but it only accepts five-digit extensions, and won't allow outside dialing with a PSC.

Blue J has a very simple request: A real, handset-type RolmPhone to be placed just inside or outside the Gates. The Office of Communications Services, which generates profits for the University, should see this as an opportunity to increase ACUS call volume by taking student callers away from the less-convenient public phones. The RolmPhone would be safe from vandalism thanks to the full-time guard on patrol in the booth. It could even replace the speakerphone on the wall of the Miller, so no new holes would have to be cut into the granite.

The J was also unpleasantly surprised that his seven-digit PSC had been replaced over the summer by a new ten-digit “millennium code.” This brings the total number of digits the average incoming Columbia student must memorize to approximately fifty: PSC, Cunix login, Cunix password, Registrar PIN, Student Identification Number, Lerner Hall Box Number, and often a Bank PIN. That's not counting the dozens of websites many students register for. (At least we'll keep our Columbia email addresses forever. See p. 22.)

Blue J calculates that seven digit PSCs are sufficient for ten million minus one accounts. Ten digits will expand that to ten billion minus one. There are six billion people in the world, most of whom, it is safe to assume, have never heard of AT&T.

A few weeks ago Blue J was touched by the story of a College alumna who graduated Columbia Law School last spring. After seven years with her trusty PSC, she reported sadly, her code was finally turned off in early August. It brought the J great joy to report that the number was not cut because she graduated. Still missing Alma dearly, she was consoled.
Way back in 1997, I was an incoming freshman. Each and every stereotype you wish to attach to an incoming student I will willingly accept as true of myself: wide-eyed, bushy-tailed, and a few others that are perhaps more negative. From well before day one of my time at Columbia, I was one of Columbia's greatest supporters, convincing my friends to apply, and later becoming a tour guide for undergraduate admissions. As one friend has described it, I bled blue and white. I still do. And, like all incoming freshmen, I had a laundry list of professors that I had to meet and take a class with: Alan Brinkley, who had written one of my high school textbooks; George Stephanopoulos, Clinton's former press secretary; Robert Belknap, a renowned Russian literature professor, who also happened to be an old friend of my parents. With all due respect to these eminent professors, as I am getting ready to leave Columbia in just one more year, I don't feel that I've lost very much for having failed to take their classes.

Stifling from the lack of air-conditioning, uncomfortable from the spring jabbing my backside through the chair (despite the fact this was the seventh seat I had tried), I sat in Barnard's largest lecture hall in Altschul on my first day of classes. Though many friends had told me to wait a semester and take "Introduction to International Politics" with Robert Jervis, a professor so well known it is virtually impossible to read any article on international relations without seeing the reference, "see Jervis," several times. (He is now my departmental advisor, so I "see Jervis," on a regular basis.) Too eager to wait a semester to start my poli-sci major, I ignored my friends and opted for Assistant Professor Kimberly Zisk, someone as new to Morningside Heights as I was.

Since then, Prof. Zisk has become and remains easily the best professor, and above all the best teacher, I have had at Columbia. I have always brought her up as an example to convince friends that it is okay to cross the street to take a class. (For the past year I have been amused by a Spec editorial posted on the Barnard political science department bulletin board written by a College student, claiming the only way he could remain a poli-sci major was by taking classes at Barnard. I always wondered what the College professors thought when they crossed the street and saw that there.)

All that aside, Professor Zisk, whose Intro class will be taught this semester in a far more comfortable room, has demonstrated that even within the context of the publish-or-perish atmosphere of the elite academy, one can still take the time out to earn the more important title of 'teacher.' Her lectures were so gorgeously coherent, innovative and engaging that her second course was overbooked with students who claimed to be enrolling because they were either in or had heard about her performance in the first course.

Prof. Zisk took the time to become my academic, career and personal advisor. At a time when our advising system was in a terrible flux (even more so than today), she unofficially helped me to work out my class schedule and navigate my major, to look at my career options more maturely and to work through long-standing personal problems. In the manner of a freshman, I undoubtedly achieved a level of professor-worship. It's something I continue to hold on to.

It saddens me to think of those students who walk away from Columbia without meeting a professor they could honestly worship. Or even an instructor. My CC instructor Zoe Pappas and Russian instructor Valentina Lebedev come to mind as teachers who have profoundly improved my time here—Zoe, for challenging my mind and always being open to be challenged right back, and Valentina, for challenging me to work harder than I thought.
I could. Valentina was known to call any student at home, who had missed two classes, not to scold, but to express concern over their condition. Both deserve praise for presenting themselves to their classes as both friends and teachers, without having a Ph.D.

My hope is to draw distinctions between the earned worship, and the unreasonable worship of professors, often sight unseen, often despite their lectures, and often for all the wrong reasons. Interestingly, these two types of worship are visible in the physical structures on campus.

Professor John Howard van Amringe C'1860 (of Van Am Quad fame), was a School of Mines professor whom the University memorialized for his dedication and accessibility to his students and as a personal force around campus. One might wonder why there are two monuments to him, the one in the center of the Quad that bears his name, and then a statue in Hamilton lobby. During his tenure, students felt such affection for Professor van Amringe that they would rub his bald head for good luck before exams. After his death, the University placed his bust in Hamilton so that tradition could continue. You can still find a few students who will stop by to rub his head.

Professor James Kent has a building named after him on campus not for his work as the first law professor, but for what he did outside the classroom. He was appointed to the New York Supreme Court by King's College grad Governor John Jay in 1798, then became the chief justice and, later, chancellor of the state Court of Chancery (then the highest judicial office). The treatises he wrote at the time shaped common law in the United States and abroad, making him undoubtedly one the nation's most influential jurists.

His time at Columbia, however, was not quite so successful. Unable to attract students to his classes, he left after only a few years here. When he was constitutionally obligated to resign his office, Kent returned decades later to teach only three courses before resigning again, permanently. Teaching was a profession he clearly was not enjoying. I imagine those three courses were overbooked, unlike in his previous tenure, with students eager to meet the now-renowned lawyer. His first tenure at the university was overlooked when the building was named.

Even when a professor warrants praise, the pitch can reach absurd levels. Last year, history professors Eric Foner and Alan Brinkley held classes scheduled one after another. As a result, the classes had a significant overlap in enrollment, and the students developed into two camps, the “Fonerphiles” and the “Brinkleites,” each vigorously defending their professor as the superior teacher. How many members of these competing camps actually met the professors is unknown.

Why do we follow celebrity professors, rather than seek out the lesser-known, yet potentially excellent teachers? Where we rally behind professors we barely know?

Part of the problem lies in the difficulty of finding good professors. Many universities have student-run course guides. The virtually defunct student council course-guide boasts reviews of 133 courses, approximately three per department. At this writing, the site still advertised that it was updating for 1999.

More important is ambition. Many students enter Columbia with a list of professors they must study under, whether for lust after fame or, more commonly, recommendations for graduate school.

College should not be spent courting favor and they should not be a prelude to graduate
school. For students, a professor's influence on how we think is more important than his citation counts. Professors are people, not idols. Quit the cult. Avoid the mob. Do not be swept away by the opinions of your friends, by names, by CVs. Seek out the teachers who care about what you think.

LibraryWeb  
http://www.columbia.edu/cu/libraries/  
your gateway to Columbia's digital library collections and services to  

• look-up your course reserves reading lists  
• find out that Milstein undergraduate reading rooms (in Butler Library) are available for 24-hour study use  
• ask questions, send suggestions, see what books are checked out to you  
• connect to research databases, e-journals, reference tools, and more  

No drinks, except in spill-proof containers, and no food.

Undergraduate philosophy forum  
beginning this fall . . .

For information, write  
mzr3@columbia.edu  or  dsi5@columbia.edu

THE SIXTEEN COMMANDMENTS
This year URH has revised its rules about prohibited appliances. Due to concerns about the potential risks and hazards associated with their use, the following appliances may not be used in student rooms:

1. halogen lamps  
2. air conditioners  
3. coffee makers*  
4. electrical appliances with heating elements*  
5. grills*  
6. hot plates*  
7. hot pots*  
8. immersion coils  
9. microwaves*  
10. oil, kerosene and gas lamps  
11. open coiled appliances  
12. popcorn poppers*  
13. rice cookers*  
14. toasters/toaster ovens*  
15. steam vaporizers  
16. waterbeds  

*May be used only in designated cooking areas or kitchens.

University Residence Halls

Write us at  
theblueandwhite@columbia.edu
Vending in, vending out: *Campus machines reviewed*

by Mariel Wolfson

While some self-proclaimed connoisseurs of New York haute-cuisine will only occupy their palates and their credit cards with meals that pass directly from the kitchen to the dining table, there is another world of culinary magic that no college student should ignore: I write of those comestibles that pass nimbly from behind a glass window and into your hurried and hungry hand—not the drive-through, though it has its own charm, but that boxy snack-food emporium, the vending machine. Lose the middleman, gimme that Twix! And, if you please, put that on my Flex.

Like many Columbians, you probably already have, or will soon have, a favorite street corner vendor, whether your penchant is for bagels and coffee, hot dogs, gyros or sausages. But don't delay in developing a relationship with the faceless vendors in our dormitories and academic buildings. With so many choices, knowing where to drop those coins, swipe that card, or slide that dollar bill can be a challenge.

Thus, to help you set forth on the right foot, *The Blue and White* offers the results of painstaking research and analysis.

**HARTLEY-WALLACH**

When all that Living and Learning sets your stomach growling, head down to Wallach's lobby, where three machines (one for drinks and two for food) provide adequate variety in the mid-to-high price range. You'll find that perennial favorite, Snyder's of Hanover Pretzels, standing beside standard offerings from the Dorito, Lays, and Cheez-It empires, all of which will set you back 55 cents. On the healthier side, choose from limited but satisfactory options: a Nutri-Grain bar, some sunflower seeds or the jauntily-named Mr. Nature Energizer Mix. 60 cents will get you a pack of M&Ms (regular, peanut, or crispy at the time of printing) or Twizzlers, and 65 cents will have you munching an American classic: the Rice Krispy Treat. All in all, the Wallach machines will not disappoint (unless you catch them in their chronically sold-out state), but they are unlikely to provide a memorable vending experience for the discriminating consumer. They do however, offer the convenient perk of swipe access.

**JOHN JAY**

Does dinner in John Jay Dining Hall leave you less than satisfied? This dorm's lone snack machine is equally lackluster, void of anything innovative or healthy. The only potentially redemptive attraction: Black Forest chocolate cherry premium cookies. Exactly how premium? We'll leave that up to the adventurous, but for 65 cents you shouldn't have to settle! Snackin' Crahams are worth a try, and at the very least you can make use of your Flex Account.

**HAMILTON**

At last, a ray of sunshine amongst the darkness of Van Am quad. If you can look past the basement-like decor, you'll be rewarded with...
value and variety that are hard to beat. As befits the College’s flagship academic building, the vending scene in Hamilton is quite a bazaar. Just aced an exam? Celebrate with Party Mix—a steal at 45 cents. Hoping to ace it? For the same price you can get yourself some Smartfood. Heading to the 7th floor via the stairs? (Of course you are—elevators are for freight and not for you!) Fuel up with a PowerBar. Clearly, this often-overlooked dining spot can meet just about any dietary need—and with Fig Newtons, raisins, and Peppermint Patties always in stock, Hamilton passes this reviewer’s test with flying colors. Those with especially refined tastes will be gratified to discover both Hershey’s Symphony bar and “Distinctive” Milano cookies—just the thing to impress your classmates in CG. Hamilton has but one caveat: only change or greenbacks accepted here.

ALFRED LERNER HALL

Let’s hope Tschumi’s masterwork rides its ramps into Columbia’s heart, because its snack machines sure won’t get it there. Vending in the game room is mediocre at best, and not a single healthy option is to be found. Should you work up a substantial sweat at the pool table, rest assured that a bottle of Poland Spring water can be yours for $1; the third floor dispenses such disappointing fruity cocktails as Snapple Kiwi-Strawberry and Mango Madness. Conclusion: not quite at home in the new millenium. I expected more from a behemoth of steel and glass. Still, for those students well-endowed by their parents with certain inalienable Flex dollars, Lerner manages to come through with the convenience of swipe access.

WIEN

It’s Wien. ’Nuff said. Visit the Sophomore Class Center for some academic guidance and make a day of it. Or, swing by SIPA for an imposing collection of vending delights.

SIPA

There are many edible delights hiding within the mazelike halls of SIPA. Are you studying in the damp halls of Wien, only to realize that you have a deep-seated need for an ice cream sandwich, followed by smoked almonds and a hot chocolate? Perhaps not. SIPA features two outstanding collections of vending machines, maintained by separate and competing University entities and located near the southwest and southeast corners of the skylight. On the menu are a wide selection of hearty Bavarian pretzels, chips and ice cream. The healthier options are similarly impressive. All this is complemented by a well-chosen selection of beverages: Pepsies, Coca Colas, assorted fruit juices, Snapples and water. The
Blue and White has had reports of students reserving tables at Lehman library for the sole purpose of à la carte dining at the SIPA machines.

EAST CAMPUS
Not what you’d expect in such prime real estate. The one snack machine evidently thinks its “premium” cookie option is enough to sustain the entire enterprise, which is average at best. The menu lacks healthful choices and demands a steep 55 cents for not particularly fresh pretzels. More attention has been given to libations, and thirsty swipers can choose from among the sweet nectars of Snapple and Tropicana. The bottom line: sufficient if you reside here, but not worth a trek.

MUDD
My first-ever foray into this engineering fortress yielded a sunny surprise: Goldfish! The first this reviewer had seen, and for a mere 45 cents! A sideward glance and packages of Wonka’s Chewy Runts caught my eye—my heart began to warm to this far-off place, even with “Computer Science” emblazoned over a not-too-distant doorway.

You can imagine how I grew even fonder of Mudd when I beheld the three staples of any competent vendor: Fig Newtons, raisins, and of course those Peppermint Patties. Students logging serious hours over here will never suffer for lack of choices (in snacks anyway): the Lays chips come in regular, baked, and Wow! varieties; PowerBars in Harvest and Original; M&Ms in plain, peanut, crispy, and almond; and another colorful surprise: Gobstoppers! When you finally finish that Comp. Sci. project, treat yourself to the Silky Dark Chocolate Dove Bar and skip out the automatic sliding door into the light of day! No, you can’t swipe here, but as long as you’ve got change, you can get Sweet Tarts or Spree candy!

A Mudd idiosyncrasy: One machine peddles Smartfood for 45 cents, while two others demand a full 20 cents more. Engineers, explain that one!

URIS
Besides being located next to the Uris deli and Café Cappuccino, the machines create a veritable fiesta for those who have food cravings to attend to. Actually, the selection is almost identical to that of the Mudd machines, but the setting is more attractive. There is natural light and ample opportunity for people-watching, as a wide smattering of Columbia folk gather here. Unfortunately, the hours are somewhat limited; Uris often closes after thefting—er, business—hours. If you’re on the north side of 116th and absolutely must have a Baby Ruth at 1 AM, head for Mudd.

To Our Readers:
The Blue and White seeks graphic designers and artists. If you are interested in these positions 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!

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE
In collaboration with the Columbia Review

JERUSALEM OF 104TH
How could I forget thee?

I first peaked in that golden place,
To score some fried chick-pea,
How unprepared was I to face,
that lamb rotisserie.

A Damascene with onyx eyes,
Bade me to taste the Schwarma;
"You'll find, I think, to your surprise,
It tastes like mutton Korma."

A gentleman from Palestine,
Prepared to take my order;
While others spoke of the Green Line,
And tensions on the border.

"I'll start off with an amuse-bouche,
Some hearty Eastern gruel;
A pita with Baba Ghanoush,
And little side of FuF."

"But surely you will try the meat,"
My Syrian friend then uttered;
"Without it no meal is complete,"
He said while oil sputtered.

"Garbanzo is my drug of choice,"
I countered with a peep;
"Not mine," came back a scolding voice,
"You simply must have sheep."

By now all eyes were on my own;
All conversation ceased.
And not a single mobile phone,
On diner's lips was greased.

I thought to be diplomatique,
To handle this with calm;
This was no time for fits of pique;

Or recourse to the Bomb.

"A vegan" was to be my case,
and ample was my proof.
But something twitched, I felt my face—
My tongue clung to its roof!

I moved with my right hand to pry
The tongue that stuck had gotten;
But just as I began to try
I found that hand forgotten!

I racked my brain for a Plan B
And struggled to be calmest;
A light went off, then, suddenly,
I'd outwitted the Psalmist.

I dipped my left hand in a bowl,
With tekhina it did fill;
The counter served as parchment scroll,
My finger was my quill.

In Arabic, in sesame,
A big "Salaam" wrote I;
"I'll send you all the recipe"
I said, and then, "Good-Bye."

A few months hence, along I strolled
Uptown on Broadway north,
Right past Jerusalem of Gold,
Al-Quds of 104th.

The sun was perched to set along
The Hudson, red as lava;
I belted out this little song,
And thanked the Lord for fava.

―by Samwa‘il

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.
THE SADNESS OF THE CITY: RETURNING

There is sadness in the nighttime sky of New York City. On a clear night, five stars might appear in our diluted soup of a sky. Instead of opening for us uncountable stuff of the cosmos, our sky is a mirror that shoots the city’s tremendousness back into our eyes. Nowhere I’ve been suffocates in its own glory quite like New York.

Leaving can be a gift. Incomparable was the clarity of the rural stars when I stepped back this summer to a Massachusetts farm. The full chirping of cicadas in noon heat replaced the incessant conflicts and crowding of the New York sidewalk. I worked with kids to make long houses, to recognize medicinal plants and to farm organically. Every day was wholesome, tiring, glorious.

Living in New York last year almost made me stop trusting nature. Like many others, I came to accept that the best way to deal with the infestations of mosquitos carrying viruses near New York is to douse the city with toxins. My choice to dwell in the city at all supports the need to bulldoze all but a few parks in the quest to fit everyone and grow ever upward.

Wrested free from the city’s influence, I began to turn against New York. Why, I demanded, does New York even exist? What freak coincidences of trade and settlement brought us to a state of constant frenetic energy? And why do people stay? Why do I return, again and again?

Only when I had severed myself from New York and had again learned, like a newborn, to breathe and move, could I accept the paradox of dwelling in New York. Eden is in fields, in farms, in the Appalachian trail, in the insignificance of humanity, in the ability to leave no trace behind us. Yet I am drawn to vitality. The City is life in the rough. New York challenges my notions of gravity and ethics and react to my existence. It might rob us of our heartbeats, but it pulses on its own eight million times.

What a great monster!

New York churns. It could be four in the morning or three in the afternoon and either way, the ground quakes, because ten drills are excavating 116th Street, because the subway grinds three storeys below, because a party rages a flight above. New York is on fire with everyone burning alive inside, but this fire gleams and thrills in defiance.

Finally, the city is deceptive in its illusions of eluding nature. The most affirming view of the cosmos New York has to offer is not the night sky. From the Brooklyn Bridge, from the top of Sulzberger, from Morningside Park, the sky bleeds red and burns orange electricity, wiping the night clean. It is the sunrise.

—by Nicole Kaufman, B’03
Told Between Puffs

That time comes around again when a chill freights the summer breeze and the leaves wear rumpled robes of many colors. The sun dims, and Verily feels old. It is also time to choose classes again, and the thought enters his furrowed brow that his major in Nazi Pornography, no matter how much fun are the hot chicks of She-Wolf of the SS, may not do much to keep money in his pocket and food in his stomach. Yet finding honest, fun, good and practicable coursework is no easy thing. Verily offers herewith his investigation.

Languages, perhaps, are the most apodeictically useful courses. Nothing can be said or done—in this post-Neanderthal age of constant articulation, nothing of note is done without first being said—without knowing the proper language. Verily has certainly needed language skills himself, whether running guns in Guangzhou or getting that beat-up old turboprop and the garbage bags full of drug cash out of the Yucatán. Yet there is something transitive about studying talk. Rather than studying ideas, one studies transmitting ideas. It is all so much communication, and Verily has heard what to think of communications majors. Languages are only an expedient to something else, a complement to real skills for life. The Spanish and the smattering of incomprehensible medieval Mandarin that Verily learned at the foot of a crazed Ezra Pound in the Milanese foothills in 1944 are all well and good. When push comes to shove, though, laundering drug money until cocaine receipts start to appear in lines of neat, double-entry bookkeeping as sales of your “Just in Time for Christmas” album takes more than polyglot chattiness. It requires an econ degree.

But Verily is an old-fashioned, prejudiced man, convinced that all economics students are either ink-stained little men in shirtsleeves or football players set to bellow their way to the top of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. A gentleman, in any case, should not know what his bank balance is, and should spend his days studying bearing and diction. This is the English major, and it leads to a fine control of measure and meaning. Word choice, after all, is not only a delicate business, but a very important one in the workplace. Verily asks you to consider that fearsome day when the time will come, let us say, to encourage your coworkers to make their interoffice memos effective and to-the-point. In the Machiavellian spheres of workplace intrigue, ‘effective’ and ‘to-the-point’ won’t do when you can find other words that blend slavish affection for the boss with hints of future domination over your coworkers. Locating those words demands the precision of surgery. “Pithy” is a good word. It sounds executive. “Language judiciously chosen” has a prissy, pressed Ivy League smell, like linen pants soaked in vinegar. “Aim for the apothegmatic” has a fugitive homosexuality; avoid it at jobs outside of publishing. Here we see that an English major can be, if not strictly speaking marketable, surprisingly valuable in the workplace. But it is still the study of servility, something which is unappealing to macho types and even to Verily on his non-“Slap me, ladies!”-submissive days.

It seems hopeless. Verily despairs of finding classes that will lead to clean fun and honest employment. In his autumnal moods, he aspires only to someday be an oily Washington lobbyist, oozing about the Capitol, declaring now and then, “Let’s do lunch; I want to pick your brain,” a nice old quaint thing to say, the kind of colloquialism that can only be prelude to financial or sexual improprieties. Come March or April, though, in the proper dew-lined season, Verily will brighten. There will be sunnier classes for next year. Verily promises.

—Verily Veritas

The Blue and White
The man who fashioned Central Park

by Elaine J. Shen

A Clearing in the Distance: Frederick Law Olmsted and America in the Nineteenth Century
by Witold Rybczynski.
Scribner, 480 pp., Cloth $28.00; Paper $15.00.

I wanted to like this book. Witold Rybczynski’s Clearing in the Distance is a biography of the father of the American urban public park, Frederick Law Olmsted. Olmsted was one of the reasons I changed my major—the last week of my junior year—to Urban Studies. He designed no fewer than five parks in New York City alone: Central Park, Prospect Park, Tompkins Square, Riverside Park and our own Morningside Park. Knowing that city populations would only continue to grow, Olmsted recognized the need for public green space at a time when most major American cities had none. In the first half of the 19th century, New York’s Battery Park was the lone exception save for gated private preserves, such as Gramercy Park. Instead, cemeteries were the place where families could picnic, children could play and workers could relax from the week’s labor.

Olmsted wrote in Public Parks and the Enlargement of Towns that:
Is it doubtful that it does men good to come together in this way in pure air and under the light of heaven, or that it must have an influence directly counteractive to that of the ordinary hard, hustling working hours of town life?

Parks were the lungs of the city and a refuge from it. For Olmsted, architecture was the beauty of the building and consequently the art of the park “should be the other.” The park was the paragon of the beauty of nature, of gentle curves and the playful treatment of light and shade. Olmsted saw the utility of parks not only for their “propalyptic and therapeutic” value but also as a tool for moral and civilizing instruction. The congregation of the gentlemanly and uneducated classes in these serene surroundings would improve the general quality of American culture.

Olmsted’s ideas were about more than aesthetics; they were about social reform. Verdant landscape could “refresh and delight the eye and through the eye, the mind and spirit.” By emphasizing the tranquility and sublimeness of nature, Olmsted hoped to lessen the “frontier” condition that he defined in opposition to enlightened civilization. He believed the barbaric state was primarily the result of constant migration, which exacerbated the already-existing dearth of civic and cultural institutions and efficient governments.

Olmsted was not a nativist. He understood America well enough to know that its history was about transplanted people. But to accommodate the
human flux the country needed more civilizing influences, which should be provided by the educated elite. In one letter, Olmsted even reprimands the wealthy because they “perceive . . . superiority in certain respects to the mass of the people . . . and assume [them]selves the right to live scholarly, secluded and selfishly domestic and aesthetic lives.”

His ideas on reform were influenced by his travels, particularly in the American West and South. Before committing to a career in landscape architecture, his time as a reporter in the antebellum South had crystallized his opposition to slavery, which he thought was bad for slaveowners as well as slaves. The institution of slavery thwarted the exercise of individual thinking and responsibility; for owners, it promoted violence and general inefficiency. Olmsted recorded his observations of plantation life with such objectiveness and even-handedness that his writings to this day remain important sources for historians of the South.

Rybczynski’s description of Olmsted’s meandering life is tedious, and his prose is flat. We do not get to Olmsted’s landscape design career until page 155. This is understandable, considering that Olmsted had been a farmer, sailor, surveyor and publisher, yet it was difficult to find a strand that connected all of Olmsted’s experience into a life.

All the characters remain similarly distant and lifeless. Though the author focuses intensely on all aspects of Olmsted, everyone else is a paper doll. A short chapter devoted to Olmsted’s friend, the architect Henry Hobson Richardson, reads like a dossier:

Richardson, son of a successful New Orleans businessman, was born and raised in Louisiana, graduated from Harvard, and was sent to Paris in 1859 to study architecture at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, only the second American to do so (he was preceded by Richard Morris Hunt). When the outbreak of the Civil War abruptly cut off his financial support, he came back to Boston where his fiancée lived. Richardson who was sixteen when he left New Orleans . . . (p. 303)

If Rybczynski thought Richardson noteworthy enough for a chapter title he should have given better indication about his the interaction with Olmsted. The tendency for weak character sketching is all the more frustrating when we hear how dear Olmsted’s family was to him (“I enjoy my children. They are the center of my life.”), yet we get hardly any description of his daughters, Marion and Charlotte. (What do we know? One was a spinster and the other went crazy.)

For Frederick Law Olmsted, verdant landscape could ‘refresh and delight the eye and through the eye, the mind and spirit.’

Rybczynski does try to close the gap between the reader and his 19th century subjects with vignettes in which he paints imagined scenes of Olmsted’s days. But these creative experiments are woefully boring and highlight the awkwardness of Rybczynski’s style. His romantic attempts are cliché: “Fate played a major role in Olmsted’s career (p. 222)’ or “The Mountain was a part of Montreal—and apart; natural and magical; healthful and healing (p. 325).”

A Clearing in the Distance is Witold Rybczynski’s first biography among his several published works, including Home and City Life. I browsed through Home and was convinced of what I had suspected about the author: he is a colorful and clever writer about urban policy and trends—a rare skill among social scientists. Rybczynski’s style fits the analytical essay and the prose is easy and even entertaining. But he struggles with the individuals, personalities and relationships that make stories. His speculations on Olmsted’s life feel like intrusions.

Rybczynski’s expertise in urbanism is of no help in his descriptions of present-day Olmstedian parks or even his discussion of Olmsted’s theories and ideas because these sections are interspersed and isolated. There are interesting points, but lacking fuller treatment the observations come across as epigrams, not to distinguished analysis.

Rybczynski may point out a clearing in the distance, but he fails to bring us there.
Volunteering at Columbia
An Opinionated Guide
by Hilary E. Feldstein

The B&W strives to investigate, satire, reflect and comment on subjects concerning Columbia. One aspect of campus life we have yet to examine comprehensively is community service. Though several hundred students participate in volunteer organizations around campus, many of these programs remain unknown except to those intimately involved with them.

As part of the B&W's contribution to the Morningside Heights neighborhood, we will feature various community service-oriented programs to raise awareness and inspire others to volunteer.

We begin the series by presenting our readers with an introductory guide to volunteering in the Columbia community.

Many Columbia students spend their precious free time in the warm arms of a mixed drink, watching Britcom reruns on PBS or "The Nanny" on FOX. Sometimes, we cross 110th Street for a bit of culture or, perhaps, just a better mixed drink. Essential as these activities are to a full education, several hundred students take their hedonism with a mixer of altruism, devoting some free time to endeavors that benefit others. Approximately 900 Columbia students volunteer their time for good works.

Why would anyone give up a few hours of prime Playstation time to tutor seventh-grade math for free? Don't they know the collegiate motto is "work hard, play harder"?! Who gives up lifting weights at the gym for lifting ladles at the soup kitchen?

For some, volunteering is a means of gaining experience for careers in social service, education, law and medicine. Others volunteer because they want to help others who have not been as economically fortunate. Still other Columbians volunteer in an effort to ameliorate current social, economic, environmental and health conditions. Volunteering is also a great way to meet other people.

Some reasons for volunteering, however, are entirely selfish. Tutoring an eight-year-old each week is especially hard when I am sleep-deprived and have six hours' worth of reading in my bag. However, the pride and renewed energy I sense after completing a lesson with my tutee is irreplaceable.

Most Columbia-affiliated programs are located on or near campus, and the few that are not will sometimes reimburse your travel expenses. They often require only a few hours per week.

Whatever our motivations for volunteering, becoming involved in a community service organization is easy enough. With the exception of the Double Discovery Center, one of several Columbia-run programs aimed at youth education, all of Columbia's twenty-plus volunteer and charity groups are housed in

ONLINE WORK ORDERS

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

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

Keep in mind that the online form is for routine work only. In an emergency or any potentially dangerous situation call x42779 immediately. If you have any questions, send an email to urh@columbia.edu, or the appropriate authority listed on p. 6 of this issue of The Blue and White.
Earl Hall and represented by the umbrella organization Community Impact (CI). At the beginning of each semester, CI hosts an open house in which most of its program coordinators are on hand to explain their assorted programs in detail and answers questions such as the day of the week and the length of time they expect their volunteers to participate. This year, CI’s Open House will be held on Wednesday, September 13, in the Lerner Hall Party Space. You can drop by anytime between 6 and 9 PM, though refreshments will probably have been ravaged by the second hour.

If you are unable to attend the open house, or shudder to think of attending yet another Columbia event, you can always explore CI’s website, http://www.columbia.edu/cu/ci.

Most volunteer programs, with the exception of some that match up yearlong tutoring pairs, readily accept volunteers throughout the year.

The hallway outside CI’s Earl Hall offices has sign-up sheets and brief explanations of each organization, as well as access to CI’s friendly staff in case you have any questions. Most program coordinators are students themselves.

The most difficult part of volunteering at Columbia is not actually finding a program, but choosing one. How did I pick one? I knew I had a tight schedule. I also knew that I wanted to work with children. I spoke with the various student coordinators and then relied on a gut feeling. It helps to know what you’re looking for.

Going to the CI open house, talking with friends already involved with programs or checking out the website with an open mind are all ways of figuring out if Columbia offers a program you’d like to volunteer with. If you’ve searched and still can’t find a program through CI that matches your expectations, don’t despair. Start one!
CURIO COLUMBIANA

Last year, after a request published in the March Blue and White by columnist Blue J., the College revived two senior year traditions: the Class Poem and Class Prophecy. The 2000 Poem, delivered to spectacular applause at the Senior Class Dinner by Bob Hay C'00, is reproduced here.

THESES ON COLUMBIA
1. This is a story about Columbia.
2. Columbia takes place in a city, but you couldn’t fit it all in one room.
3. Columbia has bricks and tiles and trees and phones and teaching assistants.
4. Columbia has several thousand people, many of whom have torsos.
5. Some of these are bigger than others.
6. There’s a lot of shouting at Columbia.
7. There’s a lot of coffee at Columbia.
8. There’s whiskey at Columbia, but not enough to maintain a well-balanced diet.
9. There are men and women at Columbia, usually.
10. Everyone comes to Columbia with a sense of intellectual passion or an eagerness to experience the best four years of their lives but they get used to it.
11. There are old people and young people at Columbia, but when one speaks of Columbia one speaks only of young people.
12. Everything at Columbia is clumpy.
13. Columbia is very well-trained in fire safety and elevatoretiquette.
14. Columbia has more than four thousand genitals between its legs.
15. Some people say that when it’s sunny Columbia takes off its shirt and shows its clumpy bits to the grass and tries to copulate.
16. But don’t listen to them.
17. It’s just a rumor.
18. Columbia would love to come out for a drink but it has a lot of work due Monday but you should give it a call next Thursday.
19. Columbia likes to drink on Thursday except when it likes to do math or speak in tongues.
20. When Columbia sins, it sins in the following order: Sloth, Pride, Envy, Greed, Gluttony, Anger, Lust.
21. There are people at Columbia who spend all their time trying to deduce the necessary and sufficient conditions for the existence or nonexistence of certain metaphysical concepts and there are people who like to watch porn.
22. These two lists overlap.
23. See if you can guess where.
24. Columbia is fond of the comma.
25. Columbia still likes to watch Shakespeare.
27. Columbia tells you about Rosalind Krauss’s theory of photography and the indexical signifier.
28. Columbia tells you there is no wholly objective truth.
29. Columbia tells you sexual harassment is wrong.
30. Columbia tells you eskimos have 200 words for snow but it won’t tell you what they are.
31. There are seven people named Sven at Columbia, but that will change.
32. Columbia has a lot of condoms.
33. Just in case.
34. Columbia doesn’t like to walk to and from 105th Street at 3 AM but sometimes it has to.
35. If you stacked all of Columbia end to end, you’d be in trouble.
36. Columbia has the digital network in the palm of its hands.
37. Columbia doesn’t want to talk about it.
38. Barnard is not the same thing as Columbia.
39. Columbia can be a college or a university or a district or a nation.
40. So it depends which one you’re talking about.

Bob Hay C'00
CAMPUS GOSSIP

The Secrets of Photography 101: According to a third-hand report, a young man in Katie Holmes’ photography class describes her as “the best-smelling girl I’ve ever met.” Miss Holmes was also sighted stiffing an impertinent employee of the Morningside Heights Starbucks. (As the discourse comes down to us, it went, “You’re on TV, I know you. What’s your name? / Katie. / What’s your last name? / Holmes. / You’re not Katie Holmes!” at which point the aforementioned Holmes walks out, poor testosterone-crazed barristo in the lurch.) In capitalism as in golf, The Blue and White is for strict rules. You order it, you pay for it, even if the employees move slowly or fail to genuflect.

Email forwarding service for Columbia alumni began over the summer. The Blue and White editors were delighted to hear that we’ll keep the same email addresses after we graduate. To register for the service or to find out more, visit http://www.columbia.edu/cu/alumni/forward/.

Did you notice that when you do a “lookup” at the $ Cunix prompt, for example “lookup kh492,” you get the Lerner Hall mail address but no longer the campus address? ACIS assistant director Walter Bourne explains that Student Affairs decided to classify student’s campus addressed for privacy and security reasons. This strikes us as almost Barnardesque paranoia. Note that Cunix is accessible only to the Columbia community. Administrators are protecting Columbians from their fellows, and eliminating a very convenient service meanwhile. One wonders whether any students were consulted in this decision.


Badinage with E. M. Forster, slanders against faith, the discovery of poignancy over lunch, and some puns that wouldn’t work for a few decades yet:

September 24, 1938] Yesterday, the Godesberg talks broke down, because Hitler wouldn’t give a satisfactory answer to Chamberlain’s demand that he should promise to withhold from violence during the talks. Later, we heard that the Czechs had mobilized. Fisch said, on the telephone, ‘War is inevitable. London will be bombed within two or three days.’ I went to bed and took a sleeping tablet. What a tonic for me it was, having lunch with E. M. today! He says he’s afraid of going mad—of suddenly turning and running away from people in the street. But, actually, he’s the last person who’d ever go mad; he’s far saner than anyone else I know. And immensely, superhumanly strong. He’s strong because he doesn’t try to be a stiff-lipped stoic, like the rest of us; and so he’ll never crack. He’s absolutely flexible. He lives by love, not by will.

That last statement smells unpleasantly of the Christian jargon. But E. M., of course, has no religion. If he did, he wouldn’t be E. M. I must admit, he doesn’t seem to loathe it as I do; in fact, when he talks about it, he’s very moderate.
and open-minded. But, all the same, he’s one more living proof that nobody who is really great can have any truck with that filth.

While we were eating, the manager of the restaurant came over to tell us he’d just heard on the wireless that Hitler has allowed six days for the evacuation of the Sudeten areas. ‘Six days!’ I exclaimed. ‘Why, that’s marvellous!’ At once, I felt idiotically gay. ... To celebrate our reprieve, I ordered champagne, just for the pleasure of being extravagant, and we both got rather drunk. E. M. became very gay and made silly jokes. His silliness is beautiful, because it expresses love, and is the reverse side of his passionate minding about things. ... We need E. M.’s silliness more than ever, now. It gives courage.

“UNFORGIVEN”: LIBRARY NOTES
From: Bingo theblueandwhite@columbia.edu
Date: Thu, 22 Jun 2000 10:43:55
To: Butler Circulation circulation@columbia.edu
Subject: Fines

Dear Butler Circulation,

A question about fines. According to LibraryWeb, “If your library fines and fees exceed $70.00, a hold will be placed against the issuance of your University transcript and diploma.” Does this mean you can graduate and leave with anything less that $70 forgiven?

Thanks,

Bingo

From: Trevor A. Dawes dawes@columbia.edu
Date: Fri, 19 May 2000 14:46:37
To: Bingo theblueandwhite@columbia.edu
CC: circulation@columbia.edu
Subject: Re: Fines

Dear Mr. Bingo,

It is true that a hold will not be placed on your diploma or transcript if your balance is below $70. You will still be held responsible for the charges however. They will not be forgiven.

Trevor Dawes, Head, Circulation & Support Services Columbia University Libraries

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12pm - 11pm Sun

Admit it. You LOVE making copies.
Online book shoppers have recently noted a new addition to the canon. Amazon.com's "If you like" feature, which suggests five ostensibly similar authors to any selected author, suggests that readers of Shakespeare, Melville, Twain, Hawthorne, Poe, Emerson, and even David Hume might also enjoy . . . J. K. Rowling, the author of the soon-to-be-taught-in-Lit-Hum Harry Potter quartet. In all fairness, we should mention that Mark Twain's "If you like" list also includes Jimmy Buffet, the much-revered composer of "Margaritaville."

Another Amazon.com feature, "Purchase circles," lets users see what is selling uniquely well in particular locales or institutions. Confirming our worst fears, at the beginning of the summer seven of the top ten books at Columbia were about business, finance and economics. Now it's down to six. Oh, and No. One on the list? A psychotherapy book.

**Columbia University Purchase Circles List**

1. **Listening to Patients: Relearning the Art of Healing in Psychotherapy** by Richard G. Druss
2. **Empowerment: The Politics of Alternative Development** by John Friedmann
3. **Emigration from Europe, 1815-1930** (New Studies in Economic and Social History) by Dudley Baines
4. **Planning a Tragedy: The Americanization of the War in Vietnam** by Larry Berman
6. **Security Analysis** by Sidney Cottle, et al
7. **From Third World to World Class: The Future of Emerging Markets in the Global Economy** by Peter Marber
8. **The Economics of Trust: Liberating Profits and Restoring Corporate Vitality** by John O. Whitney
9. **Concepts And Case Analysis In The Law Of Contracts, Third Edition** by Marvin A. Chirelstein
10. **The Anaesthetics of Architecture** by Neil Leach

Apparently, the honored sir admits almost exclusively beautiful brunettes to his classes, and is given to stopping in the middle of a thought to make such observations as, "That's a fetching hat you've got on." On occasion, when no one stimulates the motion sensors for too long, the lights go out, at which point Professor Bloom is said to grow disoriented and spontaneously switch lecture topics.

*The Blue and White* commends Professor Bloom in his continued commitment to undergraduate education and Ambrosia-fed brunettes.

**New Faculty:** Lila Abu-Lughod joined the Anthropology Department. Prof. Abu-Lughod, who previously taught at NYU, is a highly respected scholar of gender, poetry and politics in Egypt and the Muslim world.

The Department of Germanic Languages appointed Jeremy Dauber as Assistant Professor. A Rhodes Scholar of Yiddish literature, Dauber has also cowritten a screenplay and adapted the Scholem Aleichem novel *Yossele Solevey* for the opera.

To them and to other new faculty, Welcome!

Pronto Pizza, fined by New York City health authorities last year reportedly for putting rat-eaten pineapples on Hawaiian-style pizzas, has finally shut its doors. For Columbians new to the Morningside pizza scene, the Campus Gossip editor recommends Sal & Carmine's of Broadway at 100th Street. The service ranges from offensive to merely condescending, but the cheese is utterly superlative.

Tell them we sent you.

*Taped to the wall near the northern entrance to the 3rd floor Lerner computer lab:*

**Absolutely No Food Of Drink Allowed In The Lab—ACIS**

*Appended below:*

*Except products by Frito-Lay and Coca-Cola.*

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*Murmur out of Connecticut:*

Our Yale correspondent sends rumors that Harold Bloom is growing delightfully eccentric.