In Lumine tuo...
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On the Cover:
“In Lumine tuo...” by Paul Heyer.

Typographical Note
The text of The Blue and White is set in Bodoni Old Face, which was revived by Günter Gerhard Lange based on original designs by Giambattista Bodoni of Parma (active 1765–1813). The display faces are Weiss and Cantoria.
sometimes it’s easy to write introductions to issues of The Blue and White. This isn’t one of those times. The country, and New York in particular, have been on edge since September 11 about the propriety of humor and mirth in a time of danger and loss. Some on the staff have expressed concern that levity in the face of such destruction is utterly inappropriate. Others have felt it a necessary component in our lives if they are to continue in healthy and social ways.

In the end, we reached a consensus that to stifle either our joy or our sadness in light of September’s events would be to forget our mandate to serve as a locus in print for community at Columbia. And no one here during the last few weeks could venture to say that devotion to Alma Mater is at anything like a low-ebb.

And so the B&W comes to you as ever; she has come to you: full of bright and newy items about campus life since 1893.

In the following pages, you’ll find the usual round of Campus Gossip and Blue J’s plaintive tones; Verily’s waxing eloquent on verities eternal; Living Legacies and Class Prophecies. Digitalia Columbiana returns in what promises to be a new and well-loved standard. And a special section is devoted to reactions of staffmembers to the WTC disaster.

The amount of dedication and concern shown by members of our student body and faculty in the past month and more turns our thoughts rather readily to a song from the same 1890s when our first pages rolled off the press:

Glory, glory for Columbia!
Glory, glory for Columbia!
Glory, glory for Columbia!
This is Columbia’s day!

After singing this lustily to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, please turn the page and prepare for delights unknown. ☞
At graduation last year, Columbia honored a few new members of the community—the honorary degree recipients—among whom I was pleasantly surprised to see Max Roach, a drummer, composer, and activist who has cut out a wide swath for himself in his 65-or-so years in public life. The recognition of Roach’s achievements is part of a long-standing project of treating jazz music as a valid subject for academic study, and its musicians as organic intellectuals, rather than simply dismissing jazz as long-forgotten pop music. Here at Columbia, the charge is valiantly led by Professor Robert O’Meally, who recently founded the Center for Jazz Studies. So far, the efforts of people like O’Meally (and the committee members who chose Roach for the degree) have paid off in an increased scholarly awareness of jazz, which has in turn led to a new sort of respect for artists like Roach, who started playing jazz when it was still a dirty word in some circles. However, more than just a scholarly respect is due to Roach and his compatriots; it is important that we give our fellow Columbian the respect he has earned as an artist, an activist, and a man dedicated to touching the souls of others.

The last time I saw Max Roach live, he was tearing up the stage (at age 72) with the Donald Byrd Dance Group, alongside Vernon Reid of Living Colour. At the end of the show, Reid, himself no slouch, and the proud wearer of more musical personae than Imelda Marcos had shoes, took one look at Roach and dropped to the floor and started bowing ferociously. It was wild. The whole audience was cheering for Reid, because it was his curtain call, but all he would do was crouch there, on his knees, with a big twelve-year-old-boy grin on his mug, and pay obeisance to Roach, his personal deity descended from on high. That’s what kind of a man we’re talking about.

And Reid had good reason. Max Roach has been for his entire 65-year career, a major force of innovation in modern music. He first came on the scene in the early 1940s as one of the young upstarts of that viciously modern art form known as bebop. Early on, Roach was in the thick of it, working with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, as well as a young and sometimes-faltering Miles Davis. His own offerings to the medium are in abundant evidence on record, most particularly those made with Charlie Parker’s quintet of 1945, with Miles Davis on trumpet. For every blisteringly fast and devastatingly convoluted riff that Charlie Parker tosses off, Max Roach is there to pick it up and hold it steady. His snare-drum interjections, sometimes gentle but oftentimes fierce, insist on the vital importance of the subject at hand. According to Miles Davis, it was Roach who kept the band together when Parker took off in his flights of solitary genius—one of the few who could steer the ship straight while under the spell of Parker’s siren wail. The occasional drum break tells of an artist able to navigate the metrical complexity of Parker’s particular brand of bebop while still asserting the musicality of it all.

The next decade found Roach, no longer a sideman, leading one of the most cleanly perfect small ensembles in the history of jazz, with trumpeter Clifford Brown. What we hear on the recordings of the Brown-Roach quintet is somehow both utterly precise and transparent while at the same time being staggeringly passionate. I think of the sort of structural perfection of Mies van der Rohe’s architecture, with the all-out screaming glory of Allen Ginsberg’s poetry. And it swings, too. Whatever that means. Needless to say, there is our friend Professor Roach in the back of it all, pushing the ensemble places so bright and brilliant that it seems a shame to talk about them with words. Laurie Anderson said that writing about music is like dancing about architecture. That said, go take a listen to the stuff yourself—it’s worth it.

The Blue and White
His work with Charlie Parker and Clifford Brown would be enough to land Roach in the jazz pantheon forever. Unfortunately, it seems to have done just that. At a show in Philadelphia a few years ago, I found myself in the strange position of being backstage after a Roach concert (here’s a hint: befriend the bass player). There he was, calm and smiling, surrounded by a ravenous pack of aging white liberals all anxious to have him sign their original LPs that they had saved from the ’50s. And that was it. Somehow, Roach’s entire output from the ’60s to the ’90s slipped under the radar entirely, leaving him not a constant force in creative music, but a relic from a past age, when bebop was popular (mildly) and being a white jazz fan was cool (sort of).

It’s this oversight that’s the real shame, because although Roach’s standing as drummer no. 1 may have slipped a bit in the intervening years, his creativity has not. In 1960, half a decade after the polished Brown-Roach quintet, he recorded a raw, militant, and absolutely beautiful album entitled *We Insist! Max’s Roach’s Freedom Now Suite*. With a picture of a lunch-counter sit-in on the cover, and pieces with titles like “Tears for Johannesburg,” Roach signaled that his music would not just move, but it would move the people. One piece on the album, “Protest” features Roach’s then-wife Abbey Lincoln screaming her head off while he lets loose with a torrent of cymbals, drum rolls, and bass hits. Another, “Driva’ Man,” depicts the pain of oppression with a 5/4 meter—a harsh drum-stroke on the fifth beat of every measure to signify the nine-tailed whip of the slave-driver. And there is no question about what any of it means.

The ’70s found Roach in a no less of an adventurous mood. In the last years of that decade, he recorded duets with some of the most progressive jazz musicians of the day: Cecil Taylor, Anthony Braxton (now Professor of Music at Wesleyan), Archie Shepp, and Abdullah Ibrahim. For an aging bebopper who could afford to rest on his laurels (and probably would have made more money had he done so), this might seem an odd choice. Luckily for us, Roach cared little for the marketplace, and instead dove into free jazz headfirst, lending his prestige to musicians whose work still seemed challenging to the dwindling mainstream jazz market. On a recording with key-smashing avant-garde pianist Cecil Taylor (made live at Columbia!), there are moments when Roach sounds like he is the one pushing the duo toward the edge. I will say nothing about his album of duets with Anthony Braxton other than that when I was seventeen I decided I wanted that recording played at my funeral, and I have not since changed my mind.

There is more, of course. Roach had a number of groups in the ’70s, ’80s, and ’90s. He has led percussion ensembles, string quartets, and more traditional jazz ensembles, as well as working with hiphop artists like Fab Five Freddy. He recorded an album of duets with Dizzy Gillespie in 1989, and he still often performs solo, sometimes eschewing the drum kit and performing just on a high-hat. An album from 1991, *To the Max!*, collects his various ensembles and projects together for one concert. What is so impressive about the event is not that he has his fingers in so many pies, but that the music is so consistently imaginative. Although some of it, in my opinion, flounders about, I cannot fail to respect him for eschewing the easy route and instead ince- santly pushing the envelope of possibility. Columbia’s decision to award Roach an honorary degree should be a source of pride to all of us—and an exhortation to follow his lead. So go now, check out those recordings from the music library, and see if they don’t tell you something you didn’t know before.®

Illustrated by Miecha Byruck

November 2001
URH Service Desk
Our Doors are Open to You!

- Key Loans & Replacement
- Handtruck & Bin Rental
- FlexAccount Deposits
- Fax Services
- Quarter Rolls & Stamps
- Columbia Card URH Access

Open 24 Hours
BLUE J.
As if morning breath wasn't bad enough

Well, Blue J is back from a brief vacation at her beloved summer dovecote and ready to take her place among the rest of the city pigeons. The summer was lovely, of course: testing the new Riverside birdbaths, a flight over the East River to go peck around the lighthouse on Roosevelt Island, and even catching Chekhov’s great avian-themed Seagull in Central Park. All in all, a good break, although she was a little disconcerted to read in the Times recently that the borough with the greatest number of actual Blue Jays is Staten Island. Well, maybe one of these days she’ll hop on one of the big orange ferries and visit her brethren. But on to more pressing matters.

Blue J is a sociable bird. She loves having visitors over to her nest, and, full of memories of middle school slumber parties, she often invites friends to sleep over. And, of course, sometimes she wants to snuggle with a certain robin whose plumage she has been admiring. Yet, as anyone who has hosted a night guest is well aware, Columbia standard-issue beds are very uncomfortable for two feathered friends. It seems that extra-long means extra-narrow. If one party rolls even slightly, they wind up on top of their unfortunate bedmate. Moreover, last year Blue J was perched in the glorious Wien Hall, where the bedframes were lofted in order to give slightly more space to the teensy single. One false move and Blue J or her guest would fall out of bed and plummet several feet to the ground. Add to that the fact that urh regularly cranks up the heat unnecessarily, as well as the epic battle over who has more covers, and it all makes for a cramped, uneasy night. (B.J. recognizes that this seems to be only a problem for people in singles. To which she points out that there are many, many people living in doubles, an ex-roommate of hers included, who feel no compunction about having their paramours sleep over, thus effectively turning a double into a triple. So be forewarned.)

What is to be done? Now, technically, urh does offer the option of renting a mattress from 125 Wallach, for a $10 fee. But the true Columbian shrugs off such niceties, as aptly demonstrated by this year’s student-written incoming First Year Survival Guide, (available at www.columbia.edu/cu/orientation). And I quote: “If you have a visitor in your room, you may rent a mattress to make your night guest more comfortable.” (RRRRRIIIIIICGGCHHHHTTTT). So that choice seems unlikely.

A little bird whispered in Blue J’s ear that she should try sleeping head-to-toe with her guest. But the idea of someone’s feet in her face does not appeal, no matter how much warmth she may feel for them personally. On the other hand, this Vogel recently hosted about 4 boy-birds overnight in his Broadway single, so perhaps he knows something she doesn’t.

Luckily, the entrepreneurial spirit blooms eternal, and this publication’s head rooster has informed Mlle. J that he plans on making his fortune selling bed extensions to beleaguered undergrads in search of a good night’s sleep. Failing the appearance of Columbia Bed Extensions, Inc., Blue J proposes a protest on Low Steps—a sleep-in—to lobby for bigger beds. Finally, a cause we can all agree on. ☩
Advice to Freshmen
by Anand Venkatesan

Every year since the 1896 move to the Morningside Campus, it has been customary at Columbia for a delegation from the outgoing class to offer advice to the freshmen—to be published "in a suitable campus publication, one that is both bright and newsworthy." The Blue and White is proud to include the senior advice in this issue, and wishes the best to the Class of 2005.

- Remember making piñatas in your high school Spanish class? Then you'll understand this well-known fact: language classes are easy!
- If you need to fulfill your language requirement, consider Sanskrit. Or, if the class is full (as it surely will be), consider Chinese. After all, if a billion people can speak it, it can't be that hard...
- ...and the young man asked Confucius one question: "What is the secret to college success?" Confucius laughed. "During your freshman year," he grunted, "make sure your girlfriend does not reside in the room directly across from you."
- The class of 2005 is the most selective class in Columbia history. That makes you smarter than students from previous classes. Don't worry if upperclassmen argue with you when you tell them this - they are simply jealous.
- You can't argue with numbers!
- There is nothing like a cuss word to let people know you mean business. Be sure to employ vulgarities liberally in your essays; if used correctly, they will add *je ne sais quoi*, and provide a nice rhetorical flourish.
- Joining a club is an excellent way to meet your fellow students.
- Without 'U', there would be no University - the Administration is here to help you! If you have questions about Lit Hum, be sure to stop by President Rupp's office. Dean Quigley is especially helpful for your Physics for Poets problems (he also makes a mean guacamole!)
- As a general rule, the older a given thing, the better it is.
- The best thing about college is that you can reinvent yourself. Instead of telling people that you were the Undersecretary of your chess team, reinvent yourself! Tell them that you were the Class President.
- Mistakes made in college are not actually mistakes (remember, reinventing yourself takes time). They are "youthful indiscretions". Enjoy!
- Flatulence is still funny.
- Columbia is expensive! And when you spend a lot of money, you should expect the best. If things aren't to your liking, feel free to speak up. For example: "You'd think the dining hall could afford bigger cups for $37,000 a year!" or "I don't pay $37,000 a year for it to be raining outside!"
- Knowledge doesn't come cheap (see above). Don't talk about school assignments, lectures, or books while in public places such as the subway. Other people might pick up scraps of wisdom without paying for them. The next thing you know, everybody will want to learn for free, and then where would we be? Nowhere, my friend.
- Go forth and multiply, and stuff. Trust me, it's in the Bible.
- Philosophy is a great major for the intellectually curious - especially if you look good in a beret and turtleneck, and enjoy using "meta" and "über" as prefixes.
- Otherwise, major in Economics.
- It is advisable to feign indifference when *U.S. News & World Report* comes out with its annual list of college rankings. If you must discuss them, for God's sake, at least try arching a supercilious eyebrow, to indicate your disdain.
- Everybody's always talking about the "entrernet." Find out what this is.
- There are exactly thirteen secret societies on campus...try to find and join as many as possible. People who claim not to have heard of these societies probably belong to one, and just don't want to let you to join.
- Confucius was a wise, wise man.
- Lastly, and most important of all...you are now a Columbian, and an Ivy Leaguer. Remind people as often as possible.

The Blue and White
The following passages were found on various computers in campus labs. We laughed. Maybe you will too.

"Really?" the publisher said, with a mixture of curiosity and envy. "Then is it possible you've met Stumpy?"

It seems to be a bit like dreaming since the materials repressed in our unconscious are more readily available for scrutiny, but it is not like sleeping in that we can communicate with other people and be influenced by their "suggestions." How can the brain be unconscious and conscious at the same time? I actually got quite interested in being hypnotized myself.

How can I forget the power of that mirror? I sat in front of it, as a little Rodin's Le Penseur, sunk in his desperate thought. Observing my puzzled face, my mother asked me what was wrong. With my eyes still fixed on the mirror, I responded, "I do not know who I am." I was four years old, and my mother smiled and then said authoritatively "You are an Ecuadorian."

Although I was definitely charmed and humored by the cartoons played in class, I could not help wondering, "What exactly is so 'jazz-shaped' about Betty Boop?"

Diving into this collection of Cabrera Infante's essays and articles, without some knowledge of Cuban history, is like forging into the ocean-with only a classroom knowledge of swimming. That is, it's exciting, a bit dangerous, but really, what better way to learn? In 1992, twenty-seven years after leaving Cuba, the author received news that his home in London had been broken into without a single item being stolen.

"Nymph, in thy orifices be all my sins remembered," Hesh said. "Where's that from?" He looked archly over. When Razif said something condescending about adolescent jokes, Hesh replied with a petulant toss of the head. "I was simply trying to be charming. Speaking of which," he went on, "Can I give you a blowjob?"

"Are you mad?"

"In the bathroom. No one'll notice. And I am so good." His tongue licked the air slowly.

Death, after all, is the one transition that all mortals must make; death, in fact, often takes on the character of an ultimate transition.
Screw re-incarnation: I needed to see Stumpy alive one last time.

This type of record player has several weaknesses, the most important of which being the high probability for something to go wrong when turning it on. For example, after several uses the opera singer might overcome her fear of mice and therefore not be inclined to scream at the pitch necessary to break the wine glass. Also, mild weather might make it difficult to get the kite in the air in the first place. There are other such potential moments of failure. Another weakness is that the speed at which the record spins is directly dependent on the speed at which the dog is chasing the stuffed bunny. If the dog is feeling particularly motivated, Barry White may end up sounding like Alvin and the Chipmunks.

But what I do remember is the first time I remembered seeing her before, the first time I recognized her, like the first time I heard an Otis Redding song and recognized it as such, recognized it, like all great songs by great songwriters, as a portrait of the artist himself. For Otis, I thought that was the oily, cracked brown of his skin—cracked like a fine, antique leather chair; his black hair, like the black, kinky rug on the floor in my dad’s office; his voice, smooth as sugar, strong as smoke.

I can make a remark on my life as the time with fashion. Since I’ve strongly believed that I am composed of the burning passion on fashion, sensibility for clothes and constant endeavor on my area. In other words, they have made the present my life and they will determine the time to come to me.

Razif didn’t know where to look. In spite of arduous practice, first begun in Singapore, his provincial past occasionally got in the way of sophisticated repartee. But shyness has always been overcome by kindness:
“How about the one in the red dress?”

And where’s your lovely wife? Oh dear, we’ll just have to find you a new one for tonight.

While the idea that voidness can be compared to the long lost mother of a child helps elucidate some of the complexities associated with truly understanding the concept of voidness, I’m not certain that I understand the author’s intentions in extending this analogy to other members of the family.

I hold my pen tight for dear life!
For the mutation of sanity!
Dear normality,
Goodbye.

While acknowledging that I have never read anything by Herman Melville, I feel that I would enjoy this class and be able to contribute to it in a meaningful way. Of the little I do know about Melville’s stories, what interests me are the complicated questions of ethics that his characters face. (Of course, Professor Delbanco, since I’ve not read a single word by Melville, I realize that my preconceptions about his works could be horribly inaccurate. In that case, you might do well to let me into seminar at least to disabuse me of these beliefs before I graduate with a flawed Columbia English degree. . . . Or maybe not.)

In Shakespeare’s Hamlet, (or, at least, in the Folio version of Shakespeare’s Hamlet) Hamlet, speaking of Laertes, says to Horatio, “by the image of my cause I see/ The portraiture of his.” (V.i. 77-78) On the surface, Hamlet’s meaning seems obvious: both youths have taken up the cause of avenging their fathers’ deaths. Yet these lines in fact reflect a larger attitude on Hamlet’s part towards Laertes, one in which Hamlet sees Laertes as a rival to be imitated.

Can you imagine this... the end of spring semester is two weeks away and you have no summer plans, and you really need a job. Well, that was me.

Francisco Goya est espagnole. Goya habite à Fuendetodos. Fuendetodos est loin de Madrid. C’est un petit garçon.
To the Editor...

Dear Editor,

I was just doing a web search and I read your commentary on the Young Marines being “Pro-Bush” supporters [James Hudspeth, “On the Ground in Washington,” March 2001]. I was the Commanding Officer with that group of kids. We were just visiting DC to see the Parade. We were in uniform so that we wouldn’t lose the kids in the crowd (cammies are easy to spot). We weren’t making a political statement, that is just what the kids wear. I personally voted for Gore and come from a largely democratic area. I think we kind of just fell into the area where all of the demonstrators were. We surely weren’t there to protest, we just wanted to teach the kids about our country and its traditions. They really enjoyed learning about our right to free speech.

Sincerely,

Marlene Clemente, Vienna Young Marines

Dear Marlene,

On behalf of The Blue and White, thank you for your interest in our magazine. We apologize sincerely for the mix up. I have passed your comment on to the author of that article, one Mr. James C. Hudspeth. I hope that you will forgive our error. Given that so many of those in Washington wore their ideologies on their sleeves, literally, I can see how Mr. Hudspeth confused a functional need to wear camouflage with a political statement. I do find it mildly amusing, though, that the Young Marines were outfitted in camouflage because it is “easy to spot.” I am sure that Guirand de Scevola, the French telephonist who originally developed camouflage during the Great War to replace the red kepi and pantaloons of the Second Empire, would be rolling over in his grave could he hear your unkind comment. You might be interested to know that M. de Scevola got the idea from the cubist artists of Paris, who, according to de Scevola, “because of their special vision, had an aptitude for denaturing any kind of form whatsoever.” The cubist artists, led by a young Picasso, were, of course, lefties all. Perhaps had our dear friend Mr. Hudspeth been aware of this irony, he would have been a bit more cautious in his assessment of the views of the Vienna Young Marines. Again, I thank you for bringing this to our attention, and I apologize for our lamentable error. Please give my best to the vym; I hope that our faux pas will not prevent them from becoming loyal readers of The Blue and White.

Yours,

Daniel Immerwahr, Managing Editor

Dear Editor,

“Easy to spot”, oh dear, I didn’t even realize the irony until you brought it to my attention. That is funny. Actually, we usually wear red t-shirts, but it was just too cold! I really do think that the most memorable part of the trip for the kids was the protest.

Thank you for the education on camouflage :) Unfortuantely, because of what we wear, we are also confused with those boot camp programs that “fix” troubled teens. That isn’t what we are all about. Here is a website for more information: http://pages.prodigy.net/marsk9/

Thank you for your comments. I look forward to reading The Blue and White.

Semper Fi,

Marlene Clemente

Semper Fi, Marlene. Semper Fi indeed. –Ed.
Measure for Measure

ECOLOGUE

1st Shepherd
That's a swell crane.

2nd Shepherd
I named it Hart Crane.
See, it's painted there
on the side with flying
fortress spent-shell levity
& the bridge anthropo-
morphized heartily (note
the chopped stogie) hey,
air superiority! Don't
spy my emeralds thataway

1st Shepherd
We already agreed, remember?
You get emeralds while I
get oldtime pamphlets
on tipping and hygiene.
Oh hat check girl, my
friend has emeralds under
his burgundy fez but
my grey fedora rhymes
(in an upercut-to-the-
girl's-jaw-in-jest-aesthetic)
with hey I adore ya!!

2nd Shepherd
What's that crude triangle
engulfing boundless blue?
Birdshit grey on blue!
Parallel lines are necking!

1st Shepherd
You stepped on some
schematic diagrams!
Dumbstrike yourself
with topiary gardens–
Topaz! is not in the
B A R G A I N

BEDFELLOWS

All night long you dreamed of soldiers, the clangor
of bruising battalions raising guns to tensed shoulders.
Your thick arms like cannons lunged back in space
while your body tugged against the peril of the opposition
and your skin became enemy terrain, untamed and foreign.

Imagine my alarm, sleepy peacemaker beside you,
to find atom-bombs in my bedtime Elysium,
two pin-pulled grenades nestled under the pillows,
shrapnel in the sheets. And then, the explosion:
while you slumbered like a mountain range in August.

To people inhabiting war zones, silence
must surely indicate a deception of sorts,
it being the real benchmark of disaster. So your stillness,
following the blast like a hurricane's eyeball,
left cities broken, devastation under the covers,
the gray ghost of your midnight reverie
ringed purple and rotting like a lesion
under the flesh of that rude annihilation.
But these hushed intervals are always
the bedfellows of emergency.

Hours after the ceasefire, your body stirred sideways,
one mean hip thrust into the innocence of air
as a solitary reminder of the war's ravage.
I learned to mistrust your blue-drab apparitions,
the tacit assurances of your sigmoid spine.
Knees drawn against you, lips taut, I cocked my head
to listen for footfalls, the dull drumroll of armies.

—Lara Weibgen

—Michael Paulson

—The Blue and White
BLUES

let's go down to the pelican theater, yeah
let's go down to the pelican theater, yeah
   i heard they got an escalator
   no type of wooden stair

we won't have to move our feet, no ma'am
my you have some fascinating feet, yes ma'am
   how'd you like a top-notch
   air conditioner?

you won't drink none of my whiskey or my wine
not even one drop of my whiskey or my wine
   the paint is peeling
   how about a beer

   they got a show
   in from Ontario
   niagara falls
   in a pushup bra
   painted nails
   french pianola
   madam i
   awready tole ya

you won't go down to the pelican theater ma'am?
not this particular evening or futuristically speaking, ma'am?
   i hope you get some
   birdshit in your hair

-Michael Paulson
Edward MacDowell

By Jack Beeson

In the year of Lorenzo Da Ponte’s death, 1838, Lowell Mason, noted hymnodist and publisher of hymns, introduced music into American public schools in Boston. Almost immediately, music worked itself up the academic ladder, appearing first in the curricula of midwestern and women’s colleges, and then in graduate schools. Joining in the trend, Yale appointed a German, Gustave Stoeckel, instructor of vocal music in 1855 and promoted him to professor in 1890. Harvard named John Knowles Paine instructor in 1862 and professor in 1875, but not without opposition: it was said that the establishment of music led the eminent historian Francis Parkman to cry out, parodying Cato the Elder, at each meeting of the Harvard Corporation, “musica delenda est!” (“music must be destroyed”), and to vote against funding it. Both Stoeckel and Paine were composers, but it is probable that their fame as performers was more persuasive to their appointers than their compositions.

Columbia’s President, Seth Low, was not to be outdone by Yale and Harvard. Spurred on by a promised gift of $150,000 (nearly three million in today’s dollars) for instruction in music, he sought advice from the Episcopal bishop and John Burgess, professor of Political Science and Law. They quickly agreed that composition and the philosophy and history of music should be the subject matter of the new department, not the technical training more suitable to conservatories—that choice would not preclude a glee club, perhaps a student orchestra, and token instrumental study. (This dichotomy between what was thought to be proper to a university on the one hand and professional study—applied music—on the other has bedeviled the study of music ever since, except in those universities that have added schools of music or have formed alliances with conservatories.)

Having seemingly so simply settled the matter of what should be taught, the committee incongruously asked two pianists, William Mason (son of Lowell) and Ignace Jan Paderewski, who should lead the department. They recommended MacDowell, who had been composing and performing in Boston for eight years, making his living chiefly as a piano teacher. Their recommendation was strengthened by a recent New York concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, during which MacDowell played his First Concerto and at which his Indian Suite was premiered. The concert had been rapturously received by the press and public. Two days after the Morningside campus site was dedicated on May 2, 1896, MacDowell was appointed professor of music and the Department of Music was created, shortly thereafter empowered to offer undergraduate and graduate instruction. The news was received by the musical public and the University with enthusiasm, for MacDowell was thought to be the preeminent American composer and pianist.

A brief curriculum vitae outlines how MacDowell arrived at his preeminence. Born in New York to prosperous Scotch-Irish parents, he studied the piano from the age of eight. He progressed so rapidly that at the age of sixteen his mother removed him from school and took him to Paris for advanced study. Perhaps because of a misunderstanding about the age limit for entrance to the conservatory, at about this time his birth date was changed from 1860 to 1861 [Crikeys! The Little League would have his head! – Bingo]. A memorial plaque at Columbia has the later date cast in bronze; the correct date was established 110 years later. (Draft-age men have discovered since how difficult it can be to reestablish a birth date.)

In Paris he began to compose and studied piano and theory assiduously. He had sketched for years, and a surreptitious caricature of one of his teachers so impressed the subject that he was offered three years of instruction in painting by an eminent École des Beaux-Arts faculty member. (MacDowell was later often to
design the covers of his published works.) After a period of teenage indecision, inhibited by his weak spoken French and dissatisfaction with some of the instruction (shared by his classmate Debussy), McDowell left for Germany, the goal of almost every young composer of the time.

Settled down alone in Frankfort, MacDowell quickly made a strong impression as pianist and composer on the much sought-after Joachim Raff, who arranged for him to play his music for Franz Liszt. Liszt was so impressed by the young man’s first piano concerto that he accepted its dedication and arranged for MacDowell’s first publications. With such support, his music soon became widely known in Europe and was often performed in the U.S.

Columbia should establish a School of the Arts, to include music, painting, and sculpture—and Low added architecture. (A building to house these, and theater arts, was promised in 1954 and not built. Columbia’s School of the Arts, with theater arts but not architecture, came into existence in 1965.) They agreed that Columbia should also establish a school of music or affiliate with one. (The College formed an attachment to the Juilliard School in 1989.)

Had MacDowell been any better acquainted with the universities of his time, he would not so wholly have committed his boundless energy, imagination, and teaching abilities to such ambitious plans. He had, indeed, accepted the appointment with qualms: he

by the virtuosa Teresa Carreño. Edward Grieg, with whom and with whose music MacDowell had much in common, was later pleased to become the dedicatee of two piano sonatas. After this European sojourn, MacDowell and his wife (at 24 he had married one of his American students) left for Boston in 1888, where they were to remain for the eight years before he left for Columbia.

The correspondence between President Low and the new professor, before as well as after his appointment, is fascinating. MacDowell, in his middle thirties, was both ignorant of and unencumbered by university ways. He outlined courses for undergraduate and graduate study intended for music specialists. He also designed courses for the general liberal arts student and argued for similar courses in the fine arts: “Our doctors, lawyers, literary and scientific men know but little of the arts except what comes to them through...social intercourse.” (Courses in music and fine arts became part of the Core Curriculum half a century later.) He and Low agreed that

suspected, correctly, that his performing and composing career would be relegated to summers, spent on the large farm his wife had just purchased in Peterboro, New Hampshire. He could willingly give up the concert career: though he enjoyed performing his own works, he suffered from stage fright and disliked playing conventional recitals and concerti. He had earlier given up performing for composing, which he considered his reason for existing.

During his eight years at Columbia, he wrote (mostly in the first four years) two excellent piano sonatas and short piano pieces, some songs to his own texts, as well as numerous choruses for the Glee Club and commencement fanfares. Clearly there was not the time necessary to conceive and carry out any more substantial orchestral works.

It must be conceded that MacDowell, the good citizen, took the time peripherally to “center the arts” elsewhere, in Jacques Barzun’s phrase of 1954. As befitted his reputation, he was the first composer nominated for membership in the National Institute of Arts

In anticipation of the Columbia’s quarter millennium 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 continue to appear in these pages over the next two years. This piece may be found online at: www.columbia.edu/cu/alumni/magazine/legacies/index.html
and Letters (1898) and then was instrumental in organizing the interrelated American Academy of Arts and Letters. He justified his efforts on behalf of the fledgling American Academy in Rome: “For years it has been my dream that the arts of painting, sculpture, and music should come into such contact that each and all should gain from their mutual companionship....”

Unfortunately, MacDowell had but four post-Columbia years to live, some of them clouded by mental illness. We cannot know what other important mature works he might have written at the height of his powers between the ages of 36 and 44 had he not accepted the professorship. Was it a “total mistake” as one of his early biographers wrote?

Having devised the curriculum, MacDowell proceeded for more than two years to teach all the classes. He was then given an assistant, and the faculty was later modestly increased as the curriculum enlarged and students flocked to his classes. Among them were Upton Sinclair and John Erskine, who wrote at length in reminiscences about the enduring impression their teacher had made as a person and musician.

It is painful to recount even briefly the dramatic falling out that took place in MacDowell’s eighth and final year (1903-4). After President Low resigned to run for mayor of New York City, Nicholas Murray Butler was appointed. He had his own ideas about education in the arts, and when MacDowell returned from a sabbatical he found his music offerings—and those of fine arts—intermingled with the courses listed in the bulletin of Teachers College. Butler was unresponsive to his strong objections to this and other matters. MacDowell agreed to a frank “off-the-record” interview with Spectator reporters: within a few days six newspapers entered the fray. Both MacDowell and Butler published letters in The New York Times and elsewhere. MacDowell resigned. The Trustees, appalled, accepted his letter of resignation (as of June 30, 1904) with a rebuke for his offenses against propriety.

During this unpleasantness, MacDowell sometimes seemed to lack his usual vivacity and resilience. Then, over the next two years, he lost his robust health, and, finally, his mind. The death certificate stated “Paresis (Dementia Paralytica).” Had his physician dared to indicate that he died from what was very likely tertiary syphilis, Columbia would have been spared the often-repeated accusation that it had been largely responsible for MacDowell’s “depression,” “nervous exhaustion,” “brain fever,” and death.

To aid MacDowell and his wife financially during his illness and to promote his music, at least three organizations were formed. The MacDowell Fund in New York included among its 400 members all the financial and artistic leaders of the city, among them Seth Low. MacDowell Clubs were established in 66 cities, and contributions were received from England and the Continent. Even in his late moments of lucidity MacDowell often spoke of centering the arts on the New Hampshire farm. With the aid of the accumulating funds, the Edward MacDowell Association was formed to administer the property as the MacDowell Colony, a haven for the undisturbed work of composers, writers, painters, and sculptors. Months before his death there were two colonists in residence. Since then residencies have been enjoyed by more than 4,500 individuals—an enduring legacy of a farsighted man.
September 11
Staff of *The Blue and White* reflect on their experiences.
A personal letter to friends and loved ones

Dear all,

Thank you all so much for your prayers. I just got in from a very long day that started with class at eight, and probably won’t end for a long while after I’ve wound down.

I first heard about the disaster this morning, right after class. There were lots of people in St Paul’s, but no one leading prayers, so I read the Litany from the Book of Common Prayer until one o’clock or so, and then headed downtown to check on an elderly friend from the Church of the Resurrection. From there I went to as close as I could get to the wrf, and my being in cassock on account of just coming from chapel allowed me to actually do something to help behind the barricade. A policeman picked me out of the crowd, saying “Hey buddy, I was a Catholic seminarian once. I know what I want you to do.”

I’m not going to attempt to use the English language to describe what I saw, but I will tell you that I worked at two temporary morgues, and then ended up, from about 5 pm to 1 this morning, as the only person doing Christian chaplaincy work at a large hospital on the East Side. It turned out that a Jewish seminarian and I were in charge of the pastoral work for the entire er! The bulk of the work we did was with distraught people in search of family members, but there were injuries and the normal round of human mishaps. The injured folks who came to the er were generally people who’d been near the wrf, or who were injured subsequently when they tried to get too close to “have a look.”

According to doctors in the er, most of the really serious injuries are expected later on this morning and during Wednesday, as excavation of rubble begins. At last count, some 300 firefighters were unaccounted for, and I think it’ll be a very long time before we begin to understand the magnitude of what happened this morning. I for one don’t know that I’ve begun to process that it even happened. I saw the collapse of the third building, too, but there again, there’s a surreal quality about the experience. And the city itself was astonishingly surreal (no other word for it) while the worst of things were happening downtown. My trip through Central Park on my way down, for instance, was quiet, bucolic, full of couples necking and babies playing; people walking their dogs and on their daily jogs.

Downtown, in the midst of the shock and horror, there were unexpected blessings: the inexplicably refreshing breezes that flowed through the streets on an otherwise sultry and distressingly hot day when I was walking between places to work; the cool cups of water at places like Grace Church provided for people fleeing the carnage or going to work in it; the unbelievable speed with which I was able to move on foot through the city over dozens of blocks and avenues; most of all, the privilege of doing something for Christ, and smiling through the sweat and smoke, and really meaning it like I haven’t for a long time.

But to be honest, I can’t tell you the number of times I was an inch away from bursting into tears in the er, or running outside to yell at a wall. Maybe I’ll do that tomorrow. It was a trying afternoon and an even more trying evening. A man on the street told me: “It’s a good thing we have you clergy to be calm.” But there wasn’t a calm cell in my body when he said it—all of the cells on the outside of my body, though, became calm on command when he told me that that’s what was expected. I can’t attribute this to anything but God’s grace.

Now that I’m at home, with a glass of water, I think it’s pretty apparent that I wouldn’t have been able to do a thing without your prayers throughout the day.

Of your Christian charity, please pray for the repose of the soul of Barbara, who died this evening. Her husband is devastated, and I think your prayers would do much for him, too. Walitha, who was vacationing from Alabama and “never wants to come to New York again,” has a spinal injury. And a Serbian man living in Brooklyn has severe smoke inhalation complications—I couldn’t get his name, or the names of many of the other people I saw and talked to.

Everywhere, everywhere, though, there was gratitude; there was a delight in the smallest kindnesses; a sincere and a tragic hunger for blessing, for God, for peace, for quiet, for rest.
May God grant them, and us, and me, much of the same, most especially that rest and peace which the world cannot give.

And now it's to that that I turn myself—a bath, Compline, and, if God grants it, sleep.

Yours with love,
Richard Mammano

9/13/01—New York
Upon reading The New York Times
After the tragedy, I have seen many things that have been heartening as well as terrifying. The outpouring of generosity on the part of Columbians, whether through giving blood, offering their homes for people to stay, or using their talents in direct aid to the victims. As many have remarked, we cannot fail to be moved by the outpouring of love on the part of many among us. However, it seems equally apparent that we are seeing, on the other hand, an ossifying of hostility, and this is just as worrisome as New York’s compassion is gratifying. I see, in the press, a loosening of our normal strictures against racist language, as Palestinians and other Arabs are characterized as “shadowy,” “fanatical,” or otherwise unknowable and irrational. I have read multiple editorials in which the author marvels at the intelligence displayed on the part of the perpetrators—that they learned how to fly a plane.

The events of September 11th were horrifying, and we cannot even know the extent of our losses yet. Nevertheless, the antidote to hatred is love, not racism, military aggression, and more death. I am frightened by the prospect of a nation so seduced by the fantasy that Muslims (and specifically, those with brown skin; I have not seen this anti-Islam sentiment leveled against Bosnian Muslims) are so irrational and dangerous that the only real response is eradication. If we are to get through this, if we are to become a world where this kind of action is truly unthinkable, it will have to be through a great love and respect for everyone. And I do not think that this is impossible; every time I hear that our blood banks are overflowing, or that one of ours went down to hospitals to be with the victims and families, I am convinced of the possibility of it.

Daniel Immerwahr

9/13/01—New York
Editorial
For the first time in my life, there’s too much love in New York City. People aching to do good are being turned away everywhere: at blood drives; at the Red Cross Center, flooded with more volunteers than it can put to work; at donation sites oversaturated with offerings; and at the downtown police barricades separating us from the wreckage, prompting people like my friend Ori to ask helplessly, “Why won’t they let me dig?” For most of us unhurt but untrained civilians, there’s nothing to do and nowhere to put our good intentions.

Those who can find something to do are grateful for the opportunity. This afternoon, I felt lucky when an organizer at the triage center at Chelsea Piers grabbed me from a crowd of would-be volunteers and handed me a cardboard sign reading “MEDICINE.” I spent an hour or two waving that sign above my head and gesturing towards an ever-growing pile of first-aid items, donations from people desperate to make a difference. I was struck by the beauty of what was happening: some of these people had spent hundreds of dollars and walked miles to drop off a bag of groceries or bandages, a cell phone, a shopping cart full of ice. I was moved by the seven-year-old boy who stood beside me with a sign that said “room,” and by the people who continued to show up as the hours wore on, hungry to do anything, even if it was just holding up a sign. But after a disaster like Tuesday’s, goodwill can only go so far.

“Between us,” whispered one girl who had been volunteering since morning, “I hear they’ve only found five people today. I don’t know who’s going to use all this stuff.”

Eventually, coordinators had to start refusing donations; there was simply no room for them. I helped to pack up what there was to pack and hauled what I could past a wall of security guards into the Piers, feeling fortunate at least to be carrying something. The lucky feeling didn’t last long.

The warehouse-sized room where I was
directed to bring the donations was a ghost morgue, full of hundreds of empty gurneys and untouched iv stands lined up in neat rows. Garbage bags containing aspirin and antibiotic ointment lay piled in an enormous heap, ready for the patients everyone prayed would be pulled from the rubble. The room, the donations of medical supplies, were a testament to everyone’s hope, but they were an equal testament to the hopelessness of the catastrophe. I found myself wishing that there were people on all those gurneys—hundreds of bleeding, screaming, crying, hurt, even terribly hurt people. It would have meant survivors, at least. As it was, we were collecting supplies for injured people who simply didn’t exist.

At one point early in the afternoon, a coordinator asked me to tell the crowd that the hospitals were out of body bags and donations would be much appreciated. By the day’s end, that seemed to be the only emergency supply anyone really needed.

Lara Weibgen

9/13/01—New York
Editorial

I was, thank G-d, not touched immediately by what in Hebrew could only be described as a Shoah—a complete consumption by fire—an annihilation—something which our minds cannot grasp, and certainly not within a few hours. Having spent the last six months in Jerusalem, frantically calling my friends and parents to let them know I was okay had become second nature to me. So yesterday, my hardened nerves kicked into gear in a similar situation.

For better or worse, our country has shrunk overnight, to the size of Israel. We’re certainly beginning to understand what it means to live in state of siege, when an “open society” simply means “open season” for terrorists, and maybe even beginning to realize what it means to be “united.”

It is hard not to feel guilty going on with my life, reading literature and philosophy while people literally bleed or suffocate to death beneath tons of rubble only miles from my classroom. But that might be the biggest lesson I learned in Israel—life must go on. It is G-d’s way for life to continue, for things to grow again. It is human to mourn, to stop and think, but stopping to the point where life itself stops, where things no longer grow because we don’t tend to them, or where we don’t grow as people because we feel permanently paralyzed by what has happened—this is to challenge the natural order of things.

At the same time, I have in me an acerbic reaction to talk of revenge; my stomach gets sick thinking of the F-16s flying overhead “protecting” Manhattan—I just want the killing, all killing everywhere, to end. Some want to come together as a nation, to defend our freedoms and our way of life, to strike fast and furiously at the guilty—but I ask, to what end? Fifty years ago we unleashed nuclear energy on other humans whose nation had attacked ours—at the time, it seemed an “appropriate” response. It is evident that such morality has taken us nowhere.

What blew up downtown was a modern Tower of Babel—not evil, not deserving of destruction (and certainly not the deaths of innocents), but nonetheless, a potent symbol of power and even arrogance. What toppled that Tower were the machinations of others trying to build their own Babel, a handful of inhumans playing a game of one-upmanship. They did it; they toppled our Tower and demystified for us our own security. Our way of life will never be the same. Now more than ever, it seems we don’t speak the same language, we are all “scattered across the face of the Earth” with no means of understanding one another.

It might seem inappropriate to philosophize in such moments; perhaps action or silence are better responses. On the contrary, all we can do now is think, and continue to think—it’s what makes us human, and enough thought allows wisdom to prevail. We must also continue to laugh and play, to love and learn, and to count our blessings and rejoice in our good fortunes when we have them. If we don’t allow ourselves to see what is beautiful in the world, what is truly good, then we will forget how. And then, I’m afraid, there will be nothing left for which to be thankful.

B’Shalom (In Peace),
Ariel Meyerstein

THE BLUE AND WHITE
At Two Swords' Length

Dear Editor,

In your previous issue, Daniel Immerwahr ("Understanding Lerner Hall") penned a critique of Columbia's student center. While much of his criticism was well founded, I felt the piece overlooked many positive features on its way to maligning an already overly-maligned structure. I take most issue with his treatment of the ramps, which in the article, like the campus at large, get branded as uncomfortable, awkward, and even unfeeling.

Lerner Hall's ramps, certainly visually striking, serve a far greater purpose than merely "looking cool." They are, in fact, the heart of the building's social program. Tschumi understands that a student center must do more than simply house activities. It must itself be a point of destination and social interaction. In any university, the potential for student isolation is a serious problem. Particularly at an urban university like Columbia, where students are drawn off campus by the city, an interactive student center is necessary to help foster interaction among students and deepen the campus community.

This is where Lerner's ramps come in. Instead of creating an "unfeeling" structure, Tschumi works hard to develop a circulation system that maximizes the opportunity for chance encounters between students. It has been complained that the ramps take people on a frustratingly long trek to get their mail. Housing mailboxes, however, is not the primary objective of the space; rather, it's an excuse to draw students into the building so that they may interact. The openness of the space enables students to recognize any fellow travelers on other levels of the building, and call them out for a conversation.

It is certainly possible to criticize Lerner Hall. Every building has shortcomings, and this one may have more than its share. Still, I can't help but wonder whether Lerner's many critics are responding most of all to its novelty. This would, of course, be unfair and premature. At the very least, we should wait for the building to be completed so that the adjustment period can begin in earnest. I believe that, in time, students will grow fond of the very features of the building they now deride.

Yours,
Christopher Lynch

Dear Christopher,

First, I'd like to agree with your point that we will truly understand the building only after it has been lived in for a few years. Likewise, I am optimistic that Columbians, being the resourceful young Ivy-leaguers that we are, will find ways to adapt to the space so that it truly becomes a student center. This, of course, does not let Dean Tschumi off the hook; his choices are no less important for being subject to reinterpretation by the users of the building.

The ramps are worth bringing up. They were designed to encourage a "contamination of spaces," and thus place a number of different activities—administrative visits, e-mail, and so on—all in close proximity to one another. As both you and Dean Tschumi point out, the lack of straight routes on the ramps extends the occasion for chance encounters.

This is all well and good, and I applaud Tschumi for his creativity, but I object to the way in which this idea was introduced. To achieve this effect, he shuttles students along routes so circuitous as to border on being physically uncomfortable. An area like Central Park is designed to offer New Yorkers precisely this chance to wander, and it has been quite successful. But, just as you might not want your office building in the middle of the Ramble, I wish my mailbox were somewhere other than on Tschumi's ramps. Although the intention may have been to encourage interaction among students, the effect has been that I visit my mailbox once a week, if that.

This is a problem. It may be less of one to students ten years from now, but at present it's an objectionable part of the building. I have already seen a good deal of student creativity in response to the built form of Lerner, and I hope to see a good deal more. Nevertheless, it is crucial for the students, even as they overcome many of the difficulties with the building, to talk about them, so that we can build better in the future.

Yours,
Daniel Immerwahr

The Blue and White

November 2001
In light of what has happened, Verily thought very seriously of shutting up this number. This is something Verily has not thought much about for — what day is today? — since this magazine covered the sordid outbreak of the Spanish-American War. "When can I start writing funny?" Tony Kornheiser asked in the Washington Post. "Who's the arbiter of that? Who's going to flip the switch and say: 'It's okay now'?"

Jollity is suspect, laughter coarse, reveling simply bestial. Levity, which is what I trade in, does not come off much better at first blush. Jokes have little place alongside tragedy. Humor does not move men to charity or social action. Molière believed it might be socially purposive. Men can stand to be seen as evil, he observed, but they cannot bear to be made ridiculous. But Charlie Chaplin’s *The Great Dictator* (1940) did not do much to take the sting off World War II. All that has been close to mocked out of existence in recent times is the Hare Krishnas.

Yet life, no matter how bleak, insists on laughter now and then. The funny moments help us to invent our perseverance. A huge pothead friend of mine gave blood the other day. Whoever gets that transfusion, I reflected, is in for a fun time. I had a bad dream in which I was transferring to Stanford, far from this tumult. "No," I felt the urge to cry out, "Stanford doesn't have the grade inflation I've come to rely on at Columbia!" Then I woke up and felt better: Columbia's grade inflation isn't half what Stanford's is. With mortality so much closer than before, I wonder if a cell phone really is worth $30 a month. Right now that money supports my book habit. "I hope this paragraph has been superfluous for most readers," W. V. Quine quips in a foreword I just bought. The editor-in-chief of this magazine, who will remain anonymous, has directed me to a website featuring "pictures of wet-looking Jewish religious women." The diversity of human experience endures.

And I had my periodic Sunday brunch at Barney Greengrass this morning. Usual it wasn't: while I was savoring my belly lox, they seated Jerry Seinfeld right next to me. I adjusted my sweater and worried I'd elbow him. I couldn't believe it. My spine tingled when he joked to his wife, "What about the baby? Who forgot the baby?" Without planning or coordination, we both had the chocolate babka.

I ransacked my imagination for ways to strike up a conversation. The German tourist, perhaps: "Ja, Zeinfeld, so eggziting to meet you — Ich bin from Berlin, and I love zee show, what is it called, the show you star in, Zeinfeld — achso ja, Funny Jew Hour, ve love your Jew Hour in Berlin." He's a little heavier, which opens him up for the Don Rickles frontal assault: "Looking good, Seinpaunch, enjoying the babka, how's it going?" Or honest fandom: "I loved your show before I was shaving. It's an honor. That 16 year-old you used to date was a knockout. Pardon me, pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Seinfeld."

10:30 in the morning on 86th and Amsterdam with a hero of my callow days — it could well have been the prelude to the mid-morning of a fawn. It was not, since neither I nor my brunch club dared to speak to Jerry. He paid his tab from what might be the largest wad of bills I've seen, and then he exited. Two pedestrians on the sidewalk outside passed him, stopped, and turned around to watch him go. It was exciting to go to school in New York again.

—Verily Veritas

THE BLUE AND WHITE
RA Training is my Anti-Drug
By Alex Angert

It is tough keeping a kid off the streets. Especially a white, middle-class, college-educated, financially-secure know-it-all. As a wrb-wammm (Wiseass Running Buck Wild in A Major Metropolitan Area), I represent a high-risk segment of the population. We are a tough breed, hooked on obscure coffeeshops, art galleries and ice skating in Central Park. We start out light, with the Metropolitan, perhaps, or the first floor of the MoMA, but soon enough we find ourselves poring over Proust on the way to the Nuyorican and by then we have become urban urchins in the worst way. Free nights and weekends only accelerate this vicious cycle, until most of us wind up caught in a downward spiral of walking tours and poetry workshops from which there is no escape. Luckily, there is now a way for this young man to get himself off the street, and it’s not the Y-M-C-A.

RA Training goes back many decades, to the time when the first college freshman (a white, Christian male with bad acne and good intentions) locked himself out of his dormitory room while wearing naught but a fluffy monogrammed bath towel. Shamed at having to parade his folly before the jeering townsfolk as he dashed to the neighborhood locksmith, this freshman swore a solemn vow that he would never be locked out/caught in a fire/unaccompanied to breakfast/not taught safe sex/left without a vacuum ever again. He took it upon himself to train the first Residential Advisor, who completed training with flying colors and summarily kicked the freshman out of housing for underage whistle-wetting.

Today, Columbia’s RA Training program continues to carry this proud legacy, taking its finest upperclassmen off the hard-knock streets of Morningside Heights and confining them to quarters—sometimes for a week at a time—to do their duty by their Alma Mater. Party-busters. Narc. Tools. RAs bear these names with pride, knowing they are bestowed with love, respect, and sincere admiration. Our responsible goody-two-shoes exteriors belie the awesome fortitude with which we stand ready to fight homesickness, depression and broken rolls phones at every turn. Our lives, once empty save for the occasional book fair or jazz festival, now brim with so many policy details and emergency numbers that it makes one giddy just thinking what bounteous fortune has touched our brow. Today’s Columbia RAs embody superintendents, guidance counselors and interior decorators all rolled into one jumpy-mellow mess. There is no problem it is beneath us to address, no contraceptive it is beneath us to supply.

We have our training to thank for it all. Ten days of intensive in-your-face molding, filled with workshop after edifying workshop, have added skill to our genuine but heretofore misdirected ardor. The same hooligans who would once spend an entire Sunday strolling listlessly through Central Park now hold the reins of power that are so many master keys and expense vouchers. We have inherited the duty to lead, the duty to guide, the duty to snicker knowingly when first-years first approach the tenacious Lion’s Court and mutter numbly, “My God, what...is...that...thing?” Our lives are, unquestionably, for the better.

The fickle world leads us along so many winding roads and abandons us at so many perilous forks. RA Training offers practically the only haven, the only island, the only oasis in this wasteland of bad choices and bad chances. Spared the grueling gauntlet of the housing lottery, exempt from the rabid rush
that is Move-In Day, and provided with three free meals each and every week, Residential Advisors definitely feel the love. And our gratefulness knows no bounds. After all, what we do precludes our competition for pointless internships, takes us out of the daily grind, and saves us from the dullery of poorly-read would-be coworkers. Even a parent could not do so much for his child.

As for the business end of the RA T-shirt, we learn to expect the best and anticipate the worst. Advisors and community-builders at heart, we are not fond of the disciplinary scene. It is not in our blood. It is not who we are. As one-time first-years ourselves, we hope to do for our residents merely what our RAs once did for us—namely, keep them well-informed, social and safe. We too were once young, reckless and excited about running loose in the big city. We too were once on the rocky road to perdition. Yet, now that we have scaled Lucifer and have ourselves emerged into the starry night, we have grown to understand that one cannot really enjoy being a young adult in New York without having a home base, a comfort zone, a ready answer to fall back on in difficult times. So here we are, all high and mighty, laying the law and keeping the peace.

Rudyard Kipling once said that power without responsibility is "the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages." But Columbia RAs have only one thing in common with harlots—we both receive free housing for our services. In all other respects, we are but devoted underlings of Res Life with little reason to chuckle madly into the moonless night. Hired to teach and care rather than conquer and pillage, we remain happy enough to wake in our creaky beds every morning and to know that we made it through yet another CAVA-free night.
A Prophecy in C Minor,  
by Seth Morris ’01

Good evening. Tonight I come before you in the role of class prophet. As most of you know, the vast majority of my time here at Columbia has been filled with activities dedicated strictly to those of soothsayers.

When I came to Columbia, there were three organizations to which I planned to devote my energy, and they were, as we all know by now, in no particular order:

Campus Soothsayers and Seers
The University Prognosticators
And, of course, Columbia College Student Clairvoyants, ccsc

For these reasons, I found it particularly appropriate to be addressing you as your class prophet.

But really, what do we expect from our class prophet? I’ve heard some of the talk around campus, and I know some of you out there are going to be expecting all the obvious things – Divinely inspired revelations, extraordinary spiritual and moral insight, and, the more common function of prophets in recent years, foretelling of future events.

But I don’t really plan to talk about those things at all. As a matter of fact, I am going to devote all my time up here tonight to talk about plate tectonics and marbles.

You know, the great thing about writing a speech as a prophesier is that when writing it you already know where you’re going to get laughs. Pause now as audience laughs (no laughs). Hey, it’s not an exact science.

A lot of people think that being a prophet is a one-person job, and in most cases it is. But in order to see the fate of the entire class tonight, I’m going to need a little cooperation.

To get started, I want everyone to take the left hand of the person to the right of them. In a few minutes, a number of you will notice that this also means someone will be taking your right hand. Do not be alarmed; this is completely normal.

I should say this now: If at any time you feel uncomfortable and do not wish to participate, please get out of your chair and lay on the floor.

Now that we all have each other’s hands, please turn to the person directly across the table from you and look them straight in the eyes. We will now have a 10-minute staring contest—first one to blink loses.

No no. What I want you to do is look long and hard. It doesn’t matter if it’s your best friend or someone you met in line at 212, or half and half, you must keep your gaze.

What you see in that person is what I see when I look at our future. Freckles and an off-centered nose.

The time ahead of us is not going to be easy. I remember when I was in high school I was speaking to the father of a friend of mine. It was right after I decided to come to Columbia, and I was talking to him about decision-making. He’s a successful surgeon with a big house in Beverly Hills, a Mercedes, a Porsche, and a happy marriage.

As we stood on his front lawn, I said to him, “You know, I can’t wait until I can just stop making decisions, where to go to college, where to get an internship, what to major in,” and I might add to that list where to live learn and work right after college. I said “it must be
nice to just have everything in place and not worry about big life changing decisions that seem to come up every year or so at my age.”

He looked at me with pity.

And he said, “Seth, it doesn’t get easier. Each year I make decisions that affect my life. Where to open my practice, where to get clients, whether to get advanced training for a new procedure, how to pay for two kids in college. You are going to be making big, life changing decisions every year for the rest of your life.”

After I picked myself off the floor and washed off my pants, I took some time to think about what he’d said. And having just experienced the last couple months with a general idea of what’s going to be happening in the upcoming year, I think it’s going to be hard. Really hard.

Lucky for us, we’re used to having it hard and staying busy. I really have to say, the group of people in this room are the busiest people around. We’re always doing—and usually whining—about something or complaining about another. It’s really incredible actually, and I’ve grown to love it as a part of the Columbia culture.

Build a new student center and it’s “Lerner Hall? Not so into it” Ferris Booth Commons? “Yeah, food’s fresh, but I can never find anything I want.” Van Am Jams? “Free burgers, eh? No lettuce and tomato?”

Then one person starts the rumor that they’re going to take Taco Bell away and we line up with sickles and shovels and threaten to tear Wien down in protest. It’s great.

I don’t see anything about this changing over the next few years. I see the setting change. And I see the complaining turning to action when we’re not around people who complain as much as we do.

We’re going to make the worst bosses. We’re going to have a secretary come up to us from Harvard or something and say like, “I went to Kinko’s, but they said they couldn’t have the blow ups ’til tomorrow.” We take one look and say, “did you speak to the manager? Cuz if you didn’t, then you should, and you should remind them of their policy as stated above the cashiers left shoulder ‘one hour or less for all enlargements’. If that doesn’t work, tell them to give you the number of three Kinko’s in the area that can do it and get the manager’s name and his boss’s name and then draft a letter of complaint.” The secretary will look back with fear as we stare past her at a picture on the wall of the red tape campaign of 2000 and whisper to ourselves, “I’ll show them red tape.”

I’m not really worried about us; I’m worried about everyone else. They’re in for a ride, and we’re going to give it to them.

I’m not one to use other people’s quotes to express myself, so instead I’ll just end by saying this:

“Success usually comes to those who are too busy to be looking for it.”

—Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

Good night.
Go Ask Alison!

because sometimes even the heroes of the Western literary
tradition need advice about love, sex, health and stress-management

Dear Alison,
Okay, so I've been with this guy Achilles for
a few months, and we've been in a campaign
together for a while, and I thought things
between us were perfect. But all of the sudden
he's thinking maybe he's straight, and that he
might come out of the closet. I know he's been
having a lot of sex with this girl Briseis, but I
didn't think he was serious. How should I deal
with this? Is it me? I feel like every Achaean I
go for ends up being straight. They're all real-
ly strong-greaved, but at the end of the day
they always end up being on the other side.
Confused,
Patroklos

Dear Patroklos,
First of all, we need to be clear about value
judgments here. There's nothing wrong with
being straight. We all know the barbarians
have practiced heterosexuality for decades, if
not centuries. And even among the Achaeans, I
think you have to admit it's on the rise. Times
change, and people do too!

It's definitely not you. Studies show that
partners of men who end up with women like
Briseis later on are actually remembered very
fondly by their former lovers, even after the
change. Perhaps it's something Achilles sees in
Briseis that's attractive because it reminds him
of you, and not that he thought you weren't
enough, or not good enough.

But if you really care about Achilles you'll be
careful about his feelings, Patroklos. He's
probably conflicted right now too. Coming out
can be very difficult, and Alison! offers a free
guide about it to lovers on both sides of the
Aegean. Pick it up in our Wellness Office in
John Jay Hall—it's in hexameter!
Watching from the Walls,
Alison!

Dear Alison,
My fingers are cold and painful as I write; so
is my bed. My husband Alexei is unloving in
the extreme. He ignores my impassioned pleas
for attention and consideration. I feel like I'm
in the middle of an epic novel of raw passion,
emotional and sexual betrayal, a look at mixed-
up people with mixed-up lives. I'm really in
love with Count Vronsky, and should have
never married Alexei—but what am I to do
now? There's no way out!

Longing for the warmth of a
samovar or a sailor,
Anna

Dear warmth-wanting Anna,
Not every family is happy! And not all
families are alike! Are there arrangements that
can be made to accommodate everyone's wish-
es in this situation? Most husbands turn cold
when their wives take a liking to sailors, or
other members of the nobility. If you want to
make a life-style change and a divorce isn't
possible, there's always self-imposed exile in the East. It's
really not as bad as people say, and there are even times when
the grand expanses of the
Russian landscape urge our
souls on to thoughts of the
highest quality. Best of all,
samovars are cheaper
there. Either way, look
into a trip to Vladivostok
on "holiday" before you
make any choices you
regret.

Gotta love those
uniforms!
Alison!

Illustrated by Miecha Byruck
CAMPUS GOSSIP

Monarcho-fascist sentimentalist Austrian Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg’s memoirs, Austrian Requiem, has the following passage on page 158:

“The Austrian interests had been for many years very ably represented in London by our Minister Plenipotentiary, Baron Georg von Frankenstein.”

In the staff copy, an astute ironist has written in the margin, in blue ink, “NO?” This strikes us as just right. “NO!” would be a little too hysterical, “No? would be too effete, “NO!!?” too common. “NO?” is ideal.

According to a midsummer New York Times Book Review, there were enough Communists during the 1930s at the American Museum of Natural History to warrant a newsletter. Its name: The Red Fossil. The Blue and White commends the use of colors in periodical titles as especially delightful, but claims superiority over the erstwhile rag by virtue of sheer quantity in hue-based mastheadings.

Wisdom from our tour guides: “This is the East Asian Library, where they have the East Asian books. It’s the largest East Asian Library outside of East Asia. They started it in World War II when they decided the best way to beat the Chinese was to learn about them. And even though they have changed their attitude a little since then, it’s still the biggest East Asian library.”

Glad to know our tour guides have such a good understanding of just what happened during World War II. Oof.

FROM THE URH IS MALE AND LONELY DEPT.: The sample mailing addresses listed in the Returning Student Check-In Guide, e-mailed to students over the summer, reveal some surprises. Chrome pistol-toting Tomb Raider star Lara Croft, 1234 Lerner Hall, attends Columbia. Brainy interstellar Final Fantasy heroine Aki Ross, McIntosh Box 2345, attends Barnard. Expect the fan mail to start pouring in from seas.

A Haiku cycle
William Theodore de Bary, the John Mitchell Mason Professor Emeritus of the University and Provost Emeritus has invited you to tea with him, in order to discuss your grades

–Bin-ge

Q: How can you tell an extroverted engineer?
A: He looks at other people’s shoes.

Shakespeare Professor David Kastan, sharing strategies for warding off potential suitors for his teenage daughter, Juliet:

“They call in these deep voices—thirty-year old voices—and say, ‘May I speak to Juliet?’ And I say, ‘NO!’ They then ask, ‘When can I speak to her?’ And I say, ‘In twenty years!’ Sometimes I think that if I just killed one of them, the word would get around...”

THE BLUE AND WHITE
HALL, John Jay, PhD. Physicist and fisherman on May 23, 2001 from severe bacterial infection at Maimonides Hospital following successful coronary bypass. His death is mourned by his life partner Vivian Britt, his children John MacGregor Hall, Maura Delfour Hall and Benjamin Britt Hall, his family and all who knew and loved him. Memorials may be made to the ACLU, Friends of Princeton Track, Columbia University Graduate School of Arts & Sciences, The Lawrenceville School or the charity of your choice.

—The New York Times, May 25

ALSO FROM THE KASTAN DEPARTMENT: Prof. Kastan, entering the room: What do they call that area in front of Low Steps? [class quiets down, becomes silent]
Kastan: I mean, it’s not green, so they can’t call it ‘the green’, like at other schools. Do they call it ‘the gray’?
A student: It’s ‘the steps’.
Kastan: No, the area in front of the steps. Does that have a name? Why don’t we have a contest, to come up with a name for that place.
Another student: Low Plaza?
Kastan: No, that’s not good enough. You’re going to have to work on that.

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF JOHNNY REB: The Blue and White was surprised to hear from an alert reader that not only does the Daughters of the Confederacy have a New York division, but also that the president is listed as Mrs. Corinne C. Hoch. Mrs. Hoch, the associate director of client resources of ais, is better known on campus as “Rolma, the rolm-phone lady.” Press one for the South to rise again.

The Blue and White commends Columbia’s erstwhile alternative publication, The Fed, for their inventiveness on Club Day. While last year they raffled off a date with the staff of The Fed, this year they went one better, and held a lottery for ownership of a Barnard girl. Trolling among the tables, they asked one young wag if he would like to enter the lottery. When he responded that, as a member of Columbia Men Against Violence, he should be opposed to being presented with a Barnard girl as his property, a quick-thinking wit on The Fed pointed out that he could set her free. “I dunno,” our protagonist responded, “don’t they die in the wild?”

In response to the debate over graduate student unionization, a new organization has arisen to lead the proletariat to victory. The Fayerweather Liberation Army, rallying behind the cry, “Join the Revolution: it’s like a party in your mouth!” calls for the socialization of Tom’s Coffee Shop in the basement of Fayerweather, the purgation of architecture students from said area, and the abolition of the Brebner reading room, as well as other demands that will advance the cause of the revolution. We are reminded of Marx’s comment that history repeats itself once as tragedy and again as farce.

The Blue and White was delighted to learn that a member of the Student Services staff bears the same name as ’50s screen siren and Sinatra trophy wife Ava Gardner, star of such films as “Mogambo” and “The Barefoot Contessa.” Lamentably, Jennifer Lopez cc’02, could not be reached for comment.
MEMO TO WIEN RESIDENTS:
“A fire started in the grass in the back of President Rupp’s yard yesterday. It was from a cigarette thrown out a window in Wien.
It has not rained recently; but regardless, do not throw cigarettes out the window.”

–Ryan Miday, Residence Life Coordinator

Former President Bill Clinton isn’t the only former Washingtonian starting school this fall. While Clinton is lecturing at NYU, his former intern-turned-paramour, Monica Lewinsky, will be heading uptown once a week to take an undergraduate psychology class at Columbia (where Al Gore taught a journalism course in the spring). “I want to see what it feels like to be back in school again, but it is uncertain where this will lead,” Lewinsky told us through her rep. Lewinsky has a bachelor of science in psychology from Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. Before shooting to fame, Lewinsky had dreams of earning a Ph.D. in Psychology.

“There [in London] I usually felt badly and would hardly have lived through it, if I had not quite often been refreshed by the kisses of beautiful girls. There, as well as in America, it is the pleasant custom always to kiss a lady on the first visit. It pleased me quite well in the beginning... however the pleasure of kissing a beautiful girl, is desperately hard-earned through the mortification of kissing worn out, toothless, bleary-eyed, old women.”


Antonio: Carman is the most-requested freshman dorm.
Kaivon: Really?
Antonio: Really.
Kaivon: Why?
Antonio: Because freshmen are dumb!

The Blue and White salutes NSOP 2001 for presenting “Sex, Lies and Videotape” at orientation this year. This marks, we believe, the first university-sponsored production to use the term “hand job.” To the Class of 2005, we say, “Go get ’em, tiger!”

To meet the ongoing challenge of choosing students for his seminar, Political Science Professor Richard Betts (B.A., Harvard, 1969; M.A., 1971; Ph.D., 1975) has issued a missive describing his own procedure for selecting students for his “U.S. National Security Policy” course, described by Prof. Betts as “hard but fun.” After outlining in abundant detail where students are to apply, what they are to read (“a hefty assignment”), and so forth, he speculates on his response to anyone who earns a place in the seminar but drops without informing the good professor: “I will do anything legitimately in my power to make your life miserable.” Such elegant brinksmanship brings a smile to our faces, and we only hope that, should Pres. Bush succeed in reviving the Cold War, Prof. Betts will find an open seat on the foreign policy administration.

After engaging his troops for the “European Catastrophe” this semester, Columbia’s own Prof. Jay Winter beat a strategic retreat to New Haven, leaving the seasoned but German Prof. Volker Berghahn to take up the battle. Prof. Berghahn will now have to deal with both world wars, a major revolution in Russia, the Holocaust, Mussolini’s march on Rome, Stalin’s crimes against humanity, and a nasty bout of Spanish Influenza. The Blue and White wishes Prof. Berghahn the best of luck in these trying times, and only wishes that our flat feet did not prevent us from being there with him.

Mascot.com: it’s dead!

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THE BLUE AND WHITE