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On the Cover:
“Out the Window” by Clare H. Ridley.

Typographical Note
The text of The Blue and White is set in Bodoni Old Face, which was revived by Günter Gerhard Lange based on original designs by Giambattista Bodoni of Parma (active 1765–1813). The display faces are Weiss and Cantoria.
Despite those cheery words from a familiar Columbia text, today isn’t a time in which very many of us want to rest. Still less are dorm rooms always the places of our great content. We want to get away; time and space confine. And with Spring Break just around the corner, we want to go elsewhere, far away from wherever the present happens to find us.

Some of us simply lament our situations; but the more intrepid among us finely hone the “grass is always greener” syndrome into the art of Escape. We travel. We write. We sing. We pray and read. We drink. We transcend our surroundings by entering into other worlds, figurative, spiritual, material, artistic. And in so doing we transfigure our own World on Broadway and Amsterdam.

Inside our pages this month you’ll find a few escapes: in a poem on day-dreaming; reflections on alcohol, video games, and parks; and in visits to Spain and to St. Paul’s Chapel. Verily takes us to Prague and Ocean City, Maryland. Pontius Palate revisits the Cuisine of Escape—in both “comfort food” and matzah.

This issue comes to your mailbox as the first from a new editorial staff. That staff wishes to thank the former Editor-in-Chief and Publisher, Matthew Rascoff and C. Alexander London, for a year of fine magazines and revelry. They remain with us as senior editors to share their wisdom and camaraderie. We also welcome a few guest writers and new contributors sure to delight your mental palate.

This comes to you, too, with thanks for your faithful readership in the past (if you’re an old friend) and the hope that you’ll continue to enjoy the B&W.

Open the hatch!

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

Email: theblueandwhite@columbia.edu
The Newly-Discovered
Journals of Robert Pilligan

wherein are to be found
An account of his Botanical Expedition
with DR. ALEXANDER CHERRYTREE of Columbia University;
AND VALUABLE DETAILS CONCERNING THE
Most Strange Behavior of the Native Peoples of the Unexplored Regions of CANADA,
being of interest both to Students of Botany and to the Public at Large.

In 1934, acclaimed Columbia botanist Alexander Cherrytree launched an expedition to remote, desolate Canada. His purpose: to study strange new flora. Professor Cherrytree was accompanied only by his bright young TA, Robert “Sweet Pea” Pilligan. Following are excerpts from the recently discovered journals of Mr. Pilligan.

May 13, 1934
Excellent progress today. While cataloguing various varieties of *Agastache foeniculum* along the base of hill 47B, I stumbled upon a curious specimen that I now believe to be a new subspecies of *Nautilocalyx bullatus*. The specimen differed from the standard bullatus in two crucial ways—(a) its seed-casing was slightly more oblong; and (b) some quinquefoliate leaf patterns. Clearly, I need not elaborate upon the varied and significant ramifications of this finding.

Sweet merciful Christ, I need a drink.

May 17, 1934
A wise man once told me, “Go out and catalogue something, you know, way the fuck out there. Don’t come back till tomorrow. And clean those ears, mister. You’re a botanist.” That was this morning. And my wise man was the Prof.

Oh, to be tenured and drunk. The fat bastard has spent the last three days in that fancy tent of his, sweating, listening to a phonograph recording of his famous lecture on “Bryum pseudotriquetrum: Greta Garbo of Mosses.” And with no electricity for miles on end, I had to power that damned contraption by running on a little wheel. I fell down twice. And my health plan only covers “digestion by Venus or other flytrap.”

Anyway, I had to get moving. I packed up my gear, and at the last minute, visited the Prof in his tent. The beast was sleeping peacefully. When I tried to pry the decanter from his hands, his eyelids started to flutter. He forced me into Plan B. “Professor!” I shouted. “Bathing virgins! Three of them! Quick! 365 yards north-northeast of camp!” With dexterity belied by his rotundity and his soaked white pants, he was off. Though the entire region was devoid of human life, I didn’t have to worry about retribution for the ruse—he’d soon enough forget why he had left his chair, and wander elliptically back to the tent. I scooped up the decanter and started walking.

I awoke with my feet in a vigorous little brook. The decanter was gone. Empty, I presumed, for the strength of the drink had not left me. My pillow was a thorny bush, which lacerated my neck. In order to identify my assailant, I sat up slowly. And I cried.

The closest a male botanist can come to the miracle of childbirth is the discovery of a new species. And here were these berries, foreign to my understanding of leaf and stalk, branch and bramble. I saw them with the mixed emotions of a new mother: adoration, gratitude, heart-crushing love, and above all, wonderment at the awesome singularity of the child.

Does a mother research her newborn babe? Is the first kiss an empirical study? I should hope not. And so, I tasted—did not diagram, but tasted. It was sweet.
It is difficult to imagine what a sight I was, disheveled, inebriated, smeared with the juice of heretofore unknown berries, crouched in primitive praise of the earth. But before I could tear my clothes off and forsake civilization permanently, I heard a brisk rustling. I looked up, suddenly surrounded by human beings, in this uninhabited land.

There were perhaps a dozen of them, wrapped with strange, billowy clothes colored with unspeakable dyes of the forest—alien, and yet somehow sophisticated. They spoke a barbaric language, which, after some recollection of my undergraduate years, I realized to be French. They conversed freely, with great amazement. From what I gathered of the discussion, they believed me to be some sort of psychopath. After prolonged bickering, a tall, slim fellow, whom I ascertained to be the leader, decided that I should be taken back, and cared for. Back to what, I wondered. I fell unconscious yet again, between the cognac and the shock.

When I came to, I was in a comfortable bed. The slim man hovered over me. He explained that he had taken me in as his own responsibility, and that if I displayed any more psychotic tendencies, I would be imprisoned. He neglected to mention just where I was, and he asked me no questions. Ours is a tolerant society, he said, and we will wait until you are feeling better to interview you. Until then, he said, I could stay with him, coming and going as I pleased. A fetching young creature, his daughter, I presumed, brought me some strange variety of pancake, which contained, to my delight, the mysterious new berry. Breakfast was silent. After I had eaten, the slim man left the house, taking his daughter with him.

In their absence, I walked about the place, intent on familiarizing myself with this inexplicable environment. Or to put it more crudely, intent on finding the liquor cabinet. What else does one do, coming to consciousness in a foreign, well-appointed, three-bedroom hut?

But alas, the hut was dry, like a flat desert rock. Without a glassful to nerve me up, I hesitated to leave. Who knows what could happen out there? I could find myself in an awkward social situation, or realize that one of my numerous ex-girlfriends has beaten me to the discovery of this civilization. I waited for the slim man to return. We dined in silence.

And now I must retire for the evening.

May 18, 1934

When I awoke today, the slim man was nowhere in sight. Despite my fear of the outside world, I dreaded to face another day alone, with no radio to keep me company. I supposed it was time to figure out just where the hell I was. Burning with curiosity, I opened the front door.

I found myself in a small civilization, the size of, let's say, Utica. The buildings were fairly small, and strangely rounded. I walked all morning, along various thoroughfares, looking at various shops, running across various people, all of whom were exceedingly friendly.

Soon the heat of the afternoon came upon me, and I supposed I'd stop in some place and have a beer. I had no money, but shopkeepers had been generous all morning, furnishing me with snacks and trinkets at no charge. The main thoroughfare was crowded, and I asked a dignified old woman to direct me to the nearest tavern. She made a face of misunderstanding. I thought it was my ungracious French, and so I repeated myself more carefully. The woman walked on as if I were babbling like some sort of schizophrenic. I started walking down the street to find a tavern myself, but to no avail. Soon, I broke into a run, eventually reaching the end of the main street. There was only forest in the distance. I entertained the thought of—oh, the thought was too cruel; I shall leave off here.

May 19, 1934

There is no alcohol in this place.

May 21, 1934

The slim man has given me employment at the school. He has built me a house. He has

PILLIGAN continued on page 124
UNIVERSITY RESIDENCE HALLS UPDATE

Room Selection

URH Room Selection is now online. Alleluia!

That’s right, this year you can register for room selection on the URH Website: www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls.

You can sign up any time from February 26 through March 11. After the registration period has ended, you or your group will be assigned a computer-generated random number. This will be your picking number during either group or general room selection. Bona Fortuna!

Group Suite Selection will be held March 28 - April 6 and General Room Section will be held April 16 -24. They will both be in the Carman Lounge.

Important Dates:

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<td>Spring Check-out for Non-Seniors</td>
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Director of Residence Halls
Ross Fraser, 102 Wallach Hall, x42777

Housing Services
125 Wallach Hall, x42775
Rob Lutomski, Assistant Director

Administrative Services
118 Hartley Hall, x44994
Joyce Jackson, Assistant Director

www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls
BLUE J.

Princeton-envy; it's not just about Dining Clubs anymore

Blue J has been looking a little weary as of late. Strapped for cash due to high tuition and saddled with the prospect of extensive loan repayments upon graduation, Blue J tosses and turns in her nest after dark. Will the J have to take the job as a Wall Street vulture, she wonders. And bid farewell to her dream of becoming a prominent avis rights activist for free-range farms? Poor Blue J. Her feathers have lost their lovely sheen and she complains that the Hudson grubs don’t taste as sweet....

For the first time, J is envious of her feathered friends to the south. That’s right, the undergraduate pipers, parrots, and peacocks of Princeton no longer need to fret about Federal Perkins; payment plans once the commencement balloons and streamers are torn down and each diploma safely framed on their parents’ aviary wall. Don Betterton, Princeton’s director of undergraduate financial aid, will be replacing all student loans with scholarships. This will enable most Princeton students to graduate without debt. A staggering 8 billion dollar endowment and an alumni giving rate that more than doubles Columbia’s (as reported in US News and World Report’s 2000 College Rankings) make this incredible benevolence possible.

How are other schools responding? Harvard, Yale, and other affluent institutions are matching Princeton’s generosity with similar offers of their own. Blue J has been wistfully loitering around our own financial aid office in Lerner Hall (after weeks attempting to locate it) in hopes of comparable news, but, as of yet, no plans have been announced, and there seems to be no reason to hold out hope. What is a poor old bird to do?

For Columbia Undergraduates in 1999-2000 academic year, the government provided 1,036 Pell Grants, a sum of $2,207,969. Yet, a total of 2,470 Federal Work-Study grants were awarded amounting to $6,232,000. While Work Study is an excellent program (how else could you get $12 an hour to alternate between making personal phone calls and staring at the wall?), recipients are limited to working 20 hours a week. (And rightly so, otherwise their studies may suffer). However, because of this, an increase in Work-Study Grants would not benefit the students already working as many hours as they can, and it is only logical to assume that these are the students most in need of assistance (unless it is, in deed, the thrill of filing and stapling that compels them to the office each morning).

Raising the Work-Study allotment will merely enable students at the higher end of the capital spectrum to stick their thumbs in the government pie as well. While there is nothing particularly wicked about this, it is far more important to provide assistance to lower-income and middle-income families with scholarship funds than it is to increase Work-Study grants.

Blue J will be watching Princeton’s new program and asking: how will it affect the atmosphere of a school community if the students labor under less financial pressure? How will it affect the economically disadvantaged students if grants allow them the same amount of class preparation time as their wealthier counterparts? How much more generous will alumni feel towards their alma mater?

Students concerned about this matter might be interested in joining a spring trip to Washington D.C. to lobby for increased federal support of student financing. Contact Ellen Smith, Vice-President of Public Affairs, for details. Blue J will be there.
The Indirect Confessions of a Former Mouse Jockey
by Kevin Kim

The late 20th century saw the advent of all sorts of things at once technologically virtuosic and humanly incomprehensible. Napster. Beanie babies. Flat-screen monitors that flash pictures and texts from the world over, thinner and probably more portable than St. Augustine’s crinkly, tear-stained diaries. Nerf footballs and Laser Tag. Or those space-defying Palm Pilots peeking out of the backpocket of every other Columbia Business student’s khaki trousers. Just imagine: it’s the fall of 1773, Alexander Hamilton has just entered King’s College, and you just told him his future Federalist plans wouldn’t fill up one-thousandth of the space on your 10 GB hard drive. Our soon-to-be Founding Father and first Secretary of the Treasury would have probably stabbed you with an unsharpened pencil.

But gadgets are only half of the story. A gadget without a human user is just that: a gadget. At this very moment, at least one person on your floor is sitting semi-conscious at a desk, groggy from last night’s attempt to compile every Radiohead B-side ever recorded. Perhaps no human user on Columbia’s campus is more dedicated to his gadgets—more familiar with the curves, lines, and shadowy recesses wrapping his electronic tools in shrouds of synthetic mystery and allure—than the mouse jockey.

What in the world is a mouse jockey? A rat-catcher? A genetically shrunken man riding a genetically enlarged mouse? These reasonable enough questions deserve a reasonably coherent answer, and, as a former member of the species, I offer the following roundabout responses. If your mouse jockey has read Hegel, he’d probably tell you his kind represents the End of Video and Computer Gaming History. If your mouse jockey was my neighbor freshman year he’d probably tell you that if he could get paid by the frag (the preferred slang-word for an online “kill”) in continuous rounds of Quake Deathmatch. His default page on Internet Explorer isn’t www.columbia.edu, but rather www.planet-fortress.com. A live specimen takes a two-minute break in the bathroom or grabs some spicy fries at JJ’s Place in preparation for a clan match at 0900 hours. If upon sighting you, he mutters, “Humans should have been created with the ability to respawn,” the mouse jockey has just threatened your life. Get the hell outta there!

The perennial defense of young video gamers yet to be exposed to the wonders and addictive horrors of T1 gameplay—“But Mom, Coleco, Atari, and Nintendo help me work on my hand-eye coordination!”—finds institutional affirmation in the title itself, one that reflects the jockey’s arguable athleticism and professionalism in the face of the infinite varieties of online gaming danger. Daily he contends with fire-breathing demons; valleys of molten lava; dark labyrinths with more twists and turns than a metaphysical puzzle; and, perhaps most lethal, other bazooka-toting Rambos shooting and running across the digital gamescape. A tip for the uninitiated: any human character you encounter online is probably controlled by equally, if not more skilled and determined, mouse jocks staring at the onscreen action from hundreds, if not thousands, of miles away. Blast away at your own risk.

Put simply, the mouse jockey is the computer and video game expert and participant par excellence. He was there when the microchip was invented, and he will be there when new technologies make Tarsem Singh’s The Cell look like something a freshman hacked together in Gateway. Confusion over whether the mouse jockey is king of computer gaming,
video gaming, or both, is common but purely academic. His is a dual kingdom. Video and computer games offer different gaming experiences, as even the greenest Columbia newbie will tell you, although the two have come to overlap in recent years due to the higher standards of gameplay the Internet has imposed upon the industry in general. Increasing numbers of video games even offer multiplayer options in an attempt to imitate the online shoot-em-up that has taken America's college gaming culture by storm.

All that said, while the mouse might be the jockey's controller of choice, trackballs, joysticks, and Nintendo gamepads are all equally at the disposal of his twitching, overly muscular fingers. The mouse is truly nothing more than a trope, a metaphor for the precision and sometimes obsessive care with which this most postmodern of athletes approaches and engages in online computer games, offline computer games, online video games powered by Pentium III processors, offline video games based on old online computer games, and online-offline games played on PC-consoles. These advances revolutionize the way we think about gaming, but they present no conceptual difficulties at all to another friend of mine; his sole neurosis has to do with his need to clean the wheels around the ball of his mouse every two hours to ensure his maximum performance "out there in the field."

Langston Hughes claimed he wanted to come to Columbia to see Harlem. More specifically, he wanted to see *Shuffle Along*, a 1921 musical comedy that, he declared, was a "honey of a show" that left him "thrilled and delighted." So how could we—as Columbians with a collective duty to a snow-covered but still visible Alma Mater who loves all of her children—condemn prospective freshmen desirous of attending Columbia to see the wonders of an Ethernet-powered world? For those who have experienced it, it can be accurately described as an "orgasm of digitalia"—capable of leaving anyone, regardless of their declared major, school, or professed cultural tastes, in a catatonic but "thrilled and delighted" state. For those of us to whom all of this information is quite new, perhaps the best way to break into this vibrant subculture is to step into that aforementioned stranger's room and state your plea. (Hint: if all else fails, try donning a brown robe and saying solemnly from the depths of your hood, "Always two there are. No more, no less. A master and an apprentice."

But be forewarned: once you escape from this world and enter the world of online gaming you may never, ever, want to return.
For whatever reason, we thirst for escape. We want something wholesome and larger than ourselves to encompass us. The anonymity of the city is a good start, but to find salvation on this island of scant shrubbery, we need parks.

O, lover of woods, fields and streams, do not despair about this city of mechanical grids. There are parks—places that surpass the pitiful median strips of Broadway—places that speak to the soul. Take, for example, the beauteous Central Park, stretching from 59th Street to 110th Street with the breadth of three avenues. The splendor and grandeur are unrivaled. As the ground of tourist and native dwellers, the park is home of species domestic, wild and exotic. As a temporary resident of this city, you are obligated to delve into the park at least once.

For the General Explorer
The City of New York acquired the land from 5,000 poor folk and their livestock in 1857. The park, the gem of architects Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, was opened in 1873. Olmsted also designed Boston's Public Garden and New Orleans' Audubon Park. Central Park is his masterpiece because of its size, wide and accessible paths, fantastic upkeep, variety of attractions, and continuous options for partial and complete seclusion.

The park's northwest corner is just under a mile from Alma Mater. A stroll close to campus includes the loopy paths from the 110th Street entrance to the Pond and its adjoining waterfall, in the space where 101st Street would be. Other major foot and bike entrances to the park on the West side include 72nd Street. (Strawberry Fields, a memorial to John Lennon, beside the Dakota), and 59th Street (Columbus Circle). At any point of entry, the park easily lends itself to navigation. Once in the park, use the parallel lines of buildings as a guide to indicate how far east or west you have traveled.

Crowds tend to concentrate in the attractions in the middle and southern regions of the park, with the exception of the Lasker Skating Rink, near the northwest corner. A public bathroom is located in the center of the park, roughly at 71st Street, above the Sheep Meadow, an expanse of open grass. For a glimpse of the park at speed, there are horse tours available along 59th Street.

For the Lover of Wilderness
A naturalist told me that the mockingbirds in Central Park imitate car alarms. I cannot confirm this rumor. Though the strains of modernity are still evident inside the park, splendid wildlife thrives.

The closest experience to solitude in the unhampered wilderness is possible in the Ramble, a region beneath the 79th Street Transverse, in the center of the Park. A natural border of this area is the Lake, and in the nearby streams in the mid-'70s, look for pipers in warmer weather. The Lake is frozen now, but in the summer, people rent rowboats on its eastern side.

Regarding fishing in Central Park: the catch-and-release method is mandatory. Hooks must be without barbs and lead weights are prohibited.
For exotic creatures, such as year-round polar bears and rainforest birds, see the Central Park Zoo, on East 65th Street and 5th Avenue.

For the Lover of High and Low Art

The Mall, just south of the Lake and reaching down to where 66th Street would cross the park, is full of artistic attractions. An ornate staircase and fountain mark the site of frequent photo shoots, particularly for weddings. At the top of these stairs, kids on skates sometimes ask people to watch them dare the staircase backward.

Two roller areas are nearby, and in the warm weather they are worth watching. At the top of the staircase is an area where figure skaters and solo hockey players show their tricks. Follow the sound of hip-hop toward the side of the Sheep Meadow to a nearby competitive dance roller area.

The park has two major skating rinks. On the southern end, at approximately 62nd Street and 6th Avenue, is the popular Wollman Rink. The rink opens at 10 every day and stays open until 11 on Saturday nights. $10.50 covers an adult's skates and admission.

For the Runner and Cyclist

Continuous, paved paths provide separation from cars. Traffic is light. Especially farther south, you may even travel alongside a horse and carriage. A gravel running track not far from campus is beyond the 107th and Central Park West entrance.

For the Misanthrope

You can roam or sit alone. If you are alone, people tend to leave you alone, unless they are tourists seeking directions. Hermetic park-dwellers often seem to inhabit the less-trodden molehills in the northwest section.

For the Lover of People

Opportunities for character sketches abound in Central Park, particularly on Sundays and at lunch breaks. I once tried to record exactly the profound comments about the stream of passing runners that some yuppies were exchanging on the other side of a bench where I sat. “That guy’s gonna have a heart attack in about five minutes,” one chortled. Ironically, the conversation then turned to me. They stealthily tried to guess what I was writing.

If you go to the park intending to observe people, people you shall find. The nexus of characters are the park paths closest to the entrances. Because they surpass the other park-dwellers so quickly, cyclists, when they ride together, tend to have loud conversations in which they divulge personal information. Generally, people act as though they are the only ones in the park, and that is part of the experience of ownership of the natural world.

So, scaling the rocks that were positioned for your convenience and slight challenge, it is hard not to believe what the five-year-old boy proclaims to his mother below: “I’m the king of the world!” That world is here, now, natural, his, yours and mine. A boy of four or five, coasting down the slightly tilted contour of a hill, cheers evangelically until he falls off his scooter. Still, he does a little dance.

A girl of nineteen smiles as she passes, having reaffirmed the priorities of her world. Everything finishes and starts here.

URH WANTS YOU THIS SUMMER

URH offers about 40 summer positions in various offices including:

Administrative Services Area Operations
Conference Housing Housing Services

Student employees receive reduced-rate housing plus $7.50 - $10.00 per hour. For more information, please inquire at 114 Hartley Hall or visit the URH website, www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls.

University Residence Halls

March 2001
Volunteering at Columbia
An Opinionated Guide

Born with a bang and growing strong: this is an apt motto for Project HEALTH (PH). At the heart of this non-profit's social philosophy is the idea that poverty and poor health are undeniably connected. Underprivileged children face especially hazardous health risks because they are more likely to be exposed to disease and less likely to have the means of receiving adequate health care. The condition is dubbed “double jeopardy” by Dr. Barry Zuckerman, pediatrician and PH mentor.

PH began in 1996 when Harvard grad Rebecca Onie teamed up with Dr. Zuckerman and the Boston Medical Center to provide poor children with holistic methods of healing and illness prevention (Onie then graduated at age 19 and spent two years running the program in Boston before going on to Harvard Law). Her vision grew into what is now called Project HEALTH (Helping Empower Advocate and Lead Through Health). Regional Coordinator Tara Purohit brought the program to Harlem in 1999 with the help of fifteen Columbians. PH now supports five separate programs (Asthma Swimming, STRIVE, Girls Fitness and Nutrition, Ujima and the Harlem Community Resource Center), 65 volunteers, and over 100 children.

In interviews, Campus Coordinators Justin Lappen (CC '02) and Aisha Jafri (CC '02), two of the founders of the NYC chapter, exude passion and devotion to their program. To Justin, it has been “a dream come true...to be able to not only create and implement a program, but to actually see it run and see the kids enjoy it.” In fact, every Project HEALTH member I’ve spoken with is strikingly devoted and eager to share their enthusiasm and experiences. As Aisha explains, Project HEALTH is more than an extracurricular activity to put on the resume (the 6-10 hour per week time commitment requires volunteers to be dedicated and reliable). She sees her group of volunteers as a “cohesive family unit, an emotionally supportive network of friends.” Part of what makes PH so strong is its emphasis on the volunteer experience. Each program holds hour-long, weekly “Reflection Sessions” in which volunteers get the chance to relate their experiences with other volunteers and hear various guest speakers talk about issues that might come up in the course of their program. Additionally, the program coordinators also meet for their own “Reflection Sessions” to keep each other up to date on the issues that arise in their specific areas.

Because the organization seeks to improve the physical and mental lives of inner-city children, all five programs include both health education and mentorship. Asthma Swimming, STRIVE, and Girls Fitness and Nutrition programs are all geared towards healing through education and exercise. Asthma Swimming, which meets twice a week, was created in response to the alarming asthma rates in cities. Asthma is the number one cause of absenteeism in public schools and hospitalization among poor children, but it is a highly preventable childhood disease. The program uses breathing and swimming exercises to improve the lung capacities of asthmatic children. It includes a weekly session aimed at teaching children about asthma triggers and how to avoid them. Since many asthmatic children miss school because of their illness, these meetings are also a means for them to make friends, catch up on schoolwork and, most importantly, learn they can lead normal lives.

Girls Fitness and Nutrition is an all-female mentorship program that helps obese girls develop healthier body images and eating habits. Membership guidelines are strict (no men allowed!), but actual lesson plans are flexible.

Sickle Cell Anemia primarily affects African Americans and is one of the most prevalent and debilitating illnesses in inner cities, taking children out of school for months at a time. STRIVE responds to this academic handicap by providing one-on-one tutoring, mentorship, "Volunteering continued on page 125"
TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

Anne Morrow Lindbergh, aviator, humanist littérateur, occasional Hitler fan, passed on recently at the age of 94. Verily Veritas, feeling overworked, feels like a member of what Mrs. Lindbergh called the “great vacationless class.” She meant married women, but these days it seems just as appropriate for college students. Verily, besides, recently accepted five dollars to be photographed wearing a rhinestone-studded woman’s swimsuit over his slacks. We are all married women now and again.

Where to go for spring break – the eternal question. Côte d’Azur? All my ascots are at the cleaner’s. Prague? How nice it would be to kick back, relax and swill filthy Czech beer with Texas A&M fratboys in the city whose charm made Kafka go bonkers. Then again, Verily might follow some promising career opportunities in the anthracite mines. How about a Florida beach? Dangerously trite.

The options are so many! A. Lindbergh did not decide that there was a vacationless class until she had gone flying with Charles to every corner of the globe. Verily rarely gets out for a slice of pizza, let alone a pleasure trip. W has done the travel thing. There was, for example, the week in Moscow, on a visa reading “Guest of the War Ministry,” to drop some cash in the world capital of tchotchke shopping.

For the non-Lindberghs, there are so many exotic places and experiences: the ageless temples of Angkor Wat; the Süleymaniye and Blue mosques of Istanbul; the chili of Texas. Yet these neglect the odyssey inward. Few distant locales provide the wealth of spiritual-gustatory insight carried in the Proustian journey of a phone message from Verily’s old friend, Jacob the Ukrainian. Jacob can speak fluently on the crowned heads of Europe, of financial markets, and of lazy days on the Black Sea whiled away chatting with members of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. And what does the Old World cosmopolitan say on the answering machine? “Verily, are you chasing after goyls this late at night? I was just wondering, what do you know about the Second Avenue Deli? Call me back.” Porticos of corned beef – mosaics of shredded cabbage – the lingering kiss, the memories of coming into manhood, endless summers and seltzer bubbles, mother’s melancholy glance.

Self-discovery has its own vacation spots. The Hotel Agro in Budapest, stocked with stout liquors and a merry Hungarian bowling alley in the basement, might tempt. Yet for a restorative breeze on the sort of mediocre beaches that make an ideal spot for introspection, Verily need wander no farther than Ocean City, Maryland. There is a sparsely stocked used bookstore; it is an unremarkable, pleasant place, presided over by a pleasant woman, where one can buy a dog-eared Suetonius but lacking those nourishing, interchangeable diversions, and a representative pornography selection. Next door is Tosti’s Italian Deli, boasting a photo of Sinatra autographed with congratulations on the owners’ knee-breaking good calzones.

Driving around honest, work-a-day America is a gentle, proletarian pleasure, one that does not leave one feeling hollow and doomed to decline after its close. Such pleasures make the world seem right again, like soaking off uncancelled stamps, having shoes resoled, or lunching on Riga sprats in oil. So Verily recommends a food tour of the Eastern seaboard – Boston chowder, Second Avenue pastrami, Tosti’s of Ocean City for the Italian Heartburn Divine, and maybe a little time in Memphis for grits and a side of scrapple. Stay at the Peabody Hotel to watch the ducks promenade back and forth from their fountain home. Tell them – the management; the ducks – that Verily sent you. –Verily Veritas

March 2001
Raving Mad
by Sam Crary

Since humans first beat bones against tree trunks and the first pair of feet followed the rhythms, since the first gourds were filled with freshly pressed wine and millet beer, parties with music, dancing, and drinking have been an outlet for stress, a way to existential escape and good times. While all societies incorporate cultural forms of enjoyment and merriment, the most extreme festivities are discouraged and even prohibited. In America, raving is that pink elephant standing in the living room.

Traditions of debauched revelry in this country emerged out of the various American folk cultures. Beginning with Jazz—first played in seedy clubs and burlesque houses across urban America—there arose a subculture of hipsters, swingers, and cool people looking for the fast times that mainstream society disparaged. Succeeding generations have rebelled with their own sounds—rock and roll, punk, hip-hop, and now techno and house. “Party favors” have ranged from alcohol and pot to LSD and Ecstasy.

On any given Saturday, thousands of suburban teens and undergrads line up for hours, packed against walls, cutting ahead hundreds of other party-goers, just to go raving. They wear parachute pants and home-crafted jeans with 42 inch hems. They accessorize with rainbow-colored bracelets, Adidas visors and long wallet-chains made of plastic links or small stuffed animals. Some girls even sport collared shirts and ties above their phat pants, mocking prep-school uniforms.

Anxiously pushing forward in line, wound like mechanical tops spring-loaded and ready to explode in a swirl of color and footwork, many kids are already dancing to the deep bass that comes through the walls. These hardcore souls endure freezing temperatures and drill sergeant bouncers just to shell out $30 to pack into a stuffed club without proper ventilation.

Why? How can it take only one night of techno and E-fueled bliss for raving-virgins to fall for this bacchanalia? They enter confused about who they are and want to be; they exit self-identified ravers. I know this because it happened to me. Four years since that first night, despite not having been to a rave for more than a year, I still think of myself as a raver.

Is it all about the drugs? FOX’s yellow journalism claims that raves are just for drugs and sex. But that is too easy an answer. Ecstasy has been in the scene all along, like the music that spreads the culture around the world. The real attraction of raving is collective experience, in two senses. First there is the fusion of extreme aural, visual and somatic sensations while dancing feverishly. Second is the crowd of revelers, the dance floor community. At good raves, there is an open, touchy-feely, loving-it-up vibe utterly different than that of dance clubs. You will never have conversations more intimate or amicable with strangers as at a rave. Good ravers feel a patriotic duty to make the party joyous. To blazing beats, they toss around blow pops, give massages, dance hard, and blow whistles or horns.

The sun always rises on the all-night extravaganza and the kids trek home, sweaty and disheveled. Some have had the most recent best-night-of-their-lives; others return less fulfilled. They leave, but the party does not stop. In their cars and in their rooms they keep on dancing, with friends or alone, until their bodies finally fall asleep.
In celebration of the internet, a favorite escape among college students, the following is a list of web sites compiled from the bookmarks of The Blue and White editors.

www.islaywhisky.org
www.suck.com
www.recordstore.com/cgi-bin/wuname/wuname.pl
www.jolson.org
www.ssisексshare.com/~popko2/81/104.HTM
homepages.enterprise.net/gumley/mhcp.htm
www.recmusic.org/lieder/
www.mayoclinic.com
208.177.130.81/dictator/dictator.pl?pos=989n
www.glasnet.ru/~kdf/main.html
www.geocities.com/lonely451_2000/me.html
www.burningman.com
www.u.arizona.edu/~chalmers/phil-humor.html
members.aol.com/humptyclub
www.mulletsgalore.com
www.smartgirl.com/pages/affairs/barometer.html
www.duke.edu/~wp/g/surlybitch.html
www.1.columbia.edu/sec/dlc/oed/
www.sixstringsamurai.com
www.denmark.org/mermaid_Oct97/Kingdom.html
www.roca.org/OA/157/157f.htm
www.avam.com
www.abebooks.com
www.satya.com
www.eldritchpress.org/iag/oblotomov.htm
www.bath.ac.uk/~lismd/dorset/churches/
www.amazon.de
www.adricritic.com
www.dolemite.com
www.menonthenet.com
www.nyrrc.org
bassocantante.com/opera/index.html
users.erols.com/mdm1/ballantine.html
www.nerve.com
www.lang.nagoya-u.ac.jp/~matsuoka/EG-etexts.html
www.dpr-korea.com/cook-e.html

Fine Booze
Not what you think
WuName Generator
Al Jolson Society Official Website
Exactly what you think...
The Book of Common Prayer in Manx Gaelic
Texts of Lieder and Art Songs
The Mayo Clinic
Guess the Evil Dictator or TV Sit-Com Character
Soviet Jazz of the '30s and '40s
Hi Girls, Anyone want to chat
The Burning Man Project
Philosophical Humor
The Humpty Dumpty Club
Mullets Galore
Smart Girl Crush Barometer
Home Page of the Surly Bitch
Oxford English Dictionary, 2nd Ed.
A Ninja Rock and Roll Movie
Lars Von Trier's The Kingdom
A Linguistic Bridge to Orthodoxy
Art by Crazy People (American Visionary Art Museum)
Old Books
Enlightenment
Oblomov, by Ivan Goncharov
Dorsetshire Churches
Germans and Books
All Ads, All the Time
Dolemite: the King of all pimps and hustlers
Men on the Net
New York Road Runners Club
Bassocantate's Opera Shope
Rebus Puzzles From Ballantine Ale Bottle Caps
Web-zine with the motto: Think About Sex
E-texts of Elizabeth Gaskell
North Korea, DPRK, Korean Dishes
May I Help You?
by Achille Varzi & Luciano Coen

Clerk: Good morning, sir—may I help you?
Customer: Good morning. I was walking by and I saw your request.
Clerk: What request?
Customer: To enter through this door.
Clerk: Pardon me?
Customer: There is a sign on your window which says: "Use the entrance on 113th Street." This is the entrance on 113th Street, isn't it?
Clerk: Oh, yes, I'm sorry, I didn't understand what you were talking about. The store is undergoing renovation and the entrance on Broadway is momentarily closed. Sorry about the inconvenience. So, what can I do for you?
Customer: I don't know! Just go ahead and tell me why you wanted me to use this entrance.
Clerk: As I was saying, the entrance on Broadway is momentarily out of service...
Customer: Listen, you've already said that, and I understand what you've said. What I don't understand—what you've not explained to me—is why you ask people like me to use the entrance on 113th Street. I don't have that much time, so I would really appreciate it if you could skip the apologies and just tell me what you want from me.
Clerk (confounded but still composed): We don't want anything from anybody. The sign is for those who wish to pay us a visit. If you do not wish to do so then you don't have to do it, that's understood.
Customer: If the sign is only intended for certain people, why don't you say it explicitly? Why don't you put up a sign that says: "Those who wish to pay a visit to this store are kindly invited to use the entrance on 113th Street"—or something like that. One reads the sign and decides what to do. I, for one, did not wish to pay a visit to this store (I didn't even know that it existed), so I would not have felt compelled to enter. But your actual sign is more straightforward. It says: "Use the entrance on 113th Street." That's an imperative, so I assumed I was supposed to enter. Everybody would have.
Clerk: I'm sorry, sir, but don't you think that some things can be taken for granted? You are not telling me that you pull every door that says "Pull", or that you start to walk whenever you see a traffic light that says "Walk"?
Customer: What do you mean? If I see a sign that says "Pull", then I do pull. Why shouldn't I? Whatever the sign refers to, I pull it—a door, a string, a fire alarm...whatever. Why would anybody put up a sign that says "Pull" if they don't want people to pull?
Clerk (pulling a Philosophy of Language handbook out of her pocket): Let me explain, sir. A sign is a sign insofar as it is meant to convey a message. And generally speaking, the interpretation of a message presupposes a certain sense of relevance on the part of the addressee. Certainly this is the case of those signs that say "Pull", or "Walk", or "Use the entrance next door." Those are not imperatives to be blindly followed. They are to be understood cum grano salis. "Be relevant!" According to the philosopher Paul Grice, this is one of the most fundamental rules underlying successful conversation, and I would say that it applies to every form of communication—including door and street signs.
Customer: I don't know what you are talking about. If the sign says "Pull", I pull.
Clerk: Sir, may I also remind you of the other fundamental Gricean maxims? Besides the maxim of relevance there are three more: (a) the maxim of quantity—make your contribution as informative as is required for

Signs continued on page 125

Please...
Use the entrance on 113th St.
*Terms and conditions may apply.
Directions are subject to change.
Thank You!
Fantasia Columbiana
by Emily E. Voigt

Bacchus in Rites of May.
Oh, to prance and cavort in playful sport,
To sip fine port is enthralling!
To dip and swing in the sunshine of spring,
While outside snow is falling!
Her pirouettes swish in a dramatic finish,
She poses statuesque.
Then her classmates ask, their interest unmasked,
Why she stands upon her desk.

8:50 AM
She stands in the shower dreaming of flowers
Lining the shining pool
Where ankle-deep, water covers her feet,
Swishing and swirling and cool.
The drain has been stopped by some hairy fop
Who sheds in excess daily,
But gray as may be the tub’s sea of debris
She closes her eyes and hums gaily.
The sputtery spigot is whate’er she may wish it—
This morning Victoria Falls—
And the torrents above her fall soft like a lover,
Cascading in oohs and in ahs.
Then somebody flushes, the hot water rushes,
Her eyes pop open aghast.
But will she return to the world she has spurned
Or stubbornly will she hold fast
To the feel of moss soft on glistening rocks?
Oh, she simply does refuse
To see that what grows beneath her toes
Are moldy shower shoes.

1:10 PM
On an errand downtown, she glances around
Exceedingly delighted
To note with admiration conversations
Decidedly one-sided.
A lady berates her last six dates
Apparently to no one,
And a man laments his wife’s absence
While sitting all alone.
People share with the thinnest of air
Their plans and dreams and moods
Ah, the delusional are not so unusual,
She readily concludes,
’Tis not only she with friends imaginary!
(But alas, her thinking’s faulty—
The deception lies in the miniscule size
Of wireless technology.)

4:42 PM
A nagging need for a bit more to read
Leads her to Butler stacks
Where dark corridors and other factors
Make it tricky to relax.
But fantasies need not only please
They also may be scary,
And now she thinks of uncanny things,
So chilling and really very…
Suddenly the timer on the lights above her
Flips out without a warning.
Taken aback by the pitch of the black,
She’s blindly left groping and turning.
She feels she senses some terrible presence,
A book falls with a thud,
Ghosts and ghouls, crazed manic fools
Swirl within her head.
She screams and starts and shrieks and darts
Down all ten flights of stairs.
In reading rooms, her cries of doom
Are met by hostile glares.
She starts to suspect that all are possessed
Or simply think she’s bananas.
What awful terror! Oh where, oh where are
Bill Murray and Rick Moranis?

6:55 PM
She sighs as she knows the day soon will close,
One stop alone remains.
Ah, there’s no denying, it’s a trial that’s trying,
The most horrid, the least humane.
If only existence did not need subsistence,
She would quite simply prefer
An eternal fast to such an arduous task—
The hunt for bread and butter.
Yet lured by a rumble, her stomach’s grumble,
She enters the jungle with a roar.
She swings on a vine o’er the densely entwined
Fierce beasts and lush verdure.
Fruits and berries, meats and cheese
She gathers all around,
’Til a sudden blow from a sharpened elbow
Brings her to the ground.
And moreover, while she’s doubled-over,
Produce spills to the floor.
All is lost! Especially the squash!
It’s havoc in aisle four.
Alas, she is rescued by derring-do—
Oh, the veggies are retrieved
By the adroit reflexes of a man quite dexterous
Stocking onions betwixt her knees.
She may just survive if she can contrive
To coolly persevere—
But she feels the smart of a poisoned dart
From the eyes of the cashier!
It was far too drastic to request paper o’er plastic,
She must escape and suck the wound.
She panics and shoves ‘til the night sky’s above,
Scarce fleeing the foul clutches of doom.
Oh, fast her heart moves for she hates, but
she loves,
The violent beauty of this gem—
The fine frozen food, the hot sweat and blood
That is her UFM.

7:20 PM
She opens the door, drops her bags on the floor,
All is dark and still
Save the sweet, blinking sight of a tiny red light—
The phone upon her sill.
In ascetic style of supreme self-denial
She leaves the ROLM alone,
Opting instead to muse in her head,
Prolonging the unknown.
She makes several guesses as to the message
(Or could there be two or three?):
The New Yorker has buzzed so kindly because
She’d make a fine employee—
The call is fantastic not least for the fact that
It apprehends with deft intuition
An application that’s stored quite blank in
her drawer
Two months before its submission;
And then perhaps, that handsome chap—
The noble Johnny Depp—
Has rung to express his tenderness
Regarding her membership
Since ninety-three in his fan society.
For such loyal adulation
His sudden passion is but a natural reaction—
Surely, it could happen!
Her imagination sees such possibilities,
Spectacular and bright,
She’d rather not listen, but let the phone
mail glisten,
Winking through the night.
So to bed, to sleep, to dream, to leap
Into fancies that charm and transfix—
Oh, she’ll never give in to the bitter chagrin
Of four-one-three-oh-six!

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The Blue and White
A Place away: St. Paul’s Chapel
by Christian W. Brownrigg

The city was suddenly too loud for my ears. The light was too glaring, the wind was too harsh, and the students striding ambitiously by were unbearable. So, in my willingness be late to a dreaded Chemistry recitation, I ducked into St. Paul’s.

I had only been at Columbia for about a month, and I had not been inside the chapel yet. I was surprised by the silence that greeted me. It was a thick silence, the kind particular to churches and the bedrooms of sleeping children. It fell like a curtain as the heavy door behind me closed out the white noise of the city. The muffled din of the Amsterdam buses filtered through from some far away world. In a freshman bout of homesickness, I didn’t notice much else, and I chose a seat against the wall in the hopes that I wouldn’t bother anyone. I was not very successful in my attempts to be inconspicuous. A kind fellow Columbian found me and struck up a conversation; I have since suspected that the good fortune of our meeting came out of the fabric of that sanctuary.

Nearly a month passed before I returned to the chapel. Once again my day had left me ragged, so I went to St. Paul’s, knowing that there would be music that evening. I was hoping for something relaxing, pretty, or perhaps distracting, but I was, once again, surprised when I walked in. Instead of silence this time, the air was warm with an audience, and gliding with the voice of a soprano. The music was incredible. The acoustics of the nave wrapped me up in the sound, and, sheltered from the city in a space much sweeter, I was immensely happy that evening.

I have since visited St. Paul’s more often. I like it best early in the day, when there are rarely visitors, or late at night when it feels like mysteriously calm. The arches and domes vault upward like my own intimate sky, and patterns spread out from beneath my feet in the tiles and around and above me in the bricks. I have found an endless supply of enchanting details, from the ironwork candleholders to the little stone carvings in the stairwells, but perhaps the best discovery, one night, was the bell, and rope to ring it. A little research explained the architecture and the chapel’s acclaimed organ. To my delight, I also discovered that the woodwork is from Florence and the tile chips in the floor are from a razed church in Rome. The vault below has a different feeling to it. Yet even there, the brick-patterned passageways and the small stained glass windows create their own world, complete with an art gallery, mysterious locked doors, and, as always, the suspicion of secret tunnels running beneath the chapel.

I have found in St. Paul’s diversion and respite, in forms ranging from trivia to good music, kind people, and a much longed for sense of quiet. It is a refuge on campus, where the city falls away, and one can both smile and breathe more easily when the need rises up, as it does in even the most intrepid New Yorker.
On January 24th, from ten at night until one in the morning, the Sophomore Class held its Gym Lock-in at the Dodge Fitness Center. One hundred and fifty students showed up for the festivities. Enthusiastic about both the athletic activities and the free food, these Columbians nevertheless expressed deep reservations about being locked in the gym for three hours straight. Many more, as I later discovered, failed to show up at all for that very same reason.

Unfortunately for these wary souls, the Sophomore Class Gym Lock-in was not really a lock-in per se. Students were free to come and go as they wished, and they did, with pockets stuffed full of Granny Smith apples and Nutri Grain bars.

So the “Lock-in” turned out to be anything but, which begs the question—what’s in a misnomer? Was it hasty advertising that bred this malapropism? Was there confusion or dissent among the planners’ ranks? Or was this all part of a larger and infinitely more sinister nomenclature conspiracy?

All speculation to the contrary aside, the controversial use of “Lock-in” was never meant to exaggerate or deceive. Its unwelcome appearance was less the result of deliberate propagandizing and more the result of an involuntary expression of a collective longing. What longing, you ask? The longing for a more closely-knit Columbia community, of course. It was a cry—perhaps just a nervous little peep—against the missing social dynamic at our beloved university.

“Are you suggesting that I stay on campus?” you ask. “Preposterous! Consider for a moment the absolute freedom I now enjoy. With miles and miles of Manhattan at my disposal, I hardly need the university at all. Why, if Lit Hum were offered in Little Italy and CC in Central Park, I wouldn’t even think twice about coming back up to Morningside (except, maybe, for the occasional 3 AM slice of Koronet pizza). As it is, the administration’s overtaxed think-tanks are cranking out one free dinner/free movie night/motivational speaker/Safer Sex Week after another just to keep me from turning tail and hopping on the 1/9.”

Fellow Columbians, do rejoice: in this overpopulated urban jungle, you and I are socially free. But what is the price of our untamed wanderlust? While we frolic in New York, other, more provincial student bodies find themselves “locked-in” year-round on remote campuses far removed from anything resembling a town, much less a sprawling metropolis. We spend Saturday nights having cocktails at the Citrus Bar and watching Aida at the Met; they spend Saturday nights having beers in a cornfield and watching waitresses at the waffle house. ¡Qué lastima!

Yet, in all our cosmopolitan glory, we ought to envy their sweet solitude. Like Darwin’s finches, these isolated populations interact (and interbreed) their way to a greater collective intimacy than we could ever imagine, endowing their campuses with a flair of intense camaraderie and—as football game attendance would suggest—a pronounced esprit de corps. Morningside Heights, despite its iron gates, lacks the forbidding mountain ranges, old-growth forests and impassable swamps that are essential to the painstaking formation of genuine school spirit. Instead, the remorseless city siphons off our classmates, tantalizing them with the delights of uptown, midtown, downtown and Chinatown—anywhere, really, except that lonely little rectangle between 114th and 120th.

Stricken by a subconscious jealousy of landlocked colleges such as Hamilton, Sewanee and, ye, even Cornell, the Sophomore Class Council merely wanted to bring its fellow students back together in a voluntary outpouring of solidarity. We even organized the event as a Gym Lock-in to lure the more soft and Sophist members of the class under the much-maligned banner of Spartan virtues.

While we did not entirely fail (those who came stayed for most of the night) we did not entirely succeed either (the evening
wound up drawing mainly athletes and exercise enthusiasts). Moreover, the total turnout was only half that of the last Sophomore Midnight Breakfast, an event notorious for its glutinous piles of Krispy Kremes and waffles suffocating in syrup. I ask you, fellow Columbians, are we not a health-conscious community? If feasting on mounds of baked goods at one in the morning comes so naturally, can we not also swim a few laps, play a game of dodgeball or shoot some hoops just as easily?

Of course we can! Why? Because the real issue is not exercise. It is commitment. By spring of their sophomore year, undergraduates have a vehement, even clinical, fear of commitment. They can hardly be blamed. It hounds them at every step, every interview, every internship. It rears its nagging head in the guise of Major Declaration Night and recalls such love-hate dalliances as the Core and the First-Year Meal Plan. Sophomores have only to hear “lock-in” and suddenly years of drop dates, student loan payments and alumni solicitations become unsettlingly real. So much so that even one harmless event at the Gym almost flounders under the onus of imagined obligations.

With that in mind, let us commend those bold and social souls who did brave the nippy night to spend an hour or two cavorting in Dodge. And let us invite the rest of the student body not to shrink back whenever the titillating chance to mingle presents itself. After all, these are your study buddies, your neighbors, your peers. Sometimes, all it takes is a half an hour of chatting on the treadmill to start a relationship with someone you will know for the rest of your life.

At this age, it's the easiest thing in the world to mistake an open door for an open trap and a casual invitation for a call to commitment. Avoid making that mistake and you will have much more fun along the way. Now is the time to find friends. Now is the time to play.

A class that plays together stays together, even after they hand us our diplomas and kick us off this lovely little rectangle to go rub elbows with the rest of the world. ♦

On the Ground in Washington

by James C. Hudspeth

Both the protesters and the Bush supporters had a thoroughly diverse representation at the recent inaugural parade, with protesters ranging from anarcho-socialists, to activists, to outraged Democrats. Similarly, pro-Bush demonstrators ranged from camouflage-clad young Marines, to excited families from middle America, to triumphant Republicans. Unsurprisingly, a fair amount of tension existed between the two groups. Incidents ranged from protesters yelling at fur-clad couples, Republicans yelling at protesters, and at least one case of a protester shouting obscenities at a crowd of Bush supporters until a man dragged him off, at which point the Secret Service intervened before anything more physically damaging could occur. Interestingly enough, despite a large presence (20,000 according to the London Times), the demonstrators largely managed to avoid media attention, perhaps due to their quiet demeanor. At some point, though, it would seem that the concerns of these stalwarts will have to be addressed by someone, or they may well force a discussion. ♦
30 Things I Learned While Traveling in Central America
by Anna Judith Piller

1. The amount of fun you have traveling is inversely proportionate to the weight of your backpack.
2. Many of the best days traveling are spent on buses.
3. New York drivers are relatively tame.
4. Stopping at stop signs causes accidents.
5. There are more potholes than road in El Salvador.
6. Soccer isn’t a sport; it’s a religion.
7. “Middle-class” is just a title North Americans use to make themselves feel less guilty.
8. It's strange: we’ve gotten Europe out of a few jams and they hate us; we’ve done nothing but devastate Central America, yet they love us.
9. Now I know where all our bad music, D.A.R.E. T-shirts, and clunky school-buses ended up.
10. Nothing will make you more ashamed or appreciative of your country than travel.
11. Traveling is just a series of mistakes and frustrations separated by a few outrageously amazing surprises.
12. You can travel solo forever and never be alone.
13. A good guidebook is more sacred than a Bible.
14. Three Nicaraguans and an American girl can’t eat a 13-pound dolphin.
15. The only safe place to keep anything is your cleavage.
16. Be suspicious of any cheap hotel room that comes with a condom how-to kit.
17. The Yankees:Mets fan ratio in Central America is about 500:1.
18. There are twenty-five ways to flush the toilet in Central America, but none of them works.
19. Gallo pinto (rice and beans) never gets old.
20. Real quesadillas don’t come with cheese in them.
21. Enchilada means something different in every country.
22. Anything deep-fried, chopped up, and thrown into a taco tastes good
23. In Mexico, lime and chili powder go with anything and everything.
24. Everything tastes better eaten with your hands.
25. There’s nothing more humbling than every 5-year-old having a larger vocabulary than you.
26. It’s not about being there, it’s about getting there.
27. There is no such thing as a direct route: EVERYWHERE is a bus stop.
28. You can always fit just one more person on a bus. Always.
29. Anything that can be cured with grapefruit extract isn’t appendicitis.
30. At my age, I should be married with two kids.

SUMMER IN THE CITY

Can't get enough of Alma's lovin'? Summer 2001 Housing Applications are available at the URH website at www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls, and at 125 Wallach. You may also visit the website for complete summer housing information.

Note: For the first time ever, all summer rooms with be air-conditioned as Schapiro and Broadway will be the summer housing buildings.

University Residence Halls
The Magic of Sebastian
The Great Sebastian (a.k.a. Professor Berofsky)
February 6, 2001

While Plato devoted many a word to the role of the philosopher-king in the ideal city, he entirely ignored another type of citizen: the philosopher-magician. Fortunately, we of the kallumbiapolis can find this special hybrid in The Great Sebastian, also known as Professor Bernard Berofsky of the Philosophy Department. On the evening of Tuesday, February 6, Sebastian performed “The Magic of Sebastian” in the Lerner party space for a congenial crowd of Philosophy faculty and grad students, their families, and staff of the B&W.

It may have been chilly outside, but Sebastian brought warmth, or rather, fire, to the steely cold of the Lerner environs. Before our very eyes, he produced flaming candles out of simple silk scarves, and continued to do so until he held eight — menorah style — in his two agile hands. Sebastian further demonstrated his pyrotechnic prowess by manipulating a flaming box: magically drawing colorful scarves through it without setting them ablaze. These feats were performed with balletic grace to music affectionately described by one audience member as "atrocious, a direct and aggressive assault on every aesthetic value I hold dear."

But Sebastian was just getting warmed up. With the music silenced and the stage reset, it became clear that his craft involves more than manual dexterity. The audience was aghast at "The Illusion of the Torn and Restored Newspaper," in which Sebastian reduced the Metro section of the Times to shreds, and then miraculously repaired it, right down to a photo of Senator Clinton. With an air of mystery that only a philosopher-magician could muster, Sebastian explained that the Times merely "seemed" to be torn. But I know I heard that paper rip. The only explanation: magic.

Forget the ship in a bottle — have you ever witnessed the transposition of a playing card into a citrus fruit? This was certainly one of Sebastian’s more whimsical feats, and also one of his most impressive. Was it mental prowess alone that took that card from an audience member and stuck it, tightly rolled up and soggy, within a Sunkist navel orange? Or was it something else? In any case, if Sebastian can get cards inside fruit, just imagine the possibilities! It is also worth noting that Sebastian’s magic is by no means limited to the physical realm, as he performed yet another trick with invisible cards. I saw it with my very own eyes. Students of logic: work that out.

It seems that only the strength of Sebastian’s gastrointestinal system can rival that of his mind, for he swallowed a ball of string, washed it down with ten razor blades, and strung them all together inside his stomach before extracting them through his mouth as a sparkly, albeit slimy, necklace. Hands clutched to throats in awe, the audience erupted in applause.

As a grand finale, Sebastian unleashed his powers of mind control by setting a digital clock and then placing it out of sight. He then asked two random audience members to choose numbers for hours and minutes respectively. These two participants provided the time of 10:58. Sebastian then returned the clock to our view — having kept away from it throughout this process — and what did the display show? 10:58!!! This was no mere coincidence, but Ph.D-level mind control. This leads me to a crucial piece of advice to students of Prof. Berofsky: the next time you take an exam, if a certain thought just won’t leave you alone, perhaps it would be wise to take heed — the Great Sebastian just might be helping you out.

—Mariel Wolfson
As the call “The regulars are coming!” echoed through the crisp air in the wee hours of the morning of April 19, 1775, John Hancock and Sam Adams debated endlessly in a Lexington, Massachusetts house. (No one in 1775 ever said, “The British are coming,” because all the colonists still thought they were British). A few hours earlier, Paul Revere had already come to convince these two patriots to escape, but they were very slow to budge. When Revere returned to the house three hours later, he was shocked to see that Hancock and Adams still hadn’t taken his advice. Finally, Revere persuaded the two to seek safer shelter.

On horseback, Adams and Hancock proceeded to the nearby town of Woburn, where they took refuge at the home of a minister. Soon after arriving, Hancock was struck with hunger and remembered a salmon that he had recently received as gift. However, there was one problem; the salmon was back in Lexington. Hancock ordered one of his attendants to retrieve the salmon.

Soon afterwards, the salmon arrived, but, just as Hancock was about to bite into his long-awaited meal, a frantic cry pierced the still air. “The regulars are coming! The regulars are coming!” Hancock and Adams again had to flee. They were taken deep into the woods and eventually arrived at the simple home of Amos Wyman. By this time the two patriots were no doubt famished. Unfortunately for them, the only sustenance that their hosts could provide was some cold boiled salt pork, brown bread and potatoes. These two men were accustomed to eating the best, but they had to settle for the food of commoners.

While Hancock and Adams missed one meal of piscatory delight because of menacing British soldiers, the Israelites who left Egypt had to leave so quickly that they didn’t even have time to let their bread rise before embarking on what would become a 40-year journey. After the tenth plague, which killed every single Egyptian firstborn male, Pharaoh ordered Moses and the Israelites to take all their livestock and leave Egypt immediately. The Israelites, who had languished in servitude for many years, prepared to go hurriedly before Pharaoh could change his mind as he had done in the past.

While the Israelites did have time to milk the Egyptians for their gold and silver jewelry, as God had instructed, they could not wait around and follow their bread recipes to the letter. As they fled into the desert, they baked the unleavened dough, which would eventually be called matzah.

It was a good thing that the Israelites wasted little time in departing. Soon after Pharaoh had released all his slaves (and after God had hardened his heart), he had second thoughts, and sent all his horses and chariots to pursue the Israelites. As the Israelites approached the Red Sea, they saw Pharaoh’s redoubtable forces rapidly closing in on them. At the last minute, Moses, with staff in hand, stretched his arm over the sea and God parted the waters. The Israelites then crossed through on dry
land and continued their long journey toward the land flowing with milk and honey. The Egyptians, however, were not as fortunate: soon after they entered the sea in hot pursuit, the waters came crashing down and they all drowned.

Although this harrowing ordeal took place thousands of years ago, Jews still commemorate it every year with a whole matzah-filled week of gustatory gloom.

Hopefully at Columbia we can all eat our salmon in peace and have enough time to let our bread rise (or at least run over to UFM to buy it). Nevertheless, the stress of college often leaves one hungering for an escape. Many rely on alcohol and other substances to get away from it all, but few realize that certain foods can have similar effects.

A number of food writers have recently extolled the virtues of this phenomenon, and labeled its culinary delights as “comfort food.” Such foods are often soft, warm, and creamy, and they evoke pleasant memories of childhood. Hot chocolate, rice pudding, macaroni and cheese, mashed potatoes, and even bacon all qualify.

The recipe that follows is for Ris e Latt, a somewhat sophisticated form of comfort food. This dish requires a solid 40 minutes of undivided attention, but the reward is worth the wait. As the milk simmers away, its soothing scent pervades the kitchen and banishes the stench left behind by one’s fellow kitchen-mates.

I adapted this recipe from John Thorne’s *Pot on the Fire*, required reading on the Culinary Humanities syllabus. Ris e Latt begs for improvisation. I’ve considered replacing the Parmesan with cheddar and the mushrooms with broccoli. One could also transform this dish from savory to sweet by omitting the salt and adding some sugar, raisins, caramelized apples, and a sweet cheese such as mascarpone.

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**Ris e Latt**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4 cups milk</td>
<td>(lowfat is OK but skim probably won’t work well)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 cup arborio rice</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
<td>plus additional for mushrooms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 package of mushrooms</td>
<td>sliced thinly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon butter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>freshly ground pepper to taste</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup freshly grated Parmesan (preferably Parmesan Reggiano)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8-10 fresh basil leaves, in thin strips (optional)</td>
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1. Pour milk into a heavy-bottomed three-quart pot, add 1 tsp. salt and bring to a simmer.
2. Add rice and stir.
3. Keep milk at a simmer, lowering the heat as necessary. Stir thoroughly from top to bottom whenever a skin starts to form on the surface of the milk. You will need to stir about every two minutes at the start, but towards the end the stirring will become more frequent. Keep mixture simmering on the stove until the rice has absorbed all the milk, about 40 minutes.
4. While rice cooks, melt butter in a large sauce pan. Add mushrooms, a few sprinkles of salt, and some pepper. Sauté until the mushrooms give up all their liquid.
5. Add the Parmesan, mushrooms, and basil (if using) to the rice and stir until well combined.

Serve with good crusty bread.
offered his daughter to me, in the bonds of holy matrimony. Only the last words of Conrad’s Kurtz come to mind.

After teaching my classes today, I wandered out to the park across the street from the school. The grass was beautifully manicured. A boy and a girl, arms entangled, were sitting on a bench. I chose to rest my weary feet on the opposite bench. The wonders one can behold upon a public green!

It was not my intention to eavesdrop, but sound waves travel where they please. The boy expressed his genuine love for the girl. The girl expressed her genuine love for the boy. Not a cocktail in sight.

I have ceased to wonder what town I am in. I am more curious about the planet.

May 30, 1934

I apologize, dear journal. I have neglected you of late. I must bring you up to speed on the subject of my dark existence.

Some days ago, I resolved to undo myself. Relatively squeamish at the thought of drawing my own blood, and sadly bereft of tall city buildings (oh dearest Morningside Heights, how I miss thee), I walked out into the street to see if some good Samaritan would hit me in the face with a blunt instrument.

The streets were relatively empty, for the morning was young. The sun had barely brought its orange to the horizon. And yet, I saw one figure, looming in the distance.

As I approached, I saw that the man was bouncing a ball intently. When I came within a few feet of him, he continued with his sport, ignorant of my presence. He had a look of contentment on his face, one that I quickly began to resent. I grabbed the ball in mid-bounce. I need that, he said. Why, I wondered. Well, he explained, my wife just left me, and I’m keeping busy. Christ, I exclaimed, you need a— I cut myself short. The man vigorously renewed his game. I grabbed him by the neck and began to shake him—for answers, for solace, for a dry martini with a twist.

The adjustment to prison has been difficult. My slim host made good on his promise, and had me incarcerated. My showers are cold. My nights are dark. My meals are gelatinous. I ingest this goo out of spite, simply to make my

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THE BLUE AND WHITE
dessert that much sweeter. After every meal, I receive a small cup of the sweetest berry I have ever known. Each cup goes into a metal container under my bed, joining its brethren in the chemical dance of dead things.

I am waiting.

* SIGNS continued from page 114
the current purposes of the exchange; (b) the maxim of quality: do not say what you believe to be false, and do not say that for which you lack adequate evidence; and (c) the maxim of manner: be perspicuous, and specifically avoid ambiguity, obscurity of expression, and unnecessary prolixity.

Customer: This is getting too much! If I were not in a rush, I would demand to speak to your boss. But this is your lucky day—I don’t have any time to waste. I really have to run to the train station.

Clerk (relieved): Going out of town for a nice weekend?

Customer: What do I know? I’ve just read the paper. It says that the airports are all closed and that everybody must take the train.

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**VOLUNTEERING continued from page 110**
and career counseling. The program shows children that they can live in relative health and expand their opportunities through education.

The Ujima program volunteers provide HIV-positive children with tutoring and mentorship, similar to the other programs. Not all these children know that they have HIV. The program teaches children how to live a positive life style, not just how to live with HIV.

The fifth program, Harlem Community Resource Center, is located at Harlem Hospital and provides materials and counseling to parents looking for programs outside of PH’s scope.

With a recent $75,000 private grant and plans to start a sixth program for diabetic children, the future of PH is promising. However, they are in need of motivated volunteers. If you are an undergraduate interested in applying to PH or have an idea for a new program, please contact Campus Coordinators Justin (jr442) or Aisha (af5), or Regional Coordinator Tara (tp218). You can also find out more about these programs at www.projecthealth.org. – Hilary Feldstein

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<td>8:30am - 8pm M - Th, 8:30am - 5pm Fri</td>
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</table>

Admit it. You LOVE making copies.

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March 2001
We woke up at noon. We wanted to get an early start. We took the metro to Lesseps and followed the signs. On our way we passed a sign graffitied in Catalan, Spanish, and English, "Tourists you are the terrorists." We took pictures of the sign with my friend's camera. After climbing several flights of stairs outdoors, we reached the western entrance of the park.

We walked to the highest point in the park and found a sculpture in stone. Sitting atop the sculpture were several children speaking rapidly in both Spanish and French. After they had descended, we climbed up for our view of the Mediterranean. We could see out past La Sagrada Familia to the city's harbor. I remembered looking out over the Judean hills on countless mornings and listening to a friend of mine tell me "When it is a clear day you can see all the way to the Mediterranean..." Well, I never saw the Mediterranean on any of those mornings, but I could see it that day from the park. It looked more peaceful. Perhaps I was projecting politics onto geography.

We launched into a long discussion about whether either of us could ever live in Israel or Palestine. The results were inconclusive when I finally ended the discussion in anger. Anger over my inability to articulate the complexity of the situation. Anger over the fact that I was supposed to be enjoying myself on a sunny day in the park and thinking about my friends in the Israeli army or my sister's friend gunned down in cold blood by an Israeli soldier two months ago.

We began our descent toward Gaudi's house. Outside of Gaudi's house, a man was playing Rodrigo's guitar concerto without an orchestra. We listened for a while. I remembered a friend of mine who had spent the summer busking in San Francisco. We left a few pesetas in his guitar case and went to look for something to drink.

In the center of the park was a semicircle with a bar. We bought a pitcher of sangria and began what had become our daily ritual. Talking and drinking. Drinking and talking. The park closed at seven p.m. An hour after sunset. We went home with headaches.
Columbians weary of staring at “EXAMPLE: a=sonntag, susan” when making requests from Columbia’s resident muse, CLIO, may do well to reflect upon the politics that go into such a choice. Harvard and Princeton reveal their true blue-blood heritage with William Shakespeare as their model search request, while Yale surprises with Gertrude Stein—accruing P.C. points for including a woman and a homosexual in one fell swoop while still covering its dead-white-person base. Penn plays at the hipster with Norman Mailer, while Brown displays its independence by choosing Emily Dickinson. Our favorite? Cornell’s choice of Rachel Carson, the author of the classic *Silent Spring* and one of the first to draw public attention to the dangers of DDT insecticide.

**Blue and White**

Blue is Our Lady’s colour,  
White is Our Lord’s.  
To-morrow I will wear a knot  
of blue and white cords,  
That you may see it, where you ride  
Among the flashing swords.

O banner, white and sunny blue,  
With prayer I wove thee!  
For love the white, for faith the heavenly blue,  
And both for him, so tender-true,  
Him that doth love me!  

*Mary Elizabeth Coleridge, 1861-1907*

The Case of Reed Harris, Student Editor at Columbia University. His Expulsion for Criticism of College affairs, and Subsequent Reinstatement. New York, ACLU, 1932. 16p. mimeo. A113:  

“He Harris was editor-in-chief of the Columbia Daily Spectator. His editorials had attacked college football, ROTC, anti-Semitism, the Republican Party, the secret society ‘Nacoms,’ and ultimately, the preparation and serving of food in the University’s John Jay Hall. The last criticism led to his expulsion.”

The recent undergraduate sculpture show sponsored by the Postcrypt Art Gallery was a hearty success, but the unqualified hit of the show was a videotaped performance art piece by Aaron Raskin, CC ’02. Mr. Raskin, along with help from a few sturdy friends, constructed a cocoon-like enclosure made entirely of duct tape hanging from scaffolding at 116th and Riverside. After clambering into the structure and securing himself so all that was visible was a large mass of duct tape, Mr. Raskin then began calling down to passersby, eliciting many priceless responses from people who had no idea what the heck they were hearing or looking at. All of the pedestrians reactions were surreptitiously videotaped by a friend of the artist. Unfortunately, the whimsical show was abruptly halted when someone called the NYPD, who, despite having their perplexed reactions caught on film for posterity, eventually persuaded Mr. Raskin to free himself from his little home and climb down. *The Blue and White* applauds Mr. Raskin’s innovation.
Judith Steinhart ran another successful "Orgasms, Pleasure, and Pizza" event as part of Alice!'s Safer Sex Plus! Week. Among the gems were a well-placed quotation from Kurt Vonnegut, a demonstration on how to make both a hair-band and a dental dam from a condom, and her parting words: "Orgasms are out there, go get them (if you want them)!

"In the eleventh year there came to him an oracle from the city of Buto to the effect that the time of his punishment was drawing to an end and that he should see again if he washed his eyes with the piss of a woman who had known only her own husband and no other men at all. So he essayed first with his own wife, but he saw no better than before. Then he tried them all, one after another. When he did recover his sight, he gathered together all the women he had tried, save for she whose piss had cured his eyes, into one city, which is not called "The Red Sod." And having collected them all there, he set fire to them, city and all. And the woman in whose piss he had washed and seen again, her he took to be his wife."  

–Herodotus, The Histories

Is Hamilton Hall due for a major makeover? Rumor has it that alumni think so. The budget's been approved to revamp the first floor, which means we'll soon have a new admissions and core office. The Blue and White suggests a new elevator, since the present lift leaves students shafted.

"In order to be modern art, a work does not need to be modern, nor art, nor even a work."  
–H Rosenberg, in Jacques Le Goff's History and Memory

The Blue and White is glad to hear of the formation of another religious group on campus: the Latter Day Saints Students Association of Columbia. The group was founded in October by Eric DeFriez, CC'03, a sophomore transfer student from the University of Utah, who was elected President and also acts as the webmaster for the brand new site: www.columbia.edu/cu/ldssa. Kudos to Mr. DeFriez for his hard work.

TALES OF THE EASTERN BEYOND: An undergraduate fabulist choosing to remain nameless, inspired by his TA in an unnamed course on the Levant and its neighbors, embarks on magical flights of fancy:

I asked Selim yesterday if I could borrow his scarf, because I had been hit by a car and I needed a tourniquet. He replied, "He who bellows, naked is he." Then he reached into his own mouth and pulled out a piece of rock candy. Attached to it was a note that said, "Look up." I looked up. There in the sky was a man surfing on the clouds. I asked Selim what it meant. "Oh, that," he laughed, walking backwards through traffic with his eyes closed; "That is the surfer Primordial. When he reaches the shore, we know that Hannuman's eagle has brushed a carpet against the peaks of the Himalayas one time too many." I didn't know how to react. After a pause, I belted out with, "That's cool, man!"

His reply? "You Orientalist!"

But he said it with a smile and, later, gave me a kidney. So I know there were no hard feelings. He did, however, say, "It's morbidly funny what you've done with your grade." We parted with him warning me not to worry too much about my bad grade, then asking me if I'd ever failed a history course so far.

Just a day in the life of Selim, know what I'm sayin'?
In his lecture for U.S. Foreign Relations 1890-1970, Prof. Anders Stephanson not only managed to use the word “dastardly” twice, but also commented that “[Alexander] Hamilton, as a good Columbia student, was a deviant in every possible way.” Well put, Prof. Stephanson.

Graffiti from Butler elevator: “Why are ppl so cold?”
Reply: “Because they are afraid.”
(This is below Chinese characters for “mausoleum” and “port.”)

“But this new architecture is different. Making people uncomfortable is not merely the by-product of this style but its very purpose. It sets out to ‘deconstruct’ the familiar categories we employ to organize our world: inside and outside, private and public, function and ornament, etc. Some of it does seem interesting as art, or maybe I should say, as text. But it seems to me it’s one thing to disturb people in a museum or private home where anyone can choose not to venture, and quite another to set out to disorient office workers or conventioneers or passersby [or Columbia University students intent on getting their mail in Lerner Hall—ed.] who have no choice in the matter.”
—Michael Pollan’s *A Place of My Own*, (1998): (p 68)

“In the interest of student safety—or perhaps under threat of crippling fines by the New York Fire Department—URH has been affixing a “Fire Safety Notice” to every available surface in every campus residence, aesthetics be damned. The Notice advises that “in the event smoke conditions worsen before help arrives, get down on the floor and take short breathes through your nose. If possible, retreat to an egress away from the source of smoke, heat, or fire.” This perplexed writer admits to looking up “egress” in a reputable dictionary, and learning that one of its five distinct definitions can be construed as “exit.” Thank you to URH for holding the Columbia intellect in such high esteem as to give us the Ivy League version of this “Fire Safety Notice” – because we’d turn up our noses at the plebeian noun “exit.” Of course, we’re likely to be busy taking “breathes” through those noses.

Nicholas Murray Butler’s stamp collection, housed in Butler’s Rare Book and Manuscript Library, appeared in January after years of neglect. It contains envelopes from foreign destinations addressed to the former President of the University, all franked with various exotic stamps. Our favorite is addressed in 1912 from Poland to “His Magnificence Nikolai Murray Butler, Rector of the Columbia University, New York, America.”

“Good evening, gentlemen. I’m plastered.”
—Plato, *The Symposium.*
During his class on America in the Era of Civil War and Reconstruction, Professor Eric Foner enumerated some of the more unusual characteristics of our nation’s fifteenth president, James Buchanan: not only was he the only bachelor to hold the office, but he was also myopic in one eye and far-sighted in the other. Most impressive, Mr. President! At the conclusion of his comments, Foner added that had he desired it, Buchanan could have perhaps achieved a post here at Columbia, citing our campus as a “dumping ground” for such characters. Coincidentally, Professor Gore had delivered his first lecture at the Journalism School just the day before. A final note on Buchanan: many years back a student in James Shenton's Civil War class was apparently inspired enough by the ophthalmologically-freakish president that he or she choreographed a modern dance entitled “James Buchanan and the Secession Crisis” in place of writing a final paper. The Blue and White wonders whether such substitutions are still acceptable.

The assignment was intriguing. For his “Deviance and Social Control” course of the Fall 2000 semester, Prof. Peter Reed told his class they were to effect an experiment: dress or act like social deviants for one day and report reactions. So Peter Schuette, CC ’02, got creative. He took a mannequin he had found on the street in Chelsea, and made matching T-shirts for himself and the mannequin reading in bold letters: MANNEQUIN LOVE! He then attached his rather large prop to a dolley and wheeled it around with him all day, eliciting guffaws and stares. Peter, a lanky, easygoing artist, wins the wholehearted approval of The Blue and White.

ADDENDA TO THE SECRETS OF PINE: Pine users in search of guidance might try typing “fortune” at the $ prompt. For the bold: try typing “fortune -os.” Users with unusual names can use Pine to come up with their own e-mail addresses. For example, Verily Sepinuck Veritas might be reached at verily@columbia.edu, sepinuck@columbia.edu, veritas@columbia.edu, verily.veritas@columbia.edu, or even v.sepinuck@columbia.edu. The possibilities are, like the number of transliterations of the name of Emperor Bilge, great khan of Mongolia, endless.

From the Columbia Special Events web page: “The purpose of CSE is to organize large events for the benefit and enjoyment of the entire campus. The events include, but are not limited to comedy shows, lectures, parties, etc...Comedy is planning on bringing Carrot Top, while lectures is trying to bring Garcia Lorca or Toni Morrison.” www.columbia.edu/cu/bbb/events/moreinfo/special.html

Um, good luck bringing Garcia Lorca, who died in 1936.

To the delight of many budding young scholars, the Butler Library ground floor copy card machine developed a very profitable malfunction on Feb. 4th. Instead of giving students a copy card worth 60 cents in copies, the machine gave out cards worth ten dollars and sixty cents—for just one dollar. That’s enough for about ten copies of Roel Van Duyn’s seminal analysis of the writings of anarchist Peter Kropotkin, Message of a Wise Kabouter.

Pinnacle...it’s ugly!