CONTENTS

Columns
3 Introduction
9 Blue J
13 Campus Characters
18 Lecture Notes
19 Digitalia
21 Curio Columbiana
24 Culinary Humanities
25 Book Review
29 Told Between Puffs
30 Campus Gossip

Features
4 Kenneth Koch: A Remembrance
10 Blue W Meeting Minutes
11 Secrets of the ROLM Phone
16 A Good Day for Lefty Leibniz
20 Letter to the Editor
27 The Summer of Slush

On the Cover:
“Winter Encroaches,” 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.
What is The Blue and White? Any attempt at an answer must begin by disabusing certain apocryphal legends that have accumulated over time. Though oft-repeated, the story of our founding by a splinter faction of radical grammarians in the wake of the “Dangling Participle Incident” at the oed is simply not true. Neither, for that matter, are reports of a Kabbalistic provenance. And rumors of a connection with the Church of Scientology are just plain silly.

In fact, The Blue and White is a distinctively Columbian institution. The magazine was founded in 1891—and, in keeping with Columbia traditions, underwent a period of dormancy before being revived some years later. Despite the passing of years, our purpose remains largely unchanged since expressed by Editor Sidney Treat, C’1893:

“to give bright and newsy items, which are of interest to all of us, combined with truthful comments on the same, in order to show clearly the exact tone of the College.”

In this issue, you will find a host of installments that would be familiar to Treat and his classmates: Blue J shares her sincere, if unsolicited advice and complaints; Campus Gossip captures the whimsical and wondrous occurrences that make Morningside Heights home; Curio Columbiana reproduces another interesting document from Columbia’s past; and Verily Veritas remains with us as well, holding forth on the life Columbian in “Told Between Puffs.”

What is The Blue and White? We are a magazine and a community, we are cheerleaders and critics, but above all we are sons and daughters of Alma Mater. If you’d like to contribute us as a writer, artist, graphic designer or copy editor, please send us an e-mail at: theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.
Prof. Kenneth Koch
(1925 – 2002)

The Blue and White was saddened to learn of the passing of Kenneth Koch this summer, at the age of 77, of leukemia. Koch, an award-winning poet of the New York School, was also a longtime professor at Columbia, teaching and inspiring nearly 40 years of students at CU. Below, three of Professor Koch’s students share memories of their time with him, and his influence on them. Following these remembrances is Koch’s poem, “One Train May Hide Another,” reprinted with permission from the Estate of Kenneth Koch.

Before I met Kenneth Koch, I had no idea what poetry was. One confronts it in high school with an amalgam of fear, distrust, disdain, perhaps awe. What are these arcane receptacles of codified knowledge, sometimes rhymed, sometimes not, often baffling, seldom kept in mind at lunchtime? There is a meaning to be grasped, remarks the teacher. And after the sacred ceremony in which the meaning is found, like the secret of the lemonade inside a frozen concentrated lemonade can, we can sigh audibly, slump forward, scratch at a big toe, and wonder when we shall return to reading novels like normal people.

I peeked out from under sheaves of Edward Arlington Robinson and wondered if something was wrong. On arrival Professor Koch’s Form in Poetry class in the spring of my freshman year, this minor doubt, this crack I thought I had found in the facade of poetry’s formal banality grew to a mighty gorge. In the temple of Apollo, one was shocked to learn, there were not only archaic Grecian torsos, but also beach balls of varying sizes.

Poetry can be fun. Not just fun. Wild fun. Duck hunting with your beloved on Tierra del Fuego fun. And exciting too. No one could dissuade Professor Koch from these convictions, and once I became his student, no one could dissuade me either. As a kind of sage gondolier, he paddled us through the history of poetry, tossing us headfirst with a splash into each author we read and subsequently imitated. And as I thought about a Robert Herrick poem for the first time, he thought about it for what must have been the thousandth, but he was still downright astounded by it, beaming, chuckling to himself, lost momentarily in a pile of ripe cherries. That’s what good poetry does. And that’s what it began to do to me, as I was submerged in Professor Koch’s philosophy that one cannot have separate discussions about Life and Art when they are one and the same. The hospital you are born in is the opera house behind the bowling alley on top of the Louvre.

–Michael Paulson

Kenneth Koch is my great big hero. Sometimes I feel that poetry begins and ends with him, which is strange: part of what made him so marvelous a poet and a teacher of poet-
ry was the way he had of deflecting your attention. He was a clearinghouse, a switchboard for the history of poetry; behind a single poem of his were a dozen poems of Mallarmé and of Donne; a visit to his office would send you off in other directions, with serious instructions to read more Pasternak, O'Hara, more Spenser. So it’s true, that there was no poetry for me before Kenneth Koch. I’m sure I did not know where it was or what.

I wasn’t his student long enough to get filled-up with as much of his singular genius as I could want. It was always up for grabs, with him: he gave you, he gave everyone, all his advice with the same air of contemplative zest, cruel grin, in the same brown-and-beige office. I wonder if it was a grin or a grimace. It clearly meant that your poems were in just bad enough taste to amuse him, you had some ability as a writer, “why don’t you simply go home, sit down, and enjoy writing some poems?” Oh, so that’s how I do this! I got to like writing poems from him, and to believe that it should be liked.

If this weren’t quite enough, there also seems to have been something in him of the wildly divine. Or something constantly straining into the divine from without; a divinity that he felt; that was to him intimate and ecstatic and casually real; the smell of fireworks, a night in October. How did he know it was there? Did he create the world in which such things were possible? or is it still here? In his poems, we see with some of his emphatic sight, where we are certain, if only for a moment, that a heaven of poesy is really at hand, just outside between the parallel trees before the crosswalk, where we can have it. It’s hard to have as much of it as he had, who had a sort of addiction to it. It’s hard to feel as close to poetry, and the things of the world, as Kenneth Koch did; he was made for this world; it was made for him.

-Davey Volner

Greatness is rarely encountered in the world; I say this though perhaps I am too young to be sure. Kenneth Koch had it. For the better part of forty years he brought the blue-like-an-orange universe of Modern Poetry to the hundreds or thousands of Columbia students passing through his lectures and seminars. All great teachers can inspire students with their passion for the subject at hand, all leave students with insatiable appetites for learning and exploring, all are masters in their spheres—Kenneth Koch had these attributes, but, more than that, he spoke with an authority I have never experienced in any other person—it is the authority that comes with being a master artist and scholar at the same time. In a time when, as we all know, it is easy to float through Columbia on a gentlemanly current of high marks, Kenneth Koch held his students to the highest standards, something he got away with by routinely surpassing even those standards with his own inescapable work.

He used to start his seminar the way he recalled Delmore Schwartz starting his: “How many of you want to be great poets?” Of course, nearly everyone raises his or her hand. “Well, you do know that any era with more than four great poets is considered a Renaissance.” Best reality-check ever! And it was a pretty accurate gauge of the standards he set in class; we spent the semester deciphering his impossible scrawl on our poems, savoring every check, and trying to learn from every cut.

As one of Professor Koch’s many outrageously successful students from the sixties and seventies once recalled to me, “The sun always shone on Kenneth Koch.” It certainly seemed that way whether one was listening to a passionate lecture on Apollinaire or taking down a list of suggested reading. Around him, one was never sure if life was the rocket-fuel of poetry or poetry the rocket-fuel of life. Definitely both, and the sun, too.

For a supplement to this totally inadequate list of memories, I urge interested readers to view issue number 15 of Jacket Magazine online at www.jacketmagazine.com

-Justin Jamail
ONE TRAIN MAY HIDE ANOTHER

*(sign at a railroad crossing in Kenya)*

In a poem, one line may hide another line,
As at a crossing, one train may hide another train.
That is, if you are waiting to cross
The tracks, wait to do it for one moment at
Least after the first train is gone. And so when you read
Wait until you have read the next line—
Then it is safe to go on reading.
In a family one sister may conceal another,
So, when you are courting, it’s best to have them all in view
Otherwise in coming to find one you may love another.
One father or one brother may hide the man,
If you are a woman, whom you have been waiting to love.
So always standing in front of something the other
As words stand in front of objects, feelings, and ideas.
One wish may hide another. And one person’s reputation may hide
The reputation of another. One dog may conceal another
On a lawn, so if you escape the first one you’re not necessarily safe;
One lilac may hide another and then a lot of lilacs and on the Appia
Antica one tomb
May hide a number of other tombs. In love, one reproach may hide another,
One small complaint may hide a great one.
One injustice may hide another--one colonial may hide another,
One blaring red uniform another, and another, a whole column. One bath
may hide another bath
As when, after bathing, one walks out into the rain.
One idea may hide another: Life is simple
Hide Life is incredibly complex, as in the prose of Gertrude Stein
One sentence hides another and is another as well. And in the laboratory
One invention may hide another invention,
One evening may hide another, one shadow, a nest of shadows.
One dark red, or one blue, or one purple--this is a painting
By someone after Matisse. One waits at the tracks until they pass,
These hidden doubles or, sometimes, likenesses. One identical twin
May hide the other. And there may be even more in there! The obstetrician
Gazes at the Valley of the Var. We used to live there, my wife and I, but
One life hid another life. And now she is gone and I am here.
A vivacious mother hides a gawky daughter. The daughter hides
Her own vivacious daughter in turn. They are in
A railway station and the daughter is holding a bag
Bigger than her mother’s bag and successfully hides it.
In offering to pick up the daughter’s bag one finds oneself confronted by
the mother’s
And has to carry that one, too. So one hitchhiker
May deliberately hide another and one cup of coffee
Another, too, until one is over-excited. One love may hide another love
or the same love
As when “I love you” suddenly rings false and one discovers
The better love lingering behind, as when “I’m full of doubts”
Hides “I’m certain about something and it is that”
And one dream may hide another as is well known, always, too. In the
Garden of Eden
Adam and Eve may hide the real Adam and Eve.
Jerusalem may hide another Jerusalem.
When you come to something, stop to let it pass
So you can see what else is there. At home, no matter where,
Internal tracks pose dangers, too: one memory
Certainly hides another, that being what memory is all about,
The eternal reverse succession of contemplated entities. Reading
A Sentimental Journey look around
When you have finished, for Tristram Shandy, to see
If it is standing there, it should be, stronger
And more profound and theretofore hidden as Santa Maria Maggiore
May be hidden by similar churches inside Rome. One sidewalk
May hide another, as when you’re asleep there, and
One song hide another song; a pounding upstairs
Hide the beating of drums. One friend may hide another, you sit at the
foot of a tree
With one and when you get up to leave there is another
Whom you’d have preferred to talk to all along. One teacher,
One doctor, one ecstasy, one illness, one woman, one man
May hide another. Pause to let the first one pass.
You think, Now it is safe to cross and you are hit by the next one. It
can be important
To have waited at least a moment to see what was already there.  

—Kenneth Koch
Help **URH** help you!

**Get online:**
For maintenance, housekeeping, housing, and more:

www.columbia.edu/cu/res halls

**Get in line:**
For keys, bins, handtrucks, fax service, and more, 24 hours a day:

URH Service Desk in Hartley lobby

**Get on the line:**
For maintenance emergencies:

HAPPY (x4-2779)
The J sincerely regrets that his tails are currently at the tailor's, as he feels horribly underdressed at all formal engagements. Unfortunately attending new President Bollinger's coronation is now out of the question. Still, despite his enforced absence, this longest-term resident of Morningside would nonetheless like to extend his own special welcome to the new crux of the Columbia V, and offer a few humble words of advice. Over many years spiraling above Low, little birdies have told him lots of interesting things: perhaps our new Captain will find them of use.

All good fliers start with ground school. If you get lost, just remember that from a bird's-eye-view the campus is symmetrical, with the exception of Lerner Hall. Speaking of which, several of my avian allies have spoken to me of late, rubbing sore necks and begging for that place to get some curtains! While the J knows that you are not in the business of bettering birds, it's never a bad time to remind you that the Presidency depends on the support of the flock! This J is also compelled to point out that it's highly unnecessary to drive a Volvo from Morningside Drive to Low Library.

Be careful of that iso bunch. First you buy a single paper, and the next thing you know you don't have any friends except your poster party mates you met in Hamilton.

The latest buzz in the flock is that you're keeping students spellbound in your First Amendment class. Wisecracks will definitely put you a few steps ahead of your predecessor. In fact, any talking with the students will be a good thing. Perhaps we won't always sing your tune, but we'll find your voice soothing. Plus, frequent handling saves you the embarrassment of being denied comp tickets at student productions because the ushers don't recognize you.

Feed the pigeons. It's just the right thing to do.

The Senate and all the administrators are eagerly awaiting the renewed vigor with which you will doubtless approach running the school—right now you're cock o' the walk. Don't squander that goodwill by letting yourself entrench behind certain positions. We want a President with strong opinions, but they have to be relatively in accord with the spirit of the University. The President does set the tone for the school, but we are not mockingbirds; and this J trusts you appreciate the futility of making a mourning-dove cry like an eagle or a peacock imitate a pigeon.

Right now, even the Marching Band likes you. That's a good thing.

A few final words: Too many mother birds in these woods would rather shuffle broken eggs around in their nest than lay new ones that might hatch. The students learn to see through the run-around incredibly quickly. They will welcome a President who forces administrators to offer new, real solutions to Columbia's flaws, instead of face-lifting the problem.
Official Minutes from the last *Blue and White*
Meeting

9:30: Weekly meeting of *The Blue and White* called to order. Memory of esteemed predecessors invoked. A sober, reflective mood prevails.

9:31: Pleasantries and pastries (a delightful raspberry linzer, courtesy of Maggie Gram).


9:39: Resolution to declare Soules ‘Potentate of Pokey’ introduced.


9:43: Meeting called to order. First order of business: this month’s poetry selection by Michael Paulson, entitled “Muppet Love.”

9:44: Scandal! A lengthy invective delivered by Anand Venkatesan, in which said poem is described as “flabby, fustian, idolatrous twaddle, unsuitable for publication even in *The Columbia Review.*”

9:46: Venkatesan described as “Brobdingnagian jackass, idiotic to the extreme” by offended poet.

9:47: Fisticuffs.

9:50: A peace accord is brokered by Ms. Ainsley B.P. Ross.

9:52: Ms. Ross’s diplomacy praised by one Craig Hollander, who loudly and rapidly declaims, “Bully! Capital! Say on, Ms. Ross!”

9:53: Noted for the record that Hollander is from Baltimore.

9:56: A clamorous noise from the kitchen; Davey Volner sighted guzzling vinegar.

9:57: Noted that this is third incident of condiment-guzzling by Volner in last month. Movement to censure hungry young ruffian passes overwhelmingly.

9:59: Rapprochement. Paulson and Venkatesan reconcile over glasses of Schmidt Ice and Zima, respectively. Tasting notes are shared.

10:01 Paulson, of the Schmidt Ice: “A solidly constructed beverage. Notes of juniper, stonefruit, and piss. What it lacks in nuance, it makes up for in robustness (belches). Brooding, with a bitter, concise finish.”

10:04: Venkatesan, of the Zima: “Elegantly crafted. Strong enough for a man, but Ph balanced for a woman. Redolent of water, artificial flavoring. This particular inebriant is, in fact, a few degrees cooler.”

10:06: Hatchet buried. Paulson and Venkatesan are, once again, BFF.

10:08: Second order of business: gossip! Main subjects are Smoot-Hawley Tariff; sexual prowess of Presidents James K. Polk and William Howard Taft; and the wearing of white after Labor Day. P. Diddy, the Hamptons also glossed.

10:09: Comments take on libelous nature.

10:10: Defamation of character.

10:11: Slander.

10:15: Pizza!


10:30: Stars in the sky, children tucked away in their beds, all is well with the world.
Once upon a morning early, I awoke but till was surly.
Rolled over and then gazed down to the SpyPhone on my floor.
Though “Message Waiting” wasn’t lit, something strange there didn’t fit.
I thought it over, bit by bit — I’d never seen this screen before.
“The LCD, I muttered, “it says ‘CALL 36674’
Only this, and nothing more.”
I tried a good part of that day to make the message go away—
I pushed the buttons every way, and oh! They made my fingers sore.
Soon though, I was forced to face it — this screen, I could not erase it.
How I wished I could replace it, ‘place it with blank screen of yore—
The blank screen I was used to on my Model 624!
I could not take it anymore.

And so began my quest to be rid of the harmless but annoying eyesore. Of course, my first step was to follow instructions—I called the friend of mine whose number now marred my phone. All I could say was, “How did you get my phone to tell me to call you?” That’s when I found out the bad news and the worse news—not only didn’t she know where the message came from or how to remove it, but the same thing had once happened to her phone and there it remained for the rest of the year.

That would not be acceptable for me. Determined to be master of my own device, I pored through manuals, searched the web, and talked to nerd after nerd. Finally, I called Communications Services and explained my problem. The answer was prompt if not polite: “I can’t tell you, but maybe there’s someone who can.” A woman, presumably his manager, came on the phone and denied my request just the same. Finally after much cajoling I was let in on the secret with the menacing addendum, “If students knew everything these phones are capable of, the system would overload.” This was the wrong thing to say. My digital tattoo problem was solved, but my curiosity had been piqued. Thus began my quest to uncover the secrets of the ROLM. Below you will find the results of my exploits.

Let’s begin with the “Call...” message on my LCD. If you dial someone with a Model 624 “SpyPhone” and press cam p while the phone is ringing, a message will appear on their phone telling them to call your number. This comes in handy if someone’s mailbox is full or you really need to be called back and option three of special delivery instructions just won’t do the trick. Unfortunately, most students have Model 120 “Plain Old Phones” which lack silvery LCD screens and so can’t display anything at all. (How do you remove the message? See this article’s sidebar on the next page.)

While many students know how to forward their calls to another extension, few know that it is possible to turn off forwarding without returning home. In fact, it’s even possible to change the forwarding destination from another location. Here’s an example illustrating how it works: Athena is heading out to visit with her friend Aphrodite. She’s expecting an important call, so she forwards her phone

Illustrated by Adam Wolkoff

October 2002
there by picking up the handset, pressing forward, and dialing Aphrodite’s number. After arriving at Aphrodite’s, Athena decides she’d rather hang out with her other friend Juno. So Athena dials her own number from Aphrodite’s phone, hears a dial tone, dials Juno’s number and hangs up. Now Athena’s phone is forwarded to Juno’s. To just shut off the forwarding entirely, Athena could simply dial her own number from the extension to which she’s forwarded her calls and then hang up (which Aphrodite could also do, if she didn’t want Athena’s call).

Another little-known feature present on all ROLM phones is speed dialing. Using the instructions in the sidebar, you can program any phone number, local or outside, into buttons 1 through 9. However, a warning is in order at this point—speed dial programming is not for the faint of heart or the slow of brain. If you decide to live so dangerously, don’t leave your stored numbers on the phone at the end of the year. For one thing, it’s discourteous to the next resident. For another, there’s actually a way for that resident to find out all the numbers programmed into the phone, including any psc. Curious readers may be wondering what happens if you program a phone number into your o key. This will actually reprogram your msg wrc button. If you decide to try this, make sure you know your home system access number so you can eventually put things back the way they were. If you don’t know what a home system access number is, you probably shouldn’t be screwing with this.

There are at least two situations when you would want to reprogram msg wrc. First, it’s great for confronting the busy signals encountered when buying World Series tickets or trying to win call-in contests. Also, try programming a consenting friend’s number into msg wrc and hitting that button as fast as you can. Their phone will warble like a parakeet on crystal meth.

This trick is a great way to awaken over-sleeping friends who aren’t answering their phones. An even better way is to simply press connect while the phone is ringing. This overrides voicemail so the phone will keep ringing until the friend realizes that you’re not going away. While these tricks all have legitimate uses, they can also be used for evil. Be warned, however, that the hand of justice is swift and merciless. So don’t harass anybody.

That’s not what these great tricks are for. As such a deed would bring reprove, while all the features be removed, And our great ROLM phones, “Never more.”

**ROLM SECRETS IN BRIEF**

1. To put a “call <your number>” message on someone’s phone: Press camp while their phone is ringing.
2. To remove a “call” message from your phone: Leave the phone off the hook and press 1. Note: multiple “call” messages can be left. When the recipient presses 1, the oldest is erased and the next is displayed.
3. To change your forwarding remotely: Pick up the phone that your line is forwarded to. Dial yourself. Wait for the tone. Dial the new number you’d like to be forwarded to. Hang up.
4. To cancel your forwarding remotely: Same as above, but skip the penultimate step.
5. To program a speed dial number: Pick up the phone and dial ##3x; where x is a number from 1 to 9 (or 0 to program msg wrc). Then dial the phone number you want to store. This can be either a simple 5-digit extension, or 97 followed by your psc followed by any outside number you want.
6. To dial the number you just programmed: Pick up the phone and dial #3x. To erase a speed dial number: Pick up the phone and dial ##3x. Hang up.
7. To make someone’s phone ring and ring until they pick up (i.e. override voicemail): Press connect while their phone is ringing.
Campus Characters

You might not know the following figures—but you should. In Campus Characters, our newest feature, The Blue and White introduces you to a handful of Columbians who are up to interesting and extraordinary things, and whose stories beg to be shared. If you'd like to suggest a Campus Character, send us an e-mail at: theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

Howard Nye

Howard Nye is at attention, his button-down shirt tucked neatly into his pants, collar unbuttoned with all the style and discipline of an RAF pilot. His command post occupies a lonely corner, hidden in the fabled Hogan residence. To his left is strewn a pile of tactical guides and lessons in courage. They bear titles like Hunger and Public Action and The Theory of Moral Sentiments. He polishes off a bowl of spicy bean curd and tops off his 500 mL standard-issue class center mug with caffeine-free Diet Coke from one of the six two-liter canisters currently in the arsenal at his feet.

The day was rife with minor engagements. The cultural relativist in African Civ. was dealt a decisive, surgically precise defeat at 09:47. Though there was not enough time between classes, the anti-capitalist on the steps would have been crushed into insignificance had Howard deployed his deadly accurate invective. In a close possible world he is not a campus character, but instead an officer leading a charge into no man's land, driven by the deep sentiments of duty and loyalty so ignored and undervalued today.

It is perhaps fortunate that such a person has chosen not to unleash himself on enemy combatants, but rather on economic injustice. While Donald Rumsfeld does battle with terror, Howard is positioning his strategic elements to defeat hunger and poverty. The enemy is diffuse and pervasive. It lurks in the economic muddles of the World Bank. It hides in the unscrutinized arguments laying between the abstracts in economics journals. Drawing strength from the generous quill of John Stuart Mill and the stoic prudence of Adam Smith, he sets his jaw against the economic model with which it is his charge to do battle tonight.

Many hours later, the graying sky strikes a bolt of fear through his fatigued body. His faculties are no longer sharp; the threat of sleep is menacing like a serrated bayonet. Soon he will have to report to his instructors in 1AB, Philosophy, Hamilton. He will successfully counter a fresh volley of minor offences. He will present the night's work to his rank superiors and damn God, if the asshole exists, for making it his lot to toil Sisyphean in order to right devastating wrongs, while suffering the indignity of still being an undergraduate. Howard, however, will not let such thoughts obstruct his view of the enemy. As he returns from the long hot shower that he permits himself in lieu of sleep, he steadies himself with the rolling thunder of the British Grenadier's March, pummeling the silence of the command post. Another swig of Diet Coke—caffeinated this time—and he emerges onto Broadway cleanly brushed and shaven, his trained mind and tongue seeking bulwarks he can use and obstructions he can demolish in his selfless quest to improve the well-being of strangers.

-JM
Yoni Appelbaum

"You know, I think Columbia students have a lot more in common than they like to think." Yonatan "Yoni" Appelbaum returns to this theme often during a casual chat in Butler Lounge. "There's a myth of apathy that self-important baby-boomers like to label us with, but I really believe we have a lot more activism and passion on this campus than we're given credit for." Yoni witnessed the depth of that passion as General Manager of the Columbia Political Union last year, when he was assailed as "a self-hating Jew helping a vicious black Nazi" and an "[expletive] fascist" for his decisions to bring Al Sharpton and Dinesh D'Souza to campus. But it seems that, for Yoni, this sort of assault only furthers his commitment to get students involved in a general political dialogue. He joined the CPU because, as he puts it, "I realized that as students who care about politics, and so many people care about politics on this campus, from environmental activists to volunteers at a soup kitchen, whether they realize it or not, we have more in common, even if we disagree, than people who don't think seriously about these issues." Currently, as the Chair of the Student Governing Board, Yoni continues to foster student engagement by coordinating various groups on campus, including religious, political, and community service organizations.

He also has the peculiar distinction of having been drawn to the quality of Columbia's athletics programs. Yes, quality. Not because he plays a sport, but more as a result of his "perennial optimism" for school teams. "I believe our football team is going to win the championship every year, and our basketball team sweep Penn and Princeton. It's that hope which is the lifeblood of a sports fan," Yoni claims. As would only be fitting, he is a native Bostonian and lifelong Red Sox fan, as well as a devout orthodox Jew, one truly versed in "keeping the faith," you might say.

As a senior majoring in History, at the center of campus political debate for four years, Yoni offers this epitaph for his Columbia experience: "I love this school. I may loathe the particulars, but I will always love the sum of the parts it has to offer. If there is a legacy I would like to leave behind, it would be for Columbia students to recognize the passions and motivations they share in common, and involve themselves in the general political debate going on around these ideas." The Blue and White can only salute Yoni for his commitment to such an inclusive ideal.

- VI
Lza Dwoskin

When I spot Lza Dwoskin on Wednesday night in a café, I have to linger on the other side of the room for a few minutes, watching her. She is scribbling something in a notebook, licking the end of the pencil, scribbling more. Her legs are draped over the side of her armchair. Her wild, frizzy hair frames her face like a halo on helium. Every few minutes she pauses to offer a kiwi to a passing stranger.

Because Lza— you say it Liz-zuh— is full of such a frenetic kind of sustained-multi-tasking energy, I’m always surprised by her overwhelming calmness. But she must get that a lot. When you know how much Lza does, her infectious flower child serenity seems bizarre, curious, almost holy.

Beneath the calm is a constant hurricane of furious ambition. Lza has an agenda. At the moment she is planning a radical news radio show for KCR— her weekly art show, “Art Attack,” isn’t enough. (When the show goes on the air, she would like her first interview to be with a ninety-year-old lesbian woman that she met recently in a nursing home.) She is also outlining a political feature story on a sharecropper-turned-Alabama-senatorial-candidate named Susan Parker, whom she met on an Indian tour bus two years ago and then visited in Alabama this summer. As Human Rights Department Coordinator for Racial Programming, she’s developing a year’s worth of curricula to facilitate dialogue about race on Columbia’s campus. She freelances as an art class model— “people draw me, people paint me, it’s peculiar”— and spends every Saturday morning playing at a nearby preschool.

Lza also has a set of pet artistic interests to supplement her frenetic practical activity. A month ago, I ran into her downtown at a screening of a Polish film by Krzysztof Kieslowski. She asked me if I’d seen the movie before, and when I shook my head and returned the question, she grinned. “This is probably my twelfth time,” she confided. The film in question, *The Decalogue*, is ten hours long.

Across the room, Lza is still biting at that pencil and staring at that page; now she is rolling one of the kiwis around in her hand. I suppose she is waiting for me. We have things to discuss. In her low, lilting voice, Lza will gush about her Darbooka, a small Middle Eastern drum that she has recently obtained ("It makes such a beautiful noise, Maggie— It makes me so happy I have to sleep next to it every night!"). She will tell me about Rashi, the medieval Jewish commentator that she is studying with her *chavrutah*, and I will ask about her interdisciplinary major in Colonial Studies. She will make me feel as calm as she is. We will giggle until we’re tired. And we will eat kiwi, fuzzy skins and all. —MG

Roommate driving you BANANAS?

Tips from URH:

- Be considerate of each other’s space. Draw a line if necessary.
- Divide responsibilities and set up a cleaning schedule.
- Ask before you “borrow.”
- Make sure it’s all right to have visitors (especially overnight).

Columbia University Student Services

Illustrated by Paul Heyer

- MG
A Good Day for Lefty Leibniz
by Davey Volner

1.
Pitcher: I’ve just pitched a perfect game!
Batter: Hey, hey everybody.
Pitcher: I’ve just pitched a perfect game.
Mr. Goodwin: You must feel like an incredibly
talented pitcher.
Madigan: What just happened here?
Pitcher: I’ve just pitched a perfect game, I can
hardly believe it.
Batter: It’s got to be true.
All: Heee-yahh!
Madigan: Perfect game.

2.
Pitcher: I’ve just pitched a perfect game.
Left-fielder: What was so perfect about it?
Mr. Goodwin: Goodness, just look at that box
score.
Pitcher: See the way the numbers all add up to
zero for the other team as they’re supposed to,
but so rarely do.
Mr. Goodwin: If that isn’t the most perfect
thing I ever saw!
Madigan: Do you think that?
Mr. Goodwin: No, no I don’t think, usually.
Pitcher: What’s your name?
Madigan: Madigan, southern handle.
Pitcher: Madigan, southern handle. That’s a
perfect name, it tastes like limeade. You proba-
bly get that a lot. I have something I’d like to
give you later. Madigan, listen here, I’ve just
pitched a game that had no hits and no walks
and no beaned batters in it.
Madigan: I think it would be more perfect if
you gave up a couple of runs to the other team;
that way, the game would be more balanced in
desirable qualities.
Mr. Goodwin: Oh.
Batter: Nuts to that.
Pitcher: Okay, let’s say I do. Now the other
team has got a couple of runs. Perfect!
Madigan: Yes, but you should have more runs
too.
Pitcher: Like a million!
Mr. Goodwin: The game is a million to two.
Perfect, perfect game!
All: Heee-yahh!

3.
Pitcher: I’ve just pitched a perfect game.
Batter: Are you sure?
Pitcher: Yup: the score was a million to two
and the other team had 999,998 men on base
when I struck out the last batter.
Left fielder: That’s pretty good.
Batter: It was better than that, for the crowd
was positive, the sun was a curled fist of won-
der, and the grass was truly green.
Madigan: So that’s a perfect game!
Mr. Goodwin: I imagine it is. Look at the box
score.
Madigan: It’s a picture of Paris!
Left fielder: (in astonishment) Perfect.
All: Hee-yahhah!

4.
Pitcher: I’ve just pitched a perfect game.
Madigan: You’re awfully good-looking.
Pitcher: Yes, thank you.
Pentacostal Preacher: WHAT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT YOUR PERFECT GAME O SON OF
MAN YOU DO NOT AND YOU CANNOT
KNOW A PERFECT GAME THE PERFECT
GAME THAT IS IN THE MIND OF GOD
REPENT REPENT AND LEAVE OFF PLAY-
ING PERFECT GAMES THAT ARE NOT
PERFECT BUT MERELY APPEAR TO BE SO
TO YOU WHO DO NOT KNOW THEM
Left fielder: Oh.
Pitcher: I’m so changed.
Mr. Goodwin: Go forth, and pitch perfect
games!
All: Heee-yahhah!

5.
Left fielder: You just pitched a perfect game.
Pitcher: I unfailingly do.
Madigan: I don’t believe that it was perfect at
all.
Batter: Why the hell not?
Pentacostal Preacher: THESE BALLPLAYERS HAVE GOT STUNNING LANGUAGE
Pitcher: The game had grass, and sky, and dirt, and runs-batted-in and Texas leaguers, everyone in the crowd walked away with prizes, and it was broadcast in 90 different languages.
Mr. Goodwin: I say, perfect game, that.
Madigan: But what about valor? or hope? or the legal right of counsel?
Batter: Yeah yeah yeah.
Pitcher: I will put those in my next game. I will be an artist. I will pitch in bold abstractions, with form and motion that presses against the picture frame and renders the field a wild diamond of all-over energies.
Madigan: II divino, how I love you!
All: Heea-ahaya!
6.
Pitcher: I just pitched a perfect game.
Batter: Go step on a rake.
Mr. Goodwin: I believe such a thing to be impossible.
Madigan: What for?
Mr. Goodwin: Well, let us suppose, as we may, that the game was played perfectly in each feature. What then? We can imagine the score to be whatever it will, within certain natural constraints, and yet there is a plurality of other features some of which are without maximum limits as could be, i.e. the duration of play size of crowd so forth of the game and not having such, as we understand from Clarke's theory of metaphysical perfection, we cannot speak meaningfully of their perfection per se. Indeed, I would posit that features such as closeness of a slide, nearness of a caramel apple etc. are ipso facto endlessly reducible to an infinitude such as their quote-unquote 'perfection' is perfectable ad infinitum and thus the game remains imperfect a priori.
Madigan: Oh!
Left fielder: Say what's your name, buster?
Mr. Goodwin: Goodwin. G-O-O-D-W-I-N.
Goodwin.
Left fielder: Do you pronounce that Goodwin or Godwin?
Mr. Goodwin: Goodwin.
Left fielder: I think you're right. Once I saw a fellow from behind wearing a bandanna, and I thought it was a hideous face on the back of his head. Why should that happen? I have a dream where I'm raising sheet rock. Will I never have another dream? Night after night, when moths alight on the signboard, I am forced to think of this fence I once knew in Indianapolis. The world is so full of comparisons, and from above it looks like water on a spider web. As for left field, all I am is out in it, and this goddamn game never got me anywhere.
Pitcher: Don't say that. It always got you somewhere—to the 9th inning! Heea-ayyah!
7.
Madigan: I just pitched a perfect game.
Caruso: Take me out to the ballgame, etc.
Madigan: Hey, what's the perfect opera song?
Caruso: Madame, you are crazy. You are absolutely crazy.
8.
Pitcher: I just pitched a perfect game.
Madigan: I'll say.
Pitcher: First to bat was Ted Williams. 'Hien, Ty Cobb. No! Ty Cobb the racist didn't play in the perfect game. When it was over, greed and vileness had been eliminated from the world, the sky opened up and I saw the angels throwing down their amaranth hats.
Mr. Goodwin: It's true.
Batter: How would you know, anyhow?
Mr. Goodwin: I write the box scores.
Caruso: (singing) The perfect note!
All: Heea-hayay!
9.
Cy Young: I was raised to believe that the perfect game exists only in the mind of God.
Tertullian: Yup, yup certum est.
Pentacostal Preacher: I DOVE INTO SECOND BASE
Left fielder: Heeea, yahhaha!
Umpire: I've been crouching in the audience the whole time.
Mr. Goodwin: Hea, ayahah!
Caruso: (singing) Heayea, hahaha!
Madigan: My darling. You've just pitched the perfect game.
Pitcher: Nah, I've just pitched.
In a preview of the pandemonium and debauchery that would accompany the protests of the World Bank discussions of economic development, on September 25th Professor Jeffrey Sachs addressed a capacity crowd of his colleagues and students in Altschul Auditorium on the subject of ecology and economics.

The youthful opponents of development and trade, while not quite world-class economists themselves, clearly mimicked many of the tools used by Professor Sachs during his lecture. Like the protestors would do, Professor Sachs positioned himself as one speaking truth to power: he believed that international development theorists and practitioners must include environmental sustainability in their economic models. Many environmental groups represented at the protests were equally critical. “Start shakin’ [sic],” one young scholar advised the economists of the World Bank, “[because] today’s pig is tomorrow’s bacon.” Indeed.

Professor Sachs also used visual aids to convey his theories: there were graphics depicting growth cycles, charts of world income distribution, and ecological maps of the divide between North and South. Such a colorful and creative presentation would likely have gone unnoticed amidst the burning effigies, life-sized cigarettes, and genitalia-themed puppets of the D.C. protests.

The only difference, however insignificant it may seem, was that Professor Sachs was fully clothed and engaged in no sexual activity throughout the presentation. Also, he did not attempt to maim anyone.

Since Washington D.C. police were not present on campus that day, Professor Sachs was allowed to give his lecture in peace.

In economics departments in the United States, development and growth theory are often taught as sub-fields while studies of markets, industries, and government policy form the bulk of the instruction. Such studies, however, are only relevant for a very small minority of the world’s economies. Economic development is the exception, not the rule, for most of the peoples of history and the world today. In this sense, “the dismal science is actually very optimistic,” Sachs joked with the crowd, but quickly transitioned to a much more serious point: that geographic patterns of income distribution throughout the world show that some economies that should be growing, even considering colonial legacies, simply aren’t.

A major reason that the significance of this trend has eluded the majority of economists is that very few of them ever take into account the “interface between social institutions and the physical environment.” Neoclassical economists have long viewed their theories as a metaphor for a human ecology but until very recently have largely missed the very obvious implications of such an analogy. Sachs advised such a closer investigation of ecology: The very clear inequality between the global North and South might be explained by exactly that geographic difference.

The most stark example is at the equator where diseases like malaria are the most likely to spread and burden the health-care system, disable the working-age population, and keep...
DIGITALIA COLUMBIANA

These excerpts were culled from documents left on Columbia’s lab computers. We encourage our readers to submit their own digitalia finds to us, via e-mail, at theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

The new symbol for New York City should be an image of me and my friends socializing. When in the form of a picture, it would be obvious that we are joking and laughing. At the times when the icon is in the figure of a souvenir, the apparent characteristics would be a few friends together on a park bench. Regardless of whether on a postcard, stationery paper, magnet, figurine, souvenir, statue, or commercial, the image would be same.

The process of improvisation is something very important to all of the American artists and cultural institutions mentioned above. “Ah, yes: a fine gumbo,” some might say—but how do they all get along? Democracy! Well, at least a developing democracy: let’s not kid ourselves here.

Looking back on my journey through Nepal in the summer of 2001, I realize that my expedition was more than a mere trip through a third-world country. My travel to Nepal was a summary of the melting pot of my personality.

Examples of voodoo in the blues are mentions of hoodoo women, voodoo doctors, mojo magic and deals with the devil. In running with the devil, the blues artist is living completely in the present, with no ties or responsibility.

Since everything sound cool and intellectual in Latin this Opera will be sung in Latin.

There is a rift between Judeo-Christianity and nuclear power that will inevitably lead to human destruction.

What is eroticism, in a sense, if not a drama of anxiety and anticipation, of the cyclical accretion and discharge of energy? And what is eroticism if not transgression? The library, a site of contemplation and sobriety, a temple of Apollo, demands its own transgression, the ultimate realization of which would have to be, of course, sex in the stacks (or if that is a mythical beast, then at least the fantasy of it).

I do not think that he is particularly impressive as a bagpipe player, and I am certain that he is far less so as a jazz musician, though it is still interesting to hear. (Perhaps this cd reveals the reason that there is not an abundance of bagpipe jazz).

... having lived vicariously through Meryl Streep the utopian, the repressed desire, can now be “managed” (p.141).

Just because Bush’s IQ score was significantly lower than the average person doesn’t mean he’s an idiot. He had to be smart in some sense to hold the role he now does. Our method of classifying intelligence lacks intelligence and accordingly something needs to change.

Let go! Whip that pony! Kee-Yah! [repeated twice]
Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

Only recently did I come upon your May issue. Therein, you incorrectly stated that former Nixon speechwriter, game-show host, and complete Renaissance Man Ben Stein, C'66, one of the Philolexian Society's most eminent alumni, "canceled his appointment" to speak at Philo's 200th anniversary dinner in April. As the party who contacted the estimable Mr. Stein about his possible appearance, I can assure you that this was not the case.

True, as you say, Mr. Stein was "initially amenable to this engagement." However, he never committed, for fear of a scheduling conflict. And indeed, such a conflict ultimately prevented him from appearing. But he gave us ample notice, and he was certainly not responsible, as you say, for "leaving the Philos in the lurch."

Moreover, in addition to a generous contribution to the Philolexian Foundation, Mr. Stein conveyed a splendidly witty greeting that I had the honor to read before the assembled—who were, incidentally, all exquisitely dressed.

My thanks, however, for taking note of the Philo bicentennial, especially given that it is Philo's historic color, light blue, that is responsible for half of the title of your publication.

Sincerely,
Thomas J. Vinciguerra,
Columbia College '85,
Avatar,
The Philolexian Society

Dear Thomas J. Vinciguerra,

The gentility and daedality with which you phrase your reprobations are becoming of a true Philolexian gentilhomme, and for this reason if no other, The Blue and White acquiesces that for once and in all estimations not for the last time, it has erred. By and by, willy-nilly, our now-humbled passions are redoubled in the search for truth in all its forms, for as a tome no less prodigious than the Canterbury Tales has told us, Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

But let us abandon literary platitudes and speak precisely on one particular requisition for truth presented us by your recent missive—after all, in Milton's words, Truth cannot be soiled by any outward touch. The Blue and White's newsprung amour of veridicality now turns toward an intriguing bonne bouche at the terminus of your correspondence: whom do we thank for Columbia Blue and, more crucially to our inquest, what color, truly, is it? Is it solely Philolexian, or perchance also aquamarine, turquoise, or Hanovian, or Bavarian? Does it resemble the dawn-blue sky over the Mauritanian deserts, or has it more the pedigree of the blue seawater that floods the Kiribati beaches at high tide? Indeed, if Columbia were a blue-jay, precisely what degree of prismatic fractation would illuminate her very wings of blue?

Myself tinctured by such shades of curiosity, I had my graduate research assistants cancel their Logic & Rhetoric sections this morning to hunt for an answer among The Blue and White's own extensive historical archives. Their reports on the matter, wie es eigentlich gewesen, are cause for surprise. Mr. Vinciguerra—as you or one of your predecessors surely remember—the year 1852 marked a collaborative entertainment undertaken by your own society and the nonextant Peithologians, now defunct. The event's promoters arrived at a color-combination of blue and white, for decoration of their event's tickets, badges, and, as far as I can tell, silly string. Not long
after, Columbians catholically embraced blue and white clothing as their distinguishing plumage at boat-races, which, above all other types of races, require well-styled accoutrements.

Yet beyond this, the Philo-Phetho legacy remains equivocal. As this issue’s Curio Columbiana shows, a full century later there persisted a considerable lack of consensus on the actual pigmentary admixture that sires Columbia Blue. Veritably, as late as our university’s bicentennial celebration, a 1953 controversy over the official shade of blue and its origins encompassed sundry debates—from a critical retrospective of color swatches throughout the ages, to the keen hopes of some that Columbia Blue could set a new mode for women’s fashions, jewelry, and yes, even automobiles.

In all, my dear T.J., as the following reproduced University dispatch reveals, although the 1852 origins of some or other bluish hue remain historically confirmed, beyond that it took some ten decades to arrive at a color that could be dubbed, in truth, our true blue. Comme il faut, however, as the most propitious arrangements demand the polish of generations. So, as our search for the truth of your society’s colored patrimony reaches its quaesitum here, I will leave you with a bit of the Bard:

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

Candorously yours,
Miss Eruditia V. Quodlibet,
Library Science ’03,
Avatrice,
The Blue and White Fact-Checking Division

CURIO COLUMBIANA

July 15, 1953
Mr. David Loth
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BLUE

From Richard Bergstrom

The writer contacted Mrs. Margaret Harden Rorke, Secretary and Managing Director, the Textile Color Card Association of the United States, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, NY. The Association standardized the colors of the United States flag, the United Nations flag, Defense Department colors for Army, Navy, Marine Corps, etc. (See July 4 issue of New Yorker Magazine.)

Mrs. Rorke, on behalf of the Association, has agreed to undertake the promotion of “Columbia University Blue” as a fashion color for the Fall of 1954. This promotion would be conducted by the Association through the above-mentioned facilities. In addition, the Association would publicize the color in the trade and consumer press in the same manner as “First Lady Pink” was recently publicised as a fashion color.

The Fall timing for the promotion of “Columbia University Blue” is called for because (1) the TCCA’s Spring 1954 Color Cards to industry have already been distributed; (2) the creators of fashion colors and designs have already set their Spring 1954 promotions; and (3) if a darker version of “cu Blue” is adopted by the University, Mrs. Rorke believes it will be more suitable to a Fall interpretation.
However, there remains one vital problem: What is “Columbia University Blue?”

On June 10, 1927, University Registrar Edward J. Grant sent a cutting of a pale blue-green ribbon to the TCCA which he described as a “sample of our college colors.” On November 8, 1950, University Secretary Richard Herpers in a letter to the TCCA stated: “Light blue and white are the colors of this University, and the sample ribbon is approximately the proper shade of blue. No scientific color analysis has ever been made of the Columbia blue. However, this shade is reasonably correct.” This in reply to a letter, with a color swatch based on the Grant sample enclosed, received from the TCCA by Mr. Herpers requesting verification of the color as a standard. Upon the basis of the above, “Columbia University Blue” is classified as Tournaline, Cable No. 70019, Standard Color Card of America, Ninth Edition.

In an 1895 letter of Dean Van Amringe (Columbiana Collections), there is reference to the color of the old Philolexian Society (from which the blue of Columbia’s colors, blue and white, was appropriated), as being “dark blue.”

Mr. Melvin Loon, in conjunction with an independent color consultant recommended by Mr. Barron, and upon advice obtained from Mr. Thomas relative to a color formula arrived at by a Summer School student some time ago, has obtained a formula swatch (on paper) of a blue that seems appropriate to the color tradition of the Philolexians and which would be a more practical fashion color than the pale blue-green submitted to the TCCA by Mr. Grant and confirmed by Mr. Herpers.

Mrs. Rorke of the TCCA can obviously do nothing until the color is determined and officially authorized. Mrs. Rorke is leaving for vacation until after September 1st at the end of the coming week. Her office and staff will begin preparation of the Fall 1954 color selections during her absence. Mrs. Rorke has requested that we submit “Columbia University Blue” to her before she leaves. Further, she has volunteered to give full assistance to the University in selecting the final color. As there would be no cost involved, and as she is, in the words of New Yorker, “America’s leading color authority,” it is felt that we cannot afford to overlook such invaluable guidance.

Upon final selection and authorization by the University of official “Columbia University Blue,” the current standard will be revised and TCCA promotion of the color for Fall 1954 will be launched.

Once this is accomplished it is planned to contact Eleanor Lambert (leading New York fashion publicist), secondary fashion publicists, fashion show sponsors, automobile manufacturers, etc., for the purpose of obtaining their full support of the color during the Fall of 1954.

Women’s Wear Daily fashion editor, Mrs. Ruth Jacobs, was contacted before she left for Europe and pledged full support to the promotion of Columbia’s color at such time as we desired.

It is planned, in conjunction with the above, to obtain support of the Bicentennial theme in manufacturer advertising where possible. It is planned to contact one or two of the leaders in each industry, who, if they promote the theme through advertising, could create a bandwagon effect upon the advertising of rival firms in this highly competitive realm. Other avenues, also, will undoubtedly be opened concerning both the promotion of the color and of the Bicentennial theme.

It is earnestly requested that every effort be made here at the University to expedite the final selection of and authorization of one color before the end of next week (July 24).

Richard Bergstrom

[Editor’s note: The Columbia University Trustees finally adopted an official Columbia Blue at their meeting on December 2, 1957. The proper designation of this blue is Martin-Senour #713. Color 240-10-4. Unfortunately, Columbiana’s sample chip of this color has faded, and while the Martin-Senour paint company still exists, it no longer uses the same color coding system and has no way to translate its old colors into the new system.]

22

THE BLUE AND WHITE
investors and tourists away. High rates of mortality, mainly the result of disease, are correlated with higher fertility rates—a very good predictor of underdevelopment. The implication of such a theory is that the building blocks of growth are not economic capital but human capital, to be developed through health and gender reforms that improve the quality of the labor force and allow women to more actively participate in industry.

Unfortunately for Professor Sachs, the immediacy of his concerns about the environmental context of politics was much greater than even he would predict. A creaking old pipe about twenty blocks north of International Affairs burst, causing a power-outage in the building that would end the lecture before he could conclude with further policy recommendations. Despite this, a standing ovation followed him out of the darkened auditorium. It was well-deserved; bringing Jeffrey Sachs to Columbia should be remembered as the most important success of George Rupp’s last year.

The smart money says the D.C. riot police were behind it. Yup. Bacon indeed.

—Telis Demos

Verily Veritas Wants You!

The Blue and White is looking for writers, illustrators, copy editors, and co-conspirators!

If you’d like to join our staff, send us an e-mail at theblueandwhite@columbia.edu

October 2002
Hello loyal viewers, and welcome once again to Living Well with Martha Stewart. Yes, yes, I know, today our meeting place is a bit austere. But garish, mass-produced iron bars do not a prison make. And ladies, just because you are incarcerated it doesn’t mean you have to be emaciated.

Today we’re going to take just a few simple ingredients, and with a little smoke and mirrors, mix them into a fluffy little concoction that is so good it’s barely legal. Watch, friends, as I show you how to turn a small investment into a tremendous profit-erole! Your friends will just be green with envy when they see these.

Easy Profit-eroles
You will need:
4 eggs
1 cup water
75 grams butter
1 cup plain flour
1 Kmart-brand nonstick baking pan (cheap and handy!)
Whipped cream and sugar, for filling
Salt, to taste

Usually it takes hard work to make these tasty pastries just right, but today I’m going to show you a shortcut—to get the same results without all the usual hassles! I got this recipe from an old friend of mine who worked at a French brasserie here in New York— it certainly makes life easier when you get a handy ‘tip’ or two, doesn’t it?

Cut the butter into cubes and put it and the water into a saucepan and melt over a low heat. Bring to boil, then add sifted flour and salt all at once, and stir until the mixture forms a ball and leaves the sides of the pan.

Remove pan from heat and spoon the mixture into the bowl of an electric mixer, spreading it up the sides of the bowl to cool. Let it cool a little, then beat on low speed, adding eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition.

While the mixture is cooling, take a separate plate and spoon a dollop of whipped cream for each profiterole. Put this plate in the fridge to cool while you finish baking. Trust me: the payoff is just around the corner.

Drop spoonfuls or pipe 8cm lengths of the mixture onto the lightly greased baking tray, allowing room for spreading. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reducing to medium heat for a further 20 minutes or until profiteroles are golden and firm to touch. Remember, it’s all about timing! Get out too early and you could be caught holding the bag.

Remove profiteroles from oven, and slit sides with a sharp knife to let steam escape. If doughy in center, return to oven for 2-3 minutes.

When cold, slit open the profiteroles and spoon in the cold whipped cream you prepared earlier. Spread it in thick, but be sure to leave no trace of your handiwork behind. No one will believe the job you’ve done! —Pontius Palate

Illustrated by Allen O’Rourke
Much is made of the discovery of the presence of altruism in human evolution. But what of snobbery, our natural inclination to keep up with the Joneses and otherwise hate the shit out of each other? “What ties all snobberies together,” in sum, “is the need we all seem to have to elevate ourselves above those among whom we live.”

Human societies, as described by Professor Joseph Epstein, a former editor of *The American Scholar* and long-time essayist and cultural critic, are organized through intricate patterns of distinctions of taste, class, and background. *Snobbery* reviews its namesake from the classical form of society and high culture to the modern form which “often entails taking a petty, superficial, or irrelevant distinction, and, so to say, running with it.” Simply notice the qualification of the colloquium to get a sense for reading *Snobbery*. Epstein is at his most brilliant when interweaving the reader’s prejudices with the revelation of those prejudices’ inanity. That’s not to say that the modern snob is exonerated in any way by the cleverly hypocritical style of this book. If anything, he’s even more skewered by it.

Epstein catalogues a litany of contemporary snobberies: the small pleasures in exquisite possessions (for Epstein, it is the notable joy of a Burberry’s rain slicker), in cocktail party name dropping, in the righteousness we feel for our politics, the yearning to have European friends, displaying our framed Harvard-Yale-Princeton (“Yarvton,” deliciously) degree, refusing to read any book reviews save those in the *NYRB*, eating “mocha” instead of “chocolate”; the list is extensive and mostly reflective of Epstein’s own academic and rags-to-riches pretensions. Epstein never claims that he is in any way above snobbery, and the endearing voyages through his own psyche are in part what makes his book so utterly pleasurable and unpretentious.

There is indeed a wealth of evidence in the literature of sociology that people value not their absolute standard of wealth, but instead their standing relative to the community. In other words, people are naturally envious. The professed level of ‘happiness’ for people surveyed in advanced democracies is often no different from the level of happiness in all but the very poorest parts of the Third World. Tell me you’ve never met a miserable Columbia student. Are they starving? Do they have no future prospects? Snobbery is a complicated condition, requiring looking down in contempt, upwards in resentment, and over-the-shoulder in fear. “No easy job, that of the snob; the pay is entirely psychic and the hours are endless.”

We like to think that was only true of the relentless social climbing of a bygone era of privilege and heredity. But what of contemporary snobbery as compared to these supposedly more traditional forms? In our own society, certainly the breaking down of the arbitrary distinctions conferred by birth have been deleterious to snobbery, right? From Wharton and Fitzgerald on, today we are all well-aware of the profound absurdity of such a lifestyle of privilege when practiced in America.

Yet for Epstein, it is directly as a result of our peculiarly democratic social institutions that Americans are particularly likely to become snobs. “The breakdown of the old systems, social and cultural, may have made snobbery simultaneously more amorphous and more pervasive than before.”

Samuel Huntington, a big believer in permanent social conflict and a conservative in not-so-different a vein as Epstein here appears, once said of modern societies that efforts to remedy social evils usually result in even
greater ones. Liberal democracy's great project to triumph over the inequity of privilege and custom has certainly been an incomplete success, to be kind. The unfortunate reality is that "democratic snobbery," with its desire for a hierarchy based not on material divisions, which may persist but have become culturally irrelevant, has come to rely almost totally on distinctions of taste. Measured variously by style, "with-it-ry", hot-ness, hip-ness, and righteousness, these distinctions have uniquely evolved in societies marked by the absence of economic and cultural hierarchy. In this way, one might argue that equality and diversity only sow even more fertile ground for totally arbitrary social divisions to grow.

Even nowadays at Columbia, an institution once bearing the diversity-friendly nickname "the Anglican Vatican," traditional demarcations mean absolutely nothing, as is the trend throughout America. For the vast majority of humanity, this is a good thing: The middle classes have moved out of the shadows of the first estate and have largely assumed control of their own destinies. But as for Columbia's sociology, once of the arcane variety and now of the very modern (it's a "hot" university these days), what has been lost in the process of this transition to democratized snobbery?

As the critique of American culture abroad would have it, cultural diversity and consumer capitalism creates many choices for us, but at the cost of our more personal, traditional means of social identification. "The old barrier of ancestry has long been knocked down, but with very little effect on snobbery." The result is a regression to the mean, whereby we can only distinguish each other on the basis of the utmost snobbery-prone accoutrements of individual consumer preferences and tastes, which to Epstein are perhaps the most droll and banal of all snobberies. He may have snobbishly reviled the Partisan Review crowd in his day, but Epstein would probably accept an alliance if he could know just how pervasive mass-culture really has become.

At Columbia, it's popular to primarily organize ourselves by our "victim-hoods" and our personal cultural narratives. Simply check the most recent additions to the student groups roster; the potential for snobberies continues to multiply exponentially. "Instead of being a beneficiary of privilege, one can nowadays make quite as great a snobbish claim for himself as a victim. "Snobbery, it seems, will find a way: it will seek things out to attach itself to, even if things need to be stood on their heads." Communities based on common experiences are all well-and-good, but self-absorption is certainly not the only way to build such a society.

The most immediate joy in reading Epstein is to catch a whiff of the richness of the alternative: the social dramas of the novels of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The reader is shown how interesting and constructive the criticism of the practice of snobbery and its penchant for elevating arbitrary difference once was. In the societies of Proust, Trollope, Wharton, and James, snobbery was reviled and ridiculed, and good manners were insistently "represented by tact, generosity, and above all kindness; in possessions, by comfort, elegance, utility and solidity; in art by beauty, harmony, and originality; in culture, by a discriminating tolerance for tastes at odds with one's own." Nowadays, for Epstein, "our virtues are, most often, only our vices disguised." Hierarchy certainly made a lot of lives very miserable, but its harsh realism also made for much more relevant literature than navel-pondering currently does.

Ultimately, Snobbery is not nearly so alarmist as its ideas could be characterized, and it is unfortunate that Epstein's otherwise humorous and light-hearted discussions of snobberies then-and-now are colored by such dark undertones. Epstein's anthropology is more refined, more colorful, and less condemnatory than that of Toynbee or Tocqueville, who were quick to proclaim "the death of the West" in their own tomes on American culture. With a body of work that is much more relevant literature than navel-pondering currently does.

Ultimately, Snobbery is the best argument that the literary traditions of the West are in reality still very much alive and well, only waiting to be embraced by a new generation.
Many things in my life—my hubris, my philosophy major—are at least partially, if not purposefully, arranged so as to render me entirely useless for even the most entry-level office position. I feel certain that I don’t want to spend my life in a cubicle, wearing a grown-up suit, slogging through rush hour to get there and emerging from the building as the last ray of sunlight gasps and chokes on the horizon. I guess I would rather go nowhere fast than go nowhere slowly, tediously, and with a constant consciousness of the banality of my position.

Of course, this attitude is immature. It’s as though I think I’m going to be whisked off in a ruby-encrusted flying Viking ship, piloted by a gruff but lovable old pegleg, populated with urbane Continental intellectuals, well-stocked with board games and crudités. And off we sail into the cotton candy clouds, right?

Right. Last summer I resolved to stop being such a ninnywicking disgrace to the highest hopes of my parents and join the real world—you know, get an internship or something.

As it turns out, my favorite mass-produced commodity is books, so I applied for an internship at Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Fsc publishes nonfiction, “literary fiction”, poetry, and, whimsically, legal thrillers by Scott Turow, which I imagine double the revenue of the company as a whole. They’re a well-respected house, and I like them because they publish people like Howard Norman (at once Victorian and Lynchian, satisfyingly obscure), Jonathan Franzen (an unrepentant nerd with chiseled, dashing prose), and Mario Vargas Llosa (I bet he was quite a hit with the ladies in his day).

They weren’t going to pay me, but I figured that was okay, because then they would make interning worth my while in other ways—for example, by not have me doing completely onerous menial labor, or at least not all the time for the whole summer.

Well, I guess, as they say, It’s all material.

At first, I liked the place a lot. Due to my innate nerdy love for books, I was able to find the pleasure in the most mundane assignments. When I was filing, I was all intrigued to see the memos that went back and forth between Jamaica Kincaid and her editor, and when I was rerouting author mail, I copied out Jeffrey Eugenides’ Berlin address with the pride of an insider.

There were also some interesting people about. The company’s founder, Roger Straus, still roosts over the enterprise, and he cut quite a splendid figure in his white tasselled loafers and linen suits. I found him to be an accomplished and
insightful man, as well as the author of one of the most astute remarks I heard in the place all summer. “Baby, I’ll tell ya the problem with that book,” he said to a few interns, speaking of a recent critically-acclaimed and woefully heavy biography of Primo Levi. “It’s just too fucking long.” Beyond that, Mr. Straus was of the opinion that the quality of the whorehouses in Berlin suffered appreciably after the War.

Also impossibly glamorous was Peggy Miller, the assistant to Mr. Straus and coordinator of the internship program. She is one of those rare individuals who always speaks in grammatically correct, if unwieldy, sentences, and she manfully refused to learn my name for most of the summer. For this I applaud her. Humanizing me would inevitably have led to an increase in my sense of self-worth. And as I acquired the courage to question why I was spending all day copying and filing, that self-worth would surely have resulted in insubordination.

Most of my dealings were with the editorial assistants. Many of them had been FSG interns in the past, so they were helpful, and apologetic when they handed me five thousand things to file. They also thanked me for my help at the end of every day: “Hey, Erica, thanks for all your help today, that was really, really, helpful!” This made me feel like a Candy Striper, and it irritated me to no end.

I guess I felt some chagrin at being thanked effusively for work that could have been as well done by a robot—work that probably will be done by a robot in the near future. The bulk of what I did there was copy, file, and read unsolicited submissions (the ‘slush’). Occasionally, something humorous would come up in the slush, but by and large the work was boring, tedious, and depressing. It wasn’t that I didn’t understand that publishing, like any industry, works with an eye on the profit motive, but it was a little disillusioning to be reading obsequious letters to Tom Cruise from a respected editor who was timidly hoping that Mr. Cruise might find the time to glance over his latest tome. Not to mention the fact that it’s demoralizing to be confronted with the fact that copying is actually beyond you. At least I wasn’t alone in that. The interns were discreetly kept more or less discrete from one another, but there’d always be a small queue of us in the copy room. None of us had come to the internship knowing how to use the industrial-strength Xerox, and a month into it we were too sheepish to ask. There were rumors of a mythic “Build Job” feature, but our exposure to that never came to pass.

As the summer went on—and, I think, as it became obvious to even the casual observer that my spirit was entirely broken—some more interesting little tasks did come my way. And if nothing else, I certainly feel like I learned a great deal about the publishing industry. For example, places that generate books deal with a lot of paper. On my last day at the office, they gave me a book wearing two jackets, one made of wax paper, a gesture by which I was duly impressed. The book is about Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and it looks good on my shelf.

Beyond that, I guess I made some good contacts, and I’ll put the experience on my résumé. But since my résumé doesn’t generally leave the confines of my computer any more, I guess that will be a private victory.
Told Between Puffs

There are the sorts of questions that keep most people up nights, and then there are the sorts of questions that keep Verily P. Veritas up nights. Since first he received his trusty Smith-Corona typing machine back in nineteen ought eight, Verily’s slumbers have been haunted by the lingering questions that torment all aspiring writers: What kind of underpants did Joyce wear? Did Evelyn Waugh get beat up for having such a girly name? And who in hell does Tom Wolfe think he is, running around Manhattan in his white suits and hats like some plantation owner in search of his mislaid mint julep?

Like countless other fellows besotted with books, Verily has always harbored fantasies of the writer’s life—an endless parade of liquid lunches filled with gossip and adultery, smoky late-night bull sessions with self-important boulevardiers in velvet dinner jackets, and exotic, dissolute women to bankroll the entire endeavor. But, humble creature that he is, VV has always found the inherent hubris involved in putting pen to pad—and expecting others to read the resulting calamity—too great an impediment to proceed and produce the Great American Novel.

And, it must be admitted, another question has kept Verily up nights: How does one know that he is a writer? VV has always assumed that one became a writer only when one discovered that they could not write. Now, Verily is willing to admit that he is remarkably unburdened by the expectations that accompany gift and grace; and yet in comparison to the writers he has cultivated imaginary acquaintances with, VV feels positively competent! Could Proust have been a surgeon? Faulkner a plumber? Wallace Stevens an insurance executive? And could Verily (Berily, as Cervantes was so fond of calling him) be a writer?

Upon the advice of one of his fancypants consultant friends, Verily set out to do a feasibility study. Sallow, pasty skin: check. Nocturnal schedule with intermittent periods of insomnia: check. Lustful pleasure in the usage of obscure words: check. Majority of time spent horizontally, reading, sleeping, or hiding under the covers: check. Unhealthy interest in the personal habits of famous authors: check! The initial results provided some measure of succor, but Verily P. Veritas is not one to go about things haphazardly.

It is with especial glee that Verily finishes a book, for then he can burrow through the lives and works of the author, cataloguing their oddities and idiosyncrasies. And so, in the tradition of Plutarch, Vasari, and Cliff, he happily augmented his study by undertaking a casual survey of the lives and works of the figures on his bookshelf. The results were distressing, both in themselves and in what they portended. Mailer stabbed his wife, and then ran for Mayor of New York City. Eliot was a virgin until at least twenty-six. Rimbaud cultivated lice in his own hair.

If nothing else, the feasibility study resulted in some honest introspection. No matter the amount of creativity and industry with which Verily could go about inventing eccentricities, certain truths remain irrefutable: this faithful correspondent is far too squeamish and milquetoast a fellow to even entertain the attendant extracurricular activities required of the literati’s glitterati. Ultimately, Verily’s unrequited love for words and books, books and words, has been merely displaced, not destroyed. The capacity of a font or dust jacket to occasion genuine happiness persists. The faintest hint of publishing house scandal turns up the corners of his mouth. And, of course, there remains the literature. Free to enjoy the fruits of other authors’ labor, Verily circles the library buzzard-like, relishing each word, each phrase all the more because he has glided in at the end of a beautiful, but torturous process. Let the literature keep him up nights.

—Verily Veritas
CAMPUS GOSSIP

The Blue and White was spellbound last month as it watched the members of Columbia’s oldest student organization, the Philolexian Society, performing one of their most sacred rites: The Grand Exalted Leader’s Birthday Kaboom. An entourage entered the Society’s Temple of Doom (Lerner 509), offering a cake to the deified Leader, Batsheva Glatt, in honor of her twenty-first birthday. Flanked by two priests, the robed Glatt rose to her godly feet and called for a motion to eat the cake. Gleefully, the frenzied Philolexians passed the motion. Glatt then hanged her gavel not once, but twice, and the society adjourned to feast upon the sacred pastry.

"This policeman walks up to a belligerent drunk. To test his breath, he says: ‘Say ha.’ The drunk replies, ‘Hu!’ The policeman says ‘No, say ha’; the drunk again replies, ‘Hu!’ This goes on for some time and...I don’t remember how the story ends. Of course, ‘hua’ is the male pronoun frequently used in reference to Allah. The policeman, impiously, is only asking for a Breathalyzer, but the devout drunk is replying, ‘I’m drunk on God.’ It could be that the policeman is in fact a radical feminist who believes that Allah is a woman, but this line of interpretation has never gone very far."
- Prof. R. Bulliet, clinching his position as The B&W’s Absolute Favorite Faculty Member Ever

Professor Achille Varzi’s son learned early on how to distinguish between the use and mention of words. When frustrated, the logician’s child would exclaim precociously, “This is a situation in which I would say ‘shit!’”

List of Woman-With-Leashed-Animal Sightings in Parks Surrounding Columbia, in ascending order of oddity: 1. Woman with leashed cat draped over her shoulder. 2. Woman walking pot-bellied pig on leash. 3. Woman holding leashed squirrel in arms. The Blue and White requests that its readers kindly submit any additions to theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

On the eve of Bollinger’s investiture, keen-eyed may have noticed two towering, black-shrouded speakers ‘hiding’ on the Low steps. The speaker installations caused two power surges, which were followed by speaker-amplified apologies from the facilities staff who were testing the sound system.

The Blue and White wonders whether the substantial budget allocated to the inaugural festivities included a line item for compensating personal property damage due to utilities disruption. If not, however, no grudge will be held; any damages have already been recouped in the form of the 20 Häagen-Dazs bars that were anonymously plundered, and that are currently seeking asylum in the freezer of our noble Editor-in-Chief.

Esteemed Economics Professor Xavier Sala-i-Martin pontificating on why people have babies: “Maybe they love the fuckers!”

Later, in a wildly successful attempt to illustrate that human capital requires a significant time investment before people can produce anything, Xavier exclaimed, “Babies are useless! Useless! You can’t put a helmet on a baby and send him to work!”

The Blue and White
During the opening lecture of Miller Theatre's "Theatre of the Mind: Frontiers of Science" series, David Helfand, accomplished professor of astronomy, reflected on his colleagues' cognitive proclivities:

"The mind of a particle physicist is fecund beyond belief."

From the ever-astute Mayor Bloomberg's Bollinger Day remarks: "I'm sure the transition has been made easier for Lee by the fact that he is simply moving from one football powerhouse to another. Columbia's tradition in major-league sports is well-known."

Maybe our new President would feel even more comfortable had he spent the weekend down in sunny Tallahassee, FL—home of Florida State University, which cancelled classes on Thursday and Friday, ostensibly due to safety concerns surrounding the "big game" against Clemson.

Students staying at Columbia this summer shared the campus with Comedy Central, which was taping a show about Yale's notorious Porn'n'Chicken club. The network, seeking an Ivy League milieu for its television adaptation, filmed several different Morningside edifices. Columbia insisted upon one stipulation, however: no nude or pornographic scenes were to be filmed in campus buildings. Comedy Central made no argument; it shot the scenes in question at Union Theological Seminary instead.

President Bollinger's inauguration overshadowed Columbia's recent philosophy conference, lauding and pondering the renowned Arthur Danto. Hailing from Berkeley, Professor Donald Davidson aptly described the event: "this wonderful Dantoesque orgy."

Students traversing the halls of the Broadway dorm recently might have encountered a poster advertising an upcoming event called "College Night" at The West End. The Blue and White applauds the young social critic who planned the event, and we find ourselves inspired us to hold our own such neighborhood events in the coming months: "Overpriced Night" at Deluxe, "Heart Disease Night" at Ollie's, "Boxed Wine Night" at Columbia Cottage, "Curry Night" at Ajanta's, and "Wash Your Freaking Hands! Night" at Massawa.

Assistant Professor of History Matthew Connelly confesses that he never paid his full undergraduate tuition to Columbia. The University gave him a diploma anyway, seemingly oblivious about the debt: "The right hand didn't know what the left was doing."

MORE FROM THE BULLIET FILES:
"You must all have done your reading...you are simply too perfect...to be allowed to live." (Prof. R. Bulliet, after having lamented, sotto voce, that writing a book consumes too much of his time.)

October 2002
During the investiture symposium on Globalization, University Professor Jagdish Bhagwati expounded upon Latin American economies. "I think Chile has got it right somewhat, really opening up their markets and trade policy," he said. "On the other hand, the rest of the countries seem to be stuck in some kind of surreal magic-realism policy."

Not all spectators were so amused as The Blue and White. Responding to one commentator, who characterized Bhagwati’s speech as “arrogant and simplistic,” Bhagwati said: “I try to evaluate the claims on their own merits and come to my own decisions—based on the facts, empirical studies and my own research. So, if you want to call that knowledge arrogance—well then, I’m guilty of it.”

The Blue and White commends the Department of Public Affairs, which provides headlines for the CU website, for keeping the University community up-to-date on breaking news such as “Scholars Will Disagree Over Interpretations of September 11.” This headline closely followed several other newsie heartstoppers, including “Seeds for Conflict Over Kashmir Sown at Time of 1947 Independence.”

The Blue and White also awards brownie points to the Columbia Interactive e-seminars, which (as we learned from Public Affairs’ headlines) are asking new, fresh questions: “Columbia Interactive E-Seminar Asks ‘What is Art?’”


Heard outside of Carman: “We’re getting a new president.”

One intrepid Blue and White staffer was in Prof. Casparov’s Introduction to Linguistics class recently when the good Professor noted the impossibility of pronouncing a plosive consonant on the roof of the mouth. Our staffer, never one to let a good challenge pass by unscathed, promptly produced an awkward-sounding “khtwh” sound, to which the Professor gently replied, “Of course you are welcome to experiment at home.”

COLUMBIA DEFINED
A gaggle of first-years boards the one train at 66th after a night of carousing. One young gentleman in particular is outstandingly drunk, and clearly in need of the comforts of a restroom. His agitation increases—vocally and amusingly—with each stop uptown, until, at 79th Street, he can no longer take it. The doors fling open and he straddles the platform and car, turning back to exclaim: “My bladder is burning with the fire of a thousand suns!” The door closes, and all is quiet.

David Boaz, executive vice president of The Cato Institute, on how to be a Libertarian: “There are only a few rules: You can’t hit other people and you can’t take their stuff.”

FOR THE CONFLICTED GOURMAND:

Seen outside of Camille’s:
Broccoli + Brie Cheese Burrito.... $6.95

Best lines from new film “Igby goes Down,” spoken by the title character in reference to his older brother: “Oliver is studying neo-fascism at Columbia.” “Economics.” “Semantics.”

CUMB...it’s famous!

THE BLUE AND WHITE