A DESCENT INTO THE TUNNELS
by Adam Valenstein

BEGGING, THE QUESTION
by Daniel Immerwahr & Anand Venkatesan

THE REHEARSAL DINNER
A Scene by Clare Ridley
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On the Cover:
“Columbia Underground” by Mischa Byruck.

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.
A semicolon is, as we all know, neither a definite ending nor a completely new beginning. It is a transition, and so it marks as no other mark of punctuation can the place between two distinct but related passages. At least that’s what we’re suppose to believe after L&R. Rarely do we hit upon times or things which we might recognize as semi-colons in themselves: a balmy February day, the palate-cleansing third course of a meal, a pause in a kiss to breathe, the first Blue and White of a Spring semester.

This number is the first to be published under the direction of Editor-in-Chief Anand Venkatesan and Publisher Craig Hollander. The two capable gentlemen receive the torch from the outgoing Richard Mammana and David Sack, both seniors. The ghosts of editors emeriti give you permission to complain to the new editorial board if they don’t produce a Blue and White as fine as their forebears.

While sitting on the Steps in your finest winter tank tops and shorts, be sure to visit Digitalia once again, along with Verily and lovely Blue Lady Jay. They’ve all returned. Alison! spent her break in Saskatchewan at a friend’s ordination to the diaconate, and unfortunately found the wily ways of Saskatoon too enticing to return to New York just yet. But she still maintains an abiding interest in the mental and sexual health of central figures in the western literary tradition, and may well make another appearance this semester. Be sure to have a good look at the Weed Room (not what you think) and something Cuban from days gone by inside as well. The OED doesn’t blush to define “winter” as “a time or state of affliction or distress,” but Mother Nature and the B&W are doing their best to bring you something rather different this time around. (It was our idea, not hers).

Use your semi-colons wisely, soldiers. And be not afraid. Alma’s on [y]our side.
As Columbia students, passing a beggar in the street is de rigueur – as routine and constant a part of our lives as swiping into our dorms, trudging up the steps of Hamilton, or passing through a subway turnstile. Such is the nature of life in a city at turns dazzling and despairing. New York, all bluster and no tact, is truth unadulterated; one cannot ignore it forever. So, as often as we may pretend to ignore the homeless individuals who plead, cajole, and accost us as we go about our lives, none of us can truly ignore the larger question: how, as students and citizens, ought we react when approached for change by the homeless? The following dialogue examines the question.

George: We are often approached by those in the street asking for money, and I admit that I do not know the correct response. I thought that you might be able to enlighten me.

Austin: Well George, what is your response when approached by a beggar?

George: For a long while, I used to never give any money. I did this because I believed that giving would only encourage beggars, and that if I were to not give any money, they would just get a job, thus doing something useful instead of begging.

Austin: You say this as if you have since changed your mind?

George: I am not sure. Yesterday, when approached on the street, I thought to myself: “I have a lot of money, most of which I will spend on things that are relative luxuries like restaurant food, entertainment, and nice clothes. I could just as well get along on much less money, and give the rest away, making someone else much happier while still subsisting myself.” I wondered why I should not just give away all of the money I have except for that which I would require to subsist, for surely there are some people without food or shelter who would benefit greatly from my money. That is why I want to know what you do.

Austin: Noble sentiments from a noble fellow, George. I too, have recently changed my opinion on giving to beggars – but in the opposite direction. Whereas in the past, I felt compelled by my conscience to give what I could, some recent reflection has changed my philosophy altogether. Still, I wonder if I am doing the right thing. Here is an idea, George – let us both put forth the case as strongly as possible in favor of our current positions. Then, let us offer criticisms of each other’s positions. In doing so, surely we will come to a better understanding of this issue.

George: It is agreed, Austin. I shall do my best to convince you of the necessity of giving to beggars.

Austin: And I, of withholding donations from them. Let me begin by addressing the argument you offered initially, which we shall call the “utilitarian argument.” In it, you claim that one reason to donate is that a dollar will be more meaningful to a beggar than to you. Surely, there is no point in arguing that. Knowing you as I do, George, I don’t doubt that you would spend that dollar taking a taxi to class rather than walking, or in some other, equally profligate, adventure; a beggar, on the other hand, might use it to purchase desperately-needed food. This much may be true in theory, but is hardly so in practice.

George: How so, Austin?

Austin: Well, if what I have heard so often is true, then it is equally likely that the homeless will purchase alcohol or drugs as food with your contribution. In this case, if you will forgive my saying so, you seem to be killing with kindness. Your dollar has in fact perpetuated their indigence. But even supposing that they do use your donation responsibly, it seems to me that in the long run, you have still done a disservice. If they are able to survive through begging, what incentive have they to rejoin productive society? If nobody gave to the homeless, would they not be forced to help themselves?

George: Well Austin, that may be true.
Moreover, I have no easy way of knowing whether a beggar will, upon taking my money, go and buy food with it. I could go out and buy him or her food myself, but I fear that doing so may be arrogant on my part. Who am I to tell a beggar what to do with his or her money?

Austin: If I may interject, George. Let us say that you are the head of a corporation dedicated to philanthropy. Your job is to give money to organizations in need. Let us then say that after you choose and give money to the neediest organization, that organization goes and spends the money in Las Vegas on gambling and prostitution. Would you not feel that the company was breaking some sort of contract with you?

George: Ah, Austin, you use the word 'contract.' Surely I can imagine many situations in which the relationship between beggar and donor is a contract of sorts, but it does not have to be.

Austin: There is where you are wrong. When you give money on the street, you are purchasing a good, not giving away money.

George: How so?

Austin: You are purchasing peace of mind and a clean conscience. Do not try to persuade me that when you give money you do not feel better about yourself.

George: That is true.

Austin: Then how can you think of the relationship between beggar and donor as anything other than a purchasing of peace of mind? Moreover, because the "gift of money" is a transaction and not a gift, why wouldn't you demand that the beggar spend the money in the way that would give you the most peace of mind?

George: The answer to that is simple, Austin. I would prefer that my gift, whatever the motivations behind it, be accompanied by a trust in and respect for my fellow human beings. I worry that turning the relationship between beggar and donor into a purely economic one, as you suggest, would be detrimental to both parties. While giving money on the street may not be the most effective form of charity, in terms of providing food and shelter, I see it as an occasion to have a meaningful interaction with another person, in which I am doing what I can to help, not because I demand a service in return, but because I genuinely care for those in need. You may think I am deluding myself, Austin, but I would like to think that such interactions are possible. Regardless, I am curious, after hearing what you have said, how you came to the decision not to give money on the street.

Austin: Well George, perhaps I am more pessimistic than you are. After giving money on the street, I kept seeing the same things over and over again – beggars manufacturing disabilities and sob stories, doing anything they could to separate me from my money. I asked myself, what would these people do were they not able to subsist on my money?

George: Do you not think they would starve?

Austin: I'm not so sure, George. Consider: almost all of the beggars we see on the street are adult men, while the majority of the hungry in New York are women and children.

George: What of it?

Austin: Well, the women and children are certainly finding other forms of help, either through employment, or through soup kitchens, welfare, and other forms of structured charity. If everyone on the street were to stop giving money, then the beggars would not starve, they would instead either find jobs or go into such programs. Both of these alternatives are better than begging, because both get them off the street, and offer better opportunities for health care, therapy, and progress toward meaningful employment.

George: But Austin, aren't you just dodging responsibility for yourself?

Austin: Not necessarily. I admit that when I first came to this point of view, I did not worry too much about how those in need would find support, but I have since decided that if I am going to refuse to donate

BEGGING cont. on pg 49

Illustration by Mischa Byruck

February 2002
Our Doors are Open to You

Open 24 Hours

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

River Locks: Mission Impossible

Blue J looks forward to starting each school term anew – perhaps not with quite the same “whose homeroom will I be in?” excitement that left her sleepless before her first days in earlier years, yet she relishes the end of January just the same. New notebooks, new pencils, new classes, new syllabi, and even some new feathered acquaintances. She happily flits from branch to branch with the wide-eyed wonder and determination that befit a bird fresh from the long, carefree days of winter break. We’ll check back with Blue J mid-April.

This term brought with it a new nest for Blue J – in the recently gutted and glamorously restored River Hall. River is everything the Res Life brochure said it would be, with one caveat. Blue J learns upon check-in that her door contains software that needs to be programmed. Software? Blue J readily admits to taking nary a Computer Science class, yet even such a technology-averse bird as she wonders what the words “door” and “software” are doing in the same sentence. She begins to tremble as the URH employee gives her a tutorial involving secret codes, activation strips, and flashing lights. It seems that her Columbia Card – hitherto holding its own as keeper of dining dollars, flex-points, library fines, and museum admissions – has taken on another task, and a major one at that: it is now her key to her nest! Blue J thought the Card had been handling its work well. Could this be one responsibility too many – the task that tips it over the edge? (As Intensive Elementary Greek did to Blue J – and her GPA – a while back?)

Within days the student with a trouble-free portal is a rare bird indeed, and River’s residents commiserate – between phone calls to HAPPY – on the folly of this new fangled system. After all, they had barely adjusted to the VingCard. It is soon revealed that this “convenience” added $720 to the cost of each River room – a figure that eerily brings to mind certain black leather chaises in that metal-and-glass contraption where Blue J checks her mail.

To be fair, Blue J really ought to confess that she does receive a sort of feather-tingling thrill from the Mission Impossible-esque aura that her high-tech entry system confers upon her humble, twig-strewn room. Yet the spy mystique is lost when she returns from the shower with just a towel and dripping plumage, and her passcode fails her, leaving her stuck in the hall naked as a... well, need we say it?

Yes, it occurs to Blue J that the problem with the River lock system may be that it isn’t technologically advanced enough (and by “technologically advanced,” Blue J means “remotely functional”). Certainly, as far as security is concerned, it seems conceivably easier to crack a River lock’s code than to mold a traditional key in soap and whittle away at a piece of soft metal or hard wood (as the J has heard it is done, back in her days in the pen). Blue J feels especially wary of the phone-in temporary passcodes. Goodness knows there are at least a few nature-loving souls out there who have sought to imitate her melodious call! This cautious bird finds herself wondering about the comparative cost of retinal-scanning devices. After all, if URH knows it’s soaring to the highest perch, why hop about on lower branches and fool with a moderately fancy and vaguely extravagant intermediary system?

Illustrated by Craig Hollander
The Rehearsal Dinner
by Clare Ridley

CHARACTERS
MARIE RAMSEY: The bride, 24 years old. Invisible.
MARGARET RAMSEY: The mother of the bride, 49. Her hair does not move throughout the performance.
HAROLD RAMSEY: Marie's father, Margaret's husband. He is losing his hair.

Scene I: Darkness onstage. The phone rings. HAROLD picks it up. The lights stay off.

HAROLD
Hello? No, yes, this isn't the Raymonds, it's the Ramseys. You sound like John. Is this John? Yes. No, this is Harold Ramsey, Margaret's husband. I mean, never mind. Is the crab ready? I was told by my bride of twenty-seven years that you've been marinating an enormous amount of crabmeat, and yes, that it's arriving in a few minutes.
No? It's not? What do you mean? It's gone bad? You think it might be fine? Maybe?
You're not sure.
You left it out?
Am I dealing with a professional?
John. You don't understand.
Have you met my wife, Margaret?
Yes, she...yes, that description fits her exactly.

THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS? LET US FIX THEM.

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Report emergencies only by phone at HAPPY or x4-2779

University Residence Halls

Well I don't want to tell her either.
I'm going to pass the phone to her.
No, don't hang up.
How on earth do you expect me to tell a woman on the verge of mental catastrophe that the one — the only — entrée may or may not be poisonous, when we have sixty-four relatives... I'm not telling her. You have to tell her. It's your job. End of story. Hold on, let me get her. Oh Jesus, Jesus why? Margaret? Maaaaargaret? Phone's for you.

(HAROLD hangs up. The lights come on, showing a living room with a sofa, chairs, and a bar off to the side, all swathed in competing floral patterns. A scream is heard.)

HAROLD
That's why I didn't tell her. It's not my fault. I didn't spoil several hundred dollars worth of crabmeat. Where in the world did I hide the corkscrew? Margaret insists on keeping this house dry as a desert, while I... I am on the verge of begging Marie to reconsider — well, I've already urged her — to elope. We both know...

(HAROLD pours a very strong drink.)

We both know that Margaret's nerves absolutely cannot handle this. Will it be one or two quarter lengths of lace? Will there — should there be taffeta? No, there shouldn't. Then
again maybe there should be. Oh, string taffeta from the skies, it’s such a lovely cloth! No, that’s got to be overkill. No, now it’s too little. No, it’s an absolute wreck and take it all off. I don’t know how my daughter has kept breathing through all of this.

(Enter MARGARET with cell phone, dialing.)

MARGARET
Julius. Julius. It’s Margaret. Margaret Ramsey. Yes. Are you open? Thank God. I’ve got a big favor to ask. No...no, it’s not that big. Do it for me, right? It’s Mags. Julius I need an entrée for about sixty four people. By six thirty, maybe seven. I know...I know...Let me tell you what...

(Phone rings on house line. HAROLD picks up the receiver.)

HAROLD
Hello. Henry.

MARGARET
I will pay anything. Anything you ask.

HAROLD
Fine. Fine. No, terrible. We’ve never been this bad.

MARGARET
Things are absolutely dreadful.

HAROLD
They’ve really never been quite this bad before. Marie, you remember Marie...Well, Marie is marrying a very sincere Southern Baptist tomorrow at ten thirty, and we—WE—cannot serve alcohol in our own home because they—THEY—think that liquor is the devil’s enabler.

MARGARET
We’re serving orange juice with soda water and a selection of lime and lemon slices...No, no champagne...

HAROLD
As if he needed an enabler...Margaret, and I’ve got to talk quietly...Margaret is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I’m doing everything I can to help but I think...

(HAROLD gulps down his beverage.)

MARGARET
You can’t help me? You can’t help me out? Julius! I’m not hearing this. I’m absolutely not hearing this. No, I didn’t hear it. It isn’t happening. Nothing? No one? NO!!!!

HAROLD
Can you hear what else is going on in this room? Never mind my sanity. Let’s put my twenty-seven year midlife crisis aside and focus on the present. What time are you getting here tonight? Come early. I’ve got a big, big favor to ask...

MARGARET
I am your slave, Julius. Your absolute slave

HAROLD
Fill it with anything. I don’t care, as long as it’s discrete. I don’t care what it tastes like. Give me battery acid. That’s what Margaret’s cooking usually tastes like anyway.

MARGARET
Anything in a folded crust, Julius. I don’t care what it tastes like, just let it be edible and make sure there’s a garnish.

HAROLD
Dear Lord let it be quick and not happen twice. Thank God we only had one.

MARGARET
I know, I know. We’re so excited. It only happens once in a girl’s life, we hope!

(They hang up the phone and exit. Lights go out.)
Havana, June 13, 1957
Hon. Arthur Gardner
United States Ambassador to Cuba
Havana

Dear Arthur:

I am in a desperate situation and need your help once more. Every day thousands and thousands of Cubans are turning against me. I do not understand this because as you know, I have only tried to save them from communism. Even the professional associations, the Chambers of Commerce and the Catholic Organizations are calling me a brutal assassin [sic] and compare my government with the regime of Hungary. Cardinal Arteaga of Cuba and the Bishop of Santiago are also communists, because they are against me. In fact, I think most of the Cuban people are turning communist.

I want to thank you for all your help in the past and for the tanks, jet planes, flame-throwers, napalm bombs and other nice weapons which your government has sent to me, to keep the U.S.S.R. from invading the United States and to make Cubans love me. They certainly love you for sending me those nice weapons. However, all those weapons are not enough, and Fidel Castro has been found in the Sierra mountains again and given lots of publicity in the United States by C.B.S. that communist American radio and television company. All this happened after McCarthy of the United Press “saw” Castro killed by my army. But the man guilty of finding Fidel Castro in the Sierra Mountains was Herbert L. Mathews of The New York Times, who went there and interviewed Castro, when I had been telling the world that Castro was dead and besides that, my army had the Sierra under an air-tight blockade, making it impossible for any newspaperman to obtain news. Mathews is the man who has told the American people that my enemies are not communists, that they are patriots fighting to get rid of the most cruel and brutal dictator....

What I want you to do, Arthur, my good friend, is to lend me one or two H-bombs, which I intend to drop on the Sierra, as I want to make sure that the next time I say Fidel Castro is dead, he is dead. I assure you, Arthur, my good friend, that if your government sends me those H-bombs, the Cuban people are going to like you much more than they have liked you, since you sent me the tanks, the jet planes, the flame-throwers, the napalm bombs and some other little things. I assure you I have never used these weapons against liberty loving Cubans, but only against communists....

An important step I have already taken to mop-up the rebels at the Sierra Mountains and to protect the United States against an invasion, is the evacuation of about 7,000 families

CURIO continued on pg 48
Closet Transgressions
by Vijay Iyer

There has been a conspicuous absence of social criticism from the cultivated French hauteur in recent years, much to the detriment of refined souls everywhere. The task of looking down one's nose in order to put petty bourgeois imitators in their place is not for the faint-hearted, after all. Michel Pastoureau rises to meet this challenge in his latest work, The Devil's Cloth: A History of Stripes and Striped Fabric (Columbia University Press, 2001). Although the cultured French school of Freudian criticism has given way to the age of Maxim and scantily-clad teen pop stars, this short, readable monograph offers a particularly interesting throwback to the era of destabilization and sexualization: a historical analysis of the seemingly innocuous pattern of the stripe. To Pastoureau, the stripe becomes nothing less than an overt social device of punishment and separation, an aesthetic signifier in its own right. And once the reader chokes down the poor translation and overcomes the frustration of certain unexplored but tantalizingly vague conjectures, Pastoureau's historical and socio­logical insights are actually a refreshing change from run-of-the-mill art history. As a post-Modernist French Symbolist, he cannot help but indulge in the occasional flight-of-fancy in describing his subject matter (“in many ways the athlete is the wandering minstrel of modern times”), but when he returns to reality Pastoureau presents an intriguing, if not always reasonable argument.

The role of the stripe is analyzed through seven centuries to the present day, tracking changes in its role and character. In the Middle Ages, any form of striping (horizontal, vertical, or diagonal) was a mark of separation and practical excommunication from Christian society. The Carmelite monks of thirteenth-century France, the first recorded Europeans to wear striped clothing, were branded “les freres barres” [the barred brothers] and suffered connotations of illegitimacy and diabolism. Indeed, stripes were considered the mark of the devil and banned by Pope Boniface VIII in 1287. Pastoureau draws important distinctions between the plain, the patterned, the spotted, and the striped in early modern Europe, noting the prevalence of honorific coats-of-arms and flags as contrasted with speckled and striped clothing, which was associated with disease and immorality. In his brevity (which, incidentally, the author attributes to the fact that, “the stripe is such a dynamic surface that it can only be covered at a run...a book devoted to stripes must show itself capable of haste and swiftness”) Pastoureau neglects to flesh out many of his most interesting ideas, claiming that he has laid the groundwork for the historian, who must now finish the task. Would the cultured reader expect anything less from the refined French art critic? After all, no one ever called on Foucault or Barthes to really explain what “the body as language” was all about. But I digress...

Moving into the Renaissance, Pastoureau discusses the evolution of the stripe into a position of ambiguity, where it may represent either societal transgression or a semi-neutral apartness, and not simply degradation. The fear in the Middle Ages (those crazy serfs!) of the stripe with its uncertain play of surface and background and dizzying sense of static motion was gradually replaced by a cool acceptance of its capacity for order. Vertical stripes enhanced the size of a small room, while horizontal stripes contained the lengthy width of castle walls. Coats-of-arms adopted
stripes in a secondary role to accentuate foreground patterns. However, in many cultural mediums, especially literature, stripes still served to mark an untrustworthy character or central villain, most famously Ganelon in the Song of Roland.

The use of stripes in America during the Revolution of 1776 greatly changed European attitudes toward stripes. Pastoureau remarks that the stripe became associated with Anglophobia and republican values, producing the emblematic symbol of striped flags such as the French Tricolor and, of course, our own national standard. Enlightenment thinkers reformed values identified with stripes, from aristocratic style and fashion to a rehabilitation of the zebra, which in the Middle Ages had been considered a minion of Satan.

In modern times, the stripe connotes youth, activity, and freshness, though it continues to play an ambiguous role. Sailors’ naval stripes and striped children’s clothing act as indicators of good personal hygiene, a healthy medium between plain white and intricate pattern that seems to disguise filth. Pastoureau explains that the stripe has come to act as a metonymic filter, indicating access but cautioning that danger may lie behind. Black-and-white crosswalks and red-checked railroad signs serve as partial barriers that signify both safe passage and discretion. Prisoners’ traditional uniforms separate and show transgression, but an eventual positive return to society is not ruled out. Even relatively minor uses of stripes take on important functions, such as the distinctive blue and red flecks of an airmail envelope that mark it for special attention, or the omnipresent product barcodes that are the symbolic embodiment of our material desires.

The post-Modernist movement has shown a remarkable ability to dissect even the most normal aspects of our society. Michel Pastoureau contributes to this pseudo-anarchic lust for uprooting disorder from the routine by destabilizing conceptions about the stripes that surround us in daily life. The Devil’s Cloth is a quick and enjoyable read that will satisfy both the budding semiologist and the casual roustabout looking to impress his girlfriend next time at the Met.

**University Residence Halls**

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**URH AREA OPERATIONS**

**Area I (EC, 47C, WIN, RUG)**
- Donna Deely (Area Director)
- Helen Bielak (EC/47C)
- Keith Birch (WIN/RUG)

**Area II (CAR, FUR, HTL, WAL, JJ)**
- John Ricci (Area Director)
- Lancy Camacho (CAR/FUR)
- Barbara Tracy (HTL/WAL/JJ)

**Area III (RIV, SHP, WBH, BWY, MCB, HOG, WTT)**
- Al Berlingieri (Area Director)
- Anna Jermyn (RIV/SHP/WBH)
- Mike Gittens (BWY/MCB/HOG/WTT)

**dd285** 310 EC x4-9135
**hlb18** 210 EC x4-4961
**kb11** 805 WIN x4-3709
**jr623** 111 HTL x4-9133
**lc692** 111 FUR x4-8278
**bbt9** 113 WAL x4-9136
**aab59** 103 MCB x4-6847
**amj4** 101 MCB x4-2415
**mbg33** 102 MCB x4-3819

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Illustrated by Christian Brownwegg
Make no mistake about it – Verily Veritas is a stout believer in the necessity of rule and law. More specifically, Verily has always embraced a strict “anti-perspiration” edict, which has compelled him to diligently avoid strenuous activity in all of its forms.

This has been no easy task in the past. At the unabashedly proletarian public high school Verily attended – home of the best automotive education program in the state! – he had to busy himself with extracurriculars in order to avoid falling into modern indentured servitude (or, as the politically correct call it, a part-time job). There was his brief stint as Secretary of the Pocket-Billiards Society; a scandal while at the helm of the Fluxus Art Collective; and, of course, several puissant performances during his tenure as the Chairman of the Mao Appreciation Club.

Indeed, it has taken every ounce of Verily’s delicate mind to save the rather few pounds of his delicate body. But with each passing day, the impending doom of being sent off to the American version of the Russian gulag – the old 9 to 5 – hits closer to home. Verily, if you have not guessed already, is fretting about his “future.”

After several years as an undergraduate, one grows accustomed to certain routines and luxuries that seem profane by a ‘real world’ standard. As a rule, Verily can be found of a weekday afternoon enjoying his own comfortable little routine: arising at 2:15, shaving himself with badger bristle brush and straight blade, breakfasting, donning trousers and shirt-sleeves, and bouncing out the door to take in a lecture on the ancient Chinese art of milfoil stalk casting.

But alas, the jig is up, the scam exposed, the free ride runneth out. This has become all too evident to Verily, who has lately been assaulted at every turn with that dread question: “What do you plan on doing after college?” As a rule, Verily believes in honest answers to honest questions. But somehow, he doubts that his long-suffering associates wants to hear of his plans of becoming a professional dilettante. Here, the words of Wittgenstein seem appropriate: “Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.”

And so Verily, being a lover of truth, remains mute. But the question remains. Haliburton once said, “Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously.” Verily assumes that the eminent jurist and member of the British House of Commons – who knew a few things about rules – was speaking about graduate students. But as enticing as a Masters in Bulgarian Feminist Postcolonialist Literature may be, Verily grows weary of academic pretense.

Verily wants to go out and change the world. He wants to experience life. He wants to know the feeling of making an honest living. Then, he wants to go to graduate school.

In the intervening period, however, there is the matter of putting foodstuffs on the table. And so, chin up and chest out, resplendent in a fetching houndstooth jacket, Verily recently set out in search of gainful employment. He bantered. He engaged in repartee (of the wittiest variety). He exuded sophistication.

He was ignored. After being scoffed at by harried secretaries and low-level functionaries, Verily quickly grew despondent at his lack of marketable skills: there were plenty of programming positions, jobs for geriatrics, even work for his high school classmates who had distinguished themselves in the automotive arts. But as for openings for budding social critics and theorists, only a rebuke in the form of a quotation of former President John Adams: “Abuse of words has been the great instrument of sophistry and chicanery, of party, faction, and division of society.”

All of this is rather unfortunate for Verily, who considers the abuse of words not only his
Barnard has a distinguished and valuable secret. Anyone who has ever attended an information session, career panel, or class meeting in Milbank Hall’s Ella Weed Room has undoubtedly let his or her eyes drift to the fireplace. Its iridescence cannot help but merit attention and interest, not to mention its dramatic contrast to the Pepto-Bismol pink walls.

The mosaic mantelpiece was once the central element in Barnard’s initial library. The Ella Weed Room was originally the striking Ella Weed Memorial Library. The room was artistically furnished and designed by Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, Louis Comfort Tiffany’s firm. Though he had various companies with various names, Tiffany was the fundamental force behind decorative components and interiors such as financier J. Pierpont Morgan’s home, the Seventh Regiment Armory’s Veterans’ Room, the White House, Princeton University’s Alexander Hall, the Chicago Public Library, and numerous churches.

Louis Comfort Tiffany was an artistic genius: simultaneously flamboyant and precise. He was originally a painter, but soon found that oil paints did not satisfy his desire for lush color and expressive light. He turned his attention to glass. Although primarily recognized for his stained glass windows, his mosaics are every bit as stunning. The Byzantine mosaics he had seen while traveling inspired him. However he advanced the art by using his own materials and techniques. He worked with his own embellished semitransparent glass layered over foil, which produced the luminous effect. He often mixed in other materials, such as mother-of-pearl and semi-precious stones.

Tiffany Glass and Company was chosen and paid $2900.00 to design the entire Ella Weed Room after competing against other prominent decorating firms. Another reason that Tiffany chose to pursue an artistic career divergent from painting was his love of exquisiteness, and he did not feel that painting sufficed. Glass was only one part of the directions he took in his pursuit of beauty. Tiffany had a deep interest in aesthetic detail. In particular, he loved taking various seemingly independent elements and incorporating them into a cohesive and aesthetically pleasing whole. His interiors reflect his success at taking elements influenced by both nature and various cultures and weaving them together. He also was able to coordinate all the technical components of an interior. The Ella Weed Library was one such room. Although not Tiffany’s most opulent interior, it was nonetheless pleasing and modestly elegant. The original contract between Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company and Barnard College (found in the Barnard College Archives) lists chairs, tables, lighting, bookshelves, and ceiling decorations as well as the mantelpiece. Several period photographs show a distinguished library being used by early studious Barnard women.

Today it is difficult to imagine the Ella Weed Room as an interior by one of America’s premier Gilded Age artists and designers. Nonetheless, the fireplace is a stunning and constant reminder of the history that disappears and is forgotten.
Last month, The Blue and White introduced a new feature entitled "Digitalia," a selection of excerpts from papers, letters, and miscellaneous documents saved on computers in Columbia's computer labs. Digitalia returns this month, as it will in the future. We encourage our readers to submit their own digitalia finds to us, via e-mail, at theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

But in between the avocado tree climbing and the Hemingway worshipping (and I've taken flak for my love of both), I spent nine years in Alpharetta, Georgia, my true home.

Basically she is much more modest, raw, honest trying to contain an uncontainable grief (at least that's the impression one gets) as opposed to king, the reverend, who gives the impression he'd talk off the ear of anyone who'd sit still, filling it with self-aggrandizing bullshit or at least braggadocio-- I'm holier than thou, I'm grievier than thou.

I know you said you would handle the AG but I wanted to make note of something. I was browsing the "Weapons of Mass Destruction" group. Something really interesting happened...

In that section, Waterloo is never mentioned by name. But this gnomon is perhaps the most important word with regard to the nature of the original sin. Parsing the word 'Waterloo' gives 'water' and 'loo.' 'Water' is clearly making water—the act of urination—and 'loo,' the term for the restroom in British diction reinforces this idea. The reformulation of Waterloo in this passage is then a reformulation of the original sin.

I miss creation and discovery. Each semester I witnessed the birth of spider web skyscrapers, founded on axioms and definitions, bound by theorems and their delicate, graceful proofs. Almost unaware I would find myself immersed in a beautiful new world, wide with possibilities but at the same time closed by thin, interconnecting strands of reason.

As a result of research, 52% of cyber crimes are violated by teenagers and the increasing trend is becoming faster and faster. In addition, recently "the Reset Syndrome" is being spread widely in the cyber world especially by teenagers. The name of "The Reset Syndrome" is originated in the key that turns on a computer.

I apologize for the incredibly bad quality of this paper, but I realize that it is virtually impossible to say something meaningful on this level in such a short time and space frame. I realized about halfway through that there is no way to make sense of this topic without going into myriads of other topics and additionally without having the need arise for the reader to ask questions and respond. Oh well, I guess this is just me saying that I find most written work to be useless since it is horribly stagnant...you always need people talking and interacting in order to make any idea work, regardless of how well written it may be.

Obviously since no one has solved any of the problems that any of the philosophers have brought up using writing there's just no way yet known to express some kind of universal truth in a comprehensible way through this medium.

I spent 4 days straight trying to make sense of this thing and got essentially nowhere, though my notes on it are far more insightful than this is. So now I'm screwed in all my other classes since I had to put off doing work and I'm about to get nothing good out of it either..."can anyone do something when much effort brings only small return?" -p. 160, (sort of)

unfortunately, yes...this is how most things get done.
The beach stretched into the horizon where the red dust of the desert took its place. A diamond-backed slitherer asked me how I was and when I tried to answer my father's voice told him that I was a failure. The devil frowned and bit me.

History of Philosophy
Prof. Wolfgang Mann
Paper #2
Question #1

You are an Uncreative Bastard

Write some fucking text.

Aristotle builds a notion of akrasia that responds to Socrates's, in which blah and hrmph to schmoop. It begs the question of influence on Stoics, whose construction of virtue and good suggest concurrence with a DUDE.

Aristotle's view of incontinence is defined in a way that suggests an incontinent man judges wrongly.


In the early history of art, artists were forced to conform to certain ideas of tradition believed to be necessary for the creation of exceptional art. However, as time evolved, many movements began to deviate from this tradition.

CURIO continued from pg 42

of farmers from the Sierra area to the cities, in order to stop the aid and comfort given by those farmers to the rebels... My enemies claim that the transfer of destitute farmers to the cities means their starvation, since they have been cut off from their means of living, their crops, their animals and all their earthly possessions.

They also say that the measure is so inhuman that when it was established by Weyler in 1898, it so aroused public opinion in the United States against Spain that it was one of the main reasons why President McKinley and the Congress, through that memorable Joint Resolution, declared war on Spain to make Cuba free. But I say this is all nonsense.

The fact is that there were no communists among Cuban rebels in 1898, while today all my enemies are communists....

Now Arthur, my good friend, please tell Dulles to send me those H-bombs... What about the Cuban people? Never mind what they may think, they are all communists. I will burn every one of them alive with the wonderful napalm bombs you gave me. I will take care of them....

Send me those H-bombs, Arthur, and more and more people throughout the world will know that the United States is the Champion for freedom and democracy in Cuba, just as well as in Hungary.

And I know they will stop calling me the "most cruel and brutal dictator."

Yours,
Fulgencio Batista,
President of Cuba
(By unanimous election)

VERILY continued from pg 45

area of expertise, but his raison d'être. Naturally, the advertising racket suggests itself... but Verily believes in the afterlife, and has never been a fan of warm locales.

But he is a scrappy fellow, with pluck and gumption and moxie and the gout. While the future is yet uncertain for Mr. Veritas, he is nonetheless confident that he will, catlike, land on his feet in some cushy office with ergonomic chairs and European coffee tables. The job search continues.

-Yerily Veritas

Illustrated by Christian Browning

THE BLUE AND WHITE
money on the street, then I should be sure that
food banks, governmental assistance, shelters,
and the job market are providing for those I
turn away. Now, instead of keeping the money
for myself, I give it to charities that provide
assistance to those in need. In fact, I give more
now than I used to.

George: But how do you feel when you pass
a beggar in the street?

Austin: I feel sorrow, of course, due to the
unfortunate situation they are in. But whereas
when a homeless person used to ask me for
change I would mumble guiltily and avert my
gaze, I am at last able to look them in the eye
and respond, confident in the belief that I am
doing so out of principle and not parsimony.

George: Well put. I've always felt guilty
ignoring the homeless when they ask for
money. I don’t agree with all of your argu-
ments, but I agree this far: if we truly believe
we are acting morally – whichever stance we
embrace – we should be able to look our fel-
low human in the eye when she speaks to us.

Lilac Lightness

lilac lightless substance
of dusk outside my door
and past
my window ledge, edging
at my white cotton curtains
seeping damply, autumnally
into my halogen study hole
like the smell of wet and fallen leaves
climbing insidiously under
the hem of my jeans
and up the cuffs of my jacket sleeves
remembering for me
small and precious hands
digging down
in the garden ground
eager and planting in the mist of a
muffled wonder world

–Christian Brownrigg

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Admit it. You LOVE making copies.
Recently, the presidential search committee announced the selection of Lee C. Bollinger as successor to President Rupp. But how did the search committee come to its decision? The Blue and White, dedicated journalists that we are, did a little digging around and unearthed some interesting documents.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PRESIDENTIAL APTITUDE TEST

Name Bollinger Lee

LAST

FIRST

I am applying for the presidency of ☑ COLUMBIA ☐ BARNARD

Number of Ivy League Degrees (excluding those from Brown, of course) 1

Are you an alumni of the University? ☑ Yes ☐ No

Are you a white male? ☑ Yes ☐ No

IQ + Weight + Cholesterol: 600

Schmoozing drink of choice: ☑ White wine ☐ Scotch ☐ San Pellegrino

Section I: RORSCHACH TEST

1. Lerner Hall


5. Cha-ching! $60 I raise!

4. J.W. Smith, Queen Wilhelmina
   Prof. of History

Section II: RIDDLES

Q: What walks on four feet in the morning, two feet in the afternoon, and three feet in the evening? One half of a pair of Siamese twins that have had surgery to separate themselves in the morning, are separated in the afternoon, and then participate in a "three-legged" race the later that evening at the County Fair.

Correct Answer: Man

Q: What runs wherever you do all day long, but sits motionless in the closet while you sleep, with its long tongue hanging out? A very devoted German shepherd with strange sleeping habits and insomnias.

Correct Answer: A shoe

Q: I am that which never was, but am always to be. Nobody has ever seen me, yet all count and plan upon my existence every day. What am I?

Are these Zen koans? Darnit! I HATE Zen koans!

Correct Answer: Tomorrow
The Appointment of Lee C. Bollinger

Section III: PUZZLES

job PHILOSOPHY MAJOR job

1. Philosophy major between jobs 2. I love fundraising.
   rebel w/o a cause - James +
   +

3. Dean Austin Quigley

4. Affirmative Action RULES
   - 0'clock +
   +
   launch 'a'

5. Gentrification is cool!

6. 3 Martini Lunch

Section IV: FREE ASSOCIATION

Please write down the first thing that springs into your mind in answer to each of the following words. Relax, and do not censor yourself.

1. Columbia: Dagah
2. Morningside Heights: Too shorts "The Ghetto"
3. Oregon: Girandale
4. University of Michigan: Desmond Howard Heisman pose
5. CC: Gimme a dose of Noah Wyle, stat!
6. George Rupp: Bling Bling!
7. Austin Quigley: Wally Weemser
8. Alma Mater: Feminist?

Section V: SPEECHIFYING

In the space provided, derive the formula for an all-purpose, presidential-sounding speech, which can be used at any campus event.

Downhome country-style homily + bridge to the future metaphor + mention of Ivy Leagues importance in world joke about Turkmenistan + soaring rhetoric about sanctity of education + awkward comment about coeds + mention of own impressive credentials + self-deprecating joke + long, knowing look @ audience + conclusion.

February 2002
A Descent Into the Tunnels
by Adam Valenstein

Truly, yes, how very arrogant I was! Giving directions to eager visitors, knowing the fastest routes, and where to avoid the “high traffic” areas, oh dear! I even gave a tour of the campus. How did I come to believe that I had such a good grasp of our campus’s layout, the wondrous arrangements of paths and buildings that carve their ways into the hills of Morningside? Now, I am a humble man. I have seen something that makes me cringe at my own pride. The grandiose columns, the large, grassy meadows, which so often shimmer in the light of day, can tell only a half-tale. Who knows what lies beneath the surface of our campus? The Columbia underworld: intricate systems of tunnels, stretching hither and yon! Dark caves, impasses, pits, insects, filth—all harboring stories from a unique and untold past.

I traveled into their depths, with the aid of a guide-friend. And I now hope to unravel a small number of my encounters with the reptitious Labyrinth, snaking below our feet. But where do I begin? It was midnight, as a few others and I waited patiently for our guide to arrive. When off in the distance I could see a white streak advancing rapidly in our direction. “Dylan” had arrived, brimming with confidence, yet also displaying a subtle unease: no doubt in anticipation of the events to come. Introductions were kept short, as we were hard-pressed for time. Our guide led us down several flights of stairs in Mudd and then down several corridors, where we finally reached an unsuspecting door. Without hesitation, the brave group crossed under the doorway and into an unknown realm. One could even feel the difference as a hot, thick breeze of air brushed our faces. The subterranean tunnels did not look friendly; the walls were lined with vein-like tubing, carrying I know-not-what off into the invisible distance. Walking down this tunnel in a single file, we first laid eyes upon the “Poet’s Corner.” The room was small and narrow, lined with inscriptions, some poetic, some profane. Many a caveat leapt off the wall: “Oooohhh man, LSD is no good down here!”

Examining a few other inscriptions, we found the graffiti “Ad Hoc” in several places. “Dylan” told us that they were a subversive group, years ago. Apparently one of its members was expelled from school for pilfering uranium from the bowels of Pupin and inserting it into his roommate’s alarm clock.

Moving on the main path, we crossed a large wooden plank, acting as a bridge over a deep pit. The inscriptions and drawings continued; some depictions, I believe, were done recently, judging by the administrative figures in the drawings. We came to a dead end. Our guide used this time to tell us more about the history of the tunnels, demystifying common mythologies, like those of the Minotaur, Scylla and Charybdis, and the nefarious imp, who brings misfortune to every passerby. It became increasingly apparent to me as we moved on that the tunnels were quite complex and not easily navigable. He led us to a few more dead ends, stating our precise locations and conjecturing what was on the other side of the swipe-access-only doors.

After so many dead ends, our fearless leader guided us to the underground power plant, which he described as being “three football fields in length.” It was a massive, quaking cavern wrought with machinery that sputtered steam and exhaust. We all gazed in marvel that such a tremendous operation exists below campus. “Dylan” led us to a far corner and warned us that we would need our flashlights. The darkness was stifling and the floors of the tunnels were covered in water. So we balanced ourselves rather precariously on a set of old tracks, which, some time ago, were used to transport coal to the furnaces. We walked on in the darkness and the tunnels underwent a transformation: loosing all semblances of human craftsmanship, they began to look natural. Water trickled down from the ceilings.
onto the walls, forming large mineral deposits. "Dylan" led us to one sublime and enchanted area through a narrow crawl space. We hiked quickly over a cave-in, a mess of rubble and soot, into a private annex. The walls were lined with rich minerals from floor to ceiling, giving the tunnel a wholly organic visage. Although pleasing to the eye, few of us dared to touch the deposits. Only by accident did someone press his face against the wall: "A less than pleasing experience," he later said.

The next obstacle was treacherous. Ahead of us, there was a large pond. Our guide skipped across various bricks and pipes, with the sure footing of a mountain goat. The group lagged behind, trying to discover the path our nimble leader had followed. Members of the group became slightly disquieted, as one of us let his foot slide into the stagnant cesspool. By this time, we were weary and filthy. We had been underground for only thirty minutes. "Dylan" assured us that the next sight was worthwhile. It was. A long ventilation shaft reached toward the sky, opening up to the starry night. Only one of us could fit into the space at a time, and soot flew upwards at great speeds, so we had to keep our eyes half-closed. This site gave me the sense of exactly how deep we were underground and I quivered at the thought (many, many a league).

We backtracked toward the power plant, on our way to the coal room. This room served as a source of power for a fledgling Columbia. In itself, the room was quite small.

But as our flashlights cast their blinding stares across the walls and ceilings, we saw how powerful the beast of fire had been. All surfaces had been cracked and beaten by flaming temperatures; they were scorched and blackened. We all looked around with curiosity. I couldn't help but feel nervous, as a vision of immeasurable fire entered the forefront of my mind. I left the room before everyone else. The furnace was like an inactive volcano from days of yore, but it still carried enough heat to light a fire under my composure.

"Dylan" decided that the time had come for us to leave the tunnels. We twisted through the darkness and fumbled towards a lit room. The air was cooler there and we began to feel relief. The last obstacle now confronted us, scaling a twenty-foot wall so as to avoid an armed door. I remember now climbing up a pipe, and then leaping across a small gap. We were on some kind of catwalk that looked down upon a different section of the power plant. I noticed how dirty I was and laughed at my compatriots, smeared with filth as well. "Dylan" opened the last door for us. We stood on the first floor of Lewisohn. We had traveled less than one quarter of the vast loop that circumscribes campus!

Plunging into the crisp night air, we gathered around in a circle. Our guide was eager to visit a few more locations, but the burden of our travels lay heavily on the rest of us. It was there that we all parted ways. I wandered home in a strange stupor, not knowing what to make of my journey. The tunnels, so intricate, delightful, enigmatic and terrifying, filled my every thought. Most students finish their careers here, not knowing the vast subterranean territories that Columbia conceals. I know that our campus has a distinct subconscious, not well traveled by its students. I know that whenever I'm on the bottom floor of a building on campus, I'll see every door in a new light. Emerging from the cavernous tunnels, after mucking my way through slop and slime, I feel better as a Columbian, prouder as a student here, knowing full well that few have seen or will see the depths of Morningside. I would advise a trek to all those men and women strong of heart and spirit.
“Go have sex with your mom and then come back here and tell us you don’t feel kinda nuts.”
- Dr. Stuart Taylor’s departure from formal discourse to counter the dogged, frequently verbalized skepticism of one of the male students in his weekly Freud seminar.

The triumphant return of *The Blue and White* was met on campus with shock, then tears of joy, and finally...projectile vomiting? Not more than fifteen minutes after cracking open the first box of magazines, several staff members observed a young gentleman twenty yards further down College Walk, vomiting prodigiously, and persistently. Viewers were amazed not only by the nearly two minute length of the performance, but by the preternatural calm exhibited by the performer. Such poise! Such bearing! Such carriage!

*The Blue and White* -- working to cure indigestion (of all kinds) on campus!

While discussing technological transfer between societies, Professor Bulliet noted the rejection of chopsticks by Western society at large. This piqued the interest of one “Lifelong Learner,” who blurted out, “I think it’s because Chinese people can just use them better. I don’t think there’s any way Americans could really learn how to use them properly.” Bulliet paused a second, then replied, “Well, you might be retarded -- I know I just learned to use them a few years ago, and I manage just fine. If you can just get one thing out of this class, maybe it will be a commitment to learning how to use chopsticks.”

Prof. Dalton, on listening to mediocre modern-day politicians:
“T’d rather be asleep outside the door of a Moscow hotel room.”

Eager German students signing up for a course listed with the registrar as “Berlin: Past and Present (GER)” expecting a literature course on German history were mildly surprised to learn that the full title of the class was, in fact, “Berlin: Past and Present: Berlins Schwulenszene” (Berlin: Past and Present: Berlin’s Gay Scene). Those anticipating a discussion of architecture and memory were instead treated to a video of the Christopher Street Parade, featuring a stunning phallic float carrying fully bare satyrs, gyrating to the sounds of German disco. Gott sei Dank!

Much to his surprise, one B&W’er found all his adolescent trauma sweeping back over him upon meeting his new P.E. instructor, who formerly taught gym at our intrepid staffer’s middle school and high school. “Run faster, boy, I remember you from before you hit puberty.” Crikeys!

*The Blue and White*
Last semester's Orchesis performance found Dean Austin Quigley in high spirits. With his copy of *The Blue and White* in hand, he waved, pointed, and fluttered around the room, his nuanced hand gestures conveying the deep meaning of his words. With its heavy stock paper, potential for rollability, and witty columns, *The Blue and White* remains the top choice of Columbia Administrators for all their gesticulatory needs.

“Prof. Carol Rovane, on Paul Grice’s model of communication: “Can I just say one thing? Kids can’t do this until they’re like five years old, and some monkeys can. This really pisses some people off...”

In response to this fine bit of wisdom, Anthropology major A.K. Gold quotes Prof. Ralph Holloway, quoting anthropology professor Milford Wolpoff of UMich: “Some people get all up in arms when they hear that we share approximately 98% of our DNA sequence with chimpanzees. For God’s sake, we share 59% of our sequence with a banana!”

MORE FROM THE BULLIET FILES (Professor Bulliet, would you like a column?): “You shouldn’t underestimate the psychosensual effects of caffeine. I remember when my doctor told me to quit drinking coffee, it was unbearable. The next few days were like driving through Nebraska. There was no happiness, no sadness, no anger, no excitement—a complete absence of any emotional affect” (with emphasis on the ‘aff’ in affect, as if ‘ahhf’)

Overheard at the Hotel Belleclaire prior to Columbia’s first annual Model United Nations conference:
High School Male #1: “I only have this one pair of khakis for the whole weekend.”
High School Male #2: “Don’t worry about it. It’s not like we’re going to a conference at Harvard or Princeton.”

The following gem from Prof. Kenneth Jackson’s acclaimed Encyclopedia of New York City, page 413: “Fish, Preserved. (b. Portsmouth, RI, 3 July 1766; d. New York City, 23 July 1846). Whaling captain and merchant. He worked as a merchant in New Bedford, Massachusetts, before moving to New York City. There he formed a partnership in 1815 with his cousin Joseph Grinnell, also a merchant from New Bedford, with whom he sold whale oil and then acquired ships and organized packet lines to Liverpool and London. He retired from the firm in 1826 and succeeded Stephan Allen as president of the Tradesmen’s Bank in 1829. Active in politics, he was a leader of the free trade movement in New York City and a prominent Jacksonian Democrat who joined the Whig Party during the specie crisis of 1837. Born a Quaker, Fish became an Episcopalian during the last years of his life.”

LERNER IN THE NEWS:
Cleveland Browns owner – and Lerner Hall namesake – Al Lerner, responding to the news that during a recent NFL game, fans in Cleveland bombarded the field with half-full beer bottles and other debris after a bad call: “Everybody controlled themselves considering that they had spent 60 minutes in cold weather.” Any other thoughts, Mr. Lerner? “It wasn’t pleasant,” he continued. “I’m not going to suggest anything like that. But it wasn’t World War III.” One more reason *The Blue and White* won’t be visiting Cleveland anytime soon...

“Towards the very end of the fifteenth century, two eunachs shared the immense purchase price of 46,000 ounces of silver for the collection of Mu Zong, descendant of one of the Ming founder’s favourite generals and practically autonomous ruler of the southwestern frontier province of Yunnan. The share of one of these eunachs (who, of course, had no direct progeny) passed to a nephew, who was himself also probably an eunach, and then to his younger brother” – From Superfluous Things, Craig Clunas

February 2002
A stack of boxes was seen being loaded into the John Jay dining hall with the following message printed on the sides: “Grade B meat. Good for hospitals, colleges, and jails.” Is someone making a statement here?

Prof. Matthew Jones: “The exam will be, like Gaul, divided into three parts.” With all due respect, our intrepid staffers prefer tests based on the postwar Berlin model—four sectors, but two don’t really count.

Burns Day, marking the birthday of the Scottish national poet Robert Burns, was celebrated recently in an EC high-rise suite. In keeping with long-standing British tradition, liberal quantities of Scotch whiskey were imbibed, British food consumed, and renditions of Burns’ verse were delivered in various states of inebriation. A rousing “Auld Land Syne” was heard (of which oft-hackneyed ditty Burns is the lyricist), as was a fitting anthem for the evening, the fabulous alcoholic ode “Scotch Drink.” (On that evening’s evidence, The Blue and White highly recommends the Oban 14-year single malt.) The Blue and White eagerly awaits next year’s observance of Burns Day, and the ensuing disappearance of more Scotch Drink.

In an explication of the “Spinoza Controversy” during the first meeting of his course on Hegel’s Phenomenology of Spirit, Prof. Taylor Carman mused that he wished he had a copy of Goethe’s “Prometheus” on hand to read to the class. A gentle voice to the good professor’s immediate left piped up: “I have it,” and quickly passed a copy of the poem to a much-surprised Prof. Carman. Joel B. Lande: Gentleman and Scholar.

In a characteristically democratic gesture, Travis Scholtens (tps12), sent an e-mail out to all other Columbians sharing his UNIX prefix “tps” and suggested that they should band together to elect a leader. Garnering only one response, and that not in the form of a vote, Travis remains the de facto monarch of the tps’ers, and the prime informant for The Blue and White when covering any tps-related story.

Lechters...good riddance!