ART LIES BENEATH
by Max DiLallo

LECTURE NOTES:
by Jacob Shell

WORDS OF WARNING & WISDOM
by the B&W Staff

THE BLUE AND WHITE
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Columbia University in the City of New York
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Cover by Cara Rachele

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.

The Blue and White
Vol. X FAMAM EXTENDIMUS FACTIS No. 1

A new paper has appeared at Columbia,” reported The New York Times in 1890. “It is very appropriately called The Blue and White [and] right merrily do they blow their own whistles; so enthusiastically, in fact, that already many... are very unfavorably inclined toward the little sheet.” Today, 113 years later, The Blue and White remains Columbia’s “little sheet.” And now, as then, our purported purpose is to comment, by way of prose, poetry, and monochromatic artwork, on all things Columbiana. This month, with Columbia’s 250th Birthday celebration afoot, our task seems particularly momentous. But, rest assured that the B&W has assembled a crack team of authors and artists to rise to the occasion and provide you with the best newsy publication on Manhattan Isle.

Now that the College has reached a ripe old age, it has accumulated many secrets, and you may depend on Max DiLallo to reveal some of them in his exposé “Art Lies Beneath.” And, like any seasoned institution, Columbia has also changed over the years, prompting the B&W to wonder about the lost traditions of old. So, too, did our nineteenth century predecessors, for we have uncovered a Curio entitled “In the Olden Days,” which would be of great interest to any Columbia student, present or past. Of course, the B&W made sure to continue its tradition of offering advice to freshmen. But lest we be accused of living in the past, the B&W confronts several modern topics in this issue as well: in his Lecture Notes, Jacob Shell weighs in on Design versus Place and, in Intern Notes, several staff members recount their humorous summer work experiences.

As students and alumni flock to Alma’s open arms for the festivities this month, several century-old staff members who refuse to graduate will be with them; Miss Blue J is still squawking and Verily Veritas continues to puff away. As for the rest, well... Right merrily are we still blowing our whistles. Happy Birthday Columbia! Famam Extendimus Factis.
Campus Characters

You might not know the following figures – but you should. In Campus Characters, 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.

Avi Zenilman

“Single, unshaven adolescent male seeks wonkish and statuesque Jewish (or Asian American) female. Must enjoy policy analysis, literary journalism, high minded pretensions, and rap music.”

When The Blue and White read Avi Zenilman’s, C’07, mock personal ad in Slate, this summer, it resolved to track him down to confirm the verisimilitude of his self-description (and his amorous pinings). Zenilman, a freshman, did not disappoint. Sitting in 212 – still unshaven – he pondered his escapades as an intern at Slate.com, the cheeky online magazine with the political and social bite (and pretensions) of the New Yorker, absent the lengthy articles. He slouched drowsily in his seat, but his quick, soft voice revealed a poised alertness as he offered up a story to illustrate his peculiar niche within the Slate.com organization:

In the midst of summer, malt liquor bottle in hand, Zenilman became increasingly enraged while watching Fox News. He launched into a political diatribe on his ideal reinvention of the American political landscape, involving Kwesi Mfume as a senator, redefining the Black political presence, and Joe Lieberman and John McCain alternating as president. Urged on by his similarly affected compatriots, Zenilman called his office to share his less-than-poised commentary. In an eight-minute message, he careened from issue to issue before sloppily apologizing for his harangue. For the rest of the summer, the staff of Slate.com proudly played the saved and forwarded message for friends, family, and visitors, saying only, by way of introduction, “This is our intern, Avi Zenilman.”

Despite the occasional impediment of alcohol, Zenilman, in a matter of weeks, gained prominence in the online and press community, not for his inventive-ridden phone messages, but for his political and media commentary. Yet he is quick to downplay his role at Slate.

“I still have a nagging feeling like I’ve been bullshitting them the whole time,” Zenilman said. Behind his thinly framed glasses, his eyes flitted. “I’m the little mascot of the incestuous Washington media. I’m the kid that everyone buys beer for.”

If he has indeed feigned competence, he has done so exceedingly well. In charge of Slate.com’s Today’s Papers column, Zenilman synthesized coverage of a smorgasbord of media. It was during the war in Iraq that Zenilman appeared on NPR’s On the Media with Bob Garfield to discuss war coverage.

As well as covering developments in the presidential race (he is in the midst of a Slate guide to the candidates, due out in bookstores soon), Zenilman wrote more personal columns, chronicling his trip to Israeli brothels with his father (an erudite doctor – don’t get any ideas), and profiling the perils and pitfalls of various summer jobs, in which he tendered his personal ad.

However, he has as of late acknowledged a new lack of media wonkiness. He notes the distractions of the city, his participation on the crew team, and “New York Happy Meals” (a bagel and forty at 2 AM). “Tutoring overprivileged children” has also taken up some of his time, as he has had local youths in Bar Mitzvah preparations. But given his misadventures at the West End and AmCafé (as Strobe Jackson Alcott, according to his identification), will he ever find his storied statuesque Jewish (or Asian American) female? Considering his usual inebriated state in the evenings, he could only shrug his shoulders and say, “Maybe I already have.”

Katie Shima

For someone known to adorn her once-shaven head with the remains of a deceased player, Katie Shima, C’05, has a subtle personality. She is far cooler than you are, though she would never admit it. Ms. Shima knows no humdrum situations: early morning studio sessions, indifference to the objects about her, nothing: “I like to be associated with everything by just looking.” Katie’s “things” are like she is: they have their own logic, one that grows more complex, harmonious, and unique with investigation.

Illustrated by Michael Mallow

THE BLUE AND WHITE

October 2003
Mohan Seshadri Ramaswamy

Mohan Ramaswamy, E’04, is known as “The Prince of Heights,” though that nickname will strike those who have made his acquaintance as ironic; to put it politely, Mohan’s personality far exceeds his stature. Perhaps, then, a more appropriate nickname for the Boston native would be “The Prince of the Heights.” Indeed, on almost any given evening, Mohan can be found schmoozing at that local establishment.

For the staff of the Heights, Mohan is welcome company: as one of Columbia’s more social animals, he always attracts a throng of customers. To show its gratitude for the added business, the Heights has named three drinks after its Prince: the “Flaming Mo” (a double entendre, perhaps?), the “Mozilla” (yet another play on Mohan’s physique), and the “Modiggity,” a drink with a recipe so secret that even Mohan is unaware of its exact contents (though he believes that the Modiggity’s main ingredients are Malibu, rum, OJ, and grapefruit juice).

For those who know Mohan from the Heights alone, his life appears leisurely. But, let this author assure you, O loyal reader, that the majority of Mohan’s time is (probably) not spent downing free drinks. On the contrary, this particular Campus Character is seemingly involved in almost every aspect of student life at Columbia. This past summer, for example, Mohan organized a weekly kick-ball league on South Lawn, drawing summer residents together for some friendly competition. During the school year, however, Mohan’s responsibilities are a bit more important – and more diverse – than playing first base.

At the risk of befouling this publication with hyperbole, we think it fair to say that Mohan serves on so many important acronyms that he puts Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s New Deal to shame. He is the Vice President of the Engineering Student Council (ESC), a member of the Activities Board at Columbia (ABC), a writer for GUT, a member of the SEAS Senior Fund, and a representative to the Ivy Council. In sum, Mohan makes your business his business.

It is, of course, praiseworthy and suspicious that Mohan’s résumé resembles that of an Ivy League-bound high school student. But now consider in defense of his maturity that he is no mere résumé-padder: compared to his classmates, Mohan is a newcomer to Morningside Heights. That’s right, Mohan is a transfer student (apparently not all transfers are social outcasts foisted on us by their original colleges). And to help his fellow laggards assimilate as well as he did into the Columbia community, Mohan helped found the Columbia Transfer Alliance. True, the days are short and the glistening taps of the Heights beckon nightly – but for our seemingly nuclear-powered Prince, what was one more extracurricular activity?

TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

Verily is nothing if not Aristotelian; his life and deeds often reduce to amusing and at times discomfitting shuffles between extremes in a vain quest for some Mean – or at the very least for something Golden. But, this summer, he felt he might have gone too far: he had become an ambivalent dilettante, rakishly rubbing elbows with the elite, concocting bon mots apt and ept. A slight abashedness at this folly, and the decapitating passage of time, had poisoned Verily, until he felt less like rubbing elbows than simply elbowing. Your Verily had become wearied, “deprived of all sense;” less like a Hamlet than a leisured student inclined to rue than to simply rut. And so it was with these inauspicious beginnings that Verily set about composing his first address of, to, and for the new school year.

Only to find that he could not begin, which was puzzling. The space, so often reserved for Verily to vent his inner turmoil, suddenly demanded more certainty about that turmoil than Verily possessed. What he had originally thought was simple malaise, artsy and rather affected ennui, was in fact genuine confusion about who he was and what he was to do. Time may have wearied Verily, but he had never wearied of himself – until now.

In consternation, Verily mulled over his life, hoping that some quintessential experience or experienced quip would blithely dispel his dread of characterlessness. But instead of seeing behind and before him Time’s neat road he saw a Babylonian labyrinth. He had rewritten too many midnight missives, and retaken too many remedial classes, for his path to be too straightforward or comprehensible. He had told too many friends too many things about too many feelings he’d never, really, had. He had created for and of himself, not one simple lie, but a series of lies, and lies about lies. In desperation, Verily could recall only one unhelpful revelation, delivered reluctantly by a sometime paramour: “The problem with you is that no one knows what your problem is.” Verily, temporarily satisfied with the witticism, then recalled that afterward, he’d heard her mutter to herself, “and I’m not even sure if that’s the problem.” His subsequent resolution to never again date philosophy majors brought little consolation. How was he supposed to tell his loyal readers about his travails, if he had no idea who was travelling?

But all was not lost. The next morning, Verily did not die, but was changed; it was the now-famous blackout of the following summer afternoon that showed him the light. Finding his darkness no longer voluntary, Verily vowed to curse it, and rather than be damned, for the first time in weeks went a-walking. Trudging downtown, academics for herdsmanship, impatient New Yorkers, he witnessed instead ineffable boldness and indescribable camaraderie. People strode boldly through and in the streets; drivers pulled over and offered transport to Jersey. Out of the teeming mass came only one demand, from a sulled construction worker, calling for – of all things – a pen. Verily, stunned from a transfer-like solitude by sudden glimmer, had agreed to oblige him with a choice of three, and as the man turned to frantically scrawl on his hand the number of a blushing girl, and as the crowds of frantic people plowed past, Verily sensed that nameless, numinous wonder such a Chimera as New York inspires. And, in that instant, Verily’s paradigm shifted (or something did, anyway, since the comedy was now looking, not unfavorably, in his direction).

Until that moment, he had forgotten he was part of a story, and not the story itself. He had been concerned less about his characters than his character; he had mistaken medium for message, art for life, and vice versa. Ultimately, the quirky rituals of those around him were far more compelling than Verily’s
Despite hurtful stereotypes about bird brains, the Blue J seldom forgets a lesson learned. Indeed, she can even remember her bygone days as a young hatchling, when she and her seven siblings were taught to share a worm instead of fighting for each morsel. These days, however, the Low-dwellers are broadcasting the message that sharing, specifically peer-to-peer file sharing, is wrong.

Like many at Columbia, the Blue J downloaded an occasional song from the Internet. It was all so simple, so very innocent: download KaZaA, and nearly every song was at her disposal, free of charge. Of course, the J never harbored any illusions that peer-to-peer file sharing was legal. But, the J eased her conscience with the notion that if someone was losing money because of decreased album sales, it was probably the big, faceless music labels. To the J's dismay, however, those faceless music labels have lost their trademark facelessness; they have combined to form one big frown: the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA).

The RIAA has launched a vigorous campaign against Internet piracy on college campuses. By monitoring servers like KaZaA, the RIAA is able to determine who is pirating copyrighted files, obtain the pirate's Internet Protocol (IP) address, and subpoena the network provider (e.g. Columbia) for the pirate's identity. Invasion of privacy, you say? The J would squawk about the violation, but she realizes that Columbia has to comply with a Federal subpoena. Still, does that mean that all KaZaA users are sitting ducks? In truth, yes, the danger of getting caught is very real. According to the Electronic Frontier Foundation, 1,145 subpoenas have already been issued to Internet providers. Once the RIAA has the pirate's identity, it orders a horde of high-priced lawyers, triumphantly waving the Digital Millennium Copyright Act, to file a lawsuit against the unsuspecting pirate, seeking to recover the hefty sum of $150,000 per infringement. At least one undergraduate at Columbia has already been sued.

Although the Blue J understands that the RIAA is trying to protect its intellectual property, there is something about its course of action that has ruffled her feathers. Apparently, the RIAA is convinced that if it sues the daylights out of a few students, file sharing will stop and students will once again flock to the music stores to purchase CDs. But here is where the RIAA's logic is severely misguided. In all likelihood, former music pirates are not going to start paying $18 for a CD – those days are long since over. Right or wrong, the RIAA's War on Piracy will also stymie album sales; by targeting college students and welcoming a select few into the realm of financial ruin, the RIAA hasn't exactly won the hearts and minds of its most important demographic. So, if students are successfully deterred from file sharing and, at the same time, reluctant or unwilling to purchase albums, how will one have access to music?

The Blue J pondered this dilemma and came up with several legal alternatives to piracy and buying CDs. First, she turned on MTV, but quickly changed the station after she became murderously inclined to peck out Carson Daly's eyes. Next, the Blue J tried tweeting to herself, but found that her a cappella performance was not considered proper decorum in a Butler reading room. The only practical solution that the Blue J could conceive of is BuyMusic.com's pay-per-song service. At almost a dollar per song, the J considers the site a bit pricey. However, when the alternative is a lawsuit or, worse, the unenviable status of a jailbird, the Blue J will pay-per-song and hope that, in the near future, other online music providers offer lower prices or a flat monthly rate.

Illustrated by Craig Hollander
Words of Warning & Wisdom for Ye Freshmen’s Benefit

It has become something of an annual tradition for The Blue and White to offer advice to freshmen in its first issue of the year. In most instances, the advice should be taken with a grain of salt, provided the reader does not have high blood pressure.

Here at Columbia, there is a well-known fact that, if no other sense of spirit or cohesion pervades our campus, we can all be united in whining. In many instances, the ability to offer a complaint will serve you well as a social lubricant. Here are a few key grumbles The Blue and White suggests you commit to memory:

- “When will those clowns at the Spec learn how to copy edit?”
- “I had forgotten we have a football team.”
- “Those Lerner ramps are a big waste of space.”
- “You actually eat the John Jay hamburgers?”
- “Man, I didn’t realize that advising sucks so much.”
- “My Lit Hum professor blows.”

If you arrived at Columbia thinking you’d be able to retain and then marry your significant other from high school, think again. For the gentlemen, College is the one shining moment to sow wild oats and bask in the delicious rays of sex-and if you arrived at Columbia thinking you’d able to penetrate Carman’s foot-wide cinder-block walls, other residents must retaliate and a music war commence.

Remember that you’re the smartest student in your Literature Humanities section. If, however, some insidious usurper poses a threat to your status, casually remind your professor of where the real brains are by citing only sources in Church Slavonic penned by scholars with names like Dionysius the Pseudo-Areopagite.

Here at Columbia, we prefer to ostracize rather than engage in debate. This is especially true if, say, your political leanings are toward the right. Simply put, if you like companionship, it would be best for you to retain your conservativism to yourself. Instead, begin conversations by commenting on Bush’s latest mispronunciation. Or, better still, proudly sport one of those “No Blood For Oil” pins and become a part of Columbia’s long tradition of embracing protest culture. Such advice may seem harsh, but we feel it is the only way to ensure that Columbia remains a bastion for tolerance.

Columbia Hall’s unwritten pillars of social wisdom (Now, written!):

1. Residents of Carman floors 1-5 are restricted from using Carman’s Otis “slow-ass” elevators to descend. Exceptions may be granted for laundry purposes.
2. If a resident plays music at a volume sufficient to penetrate Carman’s foot-wide cinder-block walls, other residents must retaliate and a music war commence.
4. Laundry left results in laundry theft.

Never utter the phrase “I drink, but I never get drunk.” You’re living in New York now, Dorky-McDork-Dork. Get used to excess.

Don’t go Wien. Don’t ever go to Wien. Think of Vienna as Columbia’s very own Third World country, a place infested with rodents (we assume), unreliable utilities (for certain), undrinkable water (don’t be fooled by the dorm room sinks), and inedible food (before Wien’s Taco Bell was condemned, botulism-flavored tortillas were the most popular item on the food court’s menu). Frankly, if you have to meet an friend who lives in Wien, please, for goodness sake, ask him or her to meet you somewhere else (and avoid shaking hands). In sum, don’t go to Wien... Don’t EVER go to Wien.

Nighttime is indeed the right time. When you find out what for, let us know.

Undoubtedly, Freshmen year presents a wonderful opportunity for first-years to make friends. However, it also happens to be a time when friends are lost. For example, shortly after winter break, there will be murmurings of an upcoming registration period for the housing lottery. Suddenly, all Columbia students, save for the seniors, are thrust into a state of panic, and those left live inhabiting questions like, “Who will I live with next year?” and “Whose feelings are going to be hurt?” In this situation, the best advice the B&W can offer a young worrywart is to practice damage control. In other words, it’s never too early to start alienating certain friends and sucking up to others.

Take Art and Music Hum as soon as possible. The further in debt this top-notch education puts you, the more difficult it will be to sit through hours of bull. The topical discussions will rarely satisfy the interested student. That leaves a room full of dissatisfied or disinterested students, who are sitting in the dark, often times literally. Yes, there are excellent sections of these classes, sections taught by the most competent grad students and learned professors. But, good luck finding one of those on a long list of “instructor tba.”

For the Engineers “In conclusion let a word of warning be given to all who are about to begin their work in the School of Mines. Whatever course you may select, stick to it. Every one is good, and if you desire success after graduation remember “that ability is the measure of success and salary.” —From “Advice to Mines Freshmen,” The Blue and White, Vol. III No. I (1892)

Lastly, from our founding fathers: “Our advice to newcomers and those of old who may need it, is to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the system now established here. If they are unfamiliar with the best manner of doing this, the instructors will only be to glad to put them in the way of it. To all who will act in reasonable accordance with these principles The Blue and White extends a welcome free from foreboding.” —From “Advice to Freshmen,” The Blue and White, Vol. III No. I (1892)
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The Blue and White

A Fallen Hero
by Merrily Miscellaneous

The clouds roiled, an impossible, chaotic throw rug over the sky that scared the viewers silly. They had completely given up the apocalyptic storm had won; whoever could pick up the pieces was wished well by the pieces. It was over.

And from the storm, falling stoically, came Hero.

Now, it must be explained that Hero should have some flaws. Every good short story has a flawed hero, brought down by some commen- surably flawed force of nature.

But this is different. Hero was brought down, but not defeated, or in any way engaged, by the storm. That, and he was perfect. The perfect hero for the drowning imperfect human race.

And Hero loved the human race. How could he help loving everything? He was perfect.

Don’t think this story is misleading you either; perfection is exactly what Hero was. He took it to new heights. Every other perfection was simply evolution, a waste of time until Hero fell from the sky.

Perfection, of course, is not easily describable in an imperfect language. No language was perfect enough to describe Hero, and that was probably why the humans waiting for the storm’s wrath simply stared. Staring was not any good, probably worse than language, but it helped.

Not that it really could be helped. Hero was so perfect and the storm so imperfect that all the huddled masses were quickly struck blind.

Imperfection can only take so much perfection.

Even blind, the human race gaped in wonder. Those that could reason logically gaped in wonder, as this was something that could not be logically reasoned out. Those who could reason with instinct gaped in wonder, as this was something that could not be instinctually explained. And those who couldn’t reason worth a damn gaped in wonder, as that was what they would have done anyway.

But as has been no doubt stated too many times imperfectly, Hero was perfect. And even the hounds began to comprehend that something was going on. It was a triumph for the surviving hounds, and art has never been the same since.

The suspense was building, and even though man was gaping, he began to think. Hero, being perfect, of course took a long time to fall, since perfection is patient. And so man began to wonder at him.

Murderers and looters around the dying world stopped to contemplate Hero’s falling form. It may sound impossible, that one speck of perfection can be seen around the spherical world, but there it is. Perfection. Words fail it.

So man, captivated, and in dumbfounded defiance of the clouds that had occupied his attention, began to think again. Cities were rebuilt, order restored, laws obeyed, and, unfortunately, art was created. Again.

Until Hero finally landed.

CULINARY HUMANITIES
A Lesser Evil

It’s been a busy year for the Holy See—sex scandals and preventive war aside, the Vatican recently found itself besieged by a legion of bakers, chefs, cheese-mongers, and viniculturists, united in their demand to be released from the moral ambiguity given to their professions. Their beef, so to speak, is over the French translation of the seventh cardinal sin: although variants in English (gluttony), Italian (gola), Spanish (gula), and German (lusternheit), all denote unbridled appetite or piggish behavior, the French word (la gourmandise) is translated as “admirable activity of the gourmand”—the cultivation and purveyance of high quality culinary creations.

The sin of gluttony was first articulated in the fourth century by the Greek theologian Evagrius of Pontus, who counseled the deadly sins at eight—acedia (spiritual sloth), sadness, vainglory, pride, envy, anger, lust, and gluttony.

Some scholars have conjectured that gluttony was only included on Evagrius’ list because Jesus himself had been accused of being both “a glutton and a drunkard” (Matt. 11:19), and Pontius Palate perhaps most memorable to alumni of the Core Curriculum for standardizing the Gregorian chant, unleashed his red pen and turned acedia into sloth, combined vainglory and pride, and replaced sadness with greed, whilst leaving gluttony to sit in as a lesser evil.

For almost 1500 years, gluttony’s status as a deadly sin remained uncontested. But last October, Lionel Poilâne, a prominent but recently deceased French baker, wrote directly to the Pope with a humble request to be liberated from what he described as “the purgatory of verbal ambiguity.” Poilâne explained his plea to the papal ear: “When someone says to me, ‘Thou shall not kill,’ I can understand it perfectly. But the gourmand does no harm to anyone. He is a pacifist—he is certainly not a sinner.” Poilâne and his supporters, who formed the Association on Issue of La Gourmandise, may have a point: nowhere in the Bible is purveying of culinary goods, nor even the partaking of abundant feasts, clearly prohibited. On the contrary, the Old Testament abounds with descriptions of feasts; and while the Good Book advocates only one such meal lasting each year, it cannot have been a full twenty-one spent feasting (Lev. 23:36-38; Deut. 16:1-17).

The current Pope, John Paul II, has surely not been one to break with the tradition of occasional indulgence prescribed in the Bible. Insiders at the Vatican kitchen admitted that they regularly grace the papal palate with bottles of Châteauneuf-du-Pape and Le Pape Clément, both of superb quality and renown. And Pontius Palate cannot help but recall that a mere four years ago, the Holy Father was recorded wistfully reminiscing about how he celebrated completing his exams at the Jagiellonian University in Krakow by indulging in custard cream buns.

It is certain that if there is one label that cannot be leveled at Poilâne and his followers, it is that of glutinous epicureans. Indeed, the entire world of gourmands, that of bakers, of fishmongers, of sommeliers, and of butchers, is a celebration of the virtue of craftsmanship and quality, instead of quantity. And as offend- ed as Poilâne’s followers may be, they have not dared request the outright abolition of the gluttony as a sin, merely to change the French translation of la gourmandise to the linguisti- cally closer gloutonnerie or voracité. There is no sign yet as to whether the Vatican will reach a decision any time soon. But despite papal silence, other French religious leaders have been quick to throw their support behind the gourmands. Myriam Delarbre, of the Protestant Federation of France, exclaimed, “it’s true that we’re known for being more economic than the Catholics, but a good cake never killed anybody.” This Poilâne convert cannot help but wholeheartedly concur.

—Pontius Palate

The Blue and White

If only I had 900 eggs..."
Submit your favorite recipes to our Recipes From Home contest. The winning dishes will be served on December 16th in John Jay Dining Hall. One winner will also receive a plane ticket home from Dining Services.
Send entries to eate@columbia.edu or drop a hard copy off in the box at John Jay Dining Hall. Deadline for recipe submission is Sunday, November 30th, so don’t delay!

Columbia University Student Services

Illustrated by Craig Bokhout

October 2003

CULINARY HUMANITIES
A Lesser Evil

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The current Pope, John Paul II, has surely not been one to break with the tradition of occasional indulgence prescribed in the Bible. Insiders at the Vatican kitchen admitted that they regularly grace the papal palate with bottles of Châteauneuf-du-Pape and Le Pape Clément, both of superb quality and renown. And Pontius Palate cannot help but recall that a mere four years ago, the Holy Father was recorded wistfully reminiscing about how he celebrated completing his exams at the Jagiellonian University in Krakow by indulging in custard cream buns.

It is certain that if there is one label that cannot be leveled at Poilâne and his followers, it is that of glutinous epicureans. Indeed, the entire world of gourmands, that of bakers, of fishmongers, of sommeliers, and of butchers, is a celebration of the virtue of craftsmanship and quality, instead of quantity. And as offended as Poilâne’s followers may be, they have not dared request the outright abolition of the gluttony as a sin, merely to change the French translation of la gourmandise to the linguistically closer gloutonnerie or voracité. There is no sign yet as to whether the Vatican will reach a decision any time soon. But despite papal silence, other French religious leaders have been quick to throw their support behind the gourmands. Myriam Delarbre, of the Protestant Federation of France, exclaimed, “it’s true that we’re known for being more economic than the Catholics, but a good cake never killed anybody.” This Poilâne convert cannot help but wholeheartedly concur.

—Pontius Palate

The Blue and White

If only I had 900 eggs..."
Submit your favorite recipes to our Recipes From Home contest. The winning dishes will be served on December 16th in John Jay Dining Hall. One winner will also receive a plane ticket home from Dining Services.
Send entries to eate@columbia.edu or drop a hard copy off in the box at John Jay Dining Hall. Deadline for recipe submission is Sunday, November 30th, so don’t delay!

Columbia University Student Services

Illustrated by Craig Bokhout

October 2003
A favorite complaint among Columbia students is that the College lacks tradition, so the staff of The Blue and White was surprised to discover that this complaint itself has a long and glorious history. “In the Olden Days,” below, was first published in The Blue and White, Vol. II No. I (1892).

Once upon a Time, in the Dark Ages (or as the original says, B.E.L. – Before Electric Lights), there was a College called Columbia, the same which is now a University. It so happened that each year a new Class would enter and the name of this Class was Freshman, which comes from the men being Fresh.

But soon after they were come in, they were salted by the Sophomores. Now Sophomore comes by way of the Greek “Sophos,” which means “wise,” and the English “more,” which is still “more,” for the men in the class thought they were more wise than other men. Hence the Name.

On the day when this College with the name Columbia would open, the Freshmen and the Sophomores would betake themselves to the Chapel. Being entered there, the former, being Green, would sit in the front row, whereas the Sophomores, being of another color than Green and different from it, would bestow themselves near the door.

Then it would come to pass that the Sophomores, eager for the Spiritual good of the Freshman, would present them with books. The way of presentation is foreign to our times, and went thusly: each Sophomore taking a book would give it to the Freshman in the neck, though sometimes in the ear received it, and the Freshmen would do naught for dread.

After chapel the Sophomores would walk out and would take a Narrow Pass, the same that was nigh to the Temple of Scripture or the “Maison du Punk.” The “Maison” being French for “house,” and the “Punk” Latin for Buddenseik.

And this pass bore the name Thermopylae; it was much smaller that its name, and when the Freshmen would try to go through it, the Sophomores would resist: but the Freshmen were stout through much of Guinness’s Ale and Green wood is not easily broken.

And then would follow a High Old Time, good for Hatters and Tailors, and bad for Noses, Dignity and Cutaway Coats.

And then would appear the Venerable Dean, who would attempt to stop the Conflict, and would chide the Professors for betting on it. After much perspiration the Dean would give up the stopping of the strife as a very bad joke, and would go to dig roots out of his Greek Dictionary.

Then the Sophomores would take a Freshman by force and lead him to the “Buck,” an Inn of good renown near the College. Being come there, the Freshman would have to set ‘em up by “planking down” – such was the barbarous language they used. The Sophomores would drink from a barrel with a green stamp, and the Freshman from a bottle with “Soothing Syrup” and “Castoria” writ upon it.

The Sophomores, having taken many Swallows, would go off on a lark and have “a place of eternal punishment of a time.”

As has been said, this was all in the Dark Ages, and this is difficult of belief, yet some of the Oldest Inhabitants, known as Juniors and Seniors, say they have taken part, and know wherof they speak. And the subscription book of Singer, the Avenging Angel of the Portals of the College, is rich with the record of lost Hats, Teeth and Profanity.

The fable would seem to say to the Sophomores: “Lick the Freshmen while you may,” and to the Freshmen: “It’s a good College Student who never knows when he’s licked,” and to all men to be “Wise in their own generation” by subscribing to the Blue and White.
Art Lies Beneath
by Max DiLallo

A brief stroll around campus or a quick peek into almost any building and you will see some of them. Le Penseur outside Philosophy Hall, the Great God Pan prostrate in front of Lewisohn, the garish Stuyvesant-themed stained-glass window, but is Butler and even Alma Mater herself – all are but a painfully tiny sampling of one of the most intriguing, most precious, yet most unknown of Columbia’s assets: her magnificent collection of art.

Unbeknownst to most, the university owns far more pieces than the handful of sculptures and portraits that currently pepper the campus. There exists, in fact, an entire department dedicated solely to the donation, tracking, cataloguing, restoration, storage, and displaying of this extensive amassment. Yet given its meager, albeit dedicated, staff of four, it is hardly surprising that the Office of Art Properties – which, mind you, is not to be confused with the Committee on Art Properties (although the two do often work in tandem) – has, since its founding nearly forty years ago, maintained such a remarkably low profile.

And when one considers the countless artistic treasures the department is charged with storing and protecting (and for all intents, hiding), it is no wonder why its staff desires for security’s sake, the vast majority of the collection’s multitude anywhere on campus: East Asian stone reliefs adorn the walls and Larry’s self-constructed desk is an enormous slice of redwood mounted on four legs and then shielded to a glassy sheen. Modeled after the work of Japanese-American designer George Nakashima, the desk is kept completely bare, save for his Dell desktop, a large fern plant, and a small, gray, stone Buddha’s head that sits unobtrusively off to the side. After thirty years with the university, one apparently gets more than just tenure.

We then enter the main storage room and are met by Sally Weiner, who has served as the curator of Art Properties, as well as the director of the Wallach Art Gallery, for the past sixteen years. Considering that she is ultimately responsible for the safety of the collection, her noticeable reluctance and reticence is understandable. Our tour commences, and Larry allows to brood over the artwork like a mother tiger guarding her cubs.

What is immediately most striking about the collection is its incredible, almost indefinable eclecticism. Near the entrance lies a black ink print made during the Renaissance, a marble bust of a young gypsy girl, a woman bending down by a stream and collecting water. Then he begins to laugh. “Hey, you know what? I think we even have that jug on one of those shelves!”

The more valuable paintings and portraits hang from twenty-five tall, metallic-green sliding racks, in a section that Larry sardonically calls the “Gallery of Dead White Guys.” Although stylistic diversity is again the name of the game, one can’t help but notice a slight preponderance of Columbia-themed works: portraits of David Hume grace these racks, and so do those of Seth Low, Nicholas Murray Butler, Grayson Kirk, Philo T. Ruggles, Robert W. Watt, Calvin Trilling, Ike Eisenhower, and of course, Alexander Hamilton.

So how come so little of this stuff is on display? Sally explains: In the sixties, there were murmurings about building a grand Columbia art museum, but those plans were ultimately torn, most, Sally laments, will probably never be realized. “It’s essentially a money issue,” she says. “Restoring some of these portraits would cost a lot more than they’re actually worth.” In fact, due to the department’s limited budget, the restoration of any works at all has become an insurmountable. Even the funding for Alma Mater’s facelift last year had to come completely from outside sources (namely, the Goedel family who had originally commissioned the statue over a century ago).

And, since the department completely lacks purchasing funds, every piece in the collection has been – and must be – donated.

Next, Larry pulls out faded a sepia-tinted photograph of a young Native American woman bending down by a stream and collecting water. Then he begins to laugh. “Hey, you know what? I think we even have that jug on one of those shelves!”

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So how come so little of this stuff is on display? Sally explains: In the sixties, there were murmurings about building a grand Columbia art museum, but those plans were ultimately dashed due to student turmoil and a faltering national economy. But ever optimistic, Sally adds: “When we get more accessible shelf space, we’ll invite scholars and professors to come down and see it. We’re also becoming more lenient about lending out less valuable works for professors’ or administrators’ offices.” Still, she stresses that concerns about vandalism and security are quite real. Over the past ten years alone, numerous works have disappeared off the walls of the Maison Française and Earl Hall, and several others have been defaced. Security, however, is not the only impediment to displaying more of the collection. Like all things Columbiana, there is a great deal of bureaucratic red tape through which the department must cut in order to display a piece, or even for that matter, accept a work into the collection. Indeed, displaying a piece requires the approval of both the Office of Art Properties as well as its corresponding Committee (whose members are appointed by the provost). But there are, of course, exceptions. Take, for example, the push several years ago to acquire a large bust of John Jay for his namesake hall. Though the Committee twice voted to block the move, the piece was still put on display. Or the recent acquisition of a large stone lion soon to be placed near the Dodge Fitness Center: the Committee at first deemed the lion to be too prissy than fierce, but then reconsidered and agreed to display it after a few minor alterations were made to the sculpture. So while there may never be Mesopotamian cuneiform tablets on display in Shapiro, or an ornate Medieval tapestry hanging in Carman lounge, one can at least hope for the day when the Office of Art Properties, just like its most recent leonine acquisition, is given a few more teeth.

VERILY continued on page 7

A own petty cawing. And even his caws were more inbred than the wending of his wit, Verily awake from this rather overwrought revelation to find the construction worker looking concernedly at him, pen in hand. Muttering embarrassed, Verily snatched it away, and shuffled onward. But this time, his circumambient smoke hid a smile; while his larger concerns of meaning had not entirely dissipated, he was no longer sure they truly mattered. In carefree spirits, yours truly ambled on, his pen having perhaps mightier than both sword and scythe.

—Verily Veritas

October 2003
Internship Notes

D espite the economic downturn, The Blue and White ventured bravely into the working world this past summer and emerged with many a humorous tale to recount. Thus, for the slackers and the résumé-conscious alike, The Blue and White offers its Internship Notes.


The best part about my casual response is that it was true. And false. Some extra quotation marks are in order, especially around the word “worked.” Or if not quotation marks, I should’ve qualified the response by adding “not really” at the end. Or, at least, I could wink.

But I didn’t qualify and that was the beauty of it. How did I survive this summer? Are you kidding? How could I have survived a different summer?

I think the best way to explain how amazing this summer was is to tell a little story. During the Spring of 2003, I was abroad in Seville, Spain. It was the best time of my life. I glow, despite the fact that I lived with a very fiscally responsible family and rarely had toilet paper. Often times, I had to steal toilet paper from Internetia, two blocks away, In D.C.? Unlimited toilet paper.

Furthermore, with thirty interns in only one office, there was ample opportunity to play online Family-Feud. And keeping with the same theme, every day at 2:00 we watched Family Guy on tbs. And I got to pose with Hillary Clinton for a picture. And I almost got to touch her.

And there is a Capitol Hill softball league. The Battle for Massachusetts is the most important game of the season. The Green Monsters v. The Ted Sox, Senator John Kerry (my boss) v. Senator Ted Kennedy. We won. And we weren’t even trying that hard.

I had time to make up stories, too. Like this one time, Trent Lott was there, eating turkey on white bread with mayo. I offered him some pumpernickel. He paused momentarily, and pensively remarked, “Don’t you wish Strom Thurmond were President? Then there’d be no pumpernickel, and we wouldn’t have to think so much!”

The best part of my experience? The auto-open. Senator Kerry, I hear, is a busy man (I never even met him), so I had to sign the legislation, letters, photos, and my recommendation for him. And I signed some other stuff for myself—their choice of looking at a limited edition Billy Ripken baseball card, signed by John Kerry himself, please contact me.

—Aaron Schwartz

Like many other greedy Columbia students, I accepted my fate as an Economics Major. As an Indian, I frankly didn’t have much of a choice in the matter. It was either Econ or Computer Science, and the thought of becoming Indian Programmer Number Five Billie seemed a tad overwhelming. Fortunately, the “dismal major” had a few perks; as a reward for sitting through all of the dull and uninteresting classes, I was finally able to gain some real “experience” in the sexy world of finance this past summer. Armored only with my good looks, unusually large forearms, and an assortment of my mom’s old power suits, I was prepared to take corporate America by storm. Or so I thought.

The lucky ones who haven’t actually worked in finance often have grave misconceptions about what the job entails. Lord knows I did. After seeing the wheelin’ and dealin’ depicted in silver screen classics like Wall Street and American Psycho, I thought that I was entering a profession in which Charlie Sheen could be one of my colleagues and Michael Douglas could be my boss. It sounded like a fun-filled coke fest waiting to happen! Heck, emulating the immortal Patrick Bateman was a no-brainer—wanton murder and money? Where do I sign?

But, for better or for worse, Columbia students are quickly able to realize the difference between truth and fiction. I realized far too quickly that I wouldn’t be working with Charlie Sheen, and that, despite my fancy-shmancy job title (Private Equity Intern), I would be doing little more than making dozens of phone calls trying to complete market research surveys. I was like a telemarketer without the kitelike gimmicks. At the expense of my dignity, I vowed to forge on.

Like any well-trained slacker, I soon realized the single most important way to minimize effort and it was brilliant in its simplicity: looking busy is just as good as being busy. Note that you don’t actually have to be doing anything, because the facade of being occupied will convince even the most discerning—head scratching and frequent obscenity-laden exclamations will convey this point with far less effort. Let’s be real here. No one needs to know you’re searching for nude pictures of the Olsen twins and checking your fantasy baseball team scores for the umpteenth time. Keep the eyes fixated and the expression slightly perturbed, and you’ll be clicking your way to espu.com-filled bliss indefinitely.

—Ashish Shetty

The discovery of a loved one’s Playboys. A spoiled garage sale. Death. At Goodwill. We prayed for these events—they were the source of our best donations. We worked hard, turning trash into cash…

“Here we are. More crap.”

The days were painfully long. Annoyed, some charity-hating woman would dump two licks of sense (and just a smidgen of faithfulness professor’s internecine wranglings during a summer workshop). Anyone with two licks of sense (and just a smidgen of my file) would have noted my indefatigable ability to be, well, fatigable; oftentimes, my notes dissolved into incomprehensible Gaelic mutterings and circular patterns (not unlike the discussions that I so diligently attended). Second, I worked as a Nightlife reviewer for a conspicuous and noteworthy magazine. In short, a rag. And my reporting, justly, was ragged. Anyone with one lick of sense knows I have no life—and I spend most nights asleep, not to say most days. Disdaining its more prox-
em imitate counterpart, I was swiftly converted to the Jayson Blair School of Journalism. In the end, my magazine was truly indebted to my avid nighttime research. Almost as much as I was to Zagat.

The third “job,” if it could be so called, was two simultaneous summer classes. Whether or not that can legitimately be so called is possibly dubious – but I certainly feel as though a job was done on me.

— Caleb Vogensen

Tips from Housing and Dining:

- 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). BANANAS?

Roommate Isn’t Single-A baseball, I don’t know what is. And if the bottom of the bottom isn’t intern-

ing for Single-A baseball, I don’t know any-
thing else either. I carried boxes all afternoon.

I cleaned the players’ apartments. And, once, I had to run out for white bread and half-and-
half, an act which involved a long story that I still don’t completely understand. What I do understand, unfortunately, is that they didn’t even think me capable enough to combine ingredients myself.

Still, all of this was tolerable. The problem was that someone eventually said “Thank You.” If you ever find yourself in this situa-
tion, warn you, no matter what you do, do not respond with “No Problem!” For example – Boss: “Thanks for the white bread!” You: “No Problem!”

“No Problem!” is absolutely the worst pos-
sible response in this situation. “No Problem” will get you a Problem, in particular, a small bitter man with a mustache and a Camel Light addiction dressing you down about your rudeness problem. Apparently, saying “No Problem” is rude. Very, very rude. So rude that a supposedly busy man will yell at you about it for maybe 10 full minutes.

Many a morning my fellow interns and I would relax in the lounge area (“No sitting on the bean bag chairs!”) and enjoy each oth-
er’s company. Interns were required to arrive before most of the staff and since it was the staff that doled out our assignments, we spent most of our mornings waiting for them and reading the Post (“Heat Wave Hits nyc [see picture of hot girl in bikini!]”). In those lazy mornings we often griped about our coworkers, and commiserated about our workplace difficulties. It was here that we often learned our most important lessons. On the topic of Mr. Bossman’s “No ‘No Problem’ Rule,” for instance, the best advice came from these little sessions: “Just say ‘You’re Welcome!’ you knuckleheads!”

In the end, they weren’t welcome – some-
times the best way to survive an internship is to quit.

— Tom Gorman

Edward Said’s Orientalist Falafel: Spicy rhet-

oric and non-white bread, wrapped around a
tasty rock.

De Genova Anti-Hero: In the mood for a con-
troversial treat? Take one hoagie roll, add a little Million Mogadishu Special Sauce, and you’re ready to serve in any public place. Oh, don’t forget to add crow... you’ll need to eat that too.

Allen Ginsburg’s Bad Wrap: As you eat this sandwich, your mind will explode with the possibilities of your generation’s rise to the glory – only to fall, screaming, bleeding, vomiting into the machinery of the Madison Avenue swag who say “how do you do?” and then run you over with their too late dreams of what might have been.

Dept. of Economics Club Sandwich: By far Columbia College’s most popular snack, it is prepared with hot air. Ricardo Relish, Slutsky Salad, and Keynsian Ketchup. The marginal benefit of each ingredient decreases until, halfway through, you doubt if even want to finish it. You have to wonder why people pursue this sandwich; it tastes horrible, and at the end it seems to fall apart anyway.

Mark Kesselman’s Socialist Supreme: Red meat, red onions, red peppers and Russian dressing on rye bread. To each accord-
ing to his appetite, from each according to his Flex account.

The Blue and White is 2003
Design versus Place

The Project for Public Spaces has a message for architects: “Place is more important than design.” This is no neutral platitude. “Design,” after all, is what architects do, and proudly.

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The pps is not an intellectually meticulous crowd – or, at least, they do not present themselves as such. You will not find on their website or in their pamphlets a careful or particularly thoughtful articulation of the fundamental relationship between “place” and “design.” No need to hold that against them – not everyone can be Hegel.

Instead, they opt for images to make their point – an intelligent strategy, since architects, not the clearest of scribes themselves, respond best to visual arguments. Recently, the pps sent Ethan Kent, one of their native sons, to lecture design students at Columbia. Kent brought with him some fifty slides. Or, perhaps I should say, some fifty slides brought him, since those slides represented the work of Kent’s father, Fred Kent, the director of six. Kent brought with him some fifty slides. Or, perhaps I should say, some fifty slides brought him, since those slides represented the work of Kent’s father, Fred Kent, the director of pps. It went without saying that the argument of the lecture, and not the lecturer himself, was the main attraction of the event.

This argument manifested itself in the slides. One visual idea stood out in particular, and lingered throughout the lecture: the contrast between a stationary bench in one public space, and a mobile chair in another. The effect was provocative. On the one hand, you had a narrowly-defined, prescribed activity – architects telling users how to behave.

On the other, you had total user-freedom – people seating themselves however and wherever they pleased. Design, in this imagery, became a force that drove people from place. The suggestion here was powerful – design versus place. Architecture versus people.

The pps prides its ideas as being rooted in scrupulously scientific hands-on research. The organization makes no secret of its admiration for William H. Whyte, writer of the Social Life of Small Urban Spaces. This landmark work in post-war city planning is most notable for its implied methodology: observe the city carefully and scientifically; don’t theorize, but rather prove how people use and move through public space. On top of repeating this methodology, the pps – and Ethan Kent is certainly no exception – also constantly cites his urban observations. These may seem obvious today: people like flexible seating; people like food and coffee; people don’t like to feel cut off from street-life; people don’t like blank walls – but in the early 70s, when Whyte was working, these observations were a revelation.

The pps treats such observations as their ten commandments. Indeed, to say that The Social Life of Small Urban Spaces is the pps’s Bible and Whyte their Moses is no exaggeration. There is an unerring, religious, or cultish quality to the pps. The organization likes to show off an iconic photograph of an elderly Whyte (“Holly,” the older bigwigs at pps call him), standing in a plaza in Midtown, armed with a tripod, a camera, and notebook—his weapons, it would seem, against the evils of anti-urban architectural design. Holly appears as an object of worship.

This cultish quality of the pps evidenced itself (much to my surprise) during Kent’s lecture at the cgsa. Towards the end of the event, Kent began to talk about the pps’s completed design projects – an aspect of their website or in their pamphlets a careful or particularly thoughtful articulation of the fundamental relationship between “place” and “design.” No need to hold that against them – not everyone can be Hegel.

Although I’m now rambling, the main point is that the title “Arbitrage” is the best choice for the title of the essay-which is obvious since it’s the one he picked—because it explains and summarizes his concept of remembering the present in a more lucid and effective manner than I have done.

If his Japanese subjects were born in a tropical region they may have a high likelihood of reabsorbing salt. If his Japanese subjects actually grew up in Finland, their lack of reabsorption may appear drastically less than the other subjects but may in fact not be that different.

The necessary species of yes drives you on; choose from your strawberry friends, they are all beautiful. Or consider your shirt for washing.

I find this simile interesting and effective. The comparison to astrology firstly awakens my aesthetic senses. Moreover, both the watchfire and stars illumine the night and the comparison is not hard to make. Also, just as the soldiers are happy, so is the shepherd made by the stars. While it might not necessarily be the objective of a simile to make comparisons obvious, certain similes in the Iliad seem so esoteric as to make comparison a challenge (or maybe it is just that some of them are so long that I forget the original subject of the comparison).

1. Although my official title is Nestorous the Sagacious Orator, King of Pylos, I prefer to be called by a less ostentatious name. Nestor, just Nestor, will do just fine.

In their battle his mortal fear of death is seen when he flies, but his immortal since in post-war city planning is most notable for its implied methodology: observe the city carefully and scientifically; don’t theorize, but rather prove how people use and move through public space. On top of repeating this methodology, the pps – and Ethan Kent is certainly no exception – also constantly cites his urban observations. These may seem obvious today: people like flexible seating; people like food and coffee; people don’t like to feel cut off from street-life; people don’t like blank walls – but in the early 70s, when Whyte was working, these observations were a revelation.

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In the end, organization speaks well of our brotherhood, because a fraternity can be organized only if it truly comes together as brothers do. An organized fraternity is a united fraternity, and a unified fraternity will be persuasive for the rushes. However, this cannot be achieved without another crucial element: brotherhood participation.

At ten-forty in the morning, the last day of June, Napoleon and his army took the field at Austerlitz. Oh! to have been there. Imagine, awake so early on a summer morning.

Despite the faintly, escapist charisma, a very important idea treats lightly behind this vague expression. One in fact, that is well worth the thirty-four page chapter Martha C. Nussbaum spends elaborating on the ideals, purveyors, and implementations of what one might hope to be a worldwide aspiration. It seems (especially in the case of racism.)

I am very sorry to have to put the Committee through this petition process but I do believe that I finally have found two classes that are just right for me as a student.

It seems to me that Aristotle seems to be contradicting what he said in Ethics in regarding a man's ability to change and become a better person. It seems (especially in the case of slaves or servants) that this is not possible. How can this be explained?

In related news, The Man in Black himself. How can this be explained?

Celebrity deaths always come in threes. The band will be instituting a pool. My money's on Screech. Nope, Tina Youthers hasn't been taken yet.

Rhetoric can be twisted in every which way in order to make two concepts as similar or different as they can possibly be. I am able to turn both genocide and terrorism back on themselves in such a way that I can think about the American “War on Terror” as a systematic terrorist or even genocidal campaign in and of itself.

I hated my mother on Sundays. In fact, after a while, it started before Sunday. I'd start hating her from Saturday night, as I anticipated the inevitable Sunday morning. She'd wake me up around 6 o'clock, and order me to get ready – we had to “pack the car”. The car, was a white 1985 Toyota Starlet, an incredibly small thing, almost like the mini in the Mr. Bean television series, that we managed to pack chock full of the items from my mother's shop “Payless Variety Store”. Our destination – the Flea Market.

Hey… sorry for the delay on this. If I have gotten a little high-maintenance over the past couple of days, there hasn't been much time to read or write. I have to admit that I don't feel entirely cop at writing (or even plagiarizing) copy without having read the books, so I won't be offended if you need me to change everything. Do we want to admit to the origin of Wild Wood?

Edward Said shows how the Western world looks upon the Middle East. In this perspective, the Orientals are strongly connected to religion and culture with no possibility to disengage from their history and be a part of the modern world. In many ways it is a sort of racism.

Jeff: How’s that video game going? Thomas: I killed a ton of sand people… I feel like an Israeli soldier!
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

EN AVANT

Arms lifted, eyes turned, and all sentiments placed on the right side. The head sleeps and evil comes from the head.

At the foot of the steps, one arranges a situation. Next to the staircase, one has hidden some weapons.

When the eyelids closed, we were already out of courage.

A later life was beginning, sinister and haughty. The towers close in without anyone recognizing them. The days pass without anyone stopping them. One doesn’t know if tomorrow is darker than it used to be, but along the road poisonous flowers are rearing up. Faces appear spontaneously, without anyone summoning them, and they are ribbons that float, glimmers that are born, days that die out. The hazardous path formed by the blind march of our steps.

— Pierre Reverdy
Transcribed from French by Michael S. Paulson

ROMAN MILE

I am very comfortable and on a bus.

Behind me is the seat, and beyond that the outside, and beyond that perhaps metaphysics or some underlying order governing creation.

There is no way of knowing. Anyway, not a single person is staying where they are.

We are all taken along in this regular action as aborigines on a drifting subcontinent that is like an escaped caboose.

I am reading a book.

About three thousand people are on the bus.

The bus bends in the middle allowing it to turn tight corners, or climb up walls if necessary.

Reading in it is sublime and I am, as I say, very comfortable.

Soon the bus will halt.

This is what is known, in terminology, as the bus stop: ah, the bus stop; the stately passengers; the manly fanfare of bussing.

— Ian David Volner
There's something plausibly about a novel without a gimmick. One written at home during precious spare time. One whose characters the author has fallen in love with. One based on a lifetime of closely observing friends and neighbors. Cheryl Mendelson's Morningside Heights is just such a book, intricately and thoughtfully crafted, utterly lacking in pretension and contrivance—in short, to use a rather vague though appropriate word, literate.

The novel's central delight is Mendelson's prose. Simultaneously lean, natural, and elegant, it makes for delicious reading; upon beginning the book, one is seized with a pressing desire for an overstuffed chair in which to read it. Yet Morningside Heights is a distinctly Manhattanite pleasure—one that is equally delectable when spread out on the lawn in Central Park as it were clutched tightly in a swaying subway car.

The residents Mendelson portrays are decidedly not the type to pick up US Weekly or the Post for a subway ride. These are men and women who meet at dinner parties to discuss foreign policy and bioethics, who agonize with foreign policy and bioethics, who agonize with the family finds themselves reveal, among other things, the resentment Charles feels towards Anne, whose insistence on providing their young children with expensive musical instruments and even pricier educations is at least partly responsible for their lack of cash. Anne, meanwhile, worries that Charles believed that upon marrying her, his life would be one of milk and honey. Gradually, Mendelson draws an increasingly wider circle of their friends into the mix. There's Morris, who seems incapable of leaving a dinner party without offending at least one guest; Merritt, a successful academic who finds herself facing middle age without a companion with whom to share her life; Father Merriweather, a lawyer-turned priest who, growing bored with his ministry, transfers himself into an obsessive investigation of the circumstances of Lizzie Miller's death; and Lily Freund, a young psychoanalyst who falls for the much older, much more demanding Morris. Each one has the potential to drive the novel (and indeed, Mendelson plans two sequels), but all become much more successful characters as part of an intriguing milieu.

Of course, the titular neighborhood appears regularly in the novel: Broadway Presbyterian Church, under the pseudonym of 'St. Ursula's', is a frequent stop; Le Monde, a favorite dining spot. And the 4A bus makes an unerring number of cameos. Yet Mendelson signals that Morningside Heights itself is not the central focus of the book – 635 West 117th Street, for example, would be floating in the Hudson River if her numbering is to be believed, and references to neighborhood institutions, including Global Ink, the Bank Street Children's Bookstore, and the Hungarian are merely ancillary to the plot.

The inherent danger of writing about well-educated, cultured intellectuals is that their lives can often seem dreadfully dull, as they sometimes are. But while Mendelson does not entirely miss such pitfalls—multi-page discussions of inter-departmental rivalries and minute examinations of court documentspring immediately to mind—she is too keen an observer of human nature to believe that florid love scenes and brutal murders make for more engrossing reading than tensions within a marriage or the daily struggles of middle-class life. For that, her readers will be truly thankful. — Jared Spencer

FOOTBALL continued from page 25

made necessary adjustments and attempted a valiant comeback. Clearly, the players have faith in their new coach and his system. Shoop’s “no excuses” mantra is already being tested. Injuries have already sidelined three starters (qb Rashad Biggers, oc Jim Mageia, and de Dave Clark) for the season, and qa Steve Hunsberger is still recovering from an accident that he suffered last spring. Yet, there is ample reason to hope that the Lions will enjoy greater success in the years to come. Indeed, Shoop’s adept recruiting ability is nationally recognized. For instance, Tom Zbikowski, of espn.com’s “Blue Chip Diaries,” raved of the relationship he developed with Shoop while Boston College (Shoop’s previous affiliation) was recruiting him. At Columbia, Shoop has already brought in a class of freshmen that is noticeably larger than the other classes. Will they be part of a dramatic football turnaround? One thing is for certain: should they fail, they need not make any excuses. *

Lecture Notes continued from page 22

impressive resume to be sure (the hugely successful renovation in the 1980s of Bryant Park stands as the pps’s crowning achievement). At one point, a listener inquired as to how interactive these design processes were: what role did local communities play in the development of a master plan?

Kent, who had been relying heavily on note cards in the past, began to turn to more research. For the gurus atop the pps, this was an unacceptable turn of events. Without warning, a senior member of the pps, wholly unnoticed until now, suddenly spoke up from the side of the room.

Of course we’re interactive! We’re very interactive!” he belloved, more to young Kent than to the students in the audience. It was a strange moment. On the one hand it was like watching Aristotle chide and correct a nervous young Alexander. On the other, it seemed to belie a tension in the room, between guest and host, or performer and audience. It occurred to me that the pps might consider a place like the gap—an avant-garde design school—its enemy. — Jacob Shell

Morningside Writes

Morningside Heights
Cheryl Mendelson
Random House, 2003
326 pgs; $24.95

Hartco Printing Co.

“If they’re good enough for The Blue and White, they’re good enough for you.”

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BOOZE HUMANITIES

“E” Vast Difference

Manhattan-dwelling acolytes of academia that we all are, I’ve come to understand that a rhetorical blow to a fellow classmate is best dealt by appealing to intellectual pretensions and snobbish social affectations. Whether this is sagaciousness or sophistry I neither know nor care; when a point needs making, I’ll blithely hop on the bandwagon of means justified by ends—especially if the point is about bopping right back off the wagon. In that spirit, the Blue and White submits to you that some familiarity with alcoholic drinks should be a point of general knowledge, an important addendum to a liberal education. After all, if the Core Curriculum, as is so often quipped, is only good for the Cocktail Parties that undergraduates imagine with such enargeia, it seems right that, between opining about Boccaccio and muttering gobbledygook about the chiaroscuro of the hors d’oeuvres platter, you should be able to dash off something about the drinks themselves. The whisky and whiskey of the British Isles are particularly well suited to the rousing link to the mossy monks of old; for the Irish monastics were peddling grain drying, an artificially inflated sense of self.

Sure, all we had a good laugh back in 2001 when, on the heels of an unusually star-studded freshman class, the Varsity Show made the wry observation that the next admits would most likely be “Tonya Harding, the Olsen twins, Homer Simpson, and Tootie from The Facts of Life.” But could it be that the V-show knew something we didn’t? In the July issue of Vanity Fair, teen queen cover girls Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, now 17, asserted their desire to attend college in New York City. Our source in the Admissions Office confirms that Hamilton is abuzz with the possibility that Michelle Tanner (both of her!) might be submitting an application to our hallowed halls. Is achieving an executive-producer credit at age 6 good enough for admission? We’ll keep you posted.

While visiting Barnard’s 616 dormitory, one staffer noticed that the 8a of the eighth floor had posted a “What we did over the summer” board. Intrigued, the staffer moved in for a closer look. To his chagrin, there was only one entry and it read, “Had sex and smoked dope.” It’s no surprise, then, that Barnard is building a new student center for recreational activities.

CULPA surfers may have noticed that the 6th-most requested professor at Columbia is none other than Columbia College’s very own Student Body President, Miklos Varshelyi. The B&W looks forward to attending many of Professor Mik’s lectures, which will no doubt include topics Mixed feelings,” “The Lost Art of Stending,” and “How to Address Everyone by Their Last Name.”

\[\text{Illustrated by Cara Rachelle}\]

THE BLUE AND WHITE

October 2003
Saskatchewan states. Then Quebec becomes an independent nation and New York joins with it to form a multi-ethnic state, and we have cheap electricity FOREVER!”

Recently, the Broadway Presbyterian Church offered a sermon entitled: “Safety is the Leading Cause of Death.” And you wondered

During the Columbia College Fund and Leadership Conference, Eric Furda, the Executive Director of Admissions, gave a presentation on the grim state of financial aid at Columbia. When Furda his concluded his speech with a pitch to the Alumni in attendance to give generously to the school, one young wag blurted: “If they need money, why don’t they just look under the sofa cushions at Saint A’s?”

During his Freedom of Speech class, Columbia President Lee Bollinger, annoyed by loud noises emanating from outside the classroom, rhetorically asked, “What is going on out there?” The President then muttered: “This university is out of control.”

Vending machine patrons are pleased to see that purchases can now be charged to one’s Flex account. It seems, however, that in its haste to drain our Flex accounts, the administration made one major oversight: indeed, while the price of nearly every snack and drink item was raised significantly, the maximum allowance per Flex swipe remains a $1.25, an amount too paltry for the Yoo-Hoo-loving Blue and White. Though weary of deriding the administrators for making any sort of technological progress, the B&W confesses that this makes no cents.

A recent arrival from the boot of Europe, Professor Giorgio Di Giorgio advised his Money and Banking class to “raise your hand and interrupt me if I start speaking in Italian.” Unmentioned, however, were instructions in case he began to calculate in Euros.

ANTIQUE GOSSIP
“It may be interesting to know that among the books presented to the college library by the late President Barnard, was an edition of Baccaccio’s Decameron, on the fly leaf of which is an excellent specimen of the donor’s signature. On the same page he also expressed his opinion of the work, saying that it is dull and stupid, and utterly incapable of amusing him.”

—The Blue and White, Vol. III No. III (1892)

On a campus where notoriety is suddenly reflected on deli and café menus, The Blue and White was pleased to discover that it has a specialty drink named for it at the Blue Java Coffee Bars in Dodge Hall and Butler Library. Yet, when one curious staffer asked for the recipe of the “Blue and White” drink, she was surprised to learn that it is a combination of espresso and water. Regardless of whether its coffee namesake is a subtle suggestion that the magazine’s exhilarating content is watered down, the B&W would like to note that until Blue Java Coffee Bar patrons can order a Fed latte, this particular publication has ample reason to gloat.

During his discussion section, Michael Emmerich, a TA “Intro East Asian Civ: Japan” lecture, was frustrated when many of the undergraduates in his class told him tales of woe about how they had been blocked from registering for the section. “I’m sorry about all these bureaucratic mixups,” sighed Emmerich. “Columbia is not very good at…being a university.”

Columbia…It’s old!!!

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THE BLUE AND WHITE