A CASE FOR INVASION
by Avi Zenilman

MINES NOTES
by Hector Chavez

EXTRA EXTRACURRICULARS
by the B&W Staff
November is one of the B&W’s least-favorite months. Yet we eagerly waited for it to brush October aside. You see, November doesn’t distract us with the likes of midterms and Wyclef—it’s too dark and cold for that sort of thing. Instead, November compels us to group on our own. And because the B&W strives to show “the exact tone of the College,” we thought it fitting to greet November with this, our Groups Issue. We’ll forgo the lip service to Columbia’s diversity, but nevertheless hope to enhance your perspective on its various groups.

First off, we wanted to learn more about the Board of Trustees, arguably Columbia’s most powerful group. Consequently, we had a Conversation with David Stern, the Board’s President (and also Commissioner of the National Basketball Association). The theme also demanded an exploration of Barnard, that all-female group across Broadway. So, Avi Zenilman donned his pithy pith helmet/thinking cap for his “Case for Invasion” of Hewitt’s dining hall. But he did not go where no girlyman has gone before; after reading an excerpt from Michael Mallow’s diary, you’ll see distinctions between these gender groups are often blurred. There is a similar case with the sensational Hector Chavez, whose “Mines Notes” tell of his surreal experiences at the College.

As usual, our own group is also well represented; the Blue J is atwitter over groups of solicitors on campus and Mephiscotcheles transcribes a post-distribution party tearjerker. Additionally, the B&W staff floats a few new ideas for campus groups in “Extra-Extracurricular Activities.” If you think our suggestions are far-fetched, consider the all-too real findings of Hannah Herchenbach and Naomi Geier in their exposé, “Screwball Clubs of Yesteryear.” So, to recap, here’s the group tally: Foreigners… Check. Minorities… Check. Columbia boys with a Barnard complex… double check. Semi-humorous pseudo-literary publication… Check. Check it out.

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.
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.

BJ Harmon

When I sat down with BJ Harmon, C’04, he had just stepped off the subway and immediately related to me an incident he thought was emblematic of the problem he faced at Columbia as an African-American male: “I was standing next to a woman on the train; she was maybe 21-22 and everyone got out of the way for her so she could hold that pole, but she was just too afraid of me stealing her purse. She kept two hands locked on her handbag and almost fell down because she was afraid of me.”

Which is not to say that BJ feels everyone at Columbia fears him, but that the experience for him and other African-Americans is substantially unique. As BJ explains, “African-American men come here and they just don’t fit in. That’s why so many of them get their degrees and run. Not all of them, but a lot of them.” And to BJ and many others on campus, the school just isn’t doing enough to solve the problem: “Retention is one thing, but quality of life is another.”

But instead of merely griping, BJ has spent the majority of his time at Columbia attempting to compensate for this inattention through initiatives of his own. For example, last year, BJ helped found the Brotherhood, a club which he describes as a “safe space where Black students can feel comfortable.”

In addition, BJ is also an active member of a club which he describes as a “safe space for African-Americans.” At the school of American Ballet. By 17, she was touring the world with the American Ballet Theater (her passport has over 30 different stamps) and, by 21, she had danced her way into everyone’s favorite ballet movie, “Center Stage.” Eventually, Eleena made her way to Columbia, where her sky-high cgs earned her a Goldman Sachs Future Global Leader Award. But, if you ask Eleena why she’s so happy these days, she’ll inform you that her first speech for her public speaking class this semester was entitled, “How I Got Engaged.”

However, Eleena’s life did not always sparkle like her engagement ring. Rather, like something out of an overplayed movie, “Behind the Music,” she experienced her share of tough times. Eleena was an impressionable twelve-year-old when her ballet instructor first told her that she needed to lose weight. As a result of her subsequent “dieting,” Eleena got to star in another film. This one was produced by Nova and entitled “Dying to Be Thin,” a documentary about anorexia. Today, Eleena proudly recalls that one of her better moments was when she finally confronted a dance teacher who had been calling her fat and walked away from the world of professional dance. It wasn’t easy, but Eleena is happier at Columbia – at least when she’s stressed she can eat chocolate rather than lettuce. To help combat anorexia on the Columbia campus, Eleena gives guest lectures on eating disorders and dutifully responds to mail from people who saw the documentary and were inspired by her story.

So what does the future hold for Eleena? When prompted, she responds: “I’m going to save the world.” Pausing briefly, she then adds: “Don’t print that though, it’ll sound pretentious. Just say I want the world to be a happier place.” To accomplish this feat, Eleena is tackling an issue that is, for her, close to home: This past summer, she put her Political Science and Middle Eastern Studies majors to work by going back to her native Israel and working with Ami Ayalon (the former head of the Israeli fbi) and Sari Nusseibeh (an advisor to Yassir Arafat) on a grassroots peace initiative. Clearly, even without music, Eleena doesn’t miss a beat. –LEC

Gerald Brant

Rare is the man who is able to bounce back after ten disastrous one-liners. But Gerald Brant, C’04, keeps plugging away, until finally, a stroke of genius: “Shuuuuut up!” Seriously, without debasing this publication with pretentiousness, that is about the pinnacle of Gerald’s insult-capabilities. They say lightning can’t strike the same place twice, but then Gerald adds, “Who wants me?” This is a rhetorical question. Because it is, and it isn’t about Gerald. This is about you, why you are not a good person, and why Gerald will broadcast that to everyone in the vicinity.

Gerald is smarter than you are. He will be at a top-ranked law school next year, and not by way of connections (too many bridges have been burned – see the above paragraph for details). Gerald is a Math-Economics double major, but could certainly be acing philosophy or French if he were so inclined. His academic discipline is impressive, and made all the more so by the fact that Gerald spends a great deal of his time drinking. No, he’s not an alcoholic; he’s from Lithuania, and the way of expressing machismo in that culture, we assume, is.

Illustrated by Ajay Kurian

The Blue and White

November 2003
they’re “stupid” and should “fuck off” (Okay, the publication has been debased). Inside, though, Gerald is soft. Let’s play a game called Two Truths and a Lie: Gerald loves Garfield, enjoys Audrey Hepburn movies, and is a connoisseur of classical literature.* Unfortunately, Gerald is unwilling to show his gentle side to most people, and, as a result, most only judge him by his pithy insults. Indeed, Gerald is quiet around those he doesn’t know, but once you and he are introduced – barring that you’re a professor or really, really extraordinarily hot – you will not escape with your ego intact.

Yet amazingly enough, Gerald has a ton of friends. Maybe it is because he is knowledgeable about sports, or maybe it is because he verbally expresses what everyone internally thinks – just in a stupider way. That is, he’ll tell a rambling dumb kid to shut up, while you’d just try to saunter away and force an awkward end to the relationship. With Gerald around, the kid will learn his lesson, or will learn that his presence is unwanted. And everyone will be happier. That’s what Gerald Brant does. He yells a lot. And he’s able about sports, or maybe it is because he is knowledge-intact.

“*When The Blue and White asked Gerald how he felt about the Iliad,* he responded: “The Iliad’s that bullshit one with all the fighting bullshit one with all the fighting and stuff.”

**Dear Diary,**

Wittgenstein remarks that the binding glue within a particular grouping is not necessarily some common essence, but a more complex series of relations, or shared “family traits.” In short, if one truly studies any ordered set, one can trace a path whose beginning and end seem as far apart (to echo Richard Dawkins) as a stag beetle and a red deer stag. How many of life’s perplexities this elucidates! No longer must we sit and gawk at Joseph Lieberman’s being a Democrat, squash’s being a fruit (or a sport, for that matter), or even Brown’s being part of the Ivy League. Further, is it not possible that this approach to grouping sets can help us find our true places, even if the world at large closes the door? To the point, I have discovered, dear diary, that I am actually a Barnard girl. Everyone else can discount this immediately, saying I am not a girl. It is true: I do not have two X-chromosomes. But I entreat you, dear Diary, to have the patience to forestall your reductionist, or rather essentialist, arguments for the present. Let us review the evidence. Firstly, I live in a Barnard dormitory: statistically, this fact alone probably puts me at 95% or better chances of being a Barnard girl. Does this not suffice? If not, my chosen major, Architecture, is technically part of Barnard, where the offices and introductory level studios reside. This location means that I spent more time on the Barnard campus last year than most Barnard students. I tell you, many were the times I was seen staggering from the gates at sunrise wearing the same clothing from the day before, in my own Walk of Shame. But you know that my only mistresses were grim chipboard and the demanding mylar.

I find this all convincing, but you, Diary, take little stock in such cold probability; alas, you never did well in Statistics, did you? I shall tailor my data to your “learning style” as we move to the qualitative. Now whatever the relative merits of the “Barnard Woman,” she is generally “hipper,” than her Columbia counterpart, and I undoubtedly score pretty highly in hipness. For instance, last night I was down on Houston Street seeing a 1966 Bresson film about a donkey. What were you doing? You, my poor Diary, were probably swilling plastic cups of whatever sub-par beer was Friday night’s Pitcher Special at the ’Stend, or maybe 10:45 if you have even vague aspirations. Surely, my younger Barnard sisters do the same as you, and they even spend hours getting themselves tarted up for it. Inevitably, though, we find that you Columbia types want only one thing when you find out we are from across the street and thus we seek solace in la Nouvelle Vague.

The final element, for those still skeptical, is clothing. I fear that the sartorially creative man has no place at Columbia. Those who even try inevitably look like they just walked out of a Banana Republic catalogue or, worse, Midtown. I refuse to be restrained by the drab charcoal “coat,” soulless flat-front pants, and Wall Street shoes of my colleagues. How am I to define myself? With which words, which roles, which school-sponsored cultural organization? The word “dandy” is too atavistic, and I am just a bit too unique for that most vulgar and soon-to-be ironic reference of a word: “metrosexual.” In short, I am not the average Columbia man, nor by any means a Columbia woman, and yet I must fall somewhere in the scheme that is this university. I may not be an attendee of Barnard College, but I know not what else to be if not a Barnard girl, and I won’t let your cold and rational ruled lines take that away from me.

A demain,

Michael

P.S. Seeing Sylvia tomorrow. Can they capture her beauty on film without appropriating it, rationalizing it, and leaving it in tatters on the floor? I have my doubts…

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**My Life as a Barnard Girl**

by Michael Mallow

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Illustrated by Cara Rachele
It doesn’t take a bird’s-eye view to see why solicitors swoop down on Columbia like pigeons diving for breadcrumbs; its campus teeming with relatively affluent and, perhaps, naïve students, Columbia presents a marvelous target. But for the more athlete-like pigeons diving for breadcrumbs; its campus teeming with relatively affluent Anglovahers, rather than entertain the first few promoting dubious packages of ill-groomed bystander into purchasing a spa package. And, it so happens that in order to enjoy the benefits of these no-name spas, the customer must often release the name and telephone number of one of her friends, which spreads the solicitor’s contagion. Being the clever chick that she is, the J is usually inclined to fly away at such proposals, but the solicitors struggle to clip her wings either by promoting dubious packages of $300-value at a fraction the cost or by telling her how relaxed she would feel after a birdbath.

The soliciting of students isn’t limited to the Columbia campus, that is exactly what the solicitors are looking for, the Blue J pondered this question, believing that there had to be a better solution than hiding in her nest all day or directing her anger as only full-bladdered birds can. Unfortunately, there seems to be no equivalent to the “Do Not Call List” for solicitors. And the J realizes that a “No Solicitors” sign would seem a bit out of place on the gates. One effective way to deter solicitors would involve a creative re-interpretation of the front door classic: instead of the traditional “Do you have two minutes for Greenpeace?” or “Are you Jewish? Did you know it’s a mitzvah to shake this palm branch?” Why, even relatives send solicitors to Morningside Heights: “Do you have a minute for Greenpeace?” And, please, don’t get the J started on those Howard Dean groupies.

The soliciting of students isn’t limited to the realm of beauty treatments. Eager sellers of all shapes and sizes comb the Columbia campus, obtrusively halting the Blue J in mid-flight to push an agenda. “Do you have two minutes for the Business School market research?” “Are you Jewish? Did you know it’s a mitzvah to shake this palm branch?” Why, even the sororities would seem a bit out of place. But the Blue J pondered this question, believing that there had to be a better solution than hiding in her nest all day or directing her anger as only full-bladdered birds can. Unfortunately, there seems to be no equivalent to the “Do Not Call List” for solicitors. And the J realizes that a “No Solicitors” sign would seem a bit out of place on the gates. One effective way to deter solicitors would involve a creative re-interpretation of the front door classic: instead of the traditional “Do you have two minutes for Greenpeace?” or “Are you Jewish? Did you know it’s a mitzvah to shake this palm branch?” Why, even relatives send solicitors to Morningside Heights: “Do you have a minute for Greenpeace?” And, please, don’t get the J started on those Howard Dean groupies.

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Extra Extracurricular Activities

Despite the plethora of clubs and student groups on campus, The Blue and White feels the community could benefit from adding a few more. Here are our suggestions:

The Pretension Club: In every Core Curriculum class, there is at least one student to whom all must listen. To say that he has the most ideas concerning the text at hand is probably true; but it is more to the point to say that he utters everything that comes to mind. The BCW has proposed that, instead of scattering these dail debates throughout the College, the University create a single club in which they can blather, for tangential discussion without end. The first meeting of pretension (and, please, do not ask us to explain the acronym; if you were eligible for the club you'd already know) will take place this Sunday evening on Low Steps. Participants are asked to ignore the loud ticking sound from the suspicious package nearby, and are encouraged instead to relate the Smurf’s cartoons to the military-industrial complex.

Students for the Preservation of Columbia Hot Bagels: With the Columbia University Empire expanding at a remarkable rate, it is our responsibility to protect the neighborhood’s most important endangered species. No, we’re not talking about the private bastion of affordably priced carboid-cravers. Rather, we are dedicated to the preservation of Columbia Hot Bagels, that 24/7 institution of affordable bagel hydrates. A s long as the bagels are hot, so will be our passion to preserve them for future generations.

The Richard Bulliet Fan Club: This organization is dedicated to glorifying Columbia’s most interesting, learned, and - let’s face it - dreamy history professor, Richard Bulliet. The club meets on a weekly basis so that the members can swap Bulliet quips and review his latest works of boy-meets-donkey fiction. In addition, the club publishes a monthly magazine, which helps to spread professor Bulliet’s renown and intrigue.

The B+ Support Group: Are you a grade-grubber who has been slighted by a vindictive teaching assistant or overbearing professor? Do thoughts of sub-par grades from semesters past plague your every waking hour? Do you find yourself showering three or four times a day after receiving a non-vowel grade? If you answered affirmatively to any of these questions, it’s time you allowed the B+ Support Group to help you. Led by highly trained specialists in the field of over-achiever psychology, the group offers free counseling and group therapy to embittered students just like you. No, we can’t re-write the past or change your grades. But that doesn’t mean we can’t stop your spontaneous cold sweats, panic attacks, and unceasing visions of your plummeting GPA.

Con Artists Training Group: With the success of the movie “Matchstick Men,” many Columbia students are looking for something more creative than investment banking in order to pay the bills. If you’re interested in learning more about conning over-privileged, affluent students out of their money, and wish to join our group, please send a money order of ten dollars to: Con Artists Training Group c/o The Blue and White Lerner Club Space Lerner Hall, Columbia University

The Columbia Esperanto Club: esti kontenta de kontinuaj leksonoj de Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, kiu inventis la lingvon Esperanto en 1877. Esperanto konservas kulturo kaj eliminu difikultacon de komunikado. La klubo rendevu kvar semajno de diskutado pri la lingvo. Don’t miss the opportunity to purchase the uv of last year’s performance, “Dial D” for Deuteronomy.”

The Lifetime Learner Student Alliance: Dedicated to keeping those sliver slayers in the classroom where they can share their wisdom with both faculty and students. No digression too tangential, no war they haven’t fought in.

Students for the Restoration of a Prussian Homeland: Columbia students! Join together to protest the European Union’s unwil-lingness to recognize the sovereignty of the state of Prussia! The bloodline of Ernst August Philip Constantin Maximilian Rolf Stephan Ludwig Rudolph must be restored! Speak out at the sundial at noon!

Haiku Debate Team: 5th floor of CC

Lamenting the state of things. Please BYOB.

F.A.U.S.T: Sold your soul for an A on that Economics midterm? Don’t worry, you aren’t alone. Fate Alteration Uniting Students Together is a support group for students who have sold their immortal souls to the Prince of Darkness and are thinking, “now what?” Eternal damnation can be a real drag, but F.A.U.S.T. can help ease the transition. Our popular one-day seminars include: “What about Heretic Sodomites?: The Seven Levels and You” as well as “Endless Hunger vs. Endless Thirst: A Talk with the Nutritionists.”

Avery Reserve Rescue Team – Hate Unrepentant Misers (arrt–hum): Conceived in a moment of despair while feeding our last few nickels into the copy machine, arrt–hum is a newly formed student group that dares to declare: free the books at Avery! With bleary-eyed students desperately trying to read during Avery’s all too brief “visiting hours,” the librarians keep constant watch from their anti-circulation desk, lording over all that they survey. Sorry we didn’t realize that $600–700 is shelved on the moon, but there really is a reason to get so snippy about it, is there?

Beta Theta Pi: Finally, a fraternity composed entirely of men of principles. No hoozing, no parties, no panties. Just puritanical behavior at its best. Wait, you say this fraternity actually exists? Why?

The Procrastinator’s Club: The Procrastinator’s Club will help students excise the guilt of not working without requiring any additional work. We, the founders of rc, envision it as a support group that will provide counseling the night before your Art Hum paper is due. Unfortunately, you can’t attend a meeting of the rc right now; we were supposed to hold officer elections and set an agenda over the summer, but we haven’t gotten around to it just yet.

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The Blue and White
When Freaky Things Don’t Happen

The Namesake
Jhumpa Lahiri
Houghton Mifflin, 2003
291 pgs; $24.00

Freaky things happen” was Jhumpa Lahiri’s response after she won the Pulitzer for Interpreter of Maladies. Despite Lahiri’s surprise, the award wasn’t without merit: her debut collection exhibited simple diction is unpretentious, and her sentences are short and moving. But her prose often fails in scenes of intense action. During Ashoke’s train accident, for example, Lahiri writes, “the locomotive engine and seven bogies derailed…” The sound was like a bomb exploding.” Her simile doesn’t evoke much. So although her style works well in scenes without dramatic action, it falls flat when describing an explosive event. It’s worth investigating why, and in this regard author Damon Knight’s definition of “quiet illumination” proves useful.

According to Knight, stories of quiet illumination move readers “not by drama, but by the inner meaning of a human’s existence. They take the form, ‘This is what life is.’” The poignant scenes that fill The Namesake do just that, but Lahiri too often sacrifices swift, propulsive drama for scenes of simple, silent reflection. Nothing dramatic happens in the present of her narrative – the death of Gogol’s father is reported in a phone call from the hospital, and it’s only in a flashback that we see Gogol learn his wife has been cheating on him.

Clearly, Lahiri is less interested in explosive events than in the effect they have on her characters; The Namesake lacks gripping action, but is full of scenes promising quiet illumination. When Ashima learns of her husband’s death, she reflects that she has “lived in only five houses: her parents flat in Calcutta, her in-laws’ house, the house they rented in Cambridge, the faculty apartment on campus … and, lastly, the one they own now. One hand, with gum and seven homes.” Lahiri provided these moments of quiet reflection again and again, and they are the chief reason to read the novel. Yet, at the same time, they are also the chief reason not to finish it. Poignant scenes that fill The Namesake do just that, but Lahiri too often sacrifices swift, propulsive drama for scenes of simple, silent reflection. Nothing dramatic happens in the present of her narrative – the death of Gogol’s father is reported in a phone call from the hospital, and it’s only in a flashback that we see Gogol learn his wife has been cheating on him.

She could have been anyone. She could have been a 21-year-old girl or a 45-year-old man. Lahiri starts her third chapter with the same first sentence: “March 1968,” skipping two years with a chapter break. She repeats this technique throughout the novel. Though her stated wish “not to get bogged down in details” is admirable, her approach makes reading The Namesake a bumpy ride.

Still, Lahiri’s smooth style occasionally compensates for her awkward organization. Her approach makes reading The Namesake a bumpy ride.

DIANA: I have come to be by myself. I wanted to escape old longings And find new ones, or find what’s best of all, No longings This island seemed the right place, Pretty as flat and empty as a desk But now you, handsome and filled-with-desire French poet, Seem to me to complicate la chose FRENCH POET: Ah, you speak French? DIANA: French and a hundred other languages – I am the rose, the dew of which it dreams. And the dark night that quenches its desires. WAITER: And I am the fig tree. Listen, you two, are you going to order? And, tell me, are you at the same table or not? FRENCH POET and DIANA: We are, we are.

Once, ostensibly for one of my home-school projects, I persuaded Mother to help me research our family history. I found that on average, the women in our family live to be a lucid eighty-two – even after factoring in outliers like Aunt Prudence, who died in a freak picking accident at 19.

Bartender stands behind the bar. The Whore sits at the bar away from the conversation. (The Midget and Whore sit at the bar. The Bartender stands behind the bar. The Whore is a little drunk and merry. The Midget is quietly pleased. The Twin sits at the bar away from the conversation.)

DIANA: (To Whore, a minor revelation.) You’re so trashy.

DIGITALIA COLUMBIANA

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

He had never been in love before, either, and he suspected that the sudden rupture of his gums had something to do with the upheaval in his heart.

Love was a passport when you were a child But love is not some foreign country. It’s a room in the back of a falling-down shack Where lovers discover they’re hungry. Like hide-and-go-seek in the pantry.

“Epictetus suggests that it would be hard for a philosopher to even exist under one of the four imperfect constitutions, because he believes that “if a person’s companion is dirty, the person who spends time with him, even if he happens to be clean, is bound to become dirty too” (Handbook, p.23). Therefore, as a philosopher one should not spend too much time with non-philosophers; a thing though, that will be nearly impossible during a longer period of time.”

It was 2:12pm on a Thursday afternoon. I remember that. I don’t know why, but I remember that clearly. I must have looked at my watch or the wall clock that hung behind the sofa. I am not sure how I knew, but I will not ever forget that it was 2:12pm.
My job is to be the lookout. Baby Face’s job is to hold the hurlap sack. Raffy’s job is to give out jobs. Marta’s job is to get Petey choreographed and in costume. Petey’s job is to be the moon. Where: So... you’re just a Midget/Im just a Whore. Is that what you’re saying? Midget: No. That’s what the waiter said. Where: What’d you tip him? Midget: Fifteen percent. Where: ... You’re fair.

“Hello.” I said. “Do I know you?” “Yes.” The old woman whispered. She must have been 86 years old – or, I don’t know, perhaps she was 66. But she was old. She had a head full of gray hair, just as Sally had mentioned. What she hadn’t mentioned was that the woman was approximately 5 foot 6, hunched over and wearing a bright pink dress. She stood there looking like an oversized mound of cotton candy.

I sat in kindergarten class on art day and drew an elephant the “art lady” dubbed a masterpiece. I believed her, and continued to draw for the rest of my life.

She reaches out and takes his hand and places it on her belly. After a moment, a look of complete joy spreads across his face. She is also on her belly. After a moment, a look of contentment comes across his face. She is also on her belly. After a moment, a look of completion spreads across his face. Then, there are times when Veily K. Verilies gets so mixed up in a metaphor, he forgets just what the meta was for in the first place. These are generally the times when his Editor-in-Chief gives him a robust kick in the minerals.

But Veily’s latest difficulties have thus far kept his own personal, strong-greaved and swift-booted Hell-on-Earth at more than two sword’s lengths; in fact, the E.L.C. has not been so much at bay as all the way across one. Which would have been dandy, had Veily not had a deadline. Despite his undying allegiance to the flag of the Blue and the White, his obstreperous oppositionality nearly overpowered him, and when he was once again approached with the usual mantra folder, doublespeak and decoder ring, he was unwilling to join the organization once more.

Truth be told, Veily has always been an inveterate anti-groupie. He has notably been a rigid contritionist, a deadly pacifist, an ugly duckling, a funny comedian. And, until recently, he was a happy college student – and a California Republican. Across campus, ennui was en vogue. His fellows lamented not Lucreece’s rape, but the reading thereof, and Veily could shut himself away in Butler’s deep recesses, perusing above and beyond the call of duty and syllabus.

But the times, they went a-changing. Before Veily could backstroke his way to a diploma, his friends began retranslating Proust, weeping over Shakespeare, enunciating properly, and voting for Arnold. They found things - the right things - that they enjoyed doing, and enjoyed enjoying. And so Veily, ever the dissenter, began a Counter-Counter-Reformulation (although he would have preferred the less anticipatable Spanish Disquisition). If his friends translated Greek, it would be all Greek to him; if they wrote in C++, he would get a C++. And if his Editor wanted him to write, curse him: Veily, like J.D. Salinger, would pull a J.D. Salinger. Fortunately for Veily (or at least, for future Verilies), he is not only phenomenally unsociable, he is also phenomenally unlucky. Veily was caught in a downward, anti-group spiral. He even went so far as to read his favorite hardcover bound edition of The Misenchrope, fearing that other people had read it, too. Which he could have overlooked, as being wryly fitting, were it not so tragic.

But Molière was chicken change compared to the real problem: no matter where he went, he found those excerable things called kindred spirits. Every time he left the library early, smirking his way past the sullen study-bound, he encountered a rash of ideological identical twins, smoking gleefully on benches outside, speaking in a cipher of Europat. Every time he shirked Blue J and her overinvolved, extra-credited, many-feathered cap, he ran across Mephiscotcheles, shrunken into a corner, imprecating upon Mexican rum and aforementioned Editors-in-Chief. Suicide was a monetary option, until Veily realized there were even more people over there.

The truth is, as Veily gradually came to realize, that groups were unavoidable. If you fall out with the in-crowd, you fall in with the out-crowd. And if you don’t fall at all, you end up slumming with the preternaturally well-crowded. And if you don’t fall at all, you end up with the in-crowd, you fall in with the out-crowd, you fall out with the in-crowd, you fall in with the out-crowd, you fall out with the in-crowd, you fall in with the out-crowd. There are simply too many people not to be one of some of them. Still, it is times and declarations like these, despite the suspicious comfort such confraternity gives him, that make Veily revel in the opacity of smoke, the shortsightedness of his creditors, and his anonymity. He’ll be joining you soon – but, with any luck, you’ll never know.
We pounce on our prey like feeble wolves, and then we forget to put the silverware in the bin with the blue soap. We are feckless. We are pathetic. We are Columbia Freshman, and we are invading the Barnard dining hall.

Like any war, this one had a pretext based on intelligence, faulty or otherwise — “Barnard food is better,” they all proclaimed. My former camp counselor said so, as did my orientation leader, as did a hallmate of mine. I should’ve noticed they were all male.

But, for those who think Barnard’s culinary superiority is an accepted article of faith held by all students affiliated with Columbia University, conduct a little investigation: Ask a Columbia student if Barnard food is better. If they say yes, ask if they’ve actually eaten there more than three times. If they say yes again, ask if they still go with any regularity.

Surprisingly, you will find few students who make it through that gauntlet of questions without a single “no.” So it seems that who make it through that gauntlet of questions about Barnard’s food still go with any regularity.

Then, of course, there are the signs. While John Jay relies on the cliché menus that explain the meal of the day, Hewitt dares to go avant-garde. For example, instead of a sign that says “GRILL,” you are greeted by a hanging placard emblazoned with “SIZZLE.” Sandwiches are “STUFF,” normal meals are “HOME,” the stir fry is “CRISP,” and dessert is “SWEET.” Why this departure from standard dining hall interior decorating decorum? A (male) friend of mine hypothesized that the simple signs are necessary because the Barnard mind can only handle one word at a time. Another (male) offered that the Hewitt dining staff understands that girls only do things based on their emotions — thus, if a girl were homesick, a plate of Asagi chicken and mashed potatoes would do little good. But, if the chicken and potatoes were served under a banner of “HOME,” all would be better. I fervently reject both of these theories (and chauvinism in general, ladies) and celebrate Barnard’s appreciation of ironic, witty pop-art.

We, the intelligence, though haphazard, is correct. The pizza is flabby, the sandwiches are made to order, the burgers are grilled one at a time, the vegetables are fresh, and the juicy machines have Crystal Lite. The surroundings are cozier, the air conditioning is omnipresent, the floor is carpeted, and there is a nifty mezzanine-balcony which can double as high ground if a food fight of epic proportions ever breaks out.

The “yuck factor” is no excuse for denying a man his best culinary option. Smirks, leering grins, and incessant giggling notwithstanding, we do not land in Barnard for the sake of our perversions — we are there to eat. So, in sum, the case for cafeteria imperialism is driven by a self-interest that resides deep in our gut. Hewitt dining hall is a target because it serves cooked flesh with aplomb, not because I think it will get me laid. While Barnard may be 98th in the mind of U.S. News and World Reports, it finishes first in the only category that matters: my stomach.
CONVERSATION

Ever in search of erudition, The Blue and White cornered David Stern, Law ’66, for a light-hearted chat. Chair of the Board of Trustees of Columbia University as well as Commissioner of the National Basketball Association, Stern had no shortage of things to say. Here we reprint the best bits of our pleasant, meandering conversation.

B&W: Our readers probably don’t know a lot about the trustees of the University and what their role is –
DS: It’s our job to keep them in the dark.
B&W: [laughter] So how would you describe the role of the trustees?
DS: The trustees are there to support and guide the president and the administration. There are enormous and difficult and complicated areas of the administration of any university, wholly apart from achieving the academic mission, which is itself a full-time job. Whether we’re talking about Manhattenville or St. John the Divine issues, or real estate acquisitions, campus upgrading, investments having to do with the Internet or Biosphere or things like that – [these] are things that are done, in effect, with the advice and consent of the board of trustees.
B&W: You say that there are a great many interests which the University has to pursue yet they’re apart from academic concerns. Could you speak to the ways in which they work in tandem sometimes?
DS: Well, you know… you have all of the schools of the University which are, each one, trying to be in the first rank in their own particular area… probably the most important of which (although I’ll get in trouble) is the College, and –
B&W: Thank you, [laughter]
DS: – but its reputation and all the schools’ reputations are dramatically enhanced by being nestled in the University setting, where you have leading research going on at the medical school, the business school is continuously top-ranked, the law school, the school of architecture, social work – we could go on and on and on.

So when your question is how they work together… Each of those schools has needs. The president seeks our advice on a variety of these issues. I mean there’s nothing more important, I would say, than the endowment. I shouldn’t say there’s nothing more important – [but] that’s a very important issue, because you’ve got very serious issues of financial aid, the decisions on need-blind admission, the decisions on how you construct and keep the plant upgraded and at the same time go out and make acquisitions that are going to be relevant not just tomorrow but fifty years from now. And those areas where the president seeks input from, and reports to, the trustees.

B&W: Are there any fond memories of Columbia Law that led you to want to be involved in the University as a whole?
DS: You know, as a matter of fact, I have a sense of gratitude to Columbia Law School, as I do to Rutgers, my undergraduate institution, because I believe that where I am today and the skills that I’ve developed and the background that I have [are] so important in my success.

And so when Mike Sovern [University President, 1986–1993] called and said, ‘Let’s have lunch,’ I was happy to do it. I had been involved to some degree before that with the Law School. I felt very obliged and obligated to the Law School and, through the Law School, to the University.
I must confess that I had no idea, as a Law student, about the richness of the University and its component parts. And even as a trustee, it’s only something that one learns slowly, because you never quite understand the scope. And no one does. I mean that sincerely. Whether about Reid Hall in Paris, or about the Law School [exchange program] in Budapest, or about the president’s trips to Asia – it’s got an enormous scope.

B&W: To connect the nba to Columbia and the Columbia community: we heard recently that the nba is looking to expand overseas by, maybe, 2016. Which you think will happen first and most dramatically – the nba expanding overseas or Columbia’s expansion in Manhattenville? What’s going to expand more in the next decade?

DS: Columbia’s need for additional space in pursuit of its educational mission is more urgent than the nba’s need for more space and more fans. We can achieve our goals in different ways. We can have televised games in 200 countries, as we do. We can have arrangements with multinational corporations like Coca-Cola or MacDonald’s. We can have arrangements with multinational consumer-products companies like Reebok. We have these adjunct businesses that can keep us there. But Columbia needs laboratories, art school facilities, and a whole new range of – not new, an old range of space needs that relate to a landlocked enterprise that serves a student population.

B&W: Is it that Columbia’s planning itself to grow, or that it’s planning simply to accommodate what it already has?

DS: In some ways I think it’s both, because you have needs across the University’s agenda. The biology department is dealing with current facilities that are somewhat less than you need for the quality of practice that’s there, and so, you take exactly what you have and you need more. The School of the Arts is this enormously exciting institution, but in order to express itself fully, and to then continue to attract, and possibly grow… You scratch your head and say, what about all the benefits of technology for making us more efficient? But, truth be told, space is a key component.

B&W: In 250 years the University has seen about five different campuses. At the point of the Revolution they [probably] didn’t have any idea –

Illustrated by Michael Mallow
November 2003

DS: Cary Bettman is a good personal friend, because he worked with me for 12 years here. So we’re good friends. Paul and I used to both litigate for our respective leagues when he was at Covington and I was at Proskauer. I’ve gotten to know him over the years. So I won’t say that there’s a formal club. But on the other hand, whenever there’s an issue, we talk about it. And our organizations are literally in continuous contact on, shall we say, issues of mutual concern.

B&W: When was the last time you played organized basketball, and what’s the highlight of your career?

DS: But not necessarily [as] a characteristic. It sounds like Columbia is trying to define itself right now: both as the best in everything that it’s doing –

B&W: We have a president now who has not really been one to shy away from a fight, and he’s also been more battles him with some of the more prestigious schools on campus, like the Journalism School. Is this what the board expected from President Bollinger?

DS: Yes, I was on the search committee, and we wanted somebody who understood the strategic issues of education, [who] also had worked in a large institution with the scope and size that comes with a place like Columbia, but also had a strategic view – and, though he may live to regret it, also wanted to teach undergraduates.

He really is the complete package as a president. We’re very fortunate – you’re very fortunate to have him.

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B&W: Is there a specific player who leaves you awestruck every time you see him?

DS: Well, I’m spoiled, because I’ve been a fan for so long. But to me – when you’ve lived through, even while being commissioner, Magic and Larry and Michael…..

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B&W: Was he particularly attractive because of his high profile?

DS: No, no actually not. Interestingly enough, [the affirmative action cases were] not a Columbia issue. Columbia is in great shape. It has been need-blind, diverse, having the full staff to focus on putting together diverse classes in a totally legal way. It was really because of his understanding of academic administration, together with his academic credentials, together with his worldview.

I think we really have a perfect institution and a perfect president at a perfect time.

B&W: When was the last time you played organized basketball, and what’s the highlight of your career?

DS: Okay? There are great places that can give you a first-rate education and that [pastoral life]. If, on the other hand, you prefer something a bit earthier, more gritty, and amazingly exciting and dynamic, then Columbia University in the City of New York is the place to go.

By the way, I actually wanted [the pastoral life that] I described, and I went to Rutgers. In 1959, when I left Teaneck High School to go to Rutgers, Rutgers was probably a tenth of the current size, and it was on the banks of the old Raritan, and it was a wonderful campus, and New Brunswick was a relatively small town, and the quad was here, and it was far away, and you overlooked the river. It’s a whole different approach. But by law school I was ready for something a little bit more active, and so New York was a great place to be.

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I think we really have a perfect institution and a perfect president at a perfect time.
Dear Miss Libby,

Permit me first to thank you most sincerely for your thoughtful letter. It is not often we are honored with a communiqué from a true student of the classics, still rarer from one of your distinction. If I may say so, your reputation precedes you. I employ this phrase, of course, merely in the colloquial sense: your fame reaches far and wide – for that is what fame does – and indeed it reached us before you did.

It is quite natural you should wonder whether we haven’t really got our motto a bit backwards. Your admirable humility has evidently restrained you from saying it outright: it likely seems to you our reputation should precede us, as yours does you. Then our fame must needs reach beyond the scope of our deeds. But as you have rightly pointed out, we proudly publish under factis, meaning “to do or to make.”Thus: “We stretch out rumor by means of things having been done.”

But doesn’t The Blue and White stretch out things that have been done by means of rumor, and not the other way around? I’m familiar with The Blue and White’s wit, so I know there’s a good and probably entertaining reason for the choice.

With love and admiration,
Brigitte Libby

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Yours,
Isaac Vita Kohn

The Blue and White

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1The Columbia Word of Quotations, edited by Columbia’s own Professor of English, Michael Seidel, and others, credits the saying to an anonymous proverb. Others, however, attribute it to Tully or Tacitus. But you should not misread the account here.

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**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

Dear Miss Libby,

A few weeks ago in class, your esteemed Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Craig B. Hollander, leaned over and wrote in my notebook, “What does famam extendimus factis mean?” In reply, I wrote, “I think it’s ‘we extend rumor with deeds.’” At the time, I didn’t realize it was the motto of the BW. But now that I’ve seen the latest edition, I realize where Craig’s question came from.

And it puzzles me. Is this a motto that has been with the BW since the beginning? Or, did our dashing Mr. Hollander write it himself, and was he just using it to test me? And why the choice of factis, “deeds” (lit. things having been done) instead of “words” or “things written”?

In fact, the way the motto is written seems a little backwards to me. Famam, from fama-ae (f.), is the accusative direct object, and it means, according to Cassell’s Latin dictionary, “rumor, report, public opinion, or repute.” Extendimus is a first person plural verb from extendo, meaning “to stretch out or extend.” And finally, “factis” is a passive participle in the ablative case expressing means by which something is done. Factis comes from factis, meaning “to do or to make.”

Thus: “We stretch our rumor by means of things having been done [or deeds].”

But doesn’t The Blue and White stretch out things that have been done by means of rumor, and not the other way around? I’m familiar with The Blue and White’s wit, so I know there’s a good and probably entertaining reason for the choice.

With love and admiration,
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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

AT FESTIVAL TIME

When the sentinel sleeps in the plum-trees of the terminal,
I am the other guardian. This heart is like rice.

When the garrison lowers its shoulders against a river of sea-brutes,
Mine are the beak drums; dirt banners are mine.

I lounge in justice, saying music, begging a formal greeting
From the fisherman’s wives. Flat and pale glory

Of my ghost: a gift of shining flounder, treasure of the season!
Hungering under comets like stars.

Who besieged Three Canals with glittering sword-hilts?
Who dared teach the new charity of strutting flame?

The mountains do not change their prose,
And being blind, I cannot see the wind.

My speech is become the liquor of orioles. A bridge of waters
And a friend to travelers. Departure like many rivers,

Toward the south, toward the east, toward the beautiful land.

—Anonymous

PANTOUM

The central theater was all lit up,
girls marking the sky that a tune was drawn in.
It was going to be such a perfect night
for the light and the bells.

Girls marking the sky that a tune was drawn in
were its cadenzas,
for the light and the bells,
a gallant union,
were its cadenzas.
They were like a bunch of jonquils, calling themselves
"A Gallant Union."
And what business is it of ours, if
they were like a bunch of jonquils, calling themselves?
If they were great of wine?
And what business is it of ours, if
one might have said, to another...

If they were great of wine,
it was only the curtains drawn by little hands.
One might have said to another,
"Indeed! You couldn’t have heard the sound of wings,
it was only the curtains, drawn by little hands:
the central theater was all lit up."
Indeed, you couldn’t have heard the sound of wings;
it was going to be such a perfect night.

—Ian David Volner
**CULINARY HUMANITIES**

Macaroni Grilled

The Futurist movement of the early twentieth century sought to liberate Italy from the constraints of her overly glorified past. Eagerly, the Futurists embraced the torrent of modern society – noise, dynamism, speed, urban grit, and excitement of industrial progress. Then, in 1936, Filippo Marinetti, the Italian poet, writer, and founder of the Futurist movement, threw both ordinary Italians and European food historians, astutely observing, with his “Manifesto of Futurist Cookery,” which denounced pasta, Italy’s culinary and national staple, as an unsuitable national food. Calling the penchant for spaghetti passé, he condemned pastasciutta as “an absurd Italian gastronomic religion.” Although some objected, scores of Milanese restaurants declared their establishments “pasta-free.” Newspapers across Europe took up the debate, and a Chicago Tribune headline blared: “The Italians May Down Spaghetti.”

According to the Futurists, years of boredom and weariness had weakened and pacified the Italian man. And partly responsible for the widespread lethargy, Marinetti insisted, was pasta. He stated that although “crudely nourished men have achieved great things in the past,” men think, dream and act according to what they eat and drink.” Citing the nineteenth-century German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer, Marinetti concluded that pasta was, indeed, “the food of the resigned.” Moreover, Marinetti insisted that pasta made Italians lose their sexual appetite. He remarked that “spaghetti is no food for fighters – a weighty and encumbered stomach cannot be favorable to physical enthusiasm towards women.”

It should be remembered, however, that Marinetti had a good deal more than virility on his mind. As Elizabeth David, one of this century’s prolific food historians, astutely observed, “Marinetti’s tongue was not entirely in his cheek.” Indeed, with his native Italy perceived by its intelligentsia not entirely in his cheek. “Indeed, it seems as though the Futurists were content to transform dining into an aesthetic enterprise, inventing outlandish recipes designed to feed a diner’s tactile, visual, and olfactory senses, often at the expense of his or her taste buds. Latent symbolism was prioritized; selected fruits represented anticipated Italian conquests in North Africa, and towering contraptions of meats and vegetables represented national greatness.

In defense of their culinary productions, the Futurists organized widely-publicized banquets, and detailed pages of them in the cookbook. On the menu for one such banquet was a dish called the “Excited Pig.” This culinary concoction consisted of one large, round salami, which was skinned, placed upright, and covered in a sauce of hot black coffee and Eau de Cologne. The result? A barrage of new dishes so esoteric, so iconoclastic, and so downright absurd, they could only have been rediscovered by The Blue and White.

One of the easiest ways to have obtained club recognition, it seems, was by exploiting the generally held conviction of the importance of political correctness. Hence the spate of minority-themed student groups. Scott Weiss, an executive president, points to last year’s “Ireland Club” as a paradigmatic example: lacking both an executive board and form of community outreach whatsoever, the club’s greatest reported achievement was eating corned beef and cabbage on St. Patrick’s Day – not to mention the numerous university funding for clubs based exclusively on imaginary activities. (In the late nineties, for instance, amazingly held out for four years, though they readily admitted to providing nothing more than an atmosphere for people to “get together to study and practice conversation skills.”) And, alongside the multitude of respected musical groups on campus lies the “Karaoke Club,” which somehow, as of this printing, is still alive and kicking.

Several other groups, it seems, were created solely for the enjoyment that accompanies writing witty acronyms. These included such oddities as the “Student Education Advocacy League” (SEAL), and the “Pursuit of Academic Standard and Traditions.” Today, both organizations are merely memories of the past.

Curiously, some of the students who did not cloak the inadequacy of their proposed clubs with cutey acronyms names still managed to receive ABC funding. The “Speakers Club,” for instance, amazingly held out for four years, though they readily admitted to providing money for groups whose members’ lone aim is to talk to one another.) And, alongside the multitude of respected musical groups on campus lies the “Karaoke Club,” which somehow, as of this printing, is still alive and kicking.

While the benefits this organization bestowed on the greater Columbia community is dubious at best, it nonetheless received a whopping $1,750 for the 2004-2005 academic year. After factoring in the price of a $350 top-off.

Illustrated by Cara Rachele

**Screwball Clubs of Yesteryear**

by Hannah Herchenbach & Naomi Geier

D espite frightening away countless dollars on lobby refurbishments and indecent wooden birthday cakes, Columbia’s administration still manages to spend not a small chunk of change on an inestimable number of campus organizations and student-run clubs. Though the process by which the Activities Board at Columbia – the committee in charge of recognizing and distributing money to the various individual groups is theoretically air-tight, not a few wily Columbians of days past were somehow able to evade the scrupulous scrutiny of the venerable ABC. The result? A barrage of new defunct clubs so esoteric, so iconoclastic, and so downright absurd, they could only have been rediscovered by The Blue and White.

One of the easiest ways to have obtained club recognition, it seems, was by exploiting the generally held conviction of the importance of political correctness. Hence the spate of minority-themed student groups. Scott Weiss, an executive president, points to last year’s “Ireland Club” as a paradigmatic example: lacking both an executive board and form of community outreach whatsoever, the club’s greatest reported achievement was eating corned beef and cabbage on St. Patrick’s Day – not to mention the numerous univer-

Illustrated by Cara Rachele
Lecture Notes
Sach-ing Poverty

Jeffrey Sachs, the Director of the Earth Institute at Columbia, has been saying the same thing for quite a long time. Still, despite publishing some 200 articles, 78 columns, and 24 books, he’s still having trouble conveying what appears to be a simple and empowering concept: that the poor, or, at least, the very poor, need not remain in their precarious state.

In a recent lecture in Low Library, Professor Sachs presented the basic calculations behind his assertion.

Globalization, Sachs argued, has undeniably helped raise living standards in some of the world’s largest developing nations. However, there are still 1.2 billion people in the world living on less than $1 a day. Such extreme poverty leads to malnutrition, starvation, disease, and absolute destitution. It is this type of poverty that Sachs claims we currently have the resources to end. The problem, he insisted, is not that some people are being exploited through low wages and poor working conditions, but that, ironically, many are not even being given the chance to be exploited. Too many are, in fact, cut off from any involvement in the international economy by geography, which can determine the basis of a nation’s ability to practice sustainable agriculture, build adequate infrastructure, and utilize technology.

The argument that geography is a prominent factor in determining the success of current foreign aid projects, which most economists either implicitly accept that global capitalism will create both winners and losers, or find comfort in the argument that globalization will eventually cause “all boats to rise.” Additionally, the propensity of policy makers to place blame for lack of development on national governments has only fed common misperceptions about the extent and the success of current foreign aid projects, which Americans acutely over- and underestimate, respectively.

And while some audience members took issue with the figures in Sachs’ budget, the most important part of his lecture surfaced in a valiant effort to dispel in his listeners that the main obstacle to addressing global poverty is the attitude that we are incapable of changing the way the world is progressing. And it was this lesson, more than the politics, the calculations, or the actual feasibility of Sachs’ plan, which resonated long after students walked out the door. –Erica S. DeBruin

Picnic on the Hudson
by Anna Bulbrook

Some people are natural cocks.

I had been enjoying a fine evening of opera music and corn salad on the deck of a creamy yacht north of the George Washington Bridge. The noise of the anchor startled two cyclists necking against a boulder in the woods, who, yanking on their spandex, jumped onto their bicycles like spiders and pedaled off along the Palisades. I could see the blunt bulge of the cathedral tower list- ing out of the Upper West hillside, and how the moonlight on the water drew a line from the moon to me. Singled out. “For what,” I thought. I liked corn salad, and how the wet air popped around me when a goose flew close overhead. Olga, the grandly cooed and said she’d like to hug ’im. The geese, all of them. Then eat ’em. She gaily shook her “woodka” at each of us, spilling some on the white leather, her cashmere cape, and on my hair, which was salty from the ride up the river. We’d driven at a hedonistic speed for the Hudson, clutching the boat-ropes like rodeo reins, growing out pirate calls, eyes watery and stinging. It was this mid-corn salad and cold steak moment, after a particularly large gyration from Olga (which landed her seated on my fork, saying, “Vee don’t vahnt to fall, do vee!”), when my wine cup, having been filled solicitously and repeatedly by my hosts, slipped slowly and gracefully over the shimmering hip of the boat, and landed in the Hudson with a plop that was unheard, due to the loud noise of the bridge traffic.

The cup, a tall plastic number with colored stripes running around it, stayed vertical, bobbing, a buoy baited with chardonnay. Olga of the wodka began to sing an operetta along with the radio and giggle. This is because boats that are designed for dinner evenings on the Hudson should all have sound systems, and because Olga was old, and maybe crazy. And I looked at Olga, crooning and warbling, rude and old, and I thought, “So this is me.” And then I thought: “Some people are natural cocks.”

Screwball clubs continued from page 59

The line karaoke machine, we can only assume that the remaining $4,000 was spent on boxes upon boxes of rich, cheesy goodness.

Interestingly, it seems as though the more established and reputable organizations here at Columbia lure their members not with free slices of Famiglia’s finest, but rather with objectives and activities. Ergo, our advice to abc: if a club allocates the majority of its funds to munchies, there’s a good chance you’re being stiffed. But no matter what lies ahead for Columbia’s beloved second-rate clubs (our future predictions include the “OnStar Navigation System Club,” the “People’s Italian Zesty Zeitgeist Association,” and the “Toboggan Society”), we as Columbia undergraduates will continue to unite under universal ideals of education and community.

Well, maybe. If there’s pizza.

Curio continued from page 55

my quotation, and then, removing his pipe, pleaded his inability, saying:

“The difficulty about translating a passage like this is…”

“That it’s so short,” said the tall editor.

“That you can’t get the meaning from the context,” said the editor who borrows postage stamps from the rest of the Board.

“No. The difficulty is…”

“That it has no moral basis,” said the Christian Endeavor editor.

“That is lacks proper names,” said the literary editor.

“That you can’t tell heads from tails,” remarked the returning sporting editor.

“That you can’t find a trot for it,” resumed the Latin scholar.

“According to the oxen, a trot is “a literal translation of a text used by students; ‘crib.””
BOOZE HUMANITIES
Fleeced!

After publishing an issue, it the customary for the staff of The Blue and White to enjoy an evening of drink and merriment. The seldom published, yet wholly eager Paul Mazzilli volunteered his room for the last party. When the dust settled, young Paul found that his fleece was missing, and so dashed the following email off to the B&W mailing list.

---Mephiscotcheles

There was once a little boy who loved Christmas. Now you may be asking yourself, “what little boy doesn't love Christmas?” Well, this little boy loved Christmas for a very different reason than most other boys. We’ve all heard children lament receiving holiday gifts of clothing, shoes, and other such “useless” items, and not receiving enough toys or candy. This little boy, however, didn’t love toys and candy. Instead, he loved to receive articles of clothing and lovely accessories. And so begins our story.

One Christmas, the little boy woke up early in the morning and ran into the living room to find that Santa Claus had, indeed, left the package’s side. With wide eyes and mouth escaped his notice. There was something special about this package in the corner which seemed to have his haberdashery – and I believe it was just a scarf over his shoulder – his eyes caught hold of something else. There was an unopened package in the corner which seemed to have escaped his notice. There was something special about this package, but he didn’t know quite what. Perhaps it was the shade of the wrapping paper or the lay of the ribbon on the package side. With wide eyes and mouth agape, he looked slowly over to his mother and father who were sipping hot cocoa by the fireplace. They nodded.

Licking his lips slowly, the boy built up some courage and crept towards the package in the corner. Picking up the package, he looked to his mother once more for a final sign of approval – she smiled. With trembling hands, the little boy unwrapped this final gift. The paper glided through his trembling hands and the little boy unwrapped this final gift. The package was the most beautiful sight his young eyes had ever beheld. So awed was he that he had to stare at it for a while before he allowed himself to pick it up. It was a beautiful, soft, grey L.L. Bean fleece. I need not tell you how enthused the young boy was, nor could I tell you if I were but the finest poet of all. For indeed the little boy was overjoyed. And he wore this fleece wherever he went. (Well, whenever it matched what he was wearing, the weather called for such an accessory, and the occasion was appropriate. Needless to say, but for a few brief stints at the dry cleaner’s, the fleece and the boy were virtually inseparable.)

All too soon, the little boy grew up, but with him his fleece remained. Well, that is, until he went to college, joined a semi-humor, quasiliterary magazine (which never publishes his work) and allowed the said magazine to throw a party in his room – a party at which his fleece was taken! Yes … woe is he …

But perhaps someday, you, dear reader, will come across this particular article of clothing and be reminded of both its rich history and the sad boy to whom it once belonged. If you do, I entreat you, return it to this young man, resuscitate the life within his sad, tormented soul; return to him his fleece, and bring back that smiling little boy … And, please, do it fast because that little boy is freezing in this unseasonably cool weather – which is perfect for sporting a fleece.

Tearfully Yours,
Paul C. Mazzilli

P.S. Let’s not even mention the half-full bottle of Dial liquid soap with snowmen on it that was also taken. What the hell, guys?

CAMPUS GOSSIP

Recently, five women clad in red hats and striped shirts stood on the corner of 120th and Broadway, chanting loudly into megaphones. Beside the women, a man held up a cardboard sign, which read, “These people woke my sick child. Tell them to turn it down.” When two Columbia students witnessed the confrontation, they constructed three signs, and joined the group. The first sign read, “This man is right – turn it down!” The second sign read, “Yep!” And the third sign read, “This sign is too small to read” (in letters, of course, which were too small to read). Finally, the women agreed to turn off the megaphones in exchange for permission to pray for the men. The men agreed. And pray the women did.

ANTIQUE GOSSIP

Some zealous [18]94 men encountered a Freshmen with a pipe the other day, and immediately proceeded to make kindling wood of it, much to the owner’s disgust.

—The Blue and White, Campus Gossip, Vol. II No. X 1891

The Barnard Director of Activities recently sent the Barnard community an email asking for volunteers to be extras in a movie that was going to be filmed in the Barnard quad. However, many a starlet-to-be’s dreams were dashed when, approximately 30 minutes later, another email was sent informing the Barnard students that the shoot had been cancelled. Just what movie was responsible for all this hubbub? Why, only the newest Spike Lee joint, “She Hate Me.” Mr. Lee, she hate you because you stood her up. Do The Right Thing and send her flowers.

OLSEN UPDATE

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HITS FROM ABROAD
The B&W receives many interesting comments from its website. Here was one, in particular, that caught our attention:

“To, principal, most respectfully i beg to state that i have passed a level from beacons house islamabad pakistan i want to admit in your medical college i got 85 % marks in a level, please give me informations about admission on my mail address MIRZA ADEEL RAZA HASHIM HOUSE SECTOR C/3 MIRPUR AZAD KASHMIR PAKISTAN.”

An exchange overheard at 212 between a customer and the server:
Customer: I would like a bacon eggwich-sandwich.
Server: It’s just called an eggwich. And we don’t have bacon.

Lecturing before a Design architecture class, Donlin Foreman of the Barnard Dance department couldn’t help but wax poetic about a recent piece he had staged. He stated: “The set consisted of a low mound in the corner, where all the dancers made their entrances and exits. Watching the piece, I realized that this soft, curving feature was very feminine and there was no strong phallic element to counter it, and as I stood there on the mound I realized… I was this element.”

While loitering in front of Butler library late one night, a group of students, including one B&W staffer, encountered none other than Dean of Admissions Eric Furda, apparently out for a late-night constitutional. Without any prompting, or even a greeting for that matter, a grinning Furda declared, “The Heights is really hopping tonight!”

The B&W now knows who will NOT be taking care of its houseplants during winter break.

After retrieving a notebook from a freshman in Carman Hall, one senior staff member entered a rather crowded Carman elevator and pressed the “M” button. “Hey buddy,” quipped one young wag, “That button won’t take you to the ground floor. You have to press ‘L’ for lobby.” When the staffer apologized for inconveniencing everyone in the elevator, the freshman responded: “No need to apologize. You Furnald kids make that mistake all the time.”

While strolling down College Walk one fine autumn morn, a staffer was greeted by a Hasidic Jew, who was handing out pamphlets to passersby. The man asked: “Are you Jewish?” The staffer, who was somewhat taken aback by the question, replied truthfully that he was not. “That’s okay,” replied the man. After this brief interaction, the staffer sauntered away, much relieved to learn that it is, indeed, okay not to be Jewish.

The B&W was recently informed that Mr. Clean, that strapping and overtly bald icon of household detergent, has a fist name and it is Veritably. It is perhaps no coincidence that our own Verily Veritas’ mother’s maiden name is Cleanwinskyberg.

Residents of Ruggles recently received the following email:
“Subject: URGENT – RESIDENTS PLEASE READ – CAT MISSING
Dear Ruggles,
If you’ve seen a cat please please please call me immediately. I had to take care of a cat temporarily and it disappeared tonight around 9 PM. She answers to Athena, and might have disappeared under you bed if your suite door was open. Please keep an eye out for the cat.”

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EC elevators… They’re slow!