THE BLUE AND WHITE
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Columbia University in the City of New York

SOCIAL LIFE ENGINEERING
by Avi Zenilman

CULINARY HUMANITIES
by Pontius Palate

CROSSWORD PUZZLE
by Nicholas Frisch
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Cover by Michael Mallow

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.
to take pains to avoid offending a muse. The B&W once failed to pour out a libation to Thalia, the goddess of comedy and idyllic poetry. Suddenly, the Blue J became overcome with contentedness, Pontius Palate went on the Atkins diet, and Verily Veritas couldn’t define “kenning.” Panicking, the Board offered to sacrifice freshman Avi Zenilman to stay the muse’s wrath. Thalia, however, had another idea: “Dedicate your next issue to myths,” she said, “and all will be forgiven.” The Board happily agreed to comply with the muse’s demand, and though our graphics editrix still wanted to do away with Zenilman (just to be safe), she was overruled. That is how this mythology-themed issue came to fruition.

Nothing masks ignorance better than a good myth, and all sorts of mythology abound in this issue. Take the history of the B&W, for example. Rather than actually research our past, we produced a genuine “Foundation Myth” for the magazine. Who’s to say it isn’t true? Not the original editors — they’re dead. Our current Editor, however, has been quite active; in “Editing Reality,” he tracks down the mythical Columbia Republicans and visits the long-gone Mike’s Papaya. Speaking of fruit, in Culinary Humanities, Pontius Palate demands that Columbia plant fruit-bearing trees. The Blue J is also fed up, but her beef is with ufm’s new management.

Too stressed to worry about such matters? Take a humorous respite by reading young Zenilman’s “Social Life Engineering,” a report on www.seascommunity.com, which was created to debunk the myth that engineers are one-dimensional nerds. But if you still believe that engineers can’t write, check out Hector Chavez’s “De Covncilibvs Colvmbiae” — it’s an instant B&W “Classic.” This issue will, indeed, cure your pre-finals anxiety by turning your troubled waters into wine — and then boxing it (see Booze Humanities for details). So, when in doubt, remember B&W 10:3, “And Craig said ‘Let there be White...and Blue.’”
There are three stages of development in the formation of a friendship with Andrew Kornbluth, C’04. The first stage is the “oddity” phase. Andrew seems aloof and pretentious. He’s rather tall. He keeps to himself. Your first meeting (or confrontation) will likely involve some sort of criticism or left-handed remark on his part, as Andrew is quick to point out a fault whenever he sees one. You’ll try to just ignore Andrew in the hopes that the disturbing accuracy of his invectives won’t bother you any more. You won’t understand that this is just part of his personality. He’s the product of a Chinese mother and a Jewish father, both diplomats in the foreign service, who created a Confucian incarnation of Woody Allen — an intelligent, but reclusive and lanky Jewish boy who stands behind his principles with all the give of the Great Wall.

You should also know that he isn’t amused by pedestrian opinions about world affairs, pop culture, or life at Columbia. It’s a well-earned privilege. Andrew is a true citizen of the world. He has never lived in one place for more than four years (Kingston, Hong Kong, Beijing, Taiwan, Washington, dc, New York, and Sarajevo). Wherever he lived, Andrew shied away from the American expatriates he often traveled alongside in favor of meeting the natives. He tells stories about his high school, the British-run International School of Geneva, where he marveled at the children of the boorish, bourgeois Eastern European jet-set.

Andrew is disillusioned by his experiences at Columbia — he expected a cultural elite, but found dentists. “I was attracted to the Ivy magic. I wanted to come here and show the bling-bling, show them I’d arrived in the world. But Columbia’s a gilded cage, it’s a factory for the next generation of the American professional class and people who want to be dentists. That’s fine, dentists are great, but I was expecting people to be a bit more worldly.”

This level of intimacy invites the second stage, “contradiction.” You’ll meet Andrew again the next semester, perhaps in a class, and you’ll find that his sometimes snarly demeanor obscures a thoughtful and sensitive person. He wants to feel what other people feel, he wants to know people different from him, and he wants to have dinner with them. He disdains Americans’ provincialism because he says we have a habit of closing ourselves off to foreign peoples. It is a duty to be well-informed about the world, according to Andrew. He lives by his own advice. Hungarian studies have occupied him for most of college, and he’s gone so far as to learn Hungarian, Russian, and Serbo-Croatian. Andrew even buys Hungarian military artifacts at conventions in New Jersey so he can tactiley feel the hardship of the history he knows so well.

Once you’ve heard Andrew out, you’ll reach the third and final stage of your relationship with him: “reluctant admiration.” He just wants Columbians to open up and talk like human beings. He loves to point out
Columbia’s fashionistas, hipsters, pseudo-intellectuals, and materialistic poseurs of all varieties. To him they’re all pathetic characters who don’t realize just how interesting the world outside their own heads can be. “I’m not saying you have to suffer in your life. I just feel like there isn’t very much imagination at Columbia.”

Unfortunately, your friendship with Andrew will be short-lived. He has found a new spiritual home in war-torn Bosnia, of all places. When he took a summer internship for a UN NGO in Sarajevo, he discovered a quixotically heroic people in whom he recognized his own disillusionment. The Bosnians, he says, perhaps in comparison to the poseurs at Columbia, are “just really nice people.” –TGD

Andy Hao

“I’m not interesting anymore.” This is the first thing that Andy Hao, C’04, wants you to know. The second thing he wants you to know is that he has a fetus in his room. And, allegedly, if you stare at it too long, it looks as though it’s pointing at you.

Much of any introspective conversation with Andy will operate amidst these contradictions, maintaining a tenuous balance between self-effacing wit and self-extolling weirdness. Unlike most of us, who seek our Golden Means through genuine moderation or mediocrity, Andy seems to prefer a law of averages, and shuttles between extremes like some gross (but grossly entertaining) pendulum. In a single ten-minute span, he can recount more instances of Dionysian revelry and wild-oat-sowing than any of us could invent given a lifetime. By his account, there has been absconding-withs and joyridings-of yellow school buses, sightings-of and throwings-out-of-dressing-rooms-by naked Naomi Campbells, rampant kleptomania, and the frequent ejection of unsolicited objects out of dorm windows.

And then there are the independently documented cases: A double major in Philosophy/Women and Gender Studies, a staggering list of celebrity contacts (including an informal photo with William Jefferson Clinton), multiple debate and philosophy awards, and, the showstopper, an innocuously Rabelaisian joke about Catholic priests during a football game that put him, calm, pithy, and entirely unsurprised, both on Donahue and against the sputtering Catholic League. For all this, he may very well have put the “Hao” in “How in God’s name did you get away with that?”; in three years at the College, he’s done everything you’ve ever wanted to have yourself do – if you were dreaming. And he’s done these things in the real world, escaping by hook or by crook the most debilitating consequences (unless you count being interviewed by the B&W).

What Andy Hao has become through all this is a rational form of wild man, a sheep in wolf’s clothing. Take, for example, the aforementioned appearance on Donahue, debating with a representative of the Catholic League his joke – recited amidst a CU Marching Band script at a Fordham-CU football game – that Fordham’s tuition was “going down like an altar boy.” Pointedly enough, Andy Hao doesn’t see this famous interchange – in which he was accused by the Leaguer of being a “phony,” and then subsequently demolished his fellow interlocutor on grounds of racism and sheer stupidity – as the least bit memorable. He still can’t stand to watch it, a fact which itself calls attention to what makes Andy a Character and not simply a Crazy: he’s not turning his face away because of a Machiavellian feint towards humility – he’s doing it because he genuinely can’t under-

Illustrated by Michael Mallow

CHARACTERS continued on page 92
Housing and Dining Thanksgiving Holiday Hours

Dining Locations

Normal business hours resume Monday, Dec. 1 for all locations.

Cafe (212)
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 5:00 pm.
Special hours: Friday, Nov. 28 and Saturday, Nov. 29, 12:00 noon-6:00 pm.

Carleton Lounge
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 2:00 pm.

Ferris Booth Commons
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 2:00 pm.

Hartley Kosher Deli
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26.

JJ’s Place
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26.
Special hours: Open Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-31.

John Jay Dining Hall
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 1:30 pm.

Lenfest Cafe
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 2:00 pm.

Uris Deli
Closing, Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 2:00 pm.

Wien Food Court
Closing Wednesday, Nov. 26 at 2:00 pm.

Customer Service and Office Locations

Hospitality Desk in the Hartley lobby
Open 24 hours a day

Housing and Dining Service Center (118 Hartley)
Closed Thursday, November 23, re-opening Monday, Dec. 1

Office of Housing Services (125 Wallach)
Closed Thursday, November 23, re-opening,

Contacts

Housing: www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls
          housing@columbia.edu

Dining:  www.columbia.edu/cu/dining
          eats@columbia.edu
BLUE J
Fed Up

When the Blue J grows tired of snacking on South Lawn worms, she looks beyond the campus gates for a tasty bite. Until recently, the J took the abundance of neighborhood restaurants, snack kiosks, and food markets for granted. After all, with the 24-hour smattering of crumbs outside Columbia Hot Bagels, and West Side Market’s culinary smorgasbord of a sidewalk, the J never needed fly far to find food in Morningside Heights. But all that’s about to change. A sudden slew of bad food news has recently struck the campus community, ruffling the feathers of this hungry chick.

The Blue J’s two favorite feeding grounds, West Side Market and Columbia Hot Bagels, are going the way of the dodo. As something of a night owl, the J relies on these establishments as she makes her way back to the nest on late nights. The announcement that they will be shutting their doors this spring for the construction of a new building has, consequently, set her squawking indignantly. Who, the J wonders, will swoop in to fill the void of 24-hour cheap available food? The thought of it all left her sweating like a turkey on Thanksgiving.

The J then looked uptown to the grocery-formerly-known-as-University Food Market to fill the void left by her beloved favorites. At first, it seemed the perfect solution, another neighborhood establishment just a quick glide away from home. But like any socially responsible bird, the J soon pecked her way under the surface of UF M’s management changeover and didn’t like what she saw. The new “Morton Williams Associated Supermarket” has halved the wages of employees who have worked there for years, and plans to fire half of the exist-

Illustrated by Craig Hollander

ing staff. Adding insult to injury, prices are going up. The Blue J has to wonder what a bird needs to do to get an affordable, socially conscious snack around here.

The new D’Agostino seemed like a potential alternative to UF M, until the Blue J peeked at the price tags and realized she’d have to sell her feathers to shop there. She faced the same dilemma while shopping at Milano market ($10.99 for a quarter-pound of sun-dried mealworms!). And as for the new M2M Asian market ... well, it presented the J with an intriguing option, but on the nights when she isn’t craving seaweed chips or dog meat, its selection is simply too limited. The Columbia community could always turn to markets outside the immediate area, such as Fairway, which offers cheap, fresh food and a great selection. It is a little known fact that Barnard provides its students with a free shuttle service to Fairway every other Wednesday. But for the non-Barnard or un-winged members of the Columbia community, Fairway’s distant location makes shopping there a bit of a hassle.

Consequently, the Blue J has decided to put her bucks where her beak is, and protest the new UF M’s treatment of its workers with a good old-fashioned boycott. Hopefully, the decreased sales will force the Morton Williams team to turn their grocery store back into the type of place any self-respecting bird would be proud to patronize. Of course, the J doesn’t suggest that students go hungry, but simply that they use their tremendous economic influence to demand quality and affordable goods under fair working conditions. As the J is wont to remark, her plan is food for thought. ♦
Though the original chiefs of The Blue and White were laid to rest long ago, the epic story of magazine’s founding has been passed down orally from generation to generation of B&W literary editors. Here, for the first time, our Michael S. Paulson commits the myth to paper, so that the tale may be preserved for all time.

On a hill known widely as Side of the Morning,  
Where the sun’s chariot stopped off at dawn  
For steaming coffee and various breakfast sandwiches,  
A tower belonging to Icus, king of the region,  
Stood by a never-drained swamp of purple wine.  
This tower protected the sweet odorous bog  
From all interlopers: young and old, handsome and ugly,  
All who would seek a good free hammering.  
But more than the wine swamp, King Icus wished  
To protect the chastity of his youngest daughter,  
Alba, a notorious beauty of great virtue,  
Who wanted one day to marry a noble prince,  
Or a shoe salesman, or a sweet-smelling laundry magnate.  
Though hundreds of suitors came to Icus’ land  
To seek the hand of young Alba and make the city merry  
with wedding revelry and beautiful children,  
The old king kept them at bay with excuses:  
“She is yet too young, dear fellows, for you—  
have a handful of wine at the swamp,  
try to forget your foolhardy enterprises.”  
But just to be sure, Icus locked his daughter in the tower,  
Where she grew sad, and more beautiful in her sadness.  
For the oracle had told him the son of his daughter  
Would put forth a scandalous, scurrilous parchment,  
Relating his secrets and deriding his senility,  
Demanding free access to the wine swamp for all.  
But the suitors would not be turned away with words,  
And the word of Alba’s great beauty spread,  
Bringing more suitors from faraway lands,  
Who pitched tents by the Everglade of Incontinence,  
Seeming to deplete its self-renewing substance.  
Seeing her father distraught over this intemperate horde  
Drinking at the swamp he loved so much,  
Putting back what was purple in golden rays,  
Alba sent for her father one day, eager to speak:  
“Dear father and king, your youngest daughter hails you,  
Grieved by your grieving, sleepless at your vigil.  
You will not give me to one of the suitors,  
For reasons I know not, though they must be sound.  
Thus, to make them disperse, propose a contest  
Whose victor will carry me off as a bride.
Mind you, no one shall win, the prize would be bought
All too dearly. Say that the man who drinks up
All the wine in the famous wine swamp
Without taking a single breath or heeding nature’s call
Will have my heart and my dowry.
But he who leaves the ruby marsh wet,
Or puts back the liquor not bought but rented,
Shall meet his death at the altar of the wine-god.”
Icus found the plan brilliant, and had it pronounced
To the burgeoning crowd by means of a herald.
Some foolhardy fellows sought to try their luck,
But drinking the wine made them muddled:
They stained their honor as well as their pants,
And died the cruel death they had defied.
So the crowd grew fearful and many withdrew,
And some sought the satyr Caeruleus in his grotto:
It being late afternoon, he would certainly be there,
New wine balanced on the bounteous gut
That held the copious wine of last night’s revels.
“Caeruleus,” they said, “An evil king wishes to hide
his daughter until someone can drain his delirious bog,
Full of wine that never runs to its dregs.
We knew that if any mortal could do so,
It was certainly you, O bloated brilliance.”
Wait, did you say bottomless ocean of wine?
Then I’m game. Just help me brush my haunches.”
So the satyr came to the wine swamp with shepherds and kings,
Defying the promise of brutal death.
He drained the wine swamp at a single slurp,
And stood teetering like, well, a fat drunken satyr.
Thereafter he was admitted to the tower,
And after a night of remarkable sounds,
He lay dead, having belched his own head off.
King Icus, relieved, fixed this head to a pike.
But life continued in quiet and in secret,
In the bosom of Alba, sad to see Blue go so quickly,
For somehow he managed to produce a son,
Though his eyes were purple and his hind legs slack.
And King Icus stood by his empty wine swamp,
Congratulating himself for his luck,
Not knowing that a child with a parchment
Was learning barbed Latin in the princess’ womb. ⊠
One Plot to Rule Them All

Eragon
Christopher Paolini
Alfred A. Knopf
509 pgs; $18.95

Christopher Paolini is an oddity. At the age of twenty, his debut fantasy novel, Eragon, ranked third on the New York Times bestseller list. In the wake of the novel’s success, Paolini appeared in Time, Newsweek, People and, yes, he was even interviewed on the Today Show. Rare is the author who is able to command so much attention before he’s old enough to drink.

Paolini’s book isn’t just selling on buzz: his vivid descriptions firmly set the action in the reader’s mind. But Eragon’s characters and plot are all-too familiar, at least to fans of the fantasy genre. Indeed, the novel’s 500 pages tell a story of boy-meets-dragon, boy-meets-old-wizard, and boy-fights-evil-king. It’s simple and it works (see Lord of the Rings for details).

At the outset, Eragon, the protagonist, flees with his dragon, Saphira, from the mad king, Galbatroix, who fears that Eragon will resurrect the noble Dragon Riders and restore peace to the kingdom. Eventually, Eragon meets Brom, an old wizard who trains him in magic. The book ends in a climactic battle, during which Eragon and Saphira slay a demon who threatens all the forces of good.

Eragon’s plot is obviously gripping enough to capture the imaginations of millions of readers. Yet, its familiarity is also a reason to fault the book. Paolini said in a recent interview that he “wanted to play with the elements of fantasy that I enjoy so much: a young hero with a sword, a dragon, a mysterious villain.” It’s unfortunate, then, that Paolini’s enchantment with the traditional conventions of fantasy cost him the chance to be truly imaginative.

Like other fantasy books, Eragon takes place in a medieval setting, and Paolini neatly defines his characters as either good or evil. Eragon and Brom, for example, use magic only in self-defense. In contrast, King Galbatroix, slays indiscriminately. Paolini isn’t even subtle about the distinction between good and evil. In one scene, Brom tells Eragon that those “who love the pain and suffering of others... there is only one name for them: evil. There is no understanding it.” Like Brom, Paolini ignores the complexity of evil, and he rarely explores his darker characters.

Great works of fantasy present characters that are morally ambiguous. Phillip Pullman, an author whose works inspired Paolini, created complex characters, such as Lord Ariel in the His Dark Materials trilogy. In that series, Lord Ariel struggles against a tyrannical god, but also kills children when necessary, and, at times, even threatens his own daughter. Paolini would do well to reread Pullman’s works and jot down a few notes.

The young-adult fantasy genre’s audience disdains pretentious gimmicks and demands a compelling narrative, told in clear prose. As a result, the genre can be as complex and thought-provoking as the most literary of “literary fiction,” and is often much better. In Eragon, Christopher Paolini demonstrates that he has the ability to write this kind of fiction; he can tell a well-paced, exciting story. So, as his career progresses, it is reasonable to expect more from Paolini, including a move beyond the traditional medieval setting and clear-cut morality. For now, though, we know that while Christopher Paolini may be an oddity, his novel, Eragon, is not.

–Jonathan Treitel

Illustrated by Cara Rachelle
Such is the day when I yelled you awake after two years of rationalizations and late night talks about not having children. You knew then it might have been your seed and not the hormones when I tested positive and you were a wall and you vowed celibacy and I said fuck it the deed’s done let’s go bareback before you quit me altogether. I’d read about the cervical expander and how it has to sit overnight and the vomiting or just flushing it out.

So easy.

Every once in a while one of ‘em dies but the church says fuck ‘em. They did the unclean thing and error hath no right. But you stated in your own silent way even when you knew I wasn’t kidding anymore and when you got past the scare you still looked at me and I still looked down and thought only about how great it was to have an excuse for being fatter than when I first met you.

I said I’d have it removed after we summered abroad because you can’t swim and you can’t screw with the bleeding. Funny how we told each other the sex didn’t matter, how it was all very platonic and we’d get along without the undressing part and promptly became miserable and guilty for being miserable about pleasure with the thing still sitting there and us back to fourth grade and rabbits’ feet and valentine’s day.

It was my humble fantasy to be back in working order. And I thought a hefty god-damnit because we were both still kids and the best you could say was that you felt like you’d been hit by a truck. Helen and Eddie had been trying for one for ages and here we were throwing the damn thing away. I got a call from mom a while back about how Helen had gotten one to stick and then fallen ill and in the emergency room they diagnosed her with dead baby and sent her home because her orifice wasn’t bleeding and they said they’d fix her up sometime Monday between 9 and 5. But I felt like that every minute we drank tea and smiled about how it wasn’t so bad since the secrecy provision and Planned Parenthood’s financial aid kicked in.

I thought I might delay it a bit. Since you showed me so much consideration and since later in the trimester they actually have to go in and you get to try valium. I liked the effect suffering had on your attentions and I wanted to dwell on how your career and mine deserved more than premature settling down and how cool it would be if we could stop saying sorry.

You’d bathed me that one time and pressed a used something into my hand and I wondered why in the hell you would do that and looked at it and it was broken and you hugged me.
SONNET

I’ve set my heart on serving my Lord,
So that to Paradise I may ascend,
That holy place where, so I’ve heard,
The fun, the games and laughter never end.

Without my darling, why would I go there?
Separated from her, I’d only be sad.
She with the lovely face, the golden hair—
Without her there’s no joy to be had.

But I don’t mean this to sound so willful,
As if I’m risking eternal damnation.
I don’t have to see her face, her beautiful
Figure, or have her soft glance fall on me.
Just that it would be a great consolation
To see her standing there in all her glory.

—Giacomo da Lentino, Florentine, early 13th c.
Translated from the Italian by Paul Violi
TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

A week ago, Verily Veritas, in his untimely fashion, had been thinking about time. More specifically, when time would be up, and he could lay down. There always seemed to be one more thing to do, one more mellifluous paper, one more vociferous phone message, one more odiferous load of laundry. In fact, Verily was beginning to suspect that there was some causal mischief at work here – no sooner would he allay one professor’s petty concerns, then the imbalance of attention required threat shifted another one of their peevish peers. Things had grown so hectic that Verily had begun to suspect Paper Delivery itself might have been a half-credit elective (and, in wet weeks, possibly a substitute for the swim test as well)

Disturbingly, these concerns were not new. He had had them as a boy. In his early school days, he was extensively educated in the Classics (which were known then, some years ago, as the Currents), where endlessness and perpetuity, like pleats and Bernard Williams, were everywhere. Evil was punished with eternal suffering, good with eternal joy. Sisyphus strove forever, and Judas was alternately burned or chewed until Doomsday, while beardless youths cavorted in Elysium, and blood-flecked martyrs harmonized in the Empyrean. Thinking again on all this neat correspondence last week, Verily was troubled. All these infinities seemed false, bland or incommensurate. The real, creepy infinities, Verily found elsewhere – in Grecian Heroes.

Verily’s earliest, best, and possibly only friends had been these strong-greaved Fleece-stealers and weak-heeled Achaeans. But what Verily saw that fateful eve of last week, amidst all their joyous lopping of Hydra heads and frotting of beardless boys, was a depressing repetitiveness, a going-through-the-motions. Odysseus, combining overwrought self-pity and perplexing nonchalance, shuttled from island to island, participating in taxing dramas wholly irrelevant to his own. Apparently, deadlines were a thoroughly modern conven-

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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.

i said to him we can’t keep doing this. i am an orthodox jew and you are a black man and this isn’t what hashem wants for us. but then we had more sneaky-sneaky for a few minutes and i put back on my skirt and walked back to elliott.

A Snoogle is a cross between an octopus and a gorilla. A Froogle is a cross between a frog and a rabbit. Snoogles and Froogles are from the planet Moogle and their favorite hobby is using computers.

Your plasma is beautiful, the man said, standing half out of a pothole at a stop-light to the girl crossing the street. For she had stopped to make faces with him, and it had led to conversation.

Now rather than take the strictly Women Are Fucked Up the Ass by the Gender Biases in Roommate Finding position, I have to be frankly honest, and say I exploit the same biases that circumscribe me for all they’re worth. In interviewing at an apartment, I put away my East Village thrift store goth punk gear, and don-anathema of all anathemas-a pink floral printed shirt. I act every part the Responsible Nice Girl and exploit my ability to “pass” for the conventional femininity that puts strangers at ease and makes them entrust you to become their future roommate. Call me a Laura Ashley Flower Print Uncle Tom.

Socrates, a professor of the people, received the ultimate student assessment in his murder sentence (Columbia students, perhaps fortunately, cannot take this same liberty on culpa).

When one thinks about drug-related police corruption, a number of stereotypical beliefs are likely to arise. Many police officers are genuinely good and honest people, but are occasionally offered deals that they are not able to refuse such as being paid a great sum for simply looking the other way in many cases.

My hatred for him began to fester. And it was then that my plan came to me. It was ingenious because of it’s simplicity. I would bring him down to my level. I determined to change that over-achieving quality in him through my own abrasive form of peer pressure. I would force him to become the “slacker” that I was.

Lights open up dimly to a room with statues, candles, and beads. The silhouette of a man is in the middle of the scene. His face is not visible in the darkness. He is topless. His head is slightly tilted to the side.

Wole: (eyes wide open, yelling out in a rough voice) Da nah-na-na-nah! Da nah-na-na-nah! (laughs maniacally)
End of scene (Someone should come in, turn on lights, and see him as he’s crazy, spouting evil words)

The thing that struck me most about the Tupperware film was the way in which the brand name took on almost a religious symbolism for the families involved in sales. I would think that in most contexts, appropriating children’s hymn as a company song would be considered almost sacrilegious, but somehow because Tupperware was putting it to use in the interest of capital and, at least from their perspective, patriotism, it was acceptable.
When considering the religious ways of a particular people or era we oftentimes expect to encounter some sort of ethical backbone or moral system that is the core of the respective religious philosophy. What type of religious roots make moral flowers?

Charlie: Hey, aren't you Blank Robinson?
Blake: (deep, throaty voice) Yes, I am.
Charlie: Don't you host the “Late-Night Love” radio show?
Blake: (smugly) Yes, I do.
Charlie: Well I wanna say that I really like your show. I listen to it every week. In fact, my girlfriend listens along with me.
Blake: I'm really happy for you. I'm glad that my show makes a difference.
Charlie: Not only does it get her in the mood, but it also helps me in convincing her to do some kinky stuff!
Blake: Well that's ni—
Charlie: Like one time I gave her a pearl necklace!
Blake: (Trying to hide his disgust) That's good to know too.
Charlie: You know what that is right? It's when a guy—
Blake: (Holds hand up.) You can spare me the description, thank you very much! I know what that is!

“Look at the person to your left,” the group leader said, “then look at the person to your right.” He lowers his voice for eulogizing emphasis. “It means that in the next five years, one of the three of you, will contract the virus.”

Taken literally, the stories of Joseph and Moses place the source of their political success in the hands of the divine. Therefore, when taken literally, the two stories exclude those political readers who have not already personally spoken to a celestial and omnipotent power.

A servant cannot become a master. One important question remains – how to keep the lower class from rebelling and overthrowing the aristocracy?

After history class he would follow me. In truth, his locker happened to be three down from my locker, but as we walked the length of the hallway, I felt his eyes burning through me. What was he thinking? Was he mad at me, as people often were, because my antics disrupted the class? Was he mad because I had been the one to steal those precious moments when the history teacher opened his skull and pulled from it all of the knowledge he possessed and proffered it from his outstretched hand, holding it firmly, waiting for someone to reach out and take it?

Madeline is not afraid of mice. She loves winter and greasy foods. No one knows quite so well how to frighten Ms. Clavel. Once Madeline got way too close to the tiger in the zoo, sticking out her tongue and finally mooning the surprised feline. Ms. Clavel also worries that Madeline will grow up and chase after the wrong type of man.

In an attempt to pull together my concept of a lens as a writing device, I found myself staring at the screen of my computer, considering whether or not this was my place in the world of universities. Again and again, I asked myself if I had made the right decision in making Columbia a part of my life.

When he called me at three in the morning I was afraid that something bad had happened. He’s a freshman at the University of Georgia. When he went to college, he took a dictionary and Fyodor Dostoevsky’s The Brothers Karamazov. When his roommate went to college, he took a uga flag and videos of the uga football team. I was afraid that his roommate would hate him, and I thought he was calling because something bad had happened. He was calling to tell me that he had finished The Brothers Karamazov.

Eat shit, Blue and White. You shouldn't go through our stuff. You're like big brother, only worse. If I write about beans, so be it. It's for me, not you. And certainly not for the whole Columbia population? Jerks.
There comes a time (for all but the most well-heeled campus gourmand) when – after a generous serving of appetizers, ale, wine, and desserts – one’s funds lag behind one’s appetite. This malaise is urban in nature: despite being an infinite playground of adept bartenders and attractive waitresses, New York offers very little at a reasonable price – let alone gratis. And Morningside Heights is no exception. Now consider the campuses of our fellow scholars all along the Northeastern seaboard. Their buildings do not huddle together like sickly pigeons, but rather lounge amiably among rolling expanses of green, and between them, yes … real, genuine trees, given room to rise to healthy heights, and able to bestow their fruits on the grateful student body. What’s more, our chilly neighbors in Ithaca even keep a herd of cows whose milk is used solely to make ice cream!

We Columbians must unite to close this ice-cream-edible-fruit-tree gap. Just imagine a future Columbia where one could stroll down orchard lanes between classes, leisurely plucking apples and pears. Just imagine if, in good weather, students could do their lounging and flirting not on Low steps, but amidst decadent vegetable gardens.

A horticulturalist’s wet dream? Most definitely. Impossible to bring to fruition? Hardly. Although, one question remains: where would this magic happen?

Though it might seem the most obvious solution to the average reader, it should go without saying that “on campus” simply will not do: for who would ever rid the cu “community” of its oh-so-precious lawns on which strapping young lads go about their manly games? Or perhaps, gazing out from her 13th-story window, the reader may think it both wise and expedient to simply place said gardens on the tops of our many building. Sadly, as a student of architorture, this benevolent writer must interdict that suggestion as well, this time with the grim voice of reason: retrofitting a building for green-roofing alone is a structural and logistical nightmare (just where is all that water going to go?); an orchard, by turn, would be sheer insanity. And besides, who would ever take an elevator for a measly piece of fruit?

There is an answer to this puzzle, though one unlikely to please bleeding hearts. Those who pay the slightest attention to their surroundings know that Columbia is currently embroiled in the nascent stages of foisting an expansion upon a wary community (though “wary” is doubtless an understatement). As Machiavelli tells us, in troubled times like these, when the “peasants” are already on the warpath, the calculating leader – or university president – should maximize his benefits at their expense. And, knowing that every outcome will displease someone, the university should simply sneak a few orchards, and maybe even a stable or two, into the blueprints. It would cost, at most, a few blocks, but just think of all the gains! And how perfectly it would fit within the existing rhetoric! We are told that Columbia must expand to keep its lofty place astride both the Establishment and the cutting-edge. Surely, dear reader, what are more progressive than pears?

–Pontius Palate
Social Life Engineering
by Avi Z. Zenilman

In the spring of 2003, a first-year in seas emailed the Engineering Student Council: “Engineers are often seen as dry math nerds; is there anything you can do to change that image?” The leaders of future computer scientists, bridge builders, and management systems-ers responded quickly, and did the only thing they could: they wrote a computer program.

Three months later, seascommunity.com was born. Students could now display their art, personal feelings, and the latest news on East Timor, Linux, or their sex lives for all registered users to peruse. The community was (and still is) not exclusive to engineers; faculty, alumni, and Columbia College students are all welcome to partake in the cyber-revelry. As of November 11, the seascommunity had over 600 members. By the next day, there were over 601 members. And I was one of them. I had joined the seascommunity.

The first time I visited the website, the animated introduction nearly rendered me epileptic. Electronica pulsed, lights blinked, jagged shapes dashed to and fro, and Japanese-style lettering scrolled across the screen for about 30 seconds. The message was clear — being an engineer is like being high on ecstasy.

Despite the intro that made Anime seizure cartoons look like exercises in slow, deliberate pacing, I was delighted to find the page easy to navigate. I registered within minutes (codename: avizenilman), and delved into the seascommunity.

I expected to find on seascommunity a nurturing commune of people who could see the beauty buried beneath shyness, a lack of hygiene, or an uncontrollable urge to buy the latest graphing calculator. My new acquaintances would not be “dry math nerds,” but proud students of engineering and/or applied science. And they would like me, too. This assumption led me to immediately post the following shout out to the world on my seascommunity journal: “My name is Avi, and I am socially awkward. I joined seascommunity because of this problem, and I hope people will be nice and hang out with me. Thanks!!!”

After one week, my heartfelt plea for loving-kindness had not been answered. My email box was empty, my comments box was empty, and no one had posted anything about me in their journals. I felt like the over-pubescent 13 year-old who no one will dance with at Bar Mitzvah parties because all the girls (and boys) are scared of his goatee and acne.

But maybe it was I who needed to take the initiative in order to meet friends. I was, after all, privy to an environment where hundreds of moody, self-medicated college students could express all their concerns. The odds were, clearly, still in my favor that I would meet someone with whom I could relate. Thus, for the sake of meeting new friends, journalism, and the entertainment of my editors, I trucked on and began to explore the personal journals of other seascommunity denizens.

As they say on the streets (of which town I am not certain), I was right as rain. The various personalities of the seascommunity members swept me away with full force, from all sides, and without regard for my bladder. There, before me, was a lush orchard of digitalia. The comments were insightful, hilarious, poignant, and wonderful. It felt like one giant Barbara Streisand song had entered and lifted my heart. All different types of lives and stories touched me, but I was especially inspired (or amused) by four specific journal-types: The diSEASed Engineer, The “Hey, Lets Laugh at the Fact That I Go to a School Named Fu!” Engineer, the Greedy Engineer, and Yale Sucks Engineer.

The diSEASed Engineer “Umm.. there’s not much to say about myself. I have no self-esteem, no self-respect, no purpose in life, no direction in life, no idea of what I want to be or do. I was brought up with hyperprotective

Illustrated by Cara Rachele
Asian parents and told I was to do engineering from the cradle.”

The “Hey, Lets Laugh at the Fact That I Go to a School Named Fu!” Engineer “I Xed out the wrong box on my Columbia College application and now: I’m a member of seas-community =)”

The Greedy Engineer “So I’m trying to drop a class called mechanics, I’m no longer Mech E! I’m going to go into IEOR cuz you know what? I want to be rich when I grow up, screw morals, I WANT MONEY!!!!”

The Yale Sucks Engineer “im not sure why, but i only saw not-so-good-looking people at Yale.” and “Yale is sketch”

Now, I could relate to these people. The diSEASed Engineer aroused my empathy for the plight of those-who-must-go-to-Pupin, the “HLLatFTIgtaSNF!” Engineer amused me with his bittersweet pathos, the Greedy Engineer made me thankful that I am not one-who-must-go-to-Pupin, and this past summer I, too, was dumped by a girl who now attends Yale University. Yale sucks!

Still, while seascommunity may serve as the blogosphere’s version of “Chicken Soup for the Soul,” I’m unsure if it fulfills its purpose of changing the perception of seasians as “dry math nerds.” The exuberance of the page seems forced, there is far too much Anime in the “art” sections, and designing a web site never seemed like the most efficient way to develop street cred. If, as the columnist Michael Kinsley once wrote, Al Gore is an old man’s idea of a young person, then seascommunity is a dry math nerd’s idea of the cool-kids table.

If you go to seas, and you were peeved by that last comment, I’m sorry, but I’m not apologizing. Instead, I recommend you take comfort in AOL taking over one of the world’s largest media corporations, Microsoft creating Slate Magazine, and a verse that little script kiddies have been chanting for decades:

10011100111, 00100101, 0001010010101011101010111001.

Or, for those of you who don’t speak binary code:

That’s alright,
That’s OK,
You’re gonna work for us someday 😎

A Commentary on This Our Lofty Age
by Joint Q. Effort

Finals got you down?
Cuddle with The Blue and White
We will bring the booze

A Few Key Reminders...

 cô Always make sure you have your key with you before you leave your room.
ô Never use your deadbolt as a doorknob. This will damage your lock.
ô In the event of a lockout, visit the Hospitality Desk in the Hartley lobby to borrow a replacement key for up to one hour.
ô Failure to return borrowed keys will result in a lock change and a $45 fee, so be sure to always return keys promptly.
ô For further information on any of these policies, call ext. 4-2779 or visit the Hospitality Desk.
Every time a hot-air balloon mounted skyward from the Columbia campus last night it was wafted on its way by the cheers and groans of 250 sophomores arrayed in pajamas. The balloons – and the pajamas – were new wrinkles in the annual Sophomore Triumph ceremonies with which the students are wont to put an end to the demon calculus. Instead of building a bonfire and burning old Dr. Calculus in effigy, the students dipped volumes of calculus in oil and sent them floating heavenward at the end of innumerable balloons. Hence the cheers.

The ceremonies were held at the Quadrangle between the Library and University Hall, and the flickering lights of red torches ranged along the University Hall roof gave the groups of young men in pajamas a ghostlike appearance. Everything – lights, balloons, and cheering – was doing nicely, when at 9 o’clock, Henry Lang, Columbia’s proctor, who always officiates at such student functions, put in an appearance. The lights were not very strong, but that did not prevent the eagle eye of Henry Lang from spotting something that called for closer inspection. The particular something happened to be two figures in the prettiest pale pink and blue pajamas seen around Morningside Heights in a long time. For some reason the pink and blue visions were not mixing with the rest of the class, but preferred to hover in the corner of the “quad,” where the shadows were deeper. Even so, Henry Lang could see at a distance that there was more hair on the heads of the persons inside of the pink and blue things than any self-respecting Columbia student ever thought of wearing all at once. It was done up ever so tight but it didn’t fool Henry.

“What d’ye think this is, a Barnard tea party?” he demanded, as he walked right up to the place where the pair with their escorts stood. “I’ll have you arrested, that’s what I’ll do.”

The young women protested that it was only a joke and begged to be allowed to leave quietly.

“Not a chance,” Henry told them as he strode off, promising to get a policeman. But before he had time to half cross the campus the pink and blue pajamas made a dash for the nearest gate, and-well, that was all that was seen of them last night.

After the last flaming calculus had taken the Zeppelin route, the students marched in pajamas down Broadway, stopping for the customary breath on 110th Street and then continued over to Riverside Drive, where they served as a counter attraction for the throngs watching the illuminated fleet. The procession continued to the steps of Grant’s Tomb, where cheers were given for Grant, the navy, football, and many other things.

“Columbia Men Burn Calculus in the Sky”

—from The New York Times, May 14, 1915

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Good Day: I have had the opportunity, on numerous instances, to read your magazine. I can imagine how the editors of the B&W must yodel with joy each time they are presented with a draft – for, so it seems, your articles still continue to lack the finesse I would have expected: every university magazine must be blessed with its own little Blue J: its pet, posturing cretin. But does this outlandish buffoon truly possess the qualities of a good writer? I confess that at the moment, I am incarcerated (not literally) near Versailles........and that my work and activities have slowly taken their toll on my health........along with black tobacco. I would have thought; however, that, after being fully disgusted with your university newspaper, the Spectator (mainly due to their unapologetic publishing of Jennifer Thorpe and Eric Chen’s putrid articles) that your magazine would be a welcome alternative. Instead, I find most of your writers to be capricious imbeciles who trod the globe like asinine North American tourists. Your magazine should be denounced for the poor quality of writing, the promotion of gossip and the lack of graphic pornography to spice (no pun intended) up the visual quality. My lady friend, Noelia Perpinia Iñika Zurriaganztxa Brutchequerte Monfort is also displeased by the quality of your magazine and she shall be sending you peoples a separate letter. For you see, we had initially planned to provide your magazine with a handsome sum of money for the publishing and other aspects of writing, but you have disappointed us. We do not discard future contributions, if the magazine improves.

—unsigned

Dear Reader,

Better Day: Ah, so! The Famam of our Factis Extendimuses even to Fair France! It seems the clandestine midnight paradrops of BW-Day, 14 January 1944, were not in vain. That our valiant soldiers/dubitably literate Iowan delivery boys reached you, then, is a testament both to the femininity of fickle Fortune and the fecundity of our fulminatory phalli. And all this, without a dedicated spellchecker – as you have so pointedly noticed! Alas, that our missives could not have reached French readers that were more sympathetically sychophantic than syphillitically studious (the romantic passion of your language – not to say your utter disregard for its proper use – is solemn testament to this, your venereal sacrifice; nevertheless, we who are still able to die la petit mort “salute” you)! In the face of such withering criticism, we are compelled to collectively admit a great number of failings: we are cretinous, we are capricious, and we are, in the main, North American. There is no excuse for our cultural imbecility – you, noble reader, have Louis XIV, the Sun King, whereas we merely have his entire collection of furniture. You, noble French reader, have handsome sums of money, whereas we are merely handsome. You, noble French pseudonym, can write doggerel, whereas we can merely print it. Coup le borge, C'est la vie, etc.

Regarde(s),

Caleb Hansson Jarlsson Svensson Vognsen
Managing Editor
The Blue and White

P.S. If you do not find a touché too gauche, we invite you to overcome your figurative incarceration in Gay Paree, and cross swords with us in NYC. Gascony Dog. Varlet. I bite my thumb in thy general direction.
Crossword Puzzle
by Nicholas Frisch

The answer key will be posted on our website: www.columbia.edu/cu/bw

Across
1. Problems leading to a protagonist’s downfall
10. Apathetic response
17. Mon – (My friend)
20. Orchestrator of 27-across’s downfall
21. Marx brothers classic “Duck –”
24. Fiddled while Rome burned
25. British liquor
26. Short for “street”
27. The Moor brought down by 20-across
28. In the words of 66-across: “Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell/Must, like a –, unpack my heart with words…”
29. Meditation word
30. It hurts
32. “– be a lady tonight…”
34. Quoth Westmoreland: “That you should seal this lawless bloody book/Of forged rebellion with – – tonight.”
36. Common characteristic of most of the things in this puzzle
39. The third Theban play (but the first one written)
43. Kalashnikov rifle, a.k.a. ––47
44. Married to pa, hopefully

TheBlueandWhite
47. Japanese mask theater, answer in the negative, Bond villain
48. Deceased Welsh princess
49. African tribe famously slaughtered by the British
50. Type, variety
51. Quoth Ophelia: “I shall the – of this good lesson keep.”
54. The centimeter-gram-second unit of energy or work equal to the work done by a force of one dyne acting over a distance of one centimeter. (American Heritage Dictionary)
56. U.S. soldier, for short
57. Nietzsche’s autobiography
60. A bold challenge
61. Known to call the pot black
62. “There’s no place like home. Auntie –!”
63. Baseball statistic
64. Columbia requires some of it
66. His official title is 168-across
67. Stringed instrument
69. Schaden– (Shameful joy)
72. The process of seeping through a membrane to equalize the distribution of a substance on both sides of said membrane
73. –&19-down, Kevin Kline film
74. Grade school organization
75. They can be sonic
76. “Wherefore art thou –?”
78. Quoth Ludacris: “Youza –”
79. Stomach muscle, for short
80. Alternative to P.S.
82. Honduran internet suffix
83. The four-syllable condensation of New York’s downtown tragedy
84. Chinese dictator: creator of new branch of Marxist thought, massive famines
85. Preoccupied, not paying attention
87. Disease that recently ravaged East Asia (acronym)
88. They no longer roam the earth (for short)
90. A unit of capacitance equal to one thousandth (10^-3) of a farad
91. Biography network –&–
92. Massacred by the Tutsi
93. Singles on record in the 50s and 60s, for short
94. Ringleader of the 83-across attacks
95. “By the pricking of my thumbs/Something wicked this way comes./Open, locks,– knocks!”
97. Tennis play
98. Ballerina outfit
99. German émigré composer Kurt
102. Abbreviation for the twenty-first state
103. Entertain
105. Not off
106. A peculiarity in one’s inborn desire (in Freudian terms)
109. They who cut the grass
112. Basic geometry theorem for triangles
113. Japanese for “yes”
114. “Fear no more the heat o’the –,./Nor the furious winter’s rages”
115. Slow, shelled animal
117. The theme of this puzzle
122. Printer company, for short
124. Egotistical surrealist
126. lower case poet cummings
127. Small groups of implements for specific purposes
129. Phrase expressing uncertainty or hesitation
130. That college in Philadelphia, for short (it’s not what you think!)
132. Senator from the unlucky Kennedy family
134. At last! (French)
137. Sitar master who performed at Carnegie Hall last month (initials)
138. Another baseball statistic
139. The abbreviation for Albuquerque’s state
140. Driven by air pressure
142. What an Italian soccer fan might shout at an Inter game (in English)
144. Feminine “one” (French)
145. “A rose/By any other name would smell – sweet.”
146. To sink or droop, as if from pressure or weight
148. Florentine river
150. Norman city wrecked by the Allied invasion
151. Screenwriter of “You’ve Got Mail” and “Sleepless in Seattle,” – Ephron
153. Melville’s opening: “Call me –”
155. Hairpiece
156. Sword type
160. Abbreviation for the Book of Ruth
161. The tax men
162. Comes in alcoholic and ginger varieties
163. Popular television drama, formerly starring George Clooney
164. Unpleasant olfactory emanation from the armpits, colloquially abbreviated
165. From King Lear: “Sorrow would be – – most beloved”
166. Baseball legend Cobb
167. Hebrew name meaning “light”
168. 66-across’s royal title (three words)
173. What you do to a squeaky wheel (two words)
175. Maybe, perhaps
176. Free-for-all
177. Masculine “the” (French)
178. Christian Sabbath
179. Abbreviation for state whose Old Man of the Mountain recently collapsed
180. Daily mitzvah for Jewish men
181. Poet and songsmith Bob
Down
1. Sunk by an iceberg
2. The person on your floor responsible for looking after the rest of you (acronym)
3. To suffer or worry over
4. Quoth JLo: “Don’t be fooled by the rocks that I –”
5. North India’s stocks and securities trading place of choice (acronym)
6. Feminine fool (French)
7. Berg opera based entirely on one tone row
8. Ford Coppola classic
9. Teethed, cuts wood
10. Albee play
11. Quoth 76-across: “For – lies Juliet”
12. Quoth 66-across: “Or to take arms against – of troubles.”
13. Prefix meaning to put or go into or onto
14. Animal doctor, for short
15. Hesitation noise
16. “–, you lion!”
17. Famous Los Angeles music venue, starting point for The Doors among others: Whiskey – – –
18. Quoth the doomed Puccini heroine: “Mi chiamano –”
19. 73-across & –, Kevin Kline film
20. Lyric from the Onbekend song: “I say shame shame –, – – on you,"
21. Bad luck card: the Queen of –
22. Addams Family member
23. White supremacist organization (acronym)
24. Libya-sponsored Pan Am 103 catastrophe
25. Quoth Horatio: “Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince:/And flights of –s sing thee to thy rest.”
26. Gutteral noise
27. Gutierrez classic
28. Gutierrez noise
29. Quoth the young Lucius: “–, I cannot speak to him for weeping”
30. The poet Longsfellow: “When the hours of day are –”
31. Feminist Democrats
32. 1968 Vietnam offensive
33. Reputedly said to Caesar’s assassin
34. Letters on a designer clothing tag
35. 66-across’s gentle encouragement to Ophelia towards an ecclesiastical lifestyle
36. The act of crowning
37. – vei!
38. Music genre favored of Jimmy Eat World and the like
39. Opposite of down
40. To have imposed something or someone unwanted or unwelcome on another through coercion or trickery
41. Green gem
42. Operatic song
43. Web suffix for the United Arab Emirates
44. Excessive, tacky
45. Bizet’s gipsy femme fatale
46. British exclamation
47. It’s either me – –
48. Swedish internet suffix
49. Famous Seattle sushi restaurant
50. Ancient Mediterranean god, colleague of Ashtoreth; or, founder of Chassidism – Shem Tov
51. Made a mistake
52. Universal Language Dictionary, for short
53. Sixth note of the scale
54. Just letting you know
55. Writing implement
56. Hard part about going to Columbia: getting –
57. Short for Louisiana

December 2003
Alcohol has long served as a marker of social status. Elegantly leaning back on a taupe fainting couch, Mr. Affluent gleefully swirls his cognac-filled tumbler. He beckons a manservant to open a bottle of oaky, full-bodied red wine — a Brunello, or what have you. And after the traditional motions (the presentation of the bottle, the removal of the cork, the pour — a slight flourishing twist of the bottle to avert drippage, the sniff, the gargon, the spit), Mr. Affluent nods approval, composedly embracing this reaffirmation of his social station.

And as this process has repeated itself across the ages, so has its Manichean rival ceremony. Reprobates and college students inelegantly struggle with their cheap, yet trusty boxed wine. Invariably, as the plastic cups have run out, the malefactors drink straight from the now-boxless plastic wine bladder. The vinegar liquid drips from their lips. Boorish, indeed, but it gets the job done.

Yet recent developments threaten these ingrained alcoholic associations.

Fine boxed wine has arrived.

Believing that “aficionados of fine wine are more concerned with the quality of the wine than the cosmetics of the bottle,” Ryan Sproule founded Black Box wines, a company which specializes in producing high-quality vintage-dated boxed wines from premier California wineries.

Abstractly, Black Box Wines is a pragmatic corporation. The inexpensive packaging of boxed wine keeps production costs comparatively lower than making bottled wine, and boxed wine has proven to be an immensely popular (and profitable) product among casual middle class drinkers outside of the United States. Case in point: boxed wine was invented in Australia over 30 years ago, and now 52 percent of all wine sold in Australia comes in a box. The Old World has also been quite receptive to the boxed wine revolution. In Sweden, for example, boxed wine sales grew 22 percent last year. Similarly, in Great Britain, the demand for boxed wine is growing at twice the rate of bottled wine. Even in France, they seem to be surrendering (ahem) to the trend, albeit at a haughtily slower pace.

The secret to the success of the boxed wine lies within the box itself. Indeed, within the confines of the box is a bag, which is made of three layers of airtight plastic, and preserves the wine and its taste better than glass bottles and corks. Sproule is trying to impress the greater preservation potential of the box upon the middle class American drinkers, who still associate boxed wine with low-class activities. As his website declares, Americans must learn to “think inside the box.”

Yet if Sproule is able to raise the social acceptability – and consequently the price – of his boxed wine, it would reverberate throughout the entire boxed wine industry. A 3-liter Black Box of wine is currently selling for $26. How long, pray tell, will it be before Franzia Boxed Wines, which currently offers a 5-liter box for $10, feels confident enough to raise its prices? The sad reality is that the more economically destitute boozehounds, who have depended on inexpensive boxed wine, will soon be left dry, and lamentably un-high.

So, Mr. Sproule, you can take your flinty wine with its delicate, fruity undertow, and bottle it. –Mephiscotcheles
We live in a world of power politics, not of truth. Václav Havel, a Czech nationalist, articulated this idea after the Soviet Union occupied Czechoslovakia by coining the phrase “Live in the truth.” The slogan was an attempt to convey to the international community that it is unacceptable to turn a blind eye toward oppression. To Havel, living in truth was “a moral act, not only because one must pay so dearly for it, but principally because it is not self-serving; the risk may bring rewards in the form of a general amelioration in the situation, or it may not.”

Havel’s dialectic served as an appropriate introduction for Columbia Professor Robert Thurman’s lecture “The Illegal Occupation of Tibet,” in which he expressed a similar demand for international accountability. Thurman, the director of New York’s Tibet House and a friend of His Holiness the Dalai Lama for 40 years, believes that Tibetan culture contains an inner science that is particularly relevant to our tumultuous day and age.

Thurman explained that, because of its extremely high altitude, Tibet has always been “physiologically autonomous” (Tibet has an altitude of 2–3 miles). The Tibetan nation was first unified during the 7th century, and it flourished immediately. By the 17th century, Buddhism had transformed Tibet into a monastic state, characterized by pacifism. Indeed, while Western Europe was experiencing secularization, the Tibetan people opted to move in a more sacred direction, and successfully demilitarized themselves. Yet Tibet’s sanctity has not been preserved or even protected in the modern era.

In 1950, the People’s Republic of China invaded and occupied Tibet. Though the incursion was a clear violation of the geopolitical boundaries established after World War II, the United Nations did not dare risk a war with China over the Buddhist nation. As a result, the Chinese were left to their own devices in Tibet, and have been trying to colonize the state for the past 52 years. But, in his lecture, Thurman maintained that the very idea of absolute conquest, as it relates to Tibet, is a very westernized and inappropriate construct. Thurman denounced the futility of the “war system,” which was, perhaps, best explained by Carl von Clausewitz, a nineteenth-century Prussian war theorist. According to Clausewitz, in the context of modern human society, war cannot act as a final arbiter of conflict; the natural state of war is “all out,” and, as the world realized in 1945, today’s military technology can potentially destroy both the victim and the victor. Therefore, Thurman argued, what is needed is for the world to experience a “new education” of peace and freedom.

In the interest of peace and freedom, His Holiness the Dalai Lama is willing to recommend that Tibet join the Chinese Federal Union, but only under two conditions: First, China must decolonize Tibet and grant it meaningful autonomy. Second, China must help reunite the Tibetan people, who have suffered terribly for the last half century. In exchange, Tibet would give the People’s Republic of China the power to defend the Tibetan borders and grant the Chinese Foreign Ministry control over Tibet’s international relations. Undoubtedly, the Dalai Lama’s plan for peace would help repair China’s ignominious reputation for human rights, as well as secure a greater degree of independence for Tibet.

For now, however, Thurman warned it is foolhardy to believe that Tibet is a free and autonomous region within China. So even if the Chinese reins around Tibet are slackening somewhat, the international community needs to “live in truth” and acknowledge the illegitimacy of the Chinese occupation. Only then will Tibet attain its independence.

—Chase Behringer

Illustrated by Craig Hollander
Editors, I have found, are good for more than dotting and crossing the appropriate letters. They, too, have stories to tell, and our own Craig Hollander is no exception. One night, after a few drinks on The Blue and White’s tab, he confided the following tales to me. —Merrily Miscellaneous

The Adventure of Craig Hollander and the Columbia Republicani

During the De Genova debacle, the national media claimed there weren’t any Republicans at Columbia. But I wasn’t so sure. I suspected there were conservatives here. And I had to know: did they convene to drink martinis? If so, would they give me one? There were only two places where I was likely to find answers; St. A’s seemed too obvious, so my search began with the Columbianacon — the ultimate Columbia source book.

Located in a secret Butler Library reading room, the Columbianacon was crafted in gold leaf by ninety metallurgy students over a century ago. Columbia 250 conscripted a few work-studiers to write a supplemental appendix last spring. I flipped to the index. There they were — tucked neatly in between the Columbia Reprobates and the Columbia Repudiators of Debt — the Columbia Republicans!

At that moment, the lights went out. Suddenly, I was accosted from all sides and gagged with a handkerchief. My muscles went limp, and I drifted into unconsciousness.

I awoke in another room. Dark though it was, I could see a shadowy figure before me. He spoke: “Welcome Mr. Hollander. You’re in the Conservatory, the only safe haven for the Columbia Republicans. Here, have a martini.”

Accepting the drink (for seldom am I the beneficiary of free booze), I muttered that the Columbia Republicans were not a myth after all. Snickering, my captor replied, “The only myth is that Republicans are rare here. We are, in fact, everywhere at Columbia. Why, there are even two Republicans on the B&W Board!”

“Lies, damn lies!” I cried.

“Believe what you will, Mr. Hollander. But you’re here for a purpose. We want you to know that Republicans are tired of being oppressed at Columbia. That is why we are taking revenge. You see, it all started in October at our Columbia Red Cross blood drive…”

“Wait,” I said. “The Red Cross is controlled by Republicans?”

“We’ve always controlled it. But you’re the History major. You tell me why.”

I thought for a moment. Then it struck me. “Clara Barton.”

“Correct,” replied the Republican. “Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross, was fired from her job as a clerk at the U.S. Patent Office when the Democrats came to power in 1856. She harbored a grudge against the Democratic party for the remainder of her life and ensured that the Red Cross would remain steadfastly Republican, at least at the highest level. Hence Elizabeth Dole.”

“But what will you do with the blood?”

“We’re going to trade it for oil, of course. The exchange rate of blood for oil has been very favorable recently.”

“I see. And once you have the oil?”

“Right, that’s when we take our revenge: we’re going to make extremely crude gasoline. Then, we’re going to put it in every Columbia vehicle. You know that new cava ambulance?”

“Yeah?”

“We’re going to drive it around aimlessly until its carbon dioxide emissions cause the earth to warm. That should melt the polar icecaps and flood Manhattan.”

“You’re mad.”

“Yes, we’re very, very mad. Mad because Uris deli tvs show CNN rather than Fox News. Mad because too many professors preach liberal propaganda in their lecture halls to captive audiences. Mad, Mr. Hollander, because we’re oppressed.”

I sipped the martini. “What do you want from me?”

“Tell the readers of the B&W,” the Republican said. “Tell them every time Eric Furda admits a minority rather than a legacy, the water level will rise. Tell them that. Tell them the water
level is rising.”

I felt the martini glass slip through my fingers and fall, but didn’t hear it shatter. Again there was darkness. When I awoke, I was lying on the corner of 116 and Riverside. On my arm was a band-aid. On my coat, a sticker that read, “Be nice to me — I gave blood today!!!”

Craig Hollander and the Occurrence at 110th and Broadway

A subway token was lying in the street. That’s worth two dollars, I thought (though I couldn’t remember if the subways still accepted tokens). After lifting the token from the pavement, I scampered down into the 116th Street subway station to see if it could save me a metrocard swipe. As luck would have it, one of the turnstiles was still outfitted with a coin slot.

My mind drifted as I waited for the train. What to spend my two extra dollars on, I wondered. My stomach grumbled. No, sadly, two dollars wouldn’t buy much of a meal. And now that Columbia Bagels was closing shop, cheap snacks were becoming scarce. The train arrived. To my surprise, my car was empty. The doors closed behind me. And then I realized, there hadn’t been anyone in station either. It was late, to be sure, but not that late.

That’s when I saw the train number: 10. My heart skipped a beat (we’ll see how poised you are while riding a non-existent train). Thankfully, the train soon ground to a halt at Cathedral Parkway. Sprinting out the door and up the station stairs, I beheld the familiar corner of 110th and Broadway and never was it such a reassuring sight.

Then something caught my eye. Something peculiar, something that was out of place. In the window of Columbia Hot Bagels was a sign that read, “Welcome Class of 2003!” As it was presently 2003, I stood there bewildered, until I overheard a man quip, “The Matrix was the best movie, ever! They have to make sequels.” His comment wasn’t even slightly sarcastic. I began to panic. But everything looks the same, I thought, everything except…

There it was, across 110th Street. The old-timers, the ones who had long-since graduated, used to speak its name in a hushed whisper. Some of my classmates swore that they, too, had seen it, long ago, at this very spot.

I always considered the place a myth, much like Tealuxe, Lion’s Court, and Logic and Rhetoric. But this was no hallucination. After taking a few deep breaths, I crossed the street and entered Mike’s Papaya.

In the restaurant, I could feel the grease condensing on my skin. There were only a few places to sit, but the patrons didn’t seem to mind. They just stood there, happily tearing at their hotdogs and pretzels. My hunger began to gnaw and I stepped into the ordering line. The girl in front of me darted a smile. I darted one right back. “Hey,” she said, “Do you go to Columbia?” I nodded. She asked, “What year are you?”

“I’m ’0…” I caught myself. “I’m old. I’m a senior.”


“I’m a History major.”

“You must be reaping the benefits of this bull market then.”

She wasn’t kidding. “Yeah,” I said, trying not to be sardonic. “The constant job offers are becoming a nuisance.”

The girl paid for her pretzel and waved goodbye. I scanned the menu. All the food was cheap, but my choice was obvious: the “Recession Special,” two hotdogs and a drink for, coincidently, two dollars. I gave my order to an elderly man behind the counter and handed him a twenty-dollar bill. He looked at it. “Shit,” I muttered to myself. It was one of the new Technicolor twenties. He might have thought I was a counterfeiter or, worse, a European. But he just glared, and asked, “You’re not from around here, are you, son?”

“No, sir,” I replied meekly.

“We get a lot of visitors from where you live in here. Anyway, here’re your hotdogs and diet coke. And here’s your change.”

I thanked the man, and sank my teeth into the delicious treif. While munching away, I noticed that among my change was a subway token. My fare, apparently, for the train back uptime. ❌

Illustrated by Cara Rachele
Postcard from Paris

Upon receiving this note, The Blue and White was pleased to see that spending a semester abroad in France hadn’t dulled contributor Allen O’Rouke’s, C’04, trademark Southern Rebelliousness.

Dear B&W,

Even if the French government were to succeed in creating French words for imported English phrases, and even if all French speakers substitute this word for its English counterpart – the culture assimilation would persist nonetheless. One must not blame people for allowing languages to evolve. This fight against language evolution can only be lost as BLAH BLAH BLAH AGREES WHILE REFERRING TO THE REGIONAL LANGUAGES IN FRANCE. It’s our one true innate gift, embrace it. And then go ahead and blame corporations, capitalism, and technological “progress” for the changes going on in France. Don’t regulate and prescribe how someone should speak. Rather, go to your workers, companies, musicians, and artists and tell them to provide what the French people actually want instead of what the descendants of nobility should want.

Allen Thomas O’Rourke

CHARACTERS continued from page 69

stand why such an action is remarkable. After all, he pulls these sorts of stunts all the time, with a disarming combination of playfulness and sudden gravity.

Consider also the photo of himself and Bill, which hangs unassumingly by his door. In it, they stand chummily, arms around each other. Clinton, smiling before the camera, looks overjoyed, happy, even grateful. Andy, by contrast, looks as though he has just stuck a sensitive organ into a wet wall socket. Andy never seems to take seriously pictures, or, for that matter, any serious thing. He seems incapable of not contorting himself in some clownish way when asked simply to smile. Even when defending himself against such accusations of peculiarity, all he can say is “I live a bourgeois existence. I enjoy middle-class pleasures. I dress well, using shoplifted clothing.”

For my own part, I encountered Andy the Man before I encountered Andy the Legend (a fate not enjoyed by the freshmen with whom he occasionally shares John Jay meals, who by his account are often reduced to pointing, staring, shaking his hand, and not letting go.”); he was a rather loose fixture in my Plato class. And, in the interests of full disclosure, it must be noted that this experience did not sour me to his sweet charms. I am now his suitemate, and we get along famously. Why, just a few days ago, he poked his head into my room, made sure I was busy at the computer, lunged in with a fire extinguisher, and proceeded to put me out. After all these years, all I can say is that I know him well enough to know that I’ll never know him well enough to know what he’ll do next. And that’s probably what keeps me hanging around. Despite the fetus. –CKV

Verily has been on financial aid for 113 years. He likes it here.

So please give to the Senior Fund.

www.columbia.edu/cu/cc2004/fund.html
I married a worker but with me he became refined. First, the calluses on his hands thinned to a moderate opacity. This opacity I kept intact by ordering him to a few household chores; nothing extraordinary. Next, the slump in his shoulders and the hump on his back straightened and flattened, so that he didn’t seem to constantly tote imaginary sacks with babies or grain in them. His accent changed a hair and he started to pick his way amongst the finer conundrums of grammar and drop the argot. Then he was no longer the man I married, so I started relations with another man who was always himself.

—Anna Bulbrook

MYTHSTAKEN

Than Orpheus I’m a head taller,
Than Tarquinius much more the baller,
Unlike fair Medusa I never do stare,
So why doesn’t anyone care?

‘Gainst Procrustes I’m still the fitter,
Galatea was much worse a sitter,
Unlike sweet Callisto I’m easy to bear,
Oh, why doesn’t anyone care?

Still, in their uncaring I have come to know
That some lack more blatant I perforce must show;
If people’s attention I am soon to draw,
I must set about getting a much better flaw.

—Hugh Briss

Hot food. Cool jazz.

Dining Services brings you “All That Jazz,” a series of live jazz concerts every Thursday night at Ferris Booth Commons from 6:00 to 8:00 pm. While you’re grooving to the tunes, grab a bite with our special Jazz Night Menu... a small salad, pasta entrée, dessert and a small fountain soda for only $9.95. Nourishment for body and soul.
"Hear hear! To order, to order!"

The shuffling of papers dies down, chairs scoot closer to tables, and all eyes turn toward the Jed Satow Room’s north end.

Declares Consul Miklos Vasarhelyi: “I hereby pronounce the commencement of the weekly meeting of the Columbia College Student Council on this fair Sunday.”

So starts the ccsc meeting, with its prudent members anxious for some productive policy-making. Alas, I myself am relegated to a corner; I am merely an observer amidst these high-powered wills. For I am a liaison, an emissary from another executive body: the Engineering Student Council. Each week I witness the procedures of both; indeed, I am at times torn between their conflicting styles of governance. My allegiance to esc is thus compromised by this dualistic discord: with whom should I side? Should I laugh at the engineers for their lackluster grammar skills, or should I chuckle at the humaniteers for their laughable academic concerns?

The distinctions between these two councils are subtle, but reflect a sizable difference in mindsets of the members and their respective constituencies. The ccsc members, for instance, dress sharply in finely tailored suits and shiny leather shoes. In contrast, the esc members are clad in casual attire and sport sandals. Moreover, esc opens its meetings with mighty trumpet flourishes. “Engineers, engineers!” cries Imperator Vijay Sundaram, “Return to your corners. We have much to discuss today, after our reports. Senator Sean Kellius, any word on the plebeians’ unrest with the fares at Carleton Lounge?”

“Good Vijay,” the statesman begins. “Perhaps I would have conclusive results at your disposal, had not Praetor Okinius failed to return the ballot box to the Mudd storage closet.”

“My bad,” Okinius replies sheepishly. “I thought it was to be left in the Dean’s office. Mea culpa.”

Then there are the follies of first-year council-members! Their wide-eyed idealism is quite charming; it makes us nostalgic for our own student council beginnings: wild campaign promises, actual policy initiatives, and corruption-free programming.

But Democracy’s smile quickly fades into a smirk, and the souls of the newly-elected begin to crack. Indeed, endless conferences with administrators, hours of daily outsourcing, and reams upon reams of e-forms begin to take their toll. The once-innocent freshman council member slowly conforms to the mold of their respective student government. In the case of a ccsc member, this means a progression towards dividing his or her time between the Student Government Office and politicking with the denizens of Butler library. For a young esc member, the transformation occurs as he or she sinks into the Mudd, which allows for only a few brief breaks to update a seas-community profile.

It is through this arduous lifestyle, however, that the mature council member is produced. Indeed, he or she will gain mastery in the art of petty, yet seemingly important debates, in which one repeats an opinion already expressed more emphatically and with wilder gesticulations. Soon shall these first-years abandon their quest for the ultimate academic respite (“It’s a pajama study break, you guys!”) and instead turn toward nobler efforts, like producing witty class t-shirts. And where these young mavericks now submit vague proposals to improve first-year dining or eradicate the Core, they will someday produce meaningless 30-page treatises on the need for additional music practice space.

All councilpersons finish their time in the Jed Satow room, well prepared for futures in the (para)legal world. But let me assure you, O loyal constituent, that, before they take on these mantles, they are diligently focusing on the concerns of the University, while secretly hoping that their meeting minutes will someday be edged in bronze, so that their deliberations might be preserved for future generations of executive councils.
CAMPUS GOSSIP

Overheard while watching the lunar eclipse on the Steps: “Wait, don’t you go blind if you look at an eclipse?” President Bollinger, you may rest your case, sir. The University needs more room for science facilities. Or, better still, less room for morons.

MAZZILLI MANIA
Let it be known that B&W staffer Paul C. Mazzilli, C’06, achieved the honor of Third Place at the Alfred Joyce Kilmer Bad Poetry Contest with his most lamentable and musical ode to an absent Mr. Softee. As he has been acknowledged as the worst of the best, following the logic of this contest, Paul is therefore the winner. Three cheers for Paul! Winner of the Bad Poetry Contest!

Paul’s not the only Mazzilli who’s been in the limelight recently. Lee Mazzilli, Paul’s cousin, was hired by the Baltimore Orioles in November to be the team’s new manager.

Before beginning her lecture one day, professor of Art History Sarah McPhee informed her Seventeenth Century Painting class that some misanthrope desecrated an Avery Library book on Diego Velázquez. “If it was one of you,” the professor sternly warned, “I can show you some paintings of where you’re going.”

While walking on Broadway, two First-Years were approached by a disheveled man, who was begging for spare change. Said the beggar to the students: “I know you kids have money because you look like the guys from the show ‘Weird Science.’” He was right, on both counts, and change was promptly given.

Transcribed from the FEEDback comment board in the John Jay dining hall:
YOUR COMMENT: Take down the plants. They do not conform to the John Jay atmosphere. They are taped to the chandeliers with grey tape, which is tacky, shameless, and poor in taste.
OUR RESPONSE: Sorry they offend you but they aren’t going to come down.

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (peta) recently plastered the Columbia campus with animal rights posters. One such poster was displayed in a John Jay elevator and had a picture of an abused, cycloptic baboon on it. Underneath the picture was scribbled, “Haha, stupid monkey.”

Columbia has been getting some attention north of the border. Toronto’s National Post published an op-ed by commentator Ann Coulter, excoriating Arthur Sulzberger, the publisher of the New York Times, as “stupid.” Coulter’s basis for this claim is that Arthur is “the one Sulzberger who couldn’t get into Columbia University.” Oh, and where did Miss Coulter end up going herself? Why, Cornell, home to an acceptance rate nearly three times that of Columbia.

Dan O’Flaherty, professor of Economics, on the power of conventions in society: “If you didn’t vote for George W. Bush, why did you change your clocks for day light savings? Because you’re sheep.” Pausing momentarily, the professor then added, “You’re all nothing but sheep.”
The *B&W* was pleased to see that Peter Cincotti, formerly C’05, was named one of *People Magazine*’s “Sexiest Bachelors.” Curiously enough, the pianist decided to pose for the accompanying photograph in a wife-beater. See what happens when you don’t take Contemporary Civilizations?

ANTIQUE GOSSIP

“The question that is agitating the minds of most men now is, ‘Is life worth living?’ And the answer is: ‘No, not until after exams.’”

-From “Campus Gossip”

*The Blue and White*, Vol. II No. 15 (1892)

Apparently, Columbia University President Lee C. Bollinger has joined Friendster, an online personal networking service. According to his profile, our beloved PrezBo enjoys playing four square in Low Plaza with Jeffrey Sachs, Chris Columbo, and Eric Furda, and has a pet rock named Claudius, whom he “cares for deeply.” Tom Berman, C’04, posted a testimonial on Bollinger’s profile, which states: “Hey Lee, remember last summer when you whipped out your checkbook and bought half of Harlem? That was pretty sweet.”

An addendum to Barnard’s list of First-Year Seminars: “Imagining the End of the World has been changed to Religion and Violence.” Columbia College and seast students ought to be thankful for not having to take an Apocalyptic Studies distribution requirement.

There are rumors circulating that a Columbia student group was responsible for turning around the one-ton statue of a bull on Wall Street so that it faced the wrong direction.

Confucius has a successor and it is Yuan-Yuan Meng, professor of first-year Chinese. The sagacious one has reportedly uttered the following phrases to her class (coming soon to a fortune cookie near you):

“If you have been lost, Chinese is the answer.”

“Generalizations are dangerous. Be ambiguous; leave room for wonder.”

“Tomorrow is brighter, because you’ve already wasted yesterday and are wasting today.”

“You fear me? You are not alone.”

Fire alarms … they’re frequent!!!