PERSONAL ADS
by The Blue and White Staff

CIUDADANO PERDIDO
by Hector Chavez

PARIS REVIEW
by Allen O’Rourke
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Cover by Cara Rachele

Typographical Note
The text of The Blue and White is set in Bodoni Old Face, which was revived by Günter Gerhard Lange based on original designs by Giambattista Bodoni of Parma (active 1765–1813). The display faces are Weiss and Cantoria.
Our esteemed President Bollinger has been country-hopping recently. And while he was off surveying sites in Ghana for Biosphere III and withdrawing Columbia’s WWII-era deposits from Switzerland, the closest we got to going abroad was the Hungarian Pastry shop. But rest assured that this foreign-themed B&W will relieve your craving for the world beyond Manhattan Isle.

First, check out Avi Zenilman and his gang of international-relations nerds as they torture impressionable youths in “Model UNcovered.” Then, in “Incommunicado Communicated,” Zachary Bendiner and Paul Mazzilli have a frank discussion with the editors of sipa’s (intentionally) funny publication. Speaking of frank, Allen O’Rourke shares undiluted thoughts on French life in “Paris Review” – not to be confused with Telis Demos’ book review on the collected works of the Paris Review’s George Plimpton. And who could forget those Italians? In “Wheeler Dealer,” Pontius Palate reveals some holes in Italian cheese security, and in “Casa Totalitariana” the B&W exposes some skeletons in the closets of the Casa Italiana. There’s also some material for the xenophiliacs amongst you: read Hector Chavez’s article, “Un Ciudadano Perdido,” and about our campus character, Sylvia Banderas. And, instead of mailing away for your bride, why not save the postage and peruse the B&W personal ads?

In this issue, our beloved Chief also confronts what was, for him, a previously foreign concept – relinquishing power. As King Lear lamented, “it is our fast intent to shake all cares and business from our age, conferring them on younger strengths, while we unburdened crawl toward [graduation].” Craig is, indeed, handing over the Bodoni Old Face typeset to his successor, Cara Rachele, C’05. She, in turn, has appointed Hector Chavez, E’06, to Publisher. A girl and an engineer running the B&W? And you thought we were oblivious to affirmative action!

Committee: Executive Board of *The Blue and White*
Topic Area: The Peaceful Transfer of Power

_Taking into account_ that Mr. Hollander is well past his editorial prime; has lost his passion for gossip and libel; despondently refers to freshmen writers as “digitalia-wells”; and can no longer satisfy the female staff members “man-wise”,

_Recalling_ that Mr. Hollander recently requested an audience with *B&W* staff members Michael Mallow, Daniel von Paluch, and Cara Rachele so that he might choose a worthy successor, asking, “Which of you shall we say doth love me most?”,

_Replying_, Mr. Mallow: “I think my love for you is like a run-on sentence which is a cramming together of so many parts like hotdogs or postmodernism but put it all together, the result is still less than what is required because a run-on sentence is not a complete sentence and hot dogs are not nourishing and postmodernism gets you sex, money, and respect but not security and all of this that I have crammed on the bad side of one period is still somehow less than what is deserved.”,

_Exclaiming next_, Herr Paluch: “Ich liebe dich weil du wie ein Erdmännchen aussiehst.”,

_And drawling_, Miss Rachele: “Honey, I’ll give you a liter of mash whiskey and a refreshing mint julep for the position.”,

_Proclaiming triumphantly_ that Cara P. Rachele, a heretofore unimportant student of architecture, will assume the awesome powers of the *B&W* Editor-in-Chieftainship!,

1. _Notes with relief_ that the Hollander Terror is over. According to “Declaration of the Rights of Paul Mazzilli,” editors can no longer guillotine, rewrite, and publish submissions without the author’s consent;
2. _Reaffirms_ Miss Rachele’s pledge not to purge the _B&W_ of Hollander loyalists, as they are merely a crew of harmless drunks;
3. _Calls for_ Publisher Chavez to purchase a nearby pasture, perhaps in New Jersey, so that Mr. Hollander may be put out to stud. Any attempt to send him to a glue factory will be met with stiff resistance;
4. _Strongly urges_ Miss Rachele to take a vow of celibacy, as there is no longer any need for her to whore herself up the editorial ladder;
5. _Requests_ that Miss Rachele and her newly-appointed cohort of gentile editors refrain from referring to her usurpation of power from the Semitic overlords Craig Hollander, Isaac Kohn, Caleb Vognsen, Ainsley Ross, and Michael Paulson as the _Coup de Jew_;
6. _Decides_ to remain seized of the matter.

_Cara Rachele_
*Editor-in-Chief*
2004 – 2005

_Craig Hollander_
*Editor-in-Chief*
2003 – 2004

_The Blue and White_
Sylvia Banderas

Certain people have life stories that can make them seem more like an allegory than an individual person. But, in spite of the “Horatio Alger thing,” as she calls it, Sylvia Banderas, C’04, defies any type you may know.

Sylvia was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, just north of Mexico City. When she was 9, she moved to East Los Angeles with her mother. Her friends in LA were diverse, but mostly poor and not college-bound. Sylvia thanks her junior-high algebra teacher for believing she deserved a shot at the big time and then helping her get into a magnet boarding school. However, Sylvia doesn’t think she’s anything particularly special, or that capitalism is God’s Special Providence, or that she’s piggybacked on a big movement. She just thinks she’s a lucky person and that good things happen to her.

That may or may not be true. Case in point: Sylvia is now the president of the Chicano Caucus, but she credits her election to being in the right place at the right time. (“I guess it just sort of happened.”) Perhaps we’ll take Sylvia for her word. But she must have been good at her job because the prestigious Kluge Foundation awarded the Spanish Literature and Latino Studies major a grant to produce a research project about Mexican immigration to America. As a result, Sylvia is practically an expert on immigration and the plight of illegal immigrants living and working in America. Her Kluge grant funded a documentary video of Mexican immigrants who lost their jobs when the Twin Towers fell, but who don’t qualify for relief because they have no official identity.

If you have the pleasure of meeting Sylvia, you’ll see that there’s nothing accidental about her success. She’s got enough elbow grease to power a jet engine. Her daily planner is inked from cover to cover, stuffed with charts and tables of group projects and deadlines. “If I were to lose this, I’d sob like a baby,” she says. Her disarming, alluring charm would make her a potent interrogator for the CIA. She leans far over the table and makes direct eye contact at all times, on two occasions grabbing my notebook and pen and correcting misspellings. She tells me she loves Italian cinema and Alejandro González, kickboxing and hookah smoking. I feel silly for trying to give her life a storyline. Her favorite animal is the nephila clavipes (one of the things she writes down), a three-inch long South American spider that lets other spiders live on its web “as long as they clean up after themselves.” That’s the oldest-sister-of-four in Sylvia talking — she says that’s why she’s a leader at Columbia. “It’s always been important to me to have those kinds of relationships.” She claims to be motherly and blushes often, but she’s a regular at Sounds of Brazil, home of a Saturday night 2 a.m. conga-drum line dance. “That’s how I get out my aggressions.”

Sylvia is very nervous about her law school applications. Columbia’s her top pick. She wants to work for the INS in immigrant communities. Those around Sylvia know that if she gets in, luck will have nothing to do with it.

Fortunately, Sylvia believes that others who aren’t as lucky as she is can use her help to get ahead.

–TGD
ROOM SELECTION

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Room Selection information available at
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Fall Room Lottery Registration    Feb. 23 - March 22
One of Columbia’s tour guides recently confided to a group of tourees that the Casa Italiana – the structure that today houses the Italian Academy for Advanced Studies in America – had been an outpost for the dissemination of fascist propaganda prior to the Second World War. At first, one might consider this to be a bit of propaganda itself, like so much of the Columbia trivia garbled over gargling at the West End. (And for the record, Wien Hall was not built to house the criminally insane). Having heard this particular rumor repeated far too often, and vowing never to let hapless tour guides upstage us, *The Blue and White* decided to investigate further.

Research in the archives unearthed an anonymous article in a 1934 issue of *The Nation*, alleging that the Casa had become “an unofficial adjunct of the Italian Consul-General’s office in New York and one of the most important sources of fascist propaganda in America.” The rumors, apparently, did not begin in the Admissions Department.

One of the most serious allegations made in the article was that Columbia’s Italian Department had sponsored a dissertation speciously linking Giuseppi Prezzolini (then the director of the Casa Italiana) and his publication *La Voce* to the political precursors of Fascism. Any such connection, the author argued, was nothing more than a “hoax” and thus proof of the “special pressure” exercised by Fascist influences on the intellectual climate of the Casa. The *Nation* article argued that this was an instance of the Casa sponsoring false revisionism; Prezzolini, they insisted, had been a devout liberal in the period prior to 1922’s March on Rome – when the Fascist party took control of the Italian government. Supporting their claim, the authors pointed to the frequent attacks, in *La Voce*’s early issues, against “the intellectual bombast of the pre-war nationalist movement, which later became the very keystone of the present fascist doctrine.” Prezzolini’s sudden and complete reversal of position, they argued, was thus a clear indication that he was acting under political pressure. The *Nation* authors further alleged that both the faculty of Casa and the publications it produced demonstrated clear signs of pro-Fascist bias in their treatment of Italian political and social issues. In the same issue’s opinion pages, the editors of *The Nation* addressed Columbia President Nicholas Murray Butler, demanding that he take action consistent with his liberal reputation and ensure that the Italian Department observe “academic standards of free inquiry and discussion.”

Such allegations, it turned out, were not all that original. As early as 1928, the *New York Times* published an article bearing the headline “Charge Mussolini Wields Power Here,” which made similar claims about the Casa, even going so far as to point out that Mussolini himself agreed to donate furnishings for the building following its completion in 1926. But although it may have been true that Casa’s faculty, like many Italian intellectuals of the day, did indeed hold certain Fascist sympathies, the accusation that the intellectual climate of the University was somehow shaped by the Italian government during Mussolini’s rule seems rather far-fetched. Recent scholarship links Futurist views, like those espoused in *La Voce*, to Mussolini’s early rhetoric, thereby undermining the notion that Prezzolini’s treatment of *Il Duce* was entirely independent of his earlier criticism of the pre-war nationalists – a critical point for substantiating the *Nation*’s allegations.

All this, admittedly, fails to touch upon the larger question – why we find Fascism so fascinating that we would publicly proclaim Columbia’s distant ties to totalitarianism, be they real or fictive. Perhaps, as Susan Sontag suggested in a 1975 essay, it is precisely the failure of past generations to discuss Fascism that makes it so intellectually (and tourically) appealing, as an element of “the exotic, the unknown.” Or perhaps, as the beamingly conspiratorial tour guide later whispered, it’s because the Fascists have just switched departments.

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*Casa Totalitariana* by Jack Jacobsonian

*March 2004*
S

omeplace in my house is a pretty important sheet of paper. I admit I feel a little foolish not knowing its precise location — it’s at home somewhere, this much I know. This spring break I’ll go back and start a thorough expedition to find it — my Mexican birth certificate. Because then, my status as an International Transient will be secured.

Some background: I am a dual citizen. In the whimsical workings of today’s hyper-globalized world, my status is made possible by my being born in the United States and having a father who is a Mexican citizen. I guess this means I hold allegiance to both the United States of America and the United Mexican States. The more I think about it, the several months of political philosophy in Contemporary Civilization make me question what I’m sure must be grave ontological implications of such a status. Hobbes probably wouldn’t approve, because I belong to more than one sovereign body, and my duty to the social covenant is therefore compromised; I am a deviant from the aims of the almighty Leviathan. Or something.

For the first eighteen years of my life, I only had citizenship to the U.S. — which was perfectly dandy, don’t get me wrong — but before coming here for college, I took the extra steps to “go dual.” The process was painful enough. We had sufficient documentation and reason, and the good folks at the Mexican consulate in Houston didn’t seem to put up much of a hassle. Perhaps it was a nice change of pace for the officials concerned; the prospect of actual Mexican emigration must be refreshing for them.

Don’t think that I have any inclination to actually move to Mexico any time soon, oh goodness no. But I’ve come across other delightful perks that come along with Mexican citizenship. Consider this: as captivating as the U.S. presidential elections may be, they’ll never match up to the freewheeling excitement of the upcoming Mexican elections, of which I know nothing about but for which I can now vote. So two nationalities give me twice the demagoguery and failed promises! And, if I can vote for a Mexican president, then I should also be able to run for the office, right? I’m sure my Electrical Engineering B.S. from Alma Mater and my entanglements with the Engineering Student Council will prepare me well for diving headlong into the jungles of Latin American politics.

Such dreams, though, are far off into the future. For now, I’ll stick to a more immediate and pertinent concern: how can I use this to dodge the draft, should it dance its way back into action? Unfortunately, the United States Selective Service System excludes Mexico in its list of countries from which dual nationals can seek exemption from military induction. Uncle Sam is apparently only impressed by more exotic countries such as Malawi, Swaziland, and the United Kingdom, so I’d still have to report for duty or face a warrant upon my return to the States (should I happen to flee).

Most of us, though, aren’t as discerning as the U.S. government; even a Mexican citizenship can be enough to intrigue or impress others. As we all know, foreigners possess the ability to inspire in the hearts of Americans either endless amusement or deadly fear. Some examples would include Josef Stalin and Roberto Benigni. How delightful is that Benigni, how maniacal that Stalin!

Once I get my Mexican papers, I’ll be the proud possessor of two different passports — a privilege just too cool to pass up. You know who has passports from more than one country? Spies and assassins.

Illustrated by Cara Rachele
The late George Plimpton is our unofficial mascot here at The Blue and White—a herringbone-sporting, pipe-smoking, college funny-mag-editing, prosaic-commenting kind of mascot, but a potent one nonetheless. A staff writer once bartended at an event hosted by this silver-haired, long-time editor of The Paris Review, and more than a few of our writers had spotted him at Tap-a-Keg on 103rd street, enjoying refreshments after a softball game with The New Yorker crowd. Plimpton was our imagined link to the high-flying, highball world of the literary journalism social scene. If the East Coast intellectual establishment were a high school, those guys would be the jocks.

Despite being perceived as a Blue America kind of guy, it turns out that Plimpton had thick red blood running through his veins. Growing up, he walked around with his arm twisted to imitate his favorite sidearm pitcher. He launched rocks with a big Louisville Slugger into the woods behind his home and play-acted game-winning touchdown runs through the Yale backfield (back when Ivy League athletics were cool). Plimpton, you see, was not simply another cynical observer of American life, gazing from behind the fences where the Boston Brahmin roam. Throughout his long career, he was the master of the art of what he called “participatory journalism.” He disdained sportswriters who camped out in the press box and wrote the recap before the game even ended. Plimpton angled to get where no one else dared to go: onto the pitcher’s mound, into the goalie net, inside the paint, and between the ropes.

Among sports writers and essayists, Plimpton is the most influential of the New Journalism trio that included Tom Wolfe and Hunter Thompson, the enfants terrible of the non-fiction essay. He never quite had the cultural caché of his cohorts, mainly because, unlike Wolfe, he never ventured into fiction, and unlike Thompson, never ventured seriously into politics (he also was not an acid freak, which is an underrated virtue in the seedy underworld of Beltway commentary). But in his raw ability to conjure and invoke the spirit of sporting, he was absolutely unparalleled. His willingness to ignore his lanky, unathletic body—one common to most sports writers—gave him access that no press pass ever could.

The Lyons Press has released a collected volume of Plimpton’s sports writing, featuring most of his classic essays but barely touching the larger body of his work, the books he wrote about his participatory journalism in the 1960s. It’s a frustrating collection because little context and no dates are provided for the pieces. Standing on their own, however, the essays included are essential for anyone who considers themselves a cultured observer of American sporting life.

It’s amazing to discover just how influential and far-reaching his work was. He wrote so many classics that we now take for granted. The most famous is the 1987 Sports Illustrated article, The Curious Case of Sidd Finch, a spoof that hyped a fictional Mets phenom pitching prospect. And his Daily News investigation of the claim that Willie Mays hit a stickball an unheard-of five manholes made the legend a staple for commentators.

Plimpton’s not all baseball, but the best of his non-diamond work isn’t included. Paper Lion, the story of taking five snaps for the Detroit Lions in their 1963 training camp, isn’t excerpted or even mentioned. Neither are his glorious moments with the Boston Bruins or Boston Celtics. Most of the other entries are short, funny looks at less popular sports. His squash piece is a priceless seven pages; of the Master’s golf tournament, he writes: “Tycoonery is pretty much the base of it.”

Those absences are painful for anyone seek-
A HUNDRED YEARS


—I. Davey Volner

TO A FAT AND OVERWROUGHT HUSBAND WHO KILLS HIS WIFE

When she went down the stairs, she found you, in the kitchen, whole cherry pie consumed, your nose attuned to danger, fearing your wife as though a huntress, sheepish, contemplating the time it takes to assault, and kill, with syrup-dirty fork.

—Anna Bulbrook
MISSHAPEN LIMERICKS FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE MORALLY MALFORMED

For the Pretentious
A man of pedagogical bent
Once affected a phony accent
Having no cares,
He was taken unawares
And pushed rather hard down the stairs.

For the Foul-Smelling
A primate they brought in from Linch
Emitted a terrible stench
Said the keeper: Don’t tell it!
You’ll only compel it
To bite things, scratch them, and pinch!
If visitors smell it
We’ll try to dispel it--
Dress him up and pretend that he’s French

For the Abstruse
A scurvy young lad named Ophelia
Once taught a course, “Pedophilia”
They found his material
A bit too ethereal
But fired him when he brought in examples.

For Criers
A young boy who frequently cried
Fell in a well, and he died.

—Matthew Harrison
Sometimes, the supercilious B&W needs a lesser pseudo-quasi-humor-literary publication by which to justify its own merit. Since no other publication actually exists within this exalted genre, we simply cast about for whatever clodhopping sheet happens to be convenient to carp about. More often than not, as the B&W embraces its Eastern European heritage by lounging in the Eastern Bloc-esque School of International and Public Affairs’ “cyber café” (read: a few computers and a vending machine), our brickbat falls upon the Communiqué, sipa’s weekly rag. Though the school’s international flavor may excuse a certain lack of grammar, the B&W’s intestinal fortitude is not without its limits.

One particular afternoon, whilst engaging in this guilty pleasure, the B&W spied a sipa student giggling as she read through what appeared to be a copy of the Communiqué. Was someone else — a sipa student at that — demeaning a publication that was rightfully ours to demean? Her neckerchief quivered as she tittered. We leaned forward into the miasma of perfume that encircled her. Same fonts, colors, layout — the publication was almost identical. But this was no Communiqué. The B&W had stumbled upon the Incommunicado.

Snatching away the paper from the mademoiselle, we rushed back to the antechambers of East Campus to investigate. What exactly was this pronunicamento? Would Incommunicado be our next object of ridicule? A timeline at the bottom of the first page caught the eye: “250 years of sipa.

1776: American Revolution. British students expelled. Quality of sipa student publications plummets. 1803: sipa buys Manhattan Island from Indians for three beads.”

Puzzled, we read on: “1861: Jeffrey Sachs, acting as the Confederate economic advisor, tours South selling Economic Elixir, saying ‘This industrialization bubble will never last. Agriculture’s the thing, cotton is king.’ Denounced as ‘snake-oil peddler’ by Joseph Stiglitz, Esq. 1903: Under advice from Jeffrey Sachs, sipa sells Manhattan Island for three beads. 1928: Jeffrey Sachs publishes book, ‘The Depression: It’ll Never Happen,’ and becomes White House economic policy advisor. Introduces policy of shock depression. 1932: Joseph Stiglitz publishes book ‘The Depression: I Told You So.’”

Eureka! This was not simply inaccuracy and unintended humor in the Communiqué tradition, but rather, satire. The drollery continued. The article “Queer Eye for sipa” outlined various ways to refashion the sipa folks and their environs, “changing the world, one policy school at a time.” The grooming gurus declared, “That Dean has got to go. The Reeboks, power suits, frosted bobs? Sooo Raisa Gorbachev meets Melanie Griffith in Working Girl … I’m thinking less jaded, more jade. I’m thinking less Ice Queen, more Dairy Queen.”

Who, from the self-righteous, politically-correct, semi-literate sipa population could produce such comicality? What dignity had emerged from this yeomanry? The B&W had to know. Pontius Palate, through connections from his stint as a chef on a Disney cruise in the mid-1980s, managed to finagle a meeting with the people behind Incommunicado.

Like 70 percent of sipa, they too were most likely foreign. Either that or Rachel Jupp and Collum Murphy successively feigned their English and Irish accents, respectively. So what was the secret to the witticisms in Incommunicado?

“There are two jokes: no one is getting
any, and the school is badly organized,” Jupp said, while noting that the lack of procreation might be charitable to the world.

But what’s the larger purpose — aren’t they trying to topple the inadequacies of SIPA? No, in fact, the *Incommunicado* serves simply as a distraction during finals.

“I don’t think we’ve achieved any change,” Murphy said. The school has still yet to rename itself the Continental Airlines School of International Affairs, despite *Incommunicado’s* urgings.

Amidst our discussion of literary vision, we also tried to define the enigmatic nature of SIPA, or rather, as they presented it, SIPA High. Yes, it turns out MA candidates can put world poverty on hold for the sake of petty squabbles and juvenile sexual escapades. Gender relations dominate discussion. According to Murphy, SIPA men are frequently seen by SIPA women as “suave, well-dressed, very European, but ultimately un-dateable.” Jupp summed them up as “lame.” Whereas SIPA ladies consider themselves to be desirable “liberal politicos who have been saving it,” according to Jupp. “Demand [for men] exceeds supply – it’s microeconomic theory.”

SIPA students are indeed an eclectic bunch, and they study a great variety of subjects, “some of which are relevant, some of which are not,” according to Murphy. There are the apolitical International Finance and Business students who failed to get into the Business school of their choice. There are the International Security Policy students who are “arming us for peace,” according to Murphy. There are the Masters of Public Administration students who are “well meaning white girls from upstate.”

And finally, there are the esteemed editors of the *Communique*. How can the poised editors of the *Incommunicado* endure such insufferable syntax? Well, much to the B&W’s shock and chagrin, the editors of *Communique* and *Incommunicado* are one and the same.

Paul C. Mazzilli contributed to this article.

BOOK REVIEW continued from page 105

...ing a comprehensive look back at Plimpton’s career. But the volume is still worth something. After all, while his forays into professional sports made him a legendary socialite, what makes him truly worth reading is the reflective, pastoral quality of his journalism. Instead of the stats-heavy work of Bill James or the over-emotional blather of George Will, Plimpton captures the underlying human drama in all sports, especially baseball (and its sweet but dim-witted cousin, softball). For him it’s the thrill of being on the diamond among friends, playing well into the dusk, waiting in right field for a hit that will never come. “It is always my contention that great thoughts have been generated in the lonely wastes of right field,” he writes of the loneliest position on the field.

Most sports journalists would never write about the simple act of “fungoing,” in which coaches hit easy flies or grounders to their players with an oversized bat as part of the warm-ups. Plimpton reaches straight for the essence of the activity, transcending leagues, eras, and ability: “It somehow suits the essential character of those boyhood summer evenings … fungoing stones in the forest, lips moving busily to describe those titanic giants … forgotten now, unknown, lost forever to memory.” —Telis C. Demos

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I was the unsurprisingly narrow-minded American who needed more than language skills to navigate the treacherous political discussions I encountered when I visited France. I liberally consumed table wine but found that conversational ease escaped even my chemically loosened tongue. French eyes gazed fixedly on my apologetic expression while I answered questions about George W. Bush. The crowd commented variously, revealed an unhealthy obsession with Hillary Clinton, and guarded unwavering incredulity about Californians actually choosing Le Terminator for governor. I nodded frequently, sometimes murmuring, “c’est possible, mais pas nécessaire,” and bringing new meaning to meaningless rhetoric. Initially I came away unscathed. All my diplomatic efforts were for nothing, however, once our conversation broached French politics.

Islamic veils are dangerous things. At least, this was what some French college students told me when I discussed with them the debate over wearing religious symbols in French schools. Political symbols are also prohibited, actually, which explains why the normally ubiquitous Che Guevara shirts suddenly vanished in France. “Those veiled girls are only looking for attention, just causing trouble, consciously attacking our culture…” I repeatedly heard. “It’s about being French,” some would comment, doing away with circuitous language. Another official line went: “The public schools are secular. Since they are there, the students should also be secular. They can be religious when they go home.” “Actually,” I retorted, “religion doesn’t always work that way.” Perplexed and increasingly appalled, I utilized my Contemporary Civilizations-endowed wisdom and brandished John S. Mill’s harm principle. No dice. Voices all around me raucously reiterated that their officially secular school system required secular students. Religious, atheist, agnostic – these I understood. But how could students be secular? “Laïcité, Égalité, Fraternité.” Had I remembered those incorrectly? Our conversation only spiraled further downward.

Veil-removal aside, corollaries and consequences spilled across French society. Duly dithered by the confusing mess, my French companion, a captivating teacher and pious Catholic, asked her priest: “How am I supposed to explain Christmas to my little students without including God?” Gee, that seems easy enough. “If any X exists such that X equals God, and any Y exists such that Y equals X’s son, then Christmas celebrates Y’s birth.” French school children will have no trouble following along. And once Ramadan and Yom Kippur have been similarly explained, those young Frenchmen will become veritable logicians. You’ll soon find them gathering around panini stands and discussing how reindeer-oppressive and gravitationally pragmatic are necessary but not sufficient conditions for Père Noël.

I can only assume that these bed-wetting logicians would not exemplify the young generation President Chirac had imagined his law would safeguard. What was he hoping for, then? Confused by similar questions during my previous conversation, I asked one college student whether French children becoming secular while attending secular schools bore any resemblance to citizens obeying Rousseau’s general will. To my shock and awe, he responded: “Yeah, that’s about right.” I violently waved my hands and exclaimed: “You mean they’re forced to be free?” Suddenly the café grew hushed. “Evidently I had better keep my misgivings about Rousseau translated into English where they belong.” I murmured in English. Was this also true for my thoughts on Islamic veils? Unlikely, I thought. And usually the same would go for Rousseau. But I had forgotten myself. Was I nobly defending correct principles or just being another narrow-minded American?

Noisy and antagonistic though I may have been, I did manage to glimpse that cultural enlightenment which study abroad coordinators must hope their students attain. What “liberty” means became less obvious, and I once I’ve cracked this small mystery, I will less readily overlook the word’s equivocation and misuse by anyone, hopefully myself included.
BLUE J
Reel Concerns

After reading a great deal of literature on global-warming, the Blue J was confident she wouldn’t have to migrate south for the winter. She was wrong, of course, and had to nest in a lecture hall to avoid the elements. From her perch there, the J observed a trend among professors: they have become very fond of using electronic presentations. This multimedia infusion has also found its way into their homework assignments - the J noticed that many professors require their students to view films outside of class. Political Science buffs yelled at one another over *Battle of Algiers*; reluctant Spanish students rekindled their lust for language during *Y Tú Mama También*; and prospective anthropologists grunted suggestively at *Quest for Fire*.

As a visual learner (who has difficulty pecking her way through a book of any size), the Blue J feels that films effectively supplement traditional teaching methods. And, she was delighted to learn that students are spared rental fees when films are put on reserve at Butler Library. It didn’t take long, however, for our feathered friend to find flaws in the system.

According to copyright law, Butler Library is only allowed to have one copy of a film on reserve. In addition, students must watch the film in the Butler Media Center, whose hours of operation aren’t very sympathetic to fly-bynights. As a result, those students able to set aside a chunk of daytime to watch a film often find it being watched by someone else. This problem is exacerbated both by large lecture classes and the onset of exams, when procrastinators flock to see films at the last minute.

Feathers ruffled once more, the Blue J decided to research possible solutions to this intolerably inconvenient movie reserve system. After discussing the matter with a few tech-savvy chicks, she learned of a viable alternative: the films can be digitized, stored on a hard drive, and streamed to dorm roosts over the network – which she has been told can handle the bandwidth. As the J envisions it, Butler could post films online though CourseWorks in the same way that the Music Department currently posts concertos for Music Humanities students. According to one estimate, the digitizing compression software would cost Columbia, at most, $500.

So what’s the holdup? Simply put, the administration is rightfully worried about legality. The mammalbrains over at the Motion Picture Association of America, for instance, insist on their website that “it is illegal to stream copyrighted content without the express authorization of the copyright holder.” The Blue J, however, believes that streaming films for educational purposes on a password-protected network may be allowed under Fair Use laws. Although these guidelines are painfully unclear about streaming films, they do mention that an educational institution “may display images digitized...through its own secure electronic network, provided that notice is included stating that the images shall not be downloaded, copied, retained, printed, shared, modified or otherwise used.” Parenthetically, the J would like to stress that modern encryption technology makes it almost impossible to copy a streamed file.

While the entertainment industry tries to limit the definition of “fair use,” some educational institutions are already setting legal precedent. Brown University’s Language Resource Center, for example, allows professors to submit film-digitizing requests. Of course, Columbia is worried about more than just fending off lawyers. The digitizing process is fairly time-consuming, and Butler Media would probably have to hire another staff member. But if “needsensitive” Brown is able to afford the system, surely “need-blind” Columbia can afford it as well. Imagine, dear reader, being able to watch films at your leisure and from the comfort of your room. What better way to stave off the winter chill, and wait for molting season?
COLUMBIA MEN RIOT AT BANQUET

News from the front in the European war paled in significance last night, when 75 Columbia University freshman and about seventy sophomores fought a battle royal in Achtel-Stettar’s restaurant in Broad Street.

When the smoke of battle cleared away fourteen of the sophomores were in the toils of the law, accused of disorderly conduct. Almost all of the others were injured by volleys of bottles, glasses, knives, forks and plates. A great many of the freshmen were also battered and bruised in an encounter with 100 police officers who were rushed to the scene to preserve the peace and to save the restaurant from complete destruction …

Cafe Damage Is $1,000

A conservative estimate placed the damage at $1,000.

The story dates back to yesterday afternoon, when the freshmen organized in squads and took the tube to Newark, where they had arranged for their annual banquet last night. On the way they discovered two sophomores in the Hudson Terminal who were returning to their homes for St. Patrick’s Day.

The “Freshies” were about as glad to see the “Sophs” as General von Hindenburg would be to run across the Czar on a lonely road. They pounced on them, made them prisoners, and, handcuffing them with real handcuffs, carted them over to Jersey.

Several hours passed without any thrills or excitement and the hour for the dinner arrived. The prisoners were marched to the banquet hall on the second floor, and were securely fastened to chairs. Dunce caps were placed on their shaggy locks, and they were placed in full view of the table as the freshman began their dinner.

“Sophs” Rescue Comrades

In the meantime things were happening. In some mysterious way the sophomores got word of the capture of two of their comrades. About seventy rallied to the colors in City Hall Park early last evening and they landed in Newark just about the time the dinner began.

Under the direction of “General” Schulte, they were told off into four squads. One of the squads got to the roof by climbing up to the top of the Central Railroad station adjoining. It was an easy matter to get into Achtel-Stetters by smashing the skylight. A second squad was assigned to besiege the dining room from a window on the second floor. The other two bands concentrated their attacks on the front and rear entrances to the restaurant.

At a signal from their leader the charge began. Private detectives employed by the restaurant bore the brunt of the attack and managed to withstand the avalanche until the freshman rallied to their support.

Fierce Struggle in Cafe

Things happened quick after that. Glass chinked against walls and heads. Tables were upset, windows were smashed and plates were broken. The sophomores fought valiantly, but they were badly outnumbered.

A strategic retreat was being planned when the reserves from the First and Third precinct and Police Headquarters reached the scene. Freshman and sophomores alike felt the contact of clubs with their heads and other parts of their anatomy, but it was almost half an hour before the battle ended.

The freshmen, in the melee, tried to make prisoners of two more sophomores for future entertainment, but were disappointed. They protested to the police that they were enjoying themselves in orderly fashion when they were attacked by a band of “ruffians.”
Model UNcovered
by Avi Z. Zenilman

The patois of nonsensical jargon, the strange poli-sci rhetoric, and the professors annoyed by the men in combat fatigues holding plastic automatic weapons— it all sickened me. I couldn’t comprehend this alien subculture. But, slowly, it was sucking me into a nerdy heart of darkness. Eventually, the transformation was complete. I had gone native. I loved Model UN.

And it loved me.

What leads a young man, someone with aspirations and more than two friends, to end up deep in the bowels of Hamilton Hall, frantically trying to make the “Security Council” resolve its nuclear crisis? Why the hell did I spend a four-day weekend in January at the 2004 Columbia Model United Nations Conference and Exposition watching high school nerds play dictator? What was in it for me?

The standard answer I gave my friends was unimpeachable: free alcohol. A friend of mine was the in charge of organizing the “Crisis Staff,” which had to plan and implement the “crises” for the various mock committees (these included the “Chinese Politburo,” the “Russian cabinet,” “NATO,” and “Oslo III,” which had a delightful motto of “third time’s the charm.”) My friend assured me that his staff members would conjure genocide and chemical weapons attacks by day and drink like actual Russian cabinet members by night. The lure of booze coupled with my taste for destruction eroded my negative perception of Model UN. It became harder for me to think of it as a collection of loud, dorky misfits who could only obtain sexual satisfaction by citing an obscure clause in the Geneva Conventions. I agreed to join the Crisis Staff and learn the mysterious ways of the Model UN-ers.

The Crisis Staff was charged with wreaking havoc, and nothing else. There were only two rules: we couldn’t touch the kids, and we couldn’t allow nuclear war until the last day. Everything else was fair game. If Oslo III neared a settlement on the Jerusalem Question, American operatives would discover Osama bin Laden in the West Bank. If the Russian Cabinet started appeasing Polish art thieves, anthrax would find its way into the hands of Chechen terrorists. If the Franklin Delano Roosevelt War Cabinet needed Sean Connery to give them a rousing speech, well, we’d get them Sean Connery. There was always an excuse to grab a plastic M-16 and dress up in fatigues or in pirate garb or in petticoats. There was always another group of 10th graders that deserved an international enema.

Of course, the kiddies provided much of our entertainment at the conference, too. Some of them were snotty little runts, proud of their knowledge of parliamentary procedure and the United Nations Charter. They probably thought an Economist subscription brings all the girls to the yard. But these conferences are not reserved for the resumé-padders. On the contrary, I soon discovered that Model UN is a sexually-charged subculture comprised of the most socially inept high schoolers who can only...
find willing partners in high-intensity committee meetings. Their blood boils from whatever “happened” in Kurdistan or on the China-Pakistan border, and they go back to a hotel where at least 100 other members of the opposite sex are also staying.

At the center of this web of hormones was the most dangerous threat to the integrity of the conference: the Catholic school girls. From our quasi-pedophilic vantage point, we soon realized that the attractive girls at the conference happened to be from an all-girls Catholic school. It made sense: they spent their days deprived of boys, so any opportunity to get a little Y-chromosome (including at a Model UN conference) was looked upon favorably. These girls also happened to be expertly trained in the art of being jailbait. The best practitioner of this ancient and deadly art was someone who I will refer to as “Spain.” Over the span of 4 days, Spain sent me notes to take her hostage, handcuff her, bribe her with money, and would aggressively smile and twirl her hair at literally every guy she saw. If most people treat flirting as a tightly choreographed dance, then she treated it as jujitsu.

Then there were the kids who struggled to comprehend the “Model” in Model United Nations. For example, one of our committees was a fake “Confederate War Council.” In this committee, the high school delegates had to assume the roles of high-ranking Confederate officials. Many of our staff members were worried that the delegates playing slaveowners would either be sheepish about making racial comments or overzealous in their use of racial slurs. Unsurprisingly, all the white kids were too inhibited by political-correctness and would only awkwardly allude to the fact that they “owned” slaves. The African-American contingent, on the other hand, had none of that White Man’s guilt and made excellent white supremacists. It was, therefore, hardly surprising when an African-American delegate won an award for his outstanding performance in the committee (we could almost hear Edmund Ruffin and John C. Calhoun griping about that decision in hell).

Similarly, on the last day of the conference, I saw a girl standing outside a “Security Council” meeting as France was trying to sell nuclear weapons to Germany for 300,000 pounds of croissants and Britain was pledging to re-conquer Africa. She looked sullen and dismayed, so I asked if she was enjoying the crisis. Her eyes were a mix of confusion and fury. “Why is there all this invading and nuclear war?” she asked. “I don’t think it’s funny.” And she ran off crying. Stupid hippies.

Then it all just ended. No more jailbait, no more resolutions, no more plastic machine guns. But my friend made good on his promise of free booze. Although I don’t remember any specifics about the staff party, I awoke the next morning to find my shoes missing and a patch of my chest hair gone. And while I have yet to become a professional Model UN-er myself, I have developed a very tentative fondness for their kind. My friends have essentially shunned me for the past month because I couldn’t stop telling stories about the conference, and rightfully so. Maybe after an intervention or two they’ll be able to wean me out of this nefarious subculture. If not, then I have a message to the high school parents of America: send us your sons and daughters. I’m waiting— and I’m packing plastic heat.

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Suddenly, Verily had become happy. This, of course, was a problem.

Verily ordinarily regarded happiness as any dutiful citizen would a mottled gerbil carcass bathed in industrial sludge. But last week, out on his morning constitutional, Verily found himself humming *sotto voce* a pleasant tune, jocular, major, and Baroque. His mind suddenly abounded with images of flowers—sweet-smelling flowers, not even the suggestive O’Keeffeian variety—then of sweet nothings, then of flowers again, this time attended by smiling little fuzzy bees, buzzing a contralto harmony to his muted theme. The infernal creatures droned on until, blessedly, Verily walked into a lamppost.

Rising embarrassedly, Verily declared this unconscionable; typically, his early jaunts inspire fuming meditations on existentialist syntax, Nazi pornography, and those darn kids. But during that midmorning’s fawning, there was nothing biting save the wind. In fact, upon further reflection, Verily realized he hadn’t thought a single significantly irate or indignant thing in weeks. He hadn’t impugned, inveigled, or indicted, not once. What’s more, Verily had no idea how this contentedness evolved—if he once had known, his happiness, clever little virus, was now obscuring that source, preventing Verily him from sneaking up behind it, say, and giving it a good garroting. A contagion, a self-replicating monstrosity, it could strike anywhere, any time; Verily feared for his darling spleen.

But Verily would not be daunted. Resolving to root out his happiness, and promptly uproot it (or at least deliver the abovementioned, Thuggish fate), he canvassed his life’s better colors with all the force of Pollock—and not a little of his alcoholic fortification. A near-century of senioritis? Check. The repeated amatory attentions of certain unnamed fillies? Check. Infrequently, those of uncertain named ones? Also check. And a fraudulently acquired set of Civil War-era dueling pistols? Check. Alas, the resolution proved no rev-}

elation: all these would have made anyone a happy man, even a happy woman—if such a thing were possible—but Verily had had these things long before this miserable joy.

Unfortunately, during these inconclusive investigations, a new danger arose: now that he was joyous, he was losing his joys. He had begun asking interested questions in class; consequently, teachers were noticing he existed, and grading accordingly—apparently, teachers have no trouble giving A-pluses to ghosts. He had begun feeling comfortable around women; consequently, they found his lack of agitation a sign of disinterest—also apparently, women are only satisfied when you are not. And he had begun making friends of his enemies—apparently yet again, it is difficult, though not impossible, to duel with yourself.

Still, all was not lost. Recuperating from a bruised jaw after his latest self-gauntletting, Verily discovered, not what made him happy, but what made him unhappy to be happy: Verily was terribly frightened of not being unhappy. Were he to become happy, he felt, all the earth’s sly little unpleasantries might ambush him; he might be forced into détente, or something equally French.

Ultimately, given good fortune, Verily would eventually have the leisure to question it—by contrast, the unhappy are usually too busy dawdling in corners to doubt themselves. This reduced to the discovery that once Verily was happy, he could easily become unhappy. What has gone up can always go down.

Which was, in the end, a nutty position, but one not easily dispelled. Verily had grown used to being dissatisfied; satisfaction, even at being dissatisfied, would come at a price. But finally, given such silly semantics, Verily could not imagine why he should any longer fear happiness. After all, if happiness made him unhappy, so much the better; such a shift would swiftly make him happy. And so, whistling again that cheery tune, Verily began once more to polish his flintlocks.

—Verily Veritas
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.

Lines For The Fortune Cookies:
That’s not a run in your stocking, it’s a hand on your leg.
You are a prisoner in a croissant factory and you love it.
You too could be Premier of France, if only … if only …
You think your life is like Pirandello, but it’s really like O’Neill.
You will take a long trip and you will be very happy, though alone.
You will eat cake.

This effect, which is common in a fancy restaurant, forms an intimate environment within the church, possibly with the purpose of giving intimacy between the church and the Lord – please note that I am neither an interior designer nor an architect, so do not regard this assertion as an expert opinion.

My career goal is to become a pediatrician; hence my interest in health care and young children.

But I want to revize what I told you before about our answer to Martin L. King is Celine Dion. It is not. It is Sammy Sosa. Only this comes close to how we feel and who we are today in pride strength. When I came to Columbia, I thought the people would understand this, no more questioning nationality, identity. Instead it feels like I am only stuck between Ontario and Manitoba again, but it is you and every peer around me who make me this quebecoise island. Try to understand! I am not just angry but away from my homeland.

I was stuck inside my head until my head kickstarted. It lasted a year, I was hard candy, wrapped up, lickless. And I couldn’t stop waitressing. I covered other shifts, pulled doubles; days off I passed fast with long walks and books, worried. But my spirits were mostly high.

No matter how special you are, and how healthy and positive our love was, it couldn’t possibly have healed what needed to be healed in me.

Digestion confusion not caused by vegetation. But vegetables didn’t consume people, as far as I know they knew. We’ll have to see if crops could not be consumed if they’d been covered with blood or grown up in ground where people were buried. Doesn’t seem to be the case for some monasteries – don’t want to do only anecdotal evidence here – but I can think of at least one case in which a monastery had its orchard over its graveyard. So, animals caused one anxiety because their flesh was sufficiently like our flesh that they could eat us and grow thereby, whereas vegetables-and their systems of growth, which I’ll have to work to understand-did not grow, and in that matter were not like us.

LUCILLE: You said I was the only one. That was a lie. You are a liar.
HELEN She really shouldn’t speak to you like this– (to LUCILLE) You really shouldn’t speak to him like this, he is a respected Doctor.
LUCILLE Only one my ass.
HELEN Worthy of our respect!
DOCTOR DEATH Leave me alone.
This is one of her statements in a long series of clues that would all appear to be symptoms of LSD use: hallucinations, paranoia, disorientation, anxiety, suspiciousness, and headaches. In addition to all these symptoms, she becomes obsessed, essentially, with a mystery about stamps.

The children yawn.

“Children,” I mutter. “Please do not be ugly Americans. Please do not make me discipline you with the Appreciation Stick again.”

That makes the kids snap to goggle-eyed attention. My company has furnished me with an Appreciation Stick to help the children stay on task. The Appreciation Stick is a marvel in itself, a hand-whorled staff carved out of a walrus tusk by blind French nuns in the twelfth century. It was donated by a wealthy parent who wanted the children to have a physical reminder of awe and mystery. I’m not sure our donor intended us to whack the children in the face with awe and mystery, but that is what I have been instructed to do.

MADAM QUINCE: My dear, dear Saucy Plaza. I am a heroin and diva. You are a squire, my stylist, my sidekick. How could you think you know more than I?

SAUCY PLAZA: Well Madam, I guess you are right, but I was so sure that a Quince was a fruit.

MADAM QUINCE: Saucy, I am a descendant of great women. Women the likes of Joan of Arcadia the great Spanish warrior…

SAUCY PLAZA: Was she not French…

MADAM QUINCE: Saucy Plaza, haven’t we discussed this all ready…

SAUCY PLAZA: Yes, yes. I’m sorry you are right, I’m an idiot…

MADAM QUINCE: Yes…

SAUCY PLAZA: Go on, forgive me?

MADAM QUINCE: Yes, well uh, great women like (pauses to think) Princess Diana Sawyer and Hillary God Dam Clinton, the first lady President…

SAUCY PLAZA: She was only the First Lady…

MADAM QUINCE: Saucy!

First of all, making gravy is basic chemistry… By following the above easy steps you are guaranteed a lump-free and tasty gravy. Don’t get stuck in that packaged gravy mix rut! Create your own gravy and flavor it with herbs and spices that suit your tastes. A pinch of cloves, sprinkle of thyme and a touch of mace will drive the blah gravy blues away. So season your gravy to taste the way you want!

Moved to another condominium where we used to play hide and go seek near a mini lagoon that said, “beware of the alligators”. My babysitter had seizures. Eighth birthday was in that house with chocolate cake, screaming girls, and Dr. Seuss’s “Lorax”.

The goal of the MC Battle is to individually test each rapper in a “props” test, which is a test that confirms the rappers ability to make up a thirty second rhyme while being quickly flashed various objects or “props”. The rapper that can include the most props into his freestyle rap is given a high score. The Detroit and New York rappers with the highest scores form the “prop test” are then paired off against each other. The rappers with the lowest scores will be assigned in pairs to compete against each other. The “props” test will be an excellent place for multiple product placement for the sponsors of the MC Battle.

Language and culture were once siblings, and not the second cousins which they are today. I am referring, of course, to the Biblical legend of the Tower of Babel, described in Genesis 11:1-9:

“Are those new shoes?” I asked.

“You don’t get new shoes in Prison, they are refurbished,” he exclaimed

“Oh, neat, what brings you here today Ray?” I inquired.

“Love and a bastard of a judge,” he replied.

His eyes were glazed over and the turquoise sparkle that granted them permission to claim life had disappeared. His skin was rough with razor bumps and he had begun to grow a pirate’s beard.
I am always reminded of the art critic Dave Hickey when I find myself talking to a stranger about my infatuation with beer. In his book *Air Guitar: Essays on Art and Democracy*, he recalls the unsettling effect that discussing his profession has upon the uninitiated – their facial expressions reflect something between pity and revulsion by way of a morbid curiosity as to how and why a person ends up in his line of work.

I am not an art critic – like C. Montgomery Burns, I simply know what I hate – but I know what Hickey means. More so than even the wine lover, the beer lover is simply a social boor, roving around parties and harrying the innocent with demands that this stuff go into a glass instead of remaining in the bottle, or entreaties to try some special ale brewed in thimble-sized batches by Trappist monks. General consensus seems to be that, whereas the wine connoisseur at least traffics with something elitist and chic, the beer nut simply has a maddening tendency to tinker with and formalize something whose very nature is inimical to such fussy dandyism. Beer, for most, is like the subway: no one rides it for the journey itself; it just helps you arrive at your destination cheaply.

So why am I such a perfectionist? Clearly, my knowing the proper way to drink a hefeweizen does not make me the darling of weekend festivities. Moreover, is it not a bit presumptuous of me to suggest that others mend their errant ways to follow my seasoned advice? It is, of course, very presumptuous, yet I persist. Ultimately, I quarrel with my colleagues in drunkenness on philosophical grounds, as I feel it is my sense of values, rather than taste, that is more attuned than theirs. Depressingly, they value invisibility or distraction in their drinks: Coors Light at Absolute Zero and the vulgar apple martini are monuments to blind intoxication. Correspondingly, those who make pretenses to discretion nearly always tout the airiness of fine (i.e. tasteless) vodka. I find this approach dishonest to the core. But it is more existentially apt to scrutinize the source of one’s intoxication; the complexity of a fine beer makes one pause in a way that a candy cocktail cannot. Every attempt to pin down the central flavor met with dissent from the room; ultimately, clove and almond proved the only plausible suggestions. It is this sense of befuddlement, rather than any smug satisfaction at being “well-drunk,” that drives my continuing journey through the world of beer. This sense of weakness, of realizing the limits of one’s ability to account for taste before the amazing panoply of flavors brought about by that magical process of brewing, is the essence of beer as a pursuit of its own.

Conveniently, this idea of weakness relates directly back to Dave Hickey’s conception of art criticism. It is a fitting return, because you, the reader, are probably making that morbidly bemused face he describes so well. Hickey’s apologia for his profession, truly profound in the era of critical theory, is that critics do not arbitrate or create artistic meaning but simply fall victim to it in a singular way. The art lover, and thus by analogy the swiller of beer, is less a connoisseur than one whose enthusiasm lacks moderation. Personally, I am quite happy to relinquish any claims to connoisseurship, especially given that uniquely American ability to use the adopted French notion so contemptuously. *Connoisseur* may be a dirty word to the Philistines, so let them have it; I, for one, am a drunkard.

–Mephiscotcheles

Illustrated by Cara Rachele
Intelligent design is a novel critique of evolution. The theory stems from the belief that some biological structures reveal a complex coordination of individual elements that are too interdependent to have evolved on their own. Proponents of intelligent design argue that the “irreducible complexity” of such systems suggests the agency of an intelligent designer. Unfortunately for the proponents of the theory, the difficulties of incorporating it into a public school syllabus are themselves irreducibly complex, since the tenets of intelligent design run close enough to those of major religions to make the support or even the teaching thereof a thorny legal issue. In a recent lecture, University Professor Kent Greenawalt, an eminent First Amendment scholar, addressed these legal and philosophical intricacies for the case of public schools.

The U.S. Constitution’s First Amendment states that “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion.” Although Greenawalt has written at length about the history of the Establishment Clause, during his lecture he only referred to the test articulated by the Supreme Court in Lemon v. Kurtzman (1971). According to the Lemon test, an acceptable statute has a secular legislative purpose and does not have the primary effect of advancing religion. (As it turns out, this test is considered somewhat obsolete, but Greenawalt wasted little breath on the legal technicalities.)

So what does and does not belong in natural science courses? Here Greenawalt mingled the descriptive with the normative. Teaching creationism violates the Establishment Clause because religion is the only basis for such belief; teaching evolution is permissible because there are non-religious reasons for believing it. By a similar argument, prohibiting the teaching of evolution is itself impermissible, because evolution is so central to modern biology that the only basis for excluding it would be a religious motive.

But a basic tenet of science is that theories must be falsifiable—in principle, a theory is always open to disproof and is never conclusively proven. It would be inappropriate, then, to teach evolution as a theory that has been categorically proven; and in the name of the secular legislative purpose of intellectual freedom, it may be appropriate to teach critiques of evolution or alternative theories, so long as they have at least minimal scientific plausibility (viz., supporting evidence, which is falsifiable).

Intelligent design, Greenawalt suggested, does not easily satisfy the criteria of a scientific hypothesis. It is not falsifiable: apologists may seek evolutionary explanations for each of the successive examples of irreducible complexity cited by proponents of intelligent design, but there is no logical way for them to disprove the theory of intelligent design itself. Some opponents of intelligent design, for instance, suggest the theory presumes that components of irreducibly complex structures were not once viable structures in their own right; but this argument introduces further philosophical difficulties (which Greenawalt glossed briefly).

In brief, the theory of intelligent design may prove too broadly constructed and may shelter too many alternative explanations under its structural umbrella to be considered a scientific hypothesis. The theory may, however, be interpreted as a legitimate epistemic theory about the contingent limits of scientific knowledge. As such, it may indeed warrant inclusion in science curricula—just so long as, like any good scientific theory, it has the humility to admit that it is just one idea among many, with no particular claim to a monopoly on scientific truth.

Missouri legislators are currently debating a measure that would require textbooks to call evolution an unproven theory and to teach intelligent design as an alternative to evolution.

—Isaac Vita Kohn
Personal Ads

True love may be foreign to The Blue and White, but the quest for it is not. Here we confess our hearts’ desires for the benefit of Columbia’s love-starved fops, aging professors, and resident perverts—from whom the night has not yet been taken. The ads are followed by our Lerner or McIntosh mailbox numbers. Should particularly poignant responses find their way into our boxes (and hearts), you may find them printed in our next issue.

SEEKING WOMEN

Are you an ambitious young go-getter? Coincidently, I’m a well-connected go-get-her. So while you resume-conscious ladies may rest assured that sleeping your way to the top of Mt. Editorship won’t be difficult, please be forewarned that it’s a slippery slope down to Humiliation Valley. 3595

The more I get to know people, the more I treasure the company of dogs. 5788

Puff’d-up fop seeks unfilter’d cigarettes, undilut’d grog, moth’d ascots, and someone willing to carry all three while he writhe in self-abnegation; those lacking an habitual fondness for antiquated British spellings and the notation “Obs.” will go unrecognized. You’ll get no box number from Verily K. Veritas, as he is unwilling to enter Lerner.

Cook me shrimp and grits, whisper to me sweet nothings in French, and wet my gullet with Irish whiskey. Simple man with simple needs. 7162

My mom thinks I’m cool, but I need a second opinion. 6157

I long to sit with you in our members-only club. You gaze into the fire nursing a dry martini, while my cognac swirls gently clockwise. A moment then. Our eyes meet and cause my cognac to swirl counter its clock, inexpertly leaping from the glass. We both know the truth... bespoke tailoring isn’t what it used to be. 4465

My dear, sweet, innocent underclassman girl: do you dream of encountering your own Ivy League Prince Charming? In your fantasies, does this Mr. Charming have a respectful nature? Is he unshakably virtuous and unfazed by words like “virgin,” “waiting,” and “let’s just cuddle”? If so, it would probably be better for you to avoid 3595.

Tall, blue-eyed underachiever seeks mystical experience of the heart to inspire/force withdrawal into study. Non-white parentage a plus. 1446

Are you a nice, pleasant, reasonable, and single young woman? Think you can impress me? You probably won’t. But please submit a well thought-out, clearly organized essay supporting your case (double spaced, MLA format). Letters of recommendation are optional, but looked upon favorably. 1791

Do you wear argyle panties? I’m the only one who will truly appreciate them. 7162

Perturbed by prattling Peter Pipers? Bogged in boys of Brobdingnagian bulk? Tired of tongue twisting two-timers? Meet me, maiden, in monogamous merriment! Wallow in the wondrous wooing of this wordsmith’s workings. Let’s live the literati Lambada; let’s liberate our literary libidos from limping lassitude. Affinity for assonance and alliteration preferred. 2764

The only way I can convince you of my honorable intentions is by force. 1346

I don’t like aggressive women. So if you want to be considered for my next romantic endeavor, I highly suggest you avoid talking to me. Why, I could mistake a pleasant exchange with you for flirtation. And given my bizarre neuroses, that would result in ME having to find a way to avoid YOU until graduation. 6519

Fifty million French women can’t be wrong. 6692

Raffishly charming first-year male seeks at least one experienced woman to provide material for Spectator Sex Column Application. Must be willing to do anything for the sake of truth in journalism. 6157

Illustrated by Cara Rachele

The Blue and White
SEEKING MEN

I know we just met – and that I’m at this party with two other guys – but I think you’re really, really awesome. 4058

Wholesome, blonde, Midwestern gal seeks older man. Much older. Four to five million years old is a good start. Bipedal locomotion preferred but not required. The ability to make/use Acheulean stone tools similarly a plus (hey, I like a guy ahead of his time). Bonus points for correct pronunciation of *Australopithecus bahrelghazalia*. 1915

Do you dress for dinner? Does your fainting couch long for an occupant? Do you, too, think consumption is terribly romantic? Send a daguerreotype of yourself and perfumed love letters daily to box 5545.

Romantically-discontented editor seeks Verily Veritas for occasional snuggling and late-night tomfoolery. Oh, VV, without you, I am cold between puffs. 4477 (McIntosh)

Having batted my green eyes onto the Board of this esteemed publication and into the syphilitic pants of another, this editrix seeks yet another campus publication to seduce (*Columbia Review*– I’m looking in your direction! And, hey, *Barnard Bulletin*, college is the time for experimentation, right?) The southern accent may mean you’ll pay for dinner, but you won’t regret it. The *Spectator* need not apply. 5545

Pontius Palate seeks Eric Ripert look-alike to share weekends of truffled bliss. 2403

Student of art history seeks (heterosexual) male counterpart who understands that Gothic architecture is ribbed for our pleasure. 6040 (McIntosh)

SEEKING SOMETHING ELSE, ENTIRELY

Lovable dweeb seeks election, democratic or otherwise, to the Columbia College Student Council Presidency. Though I’m admittedly more Bill Gates than Bill Clinton, I will not cease to pull strings in campus publications in order to boost my name recognition and besmirch the reputation of my would-be competitors. Concession notes can be deposited in box 3112.

Talented writer with lots of ideas seeks a publication that will actually appreciate them. Recommendations and writing samples are unavailable. 4178

If you’re the man who punched me to the ground in front of Butler Library on the morning of January 25th at about 3:30 am, I’m sorry for hitting/touching/leering at/sleeping with your girlfriend or whatever I did. All I ask is that you come forward so my friends understand I actually was in a fight. Right now, they just think I’m a stupid drunk klutz who fell down some steps. Women who like bruised Jews should also drop a line. 6157

Second-semester senior seeks Major Cultures exemption. So, Dean Yatrakis, if you’re ever feeling lonely, remember that I’m not seeking an exemption from your love. 4210

The Blue and White seeks Thomas Oxholm, Everett Patterson, Joseph Dinkin, Matt Gertz, Beth Milton, Katie Zien, and Katelyn Doyle for an unpaid yet wholly satisfying internship. Please contact theblueandwhite@columbia.edu for details.
On the eighth day of storytelling in Boccaccio’s Decameron, the young Elissa recounts the unfortunate tale of Calandrino, a simple painter who is tricked into searching for the idler’s paradise of Bengodi. Here, she wistfully describes, “on a mountain all of grated Parmesan cheese, dwell folk that do naught else but make macaroni and ravioli, and boil them in capon’s broth, and then throw them down to be scrambled for.”

Boccaccio’s inclusion of cheese in paradise is not limited to Italian literature (cf. the French). But the producers and mongers of the most famous Italian cheese, parmagiano-reggiano, have particular reason to take pride in their handiwork’s place in the annals of culinary history. As New York’s own clog-wearing Italian demigod, chef Mario Batali, noted in a recent interview, “once you become an elaborate and well-developed culture… the food starts to become a representation of what the culture is… [and] for Italian culture… parmagiano-reggiano is as well-developed a brand as anything man has made, from the Ferrari to the Apollo 11.”

Parmagiano was first made in the Italian region of Emilia-Romagna during the 13th century, and has been one of Italy’s most lucrative exports ever since. In recognition of the cheese’s importance to the region, and given that it takes over two years to mature, banks around Emilia-Romagna have long offered local cheese producers loans against anticipated future sales. And since the early 1900s, many have turned profits by offering vault space for storing the large wheels of parmagiano, which they keep as collateral. As the parmagiano ages, it loses moisture and weight, but gains taste and value; thus, the local producers can cover expenses year to year, while the banks gain an appreciating, edible asset.

One of the larger banks, the Credem Bank in Montecavolo, near Parma, houses over 28,500 80-pound wheels of the stuff, which are collectively valued at over $140 million. It is one of the largest – and best guarded – cheese vaults in Italy. On occasion, the banks use outside warehouses for additional storage, but each cheese repository is reportedly defended by round-the-clock guards and high-tech security systems, which also monitor the precise temperature and humidity level surrounding each wheel. The system is “like a Fort Knox” claims Simone Ficarelli, from the Consorzio del Formaggio Parmigiano-Reggiano, which certifies the regional authenticity of the cheese.

Yet, despite the vigilance of the banks, robberies still occur. Most recently, a small band of thieves drilled a hole in a Credem warehouse wall and rolled out hundreds of wheels, assembly-line style. Ficarelli described the recent break-in effort as “a bit like Formula One racing. You know, when they change the tires?” And while the parmagiano black market has yet to gain much sophistication or glamour, each wheel was reputedly sold to local stores and international distributors for up to $1200, a price that actually makes parmagiano theft a cost-effective endeavor.

Yet, Pontius Palate couldn’t help but wonder if these prices were a bit high. Lacking her own posse of cheese thieves, she decided to negotiate with the manager of Milano Market, Morningside Height’s resident purveyor of overpriced Italian foodstuffs. The deal in question concerned the purchase of one of Milano’s parmagiano wheels, all of which are stacked, rather haphazardly, in the storefront window. Twenty minutes, much haggling, and some sufficiently demure eyelash-batting later, the price had dropped by over three hundred dollars. If only the B&W had granted Pontius that much-petitioned-for expense account! Had the request been granted, for a mere $875 (in cash), said magazine would not only be the proud owner of more parmagiano-reggiano than it could ever eat, but also a slice of cheesy heaven.

–Pontius Palate
CAMPUS GOSSIP

*The Blue and White* has noticed several inadvertently humorous fliers posted around campus. Here are two of our favorites:

“**WORK FROM HOME**
$12.00 per Hour Travel Reimbursement Provided.”

“**LOST BURBERRY SCARF**
Description: cashmere / beige / plaid
The scarf is the only thing my boyfriend left me with. Its also the only thing that’s giving me strength recently. Please, if you are a kind-hearted person, you would return it to me.”

*The Blue and White* would like to note that in the Martha Stewart obstruction of justice trial, the defendant, Ms. Stewart, and the presiding judge, Miriam Goldman Cedarbaum, are both alumnae of Barnard College. Two Barnard women facing off in the same courtroom? You know what that means — catfight!

Professor Christopher Washburne recently asked the students in his Jazz class to write a three-line Blues lyric and then post their work on the course website. After reading the submissions, the professor had some thoughts to share with the class. He said, “I gained a lot of insight into all your lives from that assignment. A LOT of insight. Almost all of you are obsessed with sex. Many of you are obsessed with booze. Some of you are obsessed with dorm life. And a few of you, curiously, were upset that you didn’t get a snow day, when you only live across the street from where your classes are held.”

**THE BULLET FILE REOPENED!**
Unappended quotes, courtesy of Professor Richard Bulliet:

“It’s hard to overstate the dryness of the Sahara Desert. I got off a plane there, and there was sand everywhere; it was so fine it looked like talcum powder… Vast quantities are suspended in the air at all times, like a mist. I began to wonder if it was really sand, so I picked some up and put it in my mouth. Then I had sand in my mouth.”

“The number of lectures may not correspond to the number of lecture notes… I go slow… but that doesn’t matter; nobody’s running after us.”

While choosing teammates for “Assassins,” cccs presidential hopeful, Matthew Harrison, C’05, invited his chief competitor, Wayne Ting, C’06, to join his team. Harrison’s logic was simple: because no one would ever suspect the two sworn-enemies of working together, their team would be harder to eliminate. Ting, however, declined Harrison’s invitation.

**“THE DAILY BLOW (OFF)”**
The powers that be invited Jon Stewart, the host of Comedy Central’s “Daily Show,” to be the Columbia College Class Day speaker. Mr. Stewart declined the offer, and will instead be speaking at Princeton, where he has a “family connection.” Next on Columbia’s Class Day speaker wish list was Warren Buffet, B’51, but— alas— Mr. Buffet also informed Dean Colombo that he will be unable to perform the service. The *BW* has learned that playwright Tony Kushner, C’78, will, instead, be speaking on Class day.
FROM THE PROPAGATION OF HURTFUL STEREOTYPES DEPARTMENT
A recruitment poster for Yavneh, the Orthodox group of the Columbia-Barnard Hillel, asks Jewish passersby if they “want to see some ‘change?’” Underneath the text is a photograph of a pile of coins.

The Columbia Journalism Review recently received a nasty letter from a subscriber: “Show me one article about Urine Therapy and I will re-subscribe. If you never have one, then cancel my subscription and wake up to the truth. P.S. You may publish the enclosed article for free.” The article read: “I am the God of my own creation. Today I experience the effect of what I have created for myself to experience in past eons of time. Today I am experiencing what I will be experiencing in future eons of time. I am the CAUSE of what I experience today, what I will be experiencing tomorrow, and what I experienced in the past…” The Blue and White will save you the trouble of reading the remainder of the article – “Urine Therapy” is never mentioned.

A recent evening found one Blue and White staffer shivering outside the doors of St. Anthony’s, pleading with a self-important sophomore member for entry into the party. The staffer’s problem? His attire was more blue-jeans than blue-blood. The staffer protested, loudly, that “Saint Anthony himself will hear of this outrage.” Then the staffer demanded to see “the commanding officer.” When a more senior-ranking St. A’s member (also beaming with self-importance) came forward, the staffer asked for both of their names and threatened to have them “sent to the front” if they continued to deny him entry. For whatever reason, the staffer was politely ushered into the party after this remark. As expected, his shabby appearance and Semitic good looks proved disruptive.

Professor of political science, David Johnston, described for the students in his “Justice” class the most important criticisms of Utilitarian theories of morality. One student was particularly frustrated with the idea that the happiness gained from certain actions across very different individuals is quantifiable. He asked that Johnston “consider a feudal lord in 14th century France: he has to go to the bathroom in a bucket, but he’s probably pretty happy. However, if you transplant that lifestyle into the 21st century, how happy will he be?” Johnston countered: “I have no problem with this. I used to own a piece of property where that was the only way you could do it. In a bucket. And I was very happy. In fact, I wish I still had that property.”

ANTIQUE GOSSIP
“Several pretty typewriters have been added to the workforce of the College.”
- The Blue and White, “Campus Gossip,” Vol. III No. II (1892)

Hundreds of Columbia email addresses were recently bombarded with an advertisement for “cheap and legal valium, Viagra, Zanax, and Super-Viagra.” And who says spammers don’t bother researching a target demographic before marketing their product?

A B&W staffer noticed an alice! poster in John Jay which imparted that “sex does not have to end with orgasm.” To the staffer, this point seemed obvious enough – everyone knows that sex has to end with a cigarette.

Professor of history William Harris, on our inherently flawed grading system: “If I give a student an ‘A,’ he or she will become a harmless professor. This invariably leaves the ‘B’ students to run the country by default.”

The new CU website… it’s unnavigable!!!