AN ELEGY FOR KING LEER
by Michelle Legro

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BAWL GAME
by Avi Zenilman

THE UNSHACKLED MIND
by Marc Tracy
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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.
Under the coat of arms on a package of Pall Mall cigarettes, there's a Latin inscription: *In hoc signo vinces.* God came to Constantine in a dream and said, "Smoke these, and you will conquer [ladies' hearts everywhere.]" We at *The Blue and White* would never dream of suggesting that classical erudition ought not go forth and multiply, but what does it mean when the language that brought you—well, let's not mince words—Western civilization is relegated down to gutter-crumpled cardboard and up to the tippy-top garret of the Ivory Tower? There's only so much space in that little building, with a lot of neat stuff on the other floors, and just try getting a permit for more elephant bricks.

It is with the stubborn certainty that what has gone must be remembered that we deliver your first *Blue and White* of the year, the Nostalgia Issue. We hope you'll find an intriguing reminder here and there. Michelle Legro, the competence behind the *B & W* throne, longs for the day when women's virtues were properly appreciated in "An Elegy for King Lear." Meanwhile Verily, who incidentally heartily supports Miss Legro's philosophy, laments the sad state of that which currently passes for the intelligentsia. Paul Fileri and Marc Tracy supply his proof; their encomia on the late Edward Said and Czeslaw Milosz can be found on pages 20 and 25. You may think us myopic and reactionary; look back to 17. This month's Curio Columbiana reminds many things are changing for the better (if but slowly).

So what's the answer then? Even if we'd wish to try, there's no bringing back the pipe-smoking founders of our publication, and pro-Latin protests seem regrettably unlikely. However, a fellow who's not quite as well-published as that emperors (although arguably just as incomprehensible) said "The past isn't dead; it isn't even past." We present our musings this month as humble addition to that sentiment. We hope you enjoy. ☀
You might not know the following figures—but you should. In Campus Characters, The Blue and White introduces you to a handful of Columbians who are up to interesting and extraordinary things, and whose stories beg to be shared. If you'd like to suggest a Campus Character, send us an e-mail at theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

Chris Cheng

Chris Cheng’s phone rang at least eight times over the course of our interview. Even for a seasoned eavesdropper it was hard to distinguish between business and fun. Suffice to say friends are a huge part of the new Engineering Student Council President’s life, so much so that talking with Cheng, E’06, reminds me that student government people actually have friends in the first place. He may spend thirty hours each week mired in student government acronyms but maintains a social life that would make Paris Hilton blush.

Cheng’s ability to reconcile his jobs with a social life isn’t his only surprising trait. Despite his nerdy eagerness, he has a passionate and confident stride towards the things he cares about. The superficial might write off Cheng as a “politician”, if only to explain the robot-like energy with which he goes about business. But that would be unfair. This is, after all, a boy whose exit left one cynical female editor swooning in the wake of his “earnestness”—for the record, it was also rather late.

Chris, an Engineering Management Systems major, was elected President of the Engineering Student Council earlier this semester after an abrupt and unexpected vacancy in the position. Regarding his qualifications, we only have room here to say that he was hardly the dark horse candidate.

So what is he going to do with the position? First off, he isn’t going to do anything by himself. Chris finds the pervasive arrogance among student leaders not only offputting but inefficient. This is a lanky young man who sincerely views his student council as a team—yes, he knows it sounds corny, but he insists upon it anyway. He credits his continued involvement to the friends he gets to work with and the (surely fetishized) amount of “fun” gained from the efforts.

Chris does have his limits though. Upon election, he chose to resign from several of his auxiliary posts, not to mention also turning down an internship at DreamWorks and dropping an English minor, though he remains a dedicated RA. That said, friends are a priority, even if he can sometimes only fit them in after two in the morning (before he heads home to do his homework). Nearly everyone we talked to about Chris mentioned that he regularly returns e-mails after 5AM.

Sometimes the late nights get to him. One night in September he spent several hours constructing a bizarre, labyrinthine mousetrap out of cardboard, FACETS books, College bulletins, a laundry hamper, and pure engineering wit, in efforts both to humanely capture a rogue mouse and placate the beleaguered residents of his floor in Schapiro (the nervous and frightened rodent, alas, did not survive the psychological trauma of the...
Chris's own enthusiasm as a student and a student leader, he says, stems from a few words he remembers from his own freshman year RA. The experience at Columbia can start off either good or bad; she wanted to do her part to make it a positive one. Chris firmly believes that everyone has the potential to be happy here, and he doesn’t want it to end up a wasted opportunity. Shortly, Chris sees himself as an active optimist, someone who creates his reality—who makes happen what he wants to happen. So far, at least, he’s making things happen, even if he’s lost a little sleep in the process. -HRC

Cody Hess

If Cody Hess, C’07, were smaller, had less absurd hair, and mentioned Allen Ginsberg less frequently, you might call him a computer nerd. As he stands now—much taller than you, that is—you might mistake him for a Nietzschean Uberman designed by Jim Henson. The fact is, Cody is more than a computer nerd: he is a high octane dilettante, or, if you wish, a Renaissance man. He is also a hacker. No, he doesn’t wear a leather trenchcoat or a ponytail, but he does know enough about computers that he needn’t let inefficient dummy programs hamstring his work; it all just takes a little playing around. I ask him about it, and he tells me about Larry Wall. I pretend to know what he’s talking about so as not to interrupt, because Cody talks quickly.

“Larry Wall says, and you can quote me on this, or rather him, ‘The cardinal virtues of a hacker are laziness, impatience, and hubris’, and it’s true. A good hacker isn’t going to do work that has already been done.” Cody proceeds with an example, which confuses me, as it regards computers; we go back to the abstract.

Cody admits that laziness isn’t always a virtue in the non-programming world. Hubris, though, hubris is a good one. He touts a play that he recently wrote. “I submitted it to Late Nite Theatre, and they better accept it, because it’s better than everything else they got.” Cody is still a newbie to the drama world—he was a football recruit (from Texas, of all places) before quitting the team—but clearly he has the hubris down.

The topic of hubris also takes us to old Allen. “Take Ginsberg. His best poem is ‘Howl’. I mean, he just got up there and said ‘This is my poem, and it rocks,’ and then he howled seventeen times. The whole thing has only one word, or maybe more than that. But it’s really B.S. anyways. I don’t think Ginsberg was a fantastic poet.” I prod him on whether this is a legitimate aesthetic philosophy. “Well, if it sucks, everyone is going to find out eventually,” he says. At this point I look at Cody, searching for an ironic smirk, but before I get one he blasts off on another topic.

Cody is on a roll again, this time talking about a dream involving Prof. X, an old friend, and secret missions, until he switches seamlessly to a lament on the unfortunate lack of respect for athletes at Columbia. Tenacity and dedication are big for him, and athletes have these things. So does [Apple founder] Steve Jobs, who is “constantly taking crap” for the single button mouse. Jobs thinks that a truly simple and usable interface needs a single button mouse, and Cody respects that, even though he uses a two button mouse. Cody comes to a stop, and I struggle to get everything down. In the brief pause, a mischievous onlooker asks him to tell his favorite joke. It is long, unprintable, and involves well-hung vermin.

It’s been a weird interview. Talking with him makes me think the whole idea of computer nerds is a lie for the weaklings who let their...
computers—or Cody—push them around. But, for what it's worth, Cody is a good guy: he writes good plays, pulls off a good mohawk, and tells good jokes. Oh, and he uses Linux. —MZM

**Riddhi Dasgupta**

Towards a quick sketch of the towering Riddhi (Sohan) Dasgupta, C'07, he of more than one thousand friends:

Upon meeting Riddhi you will surely note his sonorous, accented voice. It will sound like an Indo-Anglicized, strangely ebullient James Earl Jones narrating *Heart of Darkness*, precisely enunciating everything. One of the first things he will likely enunciate to you is his ambition to be the first Asian Supreme Court Justice. It all starts with Thurgood Marshall. Without "his legacy, his spirit, his acumen," Riddhi would not have been able to lace our e-mail dialogue—or your conversation with him—with platitudes aplenty regarding justice in today's society. To Riddhi, "law is humanity at its best with the power of enforcement." Also, the law ensures that each person is "entitled to the same measure of freedom and justice" and this "is a mighty powerful concept." Oh, and this, too: compared to the Soviet Union, "Our law is much different; its promises inspire." He then might ask if you know of a publisher for his book in progress, *A More Perfect Union: Evolution of Law and the Indian Community's Coming of Age in America*, due out in Spring 2005. He is also in search of a shorter title. But then, you may wonder, is this Riddhi fellow fighting for good, evil, or libertarianism? Things get unclear here. A card-carrying member of the "School of rational thought," he's "not fond of politicized terms like liberal, conservative or moderate because they capture no essence of jurisprudential philosophy." A Dasguptian jurisprudence, however, will "adhere to precedent except when the precedent itself becomes obsolete." And, yes, you probably will ask, what determines if precedent is obsolete? Maybe his book will provide a guide: it will "steer a middle road between Scalia [very conservative] and Brennan [very liberal]." Clearly he has big plans.

If Riddhi strikes you as a tad serious, just ask him what he does for fun. From experience, I can tell you his list will be way too long for a dust jacket profile. He understands this, and sums up his activities as a way of "getting the right things the right way for everyone. It's a combination of compassion, effectiveness, and strategy. Public service, music, cricket & contact sports, & the Law-Finance world."

Then, of course, there are the friends. Riddhi drops shoutouts with Wu-Tang proficiency. Wondering why he is so effusive, he will tell you he is "comfortable in the belief that we as people cannot live like isolated islands, it's my privilege to meet all these people."

It has by now become clear that he does not live on an island, or even a peninsula. Everyone walking by either throws him a nod or gets thrown a "hey buddy!" This will pique your interest. When you get back to your room, you will note the date—say, October 6—and log on to thefacebook.com, where you will realize that he has 1080 friends. That will be almost six hundred more than his nearest competitor. Your jaw will hit the floor, and then you will understand why he is being profiled.

The next time you see him, you will ask, why invite so many people? Why have so many friends? He will gently smile, remind you he's not an island, and say, "That's my end of the human covenant." You will still be confused, but you will nod, walk away, and accept his invitation. —AZZ

Illustrated by Edward Rueda
The Blue J is much too cosmopolitan to survive on annelidian—that’s “worms” to you—intestines, and regularly indulges in the culinary cornucopia that is her Morningside Heights. But this year, she realized, something is different; it’s as if every place to chow down (other than Riverside Park, of course) flew south for the winter.

Flapping and flopping out of the 116th subway station on her way back from a lovely summer spent roosting at Reid Hall, she nearly coughed up her gizzard when she saw that Ollie’s was shut down for “renovations.” It’s open now, with a new anime graffiti interior and the same quantity-not-quality cuisine, but the tone was set, and merely confirmed by a quick sortie over Broadway. No more 24-hour bagels to peck at, no more free pears to snatch from Westside Market, no more birdbath bacchanals at Canon’s. Surely it was different one block eastward, right?

Wrong. Soaring over campus and back onto Amsterdam, the J fell victim to another case of closing time. AmCaf, now cold and empty, was “set to open” sometime within this bird-decade: she could no longer nest in a toxic bowl of fruit punch after Baker Blast or nurse her beak with a beer after her Conversio Virium meeting. Her strutting peacock buddies—always willing to purchase the J a free libation—were shocked when they journeyed south, only to find Saints defrocked and dilapidated. And, while her favorite mating ground had reopened with a new décor and a slightly softer moniker, something about Mona made her pang for the old, now fully unrecognizable dancing days of Soha.

Hoping for the consistently acrid taste of stirred ferment, our heroine flocked for some hops. But, of course, Sip, the low-key watering hole of her grad-student acquaintance—Ornithology Ph.D. in three years, no more, no less—had gone the way of the Dodo cousins. And as if there were a vendetta against all establishments beginning with an S on Amsterdam, her wings got all clippy when she saw the closed doors of Sophia’s, that coziest of Italian restaurants. The days when the obnoxious busboys slipped penne into her waiting beak had come to an abrupt demise.

The J, troubled by the frequency of local closures, slid a thinking cap over her bird-brain and thought. And thought. And thought. And then she looked around, realizing that the best course of action would be to look on the east side of things and take advantage of all the wonderful, unfortunately little-known gems of the neighborhood, especially along Amsterdam. She could always splatter into the front windows of Italian-sounding establishments like Sezzmedi and Panino Sportivo; their pizzas, paninis, and pastas could add some serious meat to any bird’s chicken legs. The effortlessly hip duo of Max Café and Max Soha provided enough ambience for even a parrot, despite (or maybe thanks to) their lack of a definite closing time.

Until AmCaf returns, there is always the retro, moderately overpriced charm of the new Radio Perfecto, a few blocks closer than its renovating neighbor. And nothing could sate the Blue J’s craving for inexpensive, incredible ethnic cuisine more than the offerings of Amsterdam überbargains like Awash Ethiopian food and Taqueria’s Mexican fare. Then there’s Kitchenette, which has the best biscuits in a fifteen-block radius.

In fact, after a serious look at the problem the J concluded that the real tragedy is not so much the recent neighborhood closures but rather her fellow students’ failures to take advantage of all the area has to offer. A little willingness to fly over the campus gates could open up a whole new world of local palate pleasures.

Now there’s some bird feed for thought. ©

Illustrated by Ajay Kurian
Life in the Past Lane

The Columbia 250 Celebration has engendered a firestorm of orgiastic self-congratulation in the University community. Omnipresent timelines of the institution’s history attempt to paint a uniformly picturesque view of our quarter millennium of dominance over New York. The Blue and White, ever distrustful of revisionist history, wishes to sound a note of contrast by cataloging the following events which will no doubt convey to readers the more savory and often disreputable truth about our worldly Alma Mater.

1754: After going all the way with Molly O’Sullivan behind his father’s pig farm, Reginald Columbus gets hitched in a shotgun ceremony and is sent out into the world with nothing to his name but a rag on a stick and a penchant for academic institutions. Five months later, in a filthy boarding house on the Hudson, Columbia College is born.

1775: Lemuel Q. Franklin founds the club Students United for America which, for the first and only time in its illustrious 230-year history, is surprisingly effective.

1849: The College moves from Park Place, near City Hall, to 49th and Madison, presumably because that damn thimble already had the deed to Boardwalk.

1877: Fresh off of Rutherford B. Hayes’ controversial presidential victory, The Federalist publishes a special Reconstruction issue.

1896: Trustees formally designate Columbia as a university, where before it had been referred to as Sloppy Joe’s Academic Crab-Shack and Apothecary.

1919: In order to stop more worldwide calamities produced by powerful anti-democratic white men hellbent on misguided social engineering projects, Columbia makes every student read Plato’s Republic. Thank God they didn’t make us read myopic contemporary works like Keynes’s Economic Consequences of the Peace.

1940: Jack Kerouac is recruited to play for Columbia’s championship-winning football team, inaugurating long-standing hipster delusion among the student body and athletic delusion among the administration.

1951: Fearful of scourges such as the clap and television, Columbia administrators force all students to keep their room doors open at night, especially while entertaining imports from across Broadway. Starting a tradition that continues to this day, the West End responds by charging hourly for usage of its restroom facilities.

1954: Columbia celebrates its bicentennial.

1960: On their first day of classes as Columbia students, all freshmen are required to strip naked and swim the mandatory seventy-five yards of the swim test. This homage to the classical Greek Olympics not only releases a Core burden from the narrow shoulders of the freshman, it helps establish a new pecking order.

1984: Columbia celebrates its bicentennial again, only this one goes out to all the ladies.

2003: In celebration of Columbia’s 250th, President Bollinger leads a year of celebrations which brings the students enlightenment theretofore unknown to man and bacchanals soon legendary for their licentiousness. Student spirit pokes its head out, sees its shadow, and retreats for two hundred and fifty more years of collective apathy. ®
As fate would have it, three of the most conspicuous (ghostwritten works of recent months happen to be the products of women—Pamela Anderson, Paris Hilton, and Jenna Jameson—with blockbuster pornographic credentials. Although this plasticine triumvirate does not share any formal bonds, the mutual experiences of the trio constitute quite a lusty Venn Diagram. The two round, consistently firm circles of Ms. Anderson and Ms. Jameson intersect somewhere inside rocker Tommy Lee; both Ms. Hilton and Ms. Anderson have faced the embarrassment of leaked homemade videotape of the lascivious variety; et cetera. Try as I might to tread lightly on such prurient subject matter, there is little avoiding it. I will avoid the obvious blatancies, unlike so many others who giggle with glee at using the Latin preposition cum for naughty ends—nevertheless, forgive me.

Jameson’s How to Make Love Like a Porn Star: A Cautionary Tale is the heaviest (in content and, forgive me again, girth) effort of this bunch, and perhaps the only one worth reading. This brash, chaotic, compelling account (ghostwritten ten by Rolling Stone contributor Neil Strauss) of Jameson’s ascent to porn royalty and simultaneous plunge into the world of questionable substances and neo-Nazi biker rapists (and eventual happiness with her husband and director, Jay) is captured with the bravura, wit, and competent yet hammy prose of a Rolling Stone celebrity profile. An organizational mess of zig-zagging narrative, lists and drawings, Porn Star is often saved by Jameson’s rumor-mongering and blunt self-evaluation.

Anderson’s novel Star—a cheery, cheesy roman-a-clef about a small-town beer postergirl cum (!) centerfold and rockstar girlfriend—is half the length of Jameson’s sprawling oeuvre, and a tenth the substance. The heroine, named Star Wood Leigh (natch) faces the wild whirlwind of fame with not only heart, but also pluck, optimism, moxie, gumption, and spunk. If you find the daedal ethical intellectualism of Goofus and Gallant in Highlights for Kids problematic, Star should be perfect.

At least Anderson means well. Paris Hilton’s Confessions of an Heiress is another work of engrossing, appalling pop culture refuse from the star of America’s creepiest night-vision home video. This non-memoir is a glorified picture book, a stupefyingly vapid namedrop, a warped self-help guide rife with bizarre contradictions and advice along the lines of “Always tell everyone what they want to hear. Then do what you want.” Confessions’ self-involved haughtiness was so astounding that one can’t help but feel the level of reality contained within these blondes’ literary efforts is directly proportional to their standard levels of nudity: the porn star—who defends her career while castigating its culture of objectification—is grounded in reality, the centerfold sees the world as a Horatio Alger spectacle, and she-who-has-still-

Illustrated by Noreen Rana
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.

To them, breast cancer is probably something that provides entertainments to their monotonous late middle age.

10 Things I Love About S____
1. I Love the way you wink
2. I Love the way you blink
3. I Love the way you watch anime
4. I Love how you go to class all day...
You’re the man S____, keep on rocking

This man is the most handsome man my nine-year-old eyes have ever laid eyes on. “This man is your father,” my mother says as she points to the stranger.

Royal palm trees green the marina. They frond together, scissoring the sky into ragged black flaps. It’s a lullaby, I think drowsily, all of it: the wind, the waves, the scrotal sway of those two hairy coconuts.

Hook shot Peter and incredulous look, but said nothing. He began to remove his belt, yawning, and the boy fearfully bunched up his entire body.

At the time, Walkman was a refreshing shock that turned around my existing perception of electronic goods, and at the same time, it was an invitation to a new world. When I was opening my eyes towards this new world gradually, I made a new resolution. “Why can’t Korea make this type of product? I will take that challenge!”

CHARLOTTE
Married couples go through times like these. You just need to find an outlet.

SAMANTHA
What she needs does not require an outlet. Just a battery.
(Samantha is obviously referring to a vibrator.)

Il n’a pas beaucoup de personnalité,
Mais il sait dix fois dix.
Il n’est pas en Columbia College
Mai probablement en SEAS.

I am sorry to tell you this, but because I am your parent I know you. Anyone who knows you well, which is just me and your mother, can tell you that you are not choosing Penn for the right reasons. Do not think that I am blind or that because I am in the office a lot that I don’t know what you and your friends talk about. I know Penn is a party school and more importantly I know that you have no other reason to chose Penn over Columbia than that fact.

Though drinking alcohol is not illegal, it is forbidden in Buddhism, and it destroys millions of brain cells and your personality. Once, after my high school reunion party, I had to haul my intoxicated friend from the party to send him home. While I was carrying him, he not only vomited to my favorite jacket but also sang loudly regardless of people around there. This gave me enough reason not to consume alcohol.

Teachers refer to Laramie as “sophisticated” and “mature for her age,” but Big Red knows this is not what the teachers actually mean. Laramie still snorts milk through her wide nostrils. She reads at a fifth grade level. She defends herself against bathroom calumny by flicking snot berries at her detractors. What the teachers actually mean is that Laramie has huge boobs;
that she smells like coconut oil and unfiltered Camels; and that she gives it up to high school boys named Federico.

Kudos to you for action and poetry, G. I'm so lucky to be on this voyage with you and your book. Cervantes would high-five you. Boom! K

Infidels! Big Red thought. She had just learned this word in Social Studies, and would walk around thinking it in a thick Spanish accent. Sometimes she fantasized about a great pyre, where she burnt all of her heathen classmates. Manatees are God's creatures, not turds! she would roar. And my name is LILLITH!

Is it possible for a man to walk pass through a wall? Most people believe that "yes" is not an acceptable answer. But with my knowledge in Quantum Mechanics, I am eager to tell them that the answer is "yes, there is a possibility."

This film is the first film I ever saw that seriously made me realize how horrible colonialism in Africa really was. For this reason alone (and it is not alone) I am glad that this film was made and that I was fortunate enough to see it.

It's 2017 and I am lying on a tropical beach on a warm and breezy summer day.

First, this food is simple but strong. As you known, this is made of a few materials, so this taste is also simple. It fits all menus and ways of cooking. In the other words, this food is a helpful supporting actor. In addition to, it appears to me that it is best to eat it with a little soy sauce. If you try the genuine food in this way, you will realize that this food has a firm and strong presence. In the other words, this food is an outstanding main actor. I want to achieve such a versatile personality.

My birth was celebrated eight days later at one of the town synagogues during which part of my male anatomy was ceremoniously lopped off as a welcome into the covenant of Abraham. The congregation cheered, the rabbis nodded approvingly, my mother swooned, and I screeched in protest. This was to become my world throughout most of the first 18 years of my life.

The goggles are designed for little girls. They are part of the Ladyswimmer Snorkel Set. They retail for $7.99 at Walmart. They have scratchproof lenses and a stylish adjustable band. We are going to use them to find our dead sister, Olivia.

This lecture definitely clued me in to the immense importance of water.

That said, I have a lameball confession: your first story had me stump. To be honest, it felt more like a riddle than a story for me (What defecates in a corner, prefers asymmetry to salt, leaves home at 13, is invisible to its family.), which was fun to try to puzzle out but ultimately frustrating.

The underground campus would further cement Barnard as the most competitive and respected women's college in the nation, boosting application numbers and increasing the masses of well-known professors driven to obtain a coveted spot on the Barnard roster. Study Abroad candidates from all over the world would suddenly select Barnard as their number one choice, thereby increasing the opportunities of Barnard students themselves to go abroad in turn. Everyone would rush to be apart of the new—and only—subterranean campus.

There's no accounting for it. Dad jokes that my Mom must have had dalliances with a Minotaur, or a washing machine.

Now the goggles are all fogged up from my girly tears. Out of the corner of my eye, I think I see a half-buried something shining in the dark. Maybe it's my sister's ghost; or maybe it's a hubcap.

But, do not dismiss logic or science because these things may also play a role—a very important one.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

LIMERICKS ABOUT SHAKESPEAREANS

There once was a fleshy old hand
That belonged to a corpulent man
A scholar at Yale,
he went past the pale—
Let's say Missus Wolf ain't a fan.

Once, a historicist new
Made rather much an ado.
He found that his classes
Turned into asses
When they knew what historicists knew.

Of Shapiro's, Columbya has plenty
Jill, Michael, Daniel, and Benny,
Judith and James
And many more names:
In fact, there's a hundred and twenty.

—Matthew Harrison
Verily Veritas recently diagnosed himself with a stout case of ennui. Truthfully, no one excepting the late Samuel Beckett has ever accused Mr. Veritas of having a cloyingly sunny disposition. Despite this, his darker periods tend to fall safely within the bounds of torpor or malaise at most. Crises of a greater nature generally call for a level of exertion towards which Verily is quite unwilling to indulge himself. Enter the French, then, to furnish for him "ennui", a word connoting the sort of existential crisis one can enjoy from the comfort of a sturdy leather armchair. Yes, Verily Veritas has been in a rut. Worse, he could not even attribute his state to any of the usual suspects: his creditors, Harold Bloom, the women's liberation movement, etc.

No, Verily has just felt a tad useless lately, for a few reliable sources have informed him that "the intellectual" has joined God, Art, and Nietzsche in being dead, irrelevant, and part of the Contemporary Civilizations curriculum. The fact is Verily has always considered himself something of an intellectual, so the thought of a fresh spot in the natural history museum of outmoded concepts (right between Magical Realism and the Mini-Disc player) has left him a bit perturbed. The likelihood that it was true made it all the more alarming. Verily still remembers the morning Roland Barthes rang to tell him "the author" had passed away. Tragic as it was, we all moved on and became critics. Now the death of the intellectual hit closer to home, for Verily has, in a secretive and quaint way, always considered the word "intellectual" to describe his very nature. With all apologies to Heidegger, to be an intellectual was not a thing to be doffed on and off like a false moustache. It was as integral to Verily's person as his bel chapeau. Clearly then he could be forgiven a bit of ennui; non-existence tends to that effect. It also causes panic. What was Verily to do now? What credentials could he give? Would he have to stop wearing hats? No, Verily Veritas could not abide the uncertainty; he would regain his existential ground at all costs, provided they didn't entail flat front pants and a shiny tie.

Clearly, his old tricks wouldn't do. As an intellectual, he had been problematizing the living daylights out of everything from the "poetics of the cinema" to the "cinematics of the text" for years. Unhappily, his downtrodden state left him wondering whether he might have also problematized himself out of a livelihood. In other words, the business of the intellectual had been anything but business, so now, finally getting down to business, what would he do there?

You see, Verily lost his head for economics when local eateries stopped keeping tabs, so financial punditry was out of the question. Likewise, he admits that over a century of undergraduate status has left him quite politically naïve, so one more option was lost. He could here list endless skills left unacquired and philosophies found fruitless, but ennui fails to leave one patience for such fastidious cataloguing. Ultimately, Verily found that even his elitist handles on popular culture had run thin. As a colleague put it, his avant-garde wasn't really so avant anymore, or rather it had let down its garde altogether. He was surprised, though, to find this in itself a bit freeing, for lack of relevance surely equates to a lack of responsibility. Eliot said that a thousand policemen directing traffic cannot tell you why you come nor where you go. Verily imagines the same holds for one eternal undergraduate with an egregious affection for bow-ties.

So the short of it is that Verily Veritas has realized he has some time to kill while waiting for them to get it over with and move old Adorno to the Classics department. Happily enough, it was this very recognition that has started jarring him from his rut. For surely a waiting Veritas is Verily early, and earliness is a thing rare indeed for Verily, who finds himself so often beset by Lateness. So what if he could not move the world given a sufficiently removed place to sit—namely his reading desk. It seems to Verily that the world is moving with sufficient sturm und drang without him. Verily shall continue puffing, now with a renewed conscience, and luckily he will do so couched in the sturdiest of chairs. —Verily Veritas
ACROSS
1. Final word of James Joyce's modern version of 14-down
4. Sandwich ingredient frequently accompanied by J
6. Ecclesiastical line of work
15. "Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn."
18. Naval post
20. Used for seeing
21. Kodak's stock symbol
22. The theme of this puzzle
27. Traditionally, a Jewish foodstuffs store
29. Multimedia, for short
30. To the point
32. Mrs. Peron
33. Hebrew folk song "Al Kol -"
36. Absolutive plural of ia (Etruscan)
37. Swedish version of "Michael"
38. Status of Europe, circa 13th century
40. Famous Birmingham, AL arts patron, Robinson Stephens
42. Expert fighter pilot, type of playing card
43. Loveable Disney dog
44. Often grouped together with "myself" and
“T”
45. Opposite of 1-across
46. Popular calculator manufacturer (acronym)
47. “Gesundheit” prompt
48. Old-fashioned word for head
51. It’s usually nervous
53. Word for “Jew” especially popular in the 1930s
54. Famous boxer of the 1970s
55. State whose “Old Man of the Mountain” recently collapsed
56. Feeling largely dispensed with in the 1960s
58. Anagram of DKNG
59. Chinese pinyin for “I”
60. “Yam san nya sam iti p ra h u r - tam vid d h i p a n d a v a ”
61. Nostalgia-inducing music
63. That hurts!
64. Antonym of 56-down
65. Bug spray popular in the 1950s
66. Frequently sprinkled on potatoes
69. Middle name of a shepherdess popular from children’s tales
70. Department subdivided by hooks and ladders
71. Author of 14-down
72. Archaic word meaning “very large” (Spenser)
76. Popular boy band, example of 61-across
79. Gymnasium near Athens, Aristotle’s academy
81. Band variety typified by washboards, banjos, and accordions
82. Basque terrorist group, most active during the 1970s
84. Boinked by Joe DiMaggio and JFK, among others
85. Condition that sometimes accompanies extreme nostalgia

DOWN
2. Esophagogastroduodenoscopy, for short
3. Billy Wilder film starring 81-across
4. Intrinsically: “– 10-down”
5. Respectful form of address in some parts of Africa
6. Type of boat onetime lover of 81-across piloted in World War II
7. Rhesus factor, for short
8. Sicilian volcano
9. Popular housing option for overseas students on Claremont Avenue (acronym)
10. In and of itself: “4-down –”
11. Chronicler of fictional life and times on the mighty Mississippi
12. Salutation
13. Popular number
14. Core epic
16. First name of the Soviet who famously proclaimed “We will bury you” in 1956
17. “Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
Pontius Palate has been suffering from a mild case of over-indulgence. This is not to say that he has been given up his indomitable—or in-abdominable—search for gustatory gratification; nay, his intestinal grumblings continued unabated. Rather, a sudden hankering (or yen?) for maguro, combined with the effect of Hurricane Ivan on sashimi prices, left him financially indisposed.

Thus the beginning of last week found Pontius resigned to a grim fate. After all, he thought, a bankrupt epicure is scarcely as worthwhile as a giddy Schopenhauerist. Devoid of the financial wherewithal to continue his gastronomy, he was like an architect without a T-square or an engineer without Cliff’s Notes. But as he walked miserably towards John Jay Dining Hall to abandon his principles and perhaps his life, he was struck by a fortuitous blow of circumstance.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a tattered poster advertising “Free Food!!!” Wondering what culinary delight merited three exclamation points, he marched towards Van Am Quad, with images of escargot dancing in his eyes.

If there had been any escargot, they were escar-gone. At the very least, by the time he arrived, all that was remained was a couple of aproned student council types and a motley crew of scavengers. Pontius was sorely disappointed. Still, the sight of free meat grilling gave him an idea: he would cook! A moment’s distraction offered him the chance to walk off with a bag of chicken and a glimpse of hope.

That night, as he polished off a batch of panini he had made from two slices of pizza, an even better idea struck him. To prove that his skills in the kitchen hadn’t been repossessed along with his furniture, he would invite a handful of gourmands to his home the following Saturday, for a dinner cooked entirely of ingredients obtained for free. And, once the invitations were on their way, he set off for the scavenging.

Trips to Café 212 and Ferris Booth Commons in Lerner yielded a vast array of spices and condiments: salt, pepper, brown sugar, honey, ketchup, mayonnaise, lemon juice, soy sauce, and two sorts of mustard. Outside the piano lounge, the sweet sounds of “Music on the Ramps” were complemented by a vegetable plate starring a trio of bell peppers, carrots, and celery. And down by Roone Arledge, the Traditional Builders Forum provided entire towers of delectables. Buoyed by his successes, Pontius began to look farther afield.

Sneaking into Wein after a meeting of the Korean Law Students Association, he managed to escape with an entire container of cooked rice. Shortly thereafter, he donned a suit for the Bain Consulting job presentations and carried off a selection of cheeses and cruditées. And the Parents Weekend festivities allowed him to complete his menu, taking a variety of juices from their breakfast event, sliced onions from the Homecoming pep rally, and asparagus from the Parent Dinner.

At last the Saturday in question came, and the guests arrived. Pontius met them at the door with a tray of seared asparagus spears with buffalo mozzarella and cherry tomatoes. From there, the night moved rapidly, as Pontius served course after course. Several bottles of wine (brought by less feckless members of the party) were consumed, the conversation sparkled, and the once-heaping plates rapidly became empty, until at last everyone, happy and full, headed out into the night, leaving Pontius Palate, if still not satiated, at least self-satisfied.

-Pontius Palate

Illustrated by Michael Mallon
Soon after taking charge of Columbia College, Dean Herbert E. Hawkes found himself embroiled in a controversy regarding that age-old Jewish problem. On June 9, 1922, the Yale-trained mathematician mailed a rationalization of his stance to Zoology Professor Edward Beecher Wilson, one of the world's ranking geneticists. The Blue and White thanks Professor Harold Wechsler and Malcolm Gladwell for their assistance in directing us to this letter.

My Dear Professor Wilson,

The recent newspaper controversy in regard to Jews is about as sensible as most newspaper controversies. Of course the Harvard people made a terrible break in making the kind of an announcement that they did. I understand that President Lowell is directly responsible for the difficulty.

The only reason that I have been very careful not to get into print in regard to the matter is because this is one of the questions concerning which no one will believe what you say unless it happens to coincide with their own race prejudice. The Nation contained a characteristically unfair editorial the other day but everyone knows that The Nation neither has the capacity nor the tradition nor the will to speak the truth. As far as I am concerned and as far as our Department of Admissions is concerned, the facts are these. I have no desire whatever to eliminate the Jew from Columbia College. Situated as we are in New York we ought to furnish the very best education we can to a good many of them and as a matter of fact the cream of the Jews constitutes a very fine body of people in my opinion. I believe that we ought to carry at least 15% of Jews and I do not think that 20% is excessive for Columbia College.

It is true that during the administration of our mental test the percentage of Jews has been cut down but this is not due at all to the fact that they are Jews. All our cards are on the table right side up for anyone who wants to look at them and has a right to do so. Of course I would not let a person like the representative of The Nation see anything at all for I would know that they are liars by instinct and training and would misinterpret everything that they saw. But the fact is that we have nothing to hide or to keep quiet about in regard to the whole matter except for the impossibility of being believed when telling the truth in a matter of this kind.

What we have been trying to do is to eliminate the low grade boy. We had 1200 applications for admission last fall and could accommodate only 550. This meant that somebody had to lose out. We have not eliminated boys because they were Jews and do not propose to do so. We have honestly attempted to eliminate the lowest grade of applicant and it turns out that a good many of the low grade men are New York City Jews. It is a fact that boys of foreign parentage who have no background in may cases attempt to educate themselves beyond their intelligence. Their accomplishment is well over 100% of their ability on account of tremendous energy and ambition. I do not believe however that a College would do well to admit too many men of low mentality who have ambition but not brains. At any rate this is the principle on which we are going.

I wish that you would tell me what Columbia people have stated that our Intelligence Examinations are intended to discriminate against the Jew and are judged with that idea in mind. It is very easy to say a thing of this kind and it is an absolute perversion of the truth and does not do justice to the honesty and decency of the people who are trying to administer these tests.

CURIO continued on page 19
Take Me Out to the Bawl Game
by Avi Zenilman

The stereotype goes as such: Sentimentality is a tricky beast to tease out of the stifled male; he laughs at the death/music in *Love Story*, cackles at Romeo—that foolish pansy!—mistaking sleep for death, and consistently uses words like “mawkish,” “chintzy,” or “overwrought” to describe the works of art that cause his more sensitive friends to tearfully emote. (True, most men don’t use those words. But things change when you start writing for pretentious magazines.)

The characterization is stale and clichéed, but then again so are most males. For example, I have compiled a short (of course) list of things that have made me cry: the scene in *Fantasia* when the dinosaurs go extinct, *Schindler’s List*, and nearly every documentary produced by ESPN Classic. Blame the first on youth, and the second on survivor guilt. Blame the third on the rest of this article.

Raise your hand if you’ve seen the “Sportscentury” on Ernie Davis, one of the first black men to win the Heisman Trophy. No? Good. The story is boilerplate for Cuba Gooding Jr, replete with racial adversity cum team harmony, a rags-to-riches trajectory, and leukemia. It made me bawl like the Lifetime Network never could.

It is no surprise that cancer, faux-washed photographs, and an impossibly maudlin score was easy game for the professional tear-mongers at ESPN-C headquarters, but they really show their utter dominance of my soul in their lesser productions. A 1994 NCAA regional basketball final was portrayed in quasi-epic proportion: the apex of Duke’s dynasty (they won) and the inspiring, but failed, re-arrival of Kentucky on the national scene (they lost). Somehow, the picture of saddened hicks in floppy jerseys at the end of the game left me once again in tears, pushed along by a fleet of seventy wailing violins.

If this all sounds surreal, you haven’t spent enough time in the outer reaches of your cable box. ESPN-C is usually located one or two channels up the dial from regular sports networks, which spend their days broadcasting live events, breaking news, and shows that are firmly stuck in the present. These networks allow you to watch the world unfold, but there’s no context, no narrative arc. ESPN-C—only two clicks away!—folds the world up into an origami duck; in their universe, every year, every mediocre season can be compressed into a half-hour block that follows an epic, predictable plotline. Context, normally lacking, is distorted and projected into greatness with the help of an overwrought score, self-important interviews, and the ever-present, ever-pontificating narrator.

But, still, why cry? Because of the element of surprise. The common male stereotype usually goes hand-in-hand with a feminist counter-stereotype of repression. Men would cry, they say, but instead repress this base urge by throwing themselves headlong into things like watching sports for its body-to-body warfare, constant aggrandizement, contrived self-importance and overwhelming aggression. And they’re right: sport is the pinnacle of modern masculine expression. (Other than war. But I’ll get to that.)

And, from the perch of this pinnacle, who’s expecting formalized aesthetic beauty or grace or a stirring wind quartet or cancer? I don’t cry during Olympic gymnastics or, God forbid, figure skating, because society—or, more...
specifically, NBC—has imbued these events with endless personal journeys and emotion. Every four years they try to hit the jugular of sentimentality, and that’s all they look for, while the normal gamut of sporting events replay themselves daily, weekly, and seasonally, so there’s usually only time for the broadcast and at most a modicum of punditry. I’m not expecting a concerted, demarcated emotional narrative from my daily round-up. And, so, when this emotional narrative reveals itself, it’s so jarring, so immediate, and so intricately crafted by employees of Disney that the only possible recourse is to suddenly become a girlie, girlie man.

The above paragraph is the point in the article where the ghost of Lionel Trilling would likely emerge, look at the surprising combination of lyricism and testosterone and suggest, hey, aren’t you describing the Iliad?

CURIO continued from page 17

I have said nothing in this letter you need to regard as so confidential as to destroy the possibility of identifying it. The only reason I would not say to anyone what I have said to you is that a certain kind of person seems to like to assume that we are trying to put something over on the Jews regardless of what we may say about it.

Cordially yours,
H. E. Hawkes

P.S. On reading this letter I think that there is one additional remark I ought to make. When a man is responsible for the development of an institution involving as it does traditions and a heritage which may have required decades to develop, it is certain that he bears a very heavy responsibility to his institution and to the community. He has no right to take steps that will destroy the value of the institution. For instance, if a thousand men from France should present themselves to Columbia College for admission and were better qualified to pass our entrance examinations than young men from our normal clientele, I should feel that some steps ought to be taken so that it would be impossible to admit them all. It would so modify the work that we are trying to accomplish and that in a short time the work of 150 years would largely be undone. The same kind of remark may be made with regard to Jews, colored people, and other groups which are more or less distinctive. We ought to be glad to have as many of each kind as in our judgment the institution can stand but to say that there should be no limit to the number of men of a given type who may present themselves to College, seems to me a surrender on the part of the administration of one of the most important responsibilities that we bear.

SILICON continued from page 9

not-yet-posed-for-Playboy-despite-that-confidential-video lives in some foreign fantasy.

But, really, who are we to blame Paris Hilton for her fortunate residence in the lucky sperm club? Every society needs its outliers, its conceited, sneering, ignorant alpha prisses. At this precipice of human functionality, reality is different—it’s what we see on “Cribs.” And, in Confessions, you can clearly see the bared nadir of human decency. Which is why I recommend you go to your local neighborhood bookstore, pick up a copy, sit down in the aisle, and read it cover-to-cover. You may not be able to put it down, but, thirty minutes later, you shall be grateful you didn’t pay for it. -Paul Barndt

October 2004
In the year since Edward Said's death last September, the posthumous publication of his various writings and lectures continues. Reflections upon his life, tributes to his thought, and, as always, attacks upon his affiliations form a growing collection. And with their appearance, one can see more and more the gradual shaping of his legacy, a process still only in its early stages and in revision with each new addition to his work.

It is scarcely simple to get a sure handle on a thinker who commanded attention in so many capacities—as a political activist and public intellectual but also as a literary scholar, literary and music critic, teacher, and pianist. More to the point, these roles were not cubbyholes into which he could be slotted at any one time. Instead, as a consummate passeur and therefore an exceptionally busy and travelling figure, he displayed an enviable ability not only to slip through these partitions, but also to hold them together in mind and see them in new relations. Said was a professor in Columbia's English department for forty years, firmly lodged in academia throughout his career, but he never settled into complacency.

Said's last completed book, Humanism and Democratic Criticism, is the single work among his late output that has the most to say of immediate interest to those of us proceeding through Columbia's vaunted Core Curriculum. The slim volume gathers a series of lectures Said gave at Columbia on humanism and critical practice in contemporary intellectual life in the United States, alongside two other pieces: his new introduction to Erich Auerbach's Mimesis (“the greatest and most influential literary humanistic work of the past half-century”) and a concluding essay that focuses on the public intellectual.

In other words, Said's primary subject is the "humanities crisis" or so-called "cultural wars" waged in the academic world—the thicket of issues that rise around the status of the Western canon of literature, art, and music viewed as the summa of human achievement. Said readily embraces the designation of "humanist." Turning directly to the Columbia College education, he affirms the absolute importance "in all sorts of positive ways" of the Literature Humanities course, because of "the almost terrifyingly major and central quality of the readings" and the time spent "defending the significance of reading them to the world at large."

Said desired that humanism and the canon be distinguished from simple cultural stodginess. This requires a reframing and redescription of the arguments about the humanities that commonly arise. As Said has said elsewhere in an interview, "polemics on both sides in this stupid debate are so basically ill-informed." The mantle of humanism must be reconstructed and saved from the few practitioners whose abuse discredits it.

Due to caricatures of his work, Said will not strike many as the expected self-acknowledged humanist and defender of the Western canon of our times. His association with the ferociously anti-humanist structuralist and post-structuralist thinking from late '60s and '70s, his reputation for the often misrepresented critiques Orientalism (1978) and Culture and Imperialism (1993), his work's immense influence in the field of post-colonial studies—all of these factors have lead to opponents simplistically branding him "anti-West." But Said sustained his belief in humanism even as he employed

Illustrated by Ajay Karian
the insights of Foucault and even as critics from the post-colonial left and postmodern cultural-studies left found occasions to impugn him for studying and emphasizing a domain of "high-class art" separate from "junk," as he put the distinction. Popular culture, popular music, cinema, and the avant-garde unfortunately never did show up on Said's radar. Traditional and conservative in taste in Anglo-American and European culture, it was by and large opera, classical music, and the established tradition of Anglo-American literature that most inspired his passions.

Said embraced the aesthetic and intellectual complexities of the literary and musical works he discussed in a way that rebuffed others' attempts to simply reduce him to the political facet of his work or to crudely denounce him as a politicizing ideologue. He moved elegantly between seeing the worldly, politicized place of an artistic work, and respecting its unique autonomy. Said could not go along with those who readily dismiss works of the Western canon or the canon tout court as imperialist, summarily wiping their hands of it. Said, after all, cited Joseph Conrad, on whom he wrote his first book in 1966, as the "great figure of my imaginary life," while he credited Vico, the Neapolitan philosopher and author of *The New Science* (1744), as one of the great influences in his life.

Said's humanism points to Vico's original, secular formulation of history—the notion that human beings make their own history and historical knowledge, and we can understand it because we make it. In this vein, the humanities concern "the critical investigation of values, history, and freedom," and "a continuous process of self-understanding and self-realization." Threatening this humanism of constant reading and interpretation, Said contends, are those traditionalists (Allan Bloom, Roger Kimball, Harold Bloom, Samuel Huntington—each distinctive, all familiar targets of Said's) who culminate with a moralizing vehemence or sentimentalizing gloom against the unruliness they see besetting a narrow, elite community that acts as a steward to an unchanging order. From a different direction, Said finds the growing pressure in intellectual realms toward specialization and fragmentation—the loss of a shared way of speaking and shared material to speak about, and therefore a diminishing awareness of the world—to be a problem for humanism's future as well.

The revitalized humanism Said developed advocates expanding the Western tradition while also deepening study of the existing canon, which he reminds us is always unresolved itself. The "combinations and diversity," the "countercurrents" and "streak[s] of radical antiauthoritarian dissent" in traditions must be sought out, and the enemy is the "lifeless monumentality of the kind that Nietzsche and Emerson so properly decried." It is an argument for perpetually leaving the canon in tension.

The invigorating effects of tension reappear in his essay "Thoughts on Late Style," published posthumously in the *London Review of Books* this past summer. There, Said thinks of the artist in the last phase of his or her career as taking one of two paths or one of two temperaments toward death. Artists of the first tendency—Said names Shakespeare (*The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*) and Sophocles (*Oedipus at Colonus*) as exemplars—sound a note of autumnal repose and harmony, of exquisitely modulated composure and grace. Artists driven by the second impulse, however, endlessly pursue new difficulties with astonishing tenacity, seeking greater irreconcilability, intransigence, and complexity. Said sets before us the utter lack of resolution to be found in Beethoven, the Italian novelist Lampedusa, and the Greek poet Cavafy, invoking Adorno's ruminations on negation and confrontation with oblivion in art.

Clearly Said knew which path he took. Even in a filmed interview in the fall of 2002, roughly eleven years after being diagnosed with leukemia, he could still insist on his attraction to "the very difficult" and speak of "viscerally" repudiating the idea of resting, despite feeling "completely drained." To "open up even as you are going down" was his imperative. To keep the canon living, Said's appeal is to the model of the canon in its musical sense—"a contrapuntal form." And in this way his thinking about humanism finds its place in his whole body of work. Speaking about late style and the counterpoint that gives life to his thinking, he repeats the words of the English poet Gerard Manley Hopkins: "all things counter, original, spare."
The Tongue Slips
by Jacob Shell

The world map has been drawn by the kiss of the sardine. Philip the Lisper thwarted Sardinia in seventeen-seventeen, seeking sardines to fill lips of assorted Spanish seventeens. At Labia Slip the fishers unlade their Sardinia, seasticks descaled to make lipstick of scaled detail.

These sexy pisces, sated sardines: swimmers of the sea's salty undermuck, livelihood of the Luciphones and New Brunswiskers, school after school of fish canned in olive smears; some, the silverest sliveriest skinned to supply incandescence to that most effective effeminine embellishment, the lips of Lady Jolie (The French slip: Jolie and Laide, beauty and deformity synchronized, like Angelina's two hued oral ichtheosaurs.)

So that shimmering lipstick ingredient identified as pearlessence, though celestial in sheen, is aquatic in extraction: mariners of Eastport, Passamaquoddy, sardine capital of the seas, Mainemen with weathercracked lips, lifting up lips from the fundied deep, selling them to the international girlsips industry, one penny to the pound, one pip per lip. Spills upon spills of essential pearls are those sardinian lips.

Then the lick: like the tongue is language, what is the lip against which that tongue slips? What the twin red pescadoes enveloping one another in the mouthy water, forming a whirlpool of shiboleths? Did Philip, tongue filling his lips, invade Sardinia not only for girlsips, but also to cure his lisp? O flesh, the lips then flip, flesh how art thou fishified!

(To be accompanied by an illustration of two sardines, or herring, curling about one another in the shape of the Sign of Pisces; or, perhaps, depending on the opinion of a Mr. Mallow, first name Michael, or that of a Ms. Thinshirt, oops, I mean Rachele, first name Shameless, only an illustration of a single sardine. ~J. Shell)
The Sound and the Frippery
by Nikil Saval

Excerpt from Absalom, Absalom!
by Henry James

He waited, unconscionably, Thomas Sutpen; the great pasture—if in such a vulgar way it could, indeed, be named—lay supine before him, composed of so many types of sod like so many bells in a curio shop in Haiti, in which he could, with a capacious palm, tap each to each to make them ring. All put together, it appeared to be 100 acres; it was more than he could handle; he would have to, as it were, “make do.”

He said, smokingly, drawing long, languorous puffs from his cigar, “I have, as you must know, designs.”

“Prodigious ones, I presume?” cried the architect.

“Prodigious.”

“Absolutely!” He raised his staff haughtily. “Eh bien, mon prince! Young men of your sort are always up to some sort of design.”

The expression on his countenance, ever so delicately, was hanging fire. “I am older than most people who have died,” he said, grimly.

The French architect laughed with a vague undertone of protest. He tapped his cane lightly against the ground, nervously, like a St. Matthew figure in a tableaux vivant, in which the participant has, in a “roundabout” and mischievous way, chosen an Andrea del Sarto lunette—faultless, no doubt! He was a man would who was forever to be dubbed by his aunts, prematurely, “half-dead.” Viewing Thomas Sutpen, the architect took into regard the whole situation of the south; the word “demon,” a stark vulgarity, came inexplicably, irreparably, to his altogether unsound mind, as would a furry midge, drifting idly up his unbuttoned and slovenly, as who should say, sleeve.

Excerpt from The Wings of the Dove
by William Faulkner

Because Milly is not dead. She was not even born. Out of the grim unyielding philoprimitive canal-dust of Venice Merton Densher beat onto the great wide dead Piazza of San Marco where he saw as if blinded by the deep dark lightning-murk of the rain-lurked square the myriad wraith dead figure that he had dreaded Kate is not my sister Aunt Maud I have Aunt Maud Kate’s Sister sinned Aunt Maud I have sinned would come, like a half-dead Fury in Greek tragedy tearing himself from the flagging grim ectoplasmogynecological undust of Not-England:

And you are—
Lord Mark.
And you—
Just arrived.
And you are—
Lord Mark.

“Tell me something,” asked Lord Mark. “Why must you ever be as you were?”

“I won’t,” Densher said, muttering in the rain-swept square. “I will never be as I was.” I won’t! I won’t! I’ll never be as I was! I won’t! ⋆

October 2004
On Monday, September 27, the Department of Art History and Archaeology kicked off its new Bettman lecture series with “The Legacy of Meyer Schapiro,” a celebration of the late great big kahuna of modern, medieval, and primitive art history. Luminaries from L.A. to Paris came to remember the Columbia don who spent a large chunk of the 20th century saving his discipline—or, more accurately, disciplines—from myopic Victorian formalism.

The evening started, and peaked, with a screening of a Schapiro lecture from the early 1980s on early medieval manuscript illumination. For those who don’t spend their free time in the bowels of Avery library, this subject is normally about as boring as, well, watching paint dry.

But it wouldn’t have mattered if he’d given his lecture, “An Experiment in the Coherence of Form,” on the history of medical textbook illustrations and spoken entirely in Pig Latin. If alive today, the man would be appointed King of culpa. Gesticulating furiously and grinning like a little boy, Schapiro began by projecting a page from a seventh-century religious manuscript, and started to explain why 19th-century scholars, most famously John Ruskin, considered this period inferior. (It should be noted this was still the conventional view throughout most of the 20th century. Schapiro’s scholarship was crucial in debunking this interpretation.)

The page displayed a monk wearing a densely patterned robe. All seemed in perfect order: the bell-shaped garb, the face, the intricate decorative border framing the page. And then there were his feet. They both pointed right. A place for everything, everything in its place, and then, insanely, the calm monk’s feet walk right off the page. No wonder Ruskin got so bent out of shape! Schapiro, ever the highbrow jokester, feinted agreement by whipping out a second slide containing the same picture, with a catch: the monk’s feet had been “corrected.”

He asked if anyone preferred the symmetrical image, and without waiting, began to explain why not. The fussy ornament on the border, which our busy eyes erase like visual static, ran clockwise: therefore to the left beneath the man’s feet. Center the feet, he asserted, and a counter-rhythm is deleted, silencing the greater part of the piece’s harmony.

Schapiro continued with several more images from loosely contemporary Western European manuscripts. Each image displayed the same strangeness, almost awkwardness, typical of the period. A horizontally oriented lion jammed itself into a narrow vertical frame; a fantastic man with eyes in his breast gripped his own border. In every example, Schapiro noted that the coherence of the images depended on the interaction between the figure and its frame. Likening each element to separate melodies, he suggested that the dissonances between them heightened the interest of the complete work by utilizing the frame as an active player in the visual composition, not just a mere enclosure. Applying his observation to later eras, he pointed out the rhythmic interactions between the hand of the figure in a Van Eyck portrait and the rolling hills in the background.

The film of Schapiro’s lecture was little more than half an hour; afterwards the lights came up on a roundtable discussion (in this case more a debate) between David Rosand, Meyer Schapiro Professor of Art History at Columbia and a former student of Schapiro’s; Tom Crow, art world whore; and Hubert Damisch, obscurist French academic. All three have written on Schapiro and had their own distinct take on his theories. Fisticuffs between the aggressive Prof. Crow (the rare breed of social art historian grown only in California, c. 1970) and the elderly Damisch did not quite materialize, but...
The Unshackled Mind:
Czeslaw Milosz (1911-2004)

When a dead man is reverently eulogized by a prominent intellectual, the literary editors of two prestigious journals, and two Nobel laureates, it is a good idea to take note—especially when they all think he’s great, but cannot agree on just what was so great about him. Czeslaw Milosz belonged to the exclusive club of Soviet bloc writer-dissidents whose members (Brodsky, Havel, and, in a different sense, Solzhenitsyn) are today shorthand for liberal anti-Communism. Instead of apologizing for totalitarianism, they fought it, with the pen as their sword and—at least in Milosz’s case—exile as their reluctant shield.

Milosz always seemed to be in the most important places at their most important times, an Eastern European Forrest Gump. He grew up in the cosmopolitan mix of interwar Vilnius; moved to Warsaw in 1937, where he witnessed the invasion and joined the Uprising; defected to postwar Paris, where he hung out with Camus and composed the anti-Stalinist masterpiece, The Captive Mind; arrived in Berkeley, where he taught for two decades as the New Left ascended; and received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1980, just as Solidarity emerged, becoming a Polish national hero overnight—according to fellow Nobel laureate Robert Pinsky, “In a time of food shortages and short money, queues of people waiting to buy the book extended for blocks.” A prolific poet through his eighties, he died in Krakow on August 14th.

It seems reflexive to deem Milosz a liberal. But how many liberals would Joseph Bottum, the Weekly Standard’s Books and Arts Editor, esteem a “miracle,” or the National Review editorial board call a “happy exception” to the other Nobel laureates “stuck in a Sixties timewarp?”

Indeed, the authors of all the appreciations I read attempted to appropriate Milosz as an authority for their worldviews. The result was a well-informed confusion: I felt like I knew more about the man after one obituary than I did after six. Nobel laureate Seamus Heaney hails him as “a credible witness to this immemorial belief in the saving power of poetry”; Leon Wieseltier, the literary editor of The New Republic, dubs him “liberalism’s aristocrat”; and Christopher Hitchens, a leftist turned libertarian, utilizes Milosz to align Islamist terrorists with Stalin. Most allude to Milosz’s persistent Catholicism, but Hitchens—who recently declared, “All religious belief is sinister and infantile and belongs to the backward childhood of the race”—conspicuously ignores Milosz’s undeniable, and vital, religiosity.

And none of their points actually contradict another. Milosz simply was paradoxical: a Berkeley professor and an acquaintance of Paul Wolfowitz, a political secularist and a life-long friend of John Paul II, an essayist and a poet. He was a leftist and an anti-Stalinist, too, but Milosz had the foresight and courage to deem this dichotomy false. He was paradoxical, but he was no Janus.

Sifting the appreciations, what emerges is a lover of truth. Bottum argues, “Poles still read [his] poetry for its truth.” Heaney situates his prose in “a long single combat with shape-shifting untruth,” and says his poetry “convince[d] you that here, too, he was telling the truth.” Wiesel...
An Elegy for King Leer
by Michelle Legro

The Blue and White has of late accrued quite a few staffers of the female persuasion including for the first time in our illustrious 122-year history, an editrix-in-chief. While the late night pajama parties and lanyard sessions have been more than enlightening (in matters follicular and not), one nubile staffer, feeling a bit woozy from the Smirnoff Ice, sent us this misogynist manifesto in miniature.

It took five hundred years and one rather spectacular handlebar moustache for plumbing enthusiast Marcel Duchamp to reveal to the world what Leonardo da Vinci had known since the beginning. Mona was a LHOOQ-er no doubt, but for those of us schooled in the tongue of French phonetics she was all that and a little more. Elle a chaud cul—she has a hot ass.

With ogle and observation, this lecherous luminary brought us to the edge of a beautiful new world, a world where nothing was sacred and the Mona Lisa was the truckstop floozy we always knew her to be. Duchamp revealed the masterpiece behind every master piece of ass and I thank him for it, for the world shows little faith in objectification, making this writer an abject object indeed.

The goddesses of yore have recently fled their ivory pedestals, preferring instead to hoof it alongside mere mortals. Yet every now and then some perceptive young man, neck flared red like a cardinal in heat, will glance over at a deposed siren and call out her true identity.

"Hey, nice rack! Wooooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww
Students of Professor Akeel Bilgrami's will no doubt be amused to find an obviously dated photograph on the philosopher's official department webpage. The photo, featuring a far younger Bilgrami with shirt unbuttoned and flowing hair let loose in the wind, offers a glimpse of Columbia's future Johnsonian Professor of Philosophy considering the crucial questions of existence with a distant look that says, "Touch me, baby, I'm a Rhodes scholar."

Bilgrami's mini-fashion spread has also caught eyes of non-BoW affiliates. On the first day of his Intro to Symbolic Logic class, Associate Professor John Collins highlighted the tendency amongst his colleagues to post younger and younger pictures of themselves on the net. Pulling down his personal site on an electric projection screen, Collins showed off his own webshot—a black and white photo of the philosopher as a young boy asleep in bed with a book. Added Collins, "and if Bilgrami thinks he can go younger, I've got one of me at eight days old."

Economics students take note: Prof. Xavier Sala-i-Martin's office hours are at 2AM on Saturdays. That is 2AM on the night following Friday. Drink specials are posted on the outside of his door. 18 to party, 21 with two IDs to drink. Questions about the global economy or economic development optional.

Overheard in the canned soup aisle of Morton Williams:
Girl 1: So, I found out he has a girlfriend. She's abroad. Damn.
Girl 2: That's okay. (pauses)
She's out of the country. (pause)
Fuck him. (pause)
Fuck him. (pause)
Fuck him. (another pause)
I can't wait to go to the gym tomorrow.

The Barnard Knitting Club has posted signs around campus inviting the general public to a weekly "Stitch and Bitch." The Blue and White can only hope such festivities are followed by afterwards by a "Purl and Hurl."

The following question appears in the Trivia section of the 2004-2005 edition of Columbia Campus Pages:

According to Lit Hum, the Romans were originally what people?

a. The Greeks
b. The Etruscans
c. The Phoenecians
d. The Trojans

Columbia College students, of course, know that (d) is the correct answer. Others, however, will simply have to wait for the release of Troy on DVD to find out.

served as chief negotiator [in the] Strategic Anus Reduction Talks (START)." The B&W applauds the good general’s noble efforts at reducing the threat of both warheads and anii, in the hopes of rearing a safer world for future generations.

"I'm not in the Core [Curriculum] because I'm a marginal Asian."

- Professor Robert Thurman, smirking amusedly at his Buddhism students.

FROM THE DEPT. OF DEPENDING ON THE KINDNESS OF ADMINISTRATORS:
One B&W staffer was recently surprised and flattered to be set up on blind dates with two different men, by two different CU administrators, on the same day. While the phrase “He’s just really neat, and I think you’d like to get to know him” was heavily emphasized in each case, the words, “I checked his GPA, and I approve; he’s probably good enough for you” were also included in one analysis. The Blue and White, always ready to give credit where due, notes that claims of poor student advising are grossly exaggerated.

In a recent e-mail to the students of Civilizing Processes: 1500-1750, Prof. Matthew Jones made it quite clear why why Columbia history professors have the highest rate of seppuku in the tri-state area:

“It’s only the first set of readings and already I have erred considerably. The subdivisions of this edition of Norman Elia’s The Civilizing Process are quite different from the one of yore. Shame will be on my family for at least three generations. Sorry.”

Written on a battered Mercator projection pinned to the wall of the Plimpton basement:

WARNING: Thou musn’t trust this cartographical representation as it creates illusions of grandeur. Take Heed! Love always, The Management

Jack McGourty, on the inspiration for a slide displayed in his Engineering and Society class: “This came to me in a dream last night, although the dream was sexual in nature.” Several female students shifted awkwardly in their seats.

Sent to the denizens of Carman after a long night of dubious alcohol confiscation:

“Residents of Carman, we recently have had someone posing as an RA on duty. Please know that posing as an RA or member of the Residential Programs Staff is a serious issue. If caught, you will have a disciplinary hearing.”

In a completely unrelated story, former University President George Rupp was recently spotted on campus.

Procrastinating one Saturday afternoon, one B&W staffer wished to hear what his ROLM voice mail greeting sounded like. He programmed his dorm number into his cellphone and dialed, reading an internet music review as he waited. When the ROLM phone started ringing, the bright young chap closed up his cellular and anxiously attempted to answer, with the hopeful belief that someone was calling him. The other end, sadly, disclosed only a dial tone. All interested in joining the best and the brightest at The Blue and White should e-mail theblueandwhite@columbia.edu.

THE BULLIET FILES:
The Blue and White regrets to inform its readership that the Bulliet Files are closed pending the return of Professor Bulliet’s acerbic wit.

The Spectator... it’s compensating!