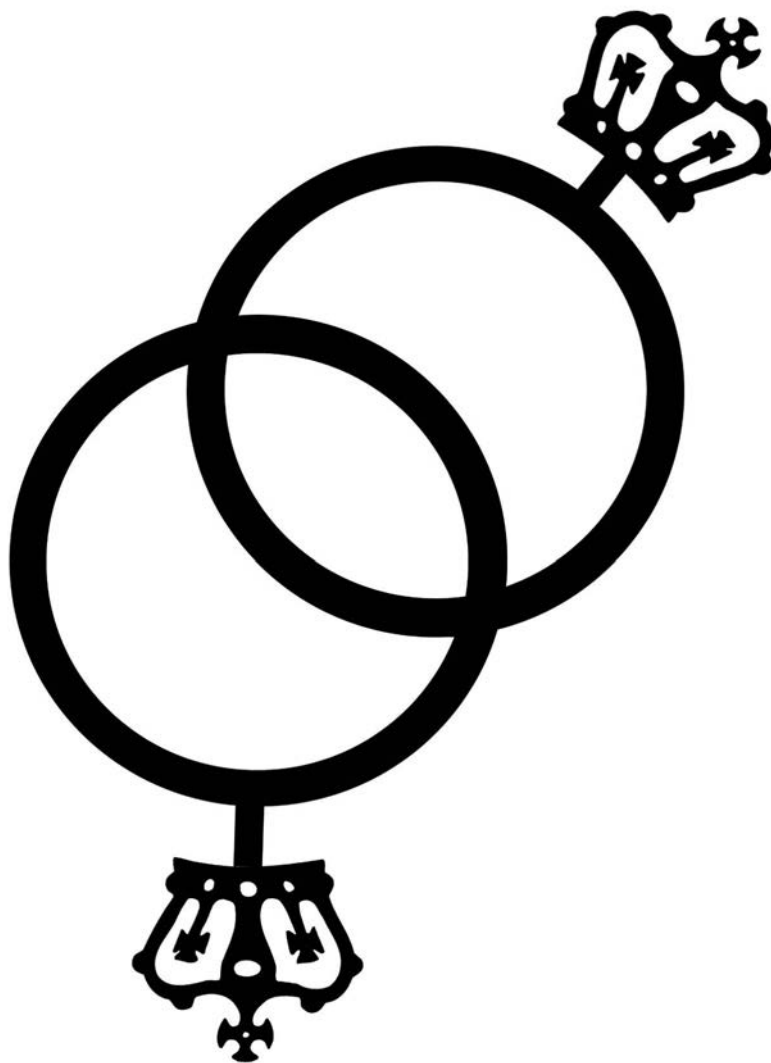


# THE BLUE AND WHITE

Vol. XII No. I September 2005  
*Columbia University in the City of New York*



MY LIFE AS A CHECHEN  
by David Plotz

CONSERVATIVES ARE PEOPLE TOO  
by Benjamin Levitan

BULLSHIT HUM  
by Michelle Legro



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# THE BLUE AND WHITE

Vol. XII

FAMAM EXTENDIMUS FACTIS

No. I

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orientation for first-years offers many lessons, most of which one cannot glean from foggy memories so much as from the curiously stained carpet, that keeper of truth. As colorful and boundless as that week’s education may have appeared to you, dear first-years, post-orientation life does offer some novel challenges: scuffles in Chinatown after a heated game of Three Card Monte; a calculus professor with only a rudimentary knowledge of both the Cartesian plane and pronouns; fending off socialists with a smile and a tire iron. Certainly then, there are many opportunities to trek toward self-actualization. But treacherous journeys like this require a detailed map. And though cartography isn’t exactly *THE BLUE AND WHITE*’s bag, we do consider ourselves the North Star of campus life—a veritable compass to guide weary students to wisdom, morality, and scatology. Ergo, in this first issue of the year, we offer instruction on survival at Columbia—the only survival guide that doesn’t encourage eviscerating a bunny and drinking your own urine. At least, not until second semester.

In any new culture, one must deal with language barriers. Although many students claim proficiency in English, Columbia’s lexicon is one of agonizing harmonies: Meta. Discourse. Douchebag. In a rare outtake from the Columbia dictionary (p. 10), Hector Chavez breaks down that awkwardly charming student jive, so that we can sound less retarded—or maybe more so?

Regardless of linguistic failings, Columbians can always find solace in one fact: at least we’re not Chechens. But that doesn’t mean we can’t be mistaken for them, as David Plotz discovered whilst abroad in Russia. Yes, racial profiling is alive and well in the Great Bear of Eurasia. See “My Life as a Chechen” on p. 8.

In solidarity with our Chechen brethren, *THE BLUE AND WHITE* has begun to strive for its own legitimacy. While retaining our sterling reputation for high art and low humor, we are also ushering in a period of more legitimate “content.” Yes, we’ve put our crack team of reporters onto real articles. See Benjamin Levitan’s deep undercover investigation of conservative historians (p. 16). It is an example of some fine, new-fangled journalism we hope to bring you in the future. *Grozny!* ☼

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# Campus Characters

*You might not know the following figures—but you should. In *Campus Characters*, THE BLUE AND WHITE introduces you to a handful of Columbians who are up to interesting and extraordinary things, and whose stories beg to be shared. If you'd like to suggest a Campus Character, send us an e-mail at [theblueandwhite@columbia.edu](mailto:theblueandwhite@columbia.edu).*

## ANTON GLAMB

In the first shot of his music video, Anton Glamb, C'07, is shown plucking seeds from a bag labeled "Love Seeds," scattering them about, and tenderly watering them. In the next shot, girls in matching scanty white outfits sprout out of the ground and do a synchronized dance while Glamb—in a white suit, gold tie, and gold moonboots—lip-synchs his song, all the while gesturing with a large garden rake.

It is no surprise then that meeting up with Glamb in Union Square on a Thursday afternoon in June, you might not recognize him at first. This is perhaps because you do not expect him to be (a) thickly, haggardly bearded; (b) wearing a green tank-top; and (c) quite so tall—oh wait, he's on a skateboard, steer-

ing through the crowd and saying into his cell phone, "Where are you? Oh, I see you."

He apologizes for being late. "Do you know about this CCUSA thing going on on campus?" he asks. You profess ignorance. "It's basically an excuse to bring a bunch of hot Eastern European chicks over to Columbia. So I was talking to this girl, and she was like, [hot Eastern European chick voice:] 'Can you tell me how to get to Statue of Liberty?'" He gets back on the skateboard and you go looking for a deli.

"This is the first time I've taken out my skateboard in a while," he tells you. "I love it, but I tend to get injured when I ride it." It's not clear whether this is meant to be funny; and if you look at Glamb's face, you're unlikely to catch any hints there. It's not that he is deliberately diffident, or deadpan. He simply seems to possess no facial expressions, save for a rather terrifying, lupine smile which does not spread upwards to include his huge, gray eyes.

On the other hand, he may just be tired. In the light of the R train, on the way to an apartment in Park Slope, he has deep circles under his eyes. He's heading to Brooklyn to make some last minute changes to the music for his new video, "Take It Slow." Tomorrow, it will be finished, and there will be a public screening of the rough cut at a party.

"When you see the clips from the video, I think you'll see that I put a lot into my performance. I really wore myself out, and then we had to do it, like, ten times." The oddest thing about Anton Glamb is that, although he is producing a music video for one of his songs in which girls in tank tops and underwear emerge from beneath a set made of Astroturf and potting soil, he seems, in person, eminently sane.

"I'm not trying to do something pretentious, or to push a boundary just for the sake of pushing boundaries," he says. "I'm just trying to do something entertaining that people can enjoy."



*Illustrated by Ajay Kurian*

And the statement would be banal if Glamb's music were not comprised of edgy, almost atonal synths, deeply processed and distorted vocals, textures that belong in much more experimental "sound art" pieces. In fact, it is one of his more charming iconoclastic ideas to classify his music as, simply, pop.

"I don't think there should be a genre called electronica," he says. "To have the technology define the genre is just stupid. There's not a genre called guitar."

Anton's success—and putting together an elaborate, professionally shot music video in the course of a single week is only one of his fairly remarkable successes—seems to be occurring despite his experimental tendencies.

"Usually, I think the reason people make songs or anything is different than the reason people end up liking it. I know that the reason people like my stuff may not be because of the music. I think if you just listen to the CD, the reason it's entertaining isn't necessarily there."

But watching the clips of "Take it Slow" being pieced together, the reasons for his success start to seem obvious. He mimes. He gyrates. He works incredibly hard. It's almost unbelievable that the pale, expressionless guy you've spent the day with is one and the same with this charismatic presence.

Still, the charisma is only half of it. "Play that clip again," he says. The editor does, commenting that they spent a long time getting the lips synched up with the music track. Glamb: "It's still a little off." Which part was off? "Actually, I thought all of it was a little off. Can I—" he grabs the mouse and begins moving the clip around in the timeline. "Actually, can I sit down?" The editor, smiling, offers his chair, and Glamb takes the controls. —COS

## BARI WEISS

Her name has become a buzzword in the suspended but probably not defunct MEALAC intimidation scandal. But once more, for the record, it is Bari Weiss, C'07. It began with a skimpy documentary from Boston-based Zionist group The David Project, which featured several Columbia students accusing Middle East Studies professors of intimidation. But the debate has since sprawled to

include defenders of Israel and Palestine, students' rights and professors' rights, what constitutes academic freedom, and has pitched one small chunk of passionate students against another. As one of four founders of the controversial students' rights group Columbians for Academic Freedom (CAF), and the only one yet to graduate, Bari seems next in line to succeed her new boyfriend and former General Studies Student Body President Ariel Beery, G'05, as the voice of slighted students everywhere.

Even though Bari has been to Israel about a dozen times, and deferred coming to Columbia for a year to work on a kibbutz, she doesn't fit perfectly into what some conservative and Zionist activists seek in a talking head. For one thing, Bari wants to see a Palestinian state. Moreover, her activist work as the founder of the Columbia Coalition for Sudan may prevent her from becoming the new face of the Ziorganizers.

The Pittsburgh native speaks with confidence and authority, but in egalitarian terms. She continually says that all students have a right to dissent no matter what they believe. Of CAF, religion major Bari says it was founded by, but not just for, Zionists—Zionists



*Illustrated by Ajay Kurian*

in the sense that they believe Israel has a right to exist, not necessarily in the sense that Israel rocks harder than anything else ever. “We’re not calling for no politics in the classroom. That would be absurd.” As Bari stood up against alleged professors’ abuse of power last year, she simultaneously took accused MEALAC professor Joseph Massad’s class, Topics in Middle Eastern Civilization. (“Not a great class,” she notes. “Same diatribe every day.”) What CAF wants, she says, is to represent students from all parts of the political spectrum against professors who won’t let dissenting views be heard. She makes it sound more like the ACLU than like Ashcroft. What’s most striking about Bari is that she’s nice, doesn’t speak in soundbites and she doesn’t seem like a nut, à la conservative loudmouth and Academic Bill of Rights author David Horowitz, C’59.

Sounding grotesquely optimistic, Bari says that she’s always fought for what she believes in, whether that put her in the majority or against it. “It’s always hard to stand up for something when it’s an unpopular position,” she says. Perhaps it was even harder for her last year amidst rumors, for example, that she

was using Zionist monies for Darfur activism. And for the first time, Bari strayed from her usual leftist causes and comrades (she protested with students of color two years ago after *The Fed* ran an arguably racist cartoon) and was labeled a turncoat, a far-right extremist. She gained fans and detractors; it seems she can’t please them all. In addition to several interviews on NPR, *The Jerusalem Post* ran an 1,100 word piece on Bari in its May 26 edition, titled, “An Academic Freedom Fighter.” But director of the Middle East Forum and CAF supporter Daniel Pipes, a digital thorn in the sides of many an Arab professor, once said that one man’s freedom fighter is another man’s terrorist. “I will continue to stand up [for the cause] even if people call me a McCarthyite,” she says.

Bari thinks that Columbia’s admissions office has succeeded in creating a student body diverse in economic status, sexual orientation, and race. But she says that the University still lacks true diversity in world view. If an Asian person, a black person, and a gay person all sit together in a room and say, “I hate George Bush” that’s not diversity of thought. For the record, Bari hates W. too; she just wants to go to school with some people who don’t.—JS



Topics discussed! Subjects broached!  
Questions! And answers!



The introductory meeting of  
**THE BLUE AND WHITE**  
Monday, September 12th at 9:30 p.m.  
The basement of St Paul’s Chapel

# TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

Verily Veritas first hears news of the groundswell as he is crossing the Atlantic, returning from a gentlemen's engagement in Brussels. A sallow porter, porting a salver, brings him a telegram which reads: NEW E IN C OF B 'N' W STOP PLEASE STOP BEING QUITE SO MASTURBATORY STOP TELEGRAMS COMMA FOR EXAMPLE COMMA ANACRONISTIC STOP LOVE ED.

It takes Verily a moment to sort out the telegram (dutifully, he stopped at that second stop), but instantly the meaning is clear; he is on a dubious long distance connection with his venerable editor; after some further confusion ("Masticatory? Like chewing?"), Ven. Ed. gets down to brass tacks.

"We haven't, I think, been writing about anything," emphasizes Editor (Veritas picturing "ital." in red, in the margin). "And worse—what we haven't been writing about has been written about in a stifling, pretentious, hothouse style which nearly no one likes and even fewer people actually read."

It should be pointed out that Verily Veritas has by this point in the conversation worked himself into a fuming temper; choking on his cigar, he responds: "Yes? And?" But the elapsed time between puff and rebuff has been too long, and the connection is lost. The close cabin has filled with smoke; pasty porter gropes for the porthole but finds the door; Verily left alone in the atmosphere most familiar to his creative process.

Art stilted by style? Pretension anathema to creation? Haze hampers discourse? Is this what our illustrious publication has come to? Are these the marching orders of a new intelligentsia? Since when does the intelligentsia march? Shouldn't they, rather, amble, or perambulate, or perhaps simply slouch?

It is not that Verily objects to sobriety on a practical level. The haze of a good cigarette, or a good whiskey, or a good *fin-de-siècle* novel can't be fully appreciated without sober, humdrum Quotidia as a point of contrast. His objection to clear-headedness is more a matter of principle than pragmatics. Even casting aside the deliberately involute as vulgar and adolescent, it is impossible to accept that

anything worth expressing in writing can survive and flourish in cleanroom laboratory light. *Sprezzatura* spreads well beyond disorder in the dress: one wants as well a certain disorder of the mind, and the desk, and the lungs.

Thus thinks Veritas, asht rays astray on the carpet of his stateroom.

But what if—just hypothetically—there were something to be gained by clarity? What if, hypothetically of course, there were something worth looking at for a duration longer than the average between-puff interstice? What if those *fin-de-siècle* novels, unaided by a sympathetic haze, proved little more than self-indulgent drek?

Distressed by this thought, Verily flings wide the porthole, opens the door, foists his only carton of a fabulous brand of cigarette on the passing porter, orders a pot of black coffee, and begins looking through his traveling case for back issues of *THE BLUE AND WHITE*.

There aren't any. Why would anyone travel to a gentlemen's dispute with back issues of *THE BLUE AND WHITE*?

Failing that, he begins leafing through the haphazard collection in his trunk.

O.K., Edith Wharton, yes—drek, albeit fabulously furnished drek. Henry James holds up if you allow ambiguity for ambiguity's sake as a valid artistic credo. T. S. Eliot—worthy of his eponymous anagram. What else? Chekhov actually begins to make sense when read sober. Faulkner proves the cognitive theory that material learned while inebriated can only be recalled, or made sense of, in the same state. Robert Lowell meanwhile disproves said theory, but remains mediocre. Is this all I carried on with me? Oh, wait. *Teen Vogue*—better than ever.

The experiment, somewhat to Verily's chagrin, is not entirely a failure. It is possible that a man—or, say, a magazine—ought to step back from his hobgoblins of habit, his cyclical self-indulgence, his pretentious prose, his fucking alliteration goddammit.

On the other hand, surely the rest of the staff can take care of that, right? The next morning, Verily cables back to New York:

SHALL JOIN JOURNALISTIC JAUNT JUST AFTER I FINISH THIS DRINK STOP CHEERS - *Verily Veritas*



# My Life as a Chechen

Average Columbia student or hot-blooded Chechen? Just ask a Russian soldier out for vodka money. When studying abroad becomes a case of east meets arrest. BY DAVID PLOTZ

To Columbia students, I should be a familiar type. I have a large nose, hooked and ever-so-slightly crooked. It juts out between dark green eyes that tilt downward on either side and seem naturally to squint, so that a blank stare from me is always a little morbid. I have thick black eyebrows, a perpetual five o'clock shadow, and a long narrow face. My hair is an unruly dark brown mess. Although the American racial caste system dubs me "white," my skin color is really closer to tan. The reader can probably guess my ancestry even without reading my name. The reader can furthermore safely assume that I have never been a victim of racial profiling by the police in my suburban hometown outside Washington, D.C., let alone in Manhattan.

Census data at the beginning of the twentieth century would have referred to my family as "Russian." This is a misnomer. While my ancestors may have immigrated to the United States

from cities like Vilnius, Vitebsk, and Odessa, all of which were then part of the Russian Empire, no one in those places would have ever referred to us as Russian.

Russians have pale skin and thin light hair, round faces, and beautiful slanted eyes testifying to the Mongol hordes that overran Russia eight centuries ago. There are two words for "Russian" in Russian: *rossiiskii*, meaning a citizen of the Russian Federation, and *russskii*, meaning an actual ethnic Russian. It is legally possible for me (or anyone) to become *rossiiskii*, but there is no way I could ever pass for *russskii*.

This lesson was brought home during the four months I spent living in St. Petersburg last spring. I was stopped by the militia (as the Russian police are known) twelve times, six of which occurred during a four-day trip to Moscow. No other American in my program could approach this record, with the exception of one student of Iranian descent.

Why this special treatment? Numerous Russians volunteered that I resemble a Chechen. Few Americans would know how to recognize Chechens, the inhabitants of a small republic in southern Russia who have been fighting a brutal war of independence for the past decade. Fewer still would be able to comprehend the casual vehemence with which most Russians detest Chechens and people who look like Chechens. For example, a Russian normally refers to an African as a *negr*, or "negro," because *chorny*, "black," is already reserved for the hated Chechens, who do not look remotely black. Vladimir Zhirinovskii, the popular politician, has suggested napalming Chechen villages, while



Illustrated by Angelique Wille

President Vladimir Putin has proposed killing all terrorists (by which he means Chechen terrorists) “on the toilet,” a remark that sent his polls soaring.

The first time I was stopped was a few days into the program, when I set off from my dilapidated Brezhnev-era neighborhood to explore Petersburg’s beautiful historical center. I bought myself a metro farecard and tried to use it at least half a dozen times, but the machines rejected it each time. Then I looked up and there was a cop, demanding “*dokumenty, pozhaluista*.” I knew that this was an absolutely typical situation, so I didn’t freak out. I politely nodded and reached into my pocket for my visa and passport, and presented them. The cop, a young stout blond fellow, looked over them uninterestedly. “*A gde migratsionnaya karta?*” I wasn’t quite sure what to do. I didn’t have a migration card on me, but the cop insisted that I must have received one when I crossed the border. I told him no, I thought the passport and visa would be enough. The cop, evidently displeased, gestured at me to follow him. I shrugged obediently and let

I was ready for them. I answered them in loud, angry English, “I’m an American student. I live right here. My documents are in order.” “Get in car,” the pigs ordered meekly. All of a sudden, it felt as if they were more scared of me than I was of them. “No,” I said, “I’m calling my consulate. Con-su-late.” I actually called our program director, made small talk with him for about thirty seconds, and then took my documents from the cops, who drove off looking very embarrassed. I guess they decided that it wasn’t cost-effective to harass an angry American for vodka money.

Four times in six weeks, I thought, and \$24 worth of bribes paid. Not so terrible. But then I arrived in Moscow, Russia’s real capital, a sprawling and diverse city of ten million. Moscow is a police state. There are police on every corner and in every tourist site and metro station. The reasons for the discrepancy are obvious: Moscow has a huge population of browner-skinned peoples; Petersburg does not. In a vast and deeply impoverished country, Moscow is home to eighty percent of the wealth, Petersburg has another ten percent, and the rest of Russia splits the remainder. Moscow, unlike

Four times in six weeks, I thought, and \$24 worth of bribes paid. Not so terrible. But then I arrived in Moscow...

him lead me into a long hallway and eventually to a little office, where he had me sit. Behind me was a small jail cell. He asked me several times in a row for my migration card, and all I could do was repeat that I didn’t have one. Although this conversation was entirely in Russian, my vocabulary was small enough that there were only so many ways I could explain the same basic point. Eventually we called my host family and had them bail me out. Without their help I would probably have spent my first weekend in Russia rotting in prison.

The second time I was stopped not by the militia, but by a pair of soldiers on Nevskii Prospekt, the main avenue of the city. That time I was in a hurry to meet a friend, so I dutifully paid the 200 rubles (about \$7) “passport fine” they asked for. The third time I was crossing the street from the metro towards my home, and five cops were waiting for me on the corner. They wanted 700 rubles, and were disappointed when I could only offer 520 (\$17).

The fourth time I got stopped literally right in front of my apartment building. This time, however,

Petersburg, has been the victim of a number of major terrorist attacks in recent memory. Even on the night train to Moscow, a cop came into the cabin where I was hanging out with my friends Kris and Ryan. The cop glanced at Kris. Then he glanced at Ryan. Then he glanced at me and asked for my documents.

Five of the times I was stopped in Moscow, I was with Kris, who looks like a big bearded Norwegian. Those times, I faked not knowing Russian, and he spoke Russian with the cops. They would briefly go over our documents, make sure we were Americans, and then politely let us go. Although this was annoying, it was always mercifully brief, and I had no reason to doubt that the primary concern was that I might be a terrorist.

One of the times, however, was a bit different. Most people were tired from partying the night before, so I headed out by myself to see Victory Park, which celebrates Russia’s triumph over fascism in World War II. Unfortunately, the sheet we were given listed the wrong metro stop. I got out at the Kiev

*CHECHEN continued on page 28*



# 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](mailto:theblueandwhite@columbia.edu).*

Let the revolution begin with hiccups. Violent hiccups.

§

Perhaps if I were raised by an, oh-I-dont-know, deranged psycho bat, this trivial argument would make more sense to me. I was not. I am fortunate enough to have been bred of a finer pedigree. And bitches like you make me itch.

§

As for mushroom trip details, there might be a couple areas you could tighten up. I have never heard of amnesia being associated with a mushroom trip although I might be wrong. And also the melting thing has been a bit overdone. But the other stuff, the Eeyore bit and the rest, is really great.

§

I could fuck her, but I couldn't look her in the eyes. I guess I was afraid that being a victim might be contagious.

§

I don't get what small children see in Sponge Bob. He's homely and he has an obnoxious little voice.

§

As the former lead singer of a notorious (albeit short-lived) LA insta-band, Susie Tampon and the Toxic Shocks, I was initially convinced that I had far more talent, guts and potential for stardom than some chunky blonde bimbo from Bay City Michigan.

§

This piece was so fun to read that it was only upon second reading that I realized that it's not really ABOUT anything.

If anyone wanted to devise a celebrity death-match in which the Manichees received a philosophical beat-down from some prominent thinker of the past, Alexis de Tocqueville would be their best bet for a challenger.

§

Ralph Waldo Emerson can be just as difficult to wade through as any post-modern, deconstructive gobbledygook, but even though he'd been dead for a hundred years when Madonna's first album came out, I haven't found anyone else who can articulate so clearly why she has captured the imagination of the American people, and the world.

§

It would be hard to argue that the environment caused me to hit myself with the sneaker. There was no obvious cause for my actions. Therefore, I believe that it is quite natural for someone who did not know me to attribute my behavior to a personality quirk or 'person bias'.

§

In the middle of a drunken stupor and 95 degrees of blistering heat, covered in sand from an earlier black out, it was taken from me. The location: a nameless bungalow with no number on the bamboo door. I came twice and proceeded to pass out immediately afterwards. I woke up naked, right leg hanging over the side of the bed, and the rising sun in my eyes. The rubber sheath lay on the floor covered in fire ants. Her body bare; it lay tangled in a mosquito net like the makeshift bridal gowns of Vietnam. The pope had died the previous day; we were unaware. More importantly, the blue streak had come to a close. I had been deflowered.

§

As Rubeciya turned down the path, she felt like she was well, not quite alone. Two figures dressed in goggles and fisherman's vest and carrying butterfly nets were milling around in the bushes behind her. She hid behind a bush herself and watched them pass, discovering that they were in fact the famous entomologists Jacques Stooftoe and Jane Goodfall. They were looking for the Jumbley Bumbley Bug just like her...Ahead of her she saw a man standing with his foot stuck in a mud puddle.

"Excuse me sir," said Rubeciya, "Have you seen a Jumbley Bug flying around here?"

"Do you mean that pretty bug?" asked the man. "The pretty one all green and golden?"

"Yes!" said Rubeciya.

"He flew up into those trees," said the man, though he sounded sad, "A pretty one all green and golden."

"Ooh, I'm too short I can't see. Can you show me where?"

"I don't have time."

"You don't have time?" Rubeciya asked. "Well, where are you going?"

"Nowhere," he said. "I'm stuck in this mud puddle."



HENRY looks over at DR. SHELDRAKE suspiciously.

HENRY:

Why do I have three testicles?

DR. SHELDRAKE

Mm-hmm.

HENRY sits up indignantly. He claps his hands loudly, once. DR. SHELDRAKE bolts up.

DR. SHELDRAKE:

More Zolof!

DR. SHELDRAKE blinks, looks around, gets his bearings, checks his watch.

DR. SHELDRAKE: (cont.)

Time's up... But we're opening doors and building bridges and that's a good thing.



And she already knew that I was ashamed of my short hands. She always told me that if I played the piano hard, my hands became longer. So I just practiced the piano from do to do everyday. Gradually, it was possible to sit in front of the piano for a longer time and I was really interested in not only my longer hands but also playing the piano.



We always want to find out what people are like...so we constantly make internal attributions. Why do we do this? Why do we always fall pray to the fundamental attribution error?



She continues examining the rest of the samples. She picks up the samples rereading them and convincing her friend to use facial scrub and giving him. She continues to play around with the cosmetic samples. Laughs hysterically. She is right handed. Maintains her sense of amusement in her incessant low toned laugh. She coaxed him into applying anti-wrinkle cream.



There is a simultaneous fascination with, and marked disgust with the female body; a woman's body is beautiful when it attracts man with its sinuous curves, yet when man delves deeper into it he finds it to be fleshy, odorous, and bleeding.



Could Madonna carry a tune? Not until she'd had decades of voice lessons. Did she wear short skirts with no panties to drama class? I doubt it. Was her nickname "beave?" If so, why hasn't someone leaked it to the tabloid press?



I have been recently warned by the administration of Columbia University not to attempt to be funny again. apparently it hurts people. I think sledding down the indoor steps of Butler on a giant atlas is pretty damn funny, but it seems that the woman I injured does not agree.



Today was a really sad day. Countess Midget died.



# 2005-2006 SUPPLEMENT TO THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE DICTIONARY



## CONSULTING, *n.*

1. The mysterious yet unavoidable afterlife of a Columbia graduate. "What's Mik doing nowadays? *Consulting*... ah, of course."

2. A career or corporate phenomenon explained using only the most nebulous of statements. "Our primary objectives at our *consulting* firm include providing strategic solutions for our clients through effective knowledge acquisition, a focused synergy approach, and targeted task distribution."



Fig. 1

## FIRE ALARM, *n.*

A hilarious and always appropriate diversion, as fancied by creative and charming drunk boys. "Keith knew that nothing would present a more perfect capstone to the evening's festivities than the triumphant and unceasing shriek of his building's very own *fire alarm*."

## FOUCAULT, *n.*

Surname of Michel Foucault (1926-1984), influential 20th cent. French philosopher; used by pretentious students in a chest-puffing display of what they have once read. "I can't believe Rolling Stone and their obsession over Coldplay Guy and Gwyneth Paltrow. I mean, this is exactly what *Foucault* was talking about, or something!" OR, ALTERNATIVELY "Excuse me, professor, is it okay if I interrupt you to pose a question that in actuality asks nothing but rather allows me to casually mention an idea put forth by *Foucault*?"

I should note that *Discipline and Punish* blew me away with its historico-judicio-philosophico-literary brilliance."

## FORT AWESOME, *n.*

SEE ALSO: Ft. Awesome, The Fort (Am. slang), or Wien (Obs.).

1. A co-ed undergraduate dormitory home to kings among men; a building that lavishes its residents with the cleanest and most modern of accommodations in all of Morningside Heights "Yes, I could totally go for some half-microwaved egg rolls today. Let's head over to *Fort Awesome* for lunch."

2. A housing lottery selection obtained only with good fortune of unprecedented magnitude. "Oh my good Christ, I just picked a single on floor three of *Ft. Awesome* (conveniently situated directly in front of the hall bathroom, no less)! For this rising sophomore, it is certainly the best of times!"

## GUY, pron., *v.*, *a.*, and *adv.*

A pronoun substitutable for any noun as well as any verb, adjective, or adverb (usage unconditionally appropriate in all contexts). "So this *guy* enters this other receptor's *guy* in order to *guy* the RNA's duplicate single-side chain." or "Email him the *guy* as soon as possible; don't be *guy* about it." or "I didn't realize you two were so...*guy* already. Text me if he *guys*!"



Fig. 2

**LSAT, n.**

A standardized exam administered by the Law School Admissions Council and taken by a large number of directionless Columbia undergraduates. "Well, I like what I'm studying right now, but just in case, I'm taking the *LSAT*. I mean, why not, right?"

**I FEEL LIKE, v. phr.**

1. An opening phrase used frequently to introduce opinions, observations, and factual statements. "*I feel like* Donovan could have easily matched the Stones in popularity had the record execs promoted him more." OR "*I feel like* the Picts' dominance of England preceded the Britons' by several hundred years."

2. A meaningless prefix to a spoken sentence, typically employed to buy time as the thought to be dictated is haphazardly completed. "*I feel like* that's not what the author stated as an understood premise at all." OR "*I feel like* the use of animals is an ethically unsound approach to medical research."

**JAY TRAIN, n.**

A joyous romp departing from any geographical location and arriving at the John Jay lobby in time for brunch or dinner. "I've got some extra meals left—anyone want to ride the *Jay Train* tonight?" OR "Yes, the J Train might go to Brooklyn, but the *Jay Train Express* always stops at the Jonathan R. Jay cafeteria."

**MEOW, n.**

1. An onomatopoeic approximation of a feline articulation. "*Meow*?"

2. Used in expression of excitement, confusion, or rage. "*Meow*, that midterm buggered me thoroughly!"

3. [-meow] A postfix syllable replacement employed for emphasis. "He is totally the cutest guy *ev-meow*."

**OED ONLINE, n.**

The internet portal for the Oxford English Dictionary, the renowned descriptivist compile of historical usage of English words; a lexicographic method by which overzealous students may justify their tendency to overword themselves with possibly uncorrect dictions from centuries past. "I just checked the *OED online*, and it lists *uncomprehend* as a real word. Your protests against my use of that word therefore mirrorizes your close-minded and incomplexionate nature."

**OR SOMETHING, adv. phr.**

A statement which, when declared in conjunction with another statement, renders the combination of the two as technically true. "A fundamental lack of faith is the root of our strife, *or something*," OR "Why yes, I am a Truman finalist, *or something*."

**SEGUE, n.**

1. Any transition. Gives the user +10 sophistication points, despite the word's recent popularity quite obviously stemming from the appearance of the Segway Scooter™ "He was a mastermind at assembling Power Point presentations with striking and wondrous *segues* between each slide."



Fig. 3

2. Also a dubiously used p. ppl. "There is little more miraculous than a larvae's *segue* to a full-grown butterfly."

**WENDFUL, adv.**

At once extremely punctual and unfortunate. "The Teutonic lovers *wendfully* met in secret at precisely midnight under the Elbe River bridge, just as the Allied carpet-bombing began."

— compiled by Hector Chavez

# Serial Killers

The long life and sad death of magazine fiction. We talk to pallbearers from *The New Yorker*, *Slate*, and *The Atlantic*. BY MARC TRACY

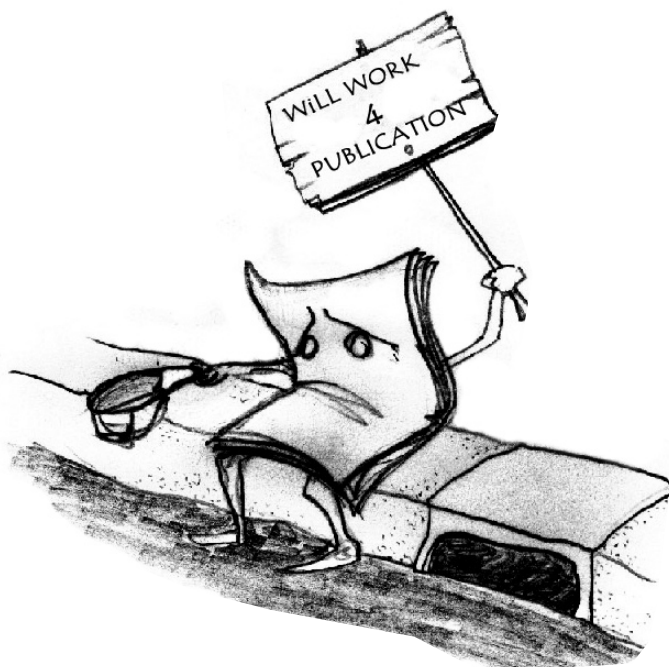
Imagine a world in which you have not read any Twain, Henry James, or Hemingway. In the 1870s, *Atlantic Monthly* editor William Dean Howells—himself a great author—helped make Twain and James the household names they have rightfully become. Hemingway came later; but if Howells was dead, *The Atlantic* was thriving and was indispensable in furthering Papa's career. Ponder that alternate universe without three of the sturdiest pillars in the American literature temple—and you begin to grasp the significance of *The Atlantic's* recent decision to discontinue its

150-year policy of publishing short fiction in every issue, and instead publish one annual fiction issue.

With such formerly reliable anchors as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* long gone, and with other bastions of the form starting to disown it, there is a great worry that no longer will the short story, especially in magazine form (whence its origins derive), be a vital form of contemporary fiction. "It's a shame for the short story to lose its roots," Charles McGrath, a former fiction editor at *The New Yorker*, told me. "It will persist now as the art song persists, as opposed to the pop song... practiced and read by only a few." Several years ago, under the controversial tenure of editor Tina Brown, *The New Yorker* reduced the number of short stories per issue from two to one—and that one nestled towards the back, and usually mediocre.

Under the old system, McGrath explained, the magazine published "one story by a big name and one by an unknown." Now, the names are almost always big, but as many people read *The New Yorker* for the fiction as read *Playboy* for the articles. And if McGrath is proven prescient, short fiction, like opera, will be the domain of a small clique, less read than read about.

As for the fall of fiction at *The Atlantic*, "The challenge is 'real estate,'" and the editors deemed



Illustrated by Jerone Hsu

the short story expendable. “There’s just more media, just text, than ever before, the market has just expanded radically,” explained Meghan O’Rourke, *Slate*’s Arts editor and another former *New Yorker* fiction editor. “And within a magazine, short fiction is what’s going to suffer.”

One thing that has altered the calculus is a fundamental shift role reversal in the world of fiction. Several of the people with whom I spoke pointed to the do-se-do-ing between the short story and the novel over the past 75 years. Back then, writers such as Hemingway and Fitzgerald toiled hard on their novels, which sold poorly, while churning out short stories, which paid well, to support the accoutrements of their lifestyles (alcohol, alimony, Europe). Now, the novel reaps both more prestige and more money: even literary novels occasionally make it onto the bestseller lists, and they are more amenable to Hollywood optioning than short stories—it’s difficult to envision Leonardo DiCaprio killing himself at the end of next summer’s blockbuster, *A Perfect Day For Bananafish*.

Though editors disagree on whether there remains a vital market for magazine short fiction and whether the quality of short fiction has declined, one can find consensus that a foundational problem is the poor financial reward for selling stories to magazines. C. Michael Curtis, who edited *The Atlantic*’s inaugural fiction issue in August, insisted, “There’s a huge market for the short story, it’s a larger market than has ever been in American history. The problem is it’s a low-paying market. Only a handful of magazines are paying respectable fees.”

Though McGrath was willing to “put a tiny chalk mark against the short story itself—I think we’re not living in a golden age of the short story”—he believes the main problem is that “publications with large circulations and, perhaps more to the point, that pay half-decent money for short stories” are disappearing.

There is also the problem of The Memoir: the new trend, trailblazed by Jonathan Franzen and others, has been to tell stories from their lives without the trappings of fiction. Philip Gourevitch, the newly crowned editor of the eminent literary quarterly *The Paris Review*, pointed out

that where formerly authors would transmogrify their life experience into fiction, today they compose personal essays: “Now they write about their mothers—they used to make it up!” James Joyce initially wrote *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as an explicit memoir, until he realized it would sell better if he fictionalized it; in the current climate, it would be the reverse. And if an early draft of *Portrait*, called *Stephen Hero*, is any indication, this direction away from fiction is our loss.

One innovation is to publish excerpts from novels as short stories. And while this is risky, as such pieces are meant to be read in the context of the novel—Curtis in particular is skeptical about the concept—Gourevitch was enthusiastic.

One example is the vignette in Kerouac’s *On the Road* in which Sal Paradise goes to Mexico. Even a Kerouac diehard must admit that it seems out of place: it provides no information relevant to the rest of the plot, disrupts the novel’s flow, and ultimately seems better suited to standing on its own. In fact, Kerouac initially published that section by itself in *The Paris Review*. Much more recently, before the publication of Franzen’s acclaimed novel *The Corrections*, *The Paris Review* published a chapter that Franzen, in a decidedly un-beatnik show of restraint, decided did not fit well into the novel. It was self-contained; it complemented, rather than competed with, the novel; and, above all, it was a solid piece of short fiction. And McGrath took this concept a step further, mentioning that, at *The New Yorker*, upon receiving a promising excerpt, they “would sometimes monkey with it”—that is, construct it so it would stand alone better, outside of its natural context in the larger work.

Gourevitch and McGrath have an implicit point: if magazine fiction is to survive in an ever more saturated marketplace, where demand for magazine fiction is constricting, magazine fiction needs to adapt. In the end, though, perhaps the only thing that would alter the downward trajectory of the short story is a change—in both readers and writers—toward a more balanced medium itself: something more like good television, illuminating and escapist at the same time. ☼

# Conservatives Are People Too

Many Columbia history professors find themselves teetering

Unless you're a person of extraordinary abilities in terms of having independent thought,"

Thomas E. Woods Jr. told me over lunch at V&T's, "you're liable just to accept what your professors tell you and not read anything beyond that." So, while a student, he supplemented his official education with information that he found less forthcoming from academics. Brimming with an urge to strip history of misguided ideology, he then wrote the best-selling *The Politically Incorrect Guide to American History*.

Woods's "politically incorrect"

history—isolationist, disdainful of the New Deal and the Great Society, favorably inclined towards tariff nullification—was not part of the curriculum here at Columbia, where he received his Ph.D. in American History in 2000. There was no one among the faculty or students, he said, with sympathy for his views. While he criticized mainly the omissions from his education, rather than the quality of the material that he was actually taught, he sometimes lost focus and slipped into more general complaints: "I feel like I learned a lot at Harvard [undergrad] and Columbia. I don't want to turn around and say, 'These people only taught me propaganda,' because they didn't. I didn't take twentieth century history, by and large, because then the professors can't resist. They can't resist. They get out the pom-poms and say, 'FDR! Yeah, yeah, yeah!' And I just don't want to be around for that."

Even professors who may disagree with Woods' conservative worldview agree that the politics of historians tend to tilt leftward. Professor Alan Brinkley, Woods' advisor in the history department, public defender of liberalism and Columbia's provost, said "The historical profession is overrepresented, in relation to the rest of population, from people from the liberal and left of the political spectrum. I think that's indisputably true."

Of course, academia should not



Illustrated by Jerone Hsu

be categorized with an easy, Crossfire-style Republican v. Democrat dichotomy—Woods’s form of conservatism does not dovetail especially well with today’s Republican party, for example—but the overrepresentation is unmistakable. Woods—who is a self-identified conservative historian—contends that if most historians are liberal, the histories they write will reflect this bias and contaminate the truth. While he hasn’t written a new, conservative textbook, he at least wants to highlight what he thinks liberals have missed.

This general sentiment is echoed by the tiny cadre of young, conservative, Columbia-educated historians. Giovanni Ruffini, who received his Ph.D. in May and seems comfortable calling himself a conservative (he was one of the most outspoken opponents of graduate student unionization), wrote in an email, “I think most academics would deny that they are biased.” I asked Ruffini if he thought that professors’ liberalism discouraged conservatives. “Certainly,” he wrote, “sitting through week after week, month after month, semester after semester, of professors who make not particularly clever but biting and insulting remarks about conservatives, conservative politicians, and conservative ideologies, can be exceptionally tiresome. It is only natural that this kind of environment will not foster a love of higher education among people who feel insulted in this way.”

Though no one interviewed for this article, Ruffini and Woods included, made accusations of outright intimidation, a more subtle question still remains: do conservatives actually face academic disadvantages at institutions like Columbia? For example, Woods described Brinkley as “a consummate professional the whole way, even though he knew that we didn’t see eye to eye on a lot of things.” Still, when I asked Woods if he felt that he endured a disadvantage by not having a professor who shared his views, he said, “I didn’t really have a mentor I could go to and say, ‘Well, what’s something that would interest me, specifically me? What’s a good topic that I might pursue?’ It would be a lot easier if you had the same outlook as the professor.”

Ruffini further explained that certain fields of study that tend to attract conservatives, like military history, are not encouraged here. Vincent Cannato, a recent Columbia Ph.D. who now teaches at UMass Boston, said, “You really apply to study with a professor whose area of expertise

kind of overlaps with your interests. So if you were really interested in American religious history, for instance, you probably wouldn’t come to Columbia. You probably wouldn’t get in to Columbia because the professors know that there’s no one there you could really study with.”

When I asked Brinkley about historians overlooking American religious history, he said, “Well, I think that’s true, and I think that’s a great failing of the historical profession. I think it’s changing, actually.” He noted that the history of conservatism was overlooked until recently but is now an active field of study and predicted a similar rise in religious history. And what about the role of politics? “I certainly was critical of aspects of Tom [Woods]’s work over time,” he said, “but not because of our political disagreements—at least I hope not.”

Shortly after reading the *Politically Incorrect Guide*, I contacted Columbia Professor Eric Foner. Aside from being known as a left-wing history professor—he is on the editorial board of *The Nation*, among other things—and therefore likely to disagree with Woods’s book, he is actually quoted in it. Before agreeing to speak to me, Foner sent an email stating, “I don’t think much of [Woods’s] book, which I have read—it is oversimplified and overwrought.” (Foner is correct. The book is deeply flawed both its presentation and approach, which are glossed over here only because this isn’t a book review.) Foner and Woods have never met, but they had no shortage of barbed comments for each other. Woods explained it this way: “I deliberately avoided Eric Foner, taking Eric Foner for nineteenth century history...because I think Eric Foner is a, uh...I think he’s a bad person. Some of his scholarship is O.K. His book on Tom Paine is good; his book on the Republican Party is good. But, you know, he’s basically a Marxist, and he’ll denounce apartheid in South Africa—which should be denounced—over and over and over, and then apparently couldn’t care less about communist crimes. And yet here he is, given a prestigious post. It just goes to show the ridiculous double standards in academia.”

Foner said that he would have welcomed Woods in his classroom, and added, “If you just go to classes with people you know already you agree with, you’re wasting your money.” I asked him if liberals were getting their money’s worth

CONSERVATIVES *continued on page 23*

# The Confessions of David Rees

**D**avid Rees is a cartoonist. His first comic, *My New Fighting Technique is Unstoppable*, chronicles the adventures of competing martial artists, while *My New Filing Technique Is Unstoppable* is a surreal trek through a corporate office. He rose to national acclaim with the publication of *Get Your War On*, a harsh, acerbic political cartoon first written in the wake of the 2001 attack on the World Trade Center and soon placed in the pages of *Rolling Stone* magazine. His latest comic, *Adventures of Confessions of St. Augustine Bear*, details, yes, a bear that quotes every *Columbia College* freshman's favorite author. His work is available on his website, [www.mnftiu.cc](http://www.mnftiu.cc)

**THE BLUE AND WHITE:** We've heard many versions of the *Get Your War On* "creation myth," each involving varying amounts of alcohol and political rage. What really happened?

**DAVID REES:** Well, it was really late at night, it was early October, and we had been bombing Afghanistan for a couple of days. I was depressed in general because of September 11 and the aftermath, living in New York. And I was up really late and I was in the process of updating my other comics—the *Filing Technique*—and I had the clip art open and it all seemed stupid and futile, and with all these mixed emotions and frustrations churning below the surface, I decided to make a comic about...all that angst. And, that's how it came about. I mean, I guess I was drinking bourbon that night or something. That's the kind of detail that got mentioned once in an article and then—I think I did something with the *LA Times*, and they wanted me to pose with a bottle of bourbon like I'm fucking...Charles Bukowski or something. You know, it's just one of those details where they're like, "Great color!" But whatever—I had a lot of bourbon and anger in the system, and the comic was a great way to finally get it out for the first time and to share it with friends, which was initially all I was planning to do with it.

**B&W:** You don't actually draw your cartoons—you use clip art. To what extent do you consider yourself a

cartoonist?

**DR:** I only call myself a cartoonist because that's the easiest shorthand, and I used to not call myself a cartoonist, but eventually it just became easier. It's what my accountant puts on my tax returns. Before I used clip art, I used to draw my own comics as a kid, all throughout my childhood. I think there are some people who look down their noses at me for not actually drawing the art in my cartoons, who would probably like to see me referred to as a "so-called" cartoonist or something. But in a way they're cartoons where the visuals aren't that important. I guess they could be easily transported to another medium...I don't know. Then again, I've have plenty of offers to transfer them to other mediums, but I've always felt they were really effective as cartoons, so I guess it does make sense that I call myself a cartoonist.

**B&W:** What are the philosophical implications of your works?

**DR:** I think what people talked about most was the use of clip art in *Get Your War On*. I deliberately made that comic look boring and static because I wanted it to look like one of those "adult" newspaper comics like *Rex Morgan M.D.* or *Mary Worth*, that when you're a kid, look so boring. My idea for *GYWO* was based on this fantasy, like you would open up the newspaper between *Garfield* and *Peanuts* and see this boring-looking comic



where the characters would be talking about the war on terrorism in often vulgar terms. But I wasn't thinking about how this is so effective because "it represents all of us and even though we act fine on the surface and underneath the surface we're all screaming our heads off." I'm glad it seemed to work out that way.

*B&W:* What informs your sense of humor in the strips?

DR: I think it's changed over the years. The most satisfying thing for me as a creative person is to start a new project and come up with a new...not a new language, but a new sensibility, and I think that really happened with *MNFTIU* and *GYWO*. It was one of things where for the first twenty minutes I was going, "Holy shit. This is awesome! This is exactly how I feel!" And also, I had never seen something that had worked in the same way as these things. They're not the most original things in the world, and there are plenty of other people doing similar things that I'm probably drawing inspiration from, but still, it really just clicked for me. Like the *FT*, when I first made that, that was a perfect expression of my sensibility. I was laughing so hard at work reading this shit—so goofy and crazy and different. I'm not sure what the exact influence was—it was rap music and freestyle battles and hip hop and crazy language—but I think it was more growing up and the type of things that make you and your friends crack up.

*B&W:* What about *Augustine Bear*? Every CC freshman has to read the *Confessions*.

DR: Oh, really, that's awesome.

*B&W:* Did your writing this have to do with an attraction to *Confessions*?

DR: That was totally a random experiment. I had a reading, and I was sick of reading my old comics and I had just finished a book tour and I wanted to have a new comic series. So, I sent out an e-mail announcement saying I was going to debut a new series. And I had the *C.* on my desk—I like reading it from time to time—and this new collection of hunting and fishing clip art. So I said, "Okay, I'll tell my mailing list I'm debuting something called *Confessions of St. Augustine Bear*. And the reading was, like, the next day, so

I had to do it. It was a challenge to myself to keep things interesting—you have to make a new comic strip, you have to use [the two elements]. So, I went through the *Confessions* and found all the best lines...

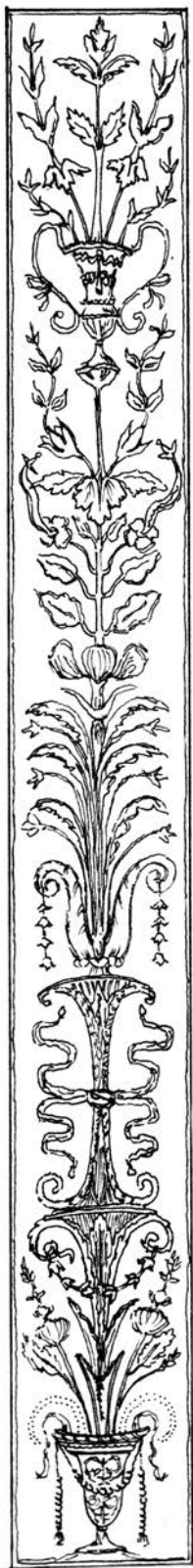
*B&W:* So, when was your first encounter with the *Confessions*?

DR: I grew up in the Episcopal Church, and my godparents gave me a copy when I was confirmed, which was about seventh grade. And I never really read it, and...I don't know, when I was living in New York I had a terrible temp job at Citicorp and I read a lot during the day, so I started reading the *Confessions*. At the time, I was playing in a band and I was writing lots of songs that were kind of religious and used a good deal of religious language, but not like...well, the guys in the band thought I was trying to turn us into a Christian rock band, so they didn't really like performing the songs. So I guess I was reading the *C.* to find potential lyrics or stuff I could base songs around—it was that kind of thing. In the first part of the *Confessions*, Augustine is just so down on himself, he's just verbally lacerating himself, and it's very appealing and funny in a way.

*B&W:* You've been praised for your comic writing ability. When you were working jobs after college, did you ever see this as at career path? Was it ever a dream?

DR: I didn't know what I was going to do. If you're a philosophy major there's no real solid career path. So, I was kind of bumming around, and comics were always a hobby. For me the exciting thing was when I collected the *FT* comics for my friends and they said, "These are really great. You should try selling them in shops." And they started selling really well at these local Boston comic shops, and I couldn't believe it because for me half of the joke was that my friends knew I was doing this insane stupid thing while I sitting at work to kill time—that was a big part of the appeal. But other people who had no idea of the context were really digging it—that was very, very exciting. And also making a little money, getting a check for \$20 every week or so. The same thing happened with *GYWO*, the same excitement, but on a much larger scale. I've just been really lucky

REES *continued on page 29*



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

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*from* THE SPICE MAN

## III. saffron

saffron is the flower yellow  
I keep the spice in the cellar  
    because the sun gets jealous  
according to Theophrastus  
saffron grows on roadsides  
    because it likes the abuse  
this is partially true      saffron had ambitions  
then we martyred it

the tide of Rome brought saffron north  
it grew like a sunset in the corners  
always crawling north until  
    (after I threatened his family)  
a pilgrim hid a corm in his staff  
and smuggled the thing like a live bulb  
    into the wet fog of London  
now  
    they can properly flavor their *bouillabaisse*  
with the honey yellow sharp scent      of saffron

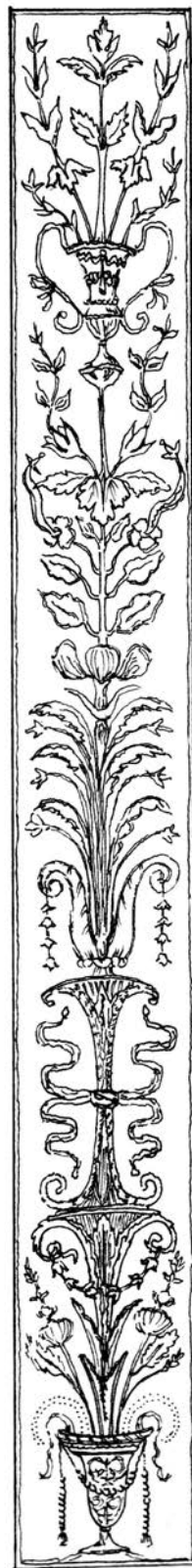
tens of thousands of flowers are needed  
for one pinch  
your corner store carries a brand  
of questionable purity  
detection methods are primitive  
(I have tasted saffron cut with chalk with  
sand even gold)  
ha who knows the pure taste?  
not me

I was born to this title

*saffron is another old spice*  
when I was young  
they poured saffron water down the steps  
of Cairo theaters  
during intermission:  
everyone has their own  
personal extravagance—  
*in the 15th century, Nuremberg dealers  
who adulterated Saffron  
were burned at the stake—*

that was mine

—Michael Yates Crowley





## CURIO COLUMBIANA

*One would think that after years of researching, reading, lecturing, and "teaching" at this fine university, a professor would be able to wield his mighty pen like a sword. However, while many professors might consider themselves masters of thrust and parry, the result is more often slash and burn. Witness Anthropology professors who slap on extra prefixes and suffixes with near German proficiency, or Art History grad students who use words like "post-embryonic" to describe their latest bowel movement. In this 1931 article from The New York Times, THE BLUE AND WHITE has found proof that once upon a time, for a generation of more bold, mustachioed Columbians, the English language was more sacred than profane, and to sully its good name was murder most vowel.*

### 'MURDER OF LANGUAGE' CHARGED AT COLUMBIA

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STUDENTS ACCUSE 26 OF FACULTY, SMUGGLE IN  
STENOGRAPHERS AND FIND NOT EVEN SPLIT INFINITIVE

"Murder in the Classroom" remains unsolved at Columbia College. A few days ago an editorial bearing that title appeared in *The Spectator*, Columbia's daily newspaper, in which twenty-six members of the faculty were accused of "murdering the English language." The accusation was made by eight "outraged" students.

With the ingenuity peculiar to undergraduates, an attempt was made yesterday to bring the alleged "murderers" to justice. Several stenographers were introduced, unknown to the suspects, into their classrooms to take verbatim reports of their lectures.

With bated breath the students read the transcript of the stenographic records last night. There was not an error, not a single split infinitive, wrong pronoun or plural verb or a collective noun.

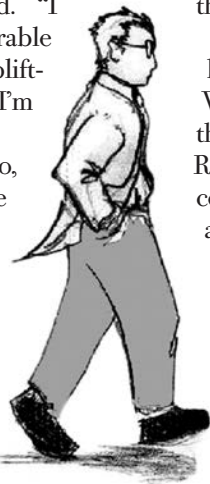
This negative test, more suited to a Long Island murder case than an institution where lie and crime detectors frequently have exposed the guilty, stunned the members of the investigating committee. They accused the professors of taking advantage of the warning contained in *The Spectator* editorial and said the surprising perfection of their English, so different from that of preceding days, was in itself virtually a confession of earlier guilt.

What happened, they asked, to the professor who had said "the people that" eighteen times in one lecture; to the English lecturer who employed "don't" for "doesn't," and to the instructor who recently concluded his hour with, "If anyone has any questions to ask they should ask them now"?

The investigation will not cease, they promised, until each offender has been caught red-handed. The stenographers will return today and Monday and Tuesday and the day after that, they vowed, and sooner or later the murderer will make a slip—they always do—that will result in his exposure, conviction, and sentence. ☼

in the history department, and he said, "I think anybody is at a disadvantage if they just take classes in which the professor is simply reinforcing what the student thinks." Furthermore, he was glad to hear that Woods appreciated two of his books. "Good for him. I don't know why he doesn't respect my book on Reconstruction," about which Woods hadn't commented. "I guess it's because it's much more favorable to governmental action in behalf of uplifting black people, you know. But good, I'm glad he respects them."

Foner suggested I speak with Cannato, who, Foner said, wrote a conservative history of New York City Mayor John Lindsay's administration. Foner told me, "I do hope you talked to a few other students than Mr. Woods. Vince Cannato is one who is pretty avowedly conservative who went through, got his Ph.D." However, just as liberals dismiss claims that their histories are liberal, Cannato—who has worked at



the conservative Hudson Institute and contributed to the *National Review*—was reluctant to consider either his book or his own beliefs to be conservative. "By the general standards of American political ideology," he said, "my politics are moderately conservative. But because people in academia are largely on the left, they must think I'm far to the right."

No one I spoke to compared Columbia unfavorably to other institutions. Whatever disadvantage they face here, they face just about anywhere. I asked Ruffini how overtly liberal departments could be, to a large extent, socially acceptable. "Socially acceptable to whom?" he wrote back. "To their customer-base? A politically one-sided department is acceptable because there is no alternative. The academy functions as a monopoly. Anyone who wants a credential certifying a capacity to research, write, and teach on a given field has to accept the conditions on the ground." ♦

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# Missionaries, Positioned

Are Columbia's evangelicals getting screwed? Why spreading the good word isn't always a bad thing. BY BRENDAN PIERSON

My first encounter with *Veritas* came last winter, standing with a friend in a Wallach elevator. The simplicity of the white flier on the cluttered wall caught my eye. “*Veritas* Forum,” I read. “I wonder what that is.”

“I hear it’s some Christian propaganda,” my friend answered, smirking. “Anyway I don’t believe in truth. I’m going to start a *Falsitas* Forum.”

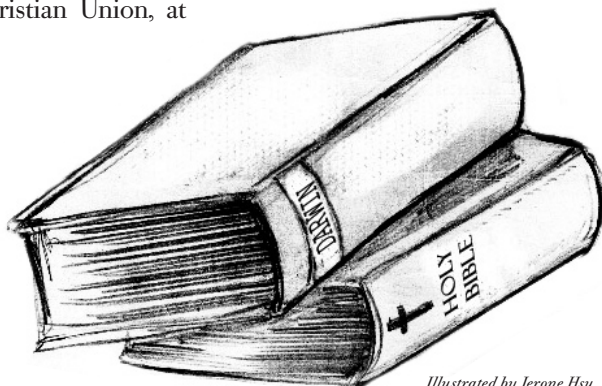
“*Falsitas*,” I helpfully pointed out, ever eager to put my study of the classics to use, “is not a word.”

I wouldn’t learn until later that the *Veritas* Forum was a public panel comprised of a Christian, a Buddhist, and a secular humanist. The Christian was Finny Kuruvilla, a lay believer of a scholarly bent; the latter two were, respectively, Columbia’s own Professors Robert Thurman and Phillip Kitcher. As promised, they spoke about Truth—about beauty and the good life and right and wrong—and in particular, about what value Christianity might have for such a discussion. It was organized, as it turns out, by a relatively little-known student organization called the IntVarsity Christian Fellowship.

The Fellowship was founded in 1941, and has since grown into a national organization of over 35,000 students at 560 colleges and universities. Unaffiliated with any one church, it is primarily comprised of the theologically conservative strand of Christianity that

in America is called evangelical. Its official doctrinal statement includes belief in “the unique divine inspiration, entire trustworthiness, and authority of the Bible.” It devotes much of its effort to holding Bible study groups and engages in extensive community service. At the end of every semester, it reaches out to Columbia’s broader student body by providing free suite-cleaning, using the occasion to spread information about the Fellowship and about Christian doctrine. Dave Wei, a senior who presides over the Columbia chapter, explains this service as a reflection of the Christian “duty to save others.” The Fellowship is, in short, at odds with the intellectual world most Columbia students inhabit. To explain its flourishing presence is a bit of a challenge.

In May, *The New York Times* devoted a segment of its long-running series on class in America to the evangelical presence on campus, focusing on another national evangelical organization, the Christian Union, at Brown.



Illustrated by Jerone Hsu

The article, "On a Christian Mission to the Top," by David Kirkpatrick and Laurie Goodstein, explains how evangelical Christianity has risen from humble beginnings—what H. Richard Niebuhr called the "religion of the disinherited"—to match the old Protestant establishment both in numbers and in material success. The authors purport to explain the growing presence of evangelical Christianity in the "American elite" with this simple economic fact. It is a tidy, convincing story.

Yet something is amiss. Though ostensibly about the rise of evangelical Christianity, the article has hardly a word to offer about evangelical Christianity itself. We are told only that evangelicals are "Protestants who emphasize the authority of the Bible, the importance of a 'born-again' conversion experience, and spreading the faith"—but more importantly we learn that "evangelical C.E.O.s pray together on monthly conference calls, evangelical investment bankers study the Bible over lunch on Wall Street, and deep-pocketed evangelical donors gather at golf courses for conferences restricted to those who give more than \$200,000 annually to Christian causes."

The *Times* article barely recognizes religion as having the substance of an idea. Christianity is considered a mere social and economic phenomenon, like suburban sprawl or fall fashion. Imagine discussing economics or foreign policy or art without reference to the substance of the ideas in question, and the absurdity becomes clear. The notion that the spread of evangelical faith to new segments of American society might have some relation to the tenets of that faith does not seem to have occurred to the reporters.

Five days after running its article, the *Times* printed a brief letter that read, in its entirety: "As a Columbia student, I was amused to read this article. Although the Christian Union may intend to 'reclaim the Ivy League for Christ,' I and the overwhelming majority of my friends are increasingly skeptical of organized religion and its minions. Considering the Bush administration's perverse manipulation of Christianity to invade Iraq, and the increasing blurring of church and state, I am ever wary of those who proselytize on my secular campus."

Anna Hunt, one of the above-mentioned minions, is a sophomore who became involved in the Fellowship upon coming to Columbia, and

has found it to be a thoroughly positive experience. Her involvement with the Fellowship began less to reclaim Columbia for Christ than to continue practicing the Christianity with which she grew up. She describes the Columbia student body as tolerant toward her religion, if not always intensely interested. But she allows that "occasionally...I felt people would look down on it. They would think, 'How can an intelligent person believe in God and be a Christian?'"

"I guess there is not a very good impression of Christianity on campus," Wei admits. It is, he explains, a weak attitude, one that is ready to tolerate Christian convictions as long as they keep quiet. "People don't like to have things pushed on them," he says. Wei draws attention to Columbia's "relativism—the idea that there's not actually any truth, that anything could be right."

Though I cannot help but view the issue from my own secular perspective, I find part of Wei's criticism valid. In important ways, secular Columbians' discomfort with religion is understandable. It is difficult for an intellectual tradition founded on rational skepticism to deal with claims of divinely revealed truth. The notion that "anything could be right" is, indeed, the cornerstone of that tradition, and I do not suggest that we give it up. But I worry that, in some ways, we already have.

It is worth asking whether secularist disdain for Christianity arises from rational skepticism at all. The criticisms most frequently voiced at Columbia seem to treat Christianity as *The New York Times* does. Few understand the central theological tenets of Christianity, or of any religion. The conventional wisdom here is that religion is oppressive, puritanical, and conducive to bad social policy. Religion offends us not because we think it is false, but because it doesn't further our liberal ends. The underlying principle isn't the rational-skeptical one that anything, *a priori*, could be true, but that truth is irrelevant, except in an instrumental sense.

Might this denial of truth be its own kind of critique, a radical challenge to the claim of absolute truth? If so, it is oddly in lockstep with the assumptions of liberal capitalism that define the mainstream of our culture. We need look no further than the narrative traced by our much-vaunted Contemporary Civilization class: the near-complete disappearance of reli-

MISSIONARIES *continued on page 29*

# Call of the Styled

by Michelle Legro and Kathy Gilsinan

Note the curious plumage of the Columbia student. At work or at play, gathered in small groups around the campus, it is a wonder that they hail from the same academic sanctuary. Approach a single cluster of the longhaired variety (*Manhatta vociferous*) and they bristle at the mere mention of uniformity, turning their noses in the air at the newest trend and refusing to drink from the babbling (main)stream.

Steal a glance at the other end of the spectrum, the well insulated sweatshirt wearing tribe *Columbiane insistivus*, and note how their demeanor mimics that of a typical student at unattended Ivy League school X. In a rare display, certain members have been known to “pop” their collars in order to make themselves appear larger and attract the female, but these anomalies tend to congregate in small insular bunches, and are primarily found unconscious with an empty bottle of Kristal on Riverside Drive.

Meanwhile, the majority of the free-range student body nests just outside of scientific definition, never fitting in enough to be conformist, never standing out enough to be sidelined as irreverent. Some are confused, reduced to a sloppy imitation of one of the two species. Most are lazy, crawling just as far as necessary out of the primordial soup to hand in that paper on Darwin before slithering back to bed. However, no matter the genus or species in this particular environment, there remains a certain sartorial tension hanging in the moist sub-Harlem air.

In the beginning, there was the heaven and the earth and a sense that “I” am better than “you.” Flash forward a couple millennia, and you can see this still in action not just inside the civil houses of academia, but also in their vast and uncontrolled lands. On the inside, a lesson in comparative politics or comparative literature can be bullshat with the grace of a swan. But once outside, a lesson in comparative coolness ne-

cessitates a survival of the fittest. Jeans, that is. For it turns out that in an anomaly of Darwin’s theory, the cool actually need the uncool to survive—one person’s good style cannot exist without another person’s bad style; such is the result of the “curve” culture, the zero-sum grade game in which your good grade depends on someone else’s failure.

However, while the battle for academic top dog can be backed up by cold hard numbers, when it comes to coolness, it can often be hard to discern the self-righteous superiority of the leader from the self-righteous superiority of the runt. Perhaps this is just a trickle down effect from the institution at large—Columbia’s confusion as to the square footage of pond it’s really in.

Sometimes it seems that every student is nursing a chip on his or her shoulder, no matter his or her sartorial species. The academic sweatshirt affords a handy pouch for a general slouch, and over time has permanently bent the student’s shoulders to accommodate the weight of the world. Meanwhile the hipper variety of student gives new meaning to the phrase “conspicuous consumption,” those waifish boys and girls with strong convictions and weak blood circulation, hunched and smoking furiously outside of Avery, their unassailable pomposity checked only by the early signs of osteoporosis.

What these beasts of burden fail to realize is that outside the gates, the preserve abruptly ends. Once the Mater smells the real world on her young, she no longer accepts them as her own and they must fend for themselves. Each May, thousands gather for the wondrous sight as hordes of these youngsters lurch sea-ward towards the Hudson. And if you listen closely, you can even hear the delicate flip-flopping of their feet as they make their way awkwardly, oh so awkwardly, toward the unknown. ☼



Illustrated by Ajay Kurian



## ON THE WATERFRONT

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This summer, the Fulton Fish Market finally abandoned its 170-year-old location adjacent to the South Street Seaport and moved to a large warehouse in the Bronx. It left behind a row of empty stockrooms, an unsavory reek—the area was still rank within a good four-block radius at the time of publication—and an equally unsavory slew of sentimental, end-of-an-era human-interest pieces in every single New York publication with pages to fill and a misty-eyed nostalgia-monger on staff.

In a similar spirit of misty-eyed journalistic opportunism, one wayward *Blue and White* editor found himself wandering the cobblestoned South Street toward 4 AM on a morning in July, feeling rather cobbled himself, and accompanied by an alumna of Barnard College in a black cocktail dress. Restaurant buyers had not yet begun to show up, but dozens of mini fork-lifts were already weaving through the street, carrying palettes loaded with boxes of fresh fish packed in ice. The inquisitive alumna, who had instigated this field trip, asked a man with a Marlon Brando-style gaff hook over his shoulder, “When do you begin throwing fish?”

Brando: “Only at Mayor Giuliani. Or Bloomberg. Only at them we throw fish. Otherwise, we don’t.”

The Alumna was unconvinced. With no small note of reproach in her voice, she insisted that, had the festive couple arrived later—prime fish market time was closer to five or six—there would have been fish-throwing to be seen. Some sarcastic quips from our gracious editor were met—justly, no doubt—with stern looks of reproach. A passing fishmonger whistled. It occurred to our editor that the little black dress might be considered not quite the thing for the Waterfront.

Turning west out of the Fish Market takes you into the retail section of the Seaport. In an attempt to improve his companion’s spirits, our editor ventured:

“If we come back a little later, maybe they’ll be throwing things in that Ann Taylor. Sweater sets, perhaps.”

This turned out to be the wrong note to sound.

“My dress is from Ann Taylor,” replied the indignant alumna; and was promptly driven home.

—Cody Owen Stine

Railway Station, which is a bit of a hike from the Victory Park. But as long as I was there, I figured I'd take some pictures of the park there, which was dedicated to Russo-European friendship. It was the middle of the day, it seemed like a nice area, and it didn't even occur to me that there was no one else around. As I started to leave the park, two cops who couldn't have been older than me walked in and moved towards me. Sensing that there was no escape, I tried to play it cool and politely asked them the way to the Victory Park.

They weren't having it. "*Dokumenty!*" Well, of course. I took out my passport, my return-entry visa, my migration card, my hotel card, and everything else I could possibly use as documentation. While one of them looked over it, the other grabbed me by the shoulder and clenched it tightly. I could smell alcohol on his breath, and I could see it in his eyes. I will never forget the sadistic toothy grin of the cop as he slowly read my name out loud: "Da-vid Sam-u-el." Oh, Christ. In Russian: "The number on his visa doesn't match the number on his passport." I looked. They did match. I told him so. "Come with us," they ordered, pointing into the park. I protested, saying everything was in order. The guy with his hand on my shoulder grabbed my arm and twisted it behind my back like a pretzel, while the other guy pocketed all my documents. I tried to break free, but he squeezed my arm even tighter and probably would have broken it. Then he force-marched me across the park, until we were completely out of public view.

In retrospect, they could have beaten me, sodomized me, or taken all of my possessions (including my camera and cell phone), and there wasn't a thing I could have done about it. I guess I should be grateful. They certainly thought so. They made me unzip my jacket in the freezing cold, patted me down, emptied out all of my pockets, and searched through my wallet, including various ID and metro cards. I had taken 1000 rubles (at least \$30.00) out of the bank an hour earlier. They pocketed that. I thought they were going to let me go at that, but they weren't through. First they made me shake their hands, thank them for not taking me to prison, and tell them (in both Russian and English, about a dozen times) that they hadn't offended me. They told me that I had no right to be in Moscow, that I had no migration card (a lie; it was in my passport, which they knew perfectly well), that I was going

to get stopped by every cop in the city and thrown in jail, that I had no business being in Russia, and that they were great guys for only making me pay a fine. They made a point of saying "We are not American police. We are not Petersburg police." In English, one of them said "I AM your money." And then he complimented me, saying that my Russian is "pizdata," or cuntishly good, which it certainly is compared to his English. To show their generosity, they gave me back 120 rubles so I wouldn't be broke. I was ready to kill them both, but what could I do?

And then one of them told me he wanted to protect me from the other police, so he put his hand on my shoulder, marched me back to the metro, and made me go through the gates (for free, because he was such a nice guy). By "protect," I assume he meant "ensure that I don't tell on him to his superiors." Not that they would give me their information or anything. I got out of there and went to a different part of town. My program director, enraged on my behalf, ordered my friends to travel around Moscow with me at all times. My arm hurt for a week. And this was only my second stop in Moscow.

Nothing that bad ever happened again, although I always felt slightly uneasy walking the streets alone. In Petersburg, the stops slowed down, especially as the weather got nicer and I stopped wearing a hat all the time. When I would get stopped, I found that the trick was not merely to speak only English, but also to refuse to understand a word of Russian. For instance, when a cop car slammed on the breaks in my neighborhood and the cops got out and started shouting "*Molodoi chelovek!*" at me, I ignored them until they tapped me on the shoulder. "*Dokumenty, pozhaluista!*"

I responded with a bewildered expression. "Excuse me?"

"*Dokumenty!*"

"Oh, oh, document-ee. You mean like a passport?"

"*Otkuda vy? Vy anglichain, amerikanets...*"

"What?"

"Are...you...Great...Britain?"

"Oh! Oh, no sir, American!" I said with more pride than at any point in my life.

"*Amerikanets...* hmm... Goot evenink, sir!" And they were off. It's a crime for us darkies to know Russian poorly, but it's perfectly legal not to know it at all. ☸

gious thought from the reading list after Descartes; the capitulation, after a nod to Nietzsche, to individualist, pragmatist intellectual apparatus of our present system. We could look, also, at the profit-minded approach we take to our education. I am struck by something once said to me after a particularly dull class meeting: "That cost two hundred dollars." *Veritas* is for sale, and when we give it our attention at all it is to worry over how well our investment will appreciate. No wonder we are reluctant to confront the Christian idea that, in Wei's word's, "everything you do should reflect God's will"—even to refute it.

Whatever the cause of the animus so many students seem to bear toward religion, a greater commitment to intellectual openness can only help. Those of us on the secular side of the divide must recognize that the questions faith addresses, about who we are and how we should act, are important, and that secular ideologies often pay them short shrift. Accepting religious philosophies as worthy alternatives to secular ones can only ennoble the secular position. ☸

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REES continued from page 19

that these things have taken off.

*BEW:* How does this success affect your work?

*DR:* In a way, I think I did my best work when I still had to work a job. Because if you get home from work and you're not too exhausted, you're really reacting against this crappy work, forcing yourself to make something that inspires you, because it's the only thing that keeps you from jumping off a bridge. Now, what I do all day is sit around, surf the Internet, play Internet Scrabble, and watch DVDs with my wife. I've always felt like I should get a really miserable temp job, and come home and make kick-ass stuff. There's always been a lot of tension with that. Just guilt, like good, Protestant guilt, I guess. "Why am I so lucky to get to sit around all day when everyone else is working in factories getting their fingers chopped off?" That's more just social and cultural shit.

*BEW:* Why philosophy?

*DR:* I was always interested in that stuff, and my friend was talking about Descartes and his theory that we are the only things in the universe and everything outside us is an illusion. I remember thinking, "Holy shit, they have a whole class about that! I remember thinking about that when I was nine! That's amazing!" It was very exciting to me.

So, I took a class with a great professor who really changed my life. During my final essay, spring of freshman year, I was writing about William James and Camus, and at the time I was

a pretty religious Christian, and in writing this paper I had a genuine existential crisis. I was confronted with a godless reality, and the revelation that I had to create my own reality. I was assuming things were true because I needed them to be true, and I felt like I had to let go of that. It was a really life-changing 48 hours, so I thought I'd keep going on that journey, try to find the answers to questions I had.

*BEW:* How much do you still question?

*DR:* I don't have as many, but I'm still concerned with the obligations we have to each other as human beings. Honestly, I try not to think about the questions as much anymore, at the risk of completely uprooting my life. It's the standard, as you get older you just want to fuckin' relax and watch TV. When I was a kid, I wanted to be a monk, because I felt if you were religious the only way to be truly religious in the world was to just live in a spiritual environment and just fuckin' pray all the time. There was a huge tension in my life: "How can I be a Christian and a servant of God, and at the same time want to race BMX bikes and play video-games and chew bubble-gum and make out with girls?" I have a real black and white view of the



Illustrated by J. K. Robertson

# Bullshit Hum

by Michelle Legro

**T**he Core Curriculum claims to prepare the Columbia student for anything that life may throw at him—be it art, literature, music, or a delicious cream pie. But what this devil's pact doesn't mention is that you'll be required to read all of *Don Quixote* in about as much time as it takes to get drunk off of sangria. Happily, *THE BLUE AND WHITE* isn't hemmed in by confining definitions like "required" or "read." Like most Columbia students, we've seen the bigger picture—we've read *War and Peace* and we know it's to do with Russia. In a gesture of friendly benevolence, we've compiled a pocket sized guide for plagiarists and procrastinators alike. But reader beware, college addles the brain like only a few precious substances can, and things may have gotten a little fuzzy since freshman year.

## *The Odyssey*, Homer

In the course of a single day's journey back from the Trojan war, Odysseus battles a number a ferocious sea monsters, Cyclops and the X-Men, a lifetime of Catholic guilt, and is given a hand job in an alley by a lesser river nymph before finally returning home, where he goes on a tri-state killing spree. The narrative concludes with a 50-page orgasm from the point of view of his whore-of-wife Penelope.

## *Oedipus*, Sophocles

Sophocles' whirlwind comedy of mistaken identity leaves the reader, and most of the characters, in stitches. After undergoing psychotherapy at the hands of his mother, Oedipus realizes he has a Napoleonic complex, blinds himself, retires to a life of leisure, and dies in a horrible boating accident at Colonus.

## *The Bible*, Anonymous

If you don't know it already, don't start now. There will be at least one person in your section who knows every book from Genesis to Malachi. Most likely, he or she will be called upon—or "chosen"—to speak by the professor quite often. Be sure to nod knowingly. Later, you will be surprised to learn that there is a big-budget sequel called the "New Testament" as well.

## *King Lear*, Shakespeare

One of Shakespeare's great vegans, Lear balks at his daughter's love for meat and banishes her to a fate worse than death, oth-

erwise known as France. His remaining daughters plot their father's downfall in revenge for giving them god-awful hippie names while he was stoned. Blindness, suicide, hangings, and Kool-Aid™ poisonings leave none but the lords Edgar, Kent, and Albany to restore order by establishing a fairly successful Whole Foods™ franchise.

## *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen

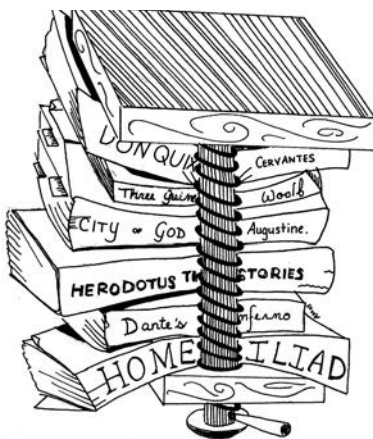
If you are female: So, Mrs. Darcy, you think you know *P&P* after reading it, like, 20 times and watching the BBC version every weekend since your bat mitzvah? Please, enlighten the class. If you are male: Try reading this book on the subway. Chances are you will get a complete plot summary, and laid, before 96th street. Just remember to switch trains if you're on the 2/3, because it is a well-known fact that any man in possession of a copy of *Pride and Prejudice* in East Harlem is in want of a good thrashing.

## *Crime and Punishment*, Fyodor Dostoevsky

Dostoevsky's magnum opus contains three invaluable lessons for life. 1) Russians like murder 2) Russians like vodka 3) Russians like underage prostitutes named Sonya. Evil empire? More like *awesome* empire.

## *To the Lighthouse*, Virginia Woolf

If you're a Columbia student, the lighthouse signifies a longing that can never be fulfilled, a journey not taken across a sea of lost memories, where the push and pull of the tides wash clean the footsteps in the sands of time. If you are a Barnard student, the lighthouse is a giant penis. ☼



Illustrated by Angeliqe Wille



## CAMPUS GOSSIP

Does art imitate crap or does crap imitate art? Such deep thoughts are on the minds of *BLUE AND WHITE* staffers each time we saddle up to a public computer terminal in search of that certain *je ne sais quoi* that makes a perfect digitalia. But who knew that the editors of *The New Yorker* were of the same mind? In the June 13 & 20 Debut Fiction issue, one steely-eyed *B&W* editor noticed a familiar paragraph in Karen Russell's piece "Haunting Olivia"—one that had in fact made its own debut in the pages of the Digitalia feature in the October 2004 issue of *THE BLUE AND WHITE*. The "refined" version, on Page 72 of *The New Yorker*, reads:

The diabolical goggles were designed for little girls. They are pink, with a floral snorkel attached to the side. They have scratchproof lenses and an adjustable band. Wallow says that we are going to use them to find our dead sister Olivia.

Page 11 of the Digitalia section in the October 2004 *BLUE AND WHITE* reads:

The goggles were 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 publication would like to congratulate Ms. Russell for being the first (inadvertent) writer for *THE BLUE AND WHITE* to be featured in *The New Yorker*. Those who would like to follow in her illustrious footsteps please e-mail [theblueandwhite@columbia.edu](mailto:theblueandwhite@columbia.edu), or simply be a frequent user of any of the University's fine computer labs.

From a Well-Woman poster:

MYTH: Speculums Are Scary

FACT: They Make Fab Puppets!

Come make SPECULUPPETS with Well-Woman: We've got the ART SUPPLIES, you bring the creativity. Fun AND learning, what could be better!



Mother and young girl at the Met, looking at a series of paintings on the Seven Sins:

Girl: "Mom, what's sloth?"

Mom: "Letting yourself go."



Two hulking football players in the drink line at John Jay.

#1: "You're a faggot ass."

#2: "Shit, naw I ain't."

#1: "You just told me you like teabaggin'."

To which the second raised only mild objections.



BULLIET FILES:

Woe are we. Esteemed scholar Richard W. Bulliet has taken the school year off, no doubt to pursue his burgeoning art career. Thankfully, *THE BLUE AND WHITE* kept several gossip-worthy quotes in reserve. Here, we present the finest of the collection, very much out of context:

"There's something just wrong about having a bunch of stuffed animals in your room when you're smoking dope. And you just don't want your girlfriend to see that."

"Mice don't have pets."

"Hey, the pig calculator is coming to town—you better behave."

## COME AGAIN?

Overheard in the Butler Lounge: “So last time I was with her, I got so high that I couldn’t get it up, but I’ve been thinking about poking her on Facebook to make it up to her.”



For an entire month this past summer, there appeared to be a small Asian family (student and a 50-60 year old mother and father) living in a single room in the Broadway dorm. The logistics of this veritable clown car of residential living baffled most of the summer residents. How do three people live in a 105-foot single for three weeks? How often were they signed in? What is that sea creature soaking in the kitchen? When the student was finally pressed for details he reponded that it was just his family visiting from China for graduation and that they were taking their time “because it’s a long trip.” Through the center of the earth, no doubt.

Reportedly at the Columbia Israel Fair: Gift condoms bearing the slogan, “Israel, it’s safe to come.” Intrigued, *THE BLUE AND WHITE* suggests other patriotic prophylactics:

Russia: You need protection?

Luxembourg: Because small is nice.

England: Wet and waiting.

The United States: Unwilling to pull out.

Canada: Oh!

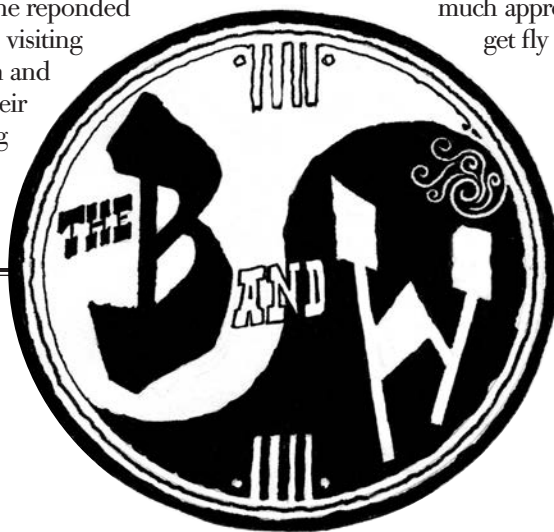


## ON THE 1 TRAIN:

“Hello everyone. Sorry to bother y’all, but I’m trying to get a pair of Pradas. So, anything you could spare—dollars, quarters, whatever—would be much appreciated, because I need to get fly by June 11.”



Columbia...it’s got that new university smell!



Can you write? Can you draw?  
Have you no shame?

Come to an introductory meeting of  
**THE BLUE AND WHITE**  
Monday, September 12th at 9:30 P.M.  
The basement of St Paul’s Chapel