OUR MOST PRACTICAL ISSUE EVER!

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Columbia’s Ambiguous Standards of Academic Integrity

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As I recall, the meanings of the terms “pragmatism” and “practicality” never used to be conflated. In the most classic sense of the word, pragmatism suggests that there is no difference between means that lead to the same end; practicality, on the other hand, is a judgment about the usefulness or feasibility of those means. Enter: Thesaurus.com, at once journalism’s hemlock and antidote.

During our editing of this issue, our Most Practical Issue Ever!, the staff of this little magazine got to thinking about pragmatism and practicality. In fact, we realized that Our Most Practical Issue Ever! is, in many ways, decidedly anti-pragmatic. Take, for instance, Eliza Shapiro’s informational fake IDs (p. 17): their usefulness is in their description rather than their prescription. The same can be said for Brian Phillips Donahoe’s and Evan Johnston’s polemics on rosé (p. 12); The Blue and White does not point out, in the end, whether rosé really is okay, merely how the tannins bring out subtle floral undertones.

Our staff’s guide to visiting friends at other colleges (p. 24)—which, to clear up any confusion, is the only official Blue and White-endorsed travel guide for the North Eastern United States—is an invaluable device for navigating the tricky social and geographical complexities of the Ivy League, but towards what ends you direct your prowess, we are, by design, unaware. Consider this issue as a means by which to acquaint yourselves with the particulars of top 40 radio (p. 25), the parables of a tween’s take on an arrested adolescence (p. 33), and florecestuous dalliances (p. 7), rather than any advancement of a particular ethos to apply in interpreting your newfound knowledge.

A more pragmatic issue might have been a subversive way to force our moral, aesthetic, and oenophilic judgments unto the nubile, impressionable young minds of the ’13s, depriving them of the ability to understand freshman year as a time to establish one’s own working world view. But that wouldn’t have been very practical, now would it?

Juli N. Weiner
Editor-in-Chief

By the Numbers

There’s nothing an Orientation Leader loves like a team-building exercise. To pre-game for the New Student Orientation Program, a gang of OLs papered over the Student Government Office in Lerner Hall with lists of the things that make their hearts purr. The most popular choices were:

Coffee  6
True Blood  6
Candy  4
Chocolate  4
Food  4
Meeting New Students  4
C-4 (Community Forum)  3
Caffeine  3
Central Park  2
Everything/Anything  2
Love  2
Making people happy  2
My boyfriend  2
The Office  2
Twitter  2
Weeds  2
Weekends  2
True Blood’s Eric  1
True Blood’s Eric & Sookie  1
A guinea pig wearing a yellow bonnet  1
CAMPUS FENG SHUI

Every semester the administration wastes thousands of dollars hiring “stress-busters” to massage weary students. As a cost-saving measure, why not make a few simple modifications to our campus that will balance our communal qi? The Blue & White would like to note that its Feng Shui consultant was out of town at the time of this article’s writing.

- Move Butler to Riverside Drive: It currently stands as an abrupt and jarring end to South Lawn, which should have the effect of continuous motion (at least until it hits Frat Row).
- Turn Alma 90 degrees so that she faces Broadway, welcoming newcomers with her adjusted body language.
- Make the dome of Low into a triangle to unite the energies of earth, wind, and fire.
- Divide each floor of Lerner into its own building, then place them in an octagon surrounding South Lawn. The key to achieving peace is for all exits and entrances to be out of one complex.
- Reorient Low so that its door faces west. Only brothels open to the south.
- Sod over the track in Dodge and plant a bed of flowers, eliminating the frenzied, unhealthy qi of joggers.
- Chisel out the “chermer” from “Schermerhorn.” This word has too many dense syllables, and clogs the palate.
- Move St. Luke’s: The perturbed energy of death is interfering with the concentration of Lit Hum students.
- Refinish the Maison Française in stucco. The contrast of the red brick and grey cement is a baleful omen.

POSTCARD FROM MORNINGSIDE

Compiled by Alexandra Muhler & Eliza Shapiro
Postcard by Stephen Davan
July 9th, 2009, was a day like any other on College Walk. A pleasant 73 degrees and sunny, no South Lawn sunbather could have expected the Silver Bullet, a mammoth truck equipped with dozens of blades and motors that can atomize 8,000 pounds of paper per hour, to come rumbling up 116th Street. But there it was.

The Bullet was the main attraction at Shred Fest 2009, a free opportunity for Columbians to shred sensitive documents and continue the good fight against identity theft. “It was actually two days,” Rick Morales, Crime Prevention Manager of Public Safety, clarified. A mere afternoon simply would not do: “The first day, it was so overwhelming that, you know, everybody came down, they pulled everything not only from the closets, but from old files and storage. Also, people brought stuff from home, which was what we wanted.”

CU Facilities and Public Safety hired Code Shred, a document shredding company, to bring in the Silver Bullet, which is also fitted with exterior video monitors that display the document digestion taking place within its mechanized steel belly. Code Shred employees are also present, ready and willing to shred a variety of matter: papers, CDs, floppy disks, books, and binders. All staff, faculty, and students are cordially invited to partake in the destruction, and University departments planning to shred fifty years worth of term papers and exams can even call ahead for movers to transport materials for them.

“Some people say it can’t happen to me, but you’d be surprised by the amount of people that fall victim to identity theft... You know how they go through the garbage looking for any kind of information about you. It’s called dumpster diving,” warned Morales. Columbia itself will be shredding Occupational Safety and Health Administration documents and other records the University is no longer under legal obligation to keep.

Though the Silver Bullet and all its accompanying terror may seem like excessive measures, federal law requires any institution that collects private data like Social Security numbers, health records, and financial information to destroy it, rather than simply throw it away. As a result, Code Shred and the Silver Bullet will be back soon to incinerate new batches of old paper at the next Shred Fest, slated to take place outside the Medical Center from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. on September 11th. The event is being held as part of Security Awareness Day, the most anticipated event that falls between Women’s Equality Day and the Autumnal Equinox.

—Adam Kuerbitz

There is a forgotten room in the bowels of East Campus full of dead ideas. It is staffed by nobody. In the Center for Career Education, on the lower level of EC, one must turn down the second hallway on the right, and enter the last door on the left. It’s a heavy, unmarked (and probably unlocked) white door. Inside, in architect’s file cabinets, are unfurled blueprints of everything Columbia has ever built. This is the Map Room.

The employees of the CCE know
nothing about the room except that the man who used to be in charge of it has recently been fired. Asking around the cubicles of the Facilities office nearby will get you nothing but blank stares. The head of Capital Project Management chooses not to guide interested parties around the room, and the man who handles communications for Facilities may not respond to queries. There will be no guide, just maps.

Fortunately, it is organized well enough, with stickers announcing each drawer’s contents. There are blueprints of the President’s house, a Y2K Emergency Generator, and a guide to “tunnels and conduits” (dear terrorists: kidding!). And somewhere in the musty, narrow room are blueprints of the buildings Columbia never built. It is easy enough to unroll a blueprint and find “Never Done” penciled in the corner, underlined. Back in 1987, LeFrak Hall, an architecturally unremarkable residence for Business School students, was in the works. It was to be situated on the east side of Amsterdam, between 121st St. and Morningside Drive.

There are several plans for something called “Echo Lake,” which looks like a resort, and featured hiking paths and even what appears to be a lake. A building for offices and classrooms was once slated for 115-143 West 109th Street, a hike rivaling that to Harmony Hall. Alas, these blueprints sit undisturbed, of little use to but inspire dreams of the waterfront Art Hum that could have been.

—Menachem Kaiser

“It was the worst mistake of my life,” said “Beanpole,” CC ‘12, still can’t shake.

But floorcest has many flavors—sometimes it’s even sweet. “Martha,” CC ’09 and a former RA, told a tale of awkward boy meets awkward girl. After the two began to study together, their floormates watched, with silent encouragement, the pair’s slow mating waddle. One day, they realized the two had shifted their studying from the common areas to their bedrooms. “We all agreed it was just adorable,” said Martha.

More often, floorcest has a rank taste, like old cheese in mildewed Tupperware. Trips to the elevator filled Ben Braddock, CC ’09, with “a sort of sick anticipation,” he said, whenever he and his girlfriend were on the outs. The break-up of a floorcestuous relationship can prove unusually bitter. Cohabiting groups of friends align themselves behind one maligned ex or the other. “When it ended,” said Jake, “it created a complete schism in the [floor] group, and there were entangling alliances.”

Lower-grade trysts usually dissolve with less drama. On Beanpole’s floor, neighborly hook-ups were common stuff. “I think those little romances didn’t last because there was nothing there except alcohol,” he said. “They just [broke] apart without much comment.”

But even relationships that last through May can get rough. For a couple used to a five-yard commute, a summer apart can trigger withdrawal spasms. “The closeness definitely became a crutch, because even when it was painful to be around each other, ... we had a really good reason to work things out,” explained Beanpole. “You just can’t handle things the same way over the phone.”

Still, for all the drawbacks of floorcest, it’s likely to snare us all at some point. “It was probably a lot easier back when Columbia was single-sex, and the girls had to retreat to the other side of the street,” mused Braddock. “But where’s the fun in that?”

—Mark Hay
Hello—

I am a frequent Butler Library patron and I have noticed an odd smell on the fourth floor of the library in room 403, the Milstein Reading Room. It persists year-round and has the smell of vomit, and it does not seem to have a clear origin. Other students have commented on it, but we’ve never figured out an explanation.

Do you know why the room smells this way? It makes the space difficult to use.

Thanks,
—Jon Hill

Jon,

We too have observed a strange smell in some of the 4th floor reading rooms at times. At one point our Facilities staff spent some time investigating the HVAC system to be sure it was not coming from the duct or equipment. Nothing was found. I am forwarding your message to my colleagues in Facilities to request another investigation and recommendation of other measures we might take to mitigate the situation.

Thank you for your note,

—Aline Locascio
Library Facilities Coordinator

Dear Publisher of the Blue and White,

Blue cone monochromatism—as our free, navy blue-on-white informational handbook explains—is the inability to perceive colors other than blue, and sadly, every year, it affects 100% of our membership.

We take immense pleasure in receiving your magazine each month, and wanted to thank you for making considerate choices.

Sincerely,
The American Society of Blue Cone Monochromatism Survivors and Friends

Dear Editor:

I was writing in hopes that you would forward this message along to Verily Veritas, who has a column in your magazine but not, apparently, a functioning postal address. We were delighted to receive word of his interest in the editorial internship at The Partisan Review. Unfortunately, we were unable to offer him a position this summer as he failed to include all required materials in his application. Our internship program—which, not altogether incidentally, ended when we stopped publishing in 2003—requires that candidates supply the names and telephone numbers of three references. We were concerned that Mr. Veritas’ three references do not appear to own phones—although, to be fair, only two were alive at the time the application was submitted. Still, we were quite taken with Mr. Veritas’ polemic “Sontag: You’re It” and wanted to let him know that his insights did not go unnoticed.

Thanks very much for your help in passing along our correspondence to Mr. Veritas.

Cheers!
The Editors
The Partisan Review

[N.B.: As of this issue’s printing, the fourth floor of Butler Library is still desperately in need of mitigating measures. —Ed.]
Summer, heliocentricity’s revenge, was upon him once more. Verily suspected as much from in his observations of the activities of the panes of the window that looked onto his fire code-commanded balustrade. Since the demise of May, granules of moisture had been regenerating ad infinitum—like Hessians, or Catholics—and they show no sign of regression. His sorrowful, knowing eyes cast a peek downward at his Patek and confirmed the presence of August, the Georgian calendar’s hot-flashing menopause.

V.V. cared little for the summertime nor the seasonal indignity of having to remind the sorrowful Prussian staffing the Pastry Shop that no, thank you, he would rather she not dilute what Verily suspected was an already diluted espresso by pouring the drink atop cubed ices and whizzing the mixture about with child’s straw. There were far less expensive means by which to bring about a brain freeze, and for most of them, he would even be rewarded with credits toward his King’s College diploma.

Verily recalled how the indecent pink of the June sunset discharged the humid airs, how the vapors lingered and metastasized, cancering July. V.V. swore on his tweed that he would not allow the wrath of the ozone to stand in the way of his annual forty-eight-hour bacchanal, which was engendered to lament the fall of the First Republic and to celebrate the birth of Walter Benjamin—dates which fall on the 14th and 15th of the month, respectively. The fête’s theme, like that of all post-war Continental literature, is always modernity.

Save his daily arguments with his Silesian caffeine supplier, Verily saw no reason to avail himself from the relative comfort of his dormitory in exchange for the brutality of sunlight. Side-effects of prolonged exposure to vitamin D include vim, vigor, and spiritual and corporeal brightening. Plus, Verily freckled easily. (An incident of particular importance in his psychosexual development involving SPF 15 and a ink-drawing of Charlotte Rampling sketched onto a very private moleskine has since rendered Verily somewhat lotionphobic.) And besides, should V.V. never happen upon his peers who wandered the streets in seasonal demi-pants—these sans tout-culottes who chased their indecency with freezing hot beverages—so much the better!

And so our hero spent the summertime thumbing the bespoke man-tuaetu tucked away in his valise, impetuous for the Fall and embittered by his prelapsarian state. By the penultimate day in June, Verily had relieved his personal library of all its interesting, unread contents. And it only took Verily until the end of the month until he could, verily, say the same regarding the collection belonging to his room-mate, his Semitic acquaintance who went by the name of Brandon Weiss. As Brandon’s intellectually formative years were spent tucked away in an ill-lit recess of the “New releases” alcove of Dalton’s library, Verily was able to forgive Brandon his ownership of what appeared to be the entirety of Farrar, Straus and Giroux’s Spring 2004 catalog. In fact, V.V. had even felt himself on the abyss of perusing through what he considered to be the novel that sported the least ostentatiously minimalist jacket design, but mercifully happened upon Brandon’s Introduction to Latin workbook and opted for this latter, better edited evil.

V.V’s literary paralysis was exacerbated by his environs’ descent into some terrible Faustian transaction in which the neighborhood thrives within the humid hellscape, but only if all its business were devoted to the manufacture and sale of chilled yogurt culture topped with metallic-tasting rice-cakes and served with a side of zesty apocalyptic foreshadowing. August, Verily sniffed, the occasion is anything but.
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 email at editors@theblueandwhite.org.

IAN KWOK

The best way to experience Ian Kwok, CC ’11, is at a packed, preferably free, event or concert. Which is how The Blue and White found itself, at 6:30 a.m. (and already a half-hour late), at the crowd's edge of a free Jason Mraz show, courtesy of The Today Show. Kwok, who's usually outfitted in attire he describes as “legit hippie,” was well-dressed but casual, and fully awake, constantly plotting to get a better view of the show and to snag one of those foam guitars that were being passed around. “I'm a morning person,” he quipped, as if that alone could account for his desire to stand among sweaty, eager adolescents for two hours—for two songs.

Kwok is a fiend for social outings. In addition to the Mraz show, Kwok had suggested checking out several other possible activities including: a free foosball tournament; some free jazz at Pier 45 at Christopher St.; a free dinner (he didn’t, wisely, mention where); a free Dave Brubeck Quartet concert at Lincoln Center; and some (presumably free) gallery hopping. Last year, Kwok co-founded the “Sunshine Circle,” an informal email group of Columbia students hellbent on maximizing their New York summer-time. This year, the list has swelled to at least “20 or 30 people,” he says—though the group’s overall quality has dropped. “There’s a lot of people you just can’t depend on for coming out,” Kwok said, with just a tinge of regret.

Their loss.

Kwok stays almost preternaturally busy, from a Paul McCartney concert (“I actually paid for that one”) to refereeing (on his bicycle) a massive game of Capture the Flag in the Financial District. His near-obsession with activities is more than mere fun-seeking—it’s almost a philosophy. While Mraz geared up to play “I'm Yours,” Kwok spoke of the “joy of crowds” and the “communal passion,” so rare today, that he loves. He blames, to an extent, postmodernism and globalization—and the subsequent “emphasis of individualism”—for society’s current inability to get swept up together, to experience a social euphoria that can presently only be experienced in tiny, concentrated doses, like at a concert. “No one even likes the same music anymore! The Beatles would be impossible today!”

Kwok is actively working to bring a sense of community to Columbia, which for many can feel like the epicenter of postmodern alienation. For starters, Kwok claims, Columbians are too stressed out to be a really cohesive group. “Canadians don’t get this attitude,” says Kwok, a Toronto native. “Just stop this in-your-face attitude, and have a good time.” Engaging with art is one antidote to disaffectedness: Kwok’s an accomplished photographer—he used to head up the photo department at the Columbia Daily Spectator, for which he covered the Tonys and Fashion Week—and is now beginning his stint as president of the Postcrypt Art Gallery. “It’s a shared space to come and experience art—together, as a community,” he says.

And if the monthly exhibits at Postcrypt don’t pull Columbia together, then Kwok’s still got his parties. Last year, he threw a Beatles-themed fete and a “Ninjas vs. Pirates vs. Chemists” blowout. For the latter, all guests had to pick an allegiance—and dress accordingly—and the winners were decided through a point system that included party-penalties (e.g. spilling) and dance-offs.

Kwok enjoys himself easily and often, and he has an interesting theory as to why: he says that his lack of a sense of smell impairs his long-term memory, and he’s compelled to constantly seek new memorable moments to replace the ones he’s losing. Fortunately,
his long-term memory loss does not impair his encyclopedia knowledge of all 151 original Pokémon characters. “I have to ask,” Kwok confessed, “who’s your favorite Pokémon?”

Kwok’s a pre-med student, so as his coursework picks up, he’s not certain if he’ll be able to continue doing, well, everything. But he’s still confident that whatever does come his way, he’ll enjoy it, and on the cheap, too. “Really, I’m just a huge moocher.”

—Menachem Kaiser

SARAH DOOLEY

It is fake Sarah Dooley’s first week of college. She is sitting in her dorm room twisting her long brown hair. “Do I look good?” She blinks into the camera, fidgeting. Later, she brings a laptop as her date to a dance in Lerner. She dances with it. This is not the real Sarah Dooley, BC ’11, but it may be the one most people know best.

Dooley’s cyberspace counterpart, also named Sarah Dooley, is the star of her Web series And Sarah. “She’s an exaggerated version of myself,” Dooley said of her online alter-ego, “a much more awkward version.” Awkward, yes, excruciatingly so, but also inherently relatable. “This is probably me in college,” one YouTube commenter wrote.

Dooley created the character her freshman year after stumbling upon actor Michael Cera’s Internet comedy series Clark and Michael during an extended period of boredom. Inspired, Dooley thought launching her own Web show might help alleviate the doodles, so she sat down at her computer and began typing out a script. The result—part Clark and Michael, part The Office, and part Woody Allen—would become the first episode of And Sarah.

“Just sit down and start talking to myself,” Dooley explains. “I have a pretty terrible writing style.” More than 130,000 views and six full episodes suggest otherwise. The series has even earned some high-profile recognition: Yale economist Ian Ayres featured the show in a post on The New York Times’ Freakonomics blog in March, in which he wrote that his family “is somewhat obsessed with all things Sarah Dooley” and predicted “she is going to make it big.”

Talent scouts are beginning to stumble upon Dooley, too. She recently secured gigs performing her songs at two Manhattan clubs, and she has received solicitations from independent filmmakers to include her music in their soundtracks. This kind of hustle—a budding musical career on top of successful early forays into acting—is precisely why Dooley said she wanted to leave her small hometown of Valparaiso, Indiana, to attend college in New York.

“I never knew what I wanted to do,” she explained, “but I knew everything I might want to do was here. And I liked the whole idea of blocks—walking blocks. That was cool to me.”

Whether on the stage or the computer screen, acting is what Dooley anticipates will dominate her semesters as she works toward her major in theater. She expects to spend plenty of time performing in and writing her own plays, growing more comfortable in her abilities beneath the spotlight with each role.

“It’s fun to surprise yourself, to see what you can do when you make-believe,” she said.

—Jon Hill

Illustrations by
Stephen Davan

The 114th Varsity Show—an honor practically unheard of for a freshman. “I don’t know why,” she said. “I mean, I get so nervous on stage.”

Perhaps then her performance anxiety stems from the fact Dooley considers music, not acting, to be her true calling. She hopes one day to become a professional singer-songwriter, following in the footsteps of her idols Fiona Apple and Regina Spektor, and her MySpace page displays several samples of her musical stylings. With her colorful piano-playing and candid lyrics, Dooley’s songs evoke the untamed energy of adolescence as channeled through an observant, sensitive voice, an aesthetic that has won her a number of admirers. “Just when I thought I lost all hope in the future of music,” starts one comment left on her message board, “I stumbled upon you.”

Illustrations by
Stephen Davan
Ah, International Wine & Spirits: Where You Can Never Call Your Friends By Name, Since It’s Probably Not The One On Their IDs. I can’t believe I’m actually buying wine here and not Smirnoff. Why did my friends want to have a Bourgeois Bros and Ho-ristocratic Bitches theme party anyway? Inuits and Esha-Hos was a far better idea.

Maybe I should get a Cabernet. Or a Shiraz. Those are names of things, right? Oh, Yellow Tail! That’s got that eager kangarooess on the label! But every cheapskate will bring a bottle of Yellow Tail. Think outside the box, Evan, outside the box.

Oh God, it’s hopeless—bottle after bottle of unpronounceable wines with unforgivable price tags. It’s like I’ve stepped into a New Yorker cartoon. I should be walking back from Rite Aid by now with two 12-packs of Natty Lite, not agonizing over the choice between Châteauneuf-du-Pape and Agua de Piedra! And of course, if I show up with the wrong wine—something from, heaven forbid, Sonoma—I’ll never live it down. I’ll be walking across the stage at commencement and people will still be whispering to each other, “Wasn’t he that guy who showed up once with a bottle of Francis Ford Coppola?”

Brian is different, though. I know it. Brian gets it. Brian has got to like what I bring—after all, he invited me tonight.

I mean, I’ve never claimed any special, secret sommelier know-how anyway. It’s not like everyone is standing around at the party right now with empty glasses, sympathetically assuring each other that, “Don’t worry, Evan will be here soon. He’ll know just what wine to pair with this Spicy Special.” Wine and I have been strangers for years. It’s no different from that grape juice that half-froze in my mini-fridge over winter break.

Maybe I should just calm down. If I get a white wine with a tongue-in-cheek name that costs over $20, I’ll be a hero. Wait—what’s this? Pink wine? Huh. I get all the class of a red wine with the low price of a white. And the name—“rosé”—hmm, sounds... almost floral. Notes of earth and...rose. Literal, but fancy.

The fact they’re giving out free samples doesn’t hurt, either. Thanks so much, Mr. International! The ratio of booze to buzz is excellent, too—three sips and I already feel light-headed. But do I buy the bottle or do I buy the box? No, I don’t have time for this. I’ll save that potential land mine of a debate for later.

It’ll get everyone at the party drunk and no one will have to remember what color it was until it’s in a puddle outside of a John Jay bathroom stall. Sometimes Brian can be pretentious, but snobbery is no match for such a friendly fuchsia. Wine is wine, and more importantly, drunk is drunk! Plus, it’s unexpected. Brian is going to be positively flabbergasted. I’ll fool everyone else with my mysterious pink elixir and pretend I’ve known about it all along. I’ll even bring along this new Vampire Weekend EP that I downloaded. I bet Brian loves them.

Oh, I can see it now: a triumphant waltz up the dim Carman 8 hallway with a delicious-looking mystery in hand. Finally, I’ll be accepted. Finally, Brian will say something to me about Mahler or Berlioz or Eric Asimov or those other people he has in his Facebook interests, and then I’ll be cool. Brian is so cool. He even lives in California.

This bottle of rosé is going to make me somebody.
\textbf{NEGATIVE}

\emph{By Brian Phillips Donahoe}

We’ve all been naïve. We’ve all taken the uptown 2 past 96th. We’ve all sported clashing plaids. But the time has come for us to set aside childish things, as our Bud Light-swilling President has stated. When I throw a party, damn it, there won’t be any PBR, any Olde English, any rosé. This isn’t senior spring, kids, and underestimating the consequences of your ignorance can’t be passed off as an ironic gesture.

In fact, it’s precisely such miscalculated risk that can only end in the purchase of rosé. The wine—which seduces oenophobes with its non-threatening, maternal pink hue—is popular with those who celebrated its creation in the 1970s. These people also wore polyester, watched \textit{Laverine & Shirley}, and attended swingers’ parties.

Serious wine drinkers who start with quality red or white wines would, of course, never over imbibe a liquid whose flavor and color are something akin to that of fairground cotton candy. It’s only the amateurs who would drink too much, and rosés are what the amateurs drink.

I speak from a position of regrettable experience. I remember my first glass of the pinkish beverage, its inoffensive yet beguiling vapor rising from the lip of the glass to meet my unsuspecting nostrils. Sip followed sip, and I soon fell under the shameful command of the dreaded drink.

Rosé is a gateway wine to be sure, but instead of opening new pathways to better and finer varietals, it spreads wide to reveal a desolate landscape of boxed wines and coolers. I shutter to think that boxes of Franzia—oversized children’s juice boxes, really—sit solidly on super market shelves across this once proud nation now (similarly) littered with meth labs.

As one tarries lower and lower into this viniforous underworld, the realization of rosé’s foulness comes more and more slowly until the horror arrives in a flash: What once tasted pleasing is now nauseating; what once was sweet is now sickening. You have traded your soul for a drink. Luckily, Mephistopheles always accept a fake ID.

A few days ago, over a shared bottle of an oaky chardonnay, my friend Eliza and I got to chatting about such youthful indiscretions. I had considered Eliza to have impeccable taste, so I was stunned, appalled even, when, on the subject of rosé, Eliza blurted out, “Well, I mean, it’s not all that bad… under the right circumstances.”

Circumstances? As in white with chicken, red with beef, and champagne with raspberries at dawn? After this sickening revelation, I phoned my Godpappy Philip, the family sommelier (thank god he finally got certified), for a second opinion. “Rosé!,” he exclaimed, “is nothing but alcoholic Crystal Light.” He further assured me that rosé “leads to drunkenness, cirrhosis of the liver, antisocial behavior, and brings death and destruction on the roads.” After my confession, Godpappy urged me to read up on a particularly offensive variety of rosé, “that abomination ‘white zinfandel.’” With this, I was comforted, and we returned to our habitual chatter, chiding each other over the Chilean merlots and Napa “California Champagnes” that have graced our respective tables in years past.

So tonight, with my Tibetan art history reading behind me, I won’t be letting rosé in the party door. My guests, young impressionable college students, could someday find themselves 35 years old, drinking a Bartles & Jaymes Exotic Berry wine cooler, and thinking, “Why not?” without my sage guidance.

What’s that, a knock at the door? Oh it’s Evan, a nice enough guy. Oh God, he brought rosé and it’s from some winery in Pennsylvania. I can hear “Oxford Comma” already.
One morning during last semester’s Finals Week, the students of several physics classes were evacuated mid-exam from their classrooms and filed out onto the sun-drenched plaza just outside Pupin. A fire alarm had been pulled, but as the New York City Fire Department later concluded, it was not pulled in response to any fire, but rather was “maliciously set off by persons unknown.” Many students speculated the culprits were motivated by a desire to interrupt the exam, either to cheat during the intervening drill or simply to delay the test altogether. As the Fire Department was assessing the situation, “the plaza outside Pupin turned into a circus of cheating,” according to one student. Following the exam, Dean of the Physics Department Andrew Millis sent an email informing the classes of how the university was handling the situation, and acknowledged that “the security of exam was compromised.”

The physics free-for-all is certainly not the only instance of academic misconduct in recent memory. In December 2006, Literature Humanities Professor Wen Jin distributed to her students some of the questions that would appear on the course’s final exam. It was only a matter of hours before this information was compiled on a “review sheet” and distributed throughout the freshman class. “I didn’t think it was that big of a deal. In high school, that used to happen, [and] teachers would be like, ‘You should study this one chapter,’” one student told the Columbia Daily Spectator.

People outside the Gates have also picked up on a propensity for cheating at Columbia. “Oh, U. Cheaters! Columbia Kids Sneaky Site’s Top Users” was a recent headline for a New York Post article that cited Columbia students as the most numerous and active users of Cramster.com, a website that provides its users with access to textbook solution manuals, among other things, for $9.95 a month. According to the Post, Columbia, despite its comparatively tiny student body, tops usage at schools like UCLA, USC, and Ohio State.

The figure is consistent with what many Columbia professors deem a pervasive and insidious problem. “I worry about it all the time. It’s something you can’t ignore,” says economics professor Brendan O’Flaherty, who is most concerned when it comes to his large introductory classes.

Many students and professors regard cheating as an unfortunate inevitability, but the University’s vague definition of what it considers cheating—in addition to the wide-ranging recommendations of punishment—don’t suggest an immediate starting-point for reform.

“You understand it up here,” says Jenny Mak, who takes administering policy change in her department as an important responsibility of her position as director of Industrial Engineering and Operations Research. “On a noble level, thou shalt not cheat, thou shalt not lie.” She bursts out in a loud, brief peal of laughter. Columbia College’s own definition of cheating is posted on its website. Not surprisingly, it is significantly more verbose than the Ten Commandments. In fact, like a scriptural passage, it lends itself to variable over-interpret-ability: grandiose claims about the nature of scholarship as “an iterative process” are sandwiched between a broadly idealistic picture of a Columbia education, which includes “the overall development of moral character and personal ethics.”

Cheating, says Professor O’Flaherty, is “kind of like pornography. You know it when you see it.” Just as the definition of cheating is vague, so too are the consequences. Columbia College’s website uses concise, specific language in suggesting how a professor should handle suspicions of academic dishonesty. But in attempting to express a comprehensive and practical definition of misconduct, the
literature shifts from applicable to abstruse. If a professor suspects a student of cheating or plagiarizing, the administration encourages the professor to ask the student specific questions in a “non-accusatory manner” in order to better assess the situation. These sort of “substantive discussions” will provide a “reasonable indication of whether or not there are grounds for your original suspicion of dishonesty.”

However, should the student admit to cheating or fail to answer the questions to satisfaction, the professor then has two options: resolve the matter then and there, or refer the matter to the Dean of Academic Affairs. This ambiguity in whose responsibility it is to police and punish has created a disciplinary system that’s as impractical as the University’s malleable definition of cheating. “If someone’s going to punish the student it’s not going to me. I don’t want to have that sort of relationship with my students,” said Barnard English professor Margaret Vandenburg.

While it’s up to each professor whether or not to involve the administration in instances of cheating, Columbia requests that, ideally, the University be made aware of such cases. However, bringing the case to the Deans can be a time-consuming and paperwork-heavy process, said psychology professor Patricia Lindemann. “There have been instances that I intended to follow up with it and I didn’t. It’s not absolutely required of me to report someone to academic discipline, and it’s actually a pretty heavy thing to take on in the middle of the semester.”

The frantic pace that inspires disciplinary corner-cutting permeates the whole of Columbia’s academic environment. Professors aren’t the only ones looking to avoid adding work to an already burdensome schedule. In balancing off-campus internships, on-campus extracurricular activities, and oftentimes five or six classes, it’s not surprising that some students would take a peek at the Lit Hum passages identifications if it meant shaving several hours off their time in Butler. And professors know it. “Columbia students are distinguished by the number of classes they take,” said Professor O’Flaherty. The propensity to cheat “has to do with the amount of work they get and the time spent in class. At other places, there are not as many class hours.”

Professor Scott Snyder of the Chemistry Department echoed Professor O’Flaherty’s conclusion: “People are just trying to do too much now, at the end of the day when your back is against the wall and you look for a short term solution that will help you get through the exam or the problem set. That’s the slippery slope, once you go the easy way, it’s hard to go back.”

However, electrical engineering professor David Vallancourt believes the problem is much more deeply rooted than mere overscheduling. He hypothesizes that the drive to cheat derives from a misguided conflation of academic success and material wealth. “You have to replace the goal [students] are after. If the goal is material possession, they’ll cheat; there’s no reason not to.” He spoke of the prevailing “SAT culture” with equal disgust. “It’s created a real problem for us. In the short term, if you are diligent in trying to smoke out cheating, then you probably can suppress it, maybe even more
effectively in that moment, but then they’ll move on to the next step with this pent up desire.” Professor Vandenburg identified this behavior as the “ethics of ‘will this get me to the next step?’” She explained that this notional ladder of success is not only as adverse to students’ grasp of academic integrity and personal ethics, but also to the true purpose of the undergraduate experience.

One solution to a warped ethical framework would be to institute a new one, such as an honor code. As an undergraduate at Williams College, where he served on the honor board, Snyder became convinced of the effectiveness of such a system. Snyder advocates establishing something similar at Columbia. “We need an honor code! It worked at Princeton,” agreed Industrial Engineering professor Clifford Stein, himself a former Tiger.

But while chemistry professor Nicholas Turro praised the possible effectiveness of an honor code system, drawing from his experience sitting on the Wesleyan University honor board during the late 1950s, he cautioned that a similar arrangement at Columbia would not produce similar results. According to Turro, the homogeneity—in terms of both social and economic background—of students at Wesleyan in the late 1950s gave rise to a more homogenous set of moral sensibilities across the campus. “The times are too different. The ability to get a common notion across was feasible then,” he said. “Here’s the dispersion of understanding the policy rules is too great—maybe that’s why they’re, in my mind, lenient and not definite.”

According to Snyder, the presence of the honor code at Williams did not necessarily “control cheating, but students perceived that there were real consequences. I have no doubt that Columbia takes these issues with extreme seriousness but, there’s not the same publicness.” The consequences of cheating remain relatively private thanks to Dean’s discipline, Columbia’s notoriously discreet punitive system. In surveying the Dean’s Discipline process, Professor Lindemann finds it “a little surprising that there is so much focus on this as a learning experience rather than in terms of a punishment. It just makes it seem like less of an infraction than it is.”

The administration should “make a bigger deal of it,” agreed Professor O’Flaherty. “My impression is that incentives and actions and ways of getting around it matter—words don’t matter.” O’Flaherty believes that disciplinary transparency would increase students’ perception of cheating as a more serious offense. If students “looked in the Spectator and saw every month that such and such a person was getting thrown out for cheating I think you’d see a change in the way people act.”

Williams has already employed this strategy. When such instances of cheating would arise, a public statement detailing the transgressions and consequences—names redacted—would be sent out to the entire student body. The notion of a public statement may come off as breach of a student’s right to privacy, but Snyder reasons that “in a weird way, it at least assisted people in understanding what might be viewed as what cheating was and what the standards of the community we were all in were.”

Of course, transparency does not necessarily have to come in the form of schadenfreude-inducing Spectator columns. Jenny Mak suggests another structural and notional remedy for SEAS students that would take form in a mandatory ethics seminar. Students in the College are already (in theory, anyway) supposed to cultivate ethical foundations in Contemporary Civilizations classes, which are not required courses for SEAS students. Mak explained that aim of the SEAS ethics seminar would be to make sure that engineering students engage with everyday ethics and become comfortable conversing about such things with their peers.

Although Professor Montas, Director of the Core Curriculum, maintains that CC “gives students the tools to judge ethical implications of their actions and might even spur students to think in more sophisticated ways about their own personal integrity,” as far as shaping their behavior towards cheating, Montas pauses, weighing his words. “I hesitate to say if CC makes our students more moral.” Nonetheless, perhaps supplementing Crime and Punishment with explicitly defined crimes and swiftly delivered punishments could do the trick.
ID-ology

Your pass to Morningside’s swankiest dives.

[Images of driver licenses with personal information]

1020

 DRIVER LICENSE
14 Snowflake Avenue
Juneau, AK 99801

DOB: 5/14/1986
EXPIRES: 8/09/2008

CAMPO

 DRIVER LICENSE
123 Breezy Palm Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90210

DOB: 4/02/1984
EXPIRES: 7/25/2007

CANON'S

 DRIVER LICENSE
47 Misty Beach Lane
Ellendale, DE 19941

DOB: 1/23/1984
EXPIRES: 9/18/2008

DING DONG LOUNGE

 DRIVER LICENSE
62 Dusty Rodeo Way
Austin, TX 73301

DOB: 7/08/1983
EXPIRES: 2/14/2006
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Catch Phrase</th>
<th>What’s On TV</th>
<th>The Crowd</th>
<th>Dress Code</th>
<th>Could Also Be</th>
<th>Music</th>
<th>Drink</th>
<th>Bonus Feature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Canon’s</strong></td>
<td>“Please don’t let me become a regular.”</td>
<td>Sports games that drunk girls can pretend to understand to impress boys</td>
<td>Frat boys’ first choice, everyone else’s last</td>
<td>Pick your favorite character from <em>The Real Housewives of New Jersey</em></td>
<td>Absolutely anywhere</td>
<td>Z100!</td>
<td>Pitchers of Bud Light</td>
<td>The preferred bar of the Collegiate class of 2010</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ding Dong Lounge</strong></td>
<td>“Well... we came all the way here, we might as well stay.”</td>
<td>“EUROPEAN SOCCER... or “FOOTBALL””</td>
<td>Campus’ most dapper foreign policy professor</td>
<td>Whatever outfit you didn’t wear to Canon’s the night before</td>
<td>1979</td>
<td>Loud, bad punk</td>
<td>Non-conformity, straight-up</td>
<td>It’s basically downtown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1020</strong></td>
<td>“Might as well.”</td>
<td>Top Gun, always</td>
<td>Everyone you know, everyone you don’t want to see</td>
<td>Whatever you had on before, plus mascara</td>
<td>2005-era West End</td>
<td>Loud, bad punk</td>
<td>Shots of Jack Daniels; all other beverages consumed as if taking a shot of Jack Daniels</td>
<td>Tuesday trivia night; proximity to Roti Roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Campo</strong></td>
<td>“16 to party, 18 to drink.”</td>
<td>European soccer...or “football”</td>
<td>Campus’ most dapper foreign policy professor</td>
<td>Whatever outfit you didn’t wear to Canon’s the night before</td>
<td>1979</td>
<td>Loud, bad punk</td>
<td>11 vodka cranberries</td>
<td>Three words: Eurotrash Bar Mitzvah!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
85 Rustic Lighthouse Avenue
Portland, ME 04101
DOB: 3/05/1986
Expires: 11/13/2008

12 Frosty the Snowman Street
Madison, Wisconsin 53791
DOB: 9/22/1982
Expires: 10/03/2008

24 Sea Surf Lane
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301
DOB: 6/18/1981

216 Hula Hoop Cove
Honolulu, Hawaii 96801
DOB: 12/09/1984
Expires: 5/13/2005
CATCH PHRASE: “We should really go here sometime.”

THE CROWD: Sip employees

DRESS CODE: Your scarf for all seasons

COULD ALSO BE... There are tons of places like this in Brooklyn, right?

MUSIC: Car alarms, the occasional siren, and sound of crowds walking from 1020 to Roti Roll.

DRINK: Camomile-gin infusion, seriously

BONUS FEATURE: The only bar in Morningside that serves baked camembert cheese

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CATCH PHRASE: “I’m so over 1020.”

WHAT’S ON TV: Reruns of Fareed Zakaria GPS

THE CROWD: Those who oppose, on principle, the idea of waiting to get into 1020

DRESS CODE: Your best impression of “artsy local.”

COULD ALSO BE... Sip

DRINK: 109th and Columbus’s most famed G&Ts

BONUS FEATURE: Strength of mixed drinks indirectly proportional to their prices.

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CATCH PHRASE: “Even though the roof’s not open, I still really love that it’s there.”

WHAT’S ON TV: Who needs a TV when you have this view?!

THE CROWD: Yuppies you aren’t embarrassed to be in the same room as; grown-up Speccies

DRESS CODE: Loafers without socks, briefcase, toddler

COULD ALSO BE... The pride of Murray Hill

MUSIC: Songs for which you know all the lyrics, but would never put on your iPod

DRINK: Mango margarita—that sounds fun!

BONUS FEATURE: Drunkenly falling down the two flights of stairs

---

CATCH PHRASE: “I’m all about the proletariat.”

WHAT’S ON TV: Every sports game that happens to be occurring at that particular moment

THE CROWD: All athletes, all the time

DRESS CODE: Warm-ups

COULD ALSO BE... The VIP room at Applebee’s

MUSIC: All the songs you wish they played everywhere else

DRINK: PBR, duh

BONUS FEATURE: Nut machine, Pac Man, $4 “Basket o’ Tots”
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(at 106th street)
212-662-TACO (8226)
For info & other locations visit www.blockheads.com

EAT IN ~ TAKEOUT ~ DELIVERY

Weekend Brunch

Drink Specials

Peace Love & Guacamole
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Summer Weather

She said the Bay was clouded from the fires. She said ash was choking out the sun. Last time I was home an oil spill slicked back the shore, tar like greasy hair. Today it’s raining in Brooklyn. News from home is disembodied, so distant the faces blur. Weeks hover like vultures, darting in, falling to prey on the weak spots of memory. Barely midnight in California, breaking dawn across the Atlantic: the hours divide into discrete partitions, avoiding any slippery confusion of minutes over miles. Once I thought there was a time zone for every minute. One every block, maybe. The crosstown bus fighting congestion, chronology. It would never work. Neighbors bickering over train times, clock towers paralyzed. Still, there’s comfort in the idea: every minute of the day alive along some line of longitude, the whole of it lit up on the grid, 1,440 continuous chances spinning into each other, electric, vibrant, forgiving.

—Rebecca Evans
ODE

We follow stiff limbs to evening
when warmer fades and heart
turns to darker salon under
our shared bottle sky, Frank
Zappa. Here is a picture
of two men in top hats
melting together at the stomachs.

We follow bicycle paths
of toilet paper, lead ourselves
to stronger cigarettes. And cigarettes
are insects are confident

Frenchmen are you, Frank Zappa.

We belong to the trenches
inside teenaged fists.
We draw ourselves naked. We are hungry
and slow in places where letters
illuminate, the sun shines
green. We relish the savior
in you, Frank Zappa. We
want to get more tattoos.

We want to be better in bed.

Sangria is three euros here. Your
face is suspended above tiny
painted boats; the ceiling
is sidewalk art. We do not notice
you there, Frank Zappa, treading
our heels. We ask birds
how cherries and
strawberries can see you.

—Morgan Parker
Trip-tych

The only Blue and White-endorsed guide to college visits.

Cut along the dotted lines and fold into a wallet-sized cheat-sheet to maximize your Columbia cachet.

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GETTING THERE

Mass Transit 101

Boston: “The T” ($1.70 with pass, $2 without, closes between 12:15 and 1 A.M.); Boston Cab 617-536-5010

Washington, D.C.: “The Metro” (Fares vary, closes at 3 A.M.); Mayflower Cab: 202-783-1111


Providence: RIPTA bus ($1.75, closes between 10:30 P.M. and midnight); D.R. Taxi Cab: 401-640-9689

Downtown Manhattan: “The Subway” ($2.25, 24 hours). Yellow Taxi: (646) 701-7062

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STAYING THERE

Don’t miss these distinctive local delicacies!

Yale: Clam pizza at Frank Pepe
Brown: Breakfast at Louie’s
Harvard: Yenching Chinese
Rutgers: R.U. Grill and Pizza
Princeton: Chuck’s Spring Street Cafe
UPenn: Sushi on a conveyor belt at Pod

The only things that will get you to a hospital faster than an ambulance

Sushi with rum
Sugar-free Red Bull mixed with Champagne
Franzia and... food

---

WHAT YOU NEED

Extra pair of socks—fresh socks make for fresh smiles.
Chewing gum—for when you lose your toothbrush.
Your Metrocard—with at least two rides’ worth of fare.
Toiletries—don’t show up and expect to borrow.
Protection—you know.

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WHAT YOU DON’T

Your course materials—you won’t read them.
Columbia apparel—no one needs to know who bills you for tuition.
Your Moleskine—what are you, a foreign correspondent?
Excessive cash—ATMs exist in all corners of this great nation.

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CHATTING THERE

Three really amazing (and true) excuses for why you can’t attend the Harvard–Yale game on November 21st.

There’s an internet rumor that Phish will be playing the Garden.

Alan Dershowitz and Jeremy Ben-Ami are participating in a panel moderated by Eliot Spitzer at 92 St. Y.

This kid at NYU is throwing this party in Bushwick a bunch of people are supposed to go to.

As a Columbia student, it is a moral certainty you will be asked the following questions. Here are your responses.

“Do you see ever see James Franco?”
Actually, I’m his library-wife.

“Do you ever get nervous, living in Harlem?”
No more so than the people who actually live in Harlem.

“How far is Columbia from Manhattan?”
It varies according to the whims of the 1 train.

“Is it expensive there?”
A real New Yorker never pays full price.
There’s something special about summer jams. It isn’t really anything about the season itself, though this past winter T-Pain made the cold sexy, offering a choice lady a stay “in a log cabin / somewhere in Aspen” or “in a mansion / somewhere in Wisconsin” (which actually rhymes when you pronounce Wisconsin like people from Wisconsin and T-Pain do). Summer jams aren’t really about the moment, either, though in October and November nothing felt so timely as Young Jeezy’s “My President Is Black.” In March of 2000, MTV named Sisqó’s “Thong Song” the official anthem of spring break. But spring break, which only lasts one week, is easier to program than summer.

Still, in most years, one track does break out, and forever afterward drags everybody back to whatever they were doing in whichever year they heard it a million times. Last year, it was Lil Wayne’s “A Milli,” which was a six-minute, thrashing guitar solo in words. Six years ago, in the video for “Crazy in Love,” Jay-Z set a low-rider on fire as Beyoncé broke down the song’s irresistible chorus. But this summer has no definitive jam, which isn’t to say that the summer of ’09 didn’t have a musical anchor. From June 25 on, our ears belonged to Michael Jackson. Still, nobody was tortured by hearing “Billie Jean” every single time they turned on the radio, because his entire catalog is worth a listen. Of course, some people don’t know anything more about Michael Jackson than they knew two months ago. These people don’t listen to Top 40 radio. They forego radio entirely while they spend their summer teaching villagers in the bush about clean water or refinishing their patios. This is because summer jams are for the lazy. In New York City, they are found on Hot 97, and everywhere else, they are found on the stations that broadcast little that isn’t also on Hot 97’s weekly playlist. Listening can be frustrating—does anybody need to hear Mariah Carey’s “Obsessed” twice an hour? Still, if you wonder what she mumble-sings before she busts out something about “bathin’ in Windex,” it can’t hurt to listen again. (The full line is actually, “I can see through you like you’re bathin’ in Windex”). Beyoncé’s new song is even wilier. The chorus launches with the raunchy lyrics, “It’s too big, it’s too wide / it’s too strong, it won’t fit,” only to reassure you of its radio-appropriateness when it answers what “it” is—her man’s ego. But while “Ego” works around radio’s decency standards, Drake’s “Best I Ever Had” is crippled by them. On the album version of the song, he repeats “you da fuckin’ best,” until the listener really believes it. On the radio, the insipid “you da-you da best” repeats until the listener feels nauseous. Indeed, most summer jams are pretty dumb. Dorrough’s “Ice Cream Paint Job” can be distinguished from other songs about cars only by its novel—yet inane—hook: “cream on the inside / clean on the outside.” Then there’s the New Boyz’s “You’re a Jerk,” in which the title is repeated thirty-six times. The word “jerk,” alone, spoken in a pipsqueaky voice, must loop hundreds of times during the three-minute ditty.

That’s not to say I change the station when “You’re a Jerk” comes on. In fact, whenever I want to tell someone that they are a jerk, I say it just like they do in the song. When a friend asks me whether I can carry their beach towel, I sing back to them, “just throw it in the bag,” like The Dream has been crooning all summer. Not that it comes up much in this heat, but I never just say “umbrella.” I sing “umb-a-rella-ella-ella-ch-ch-ch.” The songs of summer have trudged their way into my head, and I’m not going to bother to remove them. What can I say? I’m lazy.

—Alexandra Muhler
“I kind of passed through a crucible and I entered [Iraq] being one person and I think I exited it being basically another person,” says Pulitzer Prize-winning New York Times foreign correspondent Dexter Filkins. It’s incredibly lucky he exited at all: his book, The Forever War, chronicles his innumerable near-death experiences while he was embedded with American forces stationed in Fallujah, the country’s most dangerous city. (During a single eight-day period, a quarter of the soldiers with whom Filkins traveled were killed.) He’s since left Iraq for the (relative) calm of Afghanistan. Thanks to a shaky Skype connection, Blue & White senior editor Eliza Shapiro caught up with Filkins in Istanbul, just before he left to begin another embedding near Kabul.

The Blue and White: OK—right off the bat. How do I get to do what you do?

Dexter Filkins: I’m pretty optimistic in the long run about journalism, particularly foreign journalism. Tomorrow I’m getting on a plane and going to Afghanistan and I’m going to try to do my best to figure out what’s going on there. And that’s a place where the U.S. is at war; Americans are paying a lot of money for that, and people are dying and they need to know about it. I can’t imagine any other way of telling people or people learning about what’s going there except by journalism. What else is there? There’s government press releases—we don’t really want to rely on those.

How do you get to do what I do? There’s always room for another really hard-working, bright, eager person on anybody’s staff. I’ll give the advice that I got many years ago from a famous American writer named Lance Marrow: “Read and read and write and write and write and the rest will take care of itself.” And I think that’s still probably true.

B&W: Since 9/11, Americans seem pretty gung-ho about educating themselves about the Middle East. There’s been a flood of books on everything from the Israeli-Palestinian conflict to understanding the history of Iran. It seems more and more people are making it their business to try to understand a region they may not have known enough about before. This is all great, but how much can people understand without going there?

DF: You know, there’s levels of ignorance [laughs], which I’m familiar with myself. But were talking about journalism here, and there’s never a substitute for being in a place, and it’s difficult to convey how important that is because there’s so much that you learn—there’s so much that anyone can learn by just looking around and feeling and hearing and smelling and touching, and hearing the inflections in peoples’ voices and the way they pause before they talk to you and the way they shift their eyes around and look at you or not look at you. And those are all really intangible and subtle, but they’re all very important when you’re trying to understand a foreign culture. I would never say that reading about a place is not important—it’s essential—but to really, really understand a place you have to be there. For a long time.

B&W: I know journalism wasn’t always your first career choice...

DF: No, it wasn’t. I never really thought about being a journalist until pretty late in the game. And I think in my case, it should have been obvious to me early on but it wasn’t. I was very interested in current affairs and I think what happened is I steadily became disillusioned with other things and found
myself standing next to the only thing that was left, which was reporting. For example, I went to Washington and I worked for a political campaign for a year. Maybe that’s for a lot of people, but it wasn’t for me. I just had a liberal arts degree [from the University of Florida] and no profession suggested itself. I was preparing to take the LSAT and I just happened to see this movie called The Year of Living Dangerously. It’s really romantic and very glamorous but I literally remember coming out of the movie theater thinking, “I can sit in a cubicle and read about contracts and write them up, or I can go to Indonesia and cover military coups and fall in love with Sigourney Weaver.” I threw the law books away right then and there.

B&W: That was the turning point?

DF: Yeah, it was a like a total epiphany! That world opened up for itself and once it did it was all very clear.

B&W: So looking towards the future, if the New York Times’ web ad revenue is significantly less than its print ad revenue, what does less money mean for massively expensive overseas operations in terms of cost of security and travel?

DF: I think there’s a lot of confusion about this. I think the first thing that needs to be said about this is that newspapers are more popular than they’ve ever been. And I think if you take my newspaper, the Times, we have more readers exponentially more readers than we’ve ever had. We have millions and millions of readers and they’re all over the world. So the print edition is 1.1 million and the web they measure slightly differently but it’s about 20 million individual readers a month and so that is not the measure... that is not the indication of a dying business. It’s just that the business model doesn’t work.

So the paradox is that the newspaper makes more money off the million people that read the newspaper in print than the 20 million people that read it online. I’ll put it this way, I can see how the demand that exists for what we do is very high, it’s higher than it’s ever been. In that sense I’m very op-
timistic. I might be wrong but I think that anything that’s as in demand as good journalism will survive in one way or another. So I’m hopeful.

*B&*W: Where were you first reporting? Florida?

DF: I had a long internship at the *Los Angeles Times* but my first full-time job was I was a reporter for the *Miami Herald* in a far-flung bureau in West Palm Beach. I did everything. This is my chance to talk about the value of local reporting. It was a blast. I covered murders, I covered zoning hearings, I covered the city commission, I covered the school board, I covered everything! And it’s amazing how interesting and compelling all that can be. I think for a lot of reporters and particularly people that want to, say, go abroad, they think, “Well, I can’t do that, it’ll be too boring.” But I’m here to tell you that it’s not—it’s actually really interesting. I started in Florida and I stayed at the *Miami Herald* in various ways for a long time, for eight years before I went to the *LA Times*.

*B&*W: Then did you go right overseas?

DF: No, I worked in southern California for a year or so and then I went to India. I remember when the job came up for the New Delhi bureau I wasn’t anyone’s first choice at all [laughs] and the editor there decided to take a risk and give me the job. To be honest, a lot of people who were more qualified than I was could have had that job but they just decided they didn’t want to go. India is a hard place to live. The electricity is out most of the time, there are cows walking around the streets. It’s a very difficult place to live and work, but it’s incredibly interesting, it’s the most amazing civilization... So here’s my opportunity to thank those people once again.

*B&*W: Do you think when you started doing local stuff in Florida, you had the instinct and you were an adept reporter? Was there a moment when you realized what you had to do or that you were a good reporter?

DF: No, I didn’t know anything when I started. My internship at the *LA Times* was with an editorial writer so I was kind of sitting up in this ivory tower and opining about various things. I made a complete fool of myself many times. But no, journalism, and writing or reporting, is like a craft. Ten years later when I arrived in Calcutta, on my first day on the job, Mother Teresa died. I had every right to be utterly terrified about how well I was going to do that day. And I was, I was really nervous. But on the other hand, by the time that moment came, I had at that point written probably 2,000 newspaper stories on everything from bribery cases to double axe murders to cats stuck in trees so, you know, I was more or less ready for that.

When I got to Calcutta I thought there was no way I would be able to find anything. I went to her church, Sisters of Charity. And inside the church there is Mother Teresa, 10:30 at night, and it’s drizzling outside in Calcutta. And the body of Mother Teresa was laid out on a giant slab of ice and there was a chorus of the sisters who were singing these hymns behind her. It was extraordinary. That’s what a great job is—it’s the best job in the world. That’s like one night in India, you know. There were hundreds of them!

*B&*W: How much did you know about India before you went?

DF: Nothing. You know, I had a masters degree in international relations so I was reasonably conversant in international affairs, but not very much. And the amount of territory that I was responsible for was astonishing; it was about a billion and a half people and nine countries, including Pakistan and Afghanistan. At the time—this was the late 1990s—they weren’t really on the radar screen and so those places were just starting to... well, now that I look back—this was three or four years before 9/11—all the seeds were planted and they were germinating at the time. No one knew it then, but it was an extremely interesting time to be in those two places in particular in addition to India, which is like a world unto itself. But I spent half the time probably in Pakistan and Afghanistan. You could sort of see that

“There’s more to life than war and there’s certainly more to life than journalism.”
things weren’t right in those places and that they were moving towards some kind of... something bad was going to happen and that was very obvious.

But to answer your question, I wasn’t an expert on any of this. And in a way that is kind of indictment of journalism [laughs] but it’s not, it’s not! I think as long as you ask a lot of questions and you’re very humble about what you don’t know, I think you get by. But I think what’s more important than the knowledge is the sort of the intellectual attitude you have. You can say this for any job: what’s more important is the attitude you bring to it. And my attitude was, I don’t know very much, so I’m not going to be embarrassed about that and I’m going to ask a lot of questions and I’m going to talk to as many people as I can and read as much as I can and I’m not going to say anything I don’t know. And if you do that, you’ll be okay. I think you can do a reasonably good job.

B&W: How do you switch gears from Iraq to Afghanistan?

DF: Well it’s difficult. And I’m not sure that I’ve totally done it here. I mean mentally. I think professionally I’m probably fine. I was in Iraq for almost four years and I think more than most stories it wasn’t just a story. I kind of passed through a crucible and I entered it being one person and I think I exited it being basically another person. I can’t imagine I’ll ever cover another story that big, that close, that dangerous, where the stakes will ever be that high again.

Inevitably, if that’s the case, moving on to any other story is going to be something of a come-down. And that’s true. And I’m covering the war in Afghanistan and if I said covering the war in Afghanistan is as interesting, as exhilarating for me as covering Iraq was in the fall of 2003, I’d be lying to you. So I think I can do the job, I really can, it’s just kind of internal. It’s just not what it used to be [laughs]. I’ll be fine! There’s more to life than war and there’s certainly more to life than journalism, so I think I’ll be fine.

B&W: How does Afghanistan feel different than Iraq on the ground?

DF: This will strike some people as sounding kind of strange, but Afghanistan to me, even though it’s in the middle of this landlocked country stuck in the 4th century, feels much more normal than Iraq ever did. Iraq was a deeply traumatized society and it was completely broken and shattered in every way, and so were its people. In my book I compared going into Iraq to prying open the doors off a mental institution and I say that with great sympathy for the Iraqis.

Then if you add to that the unbelievable violence that overtook that place from late 2003 until early 2008... The violence was so extraordinary, and since it was largely an urban insurgency, the violence was right in front of you, every day, every morning, every night. And so the whole experience of Iraq was just like being in another galaxy. And Afghanistan is, I guess, you can never say that a war is normal, but it just feels more normal to me. It’s an extraordinarily beautiful country; it must be the most beautiful country in the world. I mean Kabul sits at 5,000 feet, it’s ringed by these mountains. The people are beautiful, and they are remarkably normal.

B&W: When do you think you’ll settle into a cozy editorship and stop reporting dangerous stories?

DF: Covering Afghanistan and Pakistan like I’m doing is hard work, and it’s dangerous and exhausting and all those things. And you see people die. And I think the hardest part about that is that when you go away, you just sort of leave the known world for long periods of time. You just kind of leave your friends and people that you care about and people that care about you, for weeks at a time. And yeah, I probably won’t want to do that forever. It’s just that my imagination is kind of limited and I haven’t thought of anything better to do yet. But I’m hoping for another epiphany, so what I should probably do is go rent The Year of Living Dangerously...
Why do stores do that?
Put the baby shit right next to the female hygiene shit?
That’s sexism right there

A day during the sunset we were having a bath: we were laughing and joking but suddenly everyone stopped doing this and remained in silence: we looked each other and understood that this magic moment of our youth should have stayed in our heart

Tale of Two Cities Mad Libs

IT WAS the _______________(adj) of times, it was the ___________(adj) of times, it was the age of ___________(noun), it was the age of ___________(adj), it was the epoch of ___________(noun), it was the epoch of ___________(noun), it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to _________________.(place), we were all going direct the other way -- in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its _______________(adj) authorities insisted on its being received, for ___________(adj) or for ___________(adj), in the superlative degree of comparison only.

Besides, there’s something so great about a well-placed condom. By ‘great,’ I mean safe, and by ‘well-placed,’ I mean on a dick

Scenario I-

Event: A boy the teen likes doesn’t show any interest.

Negative Thought: “I’m too much of a loser for him to like me”

Consequences: Depression

Scaling Interventions-Construct a scale as a belief phrased as a positive statement-10 being I have accomplishments in my life that make me a winner. Empirical Investigations-If client believes that he is a loser have him perform tasks/assignments that he
is good at, to debunk this belief.

As a volunteer at St. Luke’s hospital, I worked mostly in the background: bringing nourishments to patients, shadowing physicians, helping the charge nurse find empty beds. I was never the center of attention except for one day, when a portly woman stepped in my way as I was delivering charts.

“Now you’re either a bitch or a man,” she said, emphasizing each word slowly, “Are you gonna help me or are you just another bitch?”

Family unit E has to bring up a baby because the environment which is offered by them is perfect for a baby.

1. Do you think “Freaky Friday” is a movie for people of all ages? Why or Why not?

“Freaky Friday” gave me a lot of fun. I’m in the mid of twenty’s and male. therefore it is a movie for people of all ages

2. Who is your favorite character in the film? Why?

My favorite character is Ryan. ... he is good looking in the prime of manhood.

A nuclear war can have a very serious effect on a city or a part of a certain country.

Can He Let His Children Starve For His Dissonances?
The Double Life of Charles Ives

Attached to the back of this piece of paper is my resume. There you’ll find that I’ve organized, worked, been part of a team. I wanted to take this little space to say why else you should hire me. I love alternative fashion. Since I was old enough to know what it was I thought it was magical. In it you could be anyone from anywhere. I can stack clothes, figure out a register and so can a lot of other people.

The title Munich seems self-evident at first: it is simply the place in which the massacres take place. However, we begin to see that it means so much more than that.

If we were to attend a dinner party at the Tredwell house, we would describe the event as follows. First, we would have received an invitation either by mail or from a calling visit from Eliza Tredwell accompanied by at least one of her six daughters, Elizabeth, Mary Adelaide, Phoebe, Sarah, Julia or Gertrude. The Tredwells also had two sons, Horace and Samuel. We would certainly invite Walt Whitman to join us, if he was not already committed to a night at the opera or the theater.

Upon our arrival, one of the servants, most likely an Irish girl, would greet us at the vestibule and direct us upstairs to the bedrooms. Like all the other women would, we would go to Eliza’s bedroom and put our overcoats onto her bed, change into another pair of shoes and straighten ourselves out in front of her mirror. Then we would descend the stairs into the parlor room to mingle with the other guests until we were called to dinner. Walt would go to Seabury’s bedroom where he would deposit his coat onto the bed, brush off his boots, straighten himself out and then join everyone in the parlor.

Education is the tool that the adults have to hand down knowledge to those who will build up the future.

In my opinion, one of the most characteristic smell of NY is the hotdog one: in NY you can find sellers everywhere, as well as the smell of the things they sell.
In the spring of 1968, two student groups at Columbia University, the mostly white Students for a Democratic Society and the all-black Students’ Afro-American Society occupied several campus buildings, including Hamilton Hall and Low Library. After a week of tension and some police brutality, the occupation ended with administrators agreeing to abandon plans for a gymnasium in Morningside Park, which the protestors had lambasted as “Gym Crow,” due to its separate entrances for Columbia affiliates and Harlem residents. Most accounts at the time and since have focused on the actions and motivations of SDS, but Stefan Bradley, in his rigorously-researched *Harlem vs. Columbia University: Black Student Power in the Last 1960s*, presents a new history that focuses on SAS.

In particular, Bradley emphasizes the role of Black Power in shaping the SAS’s ideology. When the SAS and SDS banded together to occupy Hamilton, their list of demands included an end to construction of the Morningside Gym as well as the termination of the University’s contracts with the Defense Department. Early in the occupation, though, the SAS kicked out the SDS, asserting their right, as black people, to control a protest that they felt should focus exclusively on Columbia’s relationship with Harlem.

The conduct of members of the SAS also distinguished them from their SDS counterparts. The SDS protestors who occupied Low urinated in then-President Grayson Kirk’s office and threw furniture at police officers. On the other hand, the SAS was admired by most students, media, and even administrators for the composure and orderliness of its members in Hamilton. Bradley argues that the SAS was well aware that they would be judged more harshly than white students if they resorted to violence or vandalism.

Though his focus is largely on the protestors, Bradley also looks at the off-campus politics and activism surrounding the Morningside Gym and the 1968 protest. Here, comparisons to the recent Manhattanville expansion are impossible to escape. In 1968, Columbia’s decision to build a gym on public land hurt its standing with key political figures, including Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving and Mayor John Lindsay. In contrast, current Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg has placed his seal of approval on the University’s to build a second campus ten blocks uptown. And whereas today, outside support for student protests is all too rare, the SAS were encouraged by Stokely Carmichael, the leader of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and a prominent member of the Black Panther Party. His endorsement drew them national support among African-Americans.

The book’s later chapters explore the immediate aftermath of the 1968 protest, and similar protests throughout the Ivy League. On campus, the SAS’s momentum floundered just as quickly as that of the SDS. When the University decided to implement a black studies program, the SAS, driven by a belief that black people should own black culture, demanded full control over the program’s structure and the hiring of new teachers. Not surprisingly, they met with stiff resistance from both professors and white students, and the SAS never fully recovered. The group was replaced on campus by other black student groups, and in the pages of history by the SDS’s more publicized protests.

While Bradley offers a multi-faceted exploration of the events of ’68, his book would have benefitted by exploring the apparent decline in black student protest during the 1970s. His sympathy for the SAS occasionally goes overboard, as when he implies that racism accounts for the *Spectator*’s opposition to the SAS’s demands for a black-owned black studies program. Nevertheless, one hopes Bradley’s enthusiasm and scholarship will help restore the SAS to its rightful place as the most important and successful protest group of the spring of 1968.

—James Downie
In Homer’s *Iliad*, Achilles must choose between infinite glory and the simple pleasures of home. In Thucydides’ *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Pericles, in the wake of a great tragedy, holds the living to the standards of the dead. These texts establish the moral framework that shapes not only contemporary conceptions of ethics and justice, but also provides the subject matter of Literature Humanities discussion questions. Another saga that may prove equally valuable to Columbia students in informing the way they engage with the world around them is Megan McCafferty’s tween novel *Charmed Thirds*.

The swift-footed Jessica Darling, fictional Columbia sophomore, is the protagonist of McCafferty’s novel. Darling’s presence within the canon began with the publication of McCafferty’s first novel, *Sloppy Firsts*, and has only solidified with the release each new installment, including the most recent *Perfect Fifths*. In *Charmed Thirds*, which is neither the second nor the fourth novel in the series, the reader catches up with Darling at Columbia and is made privy to her housing woes, her career frustrations, and her forays into Columbia’s social ecology, when, in an almost certainly inadvertent reimagining of the parable of the Trojan horse, Darling decides to wear a Barnard T-shirt to the West End.

“Dear Hope,” Jessica writes to her best friend from high school in the opening passage of the book, “Whoever said that you can’t go home again was wrong. You can go home again. Just don’t be surprised when it totally sucks.” But Darling has left home only nominally; she joins no activities, makes few new friends and spends the majority of her college tenure enmeshed in a complicated long-distance relationship with her high school boyfriend Marcus. Despite her realization that going home totally sucks, Darling never stops trying. The novel’s structure also belies Darling’s rejection of the notion of Columbia as home: the plot spans from her freshman summer through her graduation, but is narrated during school breaks, when Jessica returns to her fictional New Jersey hometown and recounts her college adventures to her high school friends. A student of the Core might be tempted to conflate Darling’s intellectual wandering with the actual wandering of Odysseus, but even Odysseus made friends along the way.

“My friends at school sometimes make my brain hurt,” Darling complains, trying to justify herself. “Sometimes it’s fun to talk about hairstyles instead of, say, string theory.”

Still, Darling does engage in the sort of Core-centric posturing of which nearly everyone is both guilty and victim. “I have read Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, and Nietzsche. I have listed to Josquin des Prez, Monteverdi, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky. I’ve analyzed works by Raphael, Michelangelo,” she boasts, seemingly unaware—or worse, unconcerned—that literally every one of her Columbia College classmates has done the same.

At Columbia, as Darling fails to realize, qualities such as self-awareness and sanity are more rare than a working knowledge of Raphael, and are therefore more likely to inspire the admiration that she seeks. For instance, while her description of Columbia housing is fairly accurate—the phrase “shittiest shithole on campus” is used repeatedly—it lacks the pride of ownership that would cultivate camaraderie with her fellow Living Learning Center residents. Darling picks and chooses what she considers her Columbia experience: she doesn’t recognize the shithole as her shithole, and yet, is ostentatious about her belief that the Lit Hum syllabus is hers and hers alone.

While Odysseus wanders for twenty years, Darling’s return to Ithaka only takes five semesters. Junior-year Darling, for the moment bereft of her high-school boyfriend, makes a group of unlikely friends who all stayed in the LLC for winter break. She embarks on a relationship with a first-year “who still possesses that obnoxiously brainy hubris people develop when they have been told by every teacher since kindergarten that they’re the smartest student ever ever ever.” As Darling discovers, the Columbia experience may be one that’s characterized by pretension, loneliness, and lowered expectations—it may even take place in Wallach—but it still beats the Sisyphean struggle to return to childhood, to a home that no longer exists.

—Hannah Lepow

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GOY TROUBLE

Outside the 116th Street subway station, there is a telephone pole plastered with handbills and fliers. A petite grandmother and her yarmulke-wearing grandson were eyeing one flier that read, “Got Messiah?”

Grandson: “What’s ‘Got Messiah?’”

A young man, wearing a bright yellow T-shirt and toting a backpack, was seen strolling down Broadway only to stop abruptly mid-stride and unleash a torrent of profanity.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Shit, dammit, fuck!”

Immediately, he whipped out from his pocket a small, black yarmulke and clipped it onto his pate. Problem solved, the pious youth continued on his way.

BOUNTY HUNTING

At Columbia, Nathan Stodola played piano in a classical music group as he studied for a master’s in mechanical engineering. Since graduating in December, Stodola hasn’t been able to land a job, so he’s done the obvious thing: strapped on an accordion and stuck his head in a Boba Fett helmet. His curious appearance caught the eye of *Time Out New York*, which ran his photograph and accompanying interview with Stodola in its “Public Eye” section. Now he busks, plays parties, and—most importantly—pays the rent.

For Professor to the Stars Jeffrey Sachs, the end of the school year does not mean an end to work. He summers in Millennium Villages—and that’s not a complex of condos in Sarasota. But his dungarees aren’t the only thing getting scratchy; his voice is, too. May and June bring graduations, and any school even tangentially affiliated with him is eager to hire him as its keynote speaker. This year he addressed Columbia’s College of Dental Medicine and, even more unexpectedly, the eighth-graders of the School at Columbia University. Of the speech, the proud sister of a graduate reports that “it was beyond inoffensive.”

Academics are often accused of cloistering themselves and their knowledge, but in late May, Ashley Nieves, CC’10, decided to reach out. Her medium? *Wheel of Fortune*. When a *B&W* reporter tuned in, the clue was “What are you doing?” and the letters were _ _ T _ _ I N G _ I _ _ O S _ _ N _ _ O _ _ T _ _ _.

Two guesses: either “Watching videos on YouTube” or “Bathing pinkos in Montana.”

A tipster received this thoughtful email from the Center for Career Education:

“Dear David,

This e-mail will confirm that you have scheduled an appointment with {First Name(Owner (user))} {Last Name(Owner (user))} at the Center for Career Education on {Scheduled Start(Counseling Session)}.”
If you need to change or cancel this appointment please provide us minimum notice of one business day.

The Center for Career Education may not be able to get you a job off campus, but we hear they have an opening for a mail merge technician.

A College Republican of note was overheard in the SGO.

CR: “Everyone always tells me, ‘You should study in Avery.’ I say, ‘What is that? Where is that?’”

And then later...

CR: “I hear they love Americans in Africa. I mean, we do give them all of that aid.”

Which goes to show that it’s never too early in your political career to have your words quoted out of context in a sleazy gossip column.

Overheard in the Hungarian:

Café Patron: “I mean, I used to not like to walk through Harlem, but since 96% of African Americans voted for Obama, I’m like, ‘We share a love for Obama! Yeah!’”

HOME-GROWN TERRORISM

A Blue & White staffer, who has been studying water quality in the Hudson River with the Earth Institute, was recently stopped in the subway for carrying an extraordinarily suspicious package—“a big, unmarked plastic box with tubes and wires coming in and out of it,” he admitted. On the train, a posse of police encircled him, then seized and opened his package, which contained wires emanating from a black plastic box and a pump in a PVC pipe. To an inexpert observer, the thing looked like a bomb. The system, however, had a plug for an outlet, and the careful cops knew well enough that one doesn’t plug a bomb into an electrical outlet. Even though the intern returned to the office with the CO₂ monitor still in his possession, his boss’s first question was, “Did anyone give you trouble?” Environmental engineers are, apparently, a frequent target of police harassment.

THE GREEN DRAGON’S WAR ON FUN

Some incautious tipplers left the rules to their “Lord of the Rings”-themed drinking game on a table in the Hartley/Wallach computer lounge.

Merry/Pippin:
Whenever your character causes trouble
Whenever your character talks about food
Gratuitous hobbit feet

Boromir:
Whenever he lusts after the ring
Whenever he says “Condor”

Sam:
Whenever Sam says his own name
Whenever he says “Mr. Frodo”

Legolas:
Whenever he uses “elvish skills”
Whenever he has elvish “spidey sense”

Gimli:
Whenever he’s made fun of for being short

Overheard near Lerner:

Two young women, standing in the rain and staring at a pocket-sized map of New York City.

Said one to the other, “What is Vinegar Hill? Is that a barbecue restaurant?”

Even more misguided, though, were the directions of one man to a friend, as they walked by Low.

Man: “You’re gonna grab your left ball with your right hand. Now take your right ball with your left hand and swing them both in front of you.”

December 8th… it’s the final Frontiers!