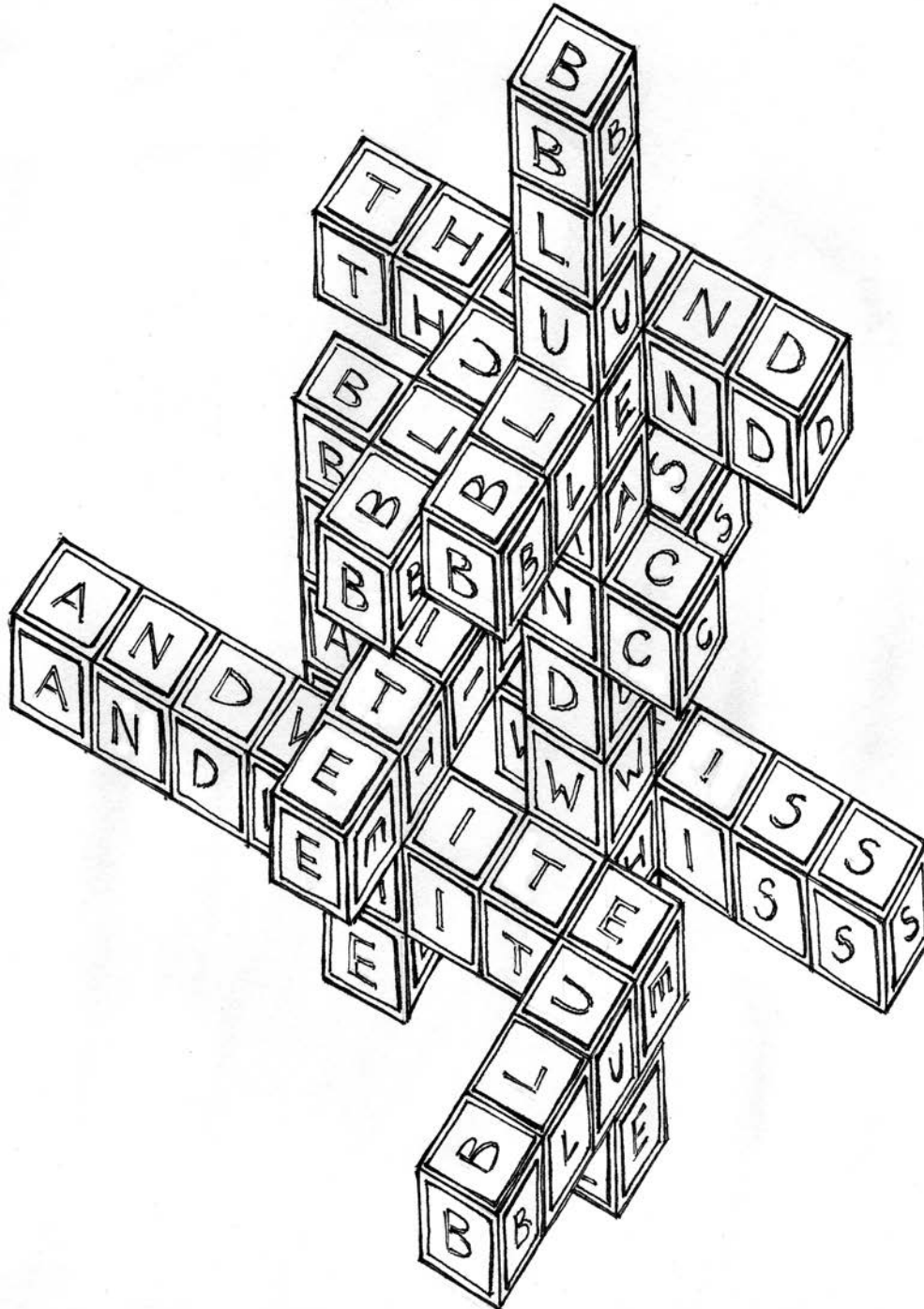


THE BLUE AND WHITE

Vol. IX, No. IV April 2003

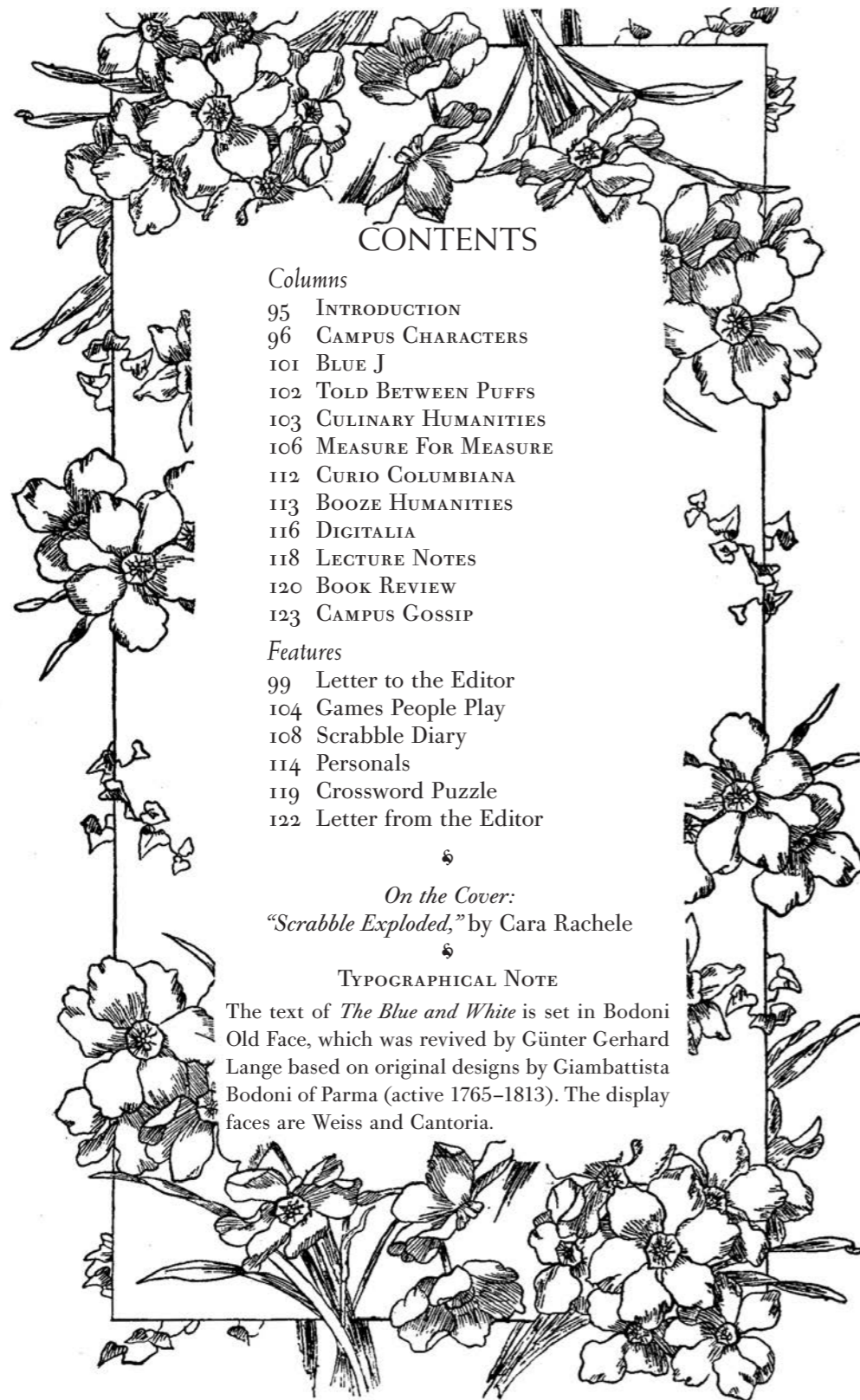
Columbia University in the City of New York



SEVEN DAYS OF SCRABBLE
by Anand Venkatesan

CROSSWORD PUZZLE
by Vijay Iyer

PERSONAL ADS
by the B&W Staff



CONTENTS

Columns

- 95 INTRODUCTION
- 96 CAMPUS CHARACTERS
- 101 BLUE J
- 102 TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS
- 103 CULINARY HUMANITIES
- 106 MEASURE FOR MEASURE
- 112 CURIO COLUMBIANA
- 113 BOOZE HUMANITIES
- 116 DIGITALIA
- 118 LECTURE NOTES
- 120 BOOK REVIEW
- 123 CAMPUS GOSSIP

Features

- 99 Letter to the Editor
- 104 Games People Play
- 108 Scrabble Diary
- 114 Personals
- 119 Crossword Puzzle
- 122 Letter from the Editor

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On the Cover:
"Scrabble Exploded," by Cara Rachele
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TYPOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The text of *The Blue and White* is set in Bodoni Old Face, which was revived by Günter Gerhard Lange based on original designs by Giambattista Bodoni of Parma (active 1765–1813). The display faces are Weiss and Cantoria.

THE BLUE AND WHITE

VOL. IX

NEW YORK, APRIL 2003

No. IV

THE BLUE AND WHITE



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*The B&W invites contributions of original work
 from the Columbia community and
 welcomes letters from readers.*

Articles represent the opinions of their authors.

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April is the finest month for playing games at Columbia. The freezing rain of March is (hopefully) gone, and it has yet to occur to us that we have to take finals in May. Now,

the spring sun compels us to dust off our Frisbees, baseball gloves, and Wiffle balls, and bask outside in the fresh air. To celebrate Columbia at play, *The Blue and White* is pleased to bring you its Games Issue.

Having partners almost always enhances the quality of a game. Certainly, the same could be said of publishing *The B&W*. From the initial brainstorming to the final editing, the magazine constitutes a team effort. Recently, *The B&W* came under the leadership of new team captains from the Junior class: Craig Hollander, Isaac Kohn, Ainsley Ross, and Paul Heyer. Nevertheless, our Seniors, through their wisdom and work, are contributing now more than ever. In this issue, Erica Grieder publishes her latest work entitled, "The Games They Play." Contrast that with Editor Emeritus Anand Venkatesan's "Seven Days of Scrabble"—an account of the games *we* play.

Our regular contributors were also game for some phenomenal submissions. The Blue J is squawking about the imminent threat to Lerner's Game room and Mephiscotcheles has an entertaining Booze Humanities—a must read for those who were warned as children not to play games in the street. In Culinary Humanities, Pontius Palate describes the bizarre history of a particular species of underwater game, which is quite literally a Red Menace. Be sure to join the entire *B&W* staff in the game of love by perusing, and hopefully answering, our personal ads.

In Max DiLallo's book review of *The Puzzle Instinct*, you'll learn that humans have been enjoying mind games, such as riddles, for centuries. Here's one of our all-time favorites: what is blue, white, and read all over? Need a hint? Turn the page, start reading, and you'll have your answer. ❁

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.

Leah Yananton

The next time you bump into Leah Yananton, C'03, ask her about the Peace Pilgrim. Sipping berry tea in her cozy new kitchen on Tiemann, I listened to Leah gush about her hero, the woman who walked 28 years and 25,000 miles, not for fame or for religion, but simply for peace. "And," Leah adds, "she was from New Jersey." Herself a native of the sunny Keys, Leah has a theory about people from New Jersey: there's more to them than meets the eye.

She gladly shares some of her other theories. Like how sexuality has no gender, and people simply love people. Leah attributes her philosophical freedom to her family—her father, a microbiologist turned inventor, her mother, who nurtured Leah's creative side, and the sister with whom she made the funny movies that first piqued her interest in film.

Recruited by Pratt, Leah started studying film but found herself spending more time at a Russian circus school in Brooklyn, unicycling, juggling, tumbling and walking on balls under the exacting gaze of chiseled Russian



Illustrated by Alex Angert

circus folk. When she left Pratt for Columbia, her circus skills made CUMB the country's first juggler-equipped marching band.

Having gone to eight schools before college, au paired in Liechtenstein for a year, picked up juggling in Tunisia, learned Italian and Chinese, worked on Spike Lee's *Bamboozled*, and made it halfway through *The Power of Your Subconscious Mind*, Leah has a secret to share. Don't sweat it, she says, look around, open up and accept. Artificial constructions such as GPA matter little when all is said and done.

People, on the other hand...About a month ago, Leah hosted this year's most talked-about birthday party in only her birthday suit. As she wound her way through the crowd, stuffy and inhibited academics shed their own unmentionables and got down to a mix of African drums and Cindy Lauper. They—we—felt unencumbered, welcome and free in her presence. We felt as though she would remember us forever.

Currently working on a child development documentary with a director she met on the set of *Brooklyn Babylon*, Leah told me about a typical day of filming. On a mat in the middle of the studio, dozens of pink and chubby babies from Long Island were hamming it up for the cameras as their *muthas*—here Leah slipped flawlessly into her Fran Drescher drawl—clucked and *kvelled*, looking on.

In her living room, furnished entirely with antiques saved from the trash heap (her entertainment center is a 1940s stove painted in the colors of a French pastry—she keeps her movies in the oven), I perched on Leah's couch and listened to her stories unfurl, but my mind kept slipping back to those rosy New Jersey babies. Sharing a film set with such a free spirit, maybe they'd grow up to be Peace Pilgrims too...If only their mothers would let them. —AA

Chris Wiedemann

The mental image of a 6'9" athlete in mesh shorts and Air Jordans may not seem to cohere with the image of a green pasture full of cow shit. Even more incongruous is the story of uprooting our Nike-clad hero and transplanting him to the urban megalopolis of New York. But while raising cattle on a ranch in northern California doesn't really fit into the narrative of the typical Columbia basketball player's life, Chris Wiedemann, C'03, is anything but typical.

Chris has managed to find the time to complete an architecture major during his tenure at Columbia, playing ball all the while. To hear him tell it, his major involves a great deal of good, old-fashioned paper-and-pencil drafting, which must be rather time consuming. How has he managed to balance work and play? "I pulled a lot of all-nighters in the basketball season," he confesses.

Lest we come away with the impression that the student athlete's nose is always pressed to the proverbial grindstone, though, Chris assured *The Blue and White* that he and his

teammates are pretty sure they know how to have a good time. Kappa Delta Rho, his home ever since his Carman days, has an unshakable reputation of debauchery, in spite of an



Illustrated by Danille D'Onfro

award for most improved fraternity won during one of Chris's years as president. Walk down 114th Street on a sunny spring day and peer skyward, and you'll probably see his friends holding megaphones and bullhorns, hanging out of the windows, heckling passersby.

Meanwhile, back on the farm...Chris really has spent summers raising livestock, and while John Deere doesn't manufacture a tractor with the requisite legroom for someone of Chris's height, that hasn't endangered his agrarian lifestyle. Thanks to the good people at the Ford Motor Company, Chris is a happy Bronco owner, a reflection of his cattle-ranch personality as well as his built-Ford-tough stature.

The subject of stature, of course, provides a natural segue to basketball. Widely recognized as the best blocker in the Ivy League, Chris has been an invaluable asset to a basketball team that needs all the wealth it can accumulate. The four-year term limit is about to kick in, though, and Chris has played his last game of Lions hoops. After so many years of basketball-related interviews, he admits it strikes him as unusual—perhaps even ever so slightly awkward—to conduct an interview with only brief mentions of his time on the

Non-Senior Check-Out:
May 17 by 12:00 noon

Senior Check-Out:
May 22 by 4:00 p.m.



If you start cleaning now, maybe
you'll finish by May.

Check-Out information available
after April 18th at
www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls/

Columbia University Student Services

court. Likewise, though one might expect him to be relieved by the free time he enjoys now that his final season has ended, he's got to get used to college *sans* basketball for the first time, if only for a few months, and he's visibly ambivalent about the transition.

Just like every other senior, Chris has graduation on his mind, and although there's probably still some basketball in his future, he still sounds uncertain. He mentions plans to do some traveling, but also plans to spend time back home. If you bump into him, don't forget to ask him about the ranch. He's got a few good stories to tell.

-IVK

Daniel Goldman

I met Daniel Shai Goldman, C'04, in an unexpected hail of patter; idly calling him to beg his participation in a *Blue and White* scrabble tournament, I was unprepared to meet with such conversational vivacity. More specifically, I was unprepared to have him descend upon my cluttered Broadway single without my first donning pants. However, Daniel was even then possessed of an almost preternatural, captivating garrulousness; he was at my door in an instant, bearing for my edification an official Scrabble dictionary and an account of one *Wall Street Journal* Correspondent's descent into the world of professional Scrabble.

Daniel is good at Scrabble. Very good. Good enough to be ranked. Good enough to be ranked #1 under 21 in North America. Over the course of a nearly untenably demeaning set of unbalanced one-on-one matches (which Daniel suggested should have been played in under 25 minutes each), he held forth upon anagrams, algorithms, heuristics, and the peculiar linguistic permutations of James Joyce. Thankfully, he was not above dishing dirt and spinning tales (mostly Scrabble-related, to my delight). He told me of foreign Scrabble players who, not knowing English, nevertheless memorized all possible letter combinations as permutations of symbols. He demonstrated some of the more arcane aspects of Scrabble play, one of which involved keeping the letter bag elevated above one's head while awkwardly pawing for let-

ters (ostensibly to avoid sly glances into the bag). And, of course, he described some truly hilarious matches. To wit: at the age of 12, he triumphed over an elderly lady with the (perfectly legitimate) word "fucker". To further wit: he trounced the venerable Regis Philbin on national television (at which point, apparently, Regis was so incensed he added a "2" in front of his own score before the camera successfully panned to the board; Daniel, for his part, was justifiably enraged, and apparently his vocal indignation forced the crew to re-shoot the entire final scene).

Throughout *The B&W's* lopsided defeats, Daniel was undeniably gracious; and, even though we could see his game involved an almost manic exactitude, his tolerance for both our discomfiting awe was remarkable. In fact, we were hard-pressed to find anything remotely resembling an Achilles heel. After our matches in Claremont, Daniel suggested calling for Columbia's shuttle service at 1 a.m.; this, at least, seemed to be acceptable grounds for a proletarian criticism of languid, elitist superiors. Alas, even this was blameless—Daniel had developed intense blisters after a Spring Break's cavorting in the country of Cervantes. Astoundingly, having ultimately foregone the pleasure of the palanquin, he limped along with us back to our respective havens; his goodbye was an infectiously pleasant one. Mine was equally so—but I have given up Scrabble.

-CV



Illustrated by Danielle D'Onfro

THE BLUE AND WHITE

Letter to the Editor

March 10, 2003

Dear Isaac,

I read and enjoyed your article on the swim test ("The Drowned and the Saved") in the March issue of *The Blue and White*. I thought that, for once, I might put an item from my enormous collection of useless facts to good use, by sharing what little I know about the origins of this myth.

Like most truly monumental lies, it may be traced back to Harvard. As you note in your piece, the Titanic myth is often associated with Harvard. To explain why that might be, I offer the following quote:

"When the Titanic sank 400 miles off the coast of Newfoundland on the night of April 14, 1912, she took with her more than 1,500 passengers and crew. Among those who perished were the young Philadelphia book collector, Harry Elkins Widener, and his millionaire industrialist father, George. It is said that the young Widener, on the verge of stepping into a lifeboat, raced back to his cabin to retrieve a rare 1598 edition of Bacon's *Essays* which he had purchased in London. His mother, Eleanor Elkins Widener, survived the disaster and memorialized her son by donating \$3.5 million to his alma mater, Harvard University, to establish the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library. In his short life, Harry Elkins Widener amassed a remarkable collection of literary rare books and manuscripts. Today that collection, including the books he purchased on his last trip to Europe and had sent home on another ship, is housed in the famous library endowed in his name."

The legend must have been almost irresistible. The boy graduates Harvard, but drowns. His parents donate a library. Ergo, the reason Harvard men have to swim is so that they will not drown. In fact, it's such an appealing lie that it soon spreads to all the other schools that have a swim test. The only problem: Harvard's swimtest antedated the sinking of the Titanic.

Best,
Yoni Appelbaum

March 10, 2003

Dear Yoni,

My gracious thanks for your note. I am delighted that you enjoyed the article, and moreover, it is reassuring to see that our most recent issue of *The Blue and White* is swiftly making its way 'round campus.

My mention of the Titanic myth was indeed an allusion to Harry Widener's untimely demise. I am saddened to find my bluff called, my shoddy research invalidated, my myth debunked. I must admit that while I never seriously believed that the Widener donation was responsible for the swim test, it never occurred to me to find out whether the inception of the requirement predated the Titanic tragedy.

However, I beg you to indulge a moment of conjecture, in light of the evidence you have brought to light. One certainly must wonder whether young Harry himself may have been subjected to his alma mater's swimming requirement prior to receiving his diploma. His mother Eleanor, in contrast, could not possibly have enjoyed the luxury of Harvard's revered aquatic education, insofar as Harvard was not to begin admitting women until many decades later. It is a point of historical irony, then, that Harry's days in the Harvard pool were all for naught: Harry and George were drowned whilst Eleanor was saved.

I submit to you, then, that History suggests to us that no amount of natatory prowess suffices to rescue a Harvard grad who never learned to value his own life and well-being above the essays of Francis and other Dead White Men. Eleanor, chauvinistically denied Harvard's expert training in pelagic paddling, nonetheless knew to leave literary possessions behind and to focus instead on her littoral goal. It is apparently on the strength of that wise choice that Eleanor made it safely ashore.

A Harvard education...it'll kill ya!

Most graciously yours,
Isaac Vita Kohn



Lion's Den, an earlier incarnation of JJ's Place, April 1945

"Do not think that because you are a college man you must also be an individual that looks like a college poster."

- URH Guide to Living, 1917-1918

Columbia University Student Services

BLUE J



STA Away

Despite her innocent-looking exterior, the J is quite the pool shark. She flitters around Lerner's 2nd-floor game room on many a Wednesday night, waiting for the arrival of unsuspecting SEAS students and practicing her eyelash-batting ingénue. So the J was saddened to hear of recent plans to encroach upon her stony habitat for the sake of STA Travel.

Located in the bowels of the Lerner lobby, the STA Travel Agency has been frustrated by inadequate business and has thus been suing for relocation. A proposal has been made to move the Agency to the back of the Game Room, adjacent to the piano lounge. Unfortunately, this movement would displace the Game Room pool tables, leaving the J with nowhere to play.

Ironically, such a move would not solve STA's problem: the Game Room as a space gets no more passerby traffic than the Agency's current location, meaning that, just like before, students won't go to the Agency unless it is one of their intended destinations. Moreover, there's the problem of the vacated space, which is rather awkward for any purpose other than a sales counter. Clearly, opening this location to student groups would not replace the space lost to students in the Game Room.

The J does not suspect any form of conspiracy, but merely the cold calculations of bean counters. Lerner Hall's price tag was much larger than anyone anticipated, and the Administration wants that investment to pay off as much as possible. When the Game Room doesn't show a profit, the Administration is more than happy to sell it off to a corporate client, which is a good business decision. Where we run into problems, however, is that Lerner Hall was built as a student center. It should be a student space.

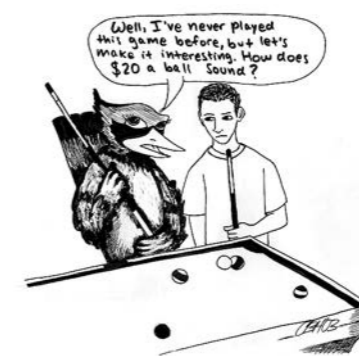
The Game Room takeover represents a

continued trend of absorbing student space into administrative-operation space or general shared space of the University. How long has the legendary 6th floor sat, unfinished, despite the completion of the rest of the building? The recent reorganization of club space on the 5th floor is another example: students lost a third of the space to facilitate the addition of more administrative offices. While no one really objects if the University chooses to rent out otherwise-unused space for conferences or bar mitzvahs, it is regrettable that student groups cannot have space of their own on a permanent basis. Three and a half of the eight floors of the student center are devoted to administrative offices, and more student resources are at risk of being taken away. When does it stop?

When does it stop? Why should it? It is simple logic: the administration will seek to maximize the value it receives from the allocation of resources. Unless students make their space demands forcefully, the University sees no value in using resources for students, and it is more economically viable to make money with the space and try to enlarge the endowment.

But if the students were to squawk, it would raise the value of using space for students. If the alumni made clear that they value student access to resources above the size of the endowment, it would change the balance on the books.

It is up to you, our readers, both undergraduate and alumni alike, to make a change. Every letter dropped off in Low Library is another square foot of space won back for the students. Every phone call is another dollar to hire more professors. Every quarter dropped down the slots in Lerner is another chance to save both our game room, and our value in the eyes of the University.



Illustrated by Craig Hollander

TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

Most men lead lives of quiet desperation, but then, Verily has never been one to suffer in silence. VV suffers loudly—or, as with fools, not at all. What with the steady drum-beat of war, the steady flushing sound of the economy, and a steadily escalating feeling of futility and physical decrepitude, it has been a noisy couple of months here in Camp Veritas. So when VV informed his doctor—a pleasantly corpulent but unpleasantly self-satisfied fellow—that he was suffering from a dislocated shoulder, a sore back, and a wicked case of malaise, Dr. Feelgood sprang into action.

The examination was a spectacularly perfunctory affair, with the Doc pausing only to explain this nicety or that to the two Doogie Howser medical school types that were accompanying him. To the patient, however, it seems that no explanations were necessary; instead, VV received a sheaf of cartoon-illustrated back exercises and a lecture on proper posture.

Wrapping a chubby hand around a \$200 pen that nevertheless likely took only half an hour to earn, the good doctor scrawled his imprimatur, prescribing...something. It started with a 'v,' and Verily was pretty sure it wasn't Viagra, so VV connected the dots, and added perhaps a dash of optimism in filling the prescription. A vacation, it seemed, was in order. A jaunt, a restorative little excursion to take the edge off, like a well-mixed cocktail. Body and mind, wine and dined.

With Spring Break on the horizon, it seemed well to take a cue from Baudelaire, with his exhortation to go "Anywhere! Anywhere! So long as it is out of the world!" So with aplomb, and good friends, Verily secreted himself to a nearby island where he could nurse his ailing back, shoulder, and psyche in the sun-dappled, sand-covered, palm-shaded beaches, and where the only need he would have for an umbrella would be to stir his drinks. But the concept of a vacation not consisting of being shuttled happily from museum to monument

and back was an alien one: after a few days of lolling about aimlessly, the back and shoulder were back in action but restlessness began to gnaw once again, and Verily Vacationer began to crave something more.

Relaxation may have been easily attained, but reinvigoration proved ultimately elusive. It became clear from the all-you-can-eat buffet and Australian-themed chain restaurant front and center in the lobby of the hotel, that any much needed mental restoration would be hard to come by on this island getaway. Kajun Kookaburra Kalamari is hardly the transportive experience that the world-weary traveler seeks in travel. Neither, for that matter, is the company of the attractive Texan woman who joined Verily in the hot tub, only to coo admiringly about the charismatic appeal of Donald Rumsfeld. VV offered a quiet orison on the Texan's behalf and clambered hastily out of the tub, unsure whether to be amused or afraid.

Despite a week of old forts and rainforests, of happy hours and hours of blackjack, the trip came to a close with Verily's nerves still ajangle. Perhaps in simpler days a change in scenery could bring about a shift in sentiment, but it seems like our world grows evermore pervasive. The further you flee from your sources of stress, the faster they follow. Back in New York, feet planted firmly on pavement, Verily is again in his own element, ready to face classes, graduation, and even his place in a world gone mad. Rejuvenation, it seems, is not only a question of where you go and what you do while you are there, but a matter of coming back to see where you are anew.

—Verily Veritas

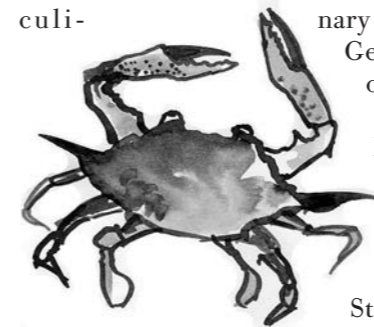


CULINARY HUMANITIES

A New Red Menace

Although any direct connection between communist states and tepid food may be hard to prove, for many years the generally dismal culinary options of the average Soviet were limited by frequent bread shortages and moldy grain. For those elite, however, who were lucky enough to remain in the Communist Party's favor, the good old days of the Cold War were easy times to pack on the pounds. While busily sending their soldiers to the slaughter by the thousands, it could never be said that the esteemed generals of the Red army lacked either of the staples of decadent Russian cuisine: caviar (eaten by the jar) and vodka (the libation of choice in cold weather) were always readily available. And, stories abound of the gastronomic luxury bestowed on the Party's faithful few: packages of cured sturgeon, fresh salmon, smoked pork, Doktorskaya salami, halvah, sausages, still-bloody steak filets, suckling pigs, Georgian wines, and, of course, jars of caviar were frequently sent home with Kremlin workers.

Food, it must be remembered, was never something the communists took lightly. For example, ranking right up there with Minister of Propaganda was the esteemed position of General Director of Food Affairs for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. This minister was charged with the difficult task of ensuring the continued extravagance of the elite, and trying to save the impoverished masses from hunger while using starvation as a tool of popular control. Importantly, in his early days with the Party, future dictator Josef Stalin also held a post of culinary nature: that of General Director of Food Affairs for Southern Russia. Too



Illustrated by Paul Heyer

long overlooked amid the sea of dubious plots Stalin hatched during his career is

a scheme that stemmed from his experience at this prestigious post.

Stalin's seemingly harmless plan was to relocate a species of Kamchatka crabs from Vladivostok to the Kola Peninsula. Thousands of these gigantic meter-wide red crabs were to be loaded onto rail cars, transported across Russia (a seven-day trip), and deposited in the Barents Sea to provide a new source of food for western Russia. This project couldn't have sounded any less outlandish in the 1950s than it does now. Yet, despite Stalin's untimely death before its commencement, his successors dutifully carried out the plan in the early 1960s.

Although most of the human populations Stalin transported met disastrous ends, the ten-kilo crabs adapted well to their new home. In part, this is due to the fact that only the strongest of the species were selected for relocation (to test for fitness, the crabs were placed on their backs and only those crabs that were able to turn back over quickly were allowed to make the trip). Once relocated, the red crabs began breeding rapidly and now number over fifteen million.

Lacking any natural predators, this conspicuous army of crustaceans has, for almost fifty years, been slowly marching from the Russian Arctic to the coast of Norway. Some estimate that they may make it to Portugal—farther east than any of Stalin's land units ever dreamed of conquering. Many Europeans believe that the crabs are threatening the survival of local species, claiming that the crabs are consuming vast quantities of local capelin and cod fish eggs. The Director of the World Wildlife Federation urged Norwegian leaders to assume a preemptive policy stance: "...let's not gamble. Let's find out the effects of this crab before we let it explode." Despite these concerns and recent efforts at crab-containment, the insolent critters may yet be saved by an unlikely source—Europe's restaurants, which are happily serving the Stalinist throwbacks as a several hundred Euro apiece delicacy.

—Pontius Palate

Games People Play

by Erica Grieder

World Leaders at Risk: George W. Bush, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and Hans Blix sit down at the kitchen table for a game of Risk. They are blue, red, yellow and gray respectively. Blix takes an early lead by consolidating his forces in Australia and New Zealand, waging war only when it is prudent to do so. This rivets the attention of Bush and Rumsfeld on the bottom right-hand corner of the board, allowing Cheney to amass great power in South America before anyone notices. On two occasions Bush plays out of turn. Cheney loses all of his ten-unit guys in an ill-fated North Africa campaign. Rumsfeld attempts to tempt Bush into an alliance. "Don't do that," says Cheney, "That's stupid." Rumsfeld snaps, "Let him make up his OWN mind, Dick!"

Bush drops his head, furrows his brow, wiggles his ears and says, "Rummy, stop ang- antag- stop agonizing me." "Stop *agonizing* you?" says Rumsfeld, grinning with one half of his face to show his pointy teeth. Blix sighs, gets up, and strolls over to look out the window. It is just past dusk and the night is spangled with fireflies.

Literary Explorers: John Cheever, John Updike and Norman Mailer are in the pool of the Larchmont Country Club and they decide to play Marco Polo. John Updike is Marco first. When he closes his eyes and says, "Marco?" his voice reverberates across the placid surface of the water. "Polo!" shouts Norman Mailer, splashing off towards the

deep end, his cobalt blue trunks billowing around him. "Polo," says John Cheever, and gets out of the pool and dries himself off. Then he enjoys a nice margarita on the deck with a wealthy dowager.

A One-sided Gunfight: A tall gentleman who carries a suitcase sits down to a game of poker so as not to incur negative attention from two cowboys who are saying, "Sit yer ass down and git yer money on the table." The gentleman plays with a cautious strategy and moderate luck. There comes a hand in which the cowboy with a droopy mustache puts down four fives and gloats, until the one with a white hat puts down the jack, ten, nine, eight and seven of diamonds. Droopy Mustache pulls out a gun and shoots him dead. Droopy Mustache and the gentleman play for another hour in peace.

This is a Matter of Life or Death: You are standing on one bank of a swiftly rushing river, and have dominion over four things: a goat, a wolf and a cabbage and a raft. Your job is to get them all to the other side of the river, so you can return them to the poor but good-hearted farmer to whom they belong. You can only carry two over at a time on the raft, lest it capsize and then everyone drowns. The wolf wants to eat the goat and the goat wants to eat the cabbage. What do you do? Note: There is no bridge.

Hot For Teacher: A nubile young co-ed decides to spice things up in the hay. She and her boyfriend, an older man from behind the Iron Curtain, decide to try a role-playing game. The first one they agree on is "schoolgirl/teacher." "I have to say," she tells me a few days later, "Boris makes a really good schoolgirl!"

Its Contents Will Help You On Your Way: Who let the Koopa Kids loose in the Mushroom Kingdom?! It must have been Bowser! We thought he was done for! Mario and Luigi set out to free the Princess. Their journey will take them over deserts, through the deep sea, imperiled by turtles with hammers and onto a ghost ship. They decide to alternate levels, so everyone can rest once in a while. It quickly becomes apparent that Mario is a WAY better warrior than Luigi. He gets all the coins, knows all the secret passages, and is always sporting raccoon ears and a tail. Luigi is scared to hop on a duck's shell, has trouble timing his jumps so he doesn't land on the fire-spitting flower, and the one time he finishes a level he only gets a mushroom card. Mario desperately wants to ditch Luigi but every time Luigi dies he chooses "continue" rather than "end." "Stupid little green man," mutters Mario darkly, waving a wand aloft after killing another Koopa.

I'm Really Not Into Mind Games: What? Are you pissed at me? Well, I'm sorry you feel that way. You don't think I'm nice to you? God, you can't force these things, you know? I mean I don't try to be this way; it's just how I am. I guess I'm bad at—I don't like to be vulnerable, you know? It's just that I've had some bad experiences—yeah, I don't really want to talk about that though. Actually, can I call you back? I'm in the middle of someth—I said I didn't want to talk about it!

Springtime in Love: Julia Roberts has had enough of Danny Moder. The thrill is gone and now here she is sitting in this big ranch house in some random Western state thinking, "What am I doing here. I am like a major league movie star and many international billionaires want to shower me with jewels and tell me they love me, and here I am stuck in some small town with some stupid guy who's just a gardener or handyman or something." She pours herself a nice glass of Peach Nehi and sits down at the computer, where she beats the top level of Minesweeper, again.

Count Back From a Hundred: Jake and Susan have been fighting all day and they don't even know why. They are both sad and irritable. All of their friends are uncomfortable. Derek proposes a game of hide and seek. Jake is the last person to put his finger on his nose, which makes him It, even though he didn't really want to play in the first place. After he counts back from one hundred he goes around the house drearily, barely glancing in the closets, and three times he hears footsteps thunder around as someone runs to base. When he gets to the top floor he finds Susan hidden behind the couch. He sits down with her.



Illustrated by
Danielle D'Onfro

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Measure for Measure

Mille excuses, mon vieux! Voici la nouvelle poeme de notre vieil ami Davey, dont j'espere tu vas rejouir. Encore une fois, excuse-moi ma paresse. Tout va bien ici et aucun Parisien ne m'a encore fait couler le sang. Je te souhaite un bon apres-midi.

*Je te serre la main,
M. Paulson*

A thousand excuses, old pal! Here is the new poem of our old friend Davey, in which I hope you shall rejoice. Once again, excuse my laziness. Everything is going well here, and no Parisian has yet drawn blood from me. I wish you a good afternoon.

*I shake your hand,
Mr. Paulson*

And now, the poem:

V.

My fondest memory of childhood, is being trapped in my overalls and attacked by a bee at the same time. I was destined to be an actor! It is my sinking-water-lily-life, this chemical insurrection, or whatever you call it; maybe the ascending coinage; the orange cocker spaniel; the semi-colon. This is not even the end of a thought, but already it has begun to make an antediluvian marsh out of me: I am as confused as an adult. You ask me, perhaps, if this is really my fondest memory; and the answer comes back to you Yes! and Yes! and a thousand times, YES!

—Davey Volner

THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE BODY AND THE HEART OF VILLON

What's that I hear? *It's me!* Who? *Your heart*
Which is hanging on by a tiny thread:
I have no more strength, no substance, no blood,
When I see you so withdrawn and secluded,
Like a poor mutt smacked into a corner.
Why's that? *Because of your mad revelry.*
What's it to you? *It gives me grief.*
Let me alone. *Why?* I'll think it over.
When's that? When I've grown out of infancy.
I'll say no more. And I'll be on my way.

What are you thinking? To be a respectable man.
But you're thirty! That's a ripe age for a mule.
Is that childhood still? No. *Then it's madness*
That seizes you? How's that? By the neck?
You know nothing. Yes I do. *What?* Flies in milk:
One is white, the other's black, there's the difference.
Is that all then? What else do you want me to argue?
If that won't cut it, I'll start over again.
You're done for! I'll put up a good fight.
I'll say no more. And I'll be on my way.

It gives me sorrow, gives you pain and misery.
If you were a poor cretin and a fool
Then you might cop some kind of a plea.
But for all you care, all's one, ugly or beautiful.
Or your head is even harder than a pebble,
Or you like misery even more than honor!
What do you say to this argument?
I'll be off the hook when I've passed away.
God! What comfort! What wise eloquence!
I'll say no more. And I'll be on my way.

Whence comes this pain? It comes from my sore luck:
When Saturn got my lot in life ready for me,
He put in these conditions, I think. *That's lunacy:*
You're the master, you make yourself the valet.
Look what Solomon set down in his scroll:
"The wise man hath dominion," says he,
"Over the planets and their influence."
I don't buy it: how they made me is how I'll be.
What's that? Indeed, that's what I believe.
I'll say no more. And I'll be on my way.

Do you want to live? God give me the power!
You must...What? Feel some remorse,
Read endlessly. Where? *In books of wisdom,*
Leave off with madmen! I'll keep that in mind.
Remember it then! I remember it well.
Don't wait so long that things turn sour!
I'll say no more. And I'll be on my way.

—Translated from Villon by Michael S. Paulson

Seven Days of Scrabble

A Diary

by Anand Venkatesan

Recently, The Blue and White staff held its first annual Scrabble tournament. Our champion would face off against Daniel Goldman, the Tenacious Tiler (check out our Campus Character profile on Daniel in this issue). One contestant took it upon himself to chronicle his experience...

There's drama in C-Town, Jack. Word on the street is that some young punk has been talking smizzack about my Scrizzable skizzilz, and consequently calling into question the very dignitude and sacrosanctination of these blue and white pages that I represent. I ain't having that.

I dashed off a quick and authoritative e-mail, and one of my scruffy associates arranged for a Scrabble tournament with this brazen upstart, one Daniel Shai Goldman C'04, to determine once and for all who could lay claim to Scrabble supremacy in Morningside Heights. Needless to say, a hush has befallen campus. The streets are watching.

I've decided to keep a diary of the events leading up to and including the final showdown. Scrabble history will remember me, dammit—for I intend to write it.

§

Day One: Mind Games

Scrabble, light of my life, fire of my fingers. My skill, my sanctuary. Scra-bble: the tips of my fingers taking a trip down the board to stop, at a triple word score, and pile up points. Scra. Bble.

I've got to get psyched. I've done a little research, and it turns out that this Goldman kid is a phenom, a veritable Scrabble superstar, ranked number one in the nation in the Under 21 bracket. They still talk about his performance at Phoenix in 2000. Turns out he scored 627 points—and made his opponent cry—by spelling out insults the entire game. Rumor has it that he has his own bling-encrusted platinum tileholder.

Well I've got news for you, Goldman—platinum tileholder or pine, Phoenix or New York City, the Scrabble board is 16 spaces by 16 spaces. I will crush you.

Day Two: Training Day

Up early today; there's a full day of rigorous training in store so that I'm ready for the more than worthy *B&W* challengers standing between me and Goldman. Begin the morning by stopping by the salon for a quick manicure. This is a serious game, Jack—a hangnail could cost you your Scrabble life. After a light breakfast, it's on to a round of digit dexterity drills, and then, more importantly, verbal dexterity drills. Word searches. Jumbles. Crossword puzzles. The bread and butter of a board game warrior.

Break for a healthy lunch of poached salmon with a delicious mango coulis. After lunch, an intensive session of memorizing the official Scrabble dictionary. Sure, it seems easy to remember all of the words now, but it's a different story when you're under pressure. That's why I study the dictionary hanging upside down from a pull-up bar, swaddled in layers of sweatclothes, with the thermostat jacked way up. Like Rocky. A cold shower and an early dinner, and its bedtime. I'm dreaming about you, Goldman. No fear.

§

Day Three: Round One—*B&W* Challengers

Woke up in a cold sweat this morning. Do I really know all of the two-letter Scrabble words? Am I ready, I mean, *really* ready? A quick look to my WWHD bracelet: What Would Hasbro Do?

My first round draw is tough, but fair: I'm matched up against Erica Grieder, a favorite, and Caleb Vognsen, a relative unknown. As long as I beat one of them, I move on to the next round. I size them up and stare them down. So far, so good: Caleb seems intimidated by my imposing height, and the aggress-

sive slope of my forehead; Erica is probably distracted by my renegade sense of style and my cavalier attitude. Yeah...broads love a Scrabble gangsta.

Tiles are picked. Caleb glances at his selection and blurts, "Blast! Thrice cursed!" He starts off the game by playing the word 'cat.' His strategy seems to be one of distraction: he maintains a constant stream of chatter throughout, larding his comments with jokes about Hegel and the superiority of San Francisco burritos. A strange and suspicious character, this Vognsen fellow, and perhaps a Communist. Thought: should I report him to the authorities?

Erica is clearly more of a threat. Her words are point-maximizing, and her play is generally quick and alert. But she has her own method of distraction, stopping every few minutes to offer me samples from an abundant harvest of Pepperidge Farm cookies. You may block my arteries, my dear, but never my vocabulary!

I have squandered my lead over Caleb, and the game comes down to the very last play. Desperation: cursed with bad tiles, I am forced to play the word "nite." Caleb challenges, and the game hangs in the balance: if it's in the dictionary, I win; if not, I go down in ignominy. The Scrabble Gods are smiling on me, though. I have triumphed on the back of workaday America, thanks to the spelling liberties of the proprietors of so many roadside



Illustrated by Logan Kass

diners and Midwestern motels. I won't leave the next round to chance.

§

Day Four: Jealousy!

My friends have pulled me aside and staged an intervention: the game, they claim, is taking over my life in an unhealthy way. To which I spit back, "Don't player hate—conjugate!" Even my suitemates are trying to dampen my dreams! A cold fury descends upon me, and I storm out of the room, just sliding into the elevator before the door closes. A striking blonde in the elevator smiles demurely, but why bother? Gentlemen prefer redheads—they're worth more points on the Scrabble board, and offer a potential fifty point bonus for using all seven tiles.

§

Day Five: Semi-Finals

Game time, baby. It's a four-way face-off, with the top two scorers squaring off for the chance to scuffle with Goldman. Besides Erica and me, there's Elisa Barquin, another serious contender, and Craig Hollander, who, according to scouting reports from Craig Hollander, is also a serious contender.

I knock on the door of the appointed place and am greeted by Elisa's firm handshake and the caterwauling of some sufficiently lachrymose "it" band. We sit down around the board and settle into the same comfortably uncomfortable routine: small-talk, self-deprecation, subtle psychological warfare. Let the games begin.

Elisa quickly establishes a daunting lead with successive six-and-seven-tile plays. Erica, meanwhile, has been surprisingly quiet: is she laying low, planning a blitzkrieg? Craig, on the other hand, has been anything but quiet. He is all moans and sighs, loudly exhaling with each draw of tiles from the bag.

My training has paid off: Craig and Erica are occasionally sloppy, shuffling or dropping tiles and misplacing them here and there, while, thanks to my strict regimen, my plays are strong and decisive. I sense fear, and anticipate the sweet victory to come. Everything from here on out is a formality, and Elisa and I coast into the final round.

You can't play Scrabble scared. Or at least, you can't *win* Scrabble scared.

§

Day Six: Showdown

It's just me and Elisa now, and the Scrabble board. It's touching, this almost sweet loneliness. It hasn't been this way since when I just started out in the game, playing not for the women, the money, or the glory, but for the love. For myself. Nowadays, I can't concentrate without the throngs chanting my name, cheering my plays. Scrabble isn't just a game anymore—it's a *lifestyle*.

Elisa is ready to begin. Before we sit down to draw tiles, she casually offers me a glass of wine, as she sips out of a glass that *supposedly* contains whiskey. How utterly predictable. Save your wretched pinot grigio for another rube, vile temptress! I've brought my own Gatorade and Clif bars.

Chastened, she starts off with a respectable first move, and we're off. It strikes me that there I'm tremendously vulnerable in challenging her one on one. It's like arm-wrestling someone, but with your *brain*. And Lord knows I can't lose an arm-wrestling match with a *girl*.

The room is hot as blazes, and I am mopping my brow with my armband almost every turn. I can't concentrate. And I can't help but be worried by Elisa's powerfully furrowed brow. Focus, old man.

I haven't popped for a seven-letter combination all day. Elisa, on the other hand, has done so once already, and seems on the verge every turn. She's opened up a sixty-point advantage, and is increasing it with every turn. After a few more serviceable but only above-average plays, I am forced to read the Scrabble tiles on the board. I have lost, and Goldman has escaped my wrath. I hope you're happy, Elisa.

§

Day Seven: When Goldmans Attack

Where do Scrabble legends go when they die? Well, that's easy—they go to the commentating booth. ESPN has asked me to join their team, so at least I'm close to the action. And it doesn't hurt my street cred.

The place is packed, and Elisa sits at the board waiting for Goldman to arrive. All of a sudden, the lights dim, and a searchlight pans over the audience. Jogging out in a white satin robe, to the blaring sound of "Eye of the Tiger," is none other than Daniel Shai Goldman, the reigning Under 21

champeen. Other than the platinum Scrabble medallion hanging from his neck, he's curiously bling-free.

Things start swiftly but strangely. Goldman holds the bag of tiles above his head as he picks his tiles, flailing about like a beached whale. I look at him, perplexed, and he shrugs, muttering something about British rules. He shifts quickly to a more confident equivoise, delivering an impromptu lecture on probability, statistics, and game theory. Showoff.

Elisa goes first, playing the word 'bat' horizontally across the middle. She is rattled. Springing to the board with alacrity, Goldman plays the word 'airthed' horizontally, placing the initial 'a' above the 't' in 'bat.' The game is over before it begins.

Or is it? Elisa mounts a courageous comeback, and Goldman starts to get a little nervous. He keeps a steady chatter going under his breath, and reverts back to his theorizing about the nuances of the game, making it a point to refer to Elisa as an amateur as often as possible. But the words he makes with his finger are as effective as the words he utters with his mouth. The margin of victory is a respectable 140 points. After the tallying, Goldman's trainer jumps from his seat to hoist a half-full cooler of Gatorade above the victor's head, drenching him from head to toe. Lemon-lime. So that's what victory tastes like.

I'm already back in the gym. And I've already talked to the producers, Goldman. Don't worry—at least next year, after I crush you, you'll have a job all lined up. ☼



Illustrated by Craig Hollander



CURIO COLUMBIANA

Reminisces from Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of Columbia University from 1949-1951, taken from his book, "At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends."

Above all, I saw in Columbia, because of its standing among American educational institutions and its influence on the educational process, opportunities as large and rewarding as the environment might be strange and difficult. If the faculty could stand me, I decided, I could stand the job.

§

On Friday evening Low Library, where the University administrative offices were concentrated, closed its doors until Monday morning. Saturday, for me, was just another day in the week when I expected to put in at least a few hours at the desk. My peculiar attitude about schedules made no difference in the University's practice. For a while I did not realize this; on Saturday mornings I walked from our residence to the Library with a faculty or staff member who knew his way about campus, who knew the doorways, and who had the proper keys. One Saturday, without companion or guide, I attempted to penetrate the vastness of Low only to be confronted by a campus policeman who refused me entrance.

"I'd like to get into the President's office," I said.

"There won't be anybody there," he said.

When I added that my name was Eisenhower, his countenance and firm stand against my entrance changed not an iota. Nor did it when I assured him that I was President of the University. Whatever the outcome might have been of this confrontation between stalwart sentry and the new man, I have not the slightest idea. At that point, another policeman, who had apparently seen my picture in the paper, came along and vouched for me. The ivory towers of learning on Morningside Heights were guarded by other than venerable philosophers.

This was not the end of it. On another weekend during an austerity period when we had cut back on heating and lighting in all buildings not in use, I visited old East Hall late one evening. It housed the studios of the Fine Arts Department. I had heard about the work of one of the painters there and wanted to see it. During the visit, a watchman, opening the first floor door of the building that should have been unoccupied as well as unheated and unlighted, shouted up the stairs. He wanted me to identify myself.

My name, shouted back as loudly as I could, probably seemed a Germanic garble. He wanted to know my business. When I called down the staircase that I was President of the University, a look of vigorous disbelief crossed his face and he was prepared to order my instant departure had not the artist, a well-known fellow, with his brilliant red beard, come out of his studio to urge my continued presence.

Later I learned that the watchman had reported to his senior that he had discovered in East Hall an elderly man who claimed to be the President of Columbia but did not look like it. The guard was undoubtedly accustomed to Nicholas Murray Butler, who looked the role to perfection.

§

The penthouse retreat at Columbia was an ideal studio. A professional might have objected to its lack of north exposure and a skylight. But privacy and quiet were more important to me than lighting. After eighteen years, I am still messy; my hands are better suited to an ax handle than a tiny brush. I attempt only simple compositions. My frustration is complete when I try for anything delicate. Even yet I refuse to refer to my productions as paintings. They

are daubs, born of my love of color and in my pleasure in experimenting, nothing else...in spite of this, I have frequently wished for more daylight hours to paint. Its only defect is that it provides no exercise. I've often thought what a wonderful thing it would be to install a compact painting outfit on a golf cart.

§

In one period, I set myself the goal of visiting every classroom, office, and laboratory. Under the guidance of deans and faculty, I spent a morning or an afternoon a week dropping in on lectures, poking into corners, and occasionally getting a chance to chat with students or teachers. Climbing stairs was good exercise, I suppose; at least I was usually a little tired once back in the office, and I did come to know more than I had before. But a guided tour is seldom fun and often profitless; you are apt to see only what the guide deems proper.

§

Our campus of twenty-six acres or so was, by New York standards, an immense real estate holding. The original planners probably thought they had ample room for buildings and open lawn. They had not foreseen an enrollment of thirty thousand. By the time I arrived, despite a few trees and small patches of lawn, we were a "campus" of buildings and paving.

The "factory yard" appearance distressed me most of all. Leaving my office by the front entrance of Low Library on a hot day, I looked down the long flight of stone steps, across 116th Street crowded with parked cars and creeping traffic, over the dry gravel and clay of tennis courts to Butler Library, grassless, treeless. This was the physical center and heart of the University. It should be a green oasis. In my eye, I could see the hot and noisy street converted into lawn, with automobiles forever barred.

An improvement would take a little time and only a small expenditure of money. When I first presented the idea to city officials, all of them, including Mayor William O'Dwyer, were sympathetic. I quickly learned that stopping the flow of traffic through a single block of the main artery on Manhattan Island presents the city authorities with problems they think appalling or unsolvable...At times it seemed

that settling one problem spawned the birth of two or three more. The project that I thought could be accomplished within a very few months dragged on eternally. I was living in the White House, surrounded by lawn, before the dream became reality and 116th Street a pleasant mall.

§

Louis Hacker, Dean of the School of General Studies, was quite successful in securing distinguished outside lecturers for subjects in which his classes were interested. Then he made a mistake of coming to me one day to ask that I be one of them.

I told Lou Hacker emphatically that this was ridiculous...With considerable diffidence, I finally agreed to try a talk before an evening group. I specified that because I always despised long, dreary lectures, I would talk for not more than twenty minutes and would be prepared to answer questions, if any were forthcoming. I also said I would have to leave no later than 9:30, if we began at 8:00 PM. I was certain that a longer stay would produce a sleeping student body.

...The room was filled with several hundred students. They listened attentively as I went through a sketch of some of the major aspects of war, from its historical beginnings to the tactics and weapons we employed in World War II. Then I went a little further to speculate about the prospects of future wars now that the atomic bomb existed...

When I finished, I was astonished to find dozens of students on their feet, ready to ask questions. As each was answered, a half dozen more were ready. This went on for an hour, and finally, the professor stood up to say that he had promised to get General Eisenhower out of the lecture room by 9:30, it was already 9:45, and time to adjourn. I got out as gracefully and quickly as possible—and perspiring from every pore! I had really been "through the wringer" and wanted only a quiet corner where I could regain my equilibrium.

Next morning Dean Hacker called to say that I'd done well. In fact he asked that I sign up on an annual basis for two or three of these lectures. I was complimented but I silently determined that in coming years I'd be unavailable.

⊗

BOOZE HUMANITIES DRINKING AND DRIVING

Even the appreciative connoisseur occasionally feels the need to bid the city "adieu" in the quest for fermented perfection. Thus, the presently related episode finds us in the vicinity of San Francisco, at the conclusion of a hasty but fruitful swing through Napa Valley. I only preface the following remarks by noting that the only thing better than a good drink is a good drink enjoyed in good company; and that a good time generally follows. Such is the course of our story.

The day broke well and I rose late, as is my custom after a night spent in praise of Bacchus. In due order I made my way from my quarters into the brilliant world, where I beheld a curious sight. The street outside the residence, at last observance a darkened path dotted only by street lamps, had been transformed into a surreal jumble of obstacle course and garage sale. Four intermittently blinking construction barriers mingled with a pair of potted plants, a broken lamp missing its shade, a vacuum cleaner, and the scattered but nevertheless identifiable remnants of a dining set with chairs. We may note here that the street afforded a wide enough berth that cars could pass around the objects, but only an astute navigator could safely weave through without disrupting either the course or his vehicle.

The source of this mischief was soon discovered in the bay window of an adjoining apartment building. One may recall that San Francisco contains a number of steep, winding roads mitigating the hills upon which the city is built; several ruffians had shrewdly positioned themselves at the apex of one of these hills, affording them an excellent view of the scene about to ensue. Myself a patron of such cleverly executed rascality, I naturally went to join the bold fellows. Upon stating my credentials, they welcomed me as one of

their own, and explained the impetus for the strange scene.

Apparently the entire arrangement was a spot of sport created by the young men during a particularly inventive spell of imbibing. They had christened it the "Taxi-Cab Slalom." Of course, there was no object to the game, or even set rules for drinking. Rather, it simply happened to occur to these fellow sots that certain useless household objects, when combined with a few pilfered guide signs, might make for a bit of excitement in an otherwise drearily ordinary day. Such delight that followed! We cheered and generally made a backslapping fuss as the hapless autos struggled through the course. Particular hilarity resulted when one driver heatedly gave up *in medias res* and proceeded to lay waste to the potted plant and misshapen chair that remained in his path. He received a unanimous "10" from our panel of judges, and provoked a series of toasts in his honor that heightened our glee and hastened our incapacitation.

I refrain from detailing the chastisement that followed. Suffice to say that in no way did it detract from the show. I leave the reader only with this admonition: that, while to drink well is pleasing, and offers us necessary repose, to combine our sport with the exercise of our creative faculties is truly sublime. —*Mephiscotcheles*



Illustrated by Allen O'Rourke

Personals

Whether it's flirting in the elevator, buying that special someone a drink at 1020, or having a candlelit dinner in the stacks, The Blue and White staff knows a thing or two about playing the game of love. Here are our personal ads, followed by our Lerner or McIntosh mailbox numbers. If one sparks your interest, drop a note in the appropriate mailbox, and you may find it published in our May issue.

SEEKING WOMEN

My heart is so full of hate it gives me stomach cramps. Be my Pepto. 5788.

I am Nick Cave. You are Avril Lavigne (or reasonable facsimile). 5520.

Do you like Shakespeare? Well that's me! If you like Shakespeare you should like me! I'm Shakespeare! I'm Batman! Help me please! 5452.

Prominent Indian chutneyologist seeks ingenue to add spice to his samosas. Vat are you waiting for? 5899.

YOU are a collect call from ignorance. I will accept the charges. 5788.

Girls: have you gone, or are you planning on going, wild? If so, boy do I have the video camera for you! 5452.

THEY watch: THEY say things are bigger down in Texas. THEY are right. 3106.

Popeye seeks Olive Oil, literally and figuratively. Mostly literally. 6692.

Robust and handsome young swashbuckler seeks beautiful, socially and culturally-dissatisfied female. Together we'll abscond into the woods, divest ourselves of sociocultural oppression, and fully realize our (many) natural states. No previous outdoor experience necessary. 7162.

Verily is on the prowl. Nerd fetishists and ascot enthusiasts and ascot please. 5899.

Do you enjoy fainting, wearing frilly dresses, and pouting until doors are opened for you? Can you sing and play the piano at the same time? Would you mind squeezing into a girdle so your laugh lilt just the right way at the monthly soiree? Aspiring belles please reply to 3106.

Looking for a Swedish honey Tall, blonde, buxom, artsy, funny Wily, smily, tons of money And i mean a lot of money Cos money can't buy me love But it can buy a lot of meatballs, eh! Brevlada 1148.

Reluctantly reformed womanizer seeks home-wrecker to challenge girlfriend to a Battle Erotica. Fondness for hot oil, mud, and jello a must. Dry cleaning not included. 3595.

SEEKING literate and well-spoken SIPA student for Minister of Foreign Affairs position in the soon-to-be political body that will govern the woods (nearly two acres) in my backyard, which I shall secede from the Union shortly. Box 7162. (Also seeking 800 soldiers on horseback.)

I am the Eggman. You are NOT a walrus (or a manatee either, for that matter). Yokos need not apply. 5899.

Professional Driver. Closed Course. 6690.

Solemn, pensive, shy first-year seeking compassionate, nurturing, sexually frustrated L&R teacher for friendship and more. Very vulnerable. 3294

In another life, I would be a Count, a Duke, or a Baron. I have all the trappings of aristocracy save the requisite roman numerals. If your nobility has been similarly trampled, respond to 5899, and let us lament cruel fate together. This century was not for our kind.

Are you a hot, sexy, fun-loving female with a penchant for quantum mechanics? Are you well-versed in string-theory? Do you enjoy the correlation between quantum superposition and Schrödinger's Cat? If so, and know about quantum superposition, contact box 4178 before another 9,192,631,770 cycles of microwave light are absorbed or emitted by the hyperfine transition of a cesium-133 atom in its ground state undisturbed by external fields. Engineering students and Trekkies need not apply.

Shameless gold-digger seeks Liesel Pritzker to wed in holy matrimony. Though highly allergic to prenuptial agreements, I do promise to sire nine strapping boys to play on our baseball diamond in the backyard. Other promises, such as to honor, obey, and cherish, should be largely ignored. 3595.

Hirsute Russian bear ISO seeks Anna Kournikova-type to share my Brighton Beach burrow. Must enjoy Solzhenitsyn, samovars and TATU. Caviar cravings and a penchant for Pushkin earn you extra points. If we fall in love, I will shower you with black leather and cigarettes. If not, off to Siberia you go. Direct descendants of Khrushchev, Brezhnev and Gorbachev need not apply. 1148.

SEEKING MEN

I am the girl on your Gouda. 2325.

Tall redhead bashfully seeks taller redhead to out-flank her heart. Chivalry and tucked-in shirts a definite turn-on. Admiration of Wellington, Washington, and Charles VII - VIII similarly a plus. Must be good at French-baiting and freedom kissing. 7183.

Green eyes. Trouble. 3545.

Guaranteed to be the best lay (out) you'll ever have. 4477 (McIntosh).

If you're trying at all, you're trying too hard. Please ignore box 2742.

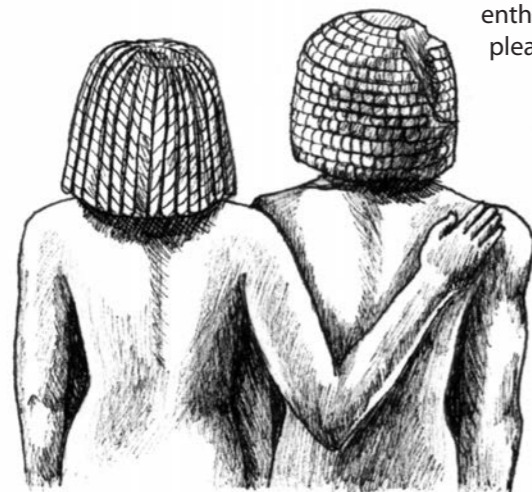
SEEKING OTHER

Witty, scrabble-savvy humanities major seeks practical skills. 1281.

I'm looking for a good sandwich, preferably one that won't fall apart in my hands while I'm eating it. Also, a 20 ounce Coke and a bag of chips. Willing to pay. Prompt delivery a plus. 5899.

Existentialist seeking... something... anything... maybe nothing... (I would give contact information, but what difference does it make?)

Ambitious publisher seeks advertisements for campus literary magazine. If you have the money, we've got the space. 4210.



Illustrated by Claire Ridley



Illustrated by Craig Hollander



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.

Favorite Words

Limbs Palms Blinking Mouth Fugaz ("Fleeting" in Spanish. A lisp on the z: fugath. La estrella de fugaz: shooting star.) Foal Ceaselessly The negative (unceasing, untransformed, etc.) Wave Break Glean Dull Combing Dark Lovely Heat Taut Sleeve Slight Ribboned Bannered Slim Weather Season Bodies of Water and all derivations: Ocean, Sea, River Strict Hip Cinematographer

§

I am a dreamer because I dreams stuffs. My brother is a pain. When I am nice, he plays like a mice.

§

A political system based on the domination perverts until the most personal aspects of the individual relations.

§

The Columbia campus has been plagued with providing resources. The Engineering Student Council has been committed to advocating for student space for undergraduates.

§

Meine Stadt ist beruhmt fur Joshua Trees. Sie ist in die Wüste. Das Wetter ist sehr heib im Sommer. Mann kann wandern und zelten. Mann kann auch in der Sonne liegen. Mann muss besorgt sein weil Die Klapperschlange wohnt in der Wüstensand. Das Wetter ist kuhl im Winter. Manchmal regnen auch im Winter.

Internet Translation:

My city is beruhmt fur Joshua Trees. It is into the desert. The weather is much heib in the summer. Man can move and tents. Man can lie also in the sun. Man must be anxious because the rattling queue lives in

the desert sand. The weather is kuhl in the winter. Sometimes rain also in the winter. *Internet Translation:*

My city is famous for Joshua Trees. It is in the desert. The weather is very hot [sic] in the summer. One can hike and camp. One can also lie in the sun. However, one has to be worried and careful, because the rattle-snake lives in the desert sand. The weather is cooler [sic] in the winter. Sometimes rain also in winter

§

The theme, "Knowledge is power," is one that is pervasive in literature. From Socrates' sexual virility to Adam and Eve's eating of the forbidden fruit to even Montaigne's writing of his essays, knowledge or the desire for it seem to have been the cause for such action.

§

Kimchi : Hi. My name is Kimchi. I came from Korea.

Sushi : Hello. I'm Sushi. I came from Japan, very close to Korea.

French Fries : Nice meeting you. Long time ago, I was born in Belgium. But, Now, I'm famous as French Fries not as Belgium Fries. I don't know why I am called like that.

French Fries : If you want to find me, try to find Hamburger. Hamburger is my best friend. When you go to McDonald, cashiers always ask people to buy me with Hamburger.

Kimchi : I have many relatives. I'm made of mainly cabbage and hot pepper. Koreans love me as much as crazy. They never have a meal without me.

Kimchi : If you also want to find me, you should be careful to call my name among my relatives such as water-white Kimchi, scallion Kimchi, sesame leaf Kimchi. I can't count how many relatives I have.

Thus, when looking at a beautiful flower one is also experiencing the regeneration of human remains. The only way that human life will not cease in vain is for people to recognize and appreciate such natural beauty during their own lifetimes.

§

(from Pike_Quiz3.doc)

Write down Ode to a Pledge (In its entirety)

When is the only time you enter a room before a woman?

Should socks match the shoes or the pants?

What is the most general rule when handling introductions of 2 people?

§

Catholicism is itself an elaborate paradox. The decadents merely emphasized the point within their own aesthetic of paradox. The Church is at once modern and yet medieval, ascetic and yet sumptuous, spiritual and yet sensual, chaste and yet erotic, homophobia and yet homoerotic, suspicious of aestheticism and yet an elaborate work of art.

§

Texturally, the brutal absence of singular personal pronouns creates a void in the opening paragraph of the text and signals the narrator's self-abnegation and self-extrication from the thorny social landscape of middle-class Anglican mores. Good heavens. Indeed, the laconic shift from 'we' to 'they' at the end of the second paragraph is a transforming moment in the text. Look out! For there the font size suddenly changes, grows serifs.

§

Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz is one of the brightest stars of Spanish literature. She was an intellectual, writer, playwright, and poet, who also played a role in the social world of the vice-regal court of New Spain. However, her primary identity for the majority of her life was defined by her status as a nun.

§

A bright white light shines all around as BLACK JESUS, 33, the son of God in a raggedy robe and sandals, steps out from behind a bathroom stall. He is a friendly guy...

JESUS

Why do you want to go to war, man?

LEIF

I made a commitment, I have a duty to my country, to real people in my country. We've got to defeat the evil-doers.

JESUS

You know, I think it's so great you're opposed to evil, Leif. But you seem a little too excited about killing.

§

LEIF

Okay, okay. Jeez. *(pause)* But hey-how do I even know you're the real thing? I could be messed up on some chemical attack by terrorists or something.

Jesus kneels on the floor, puts his hands down on the floor.

JESUS

I'll show you who's the real deal, Marine.

Leif seems doubtful. He gets into position to wrestle, taking Black Jesus' arms and putting his chin on his savior's back.

§

The sharing of the text makes it grow in new ways. There is even some modern (post-structuralist/deconstruction?) theory that holds that the audience is the true writer of the text (scriptor) as Barthes writes.

§

What extra step can we take as future doctors to help our communities? Establish a free Muslim clinic! Want to know how you can get involved? Come to blah blah blah at blah blah blah, on blah blah blah. Insha'Allah

As-salam-u-alaikum, alhamdulillah we are all entering a profession that is inherently Islamic, as doctors. We are also living in a time period where Muslims have to really step up and be proactive in order to dispel the many ignorant ideas about our deen. It is our responsibility to make our communities aware of the baraka that Islam brings to a community. ☞

LECTURE NOTES COOL HOUSE

"How will architects characterize the beginning of the 21st century? What are the key conversations that will shape architectural theory and practice in the decades to come?" asks GSAP in their online introduction to their lecture series "The State of Architecture at the Beginning of the 21st Century." Ready with both intriguing ideas and potent turns of phrase, Rem Koolhaas—the prominent Dutch architect and author—stepped up to the podium to detail his views. Predictably, notebook-clenching architecture-buffs filled every available inch of viewing space in the lower level of Avery Hall, itself undergoing an architectural overhaul. In order to put in context the state of architecture at the beginning of the 21st century, Koolhaas curiously began his lecture by looking back to 1972, the year that the Concorde took to the skies and World Trade Center rose above the skyline. These two events helped eliminate the obstacle that distance had previously posed to globalization, while symbolizing and promoting the market economy. Since then, he claims, no cultural activity has been independent of shopping. He calls shopping the "connective tissue" between activities, which has led to a "culture of endlessness." In this new culture of endlessness, everything strives for beauty and historical significance; the resulting product is utterly forgettable. Koolhaas noted that many architects have sought creative freedom in virtual space, and the result of their research is greater separation between this virtual architecture and built architecture.

Returning to modern, forgettable culture, Koolhaas spoke about the EU, which he called an uninspiring "iconographic wasteland." To overcome its unpopularity, he suggested that the EU promote itself as a "collaboration of differences," not Blueurope. He called Europe's flag a "dead fish" and, after work-

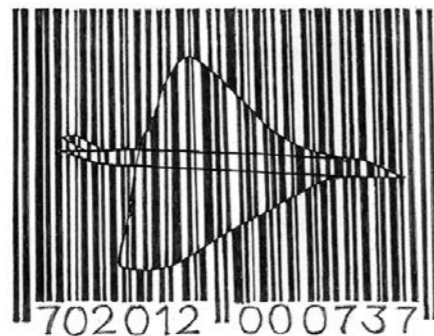
ing with Europe to find a new more attractive alternative, proposes the multicolored barcode.

The crash of both the Concorde and the World Trade Center in 2001 led to a re-conceptualization of the world city. Speaking briefly about the proposals for ground zero, Koolhaas commented that disaster should not allow for the creation of "junk" space. His remarks on the project ranged from "anyone who describes their architecture as a cathedral in the 21st century deserves to burn on the fire pile" to a description of Liebeskind's design as "disaster forever." Instead of submitting a design into the ground zero competition, Koolhaas decided to work on another project of rebirth and progress, the headquarters of China's first TV network, CCTV.

The latter portion of his lecture addressed the challenges of working in such an ancient and fundamentally different city like Beijing without bringing in, what he termed the "shit ideals" that have previously made Western import architecture in China so "painful." For Koolhaas, the task was to find a way of "doing nothing" so that "low-rise" Chinese life could continue by suspending the market economy forces: "preservation without gentrification." His team designed a loop-shaped building with a loop of public space that would allow visitors to circulate through the building and view television in all of its stages, thus "taking the high out of high-rise." Koolhaas emphasized that the project changed, as it should have, when more Chinese became involved.

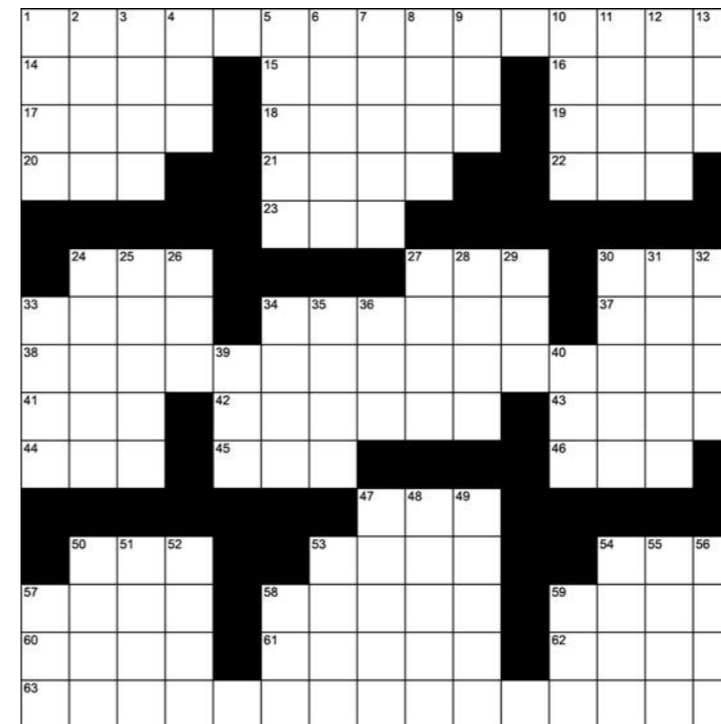
Koolhaas closed his remarks by commenting that today, the profession of architecture had been weakened by surrendering to the highest bidder while it should have used the new opportunities of the market economy and globalization to invent. "Nothing is stable,"

LECTURE NOTES continued on page 121



Illustrated by Cara Rachele

Crossword Puzzle "Required Reading," by Vijay Iyer



ACROSS

01. Required reading?
14. Children
15. Board game
16. Yarn
17. Tier
18. Distance from Columbia to the Met?
19. Sesame, Vegetable, Corn...
20. Lerner has 2
21. Alamo hero
22. Nabokov novel
23. Bard's before
24. What CCers aspire to?
27. Dean's List determiner
30. Cutting tool
32. "Axis of Evil" member
34. Best residence hall?
37. Lit Hum and CC author, affectionately
38. Required reading?
41. Strange
42. Hardens up
43. Perfect
44. Vote to reject
45. Denotes group affiliation
46. Headed
47. Univ. of Birmingham, maybe
50. You don't need one to grad.
53. Media format
54. Type of class, in short
57. Juice solids
58. Navigator's tool
59. ___ Postale
60. Most popular of 50-across
61. Baroque musical?
62. Crunch!
63. Required reading?

DOWN

01. "___ wonderful life..."
02. Former 49er great
03. Object
04. Viper
05. Just to you
06. Red Sox swinger
07. Motor around
08. Paris airport
09. Tinct
10. Epicurean term
11. University Professor
12. Creative music queen?
13. Okay
24. New Yorker's brand of choice?
25. Good with equipment
26. Short for negative
27. Grad. school exam
28. Reviews poorly
29. Adds to a sentence
30. Quick pan fry
31. With a gun
32. Best residence hall?
33. Religious symbol in Russia
34. "Just What I Needed" band
35. In ___: slumping
36. Medicines, in short
39. Worldcom predecessor
40. The future of computers, maybe
47. Sleep disorder
48. Understand
49. Pre-BS
50. Abundant
51. Lotion ingredient
52. East Asian lang. class?
53. Sulk
54. "Triumph of the Will" director Riefenstahl
55. Mistakes, in short
56. Deal with
57. Domestic animal
58. Small change in Nice
59. Tap a cigarette

answer key on page 121

A Puzzling History

by Max DiLallo

The Puzzle Instinct: The Meaning of Puzzles in Human Life

By Marcel Danesi

Indiana University Press, 2002

269 pgs; \$25.95

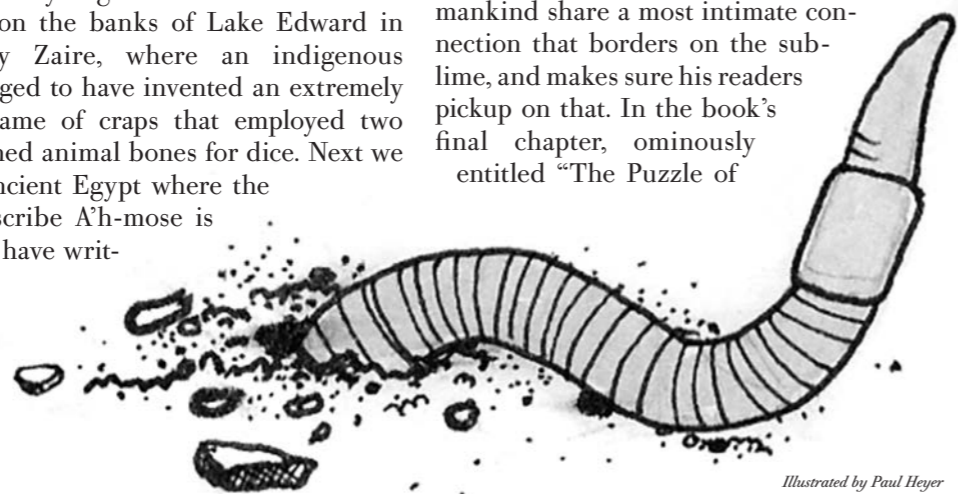
The human instinct for survival, as well as man's impulse to reproduce, both seem to make very good evolutionary sense. A far more bemusing remnant from mankind's primordial past is his seemingly obsessive drive to solve seemingly meaningless puzzles and riddles which "require substantial time and mental effort to solve" but bear "no apparent reward other than the simple satisfaction of solving them."

This is the enigma that Marcel Danesi's recent book, *The Puzzle Instinct: The Meaning of Puzzles in Human Life*, attempts to solve. Approaching the issue from psychological, sociological, and historic points of view, Danesi, a professor of semiotics and anthropology at the University of Toronto, argues that human beings possess an actual "instinct" to solve puzzles. This instinct, curiously, is an innate primal drive just like any other, and is one that actually adds meaning and purpose to human life.

Before Danesi makes these claims, he takes us on a comprehensive tour of the surprisingly lengthy history of riddles, posers, and brainteasers. Our journey begins over eleven thousand years ago, on the banks of Lake Edward in modern-day Zaire, where an indigenous tribe is alleged to have invented an extremely primitive game of craps that employed two small, notched animal bones for dice. Next we travel to Ancient Egypt where the legendary scribe A'h-mose is believed to have writ-

ten the *Ahmes Papyrus*, the earliest known mathematical treatise on everything from fractional conversions to linear equations. Along the rest of our "excursion into Puzzleland," Danesi introduces us to other notable puzzle gurus, like King Alfonso X of Castile and Léon, who, in the mid-13th century, commissioned the first known book of card and board game rules. We also meet the zany Ancient Greek poet Metrodorus, the first to ever compile a puzzle collection; the Arabian scholar Al-Khwarizmi, credited with the invention of algebra; Welshman Robert Recorde, creator of the "equal" sign; French Jesuit Claude-Gaspar Bachet de Mézirac, publisher of the best-selling puzzle anthology of all time; and the neurotic Swiss mathematician Leonhard Euler, who became so obsessed with "magic number squares" that 'smile.' In English, a smile is commonly conceptualized metaphorically as something that, like clothing, can be worn. This is why we speak of wearing a smile, taking a smile off one's face, and so on."

Importantly, the book is peppered with random and unfocused propositions—all of which, curiously, are extravagantly highfalutin, yet painfully, prosaically trite. Though Danesi readily admits that his wild notions are groundless speculations, their ubiquity makes his alleged impartiality seem suspicious; he clearly believes that puzzles and mankind share a most intimate connection that borders on the sublime, and makes sure his readers pickup on that. In the book's final chapter, ominously entitled "The Puzzle of



Illustrated by Paul Heyer

THE BLUE AND WHITE

Life," Danesi's ideas simply become hard to swallow. He posits, for example, that "In their own miniature way, and as trivial as they may seem, puzzles fill an existential void, so to speak, that we would otherwise feel constantly within us, by providing small-scale experiences of the large-scale questions that life poses."

Were it meant merely to be a standalone survey of the history of the brainteaser, Danesi's two-hundred-fifty-page book would be a masterpiece: it is thorough, thoughtful, and extremely accessible to even the most amateur of puzzlers. If, for example, an avid chess player or crossword addict wishes to know the history of his or her game, *The Puzzle Instinct* is as good as the Gospel. But be warned that Danesi's attempts to be profound ultimately undermine his extensive research and inadvertently paint him as a puzzle-enthusiast-turned-existential-mystic. In the preface, Danesi writes: "I am not sure whether I have found any such pattern to or meaning in puzzles. Maybe there is none. All I can say is that the search for one has been revealing and pleasurable." If only he had followed his own words. ☸

LECTURE NOTES continued from page 118

he said, "but the great thing about instability is the opportunity for change." The larger the project, the more likely it is to be confronted with changing needs. For this reason, architecture must be malleable—focused on "accommodating groups of people who want to be together," and hopefully surpass the one-to-one relationship between current and future needs. Architecture, noted the architect, is, after all, unnecessary because anything can take place anywhere. —Danielle D'Onfro

Answer Key

(But no peeking without a sincere effort.)

I	L	I	A	D	A	N	D	O	D	Y	S	S	E	Y	
T	O	T	S		S	O	R	R	Y		T	A	L	E	
S	T	E	P		I	M	I	L	E		O	I	L	S	
A	T	M			D	A	V	Y			A	D	A		
					E	R	E								
	P	H	D			G	P	A		S	A	W			
I	R	A	N		C	A	R	M	A	N	A	R	I		
K	A	N	T		M	A	R	X	A	N	D	H	U	M	E
O	D	D			C	R	U	S	T	S		A	T	E	N
N	A	Y			I	S	T				L	E	D		
						A	L	U							
	M	A	J			M	P	E	G		L	E	C		
P	U	L	P		S	O	N	A	R		A	E	R	O	
E	C	O	N		O	P	E	R	A		S	N	A	P	
T	H	E	B	L	U	E	A	N	D	W	H	I	T	E	

Strength, Support & Survival



The Barnard Columbia Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence Support Center commemorates more than a decade of service to the Barnard & Columbia Communities

Please join us to celebrate the RC/AVSC's 10+ anniversary and honor the work of three visionary women:

Staceyann Chin, Poet

Jennifer Friedman, Director, Courtroom Advocacy Project

Aishah Shahidah Simmons, Filmmaker

with Musical Guest Kimya Dawson

Tuesday, April 15, 2003
6:00 - 7:30 PM
The Rotunda, Low Library



Postcard from Paris

Michael S. Paulson, embedded in Reid Hall, has an epistolary exchange with his close friend Craig Hollander

Dear voluptuous magazine,

Salut to you all from Paris. A fine city. I recommend you try it.

All of you bastards had better go to the Manet/Velasquez and Picasso/Matisse shows, because they have emptied out all of Europe's art treasures and sent them over there. And I'm left crying like a little girl. But I guess there's other art in Europe.

A brief Ur-gossip: Lifelong learners *a la francaise. Et in arcadia ego. Et in Lutecia ego.* Yes folks, this is not only an American phenomenon. There's a middle-aged woman in the discussion section of my Sorbonne class on Chateaubriand and Flaubert. When the smug-ass professor always begins class by demanding to know what we talked about last class, this nice lady is always on the ball with her response: "We were talking about Chateaubriand!"

Save some of those sweet sweet issues for me. And send poems and fiction.

Je vous serre la main,

Mike



Illustrated by Cara Rachele

Dear Mike:

We are all pleased that you are enjoying your semester abroad in France. Who knew that a wine-guzzling bearded poet with funky glasses could fit in so well with Euro-trash?

Rest assured that we are taking good care of your city, though she misses you a great deal. The economy is bad, and is made worse by your absence; I have heard rumors that the proprietors of 1020 are considering an extended holiday until your return.

My liver has also been under-worked since you've left. Though my refrigerator is stocked with Yuengling and precious, precious gin, there are few here to share it with during a rousing episode of "The Sopranos" or "South Park." In truth, if I pour out any more liquor for you, my homey who couldn't make it, my rug would be too stained and wet for further use. That said, come home soon for I am ever so lonely...and sober.

Your friend and housing proxy,
Craig

Even a toddler could do it.



Online Summer Room Selection
May 1 - May 2

For further information, visit
www.columbia.edu/cu/reshalls/summerhsg

Columbia University Student Services

THE BLUE AND WHITE



CAMPUS GOSSIP

CORRECTION! *The Blue and White*, ever ready to give credit where it is due, wholeheartedly apologizes to staff artist Cara Rachele for leaving her off the masthead and mislabeling her illustrations in our previous issue.

JABBARMANIA If Mr. T wrote for *The Spec* sports section, his headline describing Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's interest in coaching the men's basketball team would have been: "Dribblers Jibber Jabber about Abdul-Jabbar."

If Columbia fails to hire Jabbar, *The B&W* suggests we look no further than Sir Charles Barkley to lead the Lions next year. Demonstrating astute strategic skills, Barkley was quoted saying: "I cannot believe that Dan Rather didn't just kill Saddam Hussein when he was interviewing him, and that would have saved us all that money going to war. He could have said 'Hey Saddam, let's go get something to eat,' and then stabbed him in the neck with a fork."

Kudos to Johnsonian Professor of Philosophy Emeritus Arthur C. Danto for his appearance on HBO's "Da Ali G Show." In his capacity as esteemed art critic for *The Nation*, Professor Danto attempted to explain to a visibly confused Ali G the differences between Art Deco, Art Nouveau and Art Garfunkel. Danto, author of "Nietzsche as Philosopher" and "The Transfiguration of the Commonplace", declined his host's offer to "kick it gangsta."

The Blue and White would like to congratulate Allen Brinkley on his appointment to Provost.

Professor of Philosophy Jeffrey Friedman admonishing his "Liberalism and Communitarianism" class: "No, don't read the preface, because then it will all become clear to you, and we're not done yet. I have to draw a couple more paychecks before you know the truth." Later, a student had the temerity to ask, "So for the last 300 years we've done nothing in philosophy?" Friedman replied, "well we've done things, but I think they are bad."

A recent e-mail from the Undergraduate House Council to the residents of Broadway read:

"HEY! Are you tired of studying all that econ? Does Kockesen want to know how much milk you like in your coffee and how much they cost? Fuck him. That strangely well-dressed son of a bitch can go to the store and find out himself. Since you obviously care too much about learning your economics to give L. Kock what he deserves, come get some free pizza afterwards in the Broadway lobby at 8:00 PM sharp. FREE PIZZA! BROADWAY LOBBY. 8 PM. STRAIGHT OUTTA PLIMPTON. BROUGHT TO YOU BY THOSE UHC BITCHES. YEAH, UHC. DOING THAT SHIT PROPER. PEACE OUT."

His Achilles' heel? "Well, I can't make crème brûlée in bulk," the otherwise brilliant Phillip Kitcher guiltily admitted to his CC class.

Written on an East Campus dry-erase board: "Dear OWNERS OF GALLON OF MILK, I smelled your milk b/c I know it has been there rom before Puerto Rico + it def has gone sour. It look [sic] like it has started to curdle as well. Recommendation: Throw it away."

SCHILLING SEZ, featuring Professor of Political Science Warner Schilling

Recently, an undergraduate frustrated by his poor knowledge of Victorian nautical technology e-mailed the good professor with a question on the reading: “What is the ‘curved protective deck’ developed in the late 19th century to protect cruisers from fire, creating the “protected” cruisers?” Schilling’s response was quick, concise, and very, very helpful: “Think of a curved deck with protection!”

In his “War, Peace, and Strategy” class: “In August of 1916 Romania decided to join with war with the Allies, but their 600,000 soldiers were poorly trained. At the start of the war a memo had to be distributed to Romanian officers reminding them that no one below the rank of colonel had the right to wear makeup.”

During a lecture on chemical warfare, one curious student asked if it was difficult to make poison gas. The professor, ever obliging, offered: “Well, when I was a boy, I once made so much chlorine gas that we had to evacuate my house.” This led the *Blue & White* to wonder if Blix and Co. might have been better served coming uptown to hunt for WMDs.

§

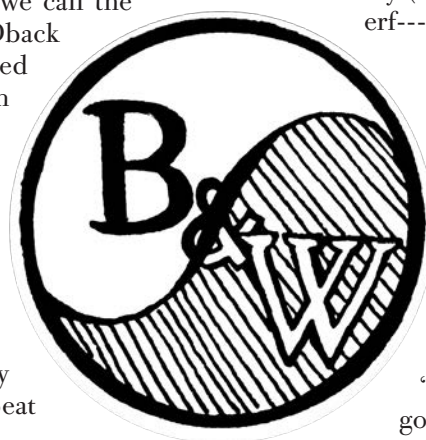
The following note was found on an otherwise vacant Butler desk: “No more Cervantes! Must go home! i’ve had about all I can take of this crazy Spaniard. PS: We’ve got to hold on to what we’ve got / it doesn’t make a difference if we make it or not.”

§

More from that gossip well we call the John Jay cafeteria FEEDback board: “I was disappointed to find that the Vegan McNuggets were not made of fresh vegan.”

§

When entering the ancient-medieval studies room in Butler library, much like in an empty restaurant, one finds an overtly unnecessary sign that reads: “Please Seat Yourself.”



In a roundtable discussion led by Professor Gayatri Spivak on “Globalization and Regionalism,” Kenneth Frampton, Professor of Architecture, began to responding to a colleague thusly: “What you’re saying reminds me of a beautiful passage in Jemison in which he says...well, actually he’s quoting me, but...” Never one for modesty, The *Blue & White* commends the Professor’s self-referencing candor.

§

On the April 2 edition of “The Daily Show with Jon Stewart,” Professor Marc Spiegelman of the physics department was interviewed by Daily Show correspondent Rob Corddry regarding the actual possibility of the earth core stopping its rotation, as depicted in the film “The Core.” The film tells us that should the core stop rotating, buildings will collapse, bridges will snap, and complete chaos on earth will ensue. Their conversation went as follows:

Corddry: “Professor Spiegelman, you’re a geophysicist, correct?”

Prof. Spiegelman: “Yes.”

Corddry: “So, could the earth’s core stop rotating?”

Prof. Spiegelman: “It’s very, very, very, very unlikely.”

Corddry: “But could it happen?”

Prof. Spiegelman: “It’s like a billion to one chance--”

Corddry: “BUT COULD IT HAPPEN?”

Prof. Spiegelman: “Ok, I suppose it could happen.”

[Pause]

Corddry: *(solemn)* “Yippy-kay-yay, motherf---er.”

§

Recently, Columbia football players have been seen wearing t-shirts featuring the phrase “Pain is good.”

Given the team’s record this season, *The Blue and White* suggests that our football team choose a new slogan for next year. Say, “Winning is good,” or “Pain is good—FOR OUR OPPONENT”.

§

Plastic sandwich wrap... it sucks! ☹

THE BLUE AND WHITE