

# THE BLUE AND WHITE

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Columbia University in the City of New York



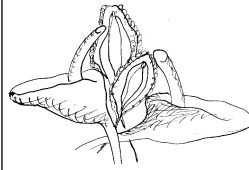
UNNECESSARILY LOQUACIOUS PREAMBLE  
by William F. McLaughlin

A PERSON THAT ISN'T YOU  
by Michael J. Iardi

ILLUSTRATIONS  
Edward A. Rueda

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## Typographical Note

The text of *THE BLUE AND WHITE* is set in Book Antiqua, which was revived by Albert Q. Overly based upon the original handwriting of God on the stone tablets upon which he inscribed the Ten Commandments at Mount Sinai. The display faces are proprietary information — we could tell you but we'd have to kill you.

This most recent issue of *THE BLUE AND WHITE* which you have acquired and placed in the prehensile implements presumably located symmetrically at the duplicated extremities branching from your upper torso, rather more towards the anterior than the posterior, we flatter ourselves to think is a rather humbly momentous episode in our recent publishing history. It went down like this: towards the end of an evening spent admittedly rather ignobly at several of the hurly-burlier of our delightful neighborhood's libation stations, certain higher-ups in our humblest of circles proclaimed the evening to be host to a most delightful treat. Well, skip through just a few fleeting moments of most ethereal time, and there your humble writers found themselves huffing rubber cement in the basement of Carman! Oh, what pleasant diversion is sometimes to be found in these least remembered of lands! Suddenly, the proverbial eagle descending on our tiny delights, a barely conscious editor remarked on the issue we were indebted to our public none other than the very next morning. Confusion and

hilarity ensued, during which it was determined, initially reluctantly, but with the expansive power of that strongest kind of inextinguishable philosophical fire, that *The Fed*, that jovial and pea-brained creator of campus crudity, purveyor of pornographic paper pleasures, would be chosen to carry our humble publication, the sacred light of wisdom to a decadent and dying world, to the lowest-common denominator for a viewing, much as the works of the Old Masters are occasionally transported, at ever increasing cost, for the viewing of schoolchildren in Middle America, who comment on their likeness to *Power Rangers* episodes and natter at their nudity, but never even begin to unshroud their ignorance to the works' relevance to the fundamental and unflagging tenets of our deeper spiritual, cultural, and philosophical being. That said, pour a deep glass of your favorite highball, perhaps uncork a prime-aged bottle of your choicest airplane glue, and embark upon this most humble voyage with your friends from our respective publishing entities!

## Campus Characters

### -Jacob Normal Wordsby-

Jacob Normal Wordsby, CC '07, finds the *Blue and White's* interest in him confusing: "I'm just a regular guy," he insists over the mid-afternoon snack of tea, scones, and rubber cement we share together. Jacob glares at me suspiciously through his regular, if slightly deep-set, dark brown eyes. In addition to his normal eyes, Jacob has normal legs, a normal body, regular hands, and — presumably — normal genitalia. Our conversation flitters about like a blue jay, alighting on various pleasantries and pausing occasionally to purge its alimentary system all over someone's hair but sadly never does it perch upon the topic of Jacob's nether regions.

While discussing the merits of a Hegelian approach to post-colonial population control and other such trifles, I observe a curious protrusion emerging slowly from Jacob's otherwise unremarkable forehead. I try and suppress a giggle but the scones, it turns out, were laced with hashish and my efforts prove futile. Jacob appears to notice neither my mirthful outbursts nor his new extremity, which soon sprouts five digits; I am stunned by the limb's precocity. Without a word of acknowledgement, Jacob reaches down with his new arm and grasps the teacup, but the appendage is apparently less dexterous than its brethren; he spills the tea — prepared with MDMA —

repeatedly on his ordinary t-shirt. When I notice that he fares no better with either of his other two hands, I smile, realizing that his lack of coordination is more than likely a result of the whiteout we huffed together prior to the interview.

But how did he get his name? "I dunno. My parents said I was pretty average-pretty normal, so they made it my middle name because no normal person has Normal as a first name." Apparently society is a bit more allowing when it comes to middle names. Before I pass out from a combination of his mundane ordinariness and the vodka enema I just administered to myself, Jacob tells me that he's majoring in American Studies and maintains a pretty average GPA.



## TOLD BETWEEN HITS

Verily Veritas is rocked on a Tuesday afternoon again and life seems so good. Verily feels somehow lighter now as he strolls across campus, more warm and bright, more like it's summer, smiling at strangers and generally wishing he were at a Dead show. Verily attended their performances thrice this summer and they were fucking amaaazing. Verily they were.

Verily still recalls the show that took place during the great campus conflagration of '68, that annus mirabilis. Specifically, he remembers that he was there and then that he was twitching about while intoxicated elsewhere. And Jerry was in the state frequently referred to as "ON!" The entire multitude was indeed grooving. In those days, they were all doing it: George Bush. John Kerry. Bill Clinton. Michel Foucault. Mom and Dad. And they have all entirely turned their backs on Verily now. Authority figures?! Verily considers them the most pernicious of dissemblers! Sending their kids to DARE to be indoctrinated by an armed, uniformed officer of the state! Trying to outlaw Sudafed! Sudafed, for Christ's sake, Sudafed!

Verily contends that had Christ condescended to Earth in our own age, he would have totally been a stoner. Consider: He simply traveled about and chilled and consumed large quantities of wine. He was heard to make

such remarks as, "Get in touch with yourself, man. You know, tune in and drop out." Of course, several centuries of avaricious, pedophilic clergy-king Pharisees made a travesty of all that, and alas, the message became just more of the same. But in the early days it was just J and the boys chilling out, journeying in the desert, pleasantly addling their brains with rubber cement and devising stories about miracles while eating many magic fig leaves.

But Verily used to have the best time back when he attended high school, which he always thought was aptly named. Each day he would partake in relaxation and friendly

companionship and behave in ways that were irritating to authority figures. Verily has observed with a certain resentment that at university it is almost like it is acceptable to be high all the time and only go to class when you are so inclined. Verily cannot help pining for the days when his use of narcotics contained more than a scintilla of rebellion. College academics are also more rigorous and sometimes even leads Verily to consider improving his focus through sobriety. This thought, however, is easily dismissed today; Verily finds the matter somewhat less pressing than his ferocious yearnings for a Gatorade and one of those overpriced confections from Café 212.

- William F. McLaughlin

