

## Chapter 11: Columbia College (1963-1968)

If you feel that you have both feet planted on solid ground, then the university has failed you.

Robert Goheen (President of Princeton)

A college education is not a quantitative body of knowledge salted away in a card file. It is a taste for knowledge, a taste for philosophy, if you will; a capacity to explore, to question, to perceive relationships between fields of knowledge and experience.

A. Whitney Griswold (President of Yale)

The things taught in schools and colleges are not an education, but the means to an education.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The purpose of education is not to make men carpenters, but to make carpenters men.

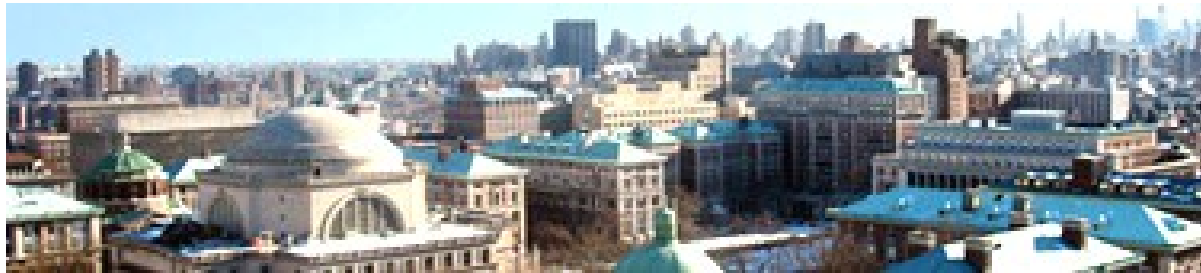
W. E. B. DuBois



In 1963 I had no real desire to go to college. If I had had the choice I would have preferred to take a gap year, do something other than school for a while, and then go to college later, refreshed. In retrospect that would have been a better plan. I would have paid more attention to my studies, and maybe would not have felt I needed to take amphetamines to get through school (see Chapter 17.D). But that was unimaginable, and if I *had* imagined a year off my parents would not have allowed it. When I asked later on to take time off from college I was denied permission to do this, on the ground (widely believed by parents at the time) that a college student who left the educational treadmill would never return.

Anyway I did not ask for a gap year. Also I didn't want to continue to live in my parents' house, and I had no plan for taking a gap year *and* living elsewhere, supporting myself by working – at

what? No, it was college for me. I applied to Harvard (I had seen a film about it as a child and it appealed to me), to Yale (that went with Harvard), to Williams (which I had liked when I visited it on a college tour which also included Yale and Tufts and a few other places), and the University of Michigan as a backup school (I forget why). Michigan was the first to reject me – my backup school! – and Williams was next. Finally came the big day when most of the major schools all sent out their letters – thin if rejected, thick if accepted. Columbia was my only yes. I remember calling home from a phone booth, my girlfriend Alison at my side, to learn my fate. Yale, see what you missed? And now you want my memoirs?<sup>1</sup>



So Columbia (above) is where I went, life in a dormitory qualifying as emancipation because at least I was out of my parents' house if not out of the city. I should probably have gone *far* out of town, to the University of California. But I never thought of applying there – it might as well have been the University of Mars. I didn't mind staying in New York – I liked New York and had studied local history and architecture and read Damon Runyon and Meyer Berger (see Chapter 4) and had a real fondness for the place. Even though I applied to out-of-state schools instead of NYU or Fordham, I didn't really think about how that might mean living in Williamstown, Massachusetts or Ann Arbor, Michigan. If I had wanted to get out of town I would probably not have applied to Columbia at all. And anyway, at the end I didn't have a choice.

- One thing I had not considered was that Columbia was all men (so were Harvard, Yale and Williams in those days) – Barnard was across the street but rather rigidly segregated. I *should* have thought of that – Cal would have been a better choice for that reason too.

---

<sup>1</sup> When I went up to Yale for my interview, the interviewer asked me what I had been reading. I froze up and could not think of a single thing, in spite of the fact that I was reading *The Birth of the Republic* (1956), a book about the American Revolution by Edmund S. Morgan, a Yale professor, on the train going to New Haven, and actually had a copy in my pocket as I was sitting there.

## A. Freshman Year

I was assigned to live in a Furnald Hall, an undergraduate residence hall on campus. But my room was not ready when classes started, so I was billeted in the King's Crown Hotel, owned by Columbia, at 420 West 116th Street between Amsterdam and Morningside Avenues, half a block east of the main campus.

- The “King’s Crown” motif was popular at Columbia, and appears on the university’s arms (right) and flag, because Columbia was originally named King’s College (*olim regalis*, as it says on my diploma, *formerly King’s*) when chartered by King George II in 1754. The university was closed during the Revolutionary War and patriotically renamed after the British left.<sup>2</sup>



Anyway I spent the night before my first day of college at the King’s Crown Hotel, and then overslept and missed my first two classes. Nothing happened to me as a result. This was an inauspicious portent of things to come. The idea that you did not absolutely have to go to class if you didn’t want to was a new idea for me. I was not ready for it, and so skipped a great many classes in the years to come. I would not have been ready for compulsory classes either – with all my leftover authority issues I would have resisted that too. I was not ready for classes either optional or compulsory – in short, I was not ready for college, and should have spent a year doing something else. But nevertheless, there I was. Tuition was \$1250 a semester – my father paid it.



After a few days at the King’s Crown my room was ready, and I moved into 509 Furnald Hall, at Broadway and 115th Street (2960 Broadway, technically, but the only entrance was from the campus). Furnald (left) was one of the original McKim, Mead & White buildings on the south campus, built in 1911. My room, not shown, at the southwest end of the fifth floor, was compact but adequate for one person. It had a window overlooking Broadway. Room 509 no longer exists – it was expanded

---

<sup>2</sup> The British occupied New York during most of the war, chasing the American forces under Washington right out of the city in the fall of 1776. There is a plaque on the Broadway wall of the campus, around 117th Street, commemorating the Battle of Harlem Heights fought at more or less that spot on September 16, 1776.



into a larger space during a renovation in the 1990s.

It was a gift of the gods that I was assigned to a single room. If I had been obliged to share with a roommate I'm not sure I could have handled that. I installed a private phone in my room, and used to stay up late drinking Taylor's New York State sherry. One of the dormitory counselors tried to inquire about this and I told him abruptly that I was not going to discuss any aspect of my life with him. After all I had been through, I was not about to let *anyone* start supervising me.

Furnald in the days before its renovation was a little on the gloomy side. On the residential floors the elevator opened onto a long corridor, floored in linoleum I think, with lots of doors like a cheap hotel. There was a small closet with a telephone at one end, and a large bathroom with open showers. It was of course all male – women were not even allowed on the upper floors. The daring innovation of allowing women upstairs a few hours a week, with the door to the room open the thickness of a book, did not yet apply, or my girlfriend Barbara G. would certainly have visited me there. When this rule came into effect, some claimed a matchbook qualified as a book.

The lobby of Furnald was large and spacious, if brown and drab. There were chairs and sofas suitable for late-night discussions. I spent a lot of time there with Peter Miller, who was also a freshman at Furnald (we are still good friends 47 years later). There was a TV room and an alcove for vending machines, and a special lounge devoted to the memory of Lou Gehrig (right), who had played baseball for Columbia in the early 1920s, when the



field was right outside the door of Furnald Hall.<sup>3</sup> There was no guard as there is today – the lobby was open 24 hours a day.

The nerve center of Furnald was the office, with mailboxes on either side and a Dutch door in the middle. Inside the office Ben Jerman, who looked just like Rudy Vallée, ran the switchboard and message center. He and I became good friends and he

<sup>3</sup> Although he didn't finish Columbia, Lou Gehrig (1903-1941) went on to play for the Yankees and become one of the greatest first basemen, power hitters, and all-around baseball players of all time. His early death from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis led to it being called Lou Gehrig's Disease.

taught me to operate the old plug-and-lever switchboard. It was there that I learned of the assassination of President Kennedy, on November 22, 1963. I spent a lot of time over the next few days watching TV in the TV room, and as mentioned in Chapter 13 went to Washington for the funeral. Above is a picture of the space in front of Furnald Hall – it was taken after my day, but looks much the same as it did then. It shows a typical Columbia scene. The arrow marks Hamilton Hall, the undergraduate classroom building.

Map II at the beginning of the book shows places on the Columbia campus relevant to my story. The most important spots for me as a freshman were Furnald Hall, Hamilton Hall, Butler Library (see picture in Chapter 20.B), and Ferris Booth Hall, the student union and site of student activities, next door to Furnald. All these were on the south campus. Ferris Booth Hall has been demolished and replaced by the awful Lerner Hall with its cattle-chute ramps and fashionable deliberately wasted space.

My freshman year was long enough ago that there was still a tradition that freshmen had to wear Eton-style blue-and-white caps called freshman beanies. In theory an upperclassman could haze (mildly) any freshman not wearing one. Naturally I objected to this and soon figured out that if I didn't wear a beanie no one would know I was a freshman. I was never challenged.

There were a lot of college activities available to me, but I didn't participate in many of them. I read the *Daily Spectator* every day, and even contributed a letter or two, but never considered joining. I visited a fraternity during rush week (could this have been freshman year even though freshmen did not live in fraternities?) and decided I wasn't at all interested in that. I did consider working at WKCR (King's Crown Radio), freshman year, next door in Ferris Booth Hall, but decided not to spend the time on it. In retrospect this was not a good decision – what could I have done that would have been more fun than the college radio station? My brother Adam started in radio in college and is still doing it; when I finally did some myself on Cape Cod (see Chapter 26) I enjoyed it a lot. Sigh.

Below is a lovely photo of College Walk, a continuation of West 116th Street across the campus from Broadway to Amsterdam Avenue. Columbia has an especially beautiful campus, designed as a coordinated whole by Charles Follen McKim (of McKim, Mead & White) in the 1890s when the university moved from midtown (although not all the “original” buildings were completed until much later). It is a stately and unified composition, full of pleasant spots. I enjoyed it while I was a student, remember with great affection inhabiting its graceful spaces, and go back for a visit every time I am in New York.



Turning now to my college transcript (attached as Document 11-1), here are the courses I took freshman year. **Warning:** this course-by-course review may be great stuff for the social historian of the future, but less interesting for my contemporaries. Skip it if you like. In fact, skip anything you like anywhere in this memoir. There will be no test.

### **Autumn Term 1963**

**Contemporary Civilization**, called CC. This course, called on my transcript **Development of Western Institutions and Social Ideas**, was the pride of Columbia's famous "core curriculum," of which it was later said that because of it, all Columbia men had failed to read the same books. First year CC (the course ran two years) was a two-semester course required of all freshmen. It was taught from a thick anthology containing gobbets of the supposedly best and most influential texts of western culture from Homer to Marx. As every freshman had to take it, there were a lot of sections, some taught by distinguished scholars and some by graduate students. It was the luck of the draw. Unfortunately my transcript does not say who my teachers were, and I have forgotten.

I found CC indigestible, and skipped a lot of the reading. Aristotle, for example, was infuriating – he said things without any apparent basis for saying them. I was not yet aware that my even noticing this was due to my immersion in a civilization based on the logic which Aristotle helped to invent. It wouldn't have helped much if I had known that – Will Cuppy's caustic essay "Aristotle Debunked" had prepared me to dismiss Aristotle, and I never did figure out just what all the fuss was about this guy. I read the *Poetics* and that was OK, but the *Ethics* seemed pretty silly to me.



Thomas Aquinas was a screeching bore. Spinoza was even worse. Large slabs of Augustine and Hobbes and Locke and Rousseau did not educate me.<sup>4</sup> Some people got a lot out of CC, but I was not one of them. I remember arbitrarily picking a title for a paper – "Was Plato Sincere?" – with no idea attached, and just making up a few pages to turn in. I forget now whether I decided Plato was sincere or not, but I certainly wasn't.<sup>5</sup>

The other double year-long required core curriculum course was **Humanities**, called on my transcript **European Literary and Philosophical Masterpieces**. I did better with this as I was more comfortable with literature, although the philosophical part gave me the shivers and still does. Maybe Spinoza was in this course and not CC. What a pill he was, even though he *was* a pioneer of free thought. I did OK in this course.

THE  
Tragicall Historie of  
HAMLET,  
Prince of Denmarke.  
By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much  
again as it was, according to the true and perfect  
Copie.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his  
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in  
Fleetstreet, 1616.

Freshman English was the basic course on how to write a coherent sentence, but I placed out of this by already knowing how to do that, and by getting advanced standing through the Advanced Placement Program. I forget the mechanics of this maneuver, but as a result I was



put in **Introduction to Literary Study**. This course was taught by Steven Marcus, a superb teacher, at that time near the beginning of a brilliant

<sup>4</sup> Actually they did – I just didn't notice it until years later.

<sup>5</sup> The image shows Plato (left), and his pupil Aristotle, from Raphael's *The School of Athens* (1511).



academic career. Here he is (above) in a much later picture.<sup>6</sup>

The course was devoted entirely to *Hamlet*. I studied *Hamlet* as deeply as I could, and learned to use secondary sources and the *Variorum Shakespeare*, one of the most fascinating reference books ever constructed, which collated all the textual variants and centuries of commentary. I learned a lot in this course, not only about *Hamlet*, but about how to read literature, how to go really deeply into a single work, and how to use scholarly resources. It was very fortunate that I learned these things right at the start of my college career, as they were the basic tools of academic study. Peter Miller was in this course with me.

**Elementary German I.** I had studied French at Collegiate and Walden since the fifth grade, without learning it very well, certainly not well enough to satisfy my language requirement by examination. I was really sick of French. I had picked up a little German some years earlier from a picture book called *Look and Learn German*, and I thought that since I had to take two years of a language (there were lots of undergraduate requirements in those days), why not switch to German? I had a great teacher in George Reinhardt, but I resented the whole process of being forced to study a foreign language and ended up flunking the course, and not for the last time either.

### **Spring Term 1964**

**The second half of Freshman CC.**

**The second half of Freshman Humanities.**

**American Literature II.** I have no recollection at all what this course was about.

**The Classic Drama.** My teacher was Robert Brustein, who later founded the Yale Repertory Theatre. He was a disciple of Eric Bentley and knew a great deal about the theatre. I read a lot of plays for this class and afterward.

**Elementary Greek I.** After failing German, I still needed a language so I figured what the hell, why not try Greek? This was during my flirtation with the Episcopal Church (see Chapter 18.B), and I thought I would learn to read the New Testament in Greek. Well, not hardly. I have little talent for languages anyway, except English, as my experiences with French, Latin and German all showed. Greek is very hard, and this course, being a spring course, was intended to stuff two semesters of Greek into one semester so people taking it in the spring could be prepared for second-year Greek in the

---

<sup>6</sup> In 1963 his hair and moustache were jet black, and he looked a bit like G. Gordon Liddy, except no one had ever heard of G. Gordon Liddy then..



fall. It was *way* too difficult for me, κακές ειδήσεις<sup>7</sup>, and I took an incomplete, which became an F.

I did not do particularly well in my courses freshman year. Except for A-minuses in Humanities, it was Bs, Cs and two Fs. I asked my father early in my first semester if I could take some time off and he said no – if I did I’d never come back, and so on. But he sent me to a psychiatrist who prescribed amphetamines to help me concentrate on my studies. I had reasons of my own for agreeing to see the psychiatrist despite my contempt for them as a race – see Chapter 17.D. I relate there how this led to my taking huge quantities of *prescription* pharmaceutical speed for more than eight years, all through college and law school and for the beginning of my first job as a lawyer, from the winter of 1963-4 through to the winter of 1971-2. I will not repeat that story here, but keep in mind that I was flying on speed without stopping for almost all of my time at Columbia. A year off would have been better for me. I probably *would* have gone back, and with more motivation and some idea what I was doing there. In fact, as will be seen, after I was forced to take a year off I *did* go back, with refreshed motivation and purpose.

## **B. Sophomore and Junior Years**

Freshmen who did not live at home were required to live in the dormitories, but after I finished freshman year I moved to a slum apartment on the third floor of 414 West 120th Street, just east of the northeast corner of the campus. It was pretty spare – a bedroom, living room, bathroom, and small filthy kitchen, windows opening onto the back air space, fire escape over the bedroom window. The kitchen didn’t get any cleaner with me living there for four years (including my year off) – I used to call it the Institute of Applied Mycology. The apartment came furnished – I still remember the tired green couch, and the bed frame which supported a mattress on wooden slats (during one night of vigorous activity the slats dramatically worked loose). It was crummy, but it was mine; my father paid the rent.

I grew friendly with the neighbors, a Yugoslavian family – a harried mother and her teenage daughter and elderly father, and spent quite a bit of time with them. One night a girl appeared on the fire escape outside my bedroom window, asking to be let in. I let her in and allowed her to sleep on my couch; the next morning my typewriter was gone. The apartment house had an incinerator where we put our garbage, and one time I put some Limburger cheese down there and when it burned it stank up the whole building. People were wandering the halls asking “what the hell is that?” I asked the same question so no one would know I was responsible. City life.

---

<sup>7</sup> Bad news.

The picture below, from 1999, shows the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and West 120th Street. It looks now just as it did then. The red arrow points to my apartment house. Hartley Chemists on the corner was where I filled my prescriptions for speed; I ate lunch at their lunch counter when I wasn't too full of speed to eat. They would prepare a



vanilla soda for me and hold the seltzer, which meant a soda glass full of straight vanilla syrup. They made great bacon sandwiches. Syrup, bacon and speed – there are your three basic food groups right there!

Next door to the chemist was the Poinciana Market; its elderly owner remembered President Harding, who (the story went) had had an apartment in the building for his mistress.<sup>8</sup> The newsagent where I bought my daily newspapers was in the same building too – I remember standing outside his shop in 1964 looking at the headlines about the Berkeley Free Speech Movement and the student strike there, and wishing we could have something like that at Columbia. I did not foresee that we would have one too, and that I would be on the Strike Committee (see Chapter 12.D).

A Chinese restaurant I favored was a block or so uptown on Amsterdam Avenue, but other than that I rarely went north of 120th Street. There were a few minor bookstores on Amsterdam, but the best were on Broadway – Paperback Forum, between 116th and 115th, where I had a charge account which my father paid and where I bought most of what I needed and wanted, and Salter's, a full-dress academic bookstore and a Columbia institution, both gone now. I used the official college bookstore mainly for course books.

As Map II shows, the main Columbia campus is a rectangle covering the six blocks between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenues from 114th to 120th Streets. 116th Street, which bisects the campus, is now College Walk, a closed-off pedestrian street, although it was not always so. In my day the focus of undergraduate life was the south campus, between 116th and 114th Streets.

I lived just beyond the northeast end of the campus, and in the wintertime it was a long, cold, wet slog to my classes in Hamilton Hall. However, there is a system of steam tunnels under the campus, and in those pre-terrorist days there was open access to them. I would enter at 119th and Amsterdam and go through the warm dry tunnels all the way to Hamilton Hall (or other places). I learned these tunnels very well. Small offices and

---

<sup>8</sup> Kennedy is further in the past now than Harding was then.

rooms for infrastructure support lined the tunnels, which were under the control of the Department of Buildings and Grounds.

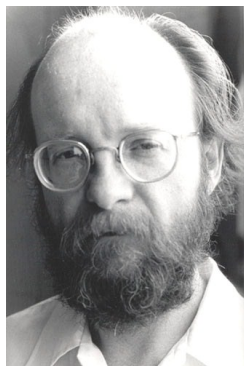
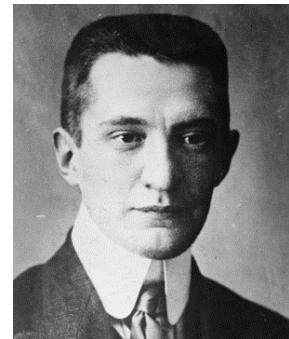
- Later, when Hamilton Hall was occupied during the Strike, I formed a group I called Military Engineers for Peace, with the idea of developing a way to seal the tunnels and make them a kind of redoubt so the police could not enter them. I had some inventive ideas, but nothing came of them, which was just as well. Actually when the time came the police entered Hamilton *from* the tunnels, rather than entering the tunnels from Hamilton.

I return now to my college transcript.

### Autumn Term 1964

**Government CC.** As noted, the CC program was two years long. The first year was set, and taught from the anthology, but the second year was keyed to subjects, which could be chosen. I chose government CC, and the course that year was called **Twentieth Century Democracy and Dictatorship**. How this differed from an ordinary government course, if at all, except in being two semesters long, I don't remember.

Exactly what the course covered I don't remember either, except that it focused on the Russian experience because our teacher was the distinguished and evocatively named historian and Russian specialist Robert Conquest. One thing does stand out in my memory: Conquest knew Alexander Kerensky (1881-1970) (right), the Russian prime minister whom Lenin overthrew. Kerensky was 83 and lived in an apartment on Fifth Avenue. Conquest arranged for the class to go there to meet him. For some reason I did not bother to go. A few years later Kerensky died, and I never got to meet him. After that experience I resolved that whenever I had a chance to meet or even see in the flesh any famous or distinguished person who interested me, I would always do it. I have kept this resolution faithfully.

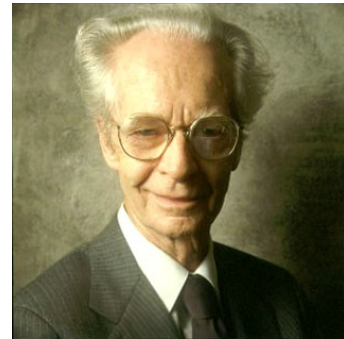


Humanities was also a two-year program. In the second year there was Music Humanities and Art Humanities. These were essentially basic music and art appreciation survey courses. I learned a lot from both of them. **Music Humanities**, called on my transcript **Masterpieces of Music**, was taught in the fall semester by the well-known (to other people) modern composer Charles Wuorinen. He took us through western music from the 15th century through modern tone row and atonal composers like himself. Professor Wuorinen (pictured here years later) was not an especially inspiring teacher,

probably because he was not all that interested in teaching a required sophomore survey course (why ever not?). But he gave me a basic familiarity with the styles of the different periods – it was a valuable supplement to what I had taught myself from the radio (see Chapter 9), and prepared me to fake my way (at the start) as a classical music radio host years later (see Chapter 26.A).

**American Politics: Structure of Power.** This was catnip to me, but nevertheless I got an incomplete, which turned into an F. Probably I didn't do the paper. I don't remember the specific topics covered.

**Introductory Psychology I.** Also a full-year course. I only took it because of the science requirement, but I have to admit I benefited from it. The professor was Dr. Herbert Terrace, still teaching at Columbia. He was a Skinnerian behaviorist. B. F. Skinner (1904-1990), the reinforcement man (right), was the berries in those days, although he has fallen from favor since. Peter Miller, Tom Jones and I teamed up – I would prepare reading notes and the others would prepare lab notes and class notes. My notes became extended riffs and went on for many pages as I composed them high on speed – it might have been easier for my colleagues to do the reading than to get through my notes. As I recall the first part was mostly classroom lectures and the second part involved lab work with rats. The course was sometimes called *Rat Psych*.



Dr. Terrace was a very dull lecturer, and callow as we were we very unfairly called him Dr. Nothing. But his course was interesting in spite of that, and as I had had no exposure whatever to this discipline I learned a lot of things that were completely new to me, which is the point of college in general and of distribution requirements in particular. The whole mechanics of conditioning, reinforcement, and extinction of response was quite fascinating. We read Skinner's famous paper called "Superstition in the Pigeon,"<sup>9</sup> where Skinner told how he kept pigeons in cages and gave them food at set intervals. The pigeons kept repeating whatever they happened to be doing just before the food appeared, even though actually their behavior had had nothing to do with the feeding. Someone else did an even more elaborate experiment about this with cats. There was lots more like that. Much of what I learned there I still apply to my experience in life.

**Elementary German I** again. I passed it this time, but still needed three more passing semesters to graduate. It would be a hard slog.

---

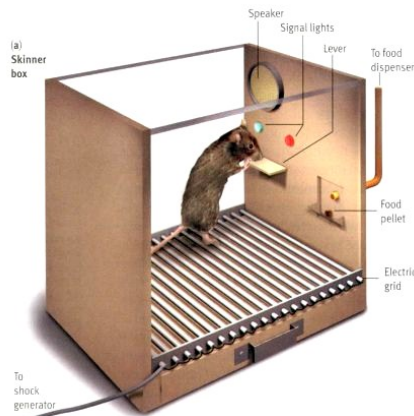
<sup>9</sup> *Journal of Experimental Psychology* #38 (1947).



## Spring Term 1965

### The second half of Government CC, still called **Twentieth Century Democracy and Dictatorship**.

**Introduction to Psychology II**, the second part of the course. This time we worked in the lab. First there were lab lectures. I remember vividly Dr. Terrace hanging a fresh specimen of rat muscle on a metal stand and dropping saline on it – it jumped even though obviously dead! And the galvanic skin response, and other wonders.



We had Skinner boxes (left). These are cages, usually for rats, with a feeding and watering unit and a bar for the animal to push, and capable of being programmed individually to regulate food and water, and provide mild electric shocks through the floor. The programming was done with wires in the back – none of your fancy modern pushbuttons or computers. Then, after working with rats in cages, and learning how to handle them (pick them up by the base of the tail), we were given rats of our own and told to design an experiment. I designed a sort of maze with clearly defined squares on the floor so I could quantify the rat's

progress. The artisans in the Psychology Department built the maze from wood to my specifications – that I could cause such a thing to happen was pretty amazing in itself. I counted how many squares the rat covered in a given period, using the old hand-held cell counter my father had used in medical school (shown as the tailpiece to the Colophon, page xxxii). Then I changed some condition or other (I forget what) and counted again.

I was no great shakes as an experimental psychologist, but I passed the course. Then I had to decide what to do with my rat, whom I had named after the statesman Levi P. Morton of New York (1824-1920), who had served as Benjamin Harrison's Vice President (1889-1893). If I just left him when I was done with him, the technicians in the vivarium (and *that* was quite a place, where they kept the rats and pigeons and other creatures) would off him with a lethal injection. I couldn't bear to let that happen, so I took him home and kept him – still in his Skinner box – on a shelf in my closet. That didn't last long – it began to smell bad in there, and I saw that I was not equipped to run a vivarium of my own. So I returned Vice President Morton (as I called him) to his doom. If he was reincarnated as a person (or an elephant or a tortoise or a parrot) he would be about 45 years old by now. If a person, he would be old enough to run for Vice President again, and probably better qualified for the office than some recent candidates.



**Art Humanities**, called on my transcript **Masterpieces of the Fine Arts**. If Music Humanities was successful, Art Humanities was even more successful – in fact of all the courses I took in college, this was probably the most important to me in “later life.” The professor was David Rosand, then in his second year on the faculty and now Meyer Schapiro Professor of Art History. Here’s a picture of him taken many years after he taught me. It was the usual art appreciation slide lecture series, but Rosand was a talented teacher and I was eager to learn his subject. I had been going to art museums all my life (see Chapters 2 and 3B), and by living in New York and frequenting the Met and the Frick and the MOMA and the Guggenheim I had probably seen a lot more art than most Columbia sophomores. What Rosand did, besides laying out the continuity of art history from the cave paintings through Jackson Pollock, was to show me how to look at a painting and see the structure and geometry beneath the surface. I will never forget his slide of the compositional structure of Raphael’s *School of Athens* (next page). Wow! I had no idea any of that was going on! It gave me two wholly new ways to look at art (historical and structural) which I have been building on ever since. It also gave me the tools to understand a lot more of what I was looking at in heraldry when I began taking that study seriously again in the 1970s and 80s – see Chapter 6.<sup>10</sup>



**American Politics: Making of Policy.** This course introduced me to the idea of pluralism (Professor David Truman, also Dean of the College, was a leading scholar in this field, although not the professor in this course). It also discussed what influenced members of Congress (the personal letter vs. the group-generated form letter, for example). Other topics included the role of the interest group in setting policy, the existence of constituencies within government, and similar basic concepts which were mostly all news to me.

- Later as a librarian and a lawyer I used the interest group as a key resource when I had to find out about a particular issue – there is always an interest group on every side that has done a lot of the work for you and has published material based on primary sources. Today with the Internet this effect is magnified.

---

<sup>10</sup> In a way *The School of Athens* was an allegory of the Core Curriculum. There are our friends Aristotle and Plato, right in the center under the arch, surrounded by all the greatest writers and philosophers of the age, pictured studying, thinking, and dialoguing with each other. That was the space the University, especially through the Core Curriculum, was inviting us to inhabit, now expanded from Athens to include the great minds of every age and culture.

## Elementary German II. *Ach!*



[Raphael's *The School of Athens* ↑]

### Autumn Term 1965

**Seminar: Modern Dramatic Genres I.** With Robert Brustein (below, in a much later photo). A two-semester seminar, the first seminar I ever took. In a year we plowed through the genres from before Shakespeare to pretty recent, including a lot of foreign plays in translation (Racine, Calderon, Ibsen, Pirandello, Brecht). Maybe because plays read fairly quickly, I actually did all the reading and got a pretty good grounding in *drama*, as distinct from *theatre* – it was all seminar and we never saw anything performed. This is a shame since Brustein was expert in theatre and went on to a distinguished career as a director and dramaturge. But it was what it was. Eric Bentley came to lecture once – he was the most boring speaker I have ever heard.



**The Supreme Court and the Constitution.** Oddly enough I don't remember any of it – it has all been overwritten by law school. It must have been a survey course on the landmarks of American constitutional history with excerpts from important opinions.



**Intermediate German I.** Failed German *again*.

**General Geology.** This was one of the science courses aimed at students who didn't want to study science but had to meet their science requirements. I was one of those. It was called "Rocks for Jocks," *jocks* being a slang term for student athletes. I did very poorly in geology (grade of D), perhaps because I didn't want to study it at all. Now I wish I had paid closer attention – it was actually a very interesting subject, but who knew?

**History of the City of New York.** Catnip, as I had been interested in this subject for years and knew a lot about it already. A very interesting course, and one which introduced me to Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes' fascinating six-volume *Iconography of Manhattan Island* (1915-28), which I had to consult in Special Collections.

### Spring Term 1966

**Modern Dramatic Genres II.** The second part of Robert Brustein's seminar.

**Civil Liberties: Law and Politics.** Another government course the details of which I have now forgotten, and which were overwritten by law school. Civil liberties were an important topic for me anyway, as a liberal and as someone whose civil liberties had been arbitrarily and comprehensively violated (see Chapter 8).

**American State and Municipal Government.** This was taught at Barnard. Somehow I failed it. Was this the course where, not having slept properly for a few years, I fell asleep during the final exam and just drew vertical lines down my examination book? I don't remember. Whatever course that was, I had to go to the Vice President of the University to get another shot at the exam. No, it couldn't have been this course because I passed the second exam Vice President Chamberlain arranged for me in whatever course it was. There is a double-dagger mark beside the F on my transcript for this course, but no indication what it means. This may be the course where we studied *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall*, the fascinating memoir of a Tammany boss. I might as well put it in this course as in any other.

- That I could have failed a course on this subject – through not doing the work, of course, rather than not understanding it as would have been the case in mathematics – is an indication of how badly I needed to leave school for a while.

**Principles of Historical Geology.** This was the second semester of geology and the second part of the science sequence – you had to take one full year of each of two separate sciences. Psychology was the first and geology was the second. I didn't get it. The first semester I got a D in geology, and the second semester I got an F.

**Intermediate German I.** Failed this again.



Three Fs in one semester was too much for the dean. On July 22, 1966, I was summoned to his office and suspended from school. I was to go do something else for a year – anything *except* go to school *anywhere*. Then I was to come back, give an account of how I had spent my time and why I was more likely to succeed on the second try, and if my account was satisfactory Columbia would readmit me. I agreed with the dean completely and said so in the interview – I badly needed time off from school. I had warned my father this was coming, and that if he didn't let me take a year off the school would bounce me. And sure enough it did, and now his permission was no longer required. I was not sorry – I was not getting a lot out of college as it was, and now I would be able to have my break.

I wrote to Christopher after this happened: I have been suspended from Columbia College for one year for not doing any work. The word 'suspension' displeases me, but the effect delights me, fulfilling as it does a desire I have had for over a year to take some time off from college. I will be able to do something actual now, and not just more of the same artificial garbage. In fact, I felt so good when I got the news that I read a book on molecular biology, partly to understand the genetic code but partly to demonstrate that what I said was true: if it isn't required for school you can do *anything*.

Two questions occur to me which it is now too late to answer. The first is: why did I think I needed my father's permission to leave school temporarily, when I could have negotiated a voluntary leave of absence rather than wait to be suspended? Since my father's objection was based on the fear that I would not return to school afterwards, there would be no reason for him not to resume paying for college when I *did* decide to go back. But this didn't occur to me, just as getting myself deliberately expelled from Collegiate didn't occur to me, see Chapter 3C.10, simple though it would have been to do if I'd thought of it.

The second question is: what about all the speed? I have recounted, in this chapter and at more length in Chapter 17.D, how early in freshman year my father sent me to a psychiatrist who prescribed amphetamines, which I then took in enormous quantities for years afterward, on my father's own prescription. But here's the interesting thing. In the fall semester of freshman year my grades were A-, B, B-, and F (in German). When I started taking speed my grades did not improve. They stayed a *mélange* of As, Bs and Cs, with more than occasional Fs. The first semester of junior year I had 3 Bs, a D and an F; the second semester I had an A, a B, and three Fs. My grades were *worse than they were when I started* on speed, so clearly it was not helping.

Why then did I continue with it? I think I thought I needed it, because if I was doing this badly *with* speed, how badly I would do *without* it? Or was I just too fond of staying up all night? But I stayed up all night before speed – I remember often in Walden years listening to the radio all night long and hearing the first chirp of the birds as the sky began to lighten. I did not think this through at all.

Also my father, who became the prescribing physician after the shrink started me off, never inquired why I was taking so much speed – indeed because the prescription was *p.r.n.* he probably didn't even know how much I was taking.<sup>11</sup> He just kept renewing the prescription on request year after year.<sup>12</sup> I think eight years of speed did me a lot of harm, and probably did no corresponding good at all. My father should have reassessed this, especially in light of my report cards which he got by mail. If he had, though, I would have howled – that's probably why he didn't. And I should have reassessed it too – but I was not thinking very clearly in those years, at least in part because of all the speed.

### C. Interregnum

Anyway I was now (spring 1966) out of school. Because I was out of school I lost my student deferment, and was eligible for the draft. This forced me to consider whether or not I was a conscientious objector. I decided I was. Part of my response to the draft, after completing my own conscientious objector form, was to establish a Program on Conscience and the Draft at the American Friends Service Committee's New York Regional Office. Lots more on my draft situation and my draft counseling work appears in Chapter 12.B. Through a contact at AFSC, I got a job as office manager for the National Conference for New Politics, which was my main activity during this interlude. More on this in Chapter 12.C.

As summer 1966 was the first term of my suspension, in theory I was not supposed to come back until fall 1967. But building on my draft counseling work, I had decided to go to law school. Since I had failed so many courses, in order to graduate in spring 1968 and begin law school that fall, I needed to go to summer school. So in the spring of 1967 I went back to the dean and told him what I had been doing, at AFSC and at NCNP, and why I needed to return early. The dean was satisfied that I now had a reason for going to school and motivation to do well, and he allowed me back in time for the Summer Session of 1967. His confidence was justified – except for a D in geology I got mostly As after that, with a couple of Bs.

---

<sup>11</sup> *Pro re nata*, meaning *as the situation arises* – prescription shorthand for *as the patient feels he needs it*.

<sup>12</sup> *P.r.n.* prescriptions for amphetamines are no longer permitted.

## Summer Session 1967

**English Fiction 1900-1960.** This was taught by George Stade (shown at right in a *much* later picture), who had taught briefly at Collegiate. He was one of the few good teachers at Collegiate – they almost never lasted long. His class at Columbia was quite interesting. We did Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, and Forster's *A Passage to India*, and Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which of course I already knew, and Beckett's *Malone Dies* (or maybe it was *Malloy*), all foundational books suitable for teaching undergraduates (I think this course was



offered in the School of General Studies). I couldn't stand Beckett, but I did the reading and enjoyed the course.



**Urban Society.** This was a novelty – it was taught by a *black professor* named St. Clair Drake, who taught at a college in Chicago during the regular school year.<sup>13</sup> He had us read W.E.B. DuBois (left) and other radical voices I at least had never been exposed to. Also it was a sociology course, which meant reading sociology texts, among the most boring in any discipline. But in my newly motivated incarnation I managed a B+ anyway.

**International Relations.** Very interesting. I had followed foreign affairs in the daily newspaper all my life, but this was my first exposure to it as an academic discipline. Naturally it was in a cold war context – this was 1967 – but I learned a lot, both in substance and as a new approach to the subject.

**Selected Problems in Political Theory.** Yet another government course of which I remember nothing.

---

<sup>13</sup> St. Clair Drake (1911-1990) was a pioneer black academic who created the first African-American Studies program anywhere. See [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St.\\_Clair\\_Drake](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St._Clair_Drake). I did not know at the time who he was.

## D. Senior Year

### Autumn Term 1967



**James Joyce I.** I am a little confused here. This course, although a graduate course, is called on my transcript **James Joyce I.** Was this a course on *Ulysses*? I know I studied *Ulysses*, which I had read on my own during Collegiate times, with the famous Joyce scholar William York Tindall (right). He was terrific. But I remember even more clearly taking a course on *Finnegans Wake* with Tindall, and not only taking it but taking it *again* the following semester as an auditor.



*Finnegans Wake* is an almost incomprehensible pastiche of words and languages – when Tindall read aloud from it it made sense, almost, but learning to read it was hard work. Nevertheless I was beginning to get the hang of how to do this, and annotated my copy exhaustively. But a course on *Finnegans Wake* would not have been called *James Joyce I.*<sup>14</sup>

- Where is my student copy of *Finnegans Wake* now? Like my old passports, I would never have thrown it away, but it is gone.

**Introduction to Linguistics I.** I am no linguist, as my repeated failures in language courses show, but this was *descriptive* linguistics, taught from a textbook by a graduate student, with a workbook of exercises. It was fascinating. This course taught the elements of language – phonemes and graphemes and grammatical morphemes and how they are assembled into languages. It explained in an elementary way how languages are related, and ideas of transformational grammar, and lots more. The exercises were a lot of fun and so was the class itself. I got an A-, a much better grade than I ever got in any actual language course in my whole life.

**Introduction to Old Testament.** Taught by a Christian, Professor Driver in the Religion Department. It was the standard academic introduction to the subject, using the approach of higher criticism pioneered by the Germans in the 19th century. The emphasis was on the so-called *documentary hypothesis*, identifying the different layers and voices in the texts – the Jahwist and the Elohist and the Priestly Source. I had never heard about any

---

<sup>14</sup> The portrait of Joyce is by Jacques Moitoret.



of this before, or realized that individual books of the Bible could be dissected in that way. Why are there two versions of the Ten Commandments, for instance, one in Exodus and one in Deuteronomy (which itself means *second law*)? Professor Driver explained all this to us. I annotated my RSV (Revised Standard Version) with colored markers to separate the different voices. We also studied other parts of the Old Testament, and had



to write about a minor book – I chose Jonah for its brevity and narrative interest.

I learned in this course about some of the scholarly resources for Biblical study – the commentaries and special editions, and especially *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance*, which identifies and defines for the reader the Hebrew and Greek words behind the English text. This course did for the Bible what Professor Marcus had done for Shakespeare – it gave me an insight into what in-depth study of literature was about, what the tools were for doing it, and how to look at an ancient text. I still use what I learned in this course, both about the Bible and about scholarship.

**Speech: Analysis and Persuasion.** This was a sort of debating class. We were given sides of a conflict to argue, and paired off. I remember my opponent was a lad named Kapur. We were playing lawyers on opposite sides of an assault case – his client reached into his pocket and my client, mistakenly thinking there was a gun in there, shot his client. Was this a reasonable use of deadly force? I went out and got a cap pistol at a dime store and secreted it in my pocket. Then when the argument got to that point I put my hand in my pocket and said Mr. Kapur, does it look to you like I have a gun in my pocket? I had him there, because if he said yes he was admitting my client had a good reason to shoot. So he said no, and I pulled out the cap pistol and shot him. Sensation! I got an A for that. Today I would probably be arrested.

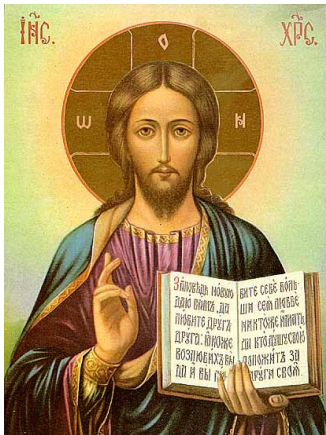
**Intermediate German II.** I passed with a D, finishing my language requirement, finally. I really objected to having to study German, because I was a government major and pre-law and would never need to know any German. As it turned out German is an important language in heraldic studies and I have had to struggle my way through texts with a dictionary, really getting only half of it except for technical vocabulary. It was the very language I needed! If only I had known this I might have done better – I had such a good teacher.

- When I said I was a government *major*, actually that's not quite right. I *concentrated* in government. I took a lot of English courses and would have liked to have majored in English, but to do that you had to read *Beowulf*, and I had a fixation about not taking *Beowulf* because you had to read it in Middle English, which of course I could not do. So I ended up concentrating in government and not majoring in anything.

## Spring Term 1968

**Law and Society.** Yet another government class of which I remember nothing specific. I think it is quite interesting that I remember details of almost every class I took outside my concentration, and almost none of those within it. Maybe it is because I took so many, and maybe it is because my law studies supervened. I asked Joel Solkoff about this and he said “You internalized them to the point that it is no longer necessary to remember. The courses are inside you.” Whatever.

**History of the State of New York.** This was a follow-up to History of the City of New York, which I had taken a few years earlier. Still interesting, but less so than the one about the city. New York State is just less interesting than New York City, even *with* the Erie Canal.



**Introduction to New Testament.** Also with Professor Driver, following his Old Testament course which I had taken the previous semester. As with the History of New York State, it was interesting but not as interesting as the first course.

**Military Law.** As mentioned above, during my time out of school I founded a draft counseling program at the American Friends Service Committee, and another at Columbia when I returned. See Chapter 12.B for more on this. I was not only a draft counselor but a “super-counselor,” meaning the most difficult cases were referred to me. Some of these involved people who were already in the military (perhaps drafted, perhaps through ROTC) and *then* decided they were conscientious objectors. To deal with these better, I obtained the instructor’s permission to take this course in the Law School. It was not my first exposure to case law, as I had taken a course in the Supreme Court and the Constitution a few years earlier, and another on civil liberties, but it was my first exposure to real law study by the law school case method. The course focused on the Uniform Code of Military Justice, and the readings were mostly appellate opinions in the military and civilian federal court systems. Both the subject and the method were rivetingly interesting.

**Principles of Historical Geology.** Again. I recall that the professor lent me his own lecture notes to get me through without failing this time. That must have been for the midterm, as there was no final that year because of the Strike.

**Introduction to Symbolic Logic.** Taken because I had to have at least one semester of mathematics, and this was the least math-like course I could take that would fulfill the requirement. It was interesting at the start, with Venn diagrams and special symbols, but it went over my head within weeks. I am even less of a mathematician than I am a

linguist. Fortunately I was saved by the Strike.

This is not the place to discuss the Columbia Strike – for that see Chapter 12.D. But I should mention here in the context of my coursework that after the disruption of classes the College enacted a rule that anyone passing at the time of the Strike was to be given a grade of Pass. This was lucky for me, as I was struggling in Geology and already doomed in Symbolic Logic, both of which I needed to graduate. In Geology I had (I think) barely passed the midterm, but either there was no midterm in Symbolic Logic, or we hadn't had it yet. So the question was: was I passing at the time of the Strike? Appropriately, this was a logical problem. Both the instructor and I knew I had no hope of passing, but neither of us wanted to stop me from graduating. So I took the position that a student starts off passing (because he's not failing) and so remains passing until he fails. Since I had not yet failed, I was passing at the time of the Strike. The professor went along with this. She too knew I was no mathematician.

- My transcript has a note stamped on it after my Spring 1968 passing grades. It says “Because of special circumstances in April 1968, this faculty voted to assign the grade of P (passed) in those courses where it was considered impractical to use the finer distinctions of our normal passing grades.” I'm not sure about “this faculty,” as I was taking a course in the Law School, which was a different faculty, but I certainly did not question it.

Four courses are missing from this account because they are not on the transcript, and I may never get to the bottom of it.

***Finnegans Wake***. As mentioned, I remember for certain studying *Ulysses* with Professor Tindall, and that was probably **James Joyce I**. I know it was not as part of the *Finnegans Wake* course, because Jessica Lobel was in that course with me, she graduated from Barnard in the spring of 1967, and she says she did not study *Ulysses* in college. So that's *two* Joyce courses I took with Professor Tindall, plus auditing *Finnegans Wake* a second time because I enjoyed it so much the first time (auditing the second time certainly means I was registered the first time). I can understand the auditing repeat not being on the transcript, because it was unofficial and I didn't register for auditor credit. But if **James Joyce I** was about *Ulysses*, where is the *Finnegans Wake* course on my transcript? What happened here? It is the Twilight Zone.<sup>15</sup>



---

<sup>15</sup> The drawing of Leopold Bloom, the leading character in *Ulysses*, is by Roger Cumminsky (2004).

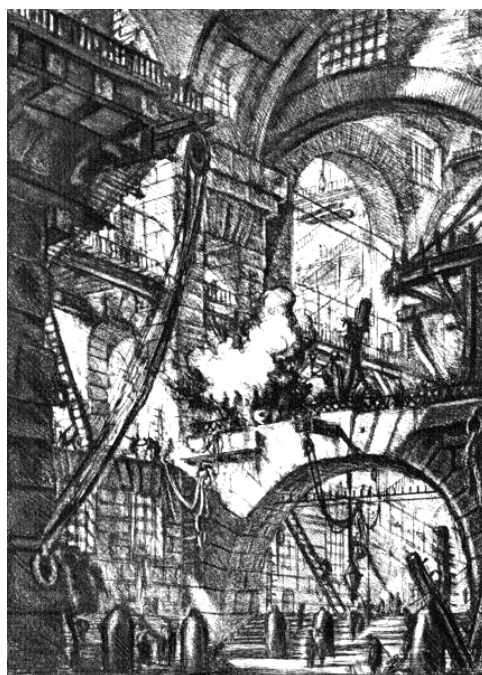




**Survey of Shakespeare.** During freshman year I remember staying up all night with my classmate Tom Jones, cramming every play of Shakespeare's for a test the next day. I learned you can read every play of his except *Hamlet* in 45 minutes each if you have enough amphetamines. That's *King John* done; OK, next one up is *Timon of Athens*. But why? This took place in my room at Fernald Hall, so it had to be freshman year. There was a course at Columbia College, with the famous critic Professor F. W. Dupee I think it was, which covered every play of Shakespeare's. But I never took that course, and Tom says he didn't either. Tom and I

never took a Shakespeare course together, so why were we cramming the same material together? It makes no sense. But I know it happened.<sup>16</sup>

**Renaissance Drawings.** I liked Professor Rosand's Art Humanities course so much I signed up for whatever course he offered the next semester, and as I recall it was Renaissance Drawings. And I remember studying Piranesi with him, although that could have been in Art Humanities. But no later art history course appears on my transcript. I could have dropped it, but that would have been the last thing I would have dropped because I loved the subject and enjoyed the professor. So what happened to that course?<sup>17</sup>



**Intermediate German I.** I passed Intermediate German II after having failed Intermediate German I twice. Intermediate German I was a prerequisite to Intermediate German II, but somehow I registered for II without having ever passed I. It must have been that Professor Reinhardt, seeing me founder and fail semester after semester, let me slip by so I could stop the torment for both of us, and eventually

<sup>16</sup> Left to right: top row, Cleopatra, Hamlet, Falstaff, Othello; middle row, Shylock, Ariel, Caesar, Lear; bottom row, Henry IV, Romeo & Juliet, Prospero, Ophelia.

<sup>17</sup> The image is an etching by Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-1778) which has come to be called *The Smoking Fire*, from his series *Carceri d'invenzione* [Imaginary Prisons] (1745, reworked 1761). It is shown somewhat lighter than the original, so as to be comprehensible in reduced format.



graduate.

One course I definitely *didn't* take was **Introduction to Naval Science**. This was Navy ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps). Knowing the draft was coming, and not yet imagining that I was a conscientious objector, I tried to join Navy ROTC freshman year so I could at least be an officer when my time came. Typically, I didn't discuss this potentially disastrous decision with anyone. *Very* fortunately for me, my eyes were not good enough for the Navy. They would have been good enough for the Army, but Navy was the only ROTC program we had. If I had succeeded in joining ROTC I would have been in the Navy. I would not have done well in drill and physical conditioning and all the rest of the naval requirements, so I would probably have washed out of ROTC, but still been in the Navy, in line for a term as an ordinary seaman. Then later when I became a conscientious objector I would have had to get out of the Navy somehow. What a nightmare that would have been! The naval gods were either protecting me from the Navy, or protecting the Navy from me.

- That was the second time in two years I didn't join the Navy – as mentioned in Chapter 9, the first was during the Cuban missile crisis the preceding year. This established a lifelong practice, and I have not joined the Navy every year since. Even this year, at age 65, I didn't join the Navy.

But anyway, with the courses that *did* appear on my transcript, I had completed my requirements and was set to graduate, right? Wrong! There was still **Physical Education**. This was a bane, as it had been all through school (except when Nate Levine waived it for me at Walden, see Chapter 9). You had to take two years of Phys Ed, broken into 8 quarters, with the department's own internal distribution requirement which included a contact sport for one quarter.

Naturally I resisted this to the max, but there was nothing I could really do to avoid it. For a contact sport I took fencing, as I really didn't want sporting contact with anyone except maybe a girl, and that sport was not offered. Fencing was taught in Ferris Booth Hall, by a Hungarian fencing master who took the sport very seriously. Columbia had a first-rate fencing team, and fortunately the instructor was not interested in teaching fencing to people who absolutely did not want to learn it or have anything to do with it. So the deal was that I had to come but I didn't have to put on the damned costume or actually fence – and once I showed up I could leave. That was fine with me.

And there was bowling, also in Ferris Booth Hall. I would go and throw the ball down the alley and then ostentatiously turn around *without looking at the ball* and go back to my seat and resume reading the *Herald Tribune*. People would ask me my score and I wouldn't know. I said Columbia could make me throw the damn ball, but they couldn't make me care where it went. Why they didn't fail me I don't know. I took bowling many more quarters than I was allowed to because it was the easiest activity they offered. This is where I met Joel Solkoff.

Then there was skiing. This was ludicrous because there are no mountains on Manhattan Island. So we went into the basement of Uris Hall in the north campus, where what passed for gym facilities were located.<sup>18</sup> We would pick up our skis and poles and carry them across Broadway to Riverside Park. There was no snow, but there was a sort of hill just inside the wall, maybe 15 feet high. So we would put on our skis, waddle up the hill, slide down again on the grass, take our skis off, and go back across Broadway. It was absurd.

Finally there was swimming. Same thing here – they made me get into the pool, but that’s as much as they could really make me do. There was a swimming test for graduation – you had to be able to swim to become a Bachelor of Arts – but I could swim, so I passed the test. But swimming is where the Phys Ed faculty, who hated me for disrespecting their ridiculous requirements, finally nailed me. I overcut swimming one term, by half an absence. Half meant I was late rather than actually absent, but it would not have mattered except they docked me one full cut for an absence when I was in Kansas lecturing at a draft counseling seminar as a representative of the Student Draft Information Center, an official school activity sponsored by the Chaplain’s Office and Earl Hall (the Religious Affairs Department). I insisted the absence was excused. But they insisted it wasn’t, so they could block my graduation out of spite.

As a result I did not graduate in June – although I received a nice blue embossed envelope there was no diploma inside. Instead they made me repeat the semester and take swimming again that summer, which meant I could not work or move to Philadelphia to prepare for law school. So I went to their damn pool, murder in my heart, and stood in the water, not swimming, several times a week for several weeks that summer. I suppose they could have failed me and made me take it yet again that fall, and each semester for the rest of my life. But perhaps the Dean stopped them from doing that. Joel Solkoff finally got my diploma for me – it was signed by Grayson Kirk, although he was history by that time. I attach it as Document 11-2. It is in Latin. A mimeographed translation (also in Document 11-2) was thoughtfully included in the envelope.

### **E. Vignettes and reflections**

For many years after college, especially after I stopped taking speed in 1972, I nursed a deep regret over what I thought of as having wasted my opportunities there. I skipped a lot of classes. I didn’t do a lot of the reading. I flunked classes like geology and German

---

<sup>18</sup> Columbia had no proper gym, which is the main reason they tried to build one in Morningside Park, leading to the confrontations which in turn led to the Strike – see Chapter 12.D.

which I should have lapped up. I was not approaching my studies with anything like the level of concentration and commitment I later learned how to apply. I was comforted by what Yale professor Arthur F. Wright wrote to Christopher once, that in his long experience *all* students regretted wasting their college opportunities. But I wasn't comforted much.

However, in writing this chapter, and in particular going through my transcript and remembering all my classes one by one, I have come to see that it wasn't quite the waste I thought it was. I learned and retained a great deal from almost every class. I could have learned more in many of them, it's true, but what I did learn was quite a lot. I used to think, well, at least I got a grounding in government and literature. But my courses in art and music and psychology and Bible and history and linguistics and international relations, and even geology and German, taught me a lot too, and helped build my education stone by stone, just as they were intended to do. Also I learned how to use specialized scholarly materials in enough subjects that I got the hang of the method generally. My government courses are about the only ones of which I have no specific memory. I should have taken fewer of those, and done more experimenting. Whether I could have taken fewer government courses and still satisfied Columbia's concentration requirement, I leave it to my biographer to figure out from primary sources.

Also important was my extra-curricular reading. As mentioned in Chapter 4, while I was avoiding reading my assignments I was not hanging out in bars or watching television, I was hanging out in Butler Library, reading very widely in all sorts of fields. That six-volume history of the British Empire I read all the way through wasn't assigned – I may not have read my geology textbook, but I read that instead. Having the leisure to read at will and Butler Library to browse in and borrow from helped me educate myself almost as much as the courses I registered for.<sup>19</sup> Einstein said: "Education is what remains when one has forgotten everything he learned in school."

---

That ends the summary, I guess – now for some loose ends.

Columbia College was all men, but Barnard (all women) was right across the street. I was hampered somewhat in my romantic exploits, freshman year at least, by the rigid rules against men and women being alone together in private. There were small public visiting rooms in the lobbies of the Barnard residence halls, and I used to meet there with

---

<sup>19</sup> Luigi Barzini, Jr., wrote somewhere: "I myself spent hours in the Columbia library as intimidated and embarrassed as a famished gourmet invited to a dream restaurant where every dish from all of the world's cuisines, past and present, was available on request."

Barbara G., a Barnard girl (as they were then called) I saw a lot of freshman year, but it was unsatisfying. I don't know why we didn't just get a hotel room – it never occurred to either of us. Things got somewhat better after freshman year, when I had an apartment, but Barnard girls still had strict curfews. All that changed after the Strike, but by then I had graduated.

- The Barnard curfews were very peculiarly structured – if you weren't in by 1 AM, you couldn't get in at all because the gates were locked. So that meant, in practice, that a rule intended to preserve a student's chastity could end up almost *requiring* her to spend the night with whomever she happened to be out with.



Despite her Jewish-sounding surname, Barbara G. was not Jewish but Catholic. Perhaps her father was Jewish? He was a dentist and that's halfway there. Barbara was a very serious Catholic and deeply involved with The Catholic Worker, a religious anarchist organization founded in 1933 by Dorothy Day (left).<sup>20</sup> I spent quite a bit of time down at their place on Chrystie Street, near the not-yet-gentrified Bowery, where they had a kind of Catholic *ashram* and soup kitchen and sang the hours (including compline, which I was sometimes there for). Barbara was one of my sponsors when I was (gasp!) baptized in the Columbia Chapel in 1964, during my brief thoughtless flirtation with the Episcopal Church – see Chapter 18.B.

Barbara later dropped out of school and married another Catholic activist named Al Uhrie, and they lived in a dreadful slum apartment on Avenue D and 4th Street. I sometimes visited them there. They had a child, and then Al was murdered on the street on his way back from the store. This was around 1965. Barbara and her child (who would be around 45 now!) went up to the Catholic Worker retreat in Dutchess County, and Peter Miller and I brought some of her stuff up to her. I met Dorothy Day at that retreat, when she woke me up from a deep sleep on the couch. We also visited Millbrook

<sup>20</sup> Dorothy Day (1897-1980) was a radical Catholic anarchist, and for good measure a feminist, activist and anti-fascist, and one of the most passionate and charismatic spiritual figures of the 20th century. Since 2000 there has been an active cause for her canonization, so she is officially a *Servant of God*. She always was one unofficially. The icon is by Father William McNichols. The Greek lettering says *Hagia* [Saint] *Dorothea*. Notice the background – a snowy day in New York.



on that trip, but were too timid to ask to be turned on.<sup>21</sup>

Joel Solkoff reminds me that when we first met, in the bowling class, I was wearing a jacket and tie, reading the *Herald Tribune*, and working on my obituary. I asked him (in 2006) what he remembered about my obituary and he says it made these points, among others. I was a United States Senator, a Democrat representing New York. I died of a heart attack in the shower of my home in a Maryland suburb of Washington. I was 45 years old and was survived by my wife, the former J.L. I can understand most of this, but why die at 45 in my own fantasy? That would have been in 1989.

In 1966, while I was working at the National Conference for New Politics (see Chapter 12.C), I got tired of shaving. It was time-consuming and expensive and painful (my skin was not the smoothest in the world), and most of all it was pointless – I shaved, and why do it, and then the next day I had to shave again, and again why do it? When I was a stripling I liked shaving because it was proof of manhood, but the novelty had worn off that, and anyway a beard was proof of manhood too. So I decided to stop shaving. For the first few weeks my beard looked rather ratty, so I made a sign which I wore in one of those plastic nametag-holders used at conventions. The sign said:

BEARD UNDER CONSTRUCTION. YOUR INDULGENCE IS REQUESTED.
--

After a few weeks I no longer needed the sign, and I was bearded like the pard. I have not shaved since.

My mother didn't like the new look – she said she wanted to see what I “really” looked like. I said this was what I really looked like. In 1988, when returning to California after selling the Truro house, I had 2-3 weeks alone in a car ahead of me, and I considered shaving once, at the start, just to see what I looked like without the beard. But I chickened out – I didn't want to shake up my self-image. Now after 44 years I probably never will shave – there is still no point to it. Here's a picture of my beard in its youth. I will confess now that occasionally I even waxed my moustache.



---

<sup>21</sup> Millbrook was the shorthand name for a Mellon estate where Timothy Leary was living, with his wife Rosemary (who later became one of my closest friends, see Chapter 19) and a few dozen hippies and acidheads, exploring what could be done with LSD (quite a lot). It was at Millbrook that Assistant District Attorney G. Gordon Liddy famously busted Leary and his group.

- When Joel and I met, at the Ferris Booth Hall bowling alley, he had a beard and I didn't. Then we lost touch. We met again some time later in front of the elevator in Hamilton Hall, and I had a beard and he didn't. We did a double-take and have been friends ever since.

Note in the picture that at 22 my hair was going fast. I faced up to this – my father and grandfather were both identically bald, and there was not going to be any escape for me – so I made a deliberate decision not to let it bother me. It was one of the first times I can remember taking conscious control over my emotions, an important Buddhist discipline.

I went back to 112 East 70th Street every now and then for one of Mary's home-cooked meals and to enjoy the facilities. I wrote my conscientious objector application there in my parents' absence. While talking with Joel one day in my grungy 120th Street apartment he says I told him well, you've seen how I live uptown, come see how I live downtown, and we went to 112. I remember Joel was present during the time my sister Victoria set fire to her mattress with a cigarette and the firemen were called in.

I should mention the famous scandal about Linda Leclair (right) and Peter Behr, the notoriously cohabiting Columbia couple. In 1968 Peter was a Columbia student and Linda was at Barnard, and Elizabeth Meyers, Director of Residence Halls and College Housing, tried to get her expelled for violating Barnard housing regulations by living with Peter in his off-campus apartment. The *New York Times* made a huge story out of it. I organized a protest of Barnard students, getting them to sign statements on a form I created that they too had violated Barnard housing regulations (without saying which ones), and checking off boxes saying when I could release their names – when I got 100, 200, 300, or pick a number. I held a rally at the sundial (a gathering place on the Columbia campus), and a rally at Jake (a gathering place at Barnard), gathering signatures. I met a few girls in this endeavor, not my goal but a nice side benefit, and then we were overtaken by events and the occupations and The Strike and this was all forgotten. I later trained Linda and Peter as draft counselors. A poem I wrote about this episode (intended for the Columbia *Spectator*) never got finished – only three pages of draft survived. I include what remains of it in the Supplement with other doggerel.<sup>22</sup>



<sup>22</sup> Here are a couple of stanzas, just to give the flavor.

A universal prohibition  
 Issued forth from Barnard Hall:  
 Yield to Springtime's old tradition –  
 Study elsewhere in the fall.

(footnote continues →)

I was not much of a cook (although I did sometimes fry up some calf's brains), and mostly ate out. Many of the restaurants near Columbia were pretty bad. Even if you were not on the meal plan you could eat in the student food service cafeteria in John Jay Hall, which was cheap but not very good; the cafeteria in the Ferris Booth Hall student union, called The Lion's Den, was slightly better but more expensive. Freshman year I mostly bought sandwiches and drinks at Ta-Kome (the deli across the street at 115th and Broadway) and ate them in my room.

Tom's, at 112th and Broadway, later famous as the restaurant where the characters on the television comedy series *Seinfeld* hung out, was awful then as now. The West End, the student bar, had a decent steam table, but it was noisy and crowded. I didn't drink beer and didn't spend much time there. There was a Chinese restaurant around 112th and Broadway called the Moon Palace, but I rarely went there either. I did eat fairly often at the small Chinese restaurant at about 122nd and Amsterdam, near my apartment.

My favorite lunch place was Chock Full o' Nuts, a chain lunch counter right on the southwest corner of Broadway and 116th Street, opposite the subway



entrance. They had counters and the walls were glass, so there was lots of natural light for reading by. And good cheap food of a particular kind – there were chicken salad sandwiches, and cream cheese sandwiches on date nut bread, and excellent hot dogs and hamburgers with a special mustard relish, and sweet orangeade and other delicacies, and famously good coffee. These lunch counters are all gone now, I think – certainly that one is.

There were some great places on Amsterdam Avenue, though. I was a regular at the Viennese restaurant down a few steps from the corner of 116th. The Hungarian Pastry Shop, somewhere around 111th and Amsterdam, is still there; so is V & T, a pretty good Italian restaurant. For fancy dining, for example on a date, there was a genteel and little-known restaurant at the top of a Columbia-owned apartment building called Butler Hall, at 400 West 119th Street, at Morningside Avenue. It had a view and was not expensive

---

(footnote continues)

“OUR POSITION: NO COITION!”

Read the sign on Lizzie's wall.

No one paid the least attention.

Even freshmen one by one

Learned the arts of circumvention.

What else was there to be done?

Lizzie's law remained Abstention,

As it had since 1901.

at all for a place with tablecloths. Now it is quite expensive and called Terrace in the Sky.

There was a Bickford's at about 112th and Broadway. This was an all-night dive of the lowest kind, with tile floors, and it attracted bums. That was fine with me – I thought it was colorful and used to talk with the bums. Since I almost never slept, and had enough speed to keep my friends awake all night too, we spent a lot of time at Bickford's. It's gone now.

These places (except Bickford's where I went for the *ambiance* and the late hours) were for when I could eat at all – often the speed kept me from eating, and I lived on liquid Metrecal, a sort of milkshake in a can for invalids and people on restricted calorie diets. I liked the butterscotch flavor best.

A few things happened that had not much to do with Columbia.

- My classmate Tom Jones got married, to Jill Gitlin to whom I had introduced him. His father had gone to Columbia and all the Columbia men at the wedding stood and sang *San Souci*, a college song which is supposed to be sung while gesturing by placing your hand on your heart and then out again in a solemn rhythm. Very affecting.
- I got a summer job at the Sheridan Square Hotel, a residential hotel at 73rd Street and Broadway, operating the switchboard as Ben Jerman had taught me to do in Fernald Hall. It was an interesting job – the hotel was full of small-time theatrical people, and I really liked working the switchboard. But I soon lost the job for being late to work.
- I went with my parents to hear Arthur Rubinstein play at Carnegie Hall. We had a balcony seat and I will never forget the notes drifting up one by one, slowly and gently like bubbles in a bottle of shampoo. I also heard Vladimir Horowitz play in Carnegie Hall, and heard Casals direct the Haydn *Creation* there – I sneaked into the wings and shook his hand. He was so frail he had to conduct sitting down in a typist's chair, but his handshake was strong and firm. I had the presence of mind to call him *Don Pablo*.
- Tom Jones and I went up to our house in Truro in his sports car (I could not drive). I remember his going more than 100 miles an hour in places, and nearly that on winding North Parnet Road. It is a wonder we did not get killed, or at least smash the car up like Mr. Toad in *The Wind in the Willows*. Poop-poop!
- I was very active in Rep. William Fitts Ryan's Riverside Democratic Club at 106th and Broadway, and also in the complicated municipal election of 1965, in which John Lindsay was eventually elected mayor – see Chapter 13.



- In June 1966, after James Meredith was shot, I went down to Mississippi to join his March Against Fear from Memphis to Jackson. I was only there a few days and didn't make it all the way to Jackson, but I'm glad I went. See Chapter 12.A.



Tailpiece: Rodin's *The Thinker*, in front of Philosophy Hall.  
St. Paul's Chapel is in the background, at left.

# Document 11-1: College transcript

Columbia University in the City of New York		COLUMBIA COLLEGE Soc. Sec. No. 152-34-6725		PREScribed FOR A.B. DEGREE	
<b>Name</b> PHILLIPS David Frank I.D. No. 092454 <b>Address at Entrance</b> 112 E. 70th St. New York City <b>Date of Birth</b> 9/14/44 <b>Place of Birth</b> Wilmington, Delaware <b>Date of Admission</b> 9/03 <b>Basis of Admission</b> Welton School, New York City 1963 <b>Remarks</b> Degree Conferred A.B. JUNE 4, 1968 H.S. COLEMAN ACTING DEAN		<b>Humanities A</b> C1001-C1002 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Sci.</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Humanities B</b> C1121-C1123 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>ence</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Con. Civ. A</b> C1101-C1102 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>yr.</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Con. Civ. B</b> C1103-C1104 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>of</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>English A</b> C1001-C1002 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Math.</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Foreign Lang.</b> CRSE. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Phys.</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Phys. Ed. A</b> C1001-C1002 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>2yr.</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>Phys. Ed. B</b> C1003-C1004 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>any 1</b> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>			
<b>Remarks:</b> Quintile Standing (end of Jr. Yr.) Faculty Advice Bandle		<b>MAJOR FIELD</b> <b>FIELD OF CONCENTRATION</b>			
<b>DESCRIPTIVE TITLES</b>		<b>COURSES</b>		<b>POINTS</b>	<b>GRADES</b>
ADVANCED STANDING FROM DEVL WESTN INST + SOC IDEAS I INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY STUDY ELEMENTARY COURSE I EUR LIT + PHILOS MASTERPIECES I		ADVANCED PLACEMENT PROGRAM 9/63 H.S.C. TOMAS HISTORY AUTUMN TERM 1963 CONT CIV C1101X 04.0 ENGLISH C1003X 03.0 GERMAN C1101X 04.0 HUMAN C1001X 04.0		3 03.0 04.0 03.0 04.0 04.0	B- B F A-
THE CLASSIC DRAMA II DEVL WESTN INST + SOC IDEAS II AMERICAN LITERATURE II ELEMENTARY COURSE I EUR LIT+PHILOS MASTERPIECES II		SPRING TERM 1964 COMP LIT C3042Y 02.0 CONT CIV C1102Y 04.0 ENGLISH C3068Y 03.0 GREEK W1101Y 04.0 HUMAN C1002Y 04.0		13 02.0 04.0 03.0 04.0 04.0	C+ C+ B+ INC A- A-
ELEMENTARY COURSE I AMER POLITICS-STRUCTR OF POWER 20TH C DEMOCRACY-DICTATSRHIP I MASTERPIECES OF MUSIC INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY I		AUTUMN TERM 1964 GERMAN C1101X 04.0 GOVERNMENT C3311X 03.0 GOVT-CC C1201X 03.0 HUMANITS C1123X 03.0 PSYCH C1101X 04.0		14 04.0 03.0 03.0 03.0 04.0	B INC A- C C C 1/2
Advanced Standing from: Advanced Placement Program		Totals English		2 2	
<b>Memoranda:</b>		<b>Memoranda (Cont'd)</b>			
<p>Under the provisions of the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974, this transcript may not be released or revealed to a third party without the written consent of the student.</p>					
<p>THE ACADEMIC ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE STUDENT IS INDICATED BY THE RECORD ABOVE. UNLESS THERE IS A STATEMENT TO THE CONTRARY, HIS STATUS WITH RESPECT TO ALL OTHER OBLIGATIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY IS SATISFACTORY.</p>					
<p>FOR PURPOSES OF CERTIFICATION, REPRODUCED COPY OF ORIGINAL RECORD SHALL NOT BE VALID WITHOUT IMPRESSION SEAL AND ACTUAL SIGNATURE.</p>					
<p>FORM COL. 7 JUL. '63 - 1,500</p>					
<p>CERTIFIED AS A CORRECT COPY            DATE FEB 18 1976            FOR THE REGISTRAR</p>					
<p>ROBERT W. ZULEG            ASSOCIATE REGISTRAR            RECORDS-DIVISION            OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT - UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES TO BE GIVEN TO STUDENT</p>					

**Columbia University**  
in the City of New York

COLUMBIA COLLEGE  
Soc. Sec. No. 182-34-6723  
I.D. No. 002151

Faculty Advisor:

PAGE  
120

Name PHILLIPS David Frank  
LAST FIRST MIDDLE

DESCRIPTIVE TITLES	COURSES	POINTS	GRADES	PREREQ.	YEAR IN	PHYSICAL EDUCATION	
						COURSE	PTS. GRD.
ELEMENTARY COURSE II AMER. POLITICS-MAKING OF POLICY 20TH C. DEMOCRACY-DICTATORSHIP II MASTERPIECES OF THE FINE ARTS INTRODUCTORY PSYCHOLOGY II	SPRING TERM 1965 GERMAN C1112Y GOVERNMENT C3312Y GOVT-CC C1212Y HUMAN C1121Y PSYCH C1112Y	18 4.0 3.0 3.0 3.0 4.0	B- B A- B+ C-			C1002Y	C
SEMNAR-MODERN DRAMATIC GENRES-I GENERAL GEOLOGY INTERMEDIATE COURSE I SUPREME COURT & CONSTITUTION THE CITY OF NEW YORK HISTORY	AUTUMN TERM 1965 COMP LIT C3099X GEOLOGY C1001X GERMAN C1201X GOVERNMENT C3399X HISTORY G6721X	14 4.0 3.0 4.0 3.0 3.0	YC D ABS B+ INC		B	C1003X	C
SEMNAR-MODERN DRAMATIC GENRES II HISTORICAL GEOLOGY PRINCIPLES INTERMEDIATE COURSE I CIVIL LIBERTIES-LAW & POLITICS AMERICAN STATE-MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT	SPRING TERM 1966 COMP LIT C3100Y GEOLOGY C1002Y GERMAN F1201Y GOVERNMENT C3400Y GOVERNMENT 10 BAR	7 4.0 3.0 3.0 3.0 3.0	B F F A F+				
SUSPENDED JULY 22, 1966 J.W.A.							
ENGLISH FICTION, 1900-1960 SELECTED PROBLEMS-POLITICAL THEORY INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS URBAN SOCIETY	SUMMER 1967 COMP LIT S3137D GOVERNMENT S3111J GOVERNMENT S3611J SOCIOLOGY S3206D	13 3.0 3.0 3.0 3.0	A- B ABS B+		A-		
SPEECH-ANALYSIS AND PERSUASION JAMES JOYCE I INTERMEDIATE COURSE II INTRODUCTION TO LINGUISTICS I OLD TESTAMENT INTRODUCTION	AUTUMN TERM 1967 ENGLISH C3009X ENGLISH G6545X GERMAN F1202X LINGUIST C3101X RELIGION V3201X	14 2.0 3.0 3.0 3.0 3.0	A A D A- B				
HISTORICAL GEOLOGY PRINCIPLES LAW AND SOCIETY THE STATE OF NEW YORK HISTORY MILITARY LAW INTRODUCTION TO SYMBOLIC LOGIC NEW TESTAMENT INTRODUCTION	SPRING 1968 GEOLOGY C1002Y GOVERNMENT C3502Y HISTORY G6722Y LAW L6276Y PHILOS F3131Y RELIGION V3202Y	19 3.0 3.0 3.0 3.0 3.0 3.0	P P P P P INC			C1004Y	P

Because of special circumstances in April 1968, this faculty voted to assign the grade of P (passed) in those courses where it was considered impractical to use the finer distinctions of the normal passing grades.

THE ACADEMIC ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE STUDENT IS INDICATED BY THE RECORD ABOVE. UNLESS THERE IS A STATEMENT TO THE CONTRARY, HIS STATUS WITH RESPECT TO ALL OTHER OBLIGATIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY IS SATISFACTORY.

CERTIFIED AS A CORRECT COPY

FEB 18 1976

FORM COL-7-2  
JUNE 1964

FOR PURPOSES OF CERTIFICATION, REPRODUCED COPY OF ORIGINAL RECORD SHALL NOT BE VALID WITHOUT IMPRESSION SEAL AND ACTUAL SIGNATURE.

FOR THE REGISTRAR

Under the provisions of the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974, this transcript may not be released or revealed to a third party without the written consent of the student.

ROBERT W. ZULEG  
ASSOCIATE REGISTRAR  
RECORDS DIVISION  
OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT - UNDER NO  
CIRCUMSTANCES TO BE GIVEN  
TO STUDENT

Document 11-2: College diploma

CVRATORES VNIVERSITATIS COLVMBIAE

NOVEBORACENSIS COLLEGII OLIM REGALIS

OMNIBVS ET SINGVLIS AD QVOS PRAESENTES LITTERAE

PERVENERINT SALVTEM SCIATIS NOS

DAVID F. PHILLIPS

CVM EXERCITATIONES OMNES AD GRADVM

BACCALAVREI IN ARTIBVS

ATTINENTES RITE AC LEGITIME PEREGERIT AD ISTVM GRADVM

PROVEXISSE EIQVE OMNIA IVRA PRIVILEGIA ET HONORES QVAE

ADSOLENT IN TALI RE ADTRIBVI DEDISSE ET CONCESSISSE

IN CVIVS REI PLENIVS TESTIMONIVM CHIROGRAPHIS PRAESIDIS

HVIVS VNIVERSITATIS ET DECANI COLLEGII COLVMBIAE NEC NON

SIGILLO NOSTRO COMMVNI DIPLOMA HOCCE MVNIENDVM CVRAVIMVS

DATVM NOVI EBORACI DIE QVARTO MENSIS IVNII

ANNOQVE DOMINI MILLESIMO NONGENTESIMO SEXAGESIMO OCTAVO



*Henry S. Coleman*  
PRO DECANO

*Guyon L. King*  
PRAESES

TRANSLATION ON THE NEXT PAGE →



Columbia University in the City of New York | *New York, N.Y. 10027*

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

Philosophy Hall

TRANSLATION OF THE BACHELOR OF ARTS DIPLOMA  
OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE

WE, THE TRUSTEES OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, FORMERLY KING'S COLLEGE,  
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, PRESENT OUR GREETING TO EACH AND EVERY  
ONE TO WHOM THIS DOCUMENT MAY COME.

WE INFORM YOU HEREWITH THAT

HAS DULY AND LAWFULLY COMPLETED ALL REQUIREMENTS APPROPRIATE TO  
THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS AND THAT WE HAVE ACCORDINGLY AD-  
VANCED HIM TO THAT DEGREE AND HAVE GRANTED AND CONVEYED TO HIM  
ALL RIGHTS, PRIVILEGES, AND HONORS WHICH CUSTOMARILY PERTAIN  
THERETO. IN FULLER TESTIMONY OF THIS ACTION WE HAVE ENSURED THAT  
THE SIGNATURES OF THE PRESIDENT OF THIS UNIVERSITY AND OF THE  
DEAN OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE AS WELL AS OUR COMMON SEAL BE AFFIXED  
TO THIS DIPLOMA.

DONE AT NEW YORK ON THE \_\_\_\_\_ DAY OF THE MONTH OF \_\_\_\_\_ IN  
THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND \_\_\_\_\_.

DEAN

PRESIDENT