



Residents of Morningside Heights did not take kindly to the sudden demise of P&W Sandwich Shop last December. Beloved by its patrons for its whimsically named, mouth-watering sandwiches and comfortable neighborhood vibe, P&W was a New York deli with a personality. Every lunch hour, owner Wendy Binioris (the “W” in “P&W”) acted as an endearing mother to her customers.

For many, the thought of strolling down Amsterdam without the opportunity to pick up an afternoon “Sasqwich” loaded with roasted turkey and salami was untenable. But all is not lost: individual, shrink-wrapped P&W sandwiches are now being sold next door at the Hungarian Pastry Shop, also owned by Wendy and her husband Peter (the “P”).

Shelves of flaky baklava, their popular pumpkin pie, and strudel priced by the pound pimp out the display cases at Hungarian. For more savory satisfaction, peek into the corner and note a new addition to their standard sweets: a sandwich bearing roasted turkey, cranberry sauce, alpine lace, and alfalfa sprouts, on toasted olive bread—it’s a tantalizing reminder of P&W’s “Bethy-Poo.” Could it be the sandwich, resurrected?

Peter warns, “We’re just not equipped to be making the same sandwiches that we did next door.” Although some standbys remain on the shelves of the Pastry Shop (such as “The Diana’s Delight”), the



selection is limited. Instead the café serves sandwiches that require less meticulous preparation, “something simple, mainly baguettes and cheese.”

Though customers can expect the same fresh ingredients, the variety and convenience of P&W will, for the time being, live on only in Morningside’s collective memory; the ghosts of P&W’s signature coleslaw and pickles haunt today’s unaccompanied sandwiches. Some might argue that P&W lost its panache years before its lease ended—niche Italian sodas and clarinet reeds disappearing from the shelves in exchange for soaring rent—but the unbelievers would be wrong. Those were sweet afternoons spent on the steps of St. John the Divine, pickle juice drooling down chins towards waiting napkins; and even in the last days, you could crane your neck to spot a box of reeds, slowly gathering dust.

—Briana Last

On August 14TH, Bwog published an ostensibly unprovocative post divulging that Jaeseop “AJ” Kim, 21, member of the South Korean boy band U-KISS, and K-pop idol, will spend this fall at Columbia’s School of General Studies (which is known for annually attracting a handful of minor royalty and supermodels). But this somewhat routine manoeuvre soon spiralled into an unexpected episode of opportunism, and heartbreak.

Although K-pop acts are not unlike the N’Sync and Spice Girls of our own bygone tween dreams, fans of the genre are characterized by an entirely foreign ferocity. So our blogging brethren discovered. “@bwog will you please keep update about AJ @ Columbia? we’ll be so much thanksfull with that.. :) and please take care of him,” requested @vina91KISSme the following day. *The Blue & White’s* Culture Editor, ever the keen observer of aesthetic trends, saw an



opportunity for cultural immersion, and a chance at an international following. He rolled up his sleeves and addressed the KISSmes, as the band’s followers are known.

“Good afternoon @ukisskorea fans tweeting at us from Asia! We will keep you updated on @JaescopKim91AJ’s

time here at Columbia,” he wrote, reflecting upon what might be an iron law of Twitter: as followers accrue, so increases the pandering. The tween Twittersphere of Southeast Asian jumped aboard.

“KISSme(s): we contacted @JaescopKim91AJ for an interview yesterday. We hope he’ll agree! In meantime, what questions should we ask?” The tweets streamed in hot and heavy: Does he miss his fellow performers? If his boy band were all girls, who would he marry, and why? This was Bwog’s bestseller since Operation Ivy League!

Between August 15TH and 17TH, Bwog received 210 mentions on Twitter from U-KISS fans, and gained more than 300 followers (for more KISSme tweets, turn to this issue’s Bluebook on page 4). At one point 20 per cent of Bwog’s real-time readers were from Southeast Asia—usually, that demographic is less than one quarter of a per cent.

After AJ’s managers at NH Media forbade him an interview, the editor felt sharp guilt for raising the earnest hopes of hundreds of KISSmes. So he hasn’t tweeted anything more at all about it, despite @Valencia0409 plaintively crying, “where is AJ news?? ;A; @bwog.”

He doesn’t want to lose the followers

—Conor Skelding

The Blue & White dispatched me to the Columbia Alumni Association’s “Annual Inter-Club Beer Tasting - Saison Global Language Exchange” event at the Harvard Club of New York City. As the magazine’s sole contributor with a membership at the Columbia Club, the assignment was inevitable. The editors were looking for a brief note on the event including some jabs aimed at the attendees without real engagement

in the culture war. Simple enough.

But as I sat in a high-backed chair, eating fried clams and wondering if anyone there played golf with Jamie Dimon, I decided that I might have enjoyed the gilded age—that I liked counting stuffed baboons and elephant heads among our posh company—even as I felt I shouldn’t. Such extravagance seemed to me not the Columbian mode of interaction with wealth.

The average student spends too much time lazing in the cocoon of conventional liberal wisdom to be admittedly satisfied in that setting, even if he were raised in it. Certainly, we have our cadre of “sellout” finance types, but how many would feel comfortable admitting their aspirations to wealth in CC?

Perhaps I draw too-hard lines for the sake of sport (forgive me—I’m an undergrad one year more yet). Still, Columbians are coy about their aspirations to money. They aren’t after lobster mac and big game on the walls, and those that are are compelled to conduct themselves with a falsely charitable *sprezzatura*. Instead, Columbians earn endless degrees in search of an examined life. Such pursuit is lauded. And the “life well-considered” should find an audience at the university, but I can’t help but find that too-abstract path an inferior means, to the common end: some Aristotelian “good life.”

I asked the straw man helping me with this piece, “What is wrong with trying to make a little money, to live nicely, to pay off debt, to save for a family?” “Nothing,” he replied. “But shut up about it. Discussing money is rude, and the Core unites us all.”

That might be the simple answer: that most everybody aspires to wealth, only with varying degrees of subtlety and decency. It wouldn’t be the first time I didn’t know which fork to use first.

—Alex Jones

