the office could even lend out interview suits when the time was right.

But for now, the panel guessed that most of the students had more immediate concerns.

"When I first got here, I was so scared of not making friends," one bubbly junior told the group, "but you have to join extracurriculars. In London, extracurriculars aren't a thing. You're just focused on academics all the time. At Columbia I had to learn how to balance those out. But that's also where I found my best friends."

A curly-haired junior from Albania nodded enthusiastically, before piping up in a throaty baritone: "But don't forget about your hallmates, too. In Albania, you're so pigeonholed by your interests. There's an attitude that if you're a visual-arts person, you only interact with people of your own discipline. Meeting people on your floor, you get to know people that are studying engineering, philosophy, computer science, whatever. And that's what Columbia's all about."

"You're far away from home," added the Ethiopian woman softly, echoing what was probably on the mind of every student in the room. "Your friends will be your family now."

— Rebecca Shapiro

Global Warnings

"It's an appropriate day to talk about the challenges of climate change," said Jason Bordoff, the former director for energy and climate change for President Obama's National Security Council, on a ninety-eight-degree afternoon in July. "If I were still in government and we were trying to stagecraft a speech, we would have done this outside."

Thankfully, Bordoff was not still in government: now director of Columbia's Center on Global Energy Policy, he addressed about thirty people in the Kellogg Center in the International Affairs Building. The occasion was the annual summer lecture series sponsored by Columbia's Hertog Global Strategy Initiative. This year's theme: "The History of Climate Change and the Future of Global Governance." Over the next thirty-eight air-conditioned minutes, Bordoff presented graphs, statistics, and geopolitical data that painted a troubling picture of the shifting global-energy landscape and its effect on Earth's climate.

JAMES O'BRIEN

First, the good news: thanks to a recent boom in oil and gas extraction in North America, the United States has reduced its dependence on coal and other carbon-heavy fuels. As a result, domestic carbon emissions are down to their lowest levels in twenty years. By 2016, Bordoff said, we will likely export more natural gas than we import, a shift with significant geopolitical repercussions, such as a change in Russia's leverage in Europe as its traditional monopoly supplier of natural gas.

"This is one of the really transformational moments in our energy history," Bordoff said.

So why wasn't he smiling?

"You hear some people say that we've solved our climate problem because we have a lot of cheap natural gas and it's displacing coal," he said. "I don't believe that's correct."

Gas may pollute less, but it still pollutes. And the fracking process has its own potential pitfalls. "We need to make sure drinking water is protected," said Bordoff, who believes that the "host of issues" associated with unconventional shale production "can be managed with the right regulation and enforcement."

But there's a bigger problem, and it's coming from the other side of the globe.

Over the past decade, emissions in the US have gone down, but China's have skyrocketed, and India's are climbing, too, as those countries increase their reliance on coal. "Greenhouse gas is a global pollutant with a global impact," said Bordoff. "Ultimately, it doesn't matter where it comes from."

And while the amount of our energy coming from renewable sources like wind is rising, it still accounts for a tiny percentage of our overall power — and will for a long time. "Fossil fuels, even with serious climate policy, will still power our global economy for decades to come," Bordoff said.

So what's the answer? It is not, as one questioner suggested, a matter of making better individual choices.

"If you don't use plastic bags, you use a reusable bag, and you don't use paper cups, you use a reusable cup — does it matter?" Bordoff said. "We don't want to discourage anyone from doing these things" — Bordoff does believe they can have meaningful environmental benefits — "but from a climate-change standpoint, they have a relatively small impact."

No, to turn the tide on climate change, he said, we need smart, responsible policies with a global reach. "We need a cap on carbon, we need a price on carbon, we need some policy to help drive our emissions reduction."

Bordoff, proving that you can take the man out of government but not necessarily vice versa, finished his talk with a slide projection showing a donkey and an elephant, both wearing T-shirts. "Drill, Baby, Drill!" read the elephant's shirt.

The donkey's shirt was a little more complex. "Increase domestic production, improve fuel efficiency, invest in clean energy alternatives, and reduce oil imports by 1/3, BABY," it read.

"Which may not be the best slogan," said Bordoff, "but it may be the right policy."

— Douglas Quenqua

Mavens of Madness

"On May 20 of this year," the British actor Paul Hecht tells the crowd inside the downstairs dinner theater at New York's Cornelia Street Café, "the American Psychiatric Association launched its so-called bible of psychiatry, the newly revised edition of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*. It is the first new edition of the DSM in nineteen years. It is one thousand pages long, and retails for $199."

But who wants to schlep a doorstop?

Hecht explains that there is an alternative, and introduces the two men seated with him on the stage: Jay Neugeboren '59CC and Michael Friedman '64CC, '70GSAS, coauthors of the *Diagnostic Manual of Mishegas* (DMOM), a Yiddish-inflected satire of the DSM that they wrote with Lloyd Sederer, the medical director of the New York State Office of Mental Health. (*Mishegas* — pronounced mish-a-goss — is Yiddish for craziness.) Neugeboren, a writer and novelist, and Friedman, the former deputy commissioner of the New York State Office of Mental Health, are here on this midsummer night to treat the audience to — or is it *with*? — a spiel based on their slender volume.

The DMOM has a similar cover to the DSM, but at sixty-two pages is in all ways lighter than the original. The idea for the book came in February, when Neugeboren, Friedman, and Sederer, who are all adjunct professors at Columbia, got together for drinks and began discussing the controversies over the latest version of the DSM (among them: should bereavement be classified under depression?).

"People have gotten themselves into deep tumult about diagnoses," Neugeboren explains. "'It should be called this and it shouldn't be called that,' and some of it is absurd." Neugeboren became familiar with mental-health issues through taking care of his mentally ill brother, the inspiration for his 2003 book *Imagining Robert*.

As the friends schmoozed, Friedman declared that there were "really only two mental disorders — *mishegas* major and *mishegas* minor." And so they began to contemplate the capacity of Yiddish, a language with an almost onomatopoetic relationship to anguish and deprecation, to bring clarity to the linguistic complexity of psychiatric diagnoses. This led to the idea of a Yiddish diagnostic manual. Neugeboren got to work, eager to get the book out in May, around the same time that the revised DSM was to be published.

He churned out a draft in four weeks, and his collaborators then "*potchkied* with it," Neugeboren says, "*potchkied* being Yiddish for played around with." The final product is like the love child of the DSM and Leo Rosten's *The Joys of Yiddish*.

To promote the book, the friends organized the Cornelia Street Café event.

With Hecht and Friedman onstage and Sederer in the audience, Neugeboren opens the scripted performance by reading straight from the DSM: "*Subtypes* (some of which are coded in the fifth digit) and *specifiers* are provided for increased specificity. Subtypes define mutually exclusive and jointly exhaustive phenomenological subgroupings within a diagnosis."

"You had to write a satire?" someone shouts.

There are laughs throughout the night, occasionally mixed with groans and winces at the often-corny Jewish jokes for which Neugeboren, Hecht says, has "an encyclopedic memory." At one point, Hecht comments, "I can't believe these jokes are still getting laughs." An onstage pianist, Ellen

Mandel, punctuates the punch lines with piano flourishes. Then she reads aloud some of the female conditions, such as the symptoms of a *yenta*.

Yenta is a term many New Yorkers are familiar with — the gossip, the meddler — while others are more obscure, like *schmegegge*. "Your brother-in-law usually qualifies as the *schmegegge*," says Neugeboren. "Or, if he's the successful one, it's you who are the *schmegegge*."

The listeners at Cornelia Street rarely need definitions, though. Their Yiddish is sharp, and when Friedman mispronounces *alter kocker* ("If we live long enough, we all become forgetful *alter kockers*"), they're quick to correct him, with some particularly impassioned audience members calling out, "Oy vey!" and "You don't deserve the name Friedman!"

By night's end, two dozen copies of the DMOM have sold. The book is also a hit with DSM's publisher, the American Psychiatric Association, whose psychiatric professionals don't seem to feel mocked, as the authors had feared they might.

"Because of all the *mishegas* going on in the field and all of these vituperative exchanges and communications by critics, levity was welcome," says Sederer. "A lot of people who bought this are the people who wrote the DSM, so it turned out to be a tonic."

But what about a tonic for *mishegas* itself?

The DMOM authors write, "For virtually all *cockamamy* conditions of character, the operative diagnosis is *gornisht helfen*" — beyond help — "though it can't hurt to try matzoh ball soup, a spa day, a *sitz* bath, a cruise in the Bahamas, or playing hooky from work in the afternoon and going to a movie and not telling anyone."

— *Maya Rock*

Speech of Angels

St. Paul's Chapel is known for its ninety-one-foot dome, its stained-glass windows (Paul preaching in front of the Parthenon), its clay-tile ceiling, its bronze chandelier, its Ernest M. Skinner pipe organ. But when it comes to promoting its fine acoustics on a music-loving campus that includes Miller Theatre, St. Paul's has to whisper a little louder.

On a summer day around noon, over the full-throttle whir of two large electric fans, the sounds of a string-and-piano dance suite by Columbia College senior Solomon Hoffman wafted up to the chapel's vaulted reaches.

Chris Ruenes '13CC then pursued, sometimes insistently, a spiky guitar theme of his own devising, backed by percussionist Rebecca Gray '13BC. The premiere of "Mycroft's Mirror," by Columbia College senior David Su, then filled the chamber with the haunting, atonal, and ultimately strident sound of violins, percussion, and guitar.

The fifty-odd members of the audience, some waving paper fans, also heard Barnard junior Sophie Lewis, accompanied by Hoffman, sing "Die Nacht," by Richard Strauss, and "Après un rêve," by Gabriel Fauré.

Since 1999, the Music at St. Paul's Chapel series has offered performances by students, alumni, members of the larger University community, and even those with no formal Columbia ties. University chaplain Jewelnel Davis created the series to promote "sacred music in a nonreligious setting" — "sacred" in the sense of being an expression of the performers' spirit.

"Any chaplain in the United States knows that spirituality needs to be understood in a big-tent way," she says in her office in Earl Hall. "One way is through the performing arts, whether it's music or

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