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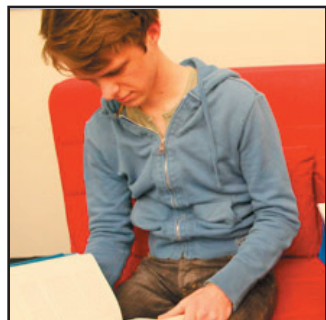
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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Earlier this week, during a conversation in the *Spectator* office, it came to my attention that several years ago I almost definitely cock-blocked a couple of ducks.

What I was surprised to learn about ducks' mating habits is that they sometimes do it in threes—one male sits on the female's neck and holds her down, while another male does his business. Then the guys switch places. I happened to witness this kinky ritual take place in water—and to a naïve teenager, it looked a whole lot like two evil ducks were drowning a smaller one. I was totally justified, then, in throwing a rock at the ducks so they'd scatter. Right?

I'm not sure anymore—I've been in a state of moral crisis ever since I found out I may have disrupted the gentle, delicate flow of nature as manifested by the anatine ménage à trois.

YouTube the subject, if you're so inclined and you have a strong stomach. But Judith Butler fans beware—the feminist implications, to say nothing of the homoerotic ones, are

immediately striking. I wonder what can be said, too, about my friends' immediate impulse on learning about my gaffe: YouTube “duck sex,” to find out whether it's true, whether it really happens like that. It does, of course, and a glance at the related videos reveals all kinds of other unsavory truths about the animal kingdom.

All of a sudden, though, you may find yourself in an ethical dilemma a little more pressing than the one I just described. If you have a healthy sense of decency, you'll feel a little sick reading your menu of where to go from the initial video: There's “dog rape,” “horny cow,” and “monkey pee.” Sure, I imposed coitus interruptus on a couple of mallards—but you're one click away from watching a tiger and a dog go at it. (For the record, I couldn't bring myself to watch that one.) (Or any of the others.)

In what universe is all this constructive? When does a healthy curiosity about animal biology cross that line into morbid obsession? Ducks, it could legitimately be argued,

probably don't have a developed sense of “privacy,” so any qualms about disturbing it might just be human projection.

But shouldn't we have a sense of decency? “Horny cow” alone has over 87,000 views. At 42 seconds each, that's over a thousand hours the world has logged watching—well, I don't know what. I don't want to know. Can we blame the Discovery Channel—the original go-to source for video depictions of intimate outdoorsy acts—for our fascination? Do we really have nothing better to do with our time?

This Valentine's Day, enjoy your dates, or your anti-dates, or your yearly scheduled lectures about how the holiday is a meaningless construct. Just please, for the love of God, leave the ducks alone. Lest I be called a hypocrite, I'll be sure to do the same. You know what they say about people who live in glass houses.

—Alexandria Symonds

CORRECTION

In last week's Letter from the Editor, the School of General Studies was inaccurately equated with a continuing-education program. GS is, in fact, unrelated to the School of Continuing Education. *The Eye* regrets the error.

The Knitting Factory

buck ellison interviews oliver herring

INTERVIEW BY BUCK ELLISON

PHOTO COURTESY OF PBS

BROOKLYN-BASED ARTIST OLIVER HERRING planned to study medicine but studied art to avoid conscription into the German army. He received his BFA from the University of Oxford before gaining his MFA in painting from Hunter College. His work spans many media. In his early works, Herring knitted Mylar and packing tape into garments and furniture. His more recent projects have incorporated stop-motion video and photographic sculptures, including the participation of strangers. Herring has asked people to spit food dye on themselves for hours, to flood their backyards, and to find him a husband. He has had solo exhibitions at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, and the Museum of Modern Art, among others.

Why did you start making art?

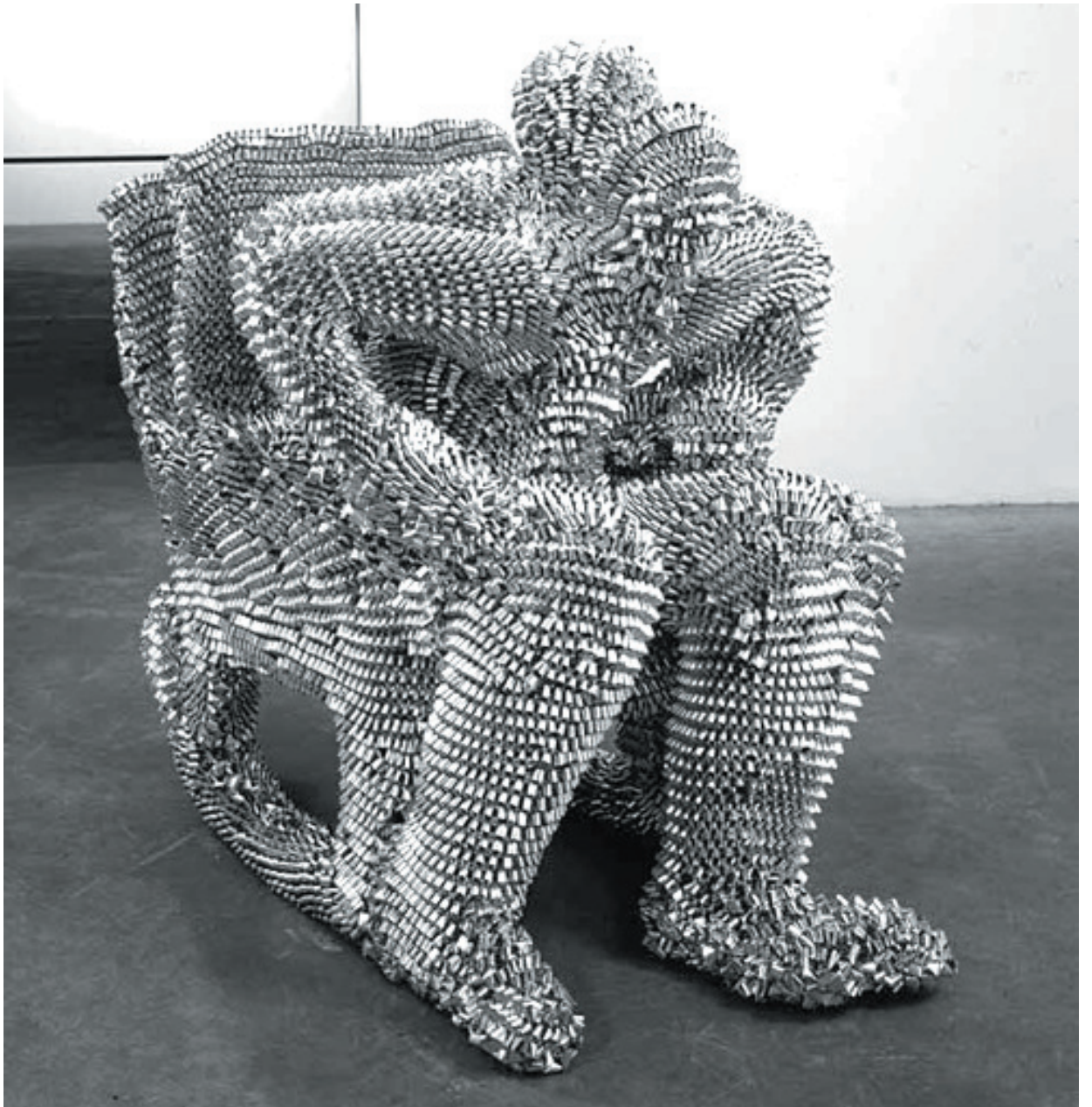
I didn't start making art like a lot of people who feel that they had to make art to live. I started making art because I wanted to avoid going into the German army. Originally, I planned to study medicine, but before the wall fell, all men deemed fit had to serve two years in the army. I would have gone into the infantry but thought I would buy myself some time. So my parents and I planned that I would study English at a language school in Oxford. I thought maybe the cachet of Oxford could postpone this service somehow. I wrote them a nice letter and said: If I get into Oxford (which is a big deal for a German), would you postpone my service? And they said yes. Now, I couldn't speak English. But I had my parents send me some drawings from my walls, and this was my portfolio. And believe or not, I got in. I don't know what was more surreal: that I was suddenly making art 24 hours day or whether I had gotten into Oxford without speaking English.

Why did you start knitting packing tape?

They announced that Ethyl Eichenberger had killed himself because he had AIDS. Maybe because his work really was meaningful, his death had an impact on me in a way that surprised me. I was restless already so I took the opportunity to respond, just for myself. I had some packing tape around the studio. And I just started to mess around with that. I thought, "I am going to make this big transparent flower." *A Flower for Ethyl Eichenberger* I called it. He was a sort of larger-than-life figure, and he was a camp figure. He was also romantic in my eyes, and this flower symbolized that. I am not a romantic artist. I didn't even think much about it. It just was something that I did. It is transparent, much larger-than-life. I hung it in the air, this whole thing lit up like a lantern. This piece was by far the most meaningful thing I had done, because it needed to exist.

You said that this year you have been saying yes to all requests. How has this influenced your work?

Someone came up to me during my last show and asked me if I would do a photographic sculpture of him. I said yes although I was actually a little reluctant because I had never just responded to a request. I usually look for people, but I liked the idea that he would use me for his agenda just as much as I would use him for mine.



Herring's *Double Rocker*, 1999.

Tell me more about your photographic sculptures of humans.

I rent a very good camera that gets a lot of detail. It's a fascinating process because at the end of the day I know their bodies better than they do. For one thing, you never see your back. But your notion of yourself is so dictated by two-dimensional mediums: film, the mirror, you never actually see yourself three-dimensional. This is actually a crazy experience for these models. It was the first time they got a really good sense of themselves. During my first showing of these photo sculptures, I did a man and a woman, and not one of them came to the opening. They were just too freaked out.

These knitted works and photographic sculptures take months or years of painstaking work. Would you characterize your work as devotional?

So I ended up knitting for 10 years. It wasn't meant as anything, it just started. But I found ways to keep this interesting and meaningful for 10 years.

I stick with things in general. I stick with a medium.

If I meet people and I like them and they like me, you can't get rid of me, you really have to piss me off big time. It's one these funny things when you make art, you learn a lot about yourself. And this amount of discipline, this sticking to something, seems to permeate through everything that I do. So it's obviously something that comes out of me that I had never really acknowledged.

I'm very happy with limitations, I'm very happy with what comes my way. In fact, that's another thing I have learned with these limitations—there are no limitations, you just set parameters. It's all in your head. You expand within these parameters endlessly. Unless, of course, you have a 9-to-5 job.

Have you ever had one?

No, but I had a summer job at a milk product factory. It was a really hot summer, and I was in this rubber suit covered in boiling hot, exploding yogurts. I had to take these yogurts into the freezing room. So from this really hot, sticky, tropical, yogurty environment you went into the arctic. It was just hell.

The College Walk

inside columbia’s three fashion shows

BY ALLISON DAVIS
PHOTO BY MOLLY CROSSIN

Melanie Kress, BC '09, director of the 2008 Lunar Gala Fashion show, is having a rough day. “You caught me in the middle of stress,” she admits. Lunar Gala, which takes place in Lerner on Feb. 24, is about to enter technical rehearsals, but Kress has already been busy fitting models, scheduling meetings, and attempting to ensure the overall sanity of her staff in preparation for the final day.

While fall Fashion Week at Bryant Park may be over, the shows at Columbia University are just getting started. Over the next month, three student groups—the Black Heritage Month committee, the Korean Student Association, and the Chinese Student Club—will each host fashion shows in conjunction with their organization’s cultural shows, which are events showcasing student talent and ethnic traditions.

Young Yoo, CC '09 and director of the KSA fashion show, wishes to maintain a connection to Korea with her fashion exhibition. It is her wish for the seven-deadly-sins-themed show to feature lesser-known Korean designers.

“Made in China” is the title and theme of the 2008 Lunar Gala fashion show. As Kress explains, “There definitely is a blatant stereotype that exists about China, we wanted to present that and work beyond that.”

Daryl King, CC '10 and *Eye* senior reporter, also discusses the importance of the cultural aspect to the fashion show. The BHM co-director believes there are always cultural elements that affect the work of black designers.

“It is really weird, but no matter what designer a person puts on, I feel that the essence of their cultural heritage is present in their style,” King says, “And I think that somehow, no matter what we put

on the models, the presentation will celebrate our heritage.”

While these shows may not be at the tents, they are anything but insignificant. The directors attempt to acquire the most cutting-edge fashion from public relations companies, organize models, form production teams, and hire choreographers—all for the big night.

Kress acknowledges the difficulty that comes along with putting on a fashion show as a student

“I THINK THAT SOMEHOW, NO MATTER WHAT WE PUT ON THE MODELS, THE PRESENTATION WILL CELEBRATE OUR HERITAGE.”

with a course load to manage. “What’s been difficult is making sure nothing drops, or that anything gets dropped by anyone else. It’s holding together a show that is made of 50 models and having everything fit aesthetically from the top down.”

The show Kress directs is part of the annual CSC’s Lunar Gala and Night Market event and is the longest running and most expensive event of its kind. Kress is no stranger to this kind of work. She has interned at edgy public relations company Brand Pimps & Media Whores and organizes art shows for student artists.

“In terms of organizing things, I think I have the ability to do it. I’m learning about people and how to work with people. I thrive on stress,” Kress says.

Kress and her team have been working since August on the show, which features 10 different scenes. “We organize the scenes by women’s formalwear, women’s ready-to-wear, swimwear, mixed ready-to-wear, men’s formal, etc. There

is also an urban scene that is hip-hop, it looks so awesome,” Kress says.

The planning process is standard across the board for each of the three shows.

Earlier last semester, the directors assembled a production team and a board of scene directors in charge of choreography. Eventually, they cast models, determined a theme, and began the difficult undertaking of finding clothes for the show.

While general fashion-show duties are stressful, Kress actually had little difficulty getting clothing from designers this year. This is certainly a feat for a college fashion show requesting clothing right in the middle of fashion week.

“I’m not saying we’ve been desperate for clothes before, but, well no, we’ve been desperate,” she says. “This year we’ve sought out more cutting-edge designers rather than just waiting to see what we end up with.” This year, they’ve received clothing from hip designers and fashion heavy-hitters like Rebecca Taylor, Yoko Devereux, Keiko, and Libertine, each complementing the show’s futuristic theme.

However, every director is not so lucky. While King speaks with optimism for the BHM fashion show’s execution, he too has scrambled to secure clothes in the final stages of production. “The biggest problem is time, if we had two more weeks, life would great, but we don’t so there is nothing that I can do. I just hope that we can get more than the minimum amount of designers that we wanted.”

Yoo shares King’s difficulties. She currently has an internship at Prada and has connections in the fashion world but still has difficulty receiving responses from public relations companies and designers alike. Her KSA fashion show, the date of which is yet to be determined due to limited space availability in Lerner, has yet to book designers.

“We e-mail everybody and anybody, but it’s fashion week, they are not concerned with giving Columbia clothes. They don’t want to deal with us, we feel bad calling all the time. Sometimes we get responses, other times we don’t. In general I appreciate getting any response, even if it’s a no.”

Beyond the stress, the models, and the difficulty of acquiring great garments, these shows are essentially about celebrating a culture and the elements of fashion that can be derived from that culture. While Yoo may be struggling to get her desired pieces for KSA, she remains sure of what the fashion show will ultimately express to its attendees.

“People who come to see the culture show, they can gain something from the fashion show. And if people are just coming for the fashion show, you have to see the culture show and you end up learning about a new culture. It’s great that they can discover something new.”



People in glass houses shouldn’t throw fashion shows, but students in Lerner try anyway.

My Bloody Valentine

the death of columbia’s dating scene

BY MARTHA TUREWICZ
PHOTO BY MOLLY CROSSIN

Whether it is the dramatic distribution of cards among the grade school set or the yearly celebration of romance that parents are virtually obliged to participate in, Valentine’s Day is a seemingly special holiday for all ages. But what happens in between the time of playground puppy love and life-long unions, particularly for young students on college campuses? Because Feb. 14 serves as an omnipresent reminder of love, relationships, and, for the cynical, all the sentimental trappings therein, the advent of the holiday brings this issue to the fore. In light of this, a reflection on dating at Columbia is timely.

This proved to be a problematic topic of enquiry. In response to my request for her thoughts on “Columbia’s dating scene,” Katherine Norris, BC ’11, promptly replies, “What dating scene?” Claire Bullen, CC ’11, succinctly sums up the Columbia courtship climate as “tepid at best.”

So far, to use a tired cliché (a mode of speech perhaps appropriate to any discussion stemming from this particular holiday), I had all questions and no answers.

“Who dates anymore?” David Papas, CC ’11, says.

While not providing a definitive answer to my query, Ena Brdjanovic, BC ’11, offered up an intriguing possibility as to why dating is dead, “There’s more of an emphasis on hookups here than dating.”

While the prominence of casual hookups is promising for those who are not interested in commitment, (understandable considering our age bracket), those who hotly anticipate a romantic Valentine’s Day seem to lose out. Rishika Samant, CC ’09, says it is the overachieving tendencies of



WHILE THE PROMINENCE OF CASUAL HOOKUPS IS PROMISING FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT INTERESTED IN COMMITMENT, (UNDERSTANDABLE CONSIDERING OUR AGE BRACKET) THOSE WHO HOTLY ANTICIPATE A ROMANTIC VALENTINE’S DAY SEEM TO LOSE.

Columbia students that makes dating so dire.

“Students are extremely busy. By the time we get out of class, finish our work, attend our meetings, or get out of practice, we are exhausted. It’s hard to find the time to meet someone.”

Samant also feels that exclusive friendships solidified freshman year limit opportunities to mix

and mingle as college progresses. “Social circles on campus are very independent and cliquey. People like to hang out with their friends from freshman year and do things together in a group by themselves. It becomes exceedingly difficult to meet new people after the first year of college.”

Perhaps there is hope, and Columbia and dating are not two entirely incompatible entities. To be fair, the opinions voiced here are by no means representative of the entire student body. While the responsibility for this skewed sample lies mainly with the author, it should be noted that only a very small number of the people contacted for this article actually chose to respond to questions posed about dating and relationships at Columbia.

Maybe they were too busy tending to their own flourishing relationships?

Isaac Lara, CC ’11, looks through rose-tinted glasses: “As far as a dating scene goes, Columbia is an Ivy League mecca. Great-

looking people who come from a wide array of places makes for fun times and great dates.”

While there certainly exists evidence to the contrary, I refuse to believe romance at Columbia is dead. It can’t be, as there must be someone out there buying the hideously overpriced candy hearts at Café 212.

Take Another Little Piece of My Heart, Baby

love in the time of mp3s

BY LIANNA CARRIGAN

PHOTO COURTESY OF JUSTINNE WITTER

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF GIVING AWAY a piece of yourself for Valentine's Day? If so, you might want to consider compiling a mix tape for your beloved. Handing someone a collection of your favorite songs is like saying, "Here is a piece of my heart, I hope you like it."

Mix tapes date back to the 1980s, when they were recorded on cassette tapes. In recent years, MP3 players and the advent of compact discs have spelled doom for cassettes. Devoted users of magnetic tape are opting for the cold calculation of computer software over the soft hiss of analog recording.

In recent years, however, nostalgic hipsters and heartsick romantics have reclaimed the idea of a mix tape. In 2005, Thurston Moore of the band Sonic Youth published *Mix Tape: The Art of Cassette Culture*, a coffee-table book heralding the age of mix tapes. In the book, Moore's friends share stories about the mix tapes they have received or compiled, and Moore offers his own commentary on the history of the mix tape as a gift concept. All of the stories are endearing, making readers pine for the days when friends prepared meaningful song mixes as gifts, instead of picking up a generic gift card on the way to the birthday party.

The renaissance of the mix comes at a bad time for cassettes.

Like the 8-track and vinyl record that preceded it, the compact cassette has suffered its own popularity decline and technological setbacks. Compact discs became the recording device of the future, and the tape deck was put out to pasture.

Several years passed before car manufacturers caught up with the new wave in audio technology,

Besides stirring memories of a happier time in music recording, music mixes (playlists, to all you iTunes users) are a beautiful way to communicate the emotions you are experiencing at the moment. Mix tapes can express sentiments that could never be captured in an e-mail:

"I love you—why do you hate me?"

*Handing someone a mix tape is like saying,
'Here is a piece of my heart—I hope you like it.'*

so unless drivers could find a few mix tapes lying around, they were stuck in radio limbo. By now, the tape deck has disappeared from most cars. I was crushed when my parents replaced our old car with a new, CD-only monstrosity. There is nothing better than driving around with a tape blaring from the speakers, playing a mix of your favorite songs. You feel so suburban, so young, so enveloped in mother mix tape's warm glow. The cold, empty sound of an MP3 will never measure up to the inviting aura of a cassette.

"I want a sandwich, but all I have is our friendship."

"We've known each other for a long time but don't know each others' names and are too stubborn to admit it."

Or simply:

"I love you. You love me. Let's be together."

Mix tapes are the infinitely cooler and more articulate, older siblings of IMs and Facebook messages. Why not take advantage of this more intimate and meaningful form of communication while cassettes are still available?

If you cannot come up with a list of songs that stimulates you, have no fear. Tinymixtapes.com allows users to place a request for a specific type of mix tape. If the request strikes indie-ironic gold, the site will post a list of songs to match the themes you specified.

But let's face it—Valentine's Day is today. So think hard about that boy you like who sits in front of you in calculus class, or that girlfriend you've been holding onto for just this moment. Open up iTunes and make a playlist of the songs you know they like, or the songs you think they should like. Burn a CD (transfer to a tape if you are among the truly daring), and you have your very own mix tape shouting, "Play me! I'm all yours."





Fashion Week Fall 2008

The best of our Fashion Week coverage

The Duckie Brown show opened with a heavy house mix that, featuring drops of candy-coated pulses, recalled the spring/summer collection's happy rhythm. However, as soon as the show started, guests, including *Make Me a Supermodel* host Tyson Beckford, were literally stunned into silence. The music faded into a subversive presentation of the sound of an eerie howling wind and stormy colors. Steven Cox and Daniel Silver played with volume, specifically with the sleeve-shoulder area, technologically-enhanced fabrics, and the modern concept of menswear, pairing classic tailoring with light, athletic overcoats. Cox and Silver did more than just provide exceptional menswear for the exceptional New York man—the lack of heavy winter wear and the emphasis on lighter layers showed the designers' keen awareness of the end of definite seasons and the beginning of a mix-and-match of seasonal elements. As the turbulence brewed both inside and outside of the tents, the only plausible protection for such an icky mess was the smoky-gray, oversized waffle beanies that capped the heads of a few models.

—Daryl King

Duckie Brown



Abaéte



As soon as the familiar strains of Columbia University's own Vampire Weekend began, opening Abaéte's fall 2008 runway show, it felt destined to be a success. The models walked easily down the catwalk, fitting the collection's breezy, youthful feel. Blouses with fluttery sleeves were paired with slim high-waisted trousers, and fitted blazers were matched effortlessly with circle skirts in black and white contrasting stripes, pulled together with brown and black slim belts at the waist.

Crêpe party dresses in purples, grays, and whites were both one-shoulder and double-strapped, some even coupled with a knitted gray- or black-hooded separate that made the look perfect for the difficult transition from fall to spring. Although the line didn't offer anything particularly groundbreaking or original, it presented a number of classic looks that read as young, fresh, and completely accessible.

—Samantha Child

BCBG Max Azria



BCBG's fall 2008 collection was true Max Azria: pieces artfully draped on models that literally flowed with each platform-heeled strut. The runway gave way to '40s-style pieces with high necklines and belted waists. These conservative satin tops were paired with daring tweed bubble mini-skirts that were as voluminous as they were short. Known for his attention to detail, Azria paid homage to his past collections with intricately pleated knits and a tweed mini-dress embellished with rosettes. Some more dramatic pieces featured floor-length skirts with bare backs and pleated flutter sleeves draped over one arm. After a barrage of neutrals and earth tones, the audience warmed up to the arrival of a golden satin drop-waisted dress toward the end of the show. When one of Azria's beauties dropped a few steps short of backstage the delight of the audience was palpable. So are Azria's full-bodied minis part of the blueprint for fall's new silhouette? Only time will tell.

—Chamika Miles

Araks and Mara Hoffman

The successive shows of Araks and Mara Hoffman certainly saved the best for last this Fashion Week. The former was characterized by sheer organza dresses, men's-inspired blazers, knee socks, and loafers. All contributed to an aesthetic that could generally be described as "Amish Luxury" (though admirers of minimalism and/or early '90s Helmut Lang may beg to differ). The Mara Hoffman show was a contrastingly girly and colorful display of SoHo-chic sweaters and silk mini-dresses (or long shirts, if you want to pull hairs) paired with printed tights. To a soundtrack of gun-blasts, rap, and Blondie-like screaming, the models strutted down the runway in looks that seemed, ironically, to reference desert snipers. Leather holsters, head wraps, and prints evocative of military belts and chains lent the show a distinct feel. Mirrored aviators worn by several models added to the overall theme. Among the highlights were a jewel-green charmeuse "flight suit" and a "desert chiffon daishiki." In general, the collection was well-received, and was awarded with a thundering round of applause upon its completion.

—Meredith Wing



Photos by (l-r):
Nicole Friedman,
Mira John,
and Joey Shemuel

Opposite page (l-r):
Nicole Friedman,
Joey Shemuel,
and Mira John

Lela Rose

Lela Rose's fall 2008 collection catered to the chic and modern 21st-century woman. The looks incorporated everything from anoraks to blousy organza dresses. The general silhouettes were simple and timeless, and some of the more structured dresses even harkened back to the 1940s. Nevertheless, Rose, in her eponymous line, managed to incorporate every current trend, including anorak jackets, sparkles and sequins, brocade, feather detailing, large loose-flowing ruffles, and polka dots. That said, many of her designs resembled pieces previously presented by other designers—in particular, a light organza dress with an asymmetrical

Tracy Reese

In contrast to her simplistic Hamptons-chic spring collection, Tracy Reese chose bright hues and geometric prints for her more avant-garde fall 2008 collection. The runway design also reflected the shift in mood from Reese's previous collection. Although her signature chandelier still reigned at the center of the runway, the icy blue backdrop introduced an edge to Reese's sweet, romantic style. Feminine ruffles and floral prints were complemented by geometric prints in bold fuchsia and bright green. The beret headpiece, present in most of the looks, added an elegant French flair to the collection, while the colorful stripes and plaid incorporated a twist of British punk. Even the music was an amalgamation of classical refinement and modern informality—an impeccable aria was accompanied by a hip-hop beat. Reese's collection would be perfect for a young Parisienne with a secret affinity for the London punk scene.

—Hanako Maeda



—Dasha Chirkov



➤ Richard Chai

Up-and-coming young designer Richard Chai showed a fantastic collection of just-tough-enough, wearable separates that seamlessly melded biker-chick and feminine aesthetics. By tweaking old silhouettes, Chai created casual but chic outfits any downtown girl would want to rock on a winter's day. Black and burnt-sienna shearling motorcycle and bomber jackets were cropped, while double-breasted, military-style coats hit just below the hips. Both were paired with perfect slouchy, skinny trousers in leather, forest green wool, or striped plum linen. Tucked into Manolo Blahnik for Richard Chai boots, striped purple trousers never seemed so wearable. Breaking from his neutral palette, purple and grenadine-hued mini-dresses with multiple spiraling seams avoided feeling too girly. More delicate looks

starred silver paillette-covered tank dresses layered over turtlenecks or under jackets. The effect of the paillettes became the pattern on the crinkled silk chiffon of Chai's final floating cocktail dresses, creating a beautiful optical-illusion-like effect. As Chai took his bow, one woman, still under the spell of the effortlessly cool vibe, whispered, "I don't know if I'm tough enough for this stuff—but I wish I was!"

—Sasha de Vogel



Zang Toi ↗

In the artistic statement released in the program for Zang Toi's spring 2008 show, the designer details the way in which he drew inspiration from American women lounging in the Adirondack Mountains. Unfortunately, Zang Toi took the mountaineer-goes-Manhattan metaphor a little too literally—he sent models down the runway in red turtleneck gowns with Native-American patterns covered in crystals, green plaid pant-and-jacket combos with green fur lapels, and elbow-length gloves paired with super-wide-leg trousers and feathered hoods topping off jackets. Every look was more over-the-top than the last, culminating in a huge white powder-puff of a gown that sent gaudy crystals cascading down from the neckline. Although the beginning of his collection was comprised of mostly basics—wide-leg trousers and slim-cut blazers in whites and blacks—it quickly moved into the realm of the ridiculous. Zang Toi should stick to slim silhouettes and avoid literal interpretations—he might be able to fill up a venue if he does.

—Samantha Child



Zang Toi and Rubin Singer photos by
Nicole Friedman

Richard Chai photo by
Diana Wong

↙ Rubin Singer

What began as the presentation of a collection rife with simple colors (muted charcoals, light grays, blacks), basic shift dresses, and swing shapes with to-die-for silhouettes (think lush cashmere coats with big, cuffed bell sleeves) evolved as the Rubin Singer show progressed into a bizarre, space-age-inspired mess of copper and silver patterns on everything from long shirtdresses to fitted corsets over white button-up shirts. At one point, a model clad in what appeared to be a black leather space-suit with shiny orange detailing made her way down the catwalk. An obviously talented Singer should definitely stick to the simple and try not to get carried away with science fiction as inspiration in his collections to come.

—Samantha Child

A Man for All Seasons

max azria delivers the goods

INTERVIEW BY JENNIE ROSE HALPERIN
PHOTO COURTESY OF TIEBA BAIDU

WHILE MAX AZRIA, THE MAN BEHIND BCBG, may now be a fixture in the fashion world, the Tunisian-born designer started selling clothes from the trunk of his car in Los Angeles in the late 1980s. After 20 years of struggling with department stores, expanding the brand, and marketing his own name along with BCBG (Parisian slang for good style, good attitude), Azria's clothing appeals to more than just fashionistas. His designs are universal, as his brands continue to grow and change faces from simply BCBG, a work-casual brand, to his more sophisticated couture lines, Max Azria and Herve Leger.

This year, he launched the Herve Leger line—his third— which features cocktail-ready, colorful dresses. It already has its own retail store on Madison Avenue, and the turnout and reviews for the show last week were stellar. It is a bold move for Azria, known more for his simple suits and monochromatic dresses. His other two brands showed at Fashion Week and were equally well-received.

To complement Azria's directional change, his two critically acclaimed shows last year demonstrated a different, colorful, trendy direction for the typically traditional Azria. He and his wife and collaborator, Lubov, showed three times at Fashion Week this year, and the star-studded events once again highlighted the Azria's changing brand. The Azria family is indeed cornering the fashion market—Azria's brother, Serge, is behind Joie, begun in 2003, and already a big name in Barney's, Saks, and Bloomingdale's.

In addition, Max and Lubov are an incredibly approachable power couple who hold Shabbat dinners Friday nights at their Los Angeles home. While it may be Max's name behind the clothes, Lubov is the inspiration. Here, she and Max tell the *Eye* about their demographics, their design, how Columbia women can afford their clothing, and why it is important to dress one's age.

Why did you begin designing?

I began designing because I thought there was a need in the market for beautiful clothes of amazing quality for affordable prices.

Where does the design process start?

The design process always begins with an inspiration—whether it be a piece of art, or a film, or a period of time. Really, anything can spark an idea for a collection. From there we try a bunch of different things and see what works.

Do you believe that as a husband and wife team you have a better sense of what women would wear?

Definitely. We are always able to play ideas off of one another and reach a final product that is amazing and well thought out.

What is the best line you have ever put together?

Every line! We put everything we have into each garment, so it's difficult to choose. It's like picking a favorite child—each one has different strengths, but at the end of the day we love them all.

How do you distinguish between the three collections?

BCBGMAXAZRIA is a little younger, while Max Azria is more mature, and takes a more artistic approach to dressing. Herve Leger is a line that is more body conscious, and features dresses for a woman who is confident and wants to look beautiful. The lines are all very different, but compliment each other well—they have the same impeccable construction and amazing attention to detail.

Your clothes tend to fit a woman's body very well. How do you know?

The fit of a garment is the most important thing—if it doesn't fit, no one will want to wear it. We want women to look and feel their best in our clothing, so we take the fit of every piece very seriously.

Last year's Spring collection was very well received. How did you conceive of it and how was it different?

Every season we try to say something new. Spring was inspired by transparency and play on light and shadow, as well as sheer makeup shades. This season, we played with some of the same ideas, with a new color palette, and new silhouettes.

How can college students afford your clothes?

It is great to mix things when it comes to fashion. A great way to update your wardrobe is to invest in a few amazing pieces and mix them with less expensive or vintage items.

Who has been your best demographic and who is your future demographic?

My most prominent demographic is made up of women 20 and older, but I think that as teens and young girls mature, they will become an important part of our customer base as well.

Are young people a part of that?

Young people have always been an important part of our business—they are the most adventurous when it comes to fashion and also the most likely to pick up on new trends and styles. Aside from being customers, young people are a huge source of inspiration.



Designer Max Azria poses with actress and model Camilla Belle.

What do you, as a contemporary designer, consider important for college students?

College is a really important time for self discovery—especially as it pertains to fashion. Once you enter the workforce, you encounter rules and constraints, so if anything, college is the perfect time to have fun with clothes. My only advice is to never take fashion too seriously.

Which parts of your lines are of greatest appeal to Columbia students?

We have a lot of dresses that work well from day to evening, so they can take you from class to a night on the town with a simple change of accessories. Also, we have a lot of new takes on the suit that should serve students well as they move into job interviews and internships.

Unrealistic Reality

michel gondry relives childhood in fantasy

BY FRANCES BODOMO

PHOTO COURTESY OF GFTHANOS.NET

WHEN WOULD-BE AUDIENCES are confronted with the premise for acclaimed director Michel Gondry's newest venture, *Be Kind Rewind*, the general consensus is that it won't play in Peoria. Outrageous and erratic Jerry (Jack Black, of course) accidentally demagnetizes all the tapes at the video store where his friend Mike (Mos Def) works, so the pair takes advantage of Ms. Kimberley, the store's only loyal—and conveniently senile—customer. To save Mike's job, they decide to reshoot the films she wants to rent. Their plan presents a glaring question: why don't they just buy other copies of the cheap VHS films?

But Michel Gondry is a director who has made a name out of “unplayable” stories. We believed Stéphane Miroux's euphorically childish view of the world in *The Science of Sleep*, and we believed Dr. Howard Mierzwiak as he explained his patented memory-erasing procedure in *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. Before that, and before Gondry's blockbuster success, the director paved a road through unrealistic reality by making music videos that pushed perceptual boundaries (for artists like Björk, Daft Punk, and the White Stripes), and short films like “La Lettre” and “One Day...” His art showcases his unique childlike vision and painfully tender worldview.

Declaring, “I've been 12 forever,” Gondry has looked to his childhood experiences for inspiration. We see impressions in the “Fell in Love With a Girl” music video, which is made up entirely of Lego bricks, when Dave Grohl's hands expand in the “Everlong” music video only to be matched with a gigantic telephone (reminiscent of one of Gondry's childhood nightmares), and when Stéphane and Stéphanie eagerly plan to help the lost boat finds its “mer” among floating cotton ball clouds and a cellophane sea in *The Science of Sleep*. Obsessed with the dreams, nightmares, and feelings of inadequacy that shook his childhood, Gondry recreates them to produce refreshingly innovative, sincere films that rush to viewers' hearts. Nostalgically referring to childhood without being trite, Gondry pushes forward, shocking movie theatres and TV screens with his expressionistic, surrealist odes to a time when the world was unreasonable, illogical, and hurtful, but still meant everything to the hopeful individual.

The 2003 collection, *The Work of Director Michel Gondry*, offers invaluable insight into the mind of this celebrated director. After recounting an important lesson his musician father taught him—that inspiration is the thing that sticks two blocks together to form an idea—Gondry mentions that the most satisfying part of his job is bringing his ideas to life. Accordingly, to see a Michel Gondry film is to gain true insight into the mind of a deeply sensitive man

who is completely attuned to the world around him. Guided by his obsession with dreams and memory, Gondry recreates the mind with non-sequential chronology, visible editing, stop motion animation, and intricately built sets.

In a time of booming reality TV and YouTube fads, audiences want to be voyeurs—they want to see the private parts of people's lives. From his innocent

perspective, Michel Gondry fulfills this desire. Gondry knows exactly how to capture and articulate the most

personal parts of people without being verbose and without being trite. This characteristic sensitivity is evidenced throughout his oeuvre—when Stéphane Miroux in *The Science of Sleep* lays out his next-day work clothes in the shape of a person, when Erykah Badu tears her huge wig off mid-performance in

Gondry. In “One Day...,” a turd comes to life, declaring Gondry its father and following him around all day. In *Human Nature*, Lila's “hair condition” mocks artificial societal expectations, and in Gondry's advert for Levi's, a young man buys condoms from his local drugstore only to find out that his date is the drugstore clerk's daughter. At the core of this director is a secretive world rife with insecurities, secrets, uncensored thought and, ahem, “human processes.” For most, childhood represents a time when these things are magnified, but for Gondry, it is not mere representation—it is true to everything that he is.

Be Kind Rewind, which will be released on Feb. 22, does not stray too far from Gondry's repertoire. In fact, despite the initial assumptions that *Be Kind Rewind* will not play, Michel Gondry explores pertinent issues in his newest film: namely, the current copyright battles that plague the entertainment industry. True to his oeuvre, when the two friends make amateur reconstructions of popular titles,

“I'VE BEEN TWELVE FOREVER.”



Michel Gondry looks *pensif*.

Block Party, and during Joel Barish's self-deprecating thought about his incapability to make eye contact with a woman he doesn't know in *Eternal Sunshine*.

He not only gives his audiences the chance to be voyeuristic, but also shows them a whole new perspective on the everyday and refuses to block out the unmentionables: burps, farts, feces, sex, and nose-picking are not forgotten in the wonderful world of

Gondry reawakens the creative, youthful, inquisitive spirit of cinema, which is subsequently threatened by the various copyright restrictions filmmakers face today. Gondry leaps into a fantasy-world rooted in reality with his trademark saturated colors and hand-crafted knick-knacks. And despite the criticism that it is “unplayable,” *Be Kind Rewind*, with its exploration of a very tangible and timely issue, looks to be Gondry's most realistic film to date.

Books of Laughter and Forgetting

columbia and barnard professors on the science of the memoir

BY ANNA FEUER

PHOTOS BY MOLLY CROSSIN

JUST A FEW PAGES INTO *Kill All Your Darlings*, Luc Sante, CC '76, informs readers that a 1985 volcanic eruption destroyed Manhattan, burying its structures and inhabitants in mountains of ash. Sante, an archaeologist, returns to the ancient ruins five centuries later, hoping to gain an accurate picture of the city's culture, commerce, and personality.

Sante is not, of course, an archaeologist—he is a writer whose pieces have appeared in the *New York Review of Books* and the *Village Voice*. However, in describing the work of an archaeologist collecting the dusty artifacts of a buried age, he does shed light on the memoirist's tricky task—to both analyze and accurately depict a forgotten past.

At The Strand Bookstore last Thursday, Sante, wearing a green sweatshirt and round glasses, read from his book in a deep, brisk voice. *Darlings*, a collection of critical and autobiographical essays written between 1990 and 2005, discusses topics ranging from former New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani, to the etymology of the word “dope,” to his own memories of the Lower East Side in 1978. Every essay introduces the challenges we face in exploring the past.

Speaking to the packed bookstore, Sante remarks that he had to “find whatever I could dig up” in his memory while writing about his early life in Belgium and New York in these essays. The self-proclaimed “magpie or scavenger” concludes in *Darlings* that we rely upon clues or artifacts—old photographs, decrepit buildings, our own blurry memories—to assemble a jumbled snapshot of the past. And writers, who aim to reconstruct the past in their stories, fill in the gaps with their own imaginations, injecting their fact-based stories with elements of fiction.

Recently, a handful of Columbia and Barnard writers—Sante, Edwidge Danticat, BC '90, Barnard professor Mary Gordon, BC '71, and Columbia professors Eric Kandel and Saidiya Hartman—have taken on the challenging task of sifting through memory to write vivid and insightful memoirs.

In his 1998 memoir, *The Factory of Facts*, Sante reflects on the limitations of relying on increasingly hazy memories. He writes, “Time has blunted their contours, so that identification is rarely certain, but enough remains visible to allow for guesses.” That is, memory is a flawed human capacity. We are rarely allowed the kinds of details—the smells, the small talk, the most thorough of observations—that transform a memoir from a stark record of the past to a vivid picture of daily life.

How does the brain organize the wealth of information it receives each day, determining which facts will be preserved in memory and which will be forgotten? Serving as “prediction machines,” our brains are designed to assess the present and guess at the future, to better respond to external stimuli. We distinguish between the important information—that which is necessary for survival—and the trivial, storing what is most relevant for the



Clockwise from top: professors Mary Gordon, Luc Sante, and Eric Kandel

future. Imagination also plays a role in memory. A 2004 study conducted at Northwestern University found that its subjects could “remember” events that they had only imagined, events that had never actually happened.

Columbia professor Eric Kandel, winner of the 2000 Nobel Prize for Medicine for his research on memory, described its inconsistencies in a phone interview. “As a storage mechanism, memory is not completely reliable. ... We add and subtract components of our memories.”

Kandel would know—his own memoir, *In Search of Memory: The Emergence of a New Science of Mind*, was published in 2006. As he worked on his memoir, Kandel decided not to depend on recollection alone. He verified the details of his stories with external sources such as photographs, trips to his birthplace in Vienna, and others' testimonies.

While Sante takes a similar approach in *The Factory of Facts*, he also conspicuously inserts imaginary details when describing an event of which he has little memory. “My memories were all fin-de-siècle brown, or actually sepia. Somewhere deep in their recesses I saw something like a railroad trestle, roofs around it, dotted hillsides beyond, everything in a smoky Sunday-afternoon light.”

Using the few clues he has, Sante draws from his imagination to paint a lively picture of his own birth. “By the time I actually emerged,” he writes, “the last tram from Pepinster was lurching and ratcheting its way along Rue d'Ensival, with a load comprised of a staring drunk, a grandmother read-

ing a devotional pamphlet, a disconsolate teenage girl looking at her feet.”

Sante's approach is common among memoirists. Danticat's 2007 memoir, *Brother, I'm Dying*, reads as a novel written about true events. A National Book Award finalist, *Brother, I'm Dying* forms a beautifully lifelike picture of Danticat's childhood. She draws “from official documents, as well as the borrowed recollections of family members. ... I learned out of sequence and in fragments.” Having collected a disjointed set of artifacts, Danticat turns to imagination as a means of cementing together the shards of her past.

Memoirists may amplify their most attractive characteristics or fixate on their flaws, using their work as a forum for self-evaluation. In the 2007 memoir, *Lose Your Mother: A Journey Along the Atlantic Slave Route*, Columbia professor Saidiya Hartman writes about changing her name from Valarie. “It was a gilded name ... it erased the poor black girl my mother was ashamed to be.” Years later, she contemplates this choice. “At the time I didn't realize that my attempt to rewrite the past would be as thwarted as was my mother's. Saidiya was also a fiction of someone I would never be—a girl unsullied by the stain of slavery and inherited disappointment.”

Hartman's portrayal of her past is colored by years of reflection. Is it possible for the adult Hartman to depict her younger self objectively, stripped of all self-doubt or even self-hatred?

In her 2007 memoir, *Circling My Mother*, Barnard professor Mary Gordon keeps her younger self in the realm of memory, treating her as though she were an artifact to be examined. Her approach provides for insightful self-analysis. She writes about choosing her favorite song:

“What did I think would happen if I made the wrong choice or said I couldn't choose? ... I think it is that I was desperately looking for signs that would tell me who I was, as I didn't recognize myself at all in the world where I was placed.”

For Gordon, the past “I” is a piece of evidence, a medium through which she can both evaluate her own life and comment on the universal anxieties experienced by all children. She is aware that a memoir “fictionalizes or filters the past ... so that we can create something that we can live with.”

The emotional or human truths that a memoir expresses matter more than its factuality—memoirists' fabricated details serve to better communicate the truth. And though they may not accurately restore the past before their readers' eyes, the authors do revive the imagery, tone, and character of their earlier lives.

In *Brother, I'm Dying*, Danticat identifies her aim in collecting family artifacts into a memoir. She writes, “This is an attempt at cohesiveness, and at recreating a few wondrous and terrible months.” Ultimately, it is what she tells us of the past and of our own present that resonates with us—regardless of whether it is based on fact or fiction.

The Sex Diet

sensual foods to get you in the mood

BY DELNA WEIL

PHOTO BY MOLLY CROSSIN

EVERYONE CAN PROBABLY REMEMBER a time around the elementary school lunch table—or maybe even earlier—when you and your friends convulsed with high-pitched giggles as Sally licked her popsicle with all-too-innocent vigor. And how old were we before we learned that eating a big, ripe, juicy strawberry could be turned into a smutty display of lust, simply by pouting the lips a bit and making sultry eyes at the person across the table? Now, most of us are mature enough to allow our friends to eat their bananas in peace, but the potential connections between food and sex have always been difficult to ignore.

Take a recent game of “Would You Rather.” When asked whether I would rather give up the ability to taste or the ability to experience an orgasm, I was torn. Though some were surprised by the anguish of my choice—“Come on, it’s no big deal, you’d lose weight and still get to have great sex”—the trade-off is not so simple in reality. According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the visual, olfactory, and tactile experiences of eating have a well-established capability to bring on a “state of general euphoria conducive to sexual expression.” Although scientists hesitate to attribute improvements in sexual performance or increases in libido directly to the food and drink one consumes, no one needs evidence from the lab to understand how the sensory experience of eating can be made into a powerful (or hilariously hopeless) turn-on.

As most people have experienced, looks alone are often enough to induce at least some level of sexual arousal. Thus even if a certain food has no scientifically proven aphrodisiac properties, its suggestive appearance or mythological status as a sex symbol can be a powerful sort of foreplay. Take the pomegranate—with its deep red-purple hue and its many pearl-like seeds,



Each contains a healthy dose of nutrients critical for stamina and stimulating sexual desire during a long night of seduction. This hypothesis may sound like crackpot pseudoscience to serious biochemistry students, but there may be something to it.

One of the most famous examples of food with demonstrable physiological effects is considered by some to be better than sex itself: chocolate. Several of chocolate’s components, including sugar, caffeine, and the chemicals theobromine, tryptophan, and phenethylamine, contribute to chocolate’s stimulating and pleasurable effects that go beyond its taste. And the effects are measurable—a study conducted by Dr. David Lewis of the Mind Lab indicated that eating chocolate causes a surge in brain activity and heart rate that lasts about

fruits de mer, they also have a salty-sweet scent similar to the female pheromone TMA, which has been demonstrated to be mildly arousing. Still, the oyster lacks strong scientifically proven potency, especially if eaten only in normal proportions. Although Cassanova allegedly ate 50 oysters per day to keep his libido in top form, your best chance at reaping the benefits of these nutrients is to eat a minimally processed diet with plenty of fruits, vegetables, legumes, whole grains, and lean meats.

If you needed any more reason to start eating healthier, Bellatti notes another way that proper nutrition can lead to more satisfying sex. For sensitive and considerate lovers mindful of their taste, regular intake of fruits like pineapple will “sweeten things up.” Meat and dairy products tend to have the opposite effect, producing a more acidic, sour taste.

As a final testament to the power of food to jumpstart one’s libido, forget about expensive bottles of cologne and perfume. Instead, turn to baked cinnamon buns and candy. In a study conducted by Dr. Alan Hirsch, a neurologist and psychiatrist who is the neurological director at the Smell and Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago, the effects of aroma on penile and vaginal blood flow were measured. For men, the overwhelming front-runner scent was cinnamon buns, followed by various combinations of pumpkin pie, licorice, and doughnuts. Surprisingly, women were actually turned off by the typically male scents of cologne and barbecued meat. Instead, the scent of Good & Plenty candy combined with cucumber induced the largest increase in blood flow. But definitely think hard about how your partner might react once you start sweating doughnuts.

No matter how much chocolate you scarf down before your super-hot date this Valentine’s Day, remember what the Greeks said about onions: although they might “dim the eyes and excite amatory propensities, they will do you no good if you have no strength yourself.” In other words, the mind is the ultimate aphrodisiac. You have to be in the right psychological frame of mind if asparagus, pomegranate, or oysters are going to be any help in bed.

SURPRISINGLY, WOMEN WERE ACTUALLY TURNED OFF BY THE TYPICALLY MALE SCENTS OF COLOGNE AND BARBECUED MEAT.

it is a widely recognized culinary symbol of passion and fertility. In some East Asian societies, appendages such as rhinoceros horn and tiger penis are revered as potent aphrodisiacs due to their evocative appearances. Some cultures even harvest goat testicles for men to munch on before they get down to business. If the idea of hunting down endangered species turns you off, more readily available alternatives such as peaches, mangoes, or figs are just as effective.

Still, we all know that looks are only skin-deep. While food’s iconic appearance must work in concert with the consumer’s imagination, nutrient content can have a more direct, physiological effect on sexual performance. While ancient cultures may have believed rhinoceros horn to be an aphrodisiac based on its phallic appearance, it’s possible that when ingested, the high calcium and phosphorus content of the horn—a lack of which can lead to weakness and fatigue—had a positive impact during sex. The same thing applies for asparagus, garlic, lobster, and countless other foods.

four times as long as the buzz generated while sharing a passionate kiss.

Andy Bellatti, a master’s degree candidate in New York University’s Department of Nutrition, Food Studies, and Public Health, is well-versed in the science of how food can affect mood as well as sexual performance. Although he maintains that there are no foods that directly influence sexual desire and potency, he does provide some tips about “things to keep in mind when sharing dinner with a hottie you want to have for dessert.”

Avoid certain foods like broccoli, cauliflower, beans, and undercooked starchy vegetables, which might result in an increase of gas, as well as rich, creamy sauces, which might lower your energy levels. Bellatti also advises that a diet with a consistent intake of B vitamins, iron, zinc, and healthy fats can contribute to better sex because the vitamins and fats help produce sex hormones. Oysters, for example, are loaded with zinc, a key nutrient for testosterone production. Like other

City of Love

saint augustine on losing love, finding it again, and 49 sinless ways to steam up your bedroom (without using a humidifier).

BY SHAINA RUBIN
PHOTO COURTESY OF THE OPEN DEMOCRACY

GENTLEMEN: YOU’VE PROBABLY heard about how I stole all these pears when I was young and virile. I know it was a sin taking so much virginity, but man, to take a girl for the first time is like picking off that ripe fruit and letting it melt in your mouth. You just feel revived. I do brag about it often, because fellas, when you’re young, people won’t jail you for a little hanky-panky. You should try to pluck as many pears as possible and worry about the consequences later—trust me.

Sins committed when you’re young will be forgiven, so jump on that. Many things are sins. Like breast-feeding. Also, eating fruit. Or weeping. Best to get those out of the way ASAP.

You also might have heard that I converted to Christianity. Christianity offers a lot of useful advice. When you see a smoking-hot lady at a bar, sidle up to her (sidle, don’t walk) and ask her back to your place. If you don’t, God will smite you.



St. Augustine (on the left), dons his sexiest robe.

Bollin’

BY LIZ PIPAL
PHOTO COURTESY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Dear PrezBo,

You don’t know me, but I have been watching you for quite some time now, and, well, to be perfectly honest, I can’t live without you.

As a freshman here at Columbia, I recently stumbled into a strange, new world of tall, gray buildings and tall, lithesome administrators. Lost and confused, I had no one to turn to for answers to my frequent and burning First Amendment queries. Finally, after a semester under your supreme guidance, listening to your eloquent speeches, and gazing upon your muscular arms and broad chest, I have found a companion for life.

As would any connoisseur of all things fine, I was first attracted to you on a superficial level. How could I not be? Your gaze stops traffic, opposing counsel, and all visible light. Your chiseled features, reminiscent of the love child of Donald Trump and Philip Seymour Hoffman, are irresistible to even the most visually-challenged.

Yes, you are physically a god among men, but I have quickly learned that you are much, much more than mere eye candy. Personally, I have been victimized by dictators upon occasion. They cut in line at the grocery store, they fart on the subway, they drown kittens at all hours of the night (I mean, honestly, people are trying to sleep). But with you by my side, the days of oppression will be over. I have witnessed your articulated sass trip



President Lee Bollinger

up even the most authoritarian line-cutter. Together, you and I will defeat tyranny. Divided, we will fall. United, we will fall... in love.

I have long been trying to capture your attention, but my attempts have been stymied by Columbia’s vast bureaucracy. The leaders of the recent hunger strike found my proposal for a fifth demand “irrelevant,” “childish,” and “mildly creepy,” and so I, the seventh striker, went largely unnoticed in my campaign for your love. Your wife hung up on me when I called your house, my posters of love were torn down, my bullhorn was confiscated, and all of my plans for recognition were shut down when I was arrested for carving your name into Butler’s frieze.

But I remained undeterred. A divine stroke of luck, I was selected to attend one of your fireside chats. Unfortunately, my provocative question for discussion was rejected. I reprint it here for your own edification:

“Why do birds suddenly appear
Every time you are near?”

It’s a question you likely have been trying to answer yourself. Perhaps they wish to roost in your glorious mane. I would love to roost up in there. Or perhaps...

“Just like me
They long to be
Close to you.”

XO XO XO,
Your secret admirer,
[UNI redacted]@columbia.edu

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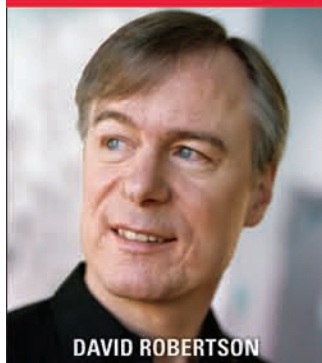
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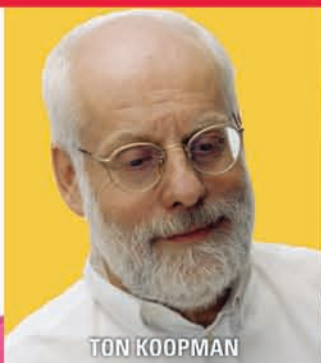
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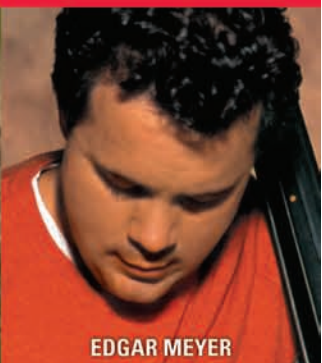
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Fri, **Feb 15** at 8 PM

Stern Auditorium / Perelman Stage

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"[Wu Man] is the artist most responsible for bringing the pipa to the Western world."
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"[Koopman] is one of the most exciting musicians to emerge from the period-instrument movement" —*New York Times*

Sun, **Feb 17** at 7:30 PM

Zankel Hall

TON KOOPMAN YOUNG ARTISTS CONCERT

A Program of The Weill Music Institute at Carnegie Hall

Orchestra of St. Luke's | Ton Koopman, Conductor

The Ton Koopman Young Artists Choir | Ulrike Grosch, Choral Preparation

Renowned Baroque-music specialist Ton Koopman leads a group of young singers in an intimate concert focusing on two of Handel's choral masterworks.

ALL-HANDEL PROGRAM

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day

"Dettingen" Te Deum

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Tickets: \$15

"[McFerrin is a] 'natural wonder' of the musical world"
—*Telegraph*

Thurs, **Feb 21** at 8 PM

Stern Auditorium / Perelman Stage

BOBBY McFERRIN

ALISON KRAUSS

EDGAR MEYER

Crossing genres and redefining the possibilities of the human voice, Bobby McFerrin teams up with acclaimed vocalist Alison Krauss and the unparalleled master of the double bass, Edgar Meyer.

The Bobby McFerrin Perspectives concerts are supported, in part, by The Rockefeller Foundation's New York City Cultural Innovation Fund.

Perspectives concerts are made possible, in part, by a generous grant from The Alice Tully Foundation.

Tickets start at \$23.

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