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the eye

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK THE CHANGING STREETS OF HARLEM

STUDIO HOPPING WITH GRADUATING MFA STUDENTS •
SOHA GOES SOHO • TODD P PROMOTES A LIFESTYLE



the eye

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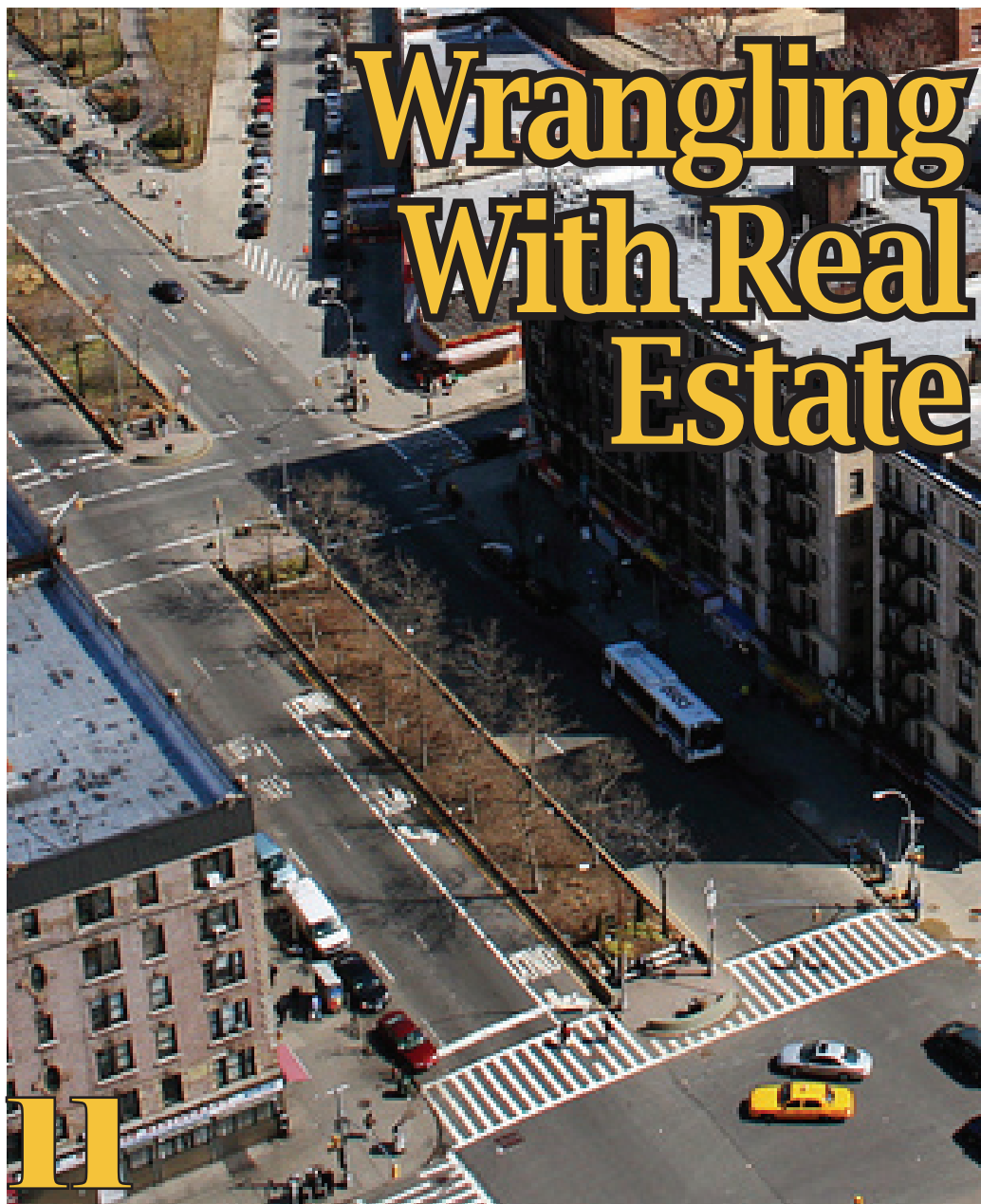
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Contact Us:
eye@columbiaspectator.com
http://eye.columbiaspectator.com

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From the Editor...

This week I changed the photo on my online profiles. It was taken by Dani Zalcman (thanks girl! See you tonight!) My prior photograph was taken from afar; it was one of those awful vacation shots. It wasn't very cool, and it wasn't encoded with all that information that makes me 'me'. By that I mean it wasn't getting me laid.

And then this photo—close-up, slightly stylized, inscribed with my neuroses. Let me tell you: people came out of the woodwork. Friends I didn't even know I had were now 'friends'. Friends I knew I didn't have were now 'friends'. Friends I saw only the day before were now 'friends'. And MySpace? Not here; this is a student magazine...

I hope you didn't expect to make it

through a semester of a Columbia publication—and *The Eye*, especially—with-out a reference to Walter Benjamin. It is that honorary Columbian who, in "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," claimed that the work of art loses its "aura" when reproduced. And he has a point: witness the mind-numbing proliferation of Virginia Tech emblems occupying the space of the profile photo (too soon?).

Roland Barthes, ever the contrarian, wrote in *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography* that photographs do have an aura, one of inscribed lost time and lost memories. So perhaps the emblems, despite their aesthetic sins, have a point. Touché, internet hoards.

Both interpretations have come to

pass. Digital photography and video allow you to upload any number of mediocre photos, to infinite reception. As art objects they lack in a certain je ne sais quoi. And yet it's indisputable that photo directories have unleashed an insatiable drive in young people for the faces, family reunions, and naughty pets of their peers. It's opened biological memory drives we never knew we had, for situations we never experienced, and for people we never knew. Both my word limit and my intellectual breadth prohibit further inquiry.

This issue, the 24th, marks a year of *The Eye*, and a semester of my tenure as Editor in Chief. If *The Eye* has taught you anything, it's that image is everything.

This week we profile the entire MFA class of 2008, those visual artists who aspire to manipulate our aesthetic sensibilities. In the style section, we examine the effect on art and artists when they enter the mainstream fashion industry. We show you the changing face of Harlem, and believe me—every curbside is a spectacle.

For *The Eye's* aspirations to aesthetic excellence (presumably successful, for the sake of this letter) we have Design Editor Dani Zalcman to thank, but no less (in some cases more!) Photo Editor Tina Gao, and Production Editors Danielle Ash and Emily Greenlee—and late to the game, but quick to our hearts, Alisha Ling.

Seeing is believing!

AG

CORRECTION: In an article published 03/22/07, "Socializing With the Socialists," we wrote, "But he [David Judd] continues to believe in the eventual triumph of thought over materialism and confirms, and the ISO embodies precisely this belief." *The Eye* misquoted Judd, for whom Marxism ("historical materialism") is anything but anti-materialist.

Coffee With Calvin



COURTESY OF CALVIN TRILLIN

Calvin Trillin recently welcomed me into his airy West Village home. Once the chairman of the Yale Daily News, Trillin went on to report for TIME Magazine and became a staff writer at the New Yorker in 1963. The author of numerous books, including *Alice*, *Let's Eat* and *About Alice*, Trillin also writes a verse column for The Nation. As the rain pattered softly in his building's tree-filled courtyard, we discussed his process as a writer and the intricacies of the Times wedding announcements.

What did you have for breakfast?

I had a bagel. I usually have a bagel, or sometimes I have cereal.

What are you currently working on?

I'm working on a piece about an incident on an island in Canada. I'm almost done with it.

Has writing for the New Yorker influenced your style at all?

No, I don't think so. I remember the first book I published—I had covered the University of Georgia integration when I was a reporter at *TIME* and had gone back after moving to the *New Yorker* and written this piece that became a book. There were actually a couple of people who didn't get to the back flap and said, "He writes like a *TIME* writer," and people who'd gotten to the back flap said, "Of course it's in that New Yorker prose." But it's the same stuff.

About Alice reads very quickly. Did you imagine your reader finishing it in one sitting?

I don't imagine my audience at all. That's just a black hole to me. Except to the extent that I'm worried that they'll stop reading, that I'm worried that at the end of a paragraph they won't start the next paragraph. But as far as who they are, how they read, or what they do—I don't think about that.

What are you currently reading?

I'm reading *The Border of Truth* by Victoria Redel. It's just about to come out—I'm reading a bound galley. And then between now and my next book group meeting I have to read *Scoop* by Evelyn Waugh. Or I have to reread *Scoop*, since I read it probably 20 years ago.

What essayists do you most admire?

People like E.B. White. Alan Bennett, an English writer. And I'm a great fan of Russell Baker's, who used to be a columnist at the *Times* and now does things for I guess mainly the *New York Review of Books*. I was a big fan of Molly Ivan's, who died about six months ago—Texas writer.

What's your favorite section of the Times?

Style, of course! I only read the weddings. And I've been doing that since I came to New York. I'm sort of an expert on the wedding section. In the old days, before the vows column sort of infected other wedding announcements, they just had the vows column and all the other wedding announcements were quite orthodox, just where the bride and groom went to school and what their parents did, really. Now how they met and what their friends say about them has crept in, but in the old days they had nothing like that and so you were sort of like what was then called a Kremlinologist, someone who looked at the picture of the May Day parade in Moscow and tried to decide who was gaining power or losing power by his position on the balcony.

Through going to Yale and having done some of the reporting for a piece that *TIME* did in the early '60s on the debutante industry, and also knowing some about law firms and investment firms and things, I could interpret a lot of what was going on in the announcements. A friend of mine and I used to talk [about them] most Sunday mornings. What we were mainly interested in was the tension at the reception between the two families. I like to sort of imagine what the two sets of parents say to each other

So it's still the first thing I turn to, the weddings. Then I throw away the Style section. I'm not interested in what sort of socks I'm supposed to be wearing.

Did your wedding feature?

No. And my girls, when I asked them if they wanted an announcement in the *Times* they just laughed. They said "You've been making fun of that since we were little girls." And I said "I haven't been making fun of it. I've been making use of it." They were not interested in having their weddings announced in the *Times*.

Your essays are very funny.

I think some people have a certain view of the world so it comes out funny and some people don't. And there's not a whole lot you can do about it. I usually compare it to a guy in the family who can bend his thumb back to his wrist. I always used to say, and it's still true I guess, that I made myself laugh about once every two or three years. I'd be writing something and something would come out on the page, it would strike me as funny and I'd start laughing. When my wife was working in the next room she'd say, when she read the piece, I know which line it was. It was the silliest line. If I got imprisoned and I was in solitary confinement I would not be completely without resources—I could make myself giggle about once every two or three years.

What was your experience like editing the Yale Daily News?

Somebody asked me about a year after [I graduated from Yale]—I was living in England— and a guy who was a class ahead of me said, "Was that a good experience?" And I said, "Well, there's nothing I did that I wouldn't have done differently now, so I guess it was a good experience." It was fine. It was strange place then, Yale—and Columbia—they were all strange, would seem strange to an undergraduate now. It was the first place I learned about objectivity in journalism. Our definition of objectivity was "try to be equally inaccurate about both sides."

I read your article about the new self-parking Lexus in the Times a couple of months ago. Are you a parking expert?

As I said in the piece, I'm one of the founding co-editors of *Beautiful Spot*, a magazine on parking. We published the first edition in 1964. A lot of people said it was a one-issue magazine but in fact we prefer to say that the second issue just hasn't come out yet. We're having some production problems. And not to boast, but I'm the author of the only parking novel ever written, so I guess that's why they asked me to do it. I think I'm in the Rolodex under parking.

Do you often drive around New York?

Oh yeah, all the time. Actually, I'm going tonight to someone's house at 101st and Riverside Drive and I was just thinking as you rang the doorbell, "I wonder what the parking is like up there." Not good probably. I don't know. I might do it. ■

Juvenilia is a Dirty Word



COURTESY OF MARK PRINGLE

Helen Oyeyemi's *first novel came out before her 19th birthday.* The *Icarus Girl* is the story of an 8-year-old girl, Jessamy, who is half Nigerian and half British. She struggles with identity issues and the presence of a not-quite-imaginary friend, TillyTilly, who belongs to a world of Nigerian occultism. The book is good—its spookiness is compelling, the narrative goes somewhere, and it's well written. And all this while Oyeyemi was in high school. But not only is all this old news (Oyeyemi is now 22), it wasn't entirely a good thing either. The media blitz surrounding the precocious teen led others to dismiss her as a kind of flash-in-the-pan child star. But Oyeyemi has kept at it—she's now at work on her third novel, and officially a “professional writer.” Aside from being tremendously impressive, Oyeyemi is great—funny, articulate, serious when appropriate—but, best of all, not too sure of herself, and full of age-appropriate queasiness about bad reviews and public readings.

So, *The Icarus Girl* was written in secret?

Yeah, oh it seems so long ago! Um, let me think, I had written it as a short story...

For school?

No, I was just always writing. So I sent a letter to a literary agent that I just found off the Internet. I picked one who had started really recently, like 2001 or something, so he would maybe have some time for me, and sent him a letter with what I had written asking if he thought I would ever be a writer.

What did he say?

He wrote back, yes, I do think so and can I see the other 150 pages that I had claimed to have written—I told him I'd written a bunch of pages because I wanted him to think I was very serious about being a writer. So then I had to get the next two weeks off English homework and finish it. But I dunno, it was just one of those things that you can't really tell anyone.

Were you simultaneously studying for your A-levels and writing this novel?

No. I wasn't really studying at all.

What did you do your A-levels in? Your degree?

Theology, sociology, and English lit. [My degree was in] Social and political science.

So do you want to be a writer when you grow up?

Oohhh [cringing]. Yeah.

So you don't want to do anything with social or political science?

Not really. It was a bit of a flop, actually ... I think studying books kills them for me.

What's your writing routine?

Ooooh, I don't have one. I always think, like, OK, tomorrow I'm going to get up and write from two to six or something, and it just doesn't happen! I don't work like that. I keep my laptop beside my bed so I can write stuff whenever I feel like it.

Is the finished visual product of your book of interest to you? How do you feel about the cover art?

It's interesting, the thing with the cover art. I actually opened it up to Facebook debate amongst my friends this time ... I posted the four covers in a note and I was like, what do you think, 'cause I really hated them all. I just couldn't decide. And I got, like, a bunch of comments and even from people that I hadn't even tagged in were just, like, yeah, I think you should go with this one. In terms of other things, like, you don't get that much control and I don't mind not having control, but I do care about the cover.

Yeah. Often I want to buy a book for its content but if it has a bad cover then I think, like, do I really want to have this book ... and on the subway?

Exactly.

***The Icarus Girl* is told from a child's perspective. Is that something that you were drawn to or you felt like would be hard?**

I felt like it was easier. Because I just remembered, like, being eight very, very vividly.

And the books that are in *The Icarus Girl*—like *Little Women* and *A Little Princess*—are those books that were important to you when you were little?

Yeah, especially *Little Women*. It really tears me up, I really can't read it. It's the perfect case of the narrator just crushing the reader. *A Little Princess* I recently reread and discovered it's a terrible book. It's just too sentimental. But it made me cry when I was little.

It's been a few years since you wrote *The Icarus Girl*. Do you ever read it?

No.

Did you ever read the official copy that was sold in stories?

No. Even when I've had to give readings from it, I'm always cringing about it.

Do you do Q and A after your readings?

Yeah, sometimes.

Have questions ever offended you?

Mmm, no, everyone's been quite nice ... though once someone asked me “What is an Icarus?”

Have you had any experiences since your book was published in Nigeria?

No—I haven't been back since the book was published.

Oh, really?

Yeah. Everyone thinks I'm really rich in Nigeria because when the book was published they published the amount of my advance in Nairas. So probably nobody has read the book but they are all just walking around thinking I'm so rich.

Your book deals with the issue of disciplining children and whether that should be physical or not. What are your thoughts?

It's hard to be resentful. I just really hated like the whole tins thing, for example [in *The Icarus Girl*, the main character is forced to hold very heavy tins in the corner as a punishment]. That really got me down and I don't know how old I was but I was probably about 11 or 12 when they finally stopped bothering to do that.

You had to carry the tins a lot?

Well, not a lot. I didn't get in trouble that much, but when I did the usual thing was the tins and I was just, like, why?!

Yeah, that seemed so arbitrary to me.

I remember my dad once saying, if I get back and you're not in that corner, and I was like, OK, OK, OK, I will! And I was just sitting in the corner, like, crying and freaking out and it must have been for an hour and a half. And my dad came back and was kind of like, oh, what are you still doing there and I was like, what?! Just stuff like that. There is something intensely humiliating about it. I haven't quite put my finger on what it is.

Have you read negative reviews of your stuff?

I think the only time I've cried over a review was my very first review. It was on this TV show called *Newsnight Review* where celebrities come and discuss books, and films, and art and stuff. And Jeanette Winterson was on the show and I am so in awe of her and I've read every book she's ever written. And she was, like, [about *The Icarus Girl*] “I think it's juvenilia and it was only published because the author is 19”

Oh, gosh.

I dropped to the floor and wept like crazy. I thought I'd never be a writer.

Helen Oyeyemi's second novel, The Opposite House, will be published in June. ■

urbanities

Open Minds at the Office

Can gay students come out from under the glass ceiling?

BY MANDIE NOWAK

Most of us in New York City feel removed from the heartache and humiliation of employment discrimination. Since the enactment of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, it has become unacceptable and even criminal to discriminate on the basis of color, gender, ethnicity, or national origin. We've gotten to the point where even businesses are increasingly fair-minded about sexual orientation.

But how progressive are we when it comes to being gay in the workplace? Jeremy Constancio, CC '10, interned for Vinson & Elkins LLP in Austin, Texas last summer and will intern at its New York branch this summer. "I wasn't outwardly out, like I didn't tell people, but most people just understood. It didn't need to be discussed," Constancio says. Constancio has been out for the past year and is currently the president of Students Allied for Marriage Equality, the new marriage-rights group under the umbrella organization of the Columbia College Democrats.

Increasing the official tolerance and awareness of how gays and lesbians are treated in the workplace has been a major issue addressed by the Human Rights Campaign Foundation. The HRC, headed by Joe Solmonese, issues an annual "Corporate Equality Index" that evaluates corporate policies affecting gay and lesbian employees across the country. Companies are judged on a percentage scale on a number of criteria based on

the companies' official policies. These criteria range from the basics, such as stating that they are equal opportunity employers regardless of sexual

preference to judging how "politically correct" each company's advertising, marketing, and philanthropic practices are.

Based on a survey of about 450 companies in all parts of the country across all different industries, a record number, 138, scored a perfect score of 100 percent on the index in 2006. New York City is home to 30 of those companies, closely followed by the state of California, with 27. That number has been increasing dramatically every year: in 2002, only 13 companies out of the 450 achieved a perfect index score. The frequency of perfect scores also varies greatly depending on the particular industry. Among the most "tolerant" industries according to the HRC are banking and financial services and law firms.

Of course, statistics aren't necessarily indicative of what actually happens in the work place. Constancio's Vinson & Elkin LLP was one of the companies HRC surveyed. Vinson & Elkin scored a comparatively low 73 percent on the CEI, the third-lowest score of all the law firms surveyed. Constancio's experiences, though, certainly don't reflect this low score. "I was treated differently there, but definitely in a good way. I was the fun gay guy they had around to joke around with. ... From my perspective, I was always treated with respect." Constancio also points out that he was not the only one. "There were plenty of lawyers who were out at work ... and it was just never a big issue."

While Vinson & Elkin LLP may be off the hook, other corporations are embarrassed by HRC's survey. For example, ExxonMobil Corp., which is the number 1 ranked Fortune 500 company, scored a negative 5 percent on the CEI. The HRC found that they do not even have a basic anti-discrimination policy in place and they regularly engage in official activity that "undermines the goals of GBLT equality." Other embarrassments include Meijer, the Midwest chain of grocery superstores (0 percent), Lauren Manufacturing Co., a leading rubber producer (5 percent), and H.J. Heinz Co., ketchup company (15 percent).

Constancio recounts his own experiences: "I'll tell you, an office setting can be a lot different than other workplace settings." Before working for Vinson & Elkin, Constancio worked at a Lowe's and a PetSmart. "In a place where most, if not all, of the employees are male, like at Lowe's, that just isn't a place where you come out at work at all. ... I never pretended to be straight. I never told anyone that I was straight. I just never brought it up," Constancio says. This was the case regardless of the fact that Constancio worked in Austin, one of the most liberal cities in Texas.

While the situation does seem to be progressing, there is still a long way to go. Yvette Herrera, who works for the Communication Workers of America union describes homophobia as "labor's new frontier." She wrote in a statement, "I run workshops and discussions on this topic at CWA, and I am often shocked and hurt and offended by what goes on." She continues, "Many of us have made it inappropriate in the workplace to make racial jokes or remarks or sexual jokes or remarks. But gay bashing is still okay."

Constancio looks forward to continuing his work with Vinson & Elkin this summer. When asked if he plans to come out there, he laughs and says, "I definitely think the Prada bag gives it away." ■

Students Teach Students

Peer Health Exchange volunteers educate students in New York City public schools

BY ALEXA HUBBARD

About once a week, Martina Hansen, CC '10, ventures off campus with one of her friends to teach a 45-minute health class in one of six New York City public high schools. Class sizes range from five to 39 ninth-grade students, the majority of which come from at-risk, low-income households. If students like Martina weren't teaching, none of them would receive any health education.

Hansen is a volunteer for Peer Health Exchange, an organization that employs 70 Barnard and Columbia undergraduate volunteers to carry out its mission: to give "teenagers the knowledge and skills they need to make healthy decisions ... by training college students to teach a comprehensive health curriculum in public high schools that lack health education."

Founded by two Yale undergraduates in 2003, Peer Health Exchange, Inc. is a non-profit organization that has established itself as an efficient, effective community service program. It appeared on Columbia's campus in 2005, and since then, the New York City sites, which include Columbia, NYU, CUNY-Lehman College, and Fordham, have reached over 1,300 low-income high school students. The Columbia-Barnard chapter's volunteers have taught almost every ninth grader in the six high schools they visit, which amounts to about 600 students.

For the past year, Hansen has been teaching nutrition and physical activity, one of the 10 topics covered by PHE (other topics include sexual decision-making and communication and alcohol and drug use).

"At first I was almost surprised at the conditions at the schools," Hansen says. "Some of them have metal detectors and are really overcrowded."

She also said that the PHE program has some problems, such as a lack of continuity. She teaches a different classroom of students every time. "It can be frustrating because we don't get to see the progress, if any, in the kids we work with," she says, while still acknowledging the necessity of rotating specialized teachers.

"There are strict rules about sticking to the script of the curriculum," Hansen says. Open dialogue between students and teachers is not an option.

Overall, Hansen has found the program very rewarding. "In general, it's really good," she says. "It's really well-organized and the leaders do a great job."

Co-coordinators Michelle Rappaport and Mimi Arbeit, both CC '07, emphasize that PHE only teaches ninth-grade students, an age group mature enough to understand the topics but still able to change the



COURTESY OF PEER HEALTH EXCHANGE

course of their future in a significant way.

Another of PHE's strengths is its relationship with the schools it visits. "The program is very welcomed by the principals and the teachers. They are definitely excited to have us in their schools because they know that they don't have the resources to provide this education to their students," Arbeit says.

The success of PHE has been confirmed by surveys conducted at the beginning and end of each year. "There is remarkable increase in knowledge about health issues, as well as a high percentage of the students responding that they plan to use the course's information when making decisions in the future," Arbeit says.

"The overall model is very efficient and it shouldn't be changed," Rappaport says. Hansen adds, "I will definitely be doing it next year." ■

For more information about the program or the application process, visit peerhealthexchange.org.

food

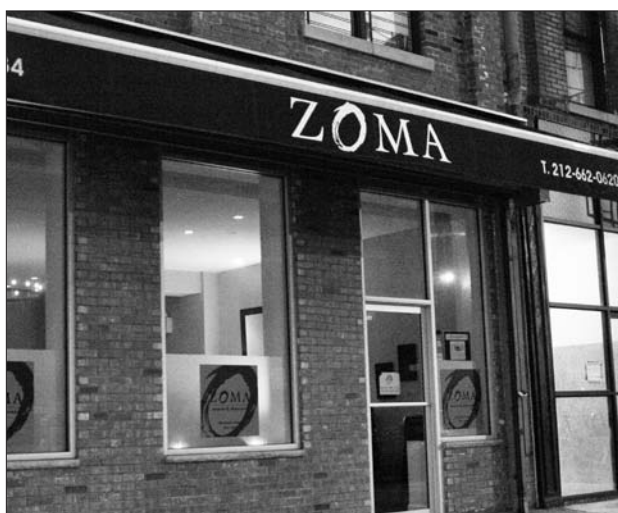
Neither Downtown nor Down-Market

One restaurant critic
surveys five Harlem restaurants

BY GIULIA PINES

ZOMA (Ethiopian)

**2084 Frederick
Douglass Blvd.
(212) 662-0620**



Zoma is an Ethiopian restaurant at 113th Street and Frederick Douglass Boulevard. Its sleek, minimalist interior seems more fitting for a downtown lounge than an uptown corner restaurant, but faintly tribal-looking necklaces framed on the walls aspire to a more ethnic vibe.

Zoma's creative martinis come in surprisingly large, urn-like glasses. Unfortunately, they neglect to deliver on flavor and may as well be skipped. On the other hand, the injera—a spongy pancake of moist flatbread that serves as the cornerstone of nearly every dish there—had a deliciously sharp, biting flavor, much like that of sourdough bread. The samplings of meat and vegetables that came on top of it, such as the doro wett and tibs wett (chicken and beef, respectively), were simply delightful. In both cases, the meat was cooked to tenderness and spiced in a way that complemented the flavor without overpowering it. The vegetable options—collard greens, red lentils, chickpeas, and string beans in different permutations and



When looking for a good dinner, or a good night out for that matter, most Columbia students resign themselves to heading downtown on the 1 train—and pretty far downtown at that. However, with the recent spate of condo-construction and youth-migration—which we begrudgingly call gentrification—that has hit Harlem with the force of a gale wind over the last few years, the uptown train is looking increasingly enticing.

It was only a matter of time before high-end restaurants followed Harlem's newly sky-high real estate prices, and although low-end chains, soul food joints, and corner bodegas have not yet disappeared completely, they are beginning to move aside for establishments with more variety and style to spare. Restaurants and cafes are attempting to duplicate the downtown experience while still maintaining a sense of the uptown lifestyle, thus targeting a more upscale crowd. Not all of these are worth visiting, but those Columbia students adventurous enough to stray outside the boundaries of Morningside Heights may find themselves duly rewarded.

Although we attempted to visit a fairly well-rounded sampling of eating establishments, it is worthwhile to note that this review represents only a smattering of what Harlem already has to offer. Try walking up Broadway past 125th Street and toward neighborhoods like Fort Washington and Inwood, or take the 2 train (on purpose, finally!) to 116th or 125th streets.

GINGER (Chinese)

**1400 Fifth Ave.
(212) 423-1111**



preparations—were tempting, as well, even to those in our party who were decidedly carnivorous.

Ginger, on 116th Street and Fifth Avenue, proclaims itself the “first healthy Chinese restaurant” in Harlem and is situated in an “entirely green” condwwo. Its decor creates a strong first impression with straight, clean lines and bold reds and yellows. A long, illuminated bar runs the length of the restaurant, while luxurious booths are big enough to sit at least six people comfortably. Among the appetizers, the standouts include the steamed vegetable dumplings, which came round and fluffy (with not a hint of the slipperiness so characteristic of Chinese dumplings) and sprinkled with black sesame seeds. Also notable were the Ginger's BBQ beef ribs, with meat ranging from soft and falling-off-the-bone to crispy and crunchy, and a generous (but never drowning) coating of a BBQ sauce so tasty, it stood the test of my dining companion, a born-and-bred Southerner. As an entree, the ginger green rice mixed with spinach, scallions, and ginger had just the right amount of flavor to serve perfectly as the companion to another dish or as a stand-alone. My grilled marinated spicy tofu was also a surprise. Far

from weakly yielding to the other flavors on the plate (shiitake mushrooms, water chestnuts, and other vegetables), the tofu seemed to have a richness all its own. It was firm and wonderfully chewy, proving that, when done right, tofu can be meaty and substantial—don't call it “meat-substitute.” After taking home our leftovers, we were surprised to find that, without the artificial flavorings and chemicals that so often turn Chinese food to mush upon reheating, our truly “healthy” dinner stood the test of time. It was easily microwaved back to its former glory after a day in the fridge—important knowledge for any college student.

Pier 2110 is a new restaurant and lounge on 126th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard (7th Avenue). Massive in size,

especially compared to most Harlem establishments, it clearly aspires to the look and feel of a downtown club. Divided into several smaller dining areas, with walls of aquariums and aquatic art separating each, the restaurant includes a full bar, a lounge area with fireplaces, and a good deal of space that can be cleared of tables to make a dance floor on DJ nights. Unfortunately, the focus may be more on the dining room than on the kitchen. Although dishes like the restaurant-recommended Maryland crab cakes and grilled hanger steak were satisfactory enough, they didn't stand out in either flavor or presentation. A blackened catfish with andouille sausage and spiced rice simply wasn't spicy enough—the fish was flavorless and dry, and the rice was forgettable. Consolation came by way of a delightful peach cobbler—warm and gooey and crunchy, all at the same time—served baked in a dish topped with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. It should be mentioned that we only had enough room for that well-done dessert because our dinner portions were much smaller than their prices suggested. A meal for two came out to almost \$100—far too much for the average college student. The area might need a destination spot like this, but Pier 2110 hasn't gotten the hang of it yet.

I sampled two cafes: Settepani Bakery, at 120th Street and Lenox Avenue, for lunch, and Society Juice and Coffee Inc., on 114th Street and Eighth Avenue, for dinner.

Settepani Bakery has been around longer than Society and is all the more satisfying for its efficiency and selection. The interior is modeled after a real Italian coffee bar, with a counter that winds around the bakery, curving from front to back, displaying cases of sweets, cakes, and a full selection of gelato. The outdoor seating in warm weather gives diners a great view of a bustling Harlem boulevard. The offerings—which include salads, panini, pastas and frittatas—make use of fresh ingredients that seem best served as seasonal fare, such as the goat cheese, leek, and thyme frittata, or the panini, stuffed with prosciutto di parma or fresh mozzarella



PIER 2110
2110 Seventh Ave.
(212) 280-7437



SOCIETY JUICE & COFFEE INC. **(Cafe)**

2104 Eighth Ave.
(212) 222-3323

and tomato. Get the Panzarella, described as a “bread and tomato salad,” in the summer when you know the tomatoes will be good, and of course, a gelato on the way out for the walk back to Morningside.

While Society was enjoyable for its sleek but comfortable atmosphere—with a comfy window-seat running one length of the square space, community tables, and an all-glass front—it was overpriced for what it was. It also had yet to work out several kinks, such as one lone waiter trying to do the work of three. While the service left much to be desired, the menu was admittedly more enticing than most neighborhood cafes. In addition to sandwiches, salads, and panini, Society also offers its own specialty, Belgian waffles served with a variety of toppings. My curry chicken salad sandwich was nothing to write home about, packed with neither spice nor punch, and it was made on white bread that practically fell apart in my hands. My friend's portobello mushroom panino, listed with a kind of chipotle mayonnaise, ended up being so spicy she could barely manage to eat half of it. In order to satisfy our barely full stomachs, we ordered a large, fluffy waffle with mocha-chocolate sauce—a delicious and surprisingly light end to the meal. ■



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Fabricating Art

Designers take concepts from counterculture to countertop

BY ERIN SALTMAN

From Art Deco decadence to minimalist chic, the fashion industry has always taken cues from contemporary art. But it was not always the case that artists could reconcile screen-printing their monochrome pieces onto T-shirts.

Only a few decades later (and after a few doses of Pop Art), the divide between consumer culture and high art is beginning to look a bit blurry. The fusion of style and art not only means that the fashion industry is looking beyond couture design houses and seasonal trends, but it also means that the traditional anti-consumerist, fringe position of the artistic stance is grappling with the mainstream, in the form of a new generation of innovators loaded with political tools, passionate messages, and, of course, their own take on what style should and can be.

Activist artists are not a new phenomenon. Anti-establishment artists have immersed themselves in youth culture since the '70s—if not before—but on smaller scales. Frank Shepard Fairey has become especially successful in the clothing industry in the last five to 10 years with his controversial product line Obey. Fairey's art started with the infamous Andre the Giant stickers in 1986, which were distributed in cities around the world by the mid-'90s. This logo sparked the successful Obey brand, which makes skateboards, sweatshirts, wallets, belts, and other urban wear and accessories. Going beyond a label, Fairey insists in an interview with frontwheeldrive.com that "the first Obey campaign can be explained as



FASHION FORWARD FAFI'S ART HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY ADIDAS AND LESPORTSAC (ABOVE), FAIREY'S OBEY PRODUCT LINE IS FIGHTING THE ESTABLISHMENT (BOTTOM LEFT), AND DOBI'S FULL BLEED GOES BEYOND THE LIMIT (TOP)

an experiment in phenomenology," in which the products attempt "to stimulate curiosity and bring people to question both the campaign and their relationship with their surroundings."

French painter and graffiti artist Fafi has also moved off the streets and into some of Paris' largest boutiques with her kitschy female characters the Fafinettes. Fafi refers to her graffiti as "wall-painting," which is probably appropriate for an urban art that was overlooked as vandalism for far too long. Her sexually liberated female graphics, which first hit big at Paris' stylish boutique Collette, look like Candy Land Lolitas with pouting lips and innocently revealing outfits. Since then, Fafi's success has spread internationally, leading to a line of products for Adidas in the last two months, as well as a collection of Spring '07 purses for LeSportsac. For the inspiration behind the LeSportsac bags, Fafi created a storyline about a girl "who was looking for the magic in her life and discovers the tree that blooms LeSportsac bags." Defending the disjunction between the ethos of graffiti and that of corporate collaboration, Fafi says in an interview with FeedMeCoolShit.com. "Working for companies is cool for money, but I try to challenge myself every time, to find another interest in it. For example, trying to step up to another level of creation, not only using what I already did." In a democratizing gesture, Fafi says on her Web site, fafi.net, "it is necessary to create an art that surrounds all your senses." And how much easier that becomes when you have art hanging right in your closet instead of on the walls of a museum!

Another artist finding commercial roots in alternative venues is Rob Dobi, creator of the T-shirt line Full Bleed. Full Bleed is a term that refers to printing from one edge of the paper to the other without standard margins, beyond the limit of most standard printers. Dobi recalls his inauspicious origins: "Full Bleed started in the summer of 2004 as a side project while I was doing freelance design work for bands and flipping burgers," he says.

Many of the artists' products, because of their relatively non-corporate status, are more willing to make political and environmental statements. The Full Bleed line, which just released Series 5, 10 new T-shirt graphics, insists that all their shirts are printed in the USA and are 100 percent sweatshop free (they use American Apparel products). Dobi's themes are anti-industry, anti-war, and anti-capitalist in nature, depicting men surfing on bombs in the clouds or police blockades intent on stopping a fleet of butterflies. "Lately my work has been more conceptual ... I take everyday events and attempt to juxtapose them in an unconventional manner."

For artists entering the fashion world, the primary focus is artistic expression, not fads or the next trend—and least of all trying to sell a label. It is, interestingly enough, both a democratization of art and fashion. These artists are self-referentially selling their works, and, in the process, creating new mediums and ways of thinking about style and the concept of the brand name. Says Dobi, "You pay enough money for a shirt, why have it act as a billboard?" ■



Graduation With Representation

BY MERRELL HAMBLETON



These days, a Columbia MFA in visual arts might be a better investment than a Columbia MBA.

Or at least, so goes the myth. The word most often used to describe the MFA program is “hot.” In the art world, “hot” tends to translate to how marketable you are when you graduate—in other words: very.

For the past five years or so, Columbia grads have popped up consistently in *ArtForum* and have even broken into mainstream media where they are consistently referred to as art stars on the make. Or, in the case of alumni like Dana Schutz, the much-buzzed about “big painter” whose work has been bought by the Guggenheim and the Saatchi Gallery in London, stars who are flat-out made. The “hot” label also refers to Columbia’s faculty, which includes a handful of heavy-hitters like Coco Fusco, Blake Rayne, Kiki Smith, and Kara Walker.

Columbia’s program didn’t always look this good. According to Gregory Amenoff, Eve and Herman Gelman professor of visual arts and one of the architects of the current program, prior to 1994, the school wasn’t “particularly integrated with the art world.” After shutting down for a period to retool the whole concept, Amenoff says, “we decided to become aggressively interdisciplinary.” Working to break down the barriers between mediums within the institution and “really take advantage” of Columbia’s New York location, the visual arts department became a new beast. “Columbia isn’t so uptown as it used to be,” Amenoff says.

Not “so uptown” would be an understatement. In recent years, Columbia has

faced a good deal of criticism for what many observers identify as “over-integration.” The school’s proximity to Chelsea, both geographic and institutional—the majority of the faculty and many of the students are represented there—and the market success of many recent alumni suggest a certain market-oriented atmosphere that colors the school.

Zach Feuer, owner of the Zach Feuer Gallery, which represents Schutz and four other Columbia MFAs, acknowledges an over-awareness among MFAs of how the market works (and doesn’t work).

“When I visit MFA students in other cities, they oftentimes have no idea that the Chelsea art world exists, which is a mixed blessing,” Feuer says. “Students can be too young to have a gallery. It’s crucial to find a way to make your work and make a living without feeling pressure to make a certain type of work. Taking on the wrong gallery too soon can really screw this up.”

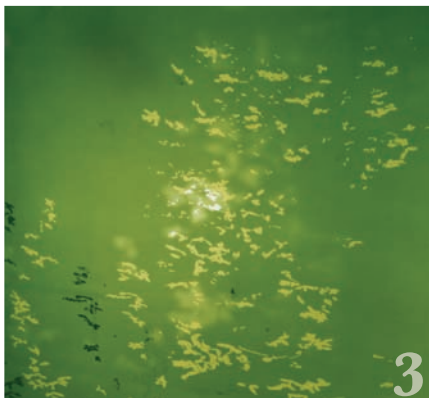
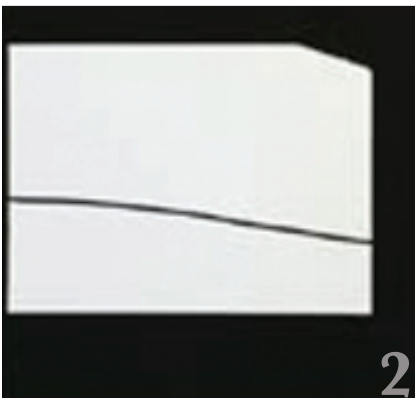
Those within the school acknowledge the problem of over-integration, but don’t seem hung up on it. “This is something that the faculty has thought about for six or seven years—it’s a real issue,” Amenoff says.

Action has been taken to relieve some of the stress of entering the “intense” program: recently, the open studio event, held for first year students every December and open to gallerists, was done away with. This has helped to quell some of the concerns of early exposure. Now, students aren’t required to show their work until the second year thesis show, which takes place in May.

In general, the students don’t seem all that concerned with the “art world” that everyone worries is taking over their lives. On a recent Monday night, I found most of the second-year students popping in and out of each others’ studios to chat, organizing impromptu-dinner plans with professors and making art. Jenelle Covino, a photography student from Long Island, says she doesn’t think the Chelsea atmosphere impedes on her experience at school. Instead, she cites the positives of studying art in New York. “So many people come through New York,” she says. “We have access to so many amazing artists.” Gregory Parmasmith, a painter, acknowledges that a Columbia degree “has a huge cache in the art world.” But, he says, “for me that’s not what’s interesting about being part of the program.”

Most students seem more interested in talking to me about the program, which they unanimously laud for its full interdisciplinary approach, than what their place in that program will do for their future. If anything, there’s a push on part of students towards aggressive insularity. Snaps one young artist, “If you were *ArtForum*, I’d tell you where to stick it.” ■

1. ELIZABETH NEEL; 2. DAVIS RHODES; 3. JENELLE COVINO; 4. VESNA PAVLOVIC; 5. DOMINIC MANGILA; 6. URI LEV ARAN





YOLA MONAKOV



IMAN ISSA

Inside the Artist’s Studio

HARRY ACLAND

Hometown: United Kingdom
Medium: Varied—I write, use video, photography, sculpture and others too. Whatever is appropriate to the ideas/project.
Do you have plans for the future?
I have no fixed plans, but I will be staying in New York for the time-being.

URI LEV ARAN

Hometown: Israel
Medium: Video art/sculpture
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
Gives you a lot of time to develop your work on your own. There’re a lot of good artists around. And it’s in New York. Here, no one tells us where to go with our work.
How do you like being at school in New York?
First of all, it’s good. Like it or don’t, you get to see what’s going on in terms of the critical discourse, and the market ... so it’s confusing ... it’s very exposed to the art world and the critical side of the art world. Plus, it’s always good to be confused. There are negatives, yea, like rent ... but also being exposed to everything right now, museums, events, friends, blah, blah, blah, New York ... all the usual shit.
Do you have plans for the future?
Just get a studio and keep making art.

KERSTIN BRÄTSCH

Hometown: Germany
Medium: Painting, printing, books
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
The focus is the work and your position as an artist.
Do you have plans for the future?
I have a visa for another 15 months. I’m working on affording to stay. I can only work in art-related fields.

NOAH BREUER

Hometown: Berkley, Calif.
Medium: Woodcuts, printmaking
Which professors have you worked with in the program?
Dana Hoey, Tomas Vu-Daniel, Kiki Smith
Is Columbia’s proximity to the art world problematic?
That story is overblown, The article in the *New York Times* has been published a million times over. It’s certainly not the case for everybody.
How do you like being at school in New York?
I’m not in love with New York.
Do you have plans for the future?
I’ll be teaching a course in the summer program.

JENELLE COVINO

Hometown: West Hampton, NY
Medium: Photography
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
It allows for conversation with other people about issues that aren’t specific to the medium. Also, so many people come through New York. We have access to so many amazing artists.



JEREMY EILERS

JEREMY EILERS

Hometown: Texas
Medium: Just art.
How do you feel about the interdisciplinary nature of the program?
I always thought that way anyway, but I guess being around people that think that way too.
What attracted you to Columbia?
I read an interview with Jon Kessler in *BOMB* magazine. I guess that.
Do you have plans for the future?
I don’t know ... probably move.

JOSEPHINE HALVORSON

Hometown: Cape Cod, Mass.
Medium: Oil on linen
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
Really like, it’s so interdisciplinary. It’s a place for people to come together.
What value do you think a Columbia MFA degree holds?
That’s more to do with professionalism of everything right now, not particular to Columbia or to art. Everyone has different views about professionalism, but at the end of the day, all of us are artists.

DOMINIC MANGILA

Hometown: Philippines
Medium: Painting, drawing and printmaking
Do you have plans for the future?
Keep making art and keep a freelance/part time job in advertising.

NOT INCLUDED: TAYLOR KRETSCHMAR, FELIPE ARTURO, LUCAS CARLSON, PILAR CONDE, DANIEL WILLNER, ELISE ADIBI, ANN MARIE HEAL, CORINNE JONES, JOSHUA TONSFELDT

ABBY MANOCK

Hometown: Burlington, Vermont
Medium: It’s kind of ... a lot of things? Events?
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
I think its great. I really like the other people in the program, and I dislike that we don’t all get enough space.
What value do you think a Columbia MFA degree holds?
I really have no idea. Everyone’s cramming for their thesis show, but we don’t know about the space.

GREGORY PARMA SMITH

Hometown: Boston, Mass.
Medium: Painting
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
Thumbs up. It’s a super excellent program. Don’t write ‘super excellent.’ (How about ‘excellent’?) Okay, excellent. It’s very satisfying. Incredible community. Incredible faculty.
What value do you think a Columbia MFA degree holds?
The most important thing you get out of grad school is a community of peers.

VESNA PAVLOVIC

Medium: Photography
Hometown: Belgrade, Serbia
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
I think that the real evaluation will come after school.
How do you feel about the interdisciplinary nature of the program?
It’s up to you whether you stay in your medium or involve some other based on your project.
Is Columbia’s proximity to the art world problematic?
I think it sets a certain kind of pressure, you are surrounded with so much going on ... maybe in a good way. I think its a good experience. You are able to see a lot and that on its own is good.

DAVIS RHODES

Hometown: Victoria, British Columbia
Medium: Painting
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
Basically paying for a whole series of encounters. The best thing is living in Harlem, and not because of its proximity to Chelsea. Living here promotes socially conscientiousness approach. I love the contradictions living up here. The program is a total shitstorm.
What value do you think a Columbia MFA degree holds?
You buy legitimation. The piece of paper is purely purchasing legitimation, but the experience here is really cool. The people here are actually questioning what’s going on. Not at Yale. Yale sucks. Yale’s about tradition.

AKIKO SASAMOTO

Hometown: Japan
Medium: Performance/installation
Which professors have you worked with in the program?
Jon Kessler, for my thesis, George Lewis.
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
I like the opportunity to do activity outside of school ... I still perform as a dancer, still perform as a musician—I like that balance.
Do you have plans for the future?
I’ll stay for one more year here and see what happens—I would be either in the states or anywhere in the world.

ANNIE SHAW

Hometown: Hong Kong
Medium: New genre
What are your feelings on the MFA program?
Tough, but fun. You get to see a tremendous amount of work really quickly. The faculty is really diverse with many different belief systems. You get to meet a lot of different people quickly.

Interviews compiled by Alex Gartenfeld, Merrell Hambleton & Juli Weiner



Moving On Up

Text: Eleazar David Meléndez
Art & Cover: Daniella Zalcmán

The first time West Harlem faced the prospect of invasion by downtown gentrymen, area residents rushed to defend their territory. Gathering at the biggest housing development uptown at the time, revolutionary Harlemites pledged to take serious action. Many came out with guns.

The year was 1776, and Harlem was little more than a large field traversed by a road to Boston. But for General Sir William of Howe, the gentryman leading the invasion, the expulsion of the Harlemites was only a matter of time.

Unfortunately for him, his timing was slightly off.

On Sept. 17 of the same year, Sir William's musketeers came face-to-face with an American recon platoon at a wheat field that would later become Barnard College, and opened fire. During much of the Battle for Harlem Heights, the gentry had the upper hand.

But the viscount of Howe made a mistake that would cost him dearly. Upon the Americans' flight, he sounded his bugle call, hoping to humiliate the militiamen by comparing them to field game. Washington's troops got angry, turned around, and stopped the British at the valley where 125th Street is now located.

Since Washington stopped the redcoats at Hollow Bay, the area has moved through any number of hands, first as a parcel of farms for wealthy Manhattanites, and later, a suburban vortex of medium-sized luxury estates. Change in this part of town was slow. An 1811 city planning commission famously stated that Harlem would not be developed for at least 100 years.

At the turn of the 20th century, the elevated tracks made densely populated Harlem into a haven for the middle and working classes. First the middle-class African-Americans were pushed to relocate there from elsewhere in the city, and later came the Eastern European immigrants. Inevitably, as the neighborhood's population increased, it erupted with competition for rights to occupation. The strife came to a head in 1935, when race ri-



ots scared off a great deal of the area's white residents and the black middle class—by 1960, the white and black middle class residents were virtually all gone.

Standing where Washington's men held the frontier that early fall afternoon and looking south with the right set of eyes, one can see the gentry of today advancing north along the very path of Howe's charge. Muskets are moot when real estate agents are at hand.

There is little doubt that West Harlem is currently undergoing gentrification. But if there's something today's gentry have learned from the past, it is to avoid irritating the communities they displace. The recent college students, graduates, young couples, artists, alternative lifestylers, and up-and-coming professionals that have flooded into the area know that their refurbished co-ops are jacking up the rent for their working-class neighbors. Pursuing lifestyles that either put them in sync with the culture of the people there before them, or at least avoiding flashily displacing them,

most just do their own thing with a consciousness different from migrants into other parts of the city. They know they're newcomers, and they're wary of bugle calls.

Jamie Peck, CC '07 and a contributor to *The Eye*, moved into an apartment in a building on 135th Street just over a year ago. When current Harlem-ites discuss the early stages of gentrification, that of middle-class Bohemians moving into a working class inner-city neighborhood and changing its demographic and economic base, people like her are the type of people that come to mind. Peck says that her motives for moving to 135th Street include "not being walled-in like at Columbia" and the relatively generous living space her rent affords her.

She certainly didn't move in for the community. "It's incredibly far from everything I like to do. I hang out in Brooklyn a lot," she says, later adding, "I hang out in my apartment a lot, too."

Peck, who calls her experience in Harlem "wonderful," does have a soft spot for the neighborhood. "There's this Mexican place that I like a lot. It's a little hole in the wall. But I like to go there and hang out. Talk about, just stuff."

Peck's attitude is common of the newcomers to Harlem, but it's also a paradox to those that would like to classify people like her neatly as a textbook-case gentrifier. In other places in which demographics are changing rapidly, recent migrants tend to re-



furish the “feel” of the neighborhoods they move into with their own cultural investments and infrastructure. In Williamsburg, Brooklyn, hipsters lounge on building stoops and patronize the local clubs. The Lower East Side thrives with local events and destination bars, and Prospect Park is awash in group-manned baby strollers as the once-rebellious youths who moved there a decade ago put down roots. Harlem, however, seems to have no equivalent.

Not counting the few new Harlem residents who integrate seamlessly into the pre-existing cultural fabric, most recent migrants here seem to engage in a sort of commuter gentrification. Newcomers generally move to West Harlem for cheap rents and additional living space, effectively turning the neighborhood into a bedroom community, while working and hanging out mostly far from where they live.

“It’s already getting gentrified, but it’s never going to be hip. There’s not really space for it. There’s not a market for it,” Peck says. “It’s just too far away from where other stuff is.”

It’s a cold and wet April afternoon when the driver of the M104 bus barks at me that this is the last stop.

The date is April 1, April Fool’s Day, the first day of the baseball season and Palm Sunday. A sacred holiday, I know I’ll have to wear my finest outfit

that evening and trek uptown to shop for a crucial, missing part of my attire. Somehow, somewhere, I’ve lost my Mets cap.

Normally, this would not be a problem. In a bazaar that sprouts every Sunday in front of El Mundo, three blocks of goods spread out in blankets over the sidewalk north of 133rd Street would exhibit a vast array of styles to show my devotion to the Amazin’, along with my choice of kitchen knives, children’s shoes, VCRs, and orthopedic equipment. But it’s raining.

I haven’t yet eaten breakfast when I deem the rain delay a good excuse to go to my favorite place around: 138th Street and Broadway, home of the best “cubano” sandwich within 30 blocks of Columbia.

Rounding the corner of 136th, a garbage truck blocks my view of “El Rey del Sandwich,” but I know exactly what lies beyond. A greasy pink Formica counter, men sipping their coffees and trying not to elbow each other as they read their copies of the *Daily News* standing up, the wide-browed grill cook wearing a butcher’s coat and a paper hat.

Or, so I think. The place... is gone.

Half a block away from my original lunch destination is a monstrously out-of-place establishment on Broadway I’ve never noticed before, but nonetheless, blame for the demise of my beloved “cubano.”

A floor-to-ceiling glass pane, unheard-of in this

neighborhood, reveals the impeccable interior of a new, upscale deli. The décor looks like the type of stop I-bankers flock to at lunch hour: a parade of stainless steel and plastic bowls filled with arugula. Before I even look at the menu, I know this is the type of place where I’d never intentionally end up having lunch.

“Vinegar Hill,” reads a stenciled sign, “Bread Market and Gourmet Shop.” Gourmet? I wouldn’t even take a shit in the gourmet bathroom here.

There are a number of factors driving the gentrification of West Harlem. Recent years have witnessed the end of the crack-fueled crime wave that plagued the area for a quarter-century. And all of Manhattan has benefited from the resurgence of the late ’90s Wall Street boom.

Politicians, however, like to point to Bill Clinton, as they do for most everything else that happened in the ’90s.

In 1996, at a time when there were over 6,000 abandoned apartments in Harlem, Clinton helped Charlie Rangel pass a bill that included a \$100 billion grant to Rangel’s home district of Harlem. The city and state of New York paired that with \$150 billion of their own, creating the Upper Manhattan Empowerment Zone.

UMEZ suffered a labored birth and struggled for relevance in its first few years. It was started as a

charity bank of sorts, in which non-profits and small businesses could apply for loans and grants that would fund flashy new projects, creating more economic activity, and eventually bringing up the value of the land in Harlem. In layman’s terms, UMEZ was gentrification’s cash cow—though notably, it took great pains to favor locals in its dealings, making sure that area residents were part, and not victims, of that process.

In 2002, the *Spectator* broke some news that, although entirely unrelated to UMEZ, would weigh in on its future destiny. Fifteen black trash bags of students’ mail, *Spectator* reported, had been found in the trash bins behind Lerner Hall, confirming rumors that the severely understaffed Mail Services was just throwing away students’ mail instead of processing it. Upon hearing the news, Kenneth Knuckles, who oversaw mail delivery and other services at Columbia back then, did something most other University administrators would never fathom doing: he took the blame. “The bottom line is that it is our responsibility” to fix the problem, Knuckles wrote in a campus-wide e-mail, in which he profusely apologized to everyone, barely stopping short of reciting the bit about the snow, rain, sleet, and the dark of night.

Knuckles’ no-excuses attitude would earn him an appointment as executive director of UMEZ later that year. The organization had previously been handicapped by internal bickering between democratic





board members and Giuliani appointees. With a new man in Gracie Mansion, however, Knuckles managed to settle many of the power struggles. He also aimed to move UMEZ's work in West Harlem beyond 125th Street, where most of the large projects financed by the organization had been concentrated to that point.

In 2005, Knuckles' organization lent Harlem entrepreneur Marc Calcano \$100,000 to renovate Café Largo, an upscale restaurant in Hamilton Heights that had closed in 2002 and already owed UMEZ more than \$170,000. Calcano took the money, leased the space next to where his restaurant had stood, and used his long swath of sidewalk to open two more restaurants: a small, but notably upscale, taco stand, and what he billed as a "bread market and gourmet shop." On blogs and among locals, the future of this venture is intensely debated.

Jessica Gordon-Burroughs, CC '07, is precisely the kind of client Vinegar Hill might aim for. Having moved in to a building on 136th Street relatively recently, her reaction to the type of development Vinegar Hill represents is almost intuitive. "I've never been there," she says, "but I don't like it."

For Gordon-Burroughs, sites like the no-frills deli on the other side of the median at 136th Street, or many of the other bodegas in the neighborhood, are better choices when picking a place to buy lunch or groceries. The personal touch is important.

"One time, I was trying to decide which yams to get," Gordon-Burroughs says, describing a recent shopping experience, "and there were three Dominican men debating, trying to help me decide. It's more about community in that sense. The people [in these shops] make it their business to know who you are."

People like Gordon-Burroughs, who prefer to enjoy the neighborhood for its low-key charm, or those like Peck, who are more likely to actually trek downtown for downtown-style amenities, could spell trouble for Calcano and Knuckles' love child. As the kind of place that has been springing up in Harlem vastly ahead of clientele to fill it, Vinegar Hill will set itself apart from the usual neighborhood fare only if it is successful. If it fails, it will do

so disastrously, and to the chagrin of many whose common sense tells them there is no way \$7 salads can compete with bodegas selling generously packed sandwiches for under \$3.

The reasons for Harlem's special type of gentrification—uneven, slow, unpredictable, and thus far lacking a corresponding cultural infrastructure—are difficult to pin down. For one, there is no obvious, naturally progressing line driving the newcomers into Harlem from adjacent neighborhoods. The rent rises of Hell's Kitchen only happened when residents couldn't afford to live in the East Village or Chelsea anymore. Similarly, there is almost a fossil record marking the migration of the gentry from SoHo to the Lower East Side, across the river into Williamsburg, and finally into Greenpoint and Bushwick. West Harlem has no equivalent.

A second reason adds insult to injury for many anti-gentrification activists: it has been argued that Columbia's position as a major landholder to the south has slowed displacement in Harlem. In contrast to other academic centers in the city, Columbia provides housing options in Morning-side Heights to nearly all of its undergraduates, a substantial portion of graduate students and faculty, and a large number of employees. It has been argued, at other colleges, that dorms encourage the "sheltered," wealthy, out-of-state students that eventually cause gentrification to attend the school, but that would be a tough point to make for Columbia. If 4,000 mostly well-to-do undergraduates were pumped into uptown Manhattan every year, the area would be quite different.

In April 2006, a *New York Times* article catapulted a third theory into public discourse. The article presented the argument that the establishment of any sustained "scene" is much more difficult to achieve in Harlem because of liquor law restrictions. State law makes it illegal to sell liquor at an establishment fewer than 200 feet away from a school or church. In Harlem, there seems to be a church on every block. As a result, the trendy restaurants, chic bars, and novel nightclubs that could potentially attract some newcomers to start hanging out in Harlem are

almost impossible to establish.

But not everyone agrees that gentrified Harlem lacks a cultural component.

Vanessa Rodriguez, CC '07, also lives in Harlem. Having moved into her building on 135th Street five years ago and moved out, only to move back in, she says there has not been much change in the neighboring tenant base. But at another building that went co-op down the street, "It's a completely different group of people."

"It's interesting to see that: how one building is one block away but it's completely different," Rodriguez says, adding that downtown-comes-to-uptown propositions "have a chance, and will probably be better off as more students and more professionals come here."

That mind-set is in many ways self-fulfilling: it's the rhetoric of real estate agents and bankers looking to close a deal, or of politicians sponsoring loan programs.

In reality, Harlem has evaded the grip of yuppie culture. In 1997, when the Upper Manhattan Empowerment Zone and a new future for Harlem was only a long shot, several community activists complained that the development plans heavily favored 125th Street and West Harlem over 116th Street and East Harlem.

A decade later, the visibility of gentrification sputters along in Harlem, while they have completely overtaken El Barrio. The 96th Street "frontier" on East Harlem first crept up, then completely disappeared, as the area around 116th street on the East Side became a haven for boutiques and up-market bakeries, essentially an extension of the Fifth Avenue foot traffic. Harlem's frontier is still solidly at 125th Street.

Recovering from the shock of charging up Vinegar Hill, I notice the bodega directly to my right has a stack of knock-off Mets caps. It takes me 30 seconds to decide if I'm being a bad fan for buying a \$4 counterfeit. I go in, pay for my hat, and realize that this bodega also makes Cuban sandwiches. I put down \$2.50 in the hope that the substitute will be as good as the original. ■



**Battles, O'Death,
Dirty Projectors**
Thurs., April 19,
7:30 p.m.
NYU Kimmel Center



Spank Rock
Tues., April 24, 7 p.m.
Virgin Megastore
Union Square

More Than Just Mariachi

Indie rock goes south of the border, avoids Minutemen

BY ELIZABETH WADE

There's a myth in New York that everything was once better than it is now. I often wish I lived in the New York of the '70s and '80s, where I imagine that performance art happened almost as frequently as mob-controlled garbage-collection strikes. So for my semester abroad, I sought out a place with faux hawks and pickpockets, organized crime and underground clubs. When I decided to head to el otro lado for six months in Mexico City, I was told it was "the new Brooklyn"—but it could just as easily be called "the old New York."

If today's New York indie rock scene is an exclusive fraternity, granting access only after countless trips to Beacon's Closet and a seemingly eternal quest for just the right amount of bed-head, the scene in Mexico City is a club hungry for more members. One concert and you're in, welcomed with open arms by people who will remember you at the next show.

The intimacy stems from the relative ease of doing, well, anything. Indie shows are popping up more and more frequently, but the scene is still small (especially considering that 20 million people live in the Distrito Federal, or D.F.), and staying on top of it is easy if you know where to look.

So where do you look? *Indie Rocks!*, a magazine whose name says it all, just celebrated its one-year anniversary, MySpace is overflowing with Mexican artists, several of D.F.'s radio stations are independent and excellent, and indie labels, acting as their own publicity and booking agencies, frequently have showcases and present their own concerts.

One label that has been particularly important to the development of an indie scene in D.F. is Noiselab, which its self-described "founder, owner, CEO, president, and slave" Héctor Mijangos calls "the prototype of the new record label, more of a music communication company. We don't believe in doing only one thing, only releasing records, only publicity, only shows." While Noiselab entered the electronic music and rave scene in 2000, it moved to representing a wider range of international and Mexican artists beginning in 2004. And for its first venture into indie rock, it chose Interpol.

Antics, the group's widely acclaimed second album, was a pretty big leap for Noiselab, but Mijangos talks about the project like he always knew it would be a success.

"We decided that we can release anything as long as we like it and it's not easy to find in Mexico," he says. It took a lot of work, but less than three years after Noiselab brought *Antics* to Mexico City, Interpol is the anticipated response to the primordial question, "What's your favorite band?"

Shortly after making a splash with Interpol, Noiselab closed deals with the Libertines, Bloc Party, Arcade Fire, and the Kills to release their latest records in Mexico and book their south-of-the-border shows. Consolidated and dedicated to its work, Noiselab seems to be bringing back everything we are mourning the loss of in the U.S. record industry—particularly developing and nurturing artists. "I think a record label is like a family," Mijangos says. "It's a joint project, teamwork and everything."

This sentiment has not only attracted some of the best international artists to Noiselab, but has also made it appealing to Mexican artists looking for the nearly impossible combination of creative freedom and commercial success. When the Mexican group Zoé was dropped from Sony BMG, they turned to Noiselab to release their hugely successful EP *The Room* in 2005 and their latest full-length, *Memorex Commander*,



CHIKITA VIOLENTA PREPARING TO RELEASE THE MUCH ANTICIPATED *THE STARS AND SUNS SESSIONS*, ON WHICH THE GROUP WORKED CLOSELY WITH BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

COURTESY OF NOISELAB RECORDS

which is now platinum. "They [Zoé] went from being a drop-out from a major to the most important indie band in Mexico, and the most important band for the company," Mijangos says.

Thanks to the efforts of Noiselab and the many city's other indie labels, D.F.'s scene is growing fast and is, according to Mijangos, "market number one" for the whole country by an incredible margin. "Four years ago there were like three indie bands in Mexico," Mijangos says. "Now there are different places, different shows. Sometimes there are two shows on the same day. That was never happening before."

With their own scene firmly established and growing quickly, Mexican indie bands are now confronting the challenges of the so-called "crossover" market. While international (particularly Anglo) bands are welcomed with sold-out shows in Mexico, Mexican bands rarely

receive the same treatment north of the border. Noiselab, seasoned in representing Anglo bands in Mexico, is gearing up to release several Mexican records in Europe, Spain, and the U.S., including Chikita Violenta's *The Stars and Suns Sessions*, on which the group worked closely with artists from Broken Social Scene.

Mijangos is characteristically confident in the records' prospects abroad, but even he admits, "Those are tough markets. There are a million bands trying to be released." In Mexico, "if we like your band, we can release it in a week."

That statement is the key to the charm of the indie scene in Mexico—it is personal, close-knit, and dedicated to its own survival. While not every mullet you see in Mexico City is ironic, the concentration of irony is growing daily. If New York was always better before, Mexico City will always be better tomorrow. ■



LIGHTNING BOLT PLAYS HARDER, BETTER, FASTER, AND STRONGER THAN ANY BAND YOU WILL EVER SEE

COURTESY OF DAVE MA

Is it Still DIY if Someone Does it for You?

Todd P brings you honesty, sincerity, and love—no matter how ironic you are

BY JUSTIN A. GONÇALVES

Todd Patrick put on his first show at age 16. It was the last day of 10th grade, and the venue was his friend's mom's suburban home. There was a death metal band, singing through Patrick's father's home stereo, which he protected by encasing it in a dog cage. Three hundred people came, enjoyed the music, and later went skinny-dipping while his friend's mom was locked in her room, drunk, lamenting her recent divorce. The police came—of course—but they couldn't get their hands on beer, so no one got in trouble.

Things haven't changed much for Patrick, who has now dropped the "-atrick" and promotes shows as Todd P. He's still putting on shows in places where he shouldn't, people are still listening to death metal (though this depends on your interpretation of death metal), and the cops are certainly still coming.

Patrick is a DIY promoter, and it shows. Ascending the winding staircases of 3rd Ward—one of many regular locales for Todd P shows—off the Grand St. Stop in Bushwick, one senses a genuine excitement and exuberance in the crowd that emanates from its general youthfulness. Todd P shows are known for their openness to unique acts ranging from iPod-dancefreak Panther to the percussion quintet Aa. The shows are all ages.

A penchant for experimentation permeates Patrick's business model.

"Everything in music costs a ton of money," he says. "I sometimes make money ... I sometimes lose money ... I always have a lot of fun and occasionally it's pretty lucrative. Happily, the bands regularly make more money than they otherwise

would, and the folks who come to the shows don't have to part with much."

Patrick may be willing to sacrifice profit for a fidelity to innovation, but he's not unaware of the market. "We create fashion and trends and genres," he says. "They just pick them up and package them and sell them back to us. DIY means making your own, and not buying what they are selling."

Todd P makes accessible the cutting edge of fashion, music, and art in a manner that benefits both the creator and the cultural consumer—although the consumer market is a social phenomenon that Patrick himself is eager to avoid. "So much of our culture is commerce," he says, "and on that measure, the current system is giving us a raw deal. They are selling us overpriced knockoffs of the music, art, and subcultures that we actually create on the grassroots for ourselves."

What makes Todd P's business model different from that of Bowery Presents or Live Nation? Firstly, admission is never more than \$10, which allows for persistent (and usually illegal) overcrowding. For Patrick, it's the ability to apply the "do-it-yourself" attitude to everything he does, a certain earnestness that you won't find at a corporate concert promoter. Todd P is a celebration of this earnestness. "I'm stoked to be part of that [the DIY] reputation. DIY means honesty, sincerity, and love to me."

Those feelings of honesty, sincerity, and love manifest in peculiar ways. Just a few weeks ago, Todd P hosted a marathon musical event at 3rd Ward that louder-than-hell drum and bass duo Lightning Bolt headlined. The band, which performed not on an elevated stage but on the same

level as the audience, created a musical experience so physical that it was impossible to divorce the auditory experience from the bodies flying from the rafters, crowd surfers drenched in sweat, and—in terms of aftermath—a general soreness and exhaustion.

"[T]he intensity of the crowd made it difficult for them [the band] to finish any of their songs," Patrick says of the performance. "It was the most overwhelming Lightning Bolt crowd experience that the band or myself had ever seen." The intensity of the Lightning Bolt musical experience is what makes it so unique, with the innovation lying not in the noise emanating from the stacks of amplifiers and the spastic beating of the drum kit, but rather the band's ability to transcend a pure musical experience and create a new world—a state of unadulterated anarchy—in the space they've been provided.

One recognizes a pattern of innovation amongst the acts showcased in Todd P shows. Patrick himself considers Dave Longstreth, the avant-pop mastermind who performs and records under the name Dirty Projectors, his favorite act that he regularly books (profiled in the March 28th *The Eye*). Luckily for music fans, Patrick's own taste is great, ensuring shows of a consistently high quality, especially when one considers his booking methodology, he explains that they are "based primarily on whether I like them and also whether I think others will like them, or sometimes, whether people already like them. I listen to unsolicited submissions and I go to shows and see bands." ■



The Captive God (1916)
Directed by Charles Swickard
Starring William S. Hart
Sat., April 21, 4 p.m.
Museum of the Moving Image



Hot Fuzz (2007)
Directed by Edgar Wright
Starring Simon Pegg, Nick Frost, and Bill Nighy
Opens everywhere Friday

Planting Future Gardens

The Alfred Maysles Film Institute provides cinematic outreach to Harlem residents

BY JENNIFER MAYER

On any given Saturday in Harlem movies are being shown that are more relevant to the neighborhood than most of the other films at the theater. This sense of community is provided, somewhat surprisingly, by the man who famously shared the world's most well-known pair of mother/daughter recluses, the Bouvier Beales.

Best known for documentaries like *Gimme Shelter* and *Grey Gardens*—which featured Jackie Kennedy's aunt and sister, known as "Big Edie" and "Little Edie"—the cinematographer, director, and producer Albert Maysles has since become a non-profit organization founder. The Maysles Film Institute, based in Harlem, has been committed to a variety of programs that seek to provide film training and services to underprivileged individuals. "We want to give people cameras so that they can tell their stories," staff member Nelson Walker, who is also a graduate film student at Columbia's School of The Arts, says.

Maysles' influence is easy to see within the institution. Walker calls him a "pioneer of direct cinema," making films "with an empathetic eye and spirit"—something that Walker points out is "a rare thing to see these days in filmmakers."

One project, called On Our Side, enables the children of incarcerated parents to show their stories to the public—and to their absent parents. Partnering with the Incarcerated Mothers Program in its first year, the institute developed a summer and weekend filmmaking program for children ages eight to 14. In the weekend program, children work together to create a film in the course of a single day. The content of these films has ranged from fictional works, such as a story about the attempted murder of a record executive, to a documentary about trash on the street.

The summer program, first held in 2006, allows children to create a video letter that can be sent to their incarcerated parent. "Seeing the range of content is amazing—it's not just what you would think of as letter or a blog," Walker says. Last summer's films included a montage of clocks set to a hip hop track about passing time, and a video documenting the process of mailing a letter.

The original purpose of the films was to serve as visual communication to the incarcerated family member, but the distribution



COURTESY OF MAYSLES FILM INSTITUTE

CONCRETE GARDENS CHILDREN RECEIVE FILMMAKING INSTRUCTION FROM ALFRED MAYSLES

has proved more difficult than anticipated. The institute had hoped to upload the final projects to its Web site, but issues of legality and privacy have halted the progress.

In spite of setbacks, Walker and the rest of the staff remain optimistic and excited about the progress of the program. He believes that filmmaking has, ultimately, allowed the children to destigmatize their situation. The loss of a parent to incarceration is comparable to losing a parent to death, he says, but the shame and stigma attached to incarceration forces the children to hide their emotions. Through the creative process, the children participating in On Our Side are able to communicate their feelings without fear of judgment.

The institute's other projects include Cinematheque, which started in the fall of 2006 and seeks to exhibit work relevant to the Harlem community. This includes providing a venue for resident filmmakers to show their work, as well as displaying work that relates to the interests of the community. While the guidelines for possible programming are vague, Walker makes it clear that big-budget Hollywood films are the antithesis of Cinematheque's intentions. Additionally, a team of students, including Walker, recently traveled to Kham, in eastern Tibet to teach filmmaking to the nomadic Tibetans in order to preserve their oral tradition. Like On Our Side and Cinematheque, the Kham Project is one manifestation of the institute's goal to provide filmmaking to those who, for economic or geographic reasons, don't have access to the technology or the means to use it.

"The Maysles Institute is an extension of his approach to filmmaking," Walker says. "His ethos lends itself to a project like this institute that empowers the subject and going beyond empathy to give them a voice." ■

Front of the Queue

As manager of premier neo-downtown New York rock band, The Strokes, Ryan Gentles is one busy, busy man. Between handling band business at the offices of Wiz Kid Management and overseeing Strokes guitarist Albert Hammond, Jr.'s new solo album, Yours to Keep, Gentles rarely has time to go to the movies—a claim confirmed by his blank-eyed expression when I ask what five flicks are next on his list. "What's even out now?" he wonders aloud. Thanks to Will Ferrell comedies and HBO On Demand, we somehow persevered.

- 1** *Blades of Glory.* "I want to see this because it looks very funny."
- 2** *Aqua Teen Hunger Force Colon Movie Film for Theaters.* "I'm looking forward to this. It sounds... interesting."
- 3** *The Darjeeling Limited.* "I will definitely see this. Wes Anderson is probably my favorite director, and the cast [Owen Wilson, Adrien Brody, Jason Schwartzman] looks great. When is it coming out? Please remind me, because I want to go to the premiere!"
- 4** *Spider-Man 3.* "Hmm, maybe I'll see this. Kirsten [Dunst] is a friend, so I'll watch it and then tell her what a good job she did."
- 5** *24 and Entourage.* "Do TV shows even count? I'm addicted to 24 and just finished the Season 2 DVD. I like *Entourage* because it reminds me of my life and all the crazy people you meet in this business. [Me: Did you catch the new season premiere?] Wait, it already premiered? It's okay – I have HBO On Demand!"

—Compiled by Natalie Guevara

Rebirth of the Black Venus

A new Josephine Baker collection reflects on the star's many identities

BY ANNIE BERKE

Ernest Hemingway once said of Josephine Baker, she is “the most sensational woman anybody ever saw, or ever will.” Indeed, some of the most well-known artists and performers have sung her praises, from Picasso, who noted that she had “a smile to end all smiles,” to the more recent example of Beyoncé, who wore a banana skirt in tribute at the Fashion Rocks concert last September.

As a delayed celebration of the chanteuse's 100th birthday anniversary last summer, Kino International will release a boxed set of three of Baker's best-known films, *Siren of the Tropics* (1927), *Zouzou* (1934), and *Princesse Tam Tam* (1935), on May 15. All three films gave Baker the opportunity to dance and sing (except for in *Siren*, which is a silent film) and showcased the performer's distinctly sexualized style and presence. Baker's nimble singing conveys a particular sense of longing, and, of course, her sex appeal is undeniable.

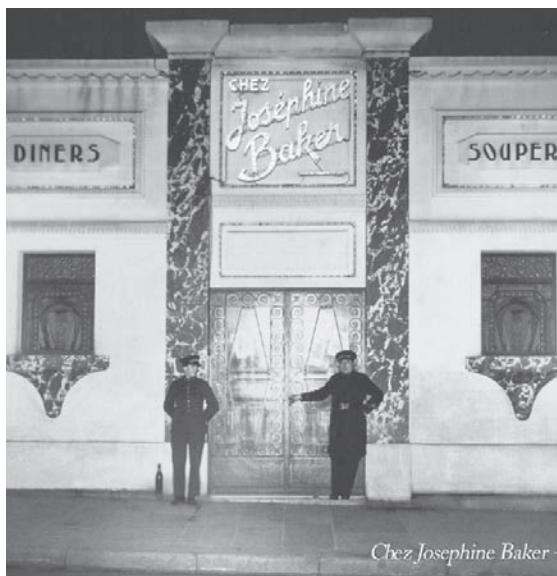
At the time of her death, after multiple marriages of varying legality, Baker was married platonically to her openly gay friend, Robert Brady. On her own, she adopted 13 children of different races, ethnicities, and nationalities, whom she called her “Rainbow Children.” She adopted a then-14-year-old Jean-Claude as her 13th child, and he now owns the restaurant Chez Josephine, on West 42nd Street, which he opened in 1986.

In his thick French accent, Jean-Claude informs me that Baker felt especially committed to combating racism due to the double discrimination she faced as a light-skinned black woman. She felt shunned by white communities, who considered her black, and by black communities, who saw her light skin as evidence that her father must have been white. Baker found limited success in



COURTESY OF KINO INTERNATIONAL

ELLE A DEUX AMOURS JOSEPHINE BAKER LIVES ON, HERE IN *PRINCESS TAM TAM*



COURTESY OF JEAN-CLAUDE BAKER

BE OUR GUEST THE ORIGINAL CHEZ JOSEPHINE, OWNED BY BAKER, IN PARIS IN 1926

the United States, performing most of her work overseas, especially in Paris, where she became a national craze in the 1920s. The song, “J’ai Deux Amours (I Have Two Loves),” is told from the point of a woman who has two loves: France and her homeland. The song is generally noted as her most successful musical work, and critics have remarked upon the way the lyrics speak to the painfully unrequited love Baker felt for America.

Jean-Claude has worked over the years to bring more of his mother's film work to light, introducing her movies at festivals and screenings. One of her most significant films made before the war, *Fausse Alerte* (1945), is out-of-print and has proven difficult to track down—hence,

he notes its absence from the set. He feels his work to keep Baker's work alive is worthwhile, however, and he is glad that a young audience, born far after her time, is still looking to her as an artist and humanitarian.

To a lesser degree, Baker was also known for playing the goofy girl-next-door, in addition to the sexy savage. In *Zouzou*, Baker plays a laundress who becomes an entertainer, gamely positioning her body to emphasize her gawky flapper build, rolling her eyes playfully, doing silly voices, even acting out with finger puppets. But her life was much more sad and difficult than her affable face and comic timing might suggest, having grown up in an impoverished—although musical—family.

Baker is also used as a case study for scholars to better understand her period in history. Serge Gavronsky, a professor in Barnard's French department, teaches courses on Negritude, an artistic and philosophical movement among blacks in France. Along with professors from all over the country, he participated in a conference held on Barnard's campus for the centennial of Baker's birth, called, “Josephine Baker: A Century in the Spotlight.”

“As of 1840, black writers, painters, poets, musicians came to Paris to ‘live’ their desires,” Gavronsky says. “Artists such as the Illinois Jazz Quartet; James Baldwin, who settled in the south of France; Richard Wright, who knew Sartre and de Beauvoir; and before them, the major writer of the Harlem Renaissance, Claude McKay, stayed in France more than any other from Harlem.”

Baker still impacted her era, however, on both sides of the Atlantic. “In every century, there is one man and one woman who mark their period, and Josephine Baker marked hers,” Jean-Claude says. “Josephine Baker is the Cleopatra of her century—she claimed it for her own. She was a superstar, a diva, whatever you like to call it.” ■

Front of the Queue

In a world of constantly shifting artistic and media movements, it's comforting to know that some things stay the same. The graphics of Ryan North's influential, Web-based “Dinosaur Comics,” for example, have remained identical since the first strip in 2000—North only alters the dialogue with each new comic. Known for his distinctive syntax, punctuation, and expressive capitalization, North shares with us the next five movies he plans to see.

1 *Grindhouse.* “Some people I know are going, and I like the people. Maybe this movie will bring us closer together?”

2 *The Sixth Sense.* “I rented this movie FROM THE INTERNET and have never seen it before. Someone spoiled the ending for me when it was still in theaters, so I never saw it. THANKS, ERIC DOLAN AND PATRICK WISKING. That's right. Your name's in print now, JERKS.”

3 *Hollywoodland.* “I was excited for this because of Superman! But then I found out Ben Affleck is in it, so now I am less excited. Current mood: tepid, yet intrigued.”

4 *The Confederate States of America.* “A fake documentary about the South winning the Civil War. I like watching movies from alternate timelines (I assume!), so this is about as close as I can get.”

5 *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II* (that is, a sequel to the recent animated *TMNT* movie that I hope will be made). “Because I like ninja turtles, and Leo is clearly the best or maybe Donatello but definitely not Michelangelo. Let's be serious.”

—Compiled by Emily Rauber

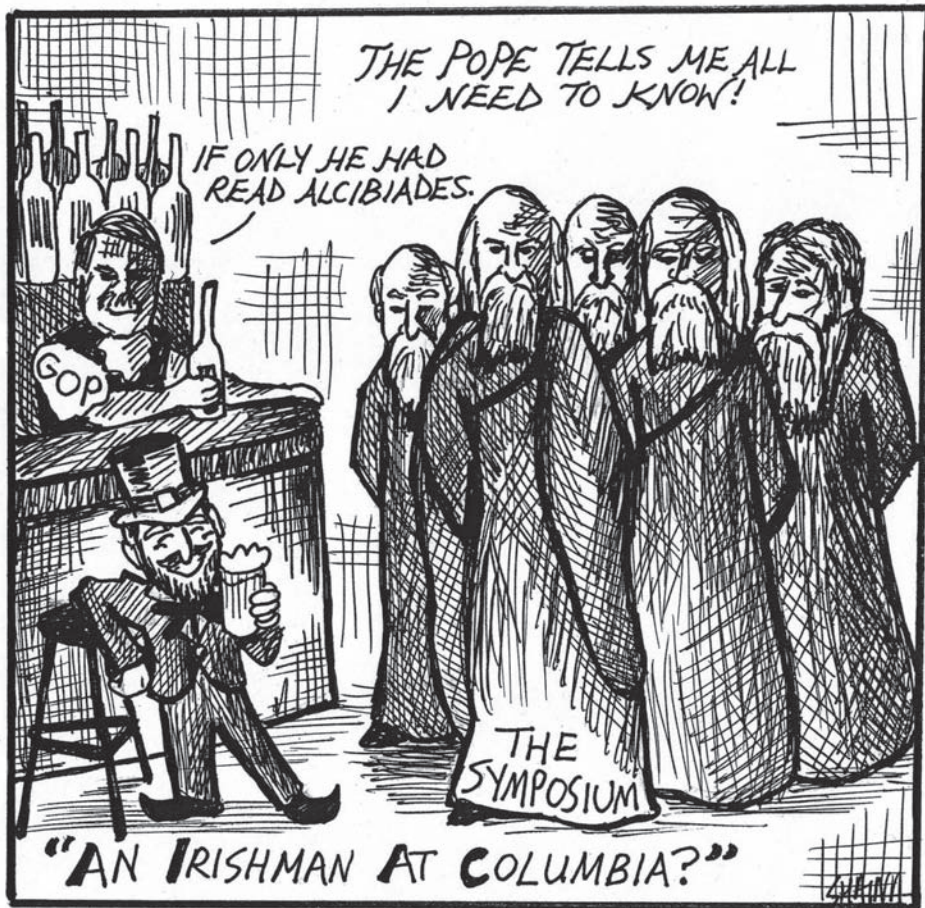
the eye ^{ROLLING} 100 Years Ago, Today in *The Spectator*... mostly real!

Columbia Spectator

Vol. L, Issue 59 — Established 1877

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1907

Price Three Cents



ETCHING BY SHAINA RUBIN

HURRAH FOR PLUTOCRACY

Recent discussions amongst acquaintances have revealed a disturbing trend: decline in respect for our fair republic's plutocratic overlords. Against this rising tide we say hurrah for plutocracy! Hurrah, indeed—and for the reasons hence:

1) Though they have been beaten off—and beaten off mightily at that—we must always be cognizant of the ever-looming threat posed by the Spanish menace. It is a threat that we can by no means describe as *caliente*.

2) As any knowledgeable Columbian should know, our nation's best scientists are warning of the danger posed by an epidemic of forestry. Not least among the dangers the disappearance of these forests poses is the likelihood of attack by forest creatures, including woodland squirrels, bears, and the mighty raccoon. Who can protect us from the danger posed by excess forestry other than our brave and virile industrialists?

3) The forests are only a portion of the possessions our preternaturally powerful pluto-crats plan to profit from. Our mighty factories convert use-

less air into most healthsome smog. And nobody knows what other resources—be it coal, carbonoids, or more coal—still lay underneath the terrain for our industrialists to put to use.

4) More and more workers have begun to organize in favor of a workweek with minimal hours. The workers are not, as the innocent reader might suppose, attempting to help their employers determine how they may be replaced by machines that can do a maximal amount of work. Instead, they complain that 100-hour work weeks have proved most inconvenient to them. Without mentioning the monocles, pocket watches, and union-busting sticks that these factories help provide for society, we will only note that we find it most inconvenient to walk down streets that have been besmirched by the foul airs of workers, and yet do not complain about it.

There are concrete changes that can be made to stand against this Spanish-tinged radicalism. Most importantly, we call for radical changes to the Core Curriculum. A class

on "orientalism," or ways that we can orient ourselves so as to crush our enemies, would be most enlightening. A swim test would train allow us to escape via the pure waters of the Hudson in case the radicals invade campus and our varsity teams cannot protect us. Also, we call for the creation of a core curriculum.

In short, we ask all Columbians to focus upon the real threats to the nation, like unions, suffragettes, and the dreaded gypsies—and to leave our fair, defenseless



MUSICAL CLUBS PERFORM TUNEFULLY

In Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert yesterday evening. A large audience attended and loudly applauded every number. The following is the program of the concert:

- 1.—Columbia Quadrangle Song W.E. Kelley
- 2.—Kaloolah.....Mandolin and Banjo Clubs
- 3.—(a) Drink to Me and (b) Lucky Jim.....Glee Club
- 4—African Smile.....Banjo Club
- 5—At Parting.....Glee Club

SECOND VARSITY VS. NYACK Y.M.C.A.

After assisting at the Varsity basketball game with West Point Saturday afternoon, the second Varsity went up to Nyack and played the Nyack Y.M.C.A. By a splendid rally in the second half the Columbia men passed the Nyack team and won out, 23 to 20. The court on which the teams played was partly responsible for the poor showing of the second team in the first half. Not only did the floor slope decidedly from basket to basket, but the field was about one-third the regulation area.

At the beginning of the game Columbia had to work up-hill to get a basket, while the Nyack players excelled at basket shooting from almost any part of the field. Conditions were reversed in the second half.

Although the game was very rough, few fouls were called.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of Spectator:

Sir:— Will the proper University authorities kindly explain why it is that students using the public telephone in the Office of the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds are compelled to pay ten cents for each call? Since the first of July the regular rate has been five cents for city calls, and this is the charge in nearly all the public pay station booths in the city. To be sure, in a few drug stores and elsewhere the old rate of ten cents a call is still charged, but that is only for the purpose of allowing the proprietor of the store in which the telephone is to "graft" at the expense of the public. I trust, however, that the University is above such practices and that some reasonable explanation of the apparently excessive charges will be forthcoming.

—One of the sufferers

CANE SPREES DELAYED

This year's cane speers have been delayed owing to the unexpected duration of the winter season. The freshmen and sophomores will now have to miss classes nearer to the final examination period in order to represent their years for the cane speers. The juniors and seniors may likewise be compelled to attend the cane speers in lieu of classes. The cane speers could happen as late as May the fifteenth. No official word has yet been declared regarding the new date of the cane speers, but, to paraphrase our philosophical friends, "No man may prevent the cane speers."

LARGE MIRROR USED AT CREW PRACTICE

Crew practice yesterday afternoon was fairly well attended, about seven men reporting to Coach Rice in the gymnasium. A large mirror has been set up in front of the machines, so that the men may watch their own work and correct many faults which might otherwise be overlooked.

The following men attended practice:

J.N. Boyle 1907, G. L. Helmrigh 1908, A. Aigeltinger 1907, P. Renshaw 1910, W.D. Paddock 1910, W. W. Cutler, Jr. 1909, P.S. Barrett 1910

PROF. HUTTON'S BIBLE CLASS YESTERDAY

At a regular meeting of Professor Hutton's Bible class in Earl Hall at noon yesterday, the series of discussions upon the religions of China was continued.

The topic yesterday was, "The Three Religions of China," which Professor Hutton classified as Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. "The first of these," he said, "was a code of conduct, the second, an idolatry of spirits, and the third was imported from India."

At the next meeting of the class the topic will be "The Religion of Japan." It is hoped that all who can spare the time will attend.

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MAXIM VENGEROV,
Conductor and Violinist
LAWRENCE POWER, Viola

Stern Auditorium / Perelman Stage

■ **THURS, APR 19, 8 PM**
SHOSTAKOVICH, Chamber Symphony, Op. 110a
MOZART, Violin Concerto No. 4 in D Major, K. 218;
Violin Concerto No. 2 in D Major, K. 211;
Sinfonia concertante in E-flat Major, K. 364
Tickets start at \$30.

FRI, APR 20, 8 PM
■ See April 19 for program information.
Pre-concert talk at 7 PM with Cliff Eisen, Reader in
Historical Musicology, King's College London.
Tickets start at \$28.

Vengerov



MON, APR 23, 8 PM
Stern Auditorium / Perelman Stage

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GIDON KREMER, Artistic Director and Violinist

Works by BEETHOVEN, SCHUMANN, KORNGOLD, and PIAZZOLLA

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LEILA JOSEFOWICZ, Violin
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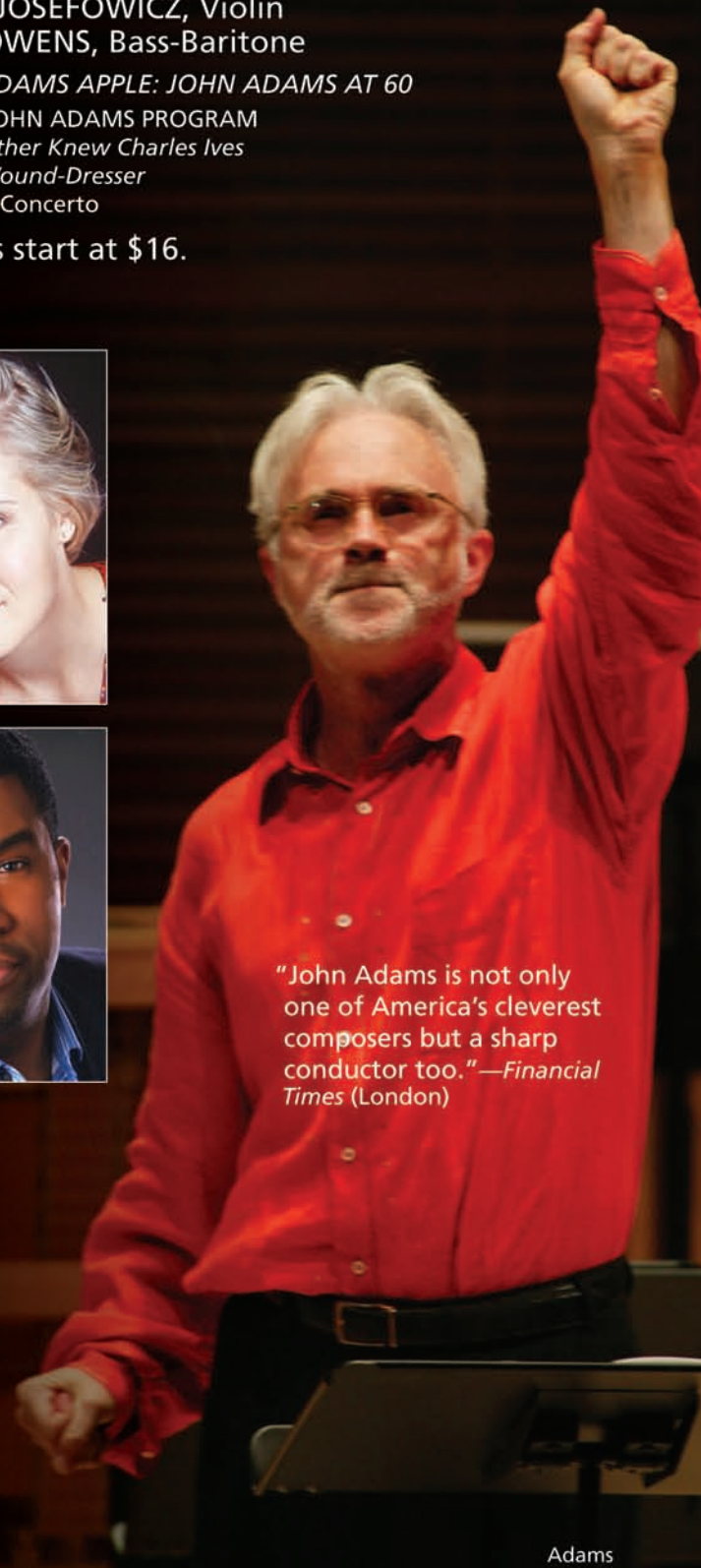


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