

WHY YOU'LL NEVER SEE JOHNNY DEPP'S PENIS
CAMPUS CLIQUES • HOW 9/11 CHANGED THE FACE OF MUSIC

the eye

COLUMBIA ON THE STREET

VOL I, ISSUE 1, 9.7.06

**THE NEW ROAD
TO PRESTIGE**

INSIDE THE INTERNSHIP
YOU WISH YOU HAD



the eye

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"Look, they turned *Weekend* sideways."

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On the Cover



The Ivy Internship

With more and more students struggling for prestigious internships, status has replaced wages as the new compensation. Didn't get the call back? Here's who took your spot.

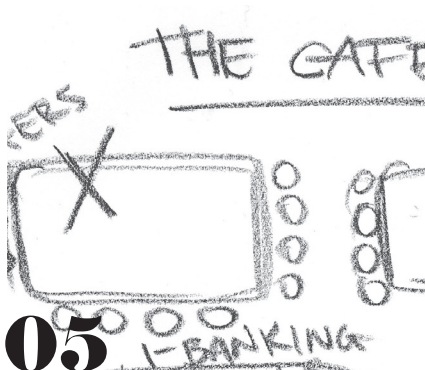
Interview



"How'm I doing?"

Three-term mayor Ed Koch drops the gavel on Hillary, Manhattanville, and Peking duck.

Urbanities



Clique-tionary

Who rules the school? A candid rundown of Columbia's queen bees and hipster wannabes.

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Potty Training

Hold it in, then let it out at the best bathrooms across the city and around campus.

From the Editor....

In high school, I always hated it when teachers would attempt to connect with their classes by making face-smackingly awkward comparisons between their subjects and their students' lives. In history: "So, with the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, like most teenagers, was complaining about his dad—England—being wiggidy-wack." In English: "So, Hamlet, like most teenagers, has to decide what to do when the ghost of his father instructs him to murder the uncle that married his mother." In math: "So, this integral, like most teenagers, is ... I dunno ... trying to figure out who to take to the prom ... or something ..." I was bad at math.

But, even though those analogies were awful, here is a good one: the magazine you are holding in your hands is a lot like a college student. Like most college students, it's a weekly tabloid, runs between 16 and 24 pages depending on ad sales, and is in the process of crafting an identity. Or maybe I should call it an "eyedentity." Oh, wait, no. I should never do that. Fine.

The point is, *The Eye* did not exist until this issue. For the rest of the semester, we're going to work on creating a unique voice—part *Village Voice*, part *New Yorker*, part *The Onion*, and even part *Spectator*, but still distinctly our own. With this issue, I think we have made a damn fine start. But just wait and see what we have in store for the rest of the semester.

Without giving too much away, I can tell you what a typical issue will look like. (In case you were wondering, the table of contents directly above also does a pretty good job with that.) Each week, the film, music, food, listings, eyesites, and urbanities sections

will provide you with insightful analysis, the information you need to take advantage of Columbia and New York's artistic scene, and funny captions. The interviews section will offer compelling interviews (hence the name) with assorted luminaries who are actually worth listening to. The Rolling Eye will make you laugh. And our cover story will showcase some truly fantastic reporting and writing. Columbia students are busy, but this is worth your time.

I'd like to close with an explanation about the name. In part, it's a reference to our parent company, Spectator Publishing, Inc. The eye, after all, allows you to spectate (not actually a word). More importantly, it's our homage to Jane Jacobs. Jacobs, who died last April, is probably best known for her book *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, still one of the most penetrating examinations of urban life available. One of the book's most quoted passages comes from Jacobs' discussion of "eyes on the street," which she thought were crucially important in preventing crime. Although *The Eye* will do many things, it probably won't do much to lower the crime rate. But we will do our best to act as one of Jacobs' "natural proprietors of the street," and to help Columbia students do the same. Plus, it lets us make lots and lots of glorious puns.

Tim

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SEPTEMBER 11, 2001: FIVE YEARS LATER

SEPT. 11, 8 P.M.
TISHMAN AUDITORIUM, THE NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12TH ST.
FREE

Exactly five years ago this coming Monday, life for New Yorkers and the rest of the U.S. changed in an instant. On the fifth anniversary of the World Trade Center attacks, the New School is hosting an event featuring esteemed artists and writers who will read and discuss *The 9/11 Commission Report* and *102 Minutes: The Untold Story of the Fight to Survive Inside the Twin Towers*, both nominated for the 2006 National Book Award. Help honor the lives lost by taking part in this discussion, which is sure to be a most engaging and rewarding experience.



SARAH OPPENHEIMER:

554-5251
SEPT. 7
P.P.O.W. GALLERY, 555 W. 25TH ST.
FREE

For those of you craving a thought-provoking Thursday afternoon, spend some time at Sarah Oppenheimer's new exhibit 554-5251. Oppenheimer's creations build around the notion that an infinite number of forms can come from manipulating a simple 4-foot by 8-foot unit of plywood. Her newest structure is on display starting this Thursday and is sure to interest the architect and art historian in all of us. Just consider it a head start on that Art Hum paper.



ART PARADE SPONSORED BY DEITCH PROJECTS, CREATIVE TIME, AND PAPER MAGAZINE

SEPT. 9, 4 P.M.
W. BROADWAY BETWEEN HOUSTON AND GRAND STREETS
FREE

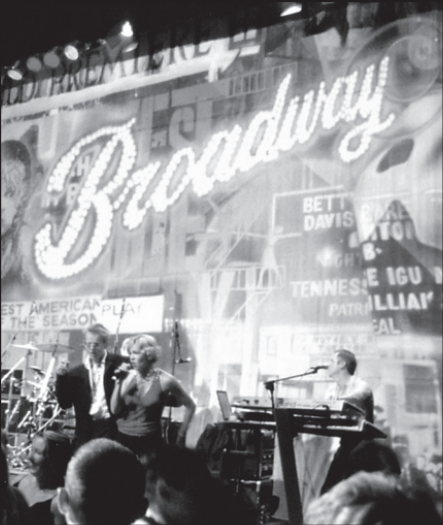
The first week of classes is finally over, and it's time to celebrate. If you're new to the city, venture downtown and check out the Art Parade, a spectacle sure to amuse all. You might not get another chance to see a walking sex doll surrounded by floats marching alongside a unicorn troupe. If nothing else, consider it one way to get to know the wackier side of New York City.



GIANT STEP PRESENTS DJ KRUSH

SEPT. 7, 8 P.M.
IRVING PLAZA
\$20 / \$18.50 IN ADVANCE

Calling all clubbers! Tonight at Irving Plaza, see DJ Krush spin re-worked versions of some of his greatest hits. Born in Tokyo in 1962, DJ Krush found his passion for hip-hop after seeing the film *Wild Style*. In the late '80s Krush began to pursue his solo career and was quickly embraced by the international club scene. Known primarily for his ability to merge sounds from the East and West, Krush is a favorite around the globe. His show is sure to attract a large crowd and will be a great way to enjoy the music with other hip-hop aficionados.



BROADWAY ON BROADWAY SEPT. 10, 11:30 A.M. TIMES SQUARE

FREE

Get familiar with the industry that brings thousands of theater aficionados and tourists to New York City—Broadway. This Sunday, Martin Short hosts Broadway on Broadway, a production featuring live numbers from 2006 Broadway hits. If you haven't had a chance to take in a Broadway show just yet, be sure to check out this show, which will give you the all the highlights of the 2006 Broadway season. The production, which takes place on a giant outdoor stage and features several celebrity performers, is the perfect way to enjoy Sunday in the city.



OPERA-FOR-ALL

SEPT. 7-SEPT. 9
NEW YORK STATE THEATER, LINCOLN CENTER
\$25

Whether or not you love the opera, Opera-For-All is a manageable way to get a head start on the 2006-2007 opera season. Giving the audience sneak peaks at favorites such as *La Boheme*, this series of performances is sure to appease anyone who has even the slightest interest in this art form. This series samples some of the opera's most famous and will be a surefire way to impress your Music Hum professor. Be sure to check out the schedule for the coming weekend ASAP, for this series is sure to sell out quickly.

The People's Mayor

On April 25, three distracted Columbia students sat down to begin planning this magazine. “Did you hear that Jane Jacobs died today?” we asked each other, ignoring more urgent tasks at hand. Yes, each of us had heard. And as the meeting progressed, her pivotal words about living in New York echoed within us, intuitively shaping our goals for this magazine’s reach and inspiring our title.

In 1961, Jacobs wrote in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* that a city “sidewalk must have users on it fairly continuously, both to add to the number of effective eyes on the street and to induce a sufficient number of people in buildings along the street to watch the sidewalks.” While our magazine plans to do many things, we hope that above all, it will encourage Columbia students to be users of New York sidewalks, from here to the last subway stop in Queens.

For our premier interview, we chose someone who shares our love for city exploration, joining former mayor Ed Koch in his law office to hear what the quintessential New Yorker had to say about the urban element that captivated Jacobs most: great neighborhoods. From his personal favorites (SoHo and Tribeca) to his stalwart opinions on Columbia’s expansion into Manhattanville, the aging mayor offered insights into New York’s past and future. *By Julia Israel*

Interview by Julia Israel and Alex Gartenfeld

Our magazine is named for Jane Jacobs and the eye on the street. What are your feelings on Jane Jacob’s urban planning ideas and small neighborhood preservation?

Well, I knew Jane Jacobs. She was an extraordinary woman ... who—it shocks people and it limited her in the mind of people, but not in her own mind and not in her own spirit—who didn’t have a college degree. Yet she became one of the most talked-about city planners. Not as an expert who would sit on some commission that required selling technical advice, but rather for broad strokes and ... vision. I worked with her on a number of projects—closing Washington Square to traffic, stopping the Broome Street expressway, and a number of others. It was great fun. I look back on those days as very special.

And when you walk in your favorite neighborhoods, Tribeca or SoHo or even in the Village, do you see the Jane Jacobs’ city alive and well?

I believe that she was responsible for much of the care that was taken to prevent areas like SoHo from being torn down. [She fostered] the idea that we have a heritage and the heritage of physical buildings, but that doesn’t mean that nothing should change. It doesn’t mean that progress is out the window. It means you have to be careful to preserve the old while you build the new.

THE MAYOR’S PICKS

Favorite thing to do when in college: To go home to Brooklyn and to meet my friends there.

Movie: Any of Woody Allen’s.

Chinese Restaurant: Peking Duck at 24 Mott St.

Pastrami sandwich: Looking for one since the 2nd Avenue Deli closed.

Pizza: The Trattoria del Arte.

New York Setting: There is nothing more beautiful than the Brooklyn Bridge at night, which looks like a cathedral with its arches.

Subway line: I have to be honest and tell you what I used before I had a car. The most reliable line I always thought was the Eighth Avenue line.

Newspaper: The *Times*. I read six papers... the *Times*, the *Forward*, the *News*, the *Post*, the *Observer*, *Newsday*.

SoHo has changed a lot since you’ve been in New York. How have you seen it change in the last 15 years?

Yes, it has changed, but what’s interesting is that it’s not the government changing it. It’s all changed as a result of private endeavors... Oftentimes, it’s the private sector that knows what it wants best, and it created both SoHo and Tribeca. I helped, by allowing conversions for residences in factory buildings, which are now in the law on a large basis. Those co-ops in SoHo, which people bought for a song, today are multi-millions of dollars in value.

Speaking of the private sector changing neighborhoods, what are your feelings on Columbia’s expansion into Manhattanville?

I believe that Columbia’s doing a good job, just as NYU is doing a good job in the Village, and that both of them look to expand housing for students. That’s basically the conflict. And I think they have a right to look to expand housing. They’re urban universities.



Do they have the right to make use of eminent domain?

I didn’t know they had such a right.

Well, there are people who still want to be in certain buildings.

If Columbia has the right of eminent domain, it should be taken away. I don’t believe that any entity other than the government itself, for a public purpose, should have the right of condemnation. If Columbia, in some bizarre way I’m not familiar with, has such a right because of some old charter given to it by the king of England, it should be removed.

Let’s lighten things up. Will N.Y. Senator Hillary Clinton be running for president in 2008?

There’s no question. She’s running. I’m a supporter of Hillary Clinton. I like her. I think that over the years as senator she has moved closer to the middle, where I am. I am as I describe myself a “liberal with sanity,” and I think I represent the best of the democratic objectives and goals.

And who’ll be on the other ticket?

It will be Hillary vs. McCain. Even though I’ll be supporting Hillary, this country will be blessed. ■

On Wednesdays, We Wear Pink

STILL LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT TABLE AT JOHN JAY? Apparently, high school isn't quite over, as Columbia students, despite our best intentions to be different, fall into an array of noticeable cliques. Most groups tend to steer clear of one another, and, if you couldn't tell, there seems to be a little animosity among them. Need evidence? Consider Columbia College sophomore Aria Woods' judgment of hipsters as "people who were kind of lame in high school and decided that they would become, like, some hipster god in college." Unlike high school, however, most people agree that Columbia stereotypes and cliques aren't hierarchical. "Every group thinks they are the shit," Amy Duffuor, CC '09, said. "Everyone here thinks they are original, but we're all carbon copies of somebody else." So can the students at Columbia be mapped out like a *Mean Girls* lunchroom? We tried it, asking experts and observers to share their thoughts.

Compiled by Sadia Latifi

Hipsters

The Look: Tight jeans, blazers, tunics, or as Saryta Rodriguez, CC '08, puts it: "I remember a time when jeans were ripped by accident, and people just went with it. Now you can buy authenticity on St. Mark's or at Urban Outfitters."

Interests: Tripping out, indie music, indie film, indie everything.

Typical Weekend: Drinking 40s and partying in Brooklyn. Woods says, "If I go to one more party where everyone is sitting in a circle, smoking pot, and talking about Animal Collective, I will jump off a building."

Campus Activities: Yeah, right. That would leave less time to see shows in Brooklyn.

How to Get In: Can you name the line-up at last year's (insert obscure music festival name here)?

The Cast of *Vagina Monologues*

The Look: Feisty, loud, independent, and maybe a little lesbian.

Interests: Gender equity, sexual freedom, consent.

Campus Activities: V-Day, Sexhibition, Take Back the Night.

Typical Weekend: Passing out condoms at 1020.

How to Get In: Are you a student at Barnard? "Hey! I've never been in *The Vagina Monologues*" said one Barnard student.

Varsity Show Hopefuls

The Look: Normal until you see a feather in a hat or dyed hair or suspenders.

Biggest Challenge: Finding an audience... any audience.

Choice Quote: "You can usually spot *Varsity Show* people from a mile away with their ... overwhelming desire to be noticed. This is the most exclusive group. It allows very few members as well as not allowing its constituents to participate in any other theater cliques. They can be careless, selfish, and completely egotistical, but their talents are always unmatched and their product the most polished and presentable." —Mark Junek, CC '07

How to Get In: Theater majors and talented auditions only.

Alpha Beta Asshole/ Sigma Delta Bitch

The Look: Togas, tote bags, Abercrombie & Fitch.

Interests: Sisterhood/brotherhood.

Biggest Challenge: Finding pledges. Exploring life beyond frat row.

Choice Quote: "We are not a horde of dim-witted drones that float from frat party to the West End every weekend. We like to have fun as much as the next person. We go out with our friends—but that doesn't mean we go back to McBain or Schapiro with some guy in a Lacoste shirt that bought us a rum and Diet Coke at The Heights." —Rachael McMillan, CC '09

How to Get In: Rush week.

The Carrie Bradshaws

You know them, the rich girls and boys who keep Columbia's endowment alive.

The Look: Juicy velour, Chanel sunglasses, Marc Jacobs bags, manicured nails, tans.

Interests: Watching *Sex and the City* (and quoting it everywhere) and *The O.C.*

Biggest Challenge: Proving to everyone else that they got in without daddy's help.

Typical Weekend: Going to VIP lounges, buying \$12 martinis.

Choice Quote: "On Wednesdays, I wear pink," from a CC '08's "About Me" on Facebook.com.

How to Get In: Can you even afford to be one of them?

The Chosen Ones

The Look: Conservative dress, yarmulkas. "Think three-quarters length," said one chosen girl, "three-quarter length shirts, three-quarter length skirts."

Interests: Judaism.

Biggest Challenge: Keeping kosher on campus.

Campus Activities: Hillel.

Typical Weekend: Observing the Sabbath.

How to Get In: Be Jewish.

I-Banking Tools

The only students on campus who won't be paying for loans after graduation.

The Look: Three-piece suits, bags under eyes.

Interests: Money, and nothing else.

Biggest Challenge: Having a soul. "We didn't sell out, we bought in," Arvind Kadaba, CC '07, justified.

Typical Weekend: Getting paid, sleeping, dropping \$8,000 on a dinner for 12 people at the 21 Club

Choice Quote: "I have to admit to the fact that bankers are some of the most arrogant individuals in that this is a complete fraternity, but on that same note bankers are also some of the hardest working people, bar none. We are in it for the money, we really have made a conscious decision to sell a few years of our lives in exchange for financial prosperity. But name me another way you can make six figures coming out of undergraduate and I'll give you my resume." —Albert Lee, CC '07

How to Get In: Major in economics and get an internship at an investment bank.

Screwed by Columbia Financial Aid

The Look: Outfits under \$100.

Interests: Making money, reforming financial aid.

Biggest Challenge: Getting over the fact that they chose Columbia over State U.

Campus Activities: Work study.

Typical Weekend: Working, spending earnings at local bars.

How to Get In: Have a huge amount of loans.

Take a Load Off

No one-ply here: these thrones deliver more than your average johns
By Maxwell Foxman



In Your City...

MORIMOTO

88 Tenth Ave.

Meatpacking District restaurant with a J-Pop feel. Also famous for its namesake chef.

Morimoto's seats come complete with side controls that will heat, cool, wash, spray, and eventually dry those sensitive derrieres.

Skinny high stalls reflect the Asian aesthetic while providing privacy and relief from the loud, social scene outside.

Enjoy the serenity of your experience by looking back on the flower that extends forever into the mirrored wall. Along with the toilet, the sinks are all state-of-the-art electronic.

Morimoto is egalitarian in providing its trademark in both men's and ladies' rooms, whether men like that sort of cleaning or not.

ONO

18 Ninth Ave.

Classic sushi and sashimi for hip travelers and the more opulent and ostentatious locals.

Toilets feature large hand-sized flush buttons (in case you didn't know how to pull the lever) and superior European-style egg-shaped urinals to prevent splash back.

A series of Japanese-chic metal decor frame the green and red walls, providing an open and rather sexy feel to the sink-less area.

Ono provides communal outdoor sinks for the brave at heart who don't mind freshening up in front of a crowd. In addition to motion sensors, the sinks seem like a great place to gossip.

The huge private men's toilet with a sliding door and personal sink allows a man to sit and not worry about any unpleasant sounds.

PEEP

177 Prince St.

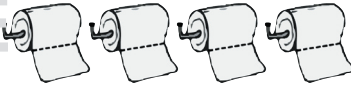
SoHo swank at twice the price with a drink menu that includes Lemongrass Sours and Saketinis.

The seat provides nice comfort if not the same amenities as its counterparts. It does, however, blend in with the violet-lit bathroom and clean environment.

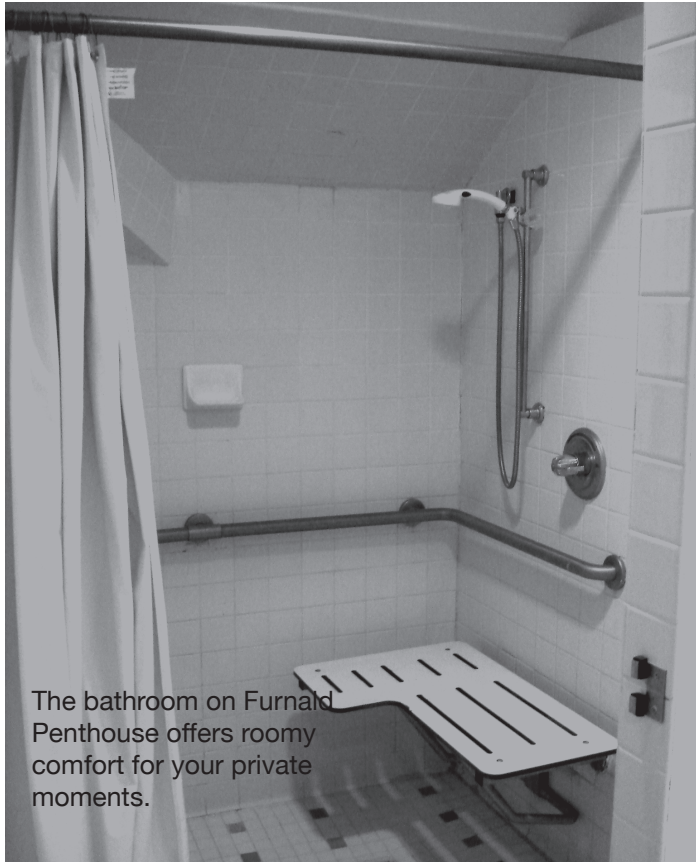
Using two-way mirrors and just enough lighting, Peep's bathroom allows anyone to watch what's going on outside while they go.

If people-watching isn't your thing, then watch the TV, which plays non-stop throughout the bathroom, thanks to the reflections off the mirror.

Considering that the doors are only marked "Push," Peep's bathrooms are communal and quite equal and fair to both men and women.



On Your Campus...



The bathroom on Furnald Penthouse offers roomy comfort for your private moments.

LAW SCHOOL, TOP FLOOR

Law students at Columbia get a shot at the high life even before they've graduated to a firm. The bathrooms by the Dean's Office are by far the cleanest and freshest at Columbia, boasting handicap stalls that rival the size of a Claremont closet, not to mention pull-down utility shelves to keep belongings safe from inhospitable germs. And let's not forget the clearly marked H.W. and C.W. faucets.

LOW LIBRARY, BOTTOM FLOOR

For a look at what must have been the favorite toilet of Columbia's most famous alumni, go no further than Low Library. You can enjoy a room made entirely of marble, high wooden doors, and some of the funnier jokes written behind them. Just be willing to put up with some unpleasant administrative odors.

FURNALD 10

Those who are designated on Facebook as "winners of the housing lottery" know that Furnald 10 does not disappoint. Thanks to fewer students and the fact that the rooms are handicapped accessible (ironic considering the floor isn't), these facilities impart a more spacious and relaxed experience. So drop by for what one student called "a positive, refreshingly private toilet experience."

As the World Interns

The drama of jumpstarting an elite career

By Alex Gartenfeld



Name: Samantha Rotstein

School/Year: CC '07

Major: Architecture

Internship: R.L. Binder, FAIA
Architecture & Planning

Location: Los Angeles

What brought you to the internship? I had previously seen R.L. Binder's work on the UCLA campus, and used a contact I had to meet with her at the end of summer '05. I wanted to find out more about the field of architecture from a female principal-in-charge. The other architects with whom I had made contact were all men. After we discussed a good path for an architecture student aspiring to have her own firm, she decided she liked me enough to offer me an internship for the coming summer.

Was this your first internship?

This was my second internship. Both were for architects at small firms.

Paid/Unpaid/For-Credit? I was paid for my internship on an hourly basis.

What kind of work did you do? I had a wonderful time because I literally did everything, from writing and delivering RFQs to attending construction meetings and managing consultants. I was involved in some of the schematic design processes, and helped master plan a project in its earliest stages. The best part of the job was working with the clients, the contractor, and the consultants to coordinate RFIs (Requests for Information) and Submittals.

Upon entering the *Vanity Fair* headquarters, Alannah Arguelles, BC '08, wondered if she had entered the Victorian world of William Thackeray's eponymous epic. There's the prestigious address—4 Times Square—and the sprawling, two-floor spread. Of course, for balustrades there are rows of elevators and security checkpoints, and for chandeliers and Louis XV-era furniture there are wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling sheets of glass. And for inheritance and patronage there is the student internship.

Like any student thrown into a world that's not her own, Arguelles had her anxieties. It can be difficult for a college student to know her place in a corporate office, where an intern's ambition is a sign of both strength and weakness. Then again, Arguelles was no novice, having interned previously at the magazines *Shape* and *Seventeen*.

Yet there was no hiding that Arguelles sought a prestigious trophy in her handbag before graduating (or even reaching junior year). In a town of countless publications where nothing is sacred, *Vanity Fair* is a holy grail of sorts. The magazine is a national publication of massive, influential circulation. It is one of the most prestigious siblings in the world's most powerful publication conglomerate, Condé Nast. Its contributors are world-renowned and its editor-in-chief, Graydon Carter, is a demigod often scrutinized by photographers and journalists with an intensity usually reserved for the likes of Gwyneth Paltrow. Arguelles joins the publication as a production intern and will stay on for the entire year, changing her posts throughout her time there. And she will be paid.

How is it that *Vanity Fair* comes to be preferred over another internship? Is the ability to provide a summer of unpaid labor not glamorous in and of itself?

Sure, a position's prestige depends upon the job description—the question of whether you'll be filing or reporting is hardly existential—but more than that, reputation defines the elite. Internships manifest a college student's first chance to get ahead. Why did a year at *Runway* magazine warrant Andy Sach's self-pity and strife in *The Devil Wears Prada*? For a reference typed on prestigious stationery sent wherever she wanted—and, of course, because it was a job a million girls would die for.

Arguelles understood the hierarchy of journalism internships, having moved through lower-echelon magazines, collecting skills and contacts along the way. She knew from experience that infiltrating a company-wide training program would be no small feat. "Condé Nast is a big production where you don't know at which magazine you will be placed," she explained.

Thus, Arguelles sought a different route. "My friend's aunt worked there and gave me the lady's contact information," she noted, quickly adding that "the other interns were a lot more connected" than she was.

Gathered in New York from all over the country, the *Vanity Fair* interns had found their way to 4 Times Square through chance personal relationships. Arguelles recalled an intern who had received the position via family connections. "She would say, 'I don't want to be here at all.' She would say 'I want to be in Idaho. I miss my boyfriend. My dad made me do this,'" Arguelles said. "The editor owed him a favor."

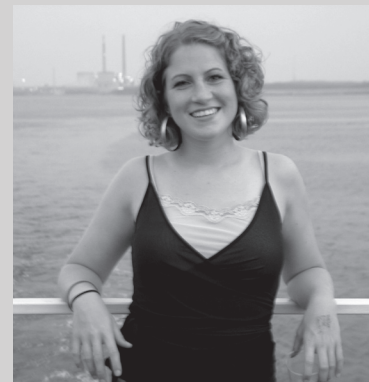
Another intern with whom Arguelles worked acquired the position due to her mother's close friendship with an editor.

Regardless of the pool from which interns are culled, Arguelles insists that the work itself, not the backgrounds of her coworkers, influenced her appreciation for the internship.

"The experience at *Vanity Fair* is not like at other magazines," Arguelles said. "People are not here to gossip about their shoes. The people who work here are truly intelligent and interested in their work."

Of course, the quality of interns isn't what generates hype and publicity, though *Vanity Fair* in particular has acquired a specific reputation for seeking distinction among its undergraduate set. A March 15 item on the media blog Gawker.com cited a tipster as saying: "I once asked a high-up editor at *Vanity Fair* about interning there. The editor laughed and told me that only the children of the rich or famous interned there." The company

CONTINUED ON page 8



Name: Becca Hartog

School/Year: CC '07

Major: Biochemistry

Internship: Research Assistant

Location: The project that I was working on was a Johns Hopkins research study (Baltimore). However, they sent me first to Bearskin Lake, Ontario (a tiny remote native reserve in NW Ontario), then to a central Michigan reserve (near Mt. Pleasant).

What brought you to the internship? I already had a research stipend that would fund whatever research I chose to do. I was interested in getting some experience in the field of public health, specifically in working with different cultures.

Was this your first internship?

I have not had any previous internships that were specifically called an "internship," however, the scholarship I have (Langmuir Scholarship) is good for all of my undergraduate summers, so I also did research using this scholarship last summer.

Paid/Unpaid/For-Credit? Paid, by the scholarship.

How did you find out about the internship? I e-mailed many different PH researchers asking if they needed a research assistant for the summer.

What kind of work did you do?

The project I worked on is a Diabetes Intervention that targets Native American communities by trying to disseminate knowledge about what can cause and prevent diabetes.

FROM page 7

also boasts Laura Katzenberg, daughter of DreamWorks CEO Jeffrey Katzenberg, and Cate Edwards, daughter of 2004 vice presidential candidate John Edwards.

Similar postings on Gawker noted well-placed progeny holding court at *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Paris Review*, the *Miami Herald*, *New York*, the *New Yorker*, *British Vogue*, *Elle*, and DreamWorks. Note the significant lack of interest in the grunt workers at, say, *Sport Fishing Magazine*. If the detail and intensity of these reports indicate the ability of well-placed students to procure internships, they also reflect the fascination with celebrity spawn and isolate the impulses that make these internships more sought-after. For Ivy League readers, these instances inspire serious reflection: might such a prestigious club deign not to pay me? Or, just as important, might I some day warrant my very own Gawker post?

One thing's for sure, there's no glory on Gawker without guts. Despite Arguelles' connection, she still had to send a blind e-mail and endure what she described as her toughest interview to date. "It was intense. At other places, for other internships, typically they would ask, 'Well, why do you want to work here?'" she said, mimicking the relative seriousness of the parties involved. "Here, they asked me really tough questions—how well I knew the program InDesign (a program Arguelles used at the *Columbia Daily Spectator* in 2005) and why I wasn't in design school."

Much of the reason that *Vanity Fair* occupies such an elevated position is that its reputation is so prominent within the professional world. Larger companies have stock ratings, identifiable products, and a place in the public consciousness. Brand names are not only identifiable—they're impressive. Let us not pretend we are so evolved that we are beyond the jealous eyes of our parents' friends when our doting parents name our place of employment as if they'd given it at birth. We're the dazzling centerpieces of the parental project, immediately transported back to the time of our third-grade test results, our hands clasped behind our backs, our shirttails tucked in, our cheeks thoroughly rosy.

The impulse to impress in the workplace is much the same as going to a brand-name Ivy League school. If you tell someone you go to Columbia and they are impressed, you've won; if they pass unfazed, they probably mailed in their GED, or they're foreign. If they went to Harvard, well, touché, sir or madame... well played. In an already competitive environment, the critical reception among peers is an even deadlier motive.

"Look at your peers. One person is working at *Vogue*, another is working at a bank. I have one friend who's working at *Focus*, so of course there's peer pressure," Arguelles said.

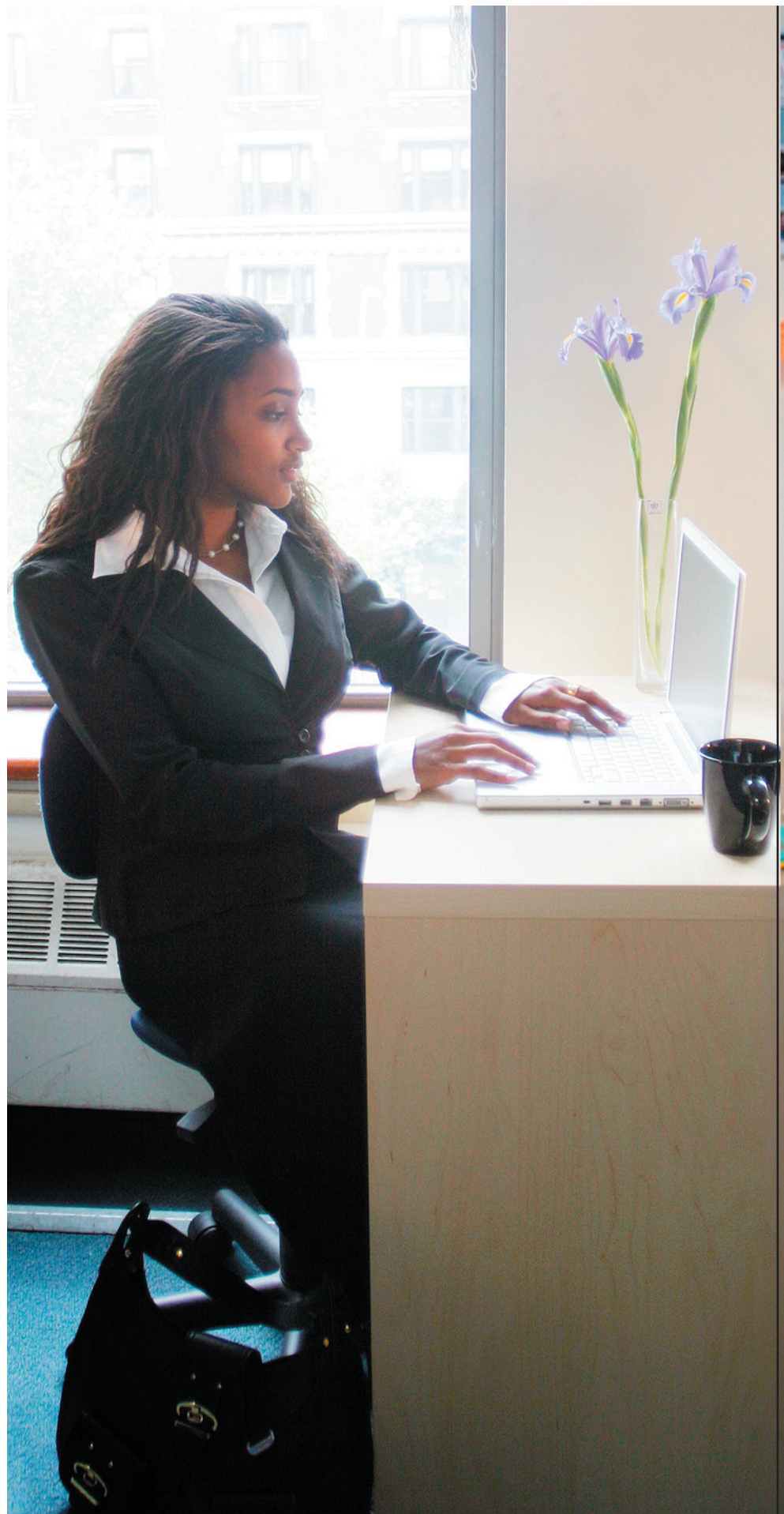
Each industry comes with its own set of esoterica. In the media sphere, the internship at *Entertainment Weekly*, which pays—and pays well at \$10 an hour plus overtime—elevates the pop culture magazine to a veritable hot spot, accepting 3 of 400 applicants in a pool restricted to college seniors and recent graduates. The internship program at the Museum of Modern Art, which pays \$2,750 for the summer, has turned the call-back list for an already-prestigious internship into an Ivy League Rolodex.

According to a survey by Vault, Inc., a New York-based career-research organization, internships in fashion, Internet and new media, and entertainment and media amounted to 22 percent of internships in 2005. This percentage dramatically surpasses those industries' share of the greater job market, though the more visible internships are only a fraction of total positions taken. And because of the inclination of such industries to bold-face their own names, they lend themselves to celebrity interest.

Gone are the days when college students lazed about, nibbling on bits of Plato and Ruskin or gazing listlessly at their listless contemporaries on *The Real World*. Or at least that's what their resumes indicate. The same Vault survey showed that 62 percent of college students interned last summer, compared with 41 percent during the previous year. Eighty-two percent of students reported that completing an internship is "extremely important" to their careers, with another 17 percent saying that internships were "somewhat important." Trudy Steinfeld, executive director and 20-year employee of New York University's Wasserman Center for Career Development, commented on the demand for internships in different industries: "Interestingly enough ... I see no difference. Pre-med students want internships, journalism students want it, arts students want it, politics students want it."

As more and more industries come to rely on internships and as the pool of applicants has grown proportionately, have positions coalesced around the same hierarchies? In all of the admissions departments interviewed, the answer was the same: students in any industry look for the brand-name internships. Steinfeld commented that "across the board ... law students want the top few firms, finance students want Morgan Stanley or Goldman Sachs, and liberal arts students want MTV."

An international affairs and human rights major, Gabriella Barbosa, CC '08, confessed that she "honestly has no idea" what career she wishes to pursue. And if she has any clue, it's that her career will involve volunteer work. This summer marked the rising junior's first internship. She found it through



a search engine, keywords "internship" and "NGO." The internship happened to be at the Clinton Global Initiative, the former president's foundation to relieve victims of poverty and AIDS. Over 400 applicants were whittled down to 30 and divided between Clinton's two offices. Not bad for beginner's luck.

Since September, Barbosa's unpaid internship has seen her managing a member database and conducting research. Working in a small Midtown office alongside only 15 other staff members, her work is essential to her office. The initiative plans events for its 100 members, approximately 40 of whom are heads of state. And on special occasions, the staff experiences its own version of the low-budget intern's "brown bag" lunch through lunch dates with actor Edward Norton, presidential progeny and political activist Caroline Kennedy, and Bill Clinton himself.

"It's amazing," Barbosa said, "because when you think about an internship, you think you'll probably do photocopying and things like that, which is fine because, you know, it's an internship, but..." she trailed off.

Barbosa's objective—"an internship that counted for something, that



Barbosa's objective—"an internship that counted for something, that helped people"—demonstrates the type of idealism and naivete without which the student world might appear to be an impenetrable capitalist abyss. Yet the type of enthusiasm she has is not so different from the informed ambition of Arguelles' magazine world. Nor are the factors that led Barbosa to her internship as different from Arguelles' as they appear.

With a name twice as grand as that of any celebrity, the Clinton Global Initiative's benefactor dictates its level of prestige. An organization with a similar mission statement would hardly show up on a Google search were it not for the resources that Clinton brings.

And does the job pass the litmus test of Barbosa's parents and their friends? "Definitely," she answered. "Definitely."

Barbosa is hardly removed from the pressures that bring career-hungry students to the internship meat-market. She noted the pressure on students to think professionally, attributing it primarily to competition for high earnings, and described friends who interned for pay at investment banking firms

like Lehman Brothers. Her own internship has turned her on to the idea of exploring further options. She announced that she hopes to intern abroad next semester—a popular goal with a limited number of success stories.

As senior editor at the Princeton Review, Suzanne Podhurst greases the wheels of ambitious students like Barbosa for a living. Her company, a college and career preparatory service, provides a Web site (princetonreview.com) that matches students with internships based upon a quiz, levels of interest, education, age, and qualification. Among other titles, Podhurst oversees the publication of biannual guides, *The Internship Bible* and *The 109 Best Internships in America*. These books are national markers of the craze for elite internships, a craze that now rivals the quest for admission to top universities.

But while the two trends are linked in prestige, Podhurst notes that admission to a highly rated college—like Columbia—fails to buy a meal ticket to the Condé Nast cafeteria.

Instead, Podhurst pointed out "career counselors, finely attuned to student opportunities" as the underlying factor for internship placement. She specifically cited American University, with its political connections, and Northeastern and Drexel, universities that both have co-op programs through which work substitutes a semester of schooling.

Incidentally, these schools are handily located in Washington, Boston, and Philadelphia, respectively. "Location has something to do with it," Podhurst assessed, giving no mention of New York or the prestige stemming from the Ivy League.

Columbia, for example, fails to offer transcript credit in exchange for internships. Additionally, Career Services has only recently taken on the challenge of creating a searchable alumni database that would allow students to forge connections with alumni who work in students' chosen fields.

Libby Gery, BC '06, interned in the art department of the *New Yorker*, which she parlayed into an assistant position for cartoonist Francoise Mouly (and wife of *Maus* cartoonist Art Spiegelman).

Though she's thankful for the internship, her decision to work while studying was not one that was entirely promoted by Barnard.

"Part of Barnard is about getting students into internships they want," she said. "But then I had two or three people in school and an adviser who told me otherwise, telling me it was a huge problem for me ... There was this message that you only have a certain amount of time in college. Perhaps that's a difference between Barnard and Columbia and NYU—there's the looming figure of academia."

Other schools have also grappled with how to provide internships. Increasingly, the response to demand from both students and employers has materialized as for-credit internships. A June *Wall Street Journal* article reveals that the requirement from employers for credited internships affects universities. The article followed universities, including Brandeis and Emory, two schools attempting to raise their profiles by designing programs that facilitate student internships. The solution both schools engineered—requiring to students to pay in order to work.

That a university would trumpet internships as a marker of its educational offerings changes the meaning of academia. The result is the transformation of the college into a type of trade school or a notch on the resume.

And of course, Columbia—or any school in New York, for that matter—has the task of reformulating itself to professional demands. Biology students are encouraged to participate in the Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowship, a program which non-controversially assumes that lab experience is essential to training in biology. But professionalism in the university is a far cry from the ideals of the liberal arts curriculum, particularly Columbia College's Core, which prepares students to hobnob with the intelligentsia.

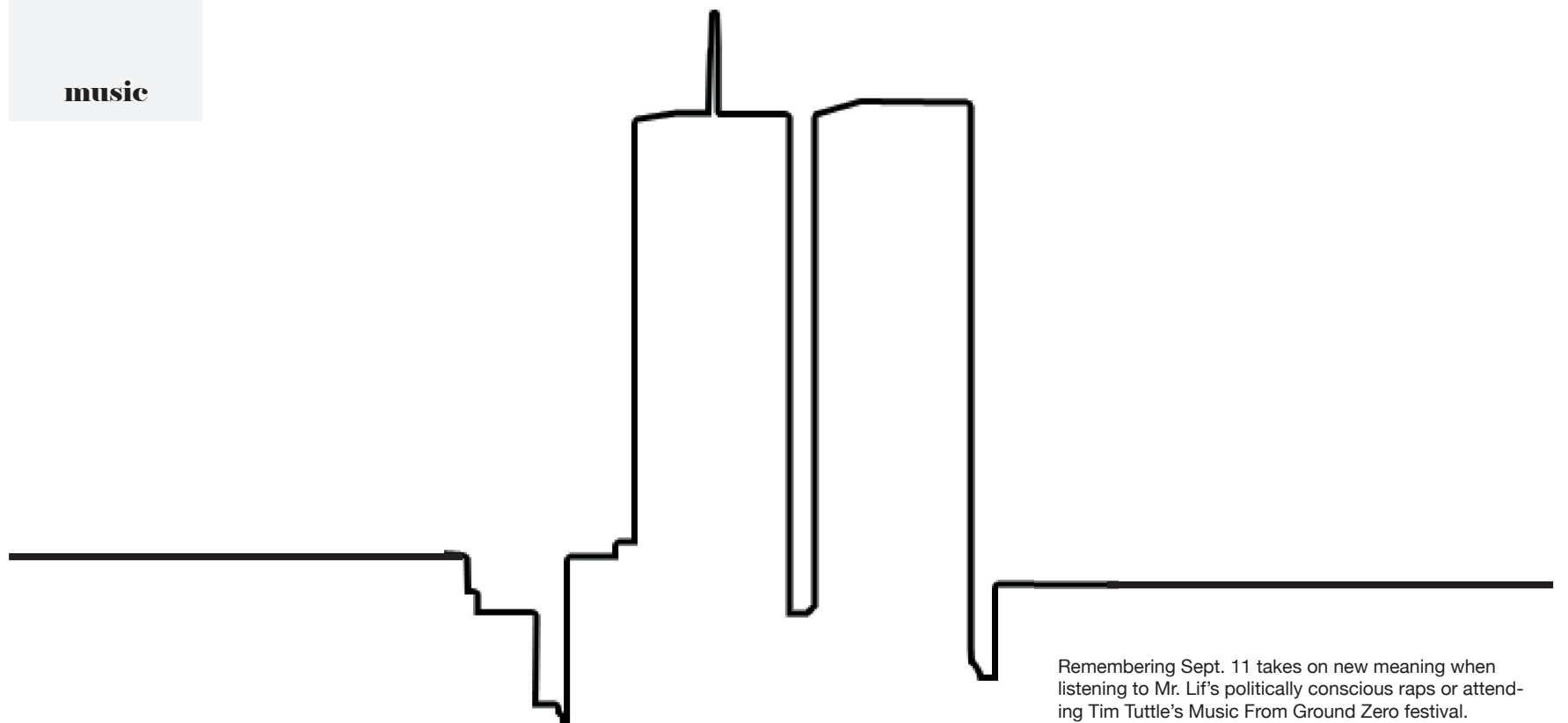
Neoclassical architecture and billion-dollar endowments are no longer a definitive index of students' privilege. The campus is no longer the elitist haven it was once perceived to be. That's a blessing, but there's no shame in saying it isn't a mixed one. Students at elite universities can no longer isolate the sanctity of academia from the demands of the work world. What, then, are the ramifications for the university? Paid internships systematically funnel tuition dollars for education into career training, shifting the meaning of internships. NYU's having become the recipient of the largest number of applications signals a new era in the academic priorities of high school seniors.

Furthermore, those seniors are prepared for the internships that await. The Princeton Review's guides to internships are geared not just toward college students, but high school students as well. Podhurst explains, "We see a lot of very savvy high school students, and a lot of the internships we list are appropriate for both high school and college students." She concluded, "Children of the 21st century are much more focused on careers at an early age than in years past."

Welcome back, Columbia students, from your respective internships. What, you didn't have one?

"I think internships are stupid status symbols," Erik Lindman, CC '07, said.

Good luck to you, Erik Lindman. ■



Notes After a Tragedy

Making music five years later *By Justin Goncalves*

Sept. 11, 2001, is indubitably the most important day in America's recent history—politically, socially, and emotionally. All clichés aside, the catastrophes that occurred at the World Trade Center and Pentagon forced us, as Americans and as human beings, to adopt a different, if not completely altered, view of the world. That day, we saw the atrocity and compassion that humans have the ability to create and perpetuate amongst themselves, as well as the beautiful reality that, in a time of extreme chaos, a solidarity can emerge that crosses state lines, national boundaries, and ethnic groups. But between the immediate outpouring of commercialized patriotism and the administration's rushed decision to retaliate, it's no wonder that the toll of the day's events—namely the 3,000 civilian lives that were lost—have slipped to the back of our minds.

Tim Tuttle, a longtime hobby musician and energy broker, currently works across the street from Ground Zero at the World Financial Center. At various points in his career, he occupied spaces in the World Trade Center's north and south towers. On the evening of Sept. 11, he realized a neighbor had not-so-mysteriously disappeared.

"That night, his girlfriend comes to my door and starts knocking," Tuttle remembers. "I didn't know what to tell her. What I wanted to say was, 'He's dead,' but I didn't have the heart. I watched the tower go down right in front of me." Though barely proficient on guitar and piano, Tuttle walked back into his apartment and immediately began writing a song.

The song, "Smile," sparked what would slowly evolve into Music from Ground Zero. Tuttle was "writing to make sense of the world and what [he] saw that day. There was never any inspiration to have a project." It is this lack of foresight, the almost accidental discovery of the music, that gives the project the greatest degree of emotional resonance. Writing only for himself, Tuttle was simply "telling a story and bringing it someplace." It wasn't until some time later that he realized that his creations could be therapeutic and positively impact others, especially those who had lost scores of friends and coworkers in less than an hour's time.

But with this ability came responsibility, something Tuttle had not anticipated.

"I'd wake up in the middle of the night and ask my wife, 'Do I have a right to be doing this?' And she would ask me, 'Were you there? Did you lose friends there? Was it the most important day of your life? Are you trying to make money of this? Are you trying to put all your money and resources into this?'" Tuttle has poured over \$60,000 of personal funds into Music From Ground Zero, most of which has gone toward recording and paying professional musicians for the yearly show on Sept. 11. This year's performance, marking the fifth anniversary of the tragedy, will be at the Knitting Factory on Monday, Sept. 11.

Sept. 11, 2001, not only changed the lives of millions of Americans but

also initiated a complete overhaul of the American political landscape. While Tuttle is outspokenly anti-war, Music From Ground Zero decidedly focuses on remembrance and never approaches the political. On the opposite end of the spectrum lies a good part of the underground hip-hop community, including Mr. Lif, an award-winning and notoriously socially conscious Boston-area rapper. Months after Sept. 11, Lif wrote and recorded "Home of the Brave," the feature track of *Emergency Rations*, an EP that tells the story of being abducted by the government for preaching radicalism. It's a gritty dose of reality for those who had become enamored by the commercialization of the tragedy and ignored their duty to ask questions.

"There's just a lot of stuff that was being overlooked," Lif explains. "No one was considering how much insurance money was tied up in the money, no one was talking about where the money went. No one was talking about how the U.S. got caught with its pants down."

Sept. 11 was certainly a tragedy, though for Lif the greatest blow to Americans was not the destruction of a few buildings or 3,000 casualties, but the government's willingness to lie, cheat, and steal to acquire power in the aftermath. While some might dismiss his perspective as heartless and insensitive, it is only after talking with Lif about lines such as "And you can wave that piece of shit flag if you dare/But they killed us because we've been killing them for years" that one can even begin to understand the kind of resonance the day's attacks had on him. Lif urges his listeners and dissenters to consider his songs' emotional value.

"There was an argument that my response was devoid of emotion," he says. "Think of the commodification of the event and how much more devoid of emotion that is than anything I could do. My song is emotional. Fucking focus on the fact that this could've been done by your own government, and I truly believe that it was." Emotions, as Lif argues, fogged Americans' views of the problems stemming from that day, and perhaps even continue to dissuade them from analyzing them too closely.

Ultimately, what Lif seeks to accomplish is not so dissimilar to the therapy that has evolved into Music From Ground Zero. Lif assures his critics that "the whole song really was just about making a different perspective available to people." He continues, "I just wanted to offer something a little different. There's just a lot of stuff that was being overlooked."

Whether it is remembering each of the 3,000 lives lost that day, or reminding Americans of the corruption within our government, music emanating from Sept. 11 has taken on a more profound resonance. It is for this reason that artists like Tuttle and Lif should, if they do not already, consider the emotional implications of such songwriting. Whether or not the music itself is any more personal or emotional, the loss of 3,000 lives augments the weight of the composition, bringing an importance to the song that goes beyond pure artistic beauty. ■

Keeping Up With the Hipsters

If you learned nothing else from your three-month vacation, you probably noticed that few people care as much about pop music as college students. Whether you spent your summer in India or at a 9-to-5 job, the music scene may have looked a little different without access to OurTunes (and, therefore, your entire dorm's music) and the plethora of New York concerts. This week, *The Eye* makes sure you have something to talk about with that cool kid next to you in anthro by catching you up on all those albums you missed. *By Elizabeth Wade*

BEGIN TO HOPE REGINA SPEKTOR

Okay, I'm convinced I've been in musical backwards-land this summer. The Raconteurs are playing at the VMAs. Kevin Federline is actually being allowed to produce music. Picking up the new Regina Spektor CD, *Begin to Hope*, was the last straw. Spektor, with back-up singers, straightforward melodies, and a cute little heart dangling from her name on the cover? Where art thou, quirky Russian pixie? After just one listen, though, I could already tell that my fears had been misplaced. About half of the album sounds like a Spektor version (read: cutesy, slightly off) of the '90s female singer/songwriter explosion. The other half incorporates all of Spektor's signature idiosyncrasies. Other highlights include Spektor's newfound (two-chord) guitar skills on "That Time" and the way her voice plays over "Ed-it's" jerky backbeat. If this is backwards-land, then give me my Lucas Prata and my Pussycat Dolls—I'm not going back. —Casey Acierno



AND THE GLASS HANDED KITES MEW

"Tall just like a giraffe/you have to climb to find its head." This line from Mew's infectious song "The Zookeeper's Boy" could double as a metaphor for the band's unique mix of sparkly dream pop and more edgy progressive rock. The band's latest release, *And the Glass Handed Kites*, finds the Danish trio perfecting a sound that is both lofty and accessible, blending complex arrangements with soaring vocal melodies reminiscent of Muse and My Bloody Valentine. The album boasts exceptional continuity, with each track flowing seamlessly into the next. The highlight of the album comes in the trio of songs, "Apocalypso," "Special," and "The Zookeeper's Boy," smoothly transitioning from driving progressive rock to danceable pop and finally ending at melodic indie rock. While it may take several listens to the album to "find its head," the ethereal sounds of Mew are well worth the climb. —Austin Rice



PARIS PARIS HILTON

There's no denying the genius of Paris Hilton. By this, I don't mean the fact that she's parlayed a sex tape into career legitimacy, or the mindblowing fact that she dated a man also named Paris. No, Hilton is responsible for one of the most cohesive concept albums in recent history, focused on one thing only—just how sexy she finds herself. Fat Joe and Jadakiss guest on the second track of the appropriately titled *Paris*, which features a cute piano melody and Hilton complaining about boys always fighting over her, and the album ends with a cover of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy." Hilton claims listening to this album makes her cry; okay, it's not quite that remarkable, but only Nicole Richie could resist singing along. —Casey Acierno



PORT OF MIAMI RICK ROSS

Rick Ross' flow is all muscle, grit, and growl. At his best, the Miami rapper inhabits tracks, controls them, tests to see how many bricks they can hold, and then lays on a few more. It's a sleight-of-hand delivery that doesn't require decent lyrics because the listener can't even grasp them beneath Ross' drawl. When it's done right—on the ubiquitous "Hustlin'" and half of the other whip-ready tracks on his debut, *Port of Miami*—it makes for the most beefy trap-hop since Jeezy's "Trap Or Die." But when the album lapses into the requisite R&B mode, or when Ross is upstaged by throw-away verses from Lil' Wayne or Jay-Z, he flounders in his lyrical mediocrity, a one-trick pony among stallions. —Bryan Mochizuki



SO THIS IS GOODBYE JUNIOR BOYS

Balance is usually more of a euphemism than a compliment. But on their second album, *So This Is Goodbye*, Junior Boys master the art of proportionality. Owing much to disco pioneer Arthur Russell, the duo of Jeremy Greenspan and Johnny Dark are reined in by hollow, pulsing drum loops and weightless, echoing synthesizers. On "FM," Greenspan's hushed voice feathers over synth pulses so pregnant with measured tension that they threaten to rip open. Lyrically, the band mixes vulnerable confessions with removed observations, and the balance is greatly aided by the crisp, sparse music. The high point is "Count Souvenirs," a song about emotional distance that hides so much violence beneath its glossy bleeps and beeps that it can be too painful for repeated listening. "Please/Please don't touch," Greenspan pleads in the hook—but you won't be able to keep your hands off. —Alex Gartenfeld



BRIGHTBLACK MORNING LIGHT BRIGHTBLACK MORNING LIGHT

The packaging for Brightblack Morning Light's sophomore album includes a pair of glasses that, when donned, fill your line of vision with rainbows. The glasses and the marijuana plants that adorn them aren't inappropriate, as the opening track of the self-titled album doesn't so much conjure images as merely suggest silhouettes, colors, and hints of this and that. The bluesy synth and Fender Rhodes languish and roll as the throaty innuendos of Nathan "Nabob" Shineywater and Rachael "Rabob" Hughes' vocals coax the song along. This kind of sparse, textural landscape persists for the remainder of this stunningly amorphous record, a bundle of musical nerve endings that sound like the heights of ambience. —Geoff Aung



Lady in the Water Was Your Fault

A brief and bitter look at how we asked Hollywood to produce its worst films yet, and how obediently it obliged

By David Ehrlich

To approximately no one's surprise, a trip to the movies this summer was akin to paying a stranger \$11 to repeatedly punch you in the groin. And not any incidental passer-by, but someone with the arrogance to be proud of his or her work and the impudence to believe you deserve every strike. The dynamic between the studios and their willing victims becomes all the more cyclical with every passing year, and this summer epitomized the seasonal sadomasochism that keeps the film industry afloat.

Many of the various tortures that audiences subjected themselves to over the past few months have come equipped with one undeniable fatal flaw. Most films had at least one quality so irksome that only a bizarre misapplication of consumer demands could be responsible. The studios did their feeble best to give us what we asked for, and, as it turns out, the only thing worse than a production executive's creative instinct is that of America at large.

Where else to begin than with the summer's biggest hit, *Pirates of the Caribbean: You'll Forget the Afterthought of a Subtitle by the Film's Fourth Hour*. In 2003, Johnny Depp's Captain Jack Sparrow sardonically raised his eyebrow to the tune of \$305 million domestically. Such success inevitably led to Depp-mania, which resulted in a spate of dull and needless disasters like *Secret Window* and *Charlie and the*

Chocolate Factory, the latter of which was so inhumanely foul it easily violated the Geneva Conventions on a number of counts. But Depp's eccentric Willy Wonka whipped up \$474 million worldwide over its 147-day theatrical run, so who are we to blame when *Pirates 2* almost entirely abandoned a forward-thinking narrative for the approximately 18 hours of Jack Sparrow mugging for the camera? Apparently, we don't pay to be swept away by swashbucklers, but rather to see just how dexterous Depp's eyebrow can be for a massive paycheck.

The summer's biggest disappointment, however, was certainly *Superman Returns*. A misguided enterprise that attempted to cash in on the *Spiderman 2* formula of Big Heart + Big Action = Big Receipts, this, the most expensive film ever given the green light, stuck too close to the math to be even remotely interesting. Featuring the year's most flawed screenplay, *Superman's* moderately interesting first act (and amazing action sequence) gave way to a superficial second act and an infinitely bland and illogical climax so absurd that the scent of wasted money actually wafted from the screen. Featuring a laughable (yet brilliantly embodied) Lex Luthor and a late revelation that cripples the already limping franchise, the under-performing Superman just couldn't lift himself from beneath the giant pile of money that brought him to life.

Looking back, however, it's safe to say that the greatest threat to a film's reception this summer was hubris. Audiences have rewarded Disney with over a billion dol-

lars for releasing M. Night Shyamalan's bait-and-switch acts since August of 1999, each of which had at least a modicum of finely honed suspense and enthralling characterization. That is, until now: *Lady in the Water* is, without hyperbole, the most worthless and vile thing to ever crawl out of Cinderella's Castle. It is the summer's most egregious display of ego trumping logic—narrowly edging out *Miami Vice*. It's as if Shyamalan, whose roles within his own films have grown over the years, decided that his talents were such that his mere presence on the set would trans-

form a flimsy bedtime story into a mystical tale of unlikely heroes.

Remember that scene in *Elf* where Kyle Gas and Andy Richter fart out ideas for children's books? All of them were more interesting than *Lady in the Water*, a film so hampered by the most hollow of prophetic visions that it couldn't even begin to overcome its consistently wonderful performances or world-class cinematography (Christopher Doyle was hopefully paid enough to surgically attach himself to Wong-Kar Wai's hip). By the time the critically savaged Shyamalan butchered Bob Balaban's film critic character for beast-meat, it came as a shock that the next reel wasn't a close-up of the filmmaker pontificating upon his genius (it'll be on the DVD).

Yet despite any well-deserved bitterness, there was some fun to be had at the Cineplex. *Mission Impossible: 3* was frothy



Bryan Singer's earnest but misguided *Superman Returns* was among the many summer films this year to both plunge their respective studios deep into the red and disappoint audiences.

bliss from brilliant start to high-impact finish, *The Descent* was handled with a directorial aplomb seldom seen in the warmer months, and the incidental characters in *Talladega Nights* (Sacha Baron Cohen, for one) were funnier than the entirety of the season's other offerings.

Those lucky enough to be in the city were able to catch near-hits like *13 Tzameti* and *The Illusionist*, while *Little Miss Sunshine* rose just high enough above mediocrity to be contrasted with the glut of formulaic crap that came before it (*Click*, *My Super Ex-Girlfriend*).

The apotheosis of the "Ask, and you shall receive" brand of production was, of course, *Snakes on a Plane*. When *Snakes* performed well below New Line Cinema's expectations, what the studio hilariously mistook as a cult phenomenon revealed itself for what it really was: a multi-million-dollar joke at the studio's expense. The hordes of people that had stoked the film's online fires were not voicing what it was they wanted to see, but rather testing the lengths to which Hollywood would go for a quick buck. Sure, *Snakes* turned out as a much better film than it would have been without the net-guided post-production, but maybe it's time that Hollywood stopped hanging on our every word. By the time audiences were perfectly quoting Samuel L. Jackson's impolite plea to rid his plane of serpents, the glorious bounty of fall cinema couldn't come soon enough—a season of movies that were written for us, not by us. ■

Bullets Catch Superman

Allan Coulter's *Hollywoodland* is no place to stay too long

By Jeff Petriello

Ben Affleck has been in the process of abandoning what little credibility he had left after 2003's *Daredevil*. The heyday of *Good Will Hunting*, *Boiler Room*, and *Dogma* was lost with the turn of the century, and here we have, six years since Affleck's last success, his latest attempt at a superhero comeback—*Hollywoodland*.

The film's fact-based premise pits an eagerly tragic private investigator, Louis Simo (Adrien Brody), against the flashback-ridden mystery of the deceased George Reeves (Ben Affleck), star of the 1950s TV classic, *Adventures of Superman*. As Simo delves into the details of the apparent suicide, he encounters the scandalous backdrop of mid-century Hollywood, along with the studio managers, cronies, mistresses, and wives who aim to convolute his investigation at every turn.

While *Hollywoodland* borrows the modern noir aesthetic of a film like *Road to Perdition*, it leaves behind much of the risk and style of its contemporaries. The back-and-forth chronology often turns Affleck's Reeves into more of a walking corpse than a relatable, sympathetic character, but the great performances of the supporting cast, especially Diane Lane as mistress Toni Mannix, make the film worth seeing. While director Allen Coulter (*The Sopranos*, *Sex and the City*), assuredly crafts his big-screen debut with Oscar-intentions, he never fully realizes that Simo is his most interesting character, and deserving of a thorough study of his own. As it stands, *Hollywoodland* is an involving trifle without the heft or flash to be remembered with the same passion as its subject. ■

Headline Censored

This Film Is Not Yet Rated exposes the underbelly of censorship

By Emily Rauber

No film can ever survive the brazen hiss of public scorn," Jack Valenti, former president of the Motion Picture Association of America, once said. Wise words indeed, but Valenti himself has elicited some scorn of his own.

The hisser in question is flashy muckraker Kirby Dick and his new investigative documentary, *This Film Is Not Yet Rated*. The title itself is a misnomer—it was given a solid NC-17 by the Motion Picture Association of America "for some graphic sexual content," and deservedly so. At times, the film plays out like a compilation of the most explicit sex scenes in movie history, which, as Dick points out, constitutes the vast majority of moments that sends a film into NC-17 territory. Violent scenes are notoriously subject to laxer scrutiny, and many of the interviewed contributors seem to see this as a zero-sum game. Dick pushes the idea, through comparisons of the ultra-erotic and the ultra-sadistic, that only one can be the primary focus of regulation.

This Film Is Not Yet Rated owes a great deal to the Michael Moore school of filmmaking. Snappy graphics, colorful animations, numerous title cards, damning statistics, and perhaps Moore's most distinctive legacy: the director as star. Dick appears throughout the movie, hiring an investigator to discover the identities of the secret ratings board, which provides the movie with a bit of narrative continuity. While the film certainly has its share of faults (Dick's assertion that the MPAA is an insidious and often fascist form of censorship is not given the time it deserves), it will change the way its viewers look at movies, even if it's only a moment's thought about those little letters that used to be taken for granted—after one has turned 17, at least. No small accomplishment, especially for a film that features love scenes from both Kevin Bacon and William H. Macy. No small accomplishment, indeed. ■



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55 W. 21st St. 212-675-8007. Tuesday Night: the biggest college party in NYC. \$1000 cash blast. With CUID: \$5 hamburger w/fries; 10c wings.

BARBECUE

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2818 Broadway. (109th St.) 212-222-4800. Eat-in, take-out. Free delivery. Authentic southern-style pit barbecue and soul food. Catering.

CAFE

CAFE FRESH

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PAID ADVERTISEMENTS

Cutting the Cheese

Connoisseur Max McCalman Gives Cheese a Chance

By Hannah Howard

If there is such a thing as a cheese celebrity, it is Max McCalman. At Picholine, the Upper West Side, Michelin-starred restaurant, McCalman sets up the wooden cheese cart before service—it's his masterpiece, with nearly a hundred elegantly congregated, hefty cheeses from the milk of Oregon cows and Portuguese mountain sheep. McCalman tastes a piece of Berkswell and lights up. "This is good," he says. "Try this." If he says it's good, then it's better than good.

McCalman gave the Berkswell a rating of 94 (out of 100) in his book, *Cheese: A Connoisseur's Guide to the World's Best*, which won the James Beard Award for Best Reference Book. The book catalogues some hundreds of cheeses that he has discovered, tasted, and for many, thrust on a happy journey from obscurity onto our cheese plates. Tonight there are crumbly blues; soupy, stinky washed-rind cheeses served scooped from a bowl; McCalman's "Swiss army" of Alpine-types; spicy cheddars; fresh goat cheeses wrapped in little packages with chestnut leaves and tied with twine.

The Berkswell has made its way to Picholine from Stephen Fletcher in Berkswell, Forest of Arden, Warwickshire, "a little enclave of charming English countryside." The cheese is inarguably tasty and full of depth. The Berkswell is made when sheep graze on the rich grasses and herbs of their lush, pristine meadows; their raw milk is pressed, coated in a plasticote rind, and aged six to 12 months. During this time, the synthetic plasticote wears off, leaving a natural rind, and the cheese develops, as McCalman describes it, "a marvelous long-lasting caramel-like sweetness, both fruity and savory."

I ask McCalman how he discovers new cheeses. "These days," he answers, "cheeses look for us." McCalman is the maitre fromager of Picholine, as well as maitre fromager and dean of curriculum at the Artisanal Cheese Center. His mission "is to do what I can to rescue real cheese while it's still available." He nurtures and expands the "market, education, and appetite on the consumer end," helping producers make the best product possible. "We need to give cheese a chance."

At Hendrix College in Arkansas, McCalman studied psychology, but his primary interest—meeting women—led to work as a waiter. Although McCalman's boss refused to promote him to the even more girl-adored position of bartender

because he "looked about 15," he found his first job—at what was to become the national chain TGI Friday's in Little Rock, Arkansas—to be "impressive and lucrative." McCalman loved restaurants, so he stayed in the business, learning about food and wine and formal service in Arkansas, Dallas, and finally New York.

He still remembers a cheese and wine tasting he attended 10 years ago before he teamed up with chef Terrance Brennan at his brand new French-Mediterranean restaurant Picholine. The cheeses were largely ones we wouldn't get to taste today—illegal because the FDA stipulates that raw milk cheeses must be aged for a minimum of 90 days. McCalman fights antiquated legislation that compromises milk's

complexity, flavor, and even safety with pasteurization. But on that day he remembers the cheeses were wonderful and fascinating and "sparked something inside me."

At Picholine, McCalman learned about flavor profiles of cheese, micro- and macronutrients, and the histories and breeds of cows. Picholine's cheese selection grew to keep up with the demands of cheese-revering customers. A few years later, the Artisanal Cheese Center was opened in Hell's Kitchen. Now cheeses are flown in from all over the world to their cheese caves where McCalman's protege Alex Garcia oversees their affinage—an ancient practice by which each cheese is carefully aged to optimal ripeness and peak flavor.

McCalman sees cheese as a crucial and endangered part of the world he wants for his daughter. The more time I spend with McCalman and his cheese, the more I am converted to his belief in cheese as a sort of miracle food. Besides being incredibly nutritionally dense—one of his biggest challenges remains correcting misconceptions about

cheese being unhealthy or unsafe—he has shown many that the world of cheese is the world of romance. "Making cheese is just preserving milk," he explains, "yet the progress of Western civilization follows the progress of cheese and wine making."

Cheese and wine, "the two most lovely, salubrious food types," originally the solution for our need to preserve milk and grape juice through barren winters, are both humble and magnificent. As McCalman puts it, they are not only "great social lubricants for two or more people"—they are also "aphrodisiacs capable of tickling the brain, too." ■



Max McCalman has a passion for cheese, produced all over the world in hundreds of different forms.

Restaurant Review



Enjoy Italian food at Ama, an unpretentious Italian eatery located in the West Village.

Love Me Some Ama

Tucked away from the hustle and bustle of busy Macdougall Street lies Ama, a cozy yet chic Italian eatery. From the outside, it appears charming and small, and the inside of the restaurant only confirms this impression. The restaurant, located in the trendy and busy West Village, offers diners simple yet flavorful cuisine mixed with an atmosphere of warm lighting and modern decor.

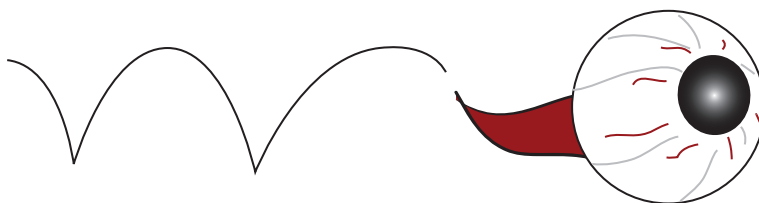
The menu reflects the effortless simplicity of both the food and the ambiance. The buffalo mozzarella appetizer with san marzano tomatoes (\$12) is a fresh start to any entree. The red and yellow beet salad with balsamic vinaigrette and goat cheese (\$12) or polenta with mushroom ragu (\$13) are also reflections of the modest menu, which offers high-quality Italian dishes.

Whether you are looking for a traditional dish of homemade pasta or wish to be more adventurous with the calf's liver or marinated quail, Ama has a wide range of options for the entree portion of the meal. The chicken breast filled with fontina cheese and mushrooms (\$18) is rich but especially flavorful. For dessert, try either the chestnut panna cotta (\$7) or the ice cream plate (\$7) for a fine finale to your meal.

While the prices at Ama are not outrageously expensive, the bill can get a bit pricey once wine and a few dishes are included. The food is high-quality, though, and the atmosphere is fun and hip while maintaining a certain charm and intimacy. Open for lunch or dinner, it's an excellent restaurant choice for friends looking for good conversation over Italian food or for a more romantic occasion. Ama, which means "loves" in Italian, certainly brings old-world love for fresh food and casual dining to a young and trendy generation of New Yorkers. —Miri Cypers

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THE ROLLING EYE



The House Always Wins

University Housing—abandon all pants,
ye who enter here

By Shannon Donnelly



Long before *Lost* gave me a “What if I end up on a deserted island and must somehow survive with whatever I have on me at the moment?” complex, I had a knack for overpacking. Even simple day trips have been delayed by my need to run back into the house and grab an extra towel (suitable for mopping up blood or serving as a makeshift blanket). And I once appalled several subway onlookers by pulling a purse out of

my backpack, and pulling a makeup bag from the purse—it was like a cracked-out version of Russian nesting dolls. So I thought I’d put this packing practice to good use by mentioning a few things dorm-dwellers new and old might have forgotten when moving in for the new semester, and save everyone a few potentially awkward moments.

First-Aid kit. Last year, I’d packed the essentials. My iPod, DVDs, books, and decorative pillows. Yet, somehow, I’d neglected to bring a box of band-aids. When I cut my arm open on the rusty grate by my window, I quickly learned—thanks to a pathetic canvassing of both my suite and two neighboring ones—that I was not the only Columbian ill-equipped to deal with even a paper cut. I ended up disinfecting the wound with vodka and bandaging it up with a cotton makeup pad and scotch tape. I like to call this “prairie medicine.” En route back to my room, I tried to ford the hallway and my oxen died.

Toilet paper. Our building is notoriously stingy with our weekly reserves, and it didn’t always occur to us to buy our own. 10 rolls / 5 women x 3 periods = we once ran out at 4 a.m. while my roommate was using the bathroom. I won’t get into specifics, but she owes me a washcloth.

Duct tape. Inevitably, you’ll need to duct tape something, like a crack in the wall that lets bugs in, a ripped shirt, your breasts, a broken computer, someone else’s breasts, or your snoring roommate’s mouth.

Pants. Seems obvious enough, right? I thought so, too, until I moved into the city. In addition to my building’s vast rat and cockroach population, we also have a nutty young guy prone to walking around clad only in sandals, white socks pulled up to his knees, tighty-whities, and a smile. The one time I was fortunate enough to ride the elevator with him, he got off at my floor (of course) and withdrew keys from god only knows where to let himself into his suite. I am absolutely certain his hands were empty when he was in the elevator, so believe me when I say this brought up a whole new disturbing set of questions.

Of course, Columbia dorms are tiny and hold very little, so look for space-saving items that can do double duty. Vodka, for example, not only makes an effective disinfectant—it also mixes great with Coke.

In the Year 2000 (and ten)

When we first came to Columbia—you know, back when dinosaurs roamed College Walk—it never occurred to us to make our presence felt on Facebook before we’d even cracked the *Iliad*. But the class of 2010, precocious tots that they are, just couldn’t contain themselves. So here’s a quick rundown for the CU geezers on what those crazy kids have been up to over on the ol’ FB. Look, they’re socially awkward, just like us!

CU ‘10 Students for Partying: “for those cu 10ers who are **self-proclaimed party lovers** and can still be really smart at the same time.”

It’s nice to know who we’ll be selling our Adderall to.

Columbia. We’re better than you and we know it: “Next year’s incoming class is recently finishing high school, where we probably got **better grades than you did.**”

Something tells us we managed to snag a better grade in English.

“i hope i don’t spend all my money on **booze.**”

That’s right up there with “I wanna be an astronaut when I grow up!”

“**FURNALD!** Singel! I heard they **clean the bathrooms** in other dorms only once a month...”

Once a month if they’re lucky. Then again, the other dorms aren’t haunted. What, you didn’t hear about that? Oh, well, no matter, at least you’ll have clean bathrooms.

“Oh yeah, **myspace** is way better than **facebook**. Deal with it. If you guys are afraid of sketchballs and want privacy, hell are you gonna do in new york city? seriously, myspace is new york while facebook is si-bera.”

So if we go to MySpace, we’ll be able to find a pervy homeless guy who wants to give us a foot massage? That sounds about right.

In SEAS 2010, they debated e-mail servers and computer processors:

“I use Mac Mail. It’s simple and get’s the job done. [...] I’d stay clear from entourage for the simple reason that it’s not a **universal binary** yet so it’ll run slower because it has to be run through rosetta to translate ppc code to x86 code.”

There’s something almost adorable about an ability to casually use phrases like “universal binary” and “x86 code” tempered with an inability to spell “gets.”

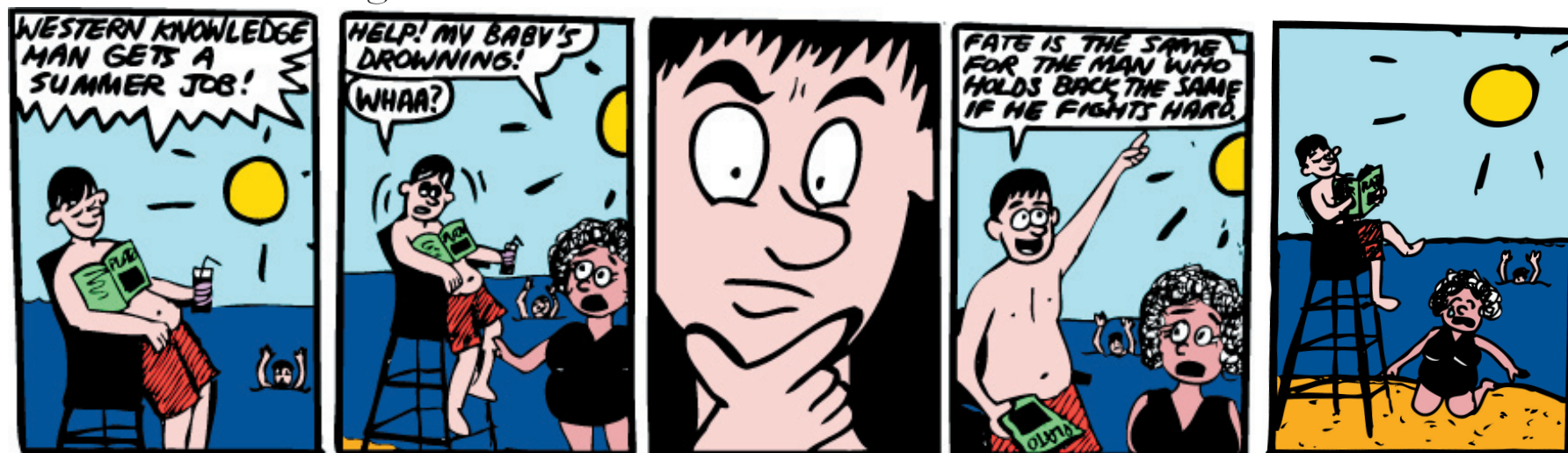
Meanwhile, over in Barnard Class of 2010:

“And how awesome is Webmail? It changes color!”

“My Webmail is **so so pink**, it’s delightful”

“I was in raptures when I realized I could make it pink =)
Pretty...”

Western Knowledge Man



STORY BY DAN HALEY, ILLUSTRATED BY SHAINA RUBIN

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