

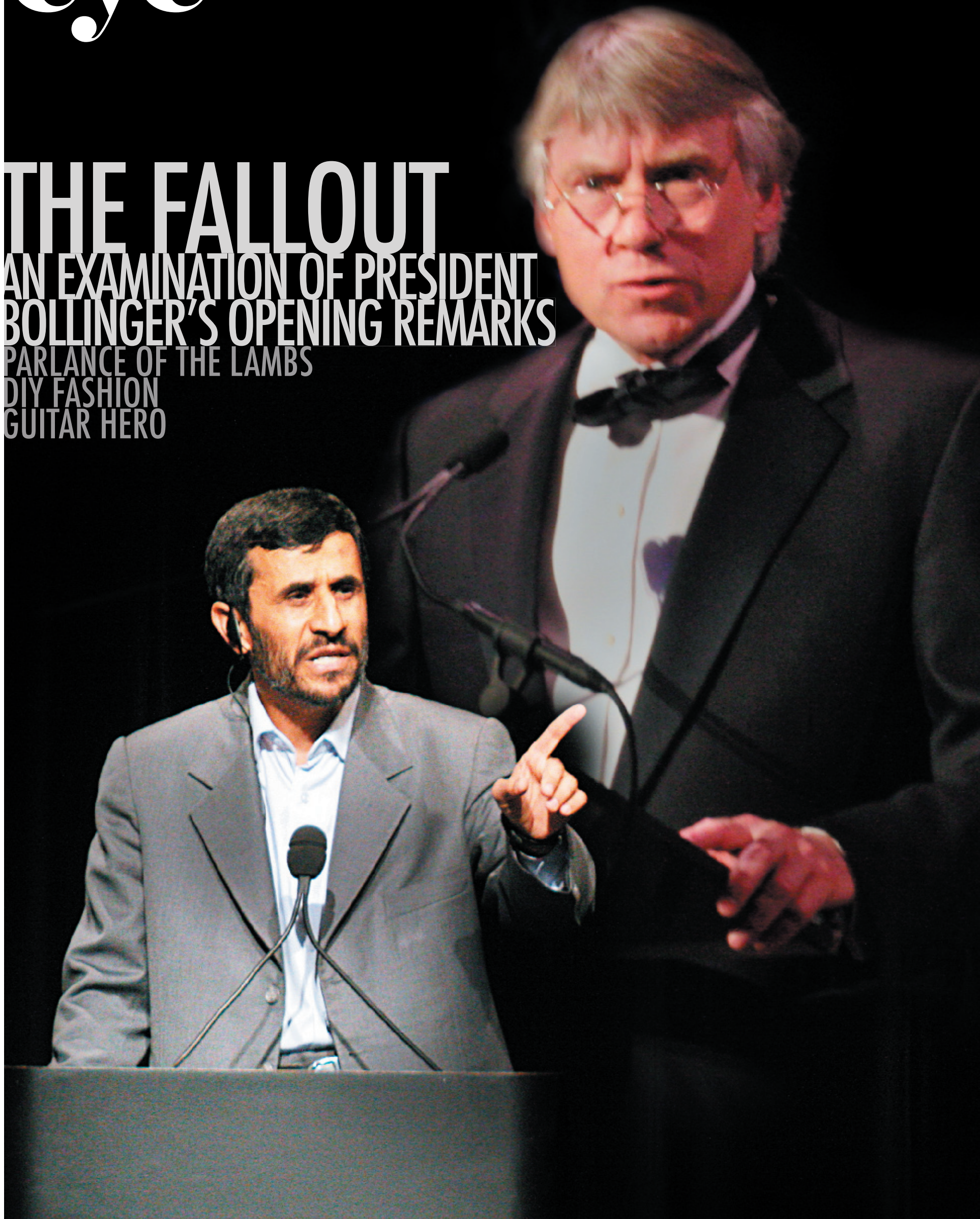
the eye

VOL. 3, ISSUE 7
OCTOBER 25, 2007

THE FALLOUT

AN EXAMINATION OF PRESIDENT
BOLLINGER'S OPENING REMARKS

PARLANCE OF THE LAMBS
DIY FASHION
GUITAR HERO



Editor in Chief
Alex Gartenfeld

Managing Editor
Dani Zalcman

Eye Publisher
Grace Chan

Online Editor
Mark Holden

Lead Story Editor
Alison Bumke

Urbanities Editor
Medaya Ocher

Interview Editor
Sara Davis

Style Editor
Xiyin Tang

Film Editor
Emily Rauber

Music Editor
Alexandria Symonds

Humor Editor
J.D. Porter

Production Editors
Danielle Ash
Emily Greenlee
Alisha Ling

Photo Editor
Tina Gao

Copy Editors
Emilie Griffin
Esther Weisbrod

Senior Writers
Gennevive Deleon
Hayley Negrin
Laura Hedli
Allison Davis
Ben Reneinga
Kate Linthicum

Senior Reporters
Daryl King
Lucy Tang

Senior Photographers
Nicole Friedman
Joey Shemuel
Diana Wong

Spectator Publishers
John Davisson
John Mascari

Contact Us:
eye@columbiaspectator.com
eye.columbiaspectator.com
Editorial: 212 854 9547
Advertising: 212 854 9558

© 2007 The Eye,
Spectator Publishing Company, Inc.



THE FALLOUT 07-09

FEATURES

EYE TO EYE Laura Hedli 3

TALKING SMACK Lucy Tang 4

DIY FASHION Sarah De Vogel 6

HUMOR J.D. Porter and Raphael Pope-Sussman 14

EDITOR'S PICKS *Eye* Staff Editors 15

ARTS

THE MANY THESES OF LUTHIERISM Jennie Rose Halpern 10

FREE MOBY (LITERALLY) Elizabeth Wade 11

LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE AFTERLIFE Ginia Sweeney 12

THE SECRET LIFE OF DREAMS Marta Jakubanis 13

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In her essay "Imitation and Gender Insubordination," Judith Butler tells of her anticipation of a Conference on Homosexuality:

"I found myself telling my friends beforehand that I was off to Yale to be a lesbian, which of course didn't mean that I wasn't one before, but that somehow then, as I spoke in that context, I was one in some more thorough and totalizing way, at least for the time being."

It was in speaking of and performing her sexuality, that Butler felt it activated. She would define herself against her audience.

On Saturday night, an *Eye* staffer brought two friends to 1020. They were Parisian men, and they had been visiting her for the last week, during which they'd done their best to test their French identity against American culture. They'd been performing their Frenchness—their accents were a turn-on; they could judge social circumstances from a safe distance—as much as in interacting with them, one would be performing his Americanness. One's language only becomes English when it is not French.

And typical to the French relationship with Americans, it was French identity not as mere difference but as superiority.

The pair was relatively drunk upon entering 1020, where they proceeded to become more intoxicated and then began to kiss.

The reaction is surprising, as much for its occurrence as for that it was not written up in local publications (including the one in which this is embedded).

The bar's patrons were generally loud and surprised. Some people laughed. The

bartender though, a young girl, probably a student at Columbia, began to hose them down with water, shouting that that kind of "stuff doesn't happen here." She told them to get out of her bar; that that kind of behavior "wasn't welcome"; that she wouldn't have it at her bar.

One of the dart players (all the better that he be fully armed) began to holler that if his daddy saw him doing that he would cut off his nuts, so that he couldn't be "one" and so that he "couldn't make any more." Someone shouted that "they weren't in France anymore"—they were in New York now. America was different: they couldn't do that "kind of shit" here.

Our staffer was shocked. The Frenchmen laughed, while one noted that the entire scene was "excellent." This was obviously what they were expecting. This was exactly what they wanted. It was like a Borat skit come to life. They started kissing again.

At that point the bartender appeared from behind the bar and started trying to pull them apart while also pushing them towards the door. Again she shouted that this behavior wasn't welcome at her bar; that it wouldn't happen there.

The scene didn't end badly. Eventually the Frenchmen separated. The bartender, once they stopped kissing, actually began to flirt playfully with one of them. The people who had been staring turned away. The ones who had been shouting shut up.

There are a number of variables in the scene that differentiate it from your run-of-the-mill hate crime. The men involved were not merely gay men. Their intentions were not mockery

of gay sexuality, but they weren't in earnest either: they parodied an anticipated response. And so their performance was not merely of sexuality, but of nationality as well. They played the effeminate, de-gendered Frenchmen, confident in their perverse sexuality. The Americans played hyper-conservative and moved from defensive parry to aggression without any pause for consideration.

But what was it that made the American response so defensive, that garnered insinuations on property ownership and patrimony? It's difficult to imagine that truly "gay" students, performing their sexuality in earnest, would have evoked the same response. Despite recent blights on its reputation, the Columbia community regards itself as relatively enlightened, and gay students generally need not feel hostility.

But a recognizably gay student would never perform his sexuality with the brazenness described above. For a gay student to be recognized as gay, he or she relinquishes a right to performance.

When the French men embraced at 1020, their offence was two-fold: not only were they acting out a forbidden sexuality, they were identifiably heterosexual students, imitating the activities of gay people. In so doing, they demonstrated the ways in which Americans cordon off queer sexuality, with polite smiles and liberal politics that uphold gendered binaries.

Bravo, Columbia students, you've performed well.

Alex Gartenfeld

EYE TO EYE: LAURA HEDLI INTERVIEWS TIMOTHY HASKELL



TIMOTHY HASKELL (ROAD HOUSE: THE Stage Play) created what is now one of New York's premier haunted houses, NIGHTMARE, just four years ago. Initially intended as an extension of the spectacle theater he directed on the off-Broadway circuit, over the years the house has become more traditional. Headed by Haskell, in accordance with the Psycho Clan—his creative team composed of professional New York designers and innovators—the house returns for its fourth terrifying season. This year's theme, NIGHTMARE: Ghost Stories, offers 23 rooms, each targeted to represent a different and distinct paranormal phenomenon. Immediately after wrapping up a feature with MTV, Haskell joined The Eye to discuss the attraction.

What is the difference between making an attraction for a small town versus something for one of the largest cities in the world?

Actually, those small towns often have the biggest ones because they have all the space. And that's sort of the challenge that we have, which is trying to make it significant enough to make it worth it. The biggest resources small towns have are space and time. The resources that New York City has are the access to fantastic talent, really cool venues, and lots of artists to help make it happen. So that's the trade-off. We can take it to a level—although there are some fantastic suburban haunts—we can take it to a level of originality that a lot of others can't, and we have a think tank of people who can come up with ideas that are wholly original.

Were there any legal issues you had to be wary of? I feel like you have to take that into consideration much more in the city.

Oh yeah, that's one of the reasons why there's not many of them [haunted houses] in New York. ... I can't speak for all local authorities, but New York is a tough place to do anything. We have to get temporary assembly permits, we have to have like seven fire marshals on guard all the time, the insurances are probably three to five times what they are in other places, but then you have access to 20 million people in the tri-state area. That's why they put you sort of through the wringer, because it's the kind of thing that has to be safe and has to be up to code, but they know that if you are, it's a good business. It's also just the way we scare people in general. Because of all the codes and liability and such,

we can't do the things that would scare the shit out of somebody. We can't touch people, we certainly can't have any pyrotechnics or live animals—you know, things that some other people would probably get away with, we can't even think about.

You used to have the haunted house in all five boroughs, and now it's just the 23 rooms in Manhattan. Have you always done it at the CSV Cultural Center in Manhattan?

Always. We're probably going to extend beyond the city after this year, which we know is something that's a good idea. Doing five in the city itself was a little bit more ambitious, but there's so many people who want to get the crap scared out of them. We definitely want to expand to other markets. We're looking at possibly Miami. There's no real talk yet, but we want to do something.

With 23 rooms, how many actors are in the house at any given point in time?
About 30.

I understand that you form the haunted house based upon the responses you get from New Yorkers about their worst fears, their most horrific nightmares. What is one of the most bizarre responses you've ever received, and was it used in the design of the house? Do you find the responses are really similar in a lot of ways?

Because there was a contest component, and we did the survey on last year's Web site, we got some absolutely ridiculous answers because people just wanted to submit and that's all it took. But yeah, I got a lot of like, "Your Momma." We did get a lot of really

good ones, though, and a lot of people who sounded like they were revealing something that they had never revealed before—they were getting it off their chests, so there was something therapeutic about it. But also, we got a lot of people who didn't understand the rules. They were giving us all iconic ghost stories. We got *The Tell-Tale Heart* like 50 times.

Anything specifically targeted for the college-aged audience?

Most of the actors are college kids, I'll tell you that much.

Are they really?

Well, it's a great college town—you know, you can work at night.

Are they equity actors? Or are they just kids involved in college theater?

A lot of them aren't even actors. I mean, a good number of them are, but a lot of them are just people who like to scare the crap out of people and have a real enthusiasm for Halloween. A lot of goth kids, a lot of kids looking for jobs. I would say half the house is full of people who are legitimate actors, and we tend to put them in roles that are a little more challenging, because there are a couple.

How would you go about finding this job if you were a college student?

Well, we have two audition days, and we post them at the universities. I believe we posted something at Columbia, and certainly at NYU. We do a posting on our Web site which gets like hundreds of thousands of hits. We do Craigslist, job fair postings, and things like that. We got a couple hundred people that came to apply for the position.

What did the auditions involve?

It usually involves me getting to know people. It's personality I'm looking for. I ask people to do some wacky things, and the thing I'd like to discover is whether they're going to be open to it, or if they're going to be resistant. I look for outgoing personalities, not mousy people. We don't need that in a haunted house. To a degree I need performers, like good performers, and I usually ask people to scream, or to stalk, or to leer, or lean. Or sometimes I ask them to scare my partners and see what kind of thing they do. I want to find people who are uninhibited.

Are the actors trained to work throughout the house, or are they trained for their specific area or their specific room?

Most of them trained for their specific areas. There are a handful of actors who provide breaks for people—they're the rotators. There

are like eight of them who learn every one of the rooms in the house, and they're the people who relieve other people from working and provide breaks. Throughout the course of the run, though, lots of the actors switch out rooms, they'll learn another room. You know, they want to keep it fresh. I would imagine by the end of the run, everyone has probably performed almost half the rooms.

Do you have a typical age demographic that you feel goes to your haunted house?

It's the most diverse audience you'll ever see at anything. You know, typically you're talking about 20-somethings, but it ranges. If we targeted a certain audiences, we would be alienating too much of another audience because it's too diversified. It crosses genders, it crosses race, it crosses sexual orientation, it crosses age. It's like everybody goes to this thing. There are rarely things like that, which also makes it difficult because you can't find that niche. Like we could target horror people, but they're not even the ones who ... I mean they care, but they're not really your target audience.

My suitemates and I actually went to the house two weeks ago or so.

Did you have a good time?

Yeah, it was good. You know the people that walk around as you're in the line?

They always end up scaring me the most. I think I dropped my entire glass of wine.

Oh no. I'll reimburse you for that.

No, no problem. It was fun, and we had a good time. We were really impressed by the vortex inside.

Oh yeah, yeah—that one makes me nauseated.

Yeah, they said that a couple of people have thrown up.

Yes, a couple people have. That's true.

Do you have a favorite room this year?

I like the little girl that stretches, that would be my favorite room. That's the possession room—she's possessed.

It was funny because there were four of us, and we got paired with this other group of people once we got there. As it turns out, the guys in the other group ended up being the most scared.

Well, the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

PHOTO COURTESY OF NIGHTMARE

URBANITIES

TALKING SMACK

BY LUCY TANG
PHOTOS BY MOLLY CROSSIN



SITTING ACROSS FROM ME, DEVOURING A BOWL of mac and cheese, Billy is strung out on heroin.

Surprisingly, he is not one of the city's ubiquitous homeless addicts, but one of Alma Mater's very finest, a junior at Columbia College—where heroin is not supposed to be an issue. Columbia is an esteemed Ivy League institution—its brochures show photographs of racially diverse students, all healthy and smiling, hanging out on the quad. Heroin somehow doesn't fit in with the green lawn and multiple libraries. (Then again, neither do nooses, racist graffiti, and Minutemen protests.)

In the middle of high pressure New York, Columbia demands even more from its students. Drugs are a reality at any campus, and Columbia is no different: cocaine, weed, Adderall, various prescription drugs, hallucinogens; they're all readily available with a phone call. Yet when heroin enters the conversation, people generally cringe and quickly deny any involvement—past, present, or future. Perhaps it's the visceral image of struggling to find a vein or the high possibility of addiction, but most will try anything ... except heroin.

Then again, Billy is pretty unique. People who know him generally love him, gushing about his exuberance and jolliness. It's rare to see Billy without a smile.

Billy first tried heroin at a party in February of sopho-

more year. In a room surrounded by other people shooting up, a friend offered him some and Billy confessed, "I'd be interested in that." It was a nice set-up, he felt comfortable, and he had already done various other drugs.

What's one more to add to the repertoire? He snorted some, and didn't even suffer any of the nausea that usually accompanies the first trip.

Gradually, Billy would become a regular user.

Heroin is relatively cheap—\$10 a bag for a high. A month after his first time, Billy bought from a street guy. An unsatisfied customer, Billy complains that the dealer would take an entire week before returning with the goods. Billy "couldn't do it with the frequency" he wanted, and sought out alternative sources. The first few times, Billy didn't shoot up, but eventually his tolerance increased and he needed a way to recapture that initial high. His decision to shoot up was an "intense one," but he expresses no regrets.

Billy doesn't discriminate between weekdays and weekends, but he is still able to function normally, pretty much refuting every high school-health-class cautionary tale. He proudly declares that he got his best grades second semester sophomore year, the semester he began to use.

When I ask Billy to describe the sensation of being

on heroin, he dazes off into a dreamlike state for a few minutes and then slowly responds, "Your muscles get loose—it's like a full body massage. You feel like you're walking through warm water." Thoroughly engrossed by his mac and cheese, he falls silent. Then, as if he were reminiscing, he clarifies that heroin is less about joy, and more of an inward retreat. "You don't feel happy, it's more like content," Billy says.

Yet Billy is not immune to heroin's destructive effects. He admits that his habit interfered with his summer job. Many people's summer rituals include wake-and-bake. Billy substituted heroin for marijuana. He would nod off during orientation, and eventually his boss pulled him aside. This was a wake-up call for Billy, and he stopped smoking heroin before work. He smoked it at night instead.

Throughout our conversation, Billy seems perfectly at ease talking about heroin. He does not apologize for making it available on campus and introducing it to others. Even when discussing withdrawal symptoms, his face shows little emotion.

However, when he discusses the effects heroin has had on his relationships, his stoic composure cracks a little. Heroin has pushed away one of his good friends. Pausing often, Billy has trouble telling the story. It's apparent that



not a heroin user or dealer or, as she calls it, a “fucking drug piñata.” Ironically, out of the three, she would be the most often mistaken for a heroin user. She has tried heroin a few times, but unlike Billy or Emily, Zoe could not deal with the physical aftermath, “I don’t particularly enjoy repeatedly puking my guts out, so it wasn’t exactly difficult to stop,” she says. She refers to heroin as “rather nasty” and “of little entertainment value.”

Zoe expresses disdain for Columbia heroin users. To be fair, she has a rather unpleasant attitude toward Columbia in general. She relays a sad tale of one girl missing a final out of pure apathy, but expresses no sympathy, instead characterizing the girl as “one of that excessively tragic pseudo-overachieving Columbia-kid types who has no desire greater than the desire to have problems cinematically.” Even when discussing students who were able to function normally, she does so bitterly. “One of them is someone who will shovel anything given him under the guise of a drug into his face without hesitation—if you lined up a mound of baby powder I’m 90 percent sure he’d snort it.”

the two were once close, but now their interactions are limited. “He just mentions heroin and we separate,” Billy says.

When I first met Emily, she seemed like an average Columbia student. Self-assured, she spoke openly about her family issues, even with me, a stranger in the room. In our e-mail exchange, she comes off as sarcastic and witty, joking about her ascetic surroundings.

While most first-years were stumbling around Carman drunk on weekends, Emily, CC ’09, did cocaine. “I would lock myself away in my dorm room on Friday nights with a gram or two and get high as fuck and pace around my tiny room, twitching and simultaneously wanting company and loathing the idea of human contact,” she says. She started to realize that her coke habit was straining her relationships. “Coke is an inherently lonely drug, I think, and I hated how far it had pushed me away from everyone and from comfort with myself,” she says.

She tried one drug to escape another. Emily didn’t know anyone who did heroin—many first-years are just trying weed for the first time. Spring semester saw Emily alone in her room with a medium-sized line of it. “Suddenly I’d drifted off into this magical world where nothing hurt and all I could feel was such intense pleasure that I just wanted to sink back in bed and smile myself to sleep,” she says. It soon became a habit. While Emily acknowledges that heroin may not have achieved its original goal—“I continued by myself, and was equally if not more antisocial than before,” she admits—with heroin, the high abated the loneliness. “The high didn’t abandon me at 5 or 6 in the morning with hideously anxious thoughts about why I was making all the wrong decisions.” Even if it’s difficult to agree with her coping method, it’s impossible not to identify with a need for escape.

That same spring semester, Emily threw away her stash and made a real effort to sober up. The summer between her first and second years, she attended an outpatient rehab program. After a bout of depression during the fall and a vaguely described “very exciting” winter break, Emily relapsed and brought out the needle for the first time. “The intensity of the effect in comparison to blowing was so amazing that I couldn’t go back,” she says.

Emily is not as open about her heroin use as Billy. At first she hid her habit. “The track marks weren’t bad and I wasn’t too obviously high,” she says. But slowly, it be-

came more public. There were parties where other people would snort cocaine and she would shoot up. Eventually, she became privy to many people’s first times. “I was never very enthusiastic about putting people onto dangerous and addictive drugs, but I figured that I had wanted to use, and so if they did, I shouldn’t stop them,” she says.

Uncertainty mars her tone when she entertains the possibility that if not for her, many people would have never even thought of heroin. However, Emily emphasizes that heroin was a personal choice, not a result of peer pressure. “After someone’s third time, they were no longer experimenting, they were using, and I could see the expectation in their eyes as they rolled up the bill or tied off; they knew what they wanted and what they were getting,” she says. “Self-destruction is an innate instinct. If someone feels drawn to it, no one can stop them from finding satisfaction.” Expanding on the idea of individual choice, Emily also admits to being the supplier for many people, though heavy users generally moved on to direct connections.

Over the course of spring semester sophomore year, Emily’s heroin use became more and more frequent. Getting heroin was easy, and with a new friend who also used, it was extremely convenient. The cycle of self-destruction eventually caught up with her. “Well into the spring, I was using heavily, getting sick, missing classes ... and definitely addicted,” she says.

Today, Emily is clean, but just remembering her old habits is difficult. The memories of the high are still clearly with her. “I still can’t write this without shaking a little at the thought of the feeling when the drug-laden blood soaks through all your limbs and blasts your brain,” she says. Looking back, she describes heroin as “a beautiful experiment and communion, a quest for peace,” but makes explicit that heroin consumed her. Still, it appears that a part of her still yearns for that comfort. Her recollections of heroin border on nostalgia, as she deems it a “valuable experience.” Currently taking a year off to work, it seems that to finally rid herself of the habit, she needed to leave the environment that pushed her into it.

While neither Billy nor Emily are opposed to heroin use, one ex-Columbia student, Zoe, CC ’09, shares her extremely negative stance. Before she left, Zoe was quite the campus character. “I was repeatedly mistaken for a junkie, especially when I was at Columbia,” she says. Many are actually shocked when they discover that she is

Columbia must have been struck by the horse since Zoe’s departure, because heroin was not readily available during her time. Though she remembers other students approaching her with requests—“Rumors of my entrepreneurship have been greatly exaggerated, at least as far as heroin goes ... I’ve had everyone and their mother ask me for the stuff”—there was still a demand.

While they were willing to describe the heroin high, it was also clear that the withdrawal was no less intense. Heroin destroys the body. Movie depictions of heroin addicts shaking and sweating are not exaggerated. Averse reactions to heroin, including vomiting and severe itchiness, are common. But despite the terrible come-down, Emily explains why she endured the physical pain: “It let me float off to a dreamless sleep instead, and the itching and the nausea were well worth the ability to be happily and quietly, completely alone.” Billy lists a variety of ailments—“sweating, cold chills, achy bones, feeling arthritic”—and compares it to having a perpetual cold when not on heroin. But with that one needle, “it brings you right back.”

For many people, trying and using heroin never enters their realm of possibility. Why throw away so much potential for an unattainable high? Why do it when you’ve worked this hard and come this far? Emily offered her hypothesis. “My theory is that coke and smack allow you to see the worst of yourself, and that part of the reason I wanted not only to try but to consistently use heroin was to see what it would bring out in me.”

Or take Billy’s explanation: “You feel like a dirt bag, but then you get high.”

All names have been changed.

STYLE

DIY FASHION

BY SASHA DE VOGEL



IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THE "EVERYBODY Loves an Irish Girl" T-shirt cut it for cool, and no one is impressed by last season's House of Holland gem. From vintage finds to designer splurges, it seems like the humble T-shirt has seen everything in the last few years. As classic as the white button-down and just as indispensable, this old standby's endlessly mutational possibilities ensure its place at the frontlines of fashion.

Take Anna Sui, for example, who enlists a little help from friends and artists—16 of them, to be exact—to design her colorful, limited-edition tees. The selected artists range from musicians to illustrators, but some of the stand-outs include Jeffrey Fulvimari, who has worked with Marc Jacobs and Calvin Klein, and Harlem's self-taught Chooch (aka Dean Landry). Even Prada has gotten into the T-shirt game, with last season's exclusive Obvious Classics #1 collection. A collaboration with virtuosic architect Rem Koolhaas and his think tank, AMO, the edgy white tees feature photographs of futuristic medicine—fame pills and style syringes. These designer-artist efforts merge art and high fashion in a comfortable and more affordable way for die-hard fans and the fashion savvy alike.

But for those who thought \$160 a bit too steep to throw away on a cotton tee, they had a better (and much cheaper) idea: screening it themselves. Visual arts major Phyllis Ma, CC '09, was bit by the screening bug at a Ratatat concert.

"I didn't want to pay \$25 for a shirt so I decided to make my own ... with the image from their album cover," Ma says. Now when she's looking for design inspiration, Ma says, "I turn my radio to a random frequency and I get ideas."

Silk screener Milano Chowkwanyun, BC '09, says one of the great things about screening is that the design is "en-

tirely up to you." She prefers "simple designs like shapes or drawings" and "repetitive patterns," which are perfect for silk screening. Both artists use Columbia's print shop, where an expensive exposure unit makes creating a screen easy.

Alberta Wright, BC '10, likes new takes on classic designs, like adding a moustache to Andy Warhol's Marilyn Monroe—one of the most popular silk screens of all time. For Wright, originality is the most rewarding part of designing her own tees. "The coolest part of this thing is having someone compliment your shirt, asking where you got it and saying you made it yourself," she says.

While real silk-screening is complex and laborious, would-be DIY-ers have a few easier options. A silkscreen-like effect can be achieved with a stencil, right in the comfort of your own dorm room. Here's how:

1. Choose your design and use a computer to make a black-and-white version by playing with the contrast. Make sure the image isn't too complicated, because you'll need to cut out all the black space with an X-acto knife.
2. Print the image and trace it with a sharpie onto waxed freezer paper, which you can buy at the grocery store.
3. Next, it's time to cut away the image: remember, you want to cut out what was black in the original image, because this is where you want the paint will go through.
4. Iron the paper wax-side down to your shirt, and it should stick when you're done.
5. Now apply fabric paint—spray cans and sponge brushes work well—in every nook and cranny of the design, being careful not to use too much.
6. Let it dry and peel off the wax paper.
7. Toss it in the wash—and your masterpiece is ready to wear!

T-SHIRTS ON THE GO

For the busy Columbian with a thirst for original tees, certain websites are more than happy to do the work for you. Two of our favorites:

CUSTOMINK.COM

Choose one style from a basic selection of tees and hoodies, upload any image you desire onto their digital workspace, add some text, and submit your order! The silkscreened tee arrives at your door, freshly inked and ready to wear—without the trouble of going to a printshop.

NEIGHBORHOODIES.COM

Designed for the proud New York (or L.A., or Philly ...) citizen, this small company has grown to include more than just customized Brooklyn-pride T-shirts. Though you can choose from just about a thousand different combinations of colors, fonts, and graphics to grace your T-shirt (or dress, or tank, or undies ...), there's no actual option to upload your own graphic. But fans like The Roots, who proudly sported Neighborhoodies of their own design for their most recent tour, certainly don't seem to mind.

PHOTO COURTESY OF SHANERS BECKER



THE FALLOUT

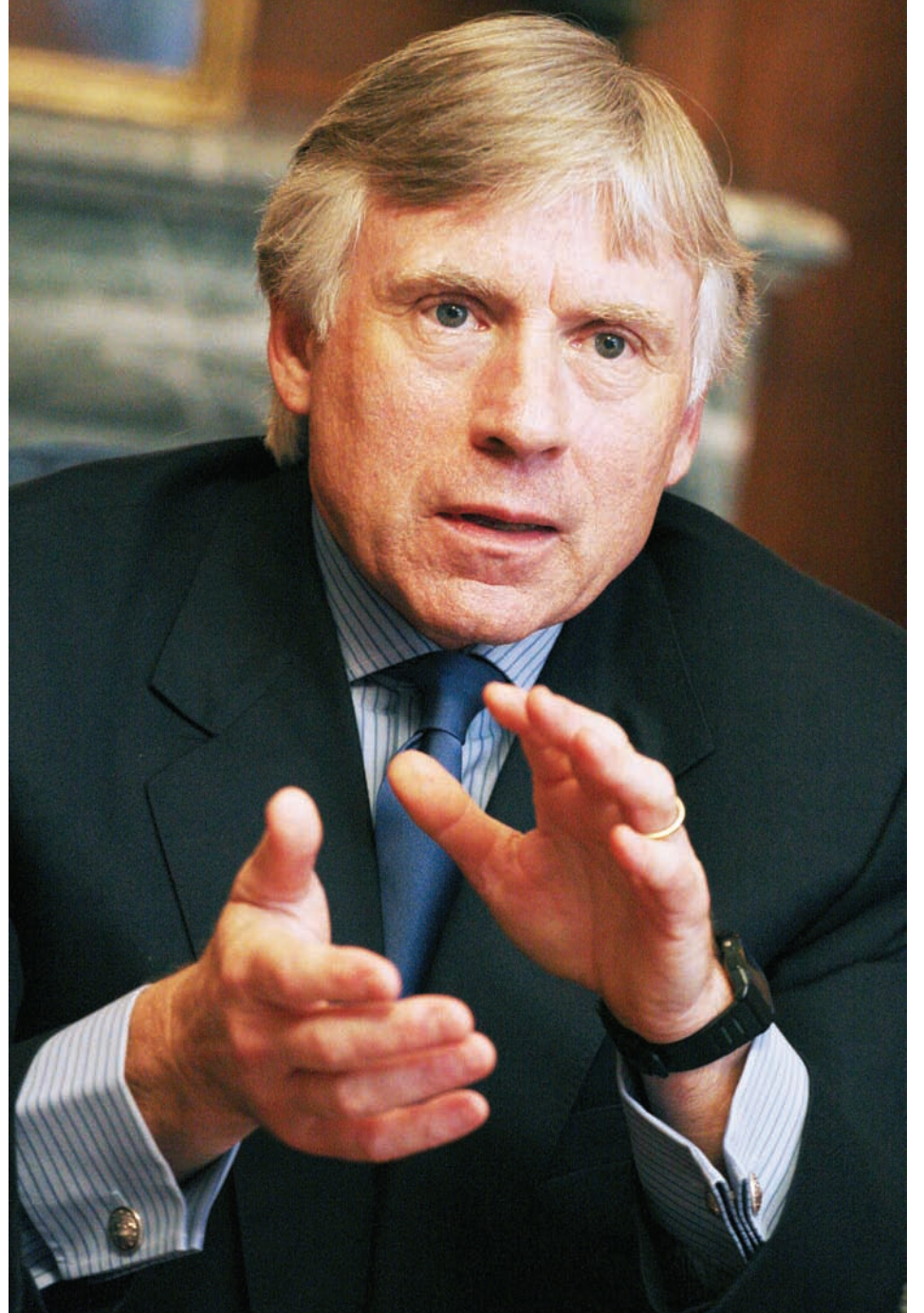
TEXT:
GENEVIEVE DELEON
PHOTOS:
JOEY SHEMAUEL
EDDIE KANG
& DANIELLA ZALCMAN

WHEN SELECTED AS COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT in 2002, Lee Bollinger set out his priorities for his presidency: first, to preserve the University's academic environment, and second, to link the University to the outside world.

One year later, in 2003, Bollinger created the World Leaders Forum, a series of lectures that invited leaders from around the world to speak at Columbia. This year's Forum included the controversial visit of Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, who came after his 2006 invitation to the Forum was retracted. His visit spurred negative press, especially in light of his recent denial of the Holocaust and threats to destroy Israel.

Bollinger teaches a Freedom of Speech and Press course which seeks to examine these freedoms in the United States through classroom discussion, the traditional home of the "search for solutions. But perhaps his most visible call to fulfill Columbia's "commitment to serving as a center for public discussion and debate on the large economic, political, social, and cultural questions of our time" has been the materialization of his brainchild from 2003—the World Leaders Forum. Knowing, then, this "commitment to discussion" to be the lofty aim of SIPA's World Leaders Forum, the question the student body must ask of its president is this: with respect to the Sept. 24 event featuring Iranian President Ahmadinejad, did President Bollinger's introduction aid or hinder the objective of providing a "safe haven for conversation"?

In an article by Alex Sachare, CC '71, "The Life of the Mind" from *Columbia College Today*, Bollinger explained, "First and foremost, you have to be determined to preserve



and enhance the intellectual, academic excellence of the institution. That's what we are about." Bollinger spoke of a "fragile atmosphere conducive to development, one that occupied a special space, autonomous from the rest of society." Bollinger describes his role as an "intermediary between the university world and the outside world."

On March 23, 2005, Bollinger gave the annual Benjamin N. Cardozo Lecture before the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, he warned of the danger of combining the two roles of president and professor. "Public life poses, as we have seen, constant pressures and temptations for the University. Within the academy, we always face the impulse to jettison the scholarly ethos and adopt a more partisan mentality, which can easily become infectious, especially in times of great controversy," and he goes on to articulate that, "As Raymond Aron observed in his book *The Opium of the Intellectuals* from the 1950s, the intellectual life is continually tempted by the 'longing for a purpose, for communion with the people, for something controlled by an idea and a will.' Did Bollinger escape the impulse to adopt a more partisan mentality?

If so, was escape possible?

Perhaps it is too much to expect an event featuring Ahmadinejad to yield meaningful discussion.

Hamid Dabashi, the Hagop Kevorkian Professor of Iranian Studies, believes that Ahmadinejad and other "notorious warmongers around the globe" invited to participate in the World Leaders Forum "should never be invited to any university ... they have scarce anything important, new, or significant to say."

In Bollinger's 2003 Cardozo Lecture he said that "we must respect what I would call the principle of 'separation of university and state'"—a delicate balance to strike in the context of the World Leaders Forum, where these two worlds—academic and political—are intertwined.

Could this joining of these two worlds be the reason why, as some believe, Bollinger failed to achieve his original objective? Did the conflicting demands made by student groups, media groups, and the like make it impossible for Bollinger to succeed on all counts?

Bollinger introduced Ahmadinejad's speech with a series of questions. He asked

the Iranian president to offer an explanation for Iran's persecution of scholars and journalists, denial of the Holocaust, and plans for the destruction of Israel. He also addressed Iran's funding of terrorism, attacks on U.S. troops stationed in Iraq, and planned nuclear program. He concluded with a summary of his position: "I am only a professor, who is also a University president, and today I feel all the weight of the modern civilized world yearning to express the revulsion at what you stand for. I only wish I could do better."

Asked if he felt the tone and phrases used in President Bollinger's opening comments were necessary, Jonathan Maimon, CC '10, considers the question before answering, swiveling in his chair before his computer screen. "I just think he was under pressure in order to meet expectations of how he would act." Bollinger was under pressure to act aggressively, in light of the negative media response to his invitation to Ahmadinejad to speak at the event. "It was more important for the University to get on the positive side of the media, even though you are sacrificing diplomatic integrity."

Jack Orleans was one of the students with "Ahmadinejad Bad, Bush Worse" signs on the day of the speech. He feels that Bollinger's rhetoric "framed the debate in a way that you either side with Ahmadinejad or you side with U.S. imperialism." He felt the context for the event was a plan for a war on Iran, and that Bollinger added fuel to the flames. "He was forced to respond to this context. He was not talking to the student body, but to the trustees and people in power in D.C. that set the terms for here and abroad."

When I asked him to explain, he states matter-of-factly, "Political leaders look to Harvard, Yale, and Columbia for the people needed to rule society. Bollinger is evaluating what he says based on knowing the role he has to play in keeping the trust of people who ultimately give this institution its cred-

ibility and power."

Both Maimon and Orleans see Bollinger as the tenuous connection between the University and the world beyond, charged with answering to a powerful hierarchy in which the school's image and publicly expressed positions on strictly academic issues become enmeshed in and reshaped by the world of power politics. They point to the expectations for Bollinger to be above all else the public defender of Columbia's image.

Dabashi reacted to the "prejudicing" nature of Bollinger's comments, which he describes as a "closely knit packing of assertions of fact about the horrors of the Islamic Republic, combined with the most ridiculous clichés of neocon propaganda machinery, wrapped in the missionary position of a white racist supremacist carrying the heavy burden of civilizing the world" that introduced a speaker with only one skewed moral and political perspective on him.

Ray Turner*, CC '08 and a MEALAC major, echoes this sentiment, stating, "I think whatever he [Bollinger] said that was worth anything was rendered obsolete by the fact that he spoke like a British colonial officer or someone from the Bush administration, and I think it was a shame that he actually managed to make Ahmadinejad look good." He believes Bollinger's comments restricted the conversation's potential because they set a premise that was inaccurate, presenting facts from an imperialist perspective.

Hartley Ross*, a professor in the art department, comments that Bollinger's reference to Ahmadinejad "exhibit[ing] all the signs of a petty and cruel dictator," his use of the wrong word—"dictator"—misrepresented President Ahmadinejad's position in Iran. "To call Ahmadinejad a 'petty dictator,'" Ross says, "is an oxymoron. A dictator is someone who's supposed to be powerful. Ahmadinejad is not a commander in chief." In his article, professor Dabashi also comments on this part of Bollinger's opening,

declaring with a little more sting, "It is a sign of sheer illiteracy in basic politics to confuse an elected president (no matter how outrageous his politics or how retrograde the republic he represents) with a 'dictator,' who is an unelected monarch or potentate who rules whimsically and as he pleases." Dabashi goes on to explain that Ahmadinejad is not a "dictator," but an elected official that represents a theocracy, a theocracy that "works through a very complicated division of power in various ... centers of gravity, of which Bollinger seems to know next to nothing." He says Bollinger's disclaimer is historically inaccurate and in this way destroys a safe haven for conversation because the terms with which the conversation is conducted are distorted.

A strong contingency of students have remained in full support of Bollinger's actions, not because they stand by him unconditionally, but because they feel he did provide the most suitable forum considering the circumstances. Nicholas Borzenstein, SEAS '10, watched the simulcast of the speech from his seat on the lawn. He feels Bollinger's comments effectively set the tone for a challenging debate, preventing what many feared in the weeks leading up to the event—namely, the degeneration of the speech into a Columbia-sponsored showcase of the President of Iran and his controversial beliefs. "Bollinger introduced President Ahmadinejad in the same way that you might have a disclaimer in a history book, giving the context before you read the content of the primary source."

Borzenstein reiterates numerous times, "We don't want to give him [Ahmadinejad] smooth ground to speak. ... We want to really hear him speak, so we don't want to toss him a light ball so he can, you know, knock it out of the park. We want to give him a hard time and make him really fight to defend his views." Borzenstein believes that Bollinger's moves were not to satisfy

external expectations, but rather to advance the debate.

Many felt Bollinger's remarks didn't really matter. As Borzenstein says, "You listen to him [Ahmadinejad] saying these fluffy sentences that don't really mean much, that sound nice. They ... sound like he's trying to side with us because he says the kind of thing that's noncommittal." His disappointment stems mainly from the fact that President Ahmadinejad "didn't at any time repeat his really aggressive views on wanting to get rid of what we consider the state of Israel and what he considers complete blasphemy."

Maimon offers a similar observation of how Ahmadinejad "turned every question about Iraqi terrorists on its side and made it seem that Iran was a victim of terrorism, which is kind of frustrating." When I asked if these claims by Ahmadinejad were valid, he stated, "It was valid, but there are a lot of things that were valid."

*Names have been changed.



MUSIC

THE MANY THESES OF LUTHIERISM

BY JENNIE ROSE HALPERIN



WHAT MAKES THE GUITAR SOLO IN “STAIRWAY to Heaven” powerful? Who is responsible for the many headed guitars played by Cheap Trick? What if Chuck Berry never picked up a guitar? And if Bob Dylan had never gone electric, would music be the same?

Since Les Paul pioneered the electric guitar, it has been constantly revised and improved in both auditory and visual artistry. As Kelly Butler, head luthier at First Act guitar studio in Somerville, Mass. says: “I really consider these guitars to be tools. A lot of people would consider them art. Of course there are artistic inlays and you do have to be creative, but I do imagine these as tool through which an artist can express themselves.”

Butler, who has been making guitars for over a decade, began his work as a musician who found a way to foster both his interest in woodwork and in music through his job. He began at Gibson guitar before being recruited by First Act and was given full rein of the studio five years ago. “The business is hugely competitive,” he says. “There are a lot of companies out there that are trying to do exactly what we’re doing.”

First Act finds ways to distinguish itself. “You just have to be good. The key beyond being good is customer service. Our artists could be playing anyone’s guitar, but they are on ours. It’s because we treat them right. We deliver when we say we’ll deliver.”

The crafting of an electric guitar begins with design. Artists will call the studio and ask for a certain set of specifications, and a luthier, one who makes stringed instruments, will hand draw their dream. Beyond that, First Act also offers a guitar builder online, where customers can construct their guitar using a handy flash tool (Mine was a red “Delgada”). First Act draws from five basic body models, produced in small batches and sold for inspiration. Next, drawing from the hand sketch, the luthier constructs a more “digitally perfect design.” The wood is then ordered, which Butler says can be the most time intensive part of the craft. After that, the wood is cut in the studio for the guitar’s body and neck. Finally, the actual construction begins. A single artist usually works on a high-detail guitar while several artists work on basic guitars.

The artists build the neck-wood, head-stack,

veneer, fret-board, and then the body, which consists of one or two pieces of wood. Painting is a multi-step process in which the guitar is hand-rubbed and then sprayed and veneered seven times. All in all, a hand-crafted guitar costs anywhere from \$3,000-\$10,000, and a standard piece takes 40 or more hours to make.

For an artist, the choice between a hand-made instrument and a mass-produced one is obvious. Instrument making is a highly specialized, competitive, and difficult art. In museums, there are wings full of classical instruments, but with the advent of the electric guitar, it is unclear if these pieces qualify as an “art.” At the “Dangerous Curves: Art of the Guitar” show at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston in 2001, famous guitars, such as Jimi Hendrix’s fire-blazed instrument and Pete Townshend’s smashed mess of cables were put in glass cases and carefully guarded as pieces of Americana. While the guitar may be a European art, the electric guitar is decidedly American.

Whether Les Paul invented it in his room at age seven, as he claims, or it was Beauchamp in the 1930s in his Los Angeles home, Americans have always loved the electric guitar. The moments that define American music are built around the electric guitar. The electric guitar has been both divisive—KISS and others were labeled “obscene and dangerous”—and unifying—the piercing wail in “For What It’s Worth.” The solid-body electric guitar built rock ‘n’ roll, the cornerstone of the American music experience. If rock ‘n’ roll is an American art, electric guitars are the paintbrushes.

As for Butler, he is not going anywhere. “Instrument-making will be around as long as there’s music to be made,” he says. However, as times change, so do the priorities for a guitar. Currently, First Act is working on a guitar for Adam Gardner, the guitarist for the band Guster. As an environmentally friendly person, Gardner wanted all the wood for his guitar to be certified by the Forest Stewardship Council.

Maybe a several headed guitar is no longer an innovation, but the creativity and artistry of the creator will live on as their “work is put to work” in the studio, on tour, in music videos, and in the rehearsal space.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF M.E. BRUNE AND DART INSTRUMENTS



20% STUDENT DISCOUNT

Get a fabulous Sassoon cut or sensational color and enjoy a 20% student discount with any Creative Stylist.

Alternatively book with one of our talented Intern Stylists at a snip of the price.

Student discounts are offered between Monday – Wednesday upon presentation of i-d.

THE CROWN BUILDING | 730 FIFTH AVENUE | T: 212 535 9200

32 WEST 18TH STREET | T: 212 229 2200

SASSOON.COM

SASSOON

SALON

FREE MOBY (LITERALLY)

BY ELIZABETH WADE



“I’M SICK OF MOBY!” IGGY POP GROWLS IN HIS song “New York Is Beating Its Chest Again.” Though Iggy may be the most direct detractor, ill will for the self-described “simpleton” DJ is not an uncommon sentiment in the rock community.

After so many years of publicly working with PETA, MoveOn.org, and other progressive organizations, even Moby is a little sick of the attention his activism garners. “The more I’ve tried to be philanthropic or altruistic, the more I’ve been criticized for it,” he says in a phone interview. “In fact, I’ve received more criticism for trying to be philanthropic than I have for ever making records that people didn’t like.”

But it is difficult to gripe about Moby’s latest effort to make the world a better place. He recently launched Moby Gratis, a new service that allows independent and student filmmakers to license much of his music for free, a move that circumvents the typically arduous and expensive process of being granted the right to use certain pieces of music in films.

“If you were a musician and you had made a successful record and I wanted to license one of your songs for a movie I was making, I would have to get the approval of the record company and of the publishing company, and

usually that would involve a long period of just trying to get their attention,” he says.

Moby Gratis considerably shortens the time it takes to get noticed. Filmmakers request to download and use tracks through a form on mobygratis.com. Descriptions of the film and the scene in which the music will be used are required, and after the request is approved, the song is available for download and licensing. It is convenient, refreshingly free of bureaucracy, and, most importantly, free of charge.

“Money really should be spent on things like camera rental and location fees and paying your actors and paying your sound people and paying your camera people,” Moby says, “Not necessarily having to deal with business affairs people at record companies.”

Moby Gratis challenges the red tape and exorbitant fees artists face to produce creative output, but its message is aimed at the artistic community and may very well stay there. While anyone can set up an account with Moby Gratis and stream all the songs on it for free, only filmmakers wishing to license the music can download it. The streaming option resembles a more extensive and more obscure version of MySpace, as most of the site’s current 60 songs were composed specifically as score music and

will never see the track list of a commercially released album—a few lesser-known songs from *18*, *Hotel*, and the B-sides of *Play* are available, but the rest are unreleased. But is the technology itself anything new for consumers (or non-consumers, as the case may be)? No.

While Napster, the forward-thinking but legally doomed file sharing service, paved the way for the future of the music industry, MySpace transformed the way we listen to music and how artists achieve popularity. Any band with an Internet connection has a MySpace where at least three of their songs stream automatically. Friending bands may not feel as genuine as friending the guy you met in discussion section or the girl you played darts with at 1020, but the option adds intimacy to the culture of celebrity. Even established bands often release tracks through MySpace, and both the artists and record industry are reaping the rewards of a successful Internet presence. The hypocrisy is evident and the story is old—when online music sharing benefits the record companies, it becomes a desirable form of publicity. When an artist and/or the fans choose to operate outside of a system that sends the profits directly back to the label, the listeners are sued.

“The thing with copyright that I never quite understood is that record companies will do everything in their power to get music played on the radio,” Moby says. “If you illegally download a song and play it on your stereo, you’re committing a crime. But if you listen to the same piece of music on the radio, you’re doing something that the record companies applaud. At the end of the day, it’s the same piece of music, it’s coming out of the same speakers. A lot of copyright restriction does seem really arbitrary.”

The industry’s backlash manifests its uneasiness with new technology. Moby has publicly commented on a recent lawsuit against Jammie Thomas, a single mother in Minnesota who has been sued by the Recording Industry Association of America. “She apparently had 40 songs on Kazaa that she’d made available for download, and so now the jury decided that she owes the record company \$220,000. It is the most asinine thing I’ve ever heard,” he says.

Like Radiohead’s pay-what-you-wish release of *In Rainbows*, Moby Gratis does not suggest that music should be free. Arguably, neither Moby nor Radiohead is pressed for funds, but for artists who found success within the old system to be moving beyond it both foreshadows and crystallizes the changes sweeping through the music industry.

“I could see moving towards a new paradigm where artists actually end up owning their work and selling it directly,” Moby says. “I’d feel a lot better about giving them [the artist] \$10 for a record they’ve made than giving a record company \$10 for it.”

We already live in the future of the music industry: computers are the new stereos, pop songs spread virally through the Internet, and artists are making a living and finding success outside of the outdated record label structure. The only ones who haven’t realized yet are the record labels. When fans figured out ways to listen to music for free, the music industry could label it theft. When their artists decide to work outside the system, it will be more and more difficult for the music industry to ignore the paradigm shift.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MOBY

FILM LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE AFTERLIFE

BY GINIA SWEENEY



PATRICK FUGIT (SECOND FROM RIGHT) STARS IN *WRISTCUTTERS*, PERHAPS THE MOST LIGHTEARTED SUICIDE COMEDY EVER.

WALKING INTO HIS ROOM AT THE SoHo Grand Hotel, sunlight streams in through the window so intensely that it blocks out Patrick Fugit's face. All that is visible is a figure standing in the center of the room with his arm outstretched.

"Hi," he says, "I'm Patrick." He sits on the disheveled bed, his feet—one clothed in a black sock and the other in white—dangling off the edge.

The pint-sized rock journalist of *Almost Famous* stars in a new and bold film titled *Wristcutters: A Love Story*. Directed by Goran Dukic, the film co-stars Shannyn Sossamon and Shea Whigham, with an unforgettable character played by Tom Waits. Fugit describes the film as "a love story that takes place in a suicide afterlife."

Fugit plays Zia, whose suicide we witness in the film's opening scene. Zia remains completely silent throughout the scene—Waits' "Dead and Lovely" plays on Zia's record player, and the audience watches him clean his room and make the decision to end his life.

Fugit says of that scene: "I've never myself contemplated suicide and I don't know anybody, at least to my knowledge, who has. It was sort of guesswork. I sort of imagined what it would take for me to get to that place, which was intense.

That's what the first scene is about, getting to that point and deciding he was going to do that."

The film features many suicides and it takes place in a world where everyone has "offed," as the film's ubiquitous terminology would have it. But Fugit insists that it is not a film about suicide.

"All in all, it's more of a love story, it's more about the friendship between Zia and Eugene [another offed 20-something, played by Shea Whigham] than suicide or anything else." Suicide is in the background of the film, of course, but is not the main focus. He adds: "I sort of always took it as the context of the film, and as the characters do. Something I enjoy about it is the characters and the story take that in stride. I just saw it more as the place that this is happening than anything else."

Ultimately, though, he says *Wristcutters* is an anti-suicide film. "It's a pro-life film—it's a hopeful film," he says, giving the term "pro-life" a new set of parameters.

The film provides little in the way of background for Fugit's character. We learn details in bits and pieces—he is from New Jersey and hasn't talked to his parents in a few years. He lived with his girlfriend Desiree (played by Leslie

Bibb)—the girl for whom he ended his life—until she ended their relationship. Periodically, we are let into Zia's memory in the form of flashbacks to his time with Desiree. The relationship's extreme superficiality is betrayed by their dialogue and their interaction, however. We wonder, he died for this?

"He's done is what a lot of guys do, and certainly what I've done," Fugit says. "You sort of take the idea of your perfect mate and you get all these ideals and say that's what I want to fall in love with. And then you meet somebody who's very good looking, ... and you sort of fit them into that little package, and you fall in love with them. Of course, you're not falling in love with them, which is what Zia does to Desiree. ... When he was alive, he has that sort of insecurity and that sort of personality that drives him to eventually taking his own life."

After a few fruitless weeks in his new habitat—where everything is just a little worse than in life—Zia discovers that Desiree, too, has killed herself. With his new friend Eugene, he sets off across the vast and depressing landscape to find her. It is as much an emotional and mental journey as a physical one, for over this time Zia finally develops his character. Without background, we can only know Zia for

his actions. Along the way, they pick up the stunning Mikal (Shannyn Sossamon) and meet the eccentric Kneller, played by Tom Waits.

"I watched him do it [play the role of Kneller] and it was perfect, amazing," he says. "He's so good at acting, and he just sort of waves it off. He's a little embarrassed about it. He says, 'God, I don't know what the hell I'm doing. You guys know what you're doing. You guys are professional actors, you guys are so good.'" (He imitated Waits's signature gravelly voice with endearing admiration here.)

The perpetually almost-famous Fugit has a lot lined up for the future. He has completed the filming of two movies—*The Good Life*, which was shown at Sundance last year, and *Horsemen*. His film career, it seems, is alive and kicking.

COURTESY OF AUTONOMOUS FILMS

THE SECRET LIFE OF DREAMS

BY MARTA JAKUBANIS



IF NOTHING ELSE, ANTHONY HOPKINS is irrepresibly honest about his career.

“What would have happened if I wrote a bad script? Nothing. I had nothing to win or lose,” says Hopkins, the star, writer, director, and co-composer of the new film, *Slipstream*, who sat down for an interview last Thursday.

Indeed, the trippy *Slipstream* is a bit of an anomaly among today’s cinematic offerings. Typical moviegoers seem to be mostly preoccupied with the plot nowadays, little more than the basic story told on screen. *Slipstream*, however, draws more of its inspiration from Hopkins’ perceptions of the inconsistencies of reality. “Life is so illusion-like, so dream-like, that I think it’s all a dream,” he says. “A dream within a dream.”

Hopkins plays Felix Bonhoeffer, an actor and screenwriter working on his new murder-mystery script, who experiences the ultimate blend of reality and surreality. Dreams and real time collide in Bonhoeffer’s dimension, with the characters from his script appearing in life and his existence slipping into his fictional creation.

It should be no surprise that the continuity supervisor’s character gets killed off, as there is no spatial, temporal, or any other kind of coherence whatsoever. The film also employs seemingly random superimpositions of archival footage of Adolf Hitler and the Vietnam War, jump-cuts, time reversals, freeze-frames, and multiple repetitions of pieces of dialogue, shots, and even sequences of shots. *Slipstream* defies explanation and description—all to hypnotic beats of the Eurythmics’ “Sweet Dreams.” Against all odds, though, the film is a full-length narrative, somehow incorporating all these factors to communicate a story.

“The movie, just like its title, means everything and it means nothing at all,” Hopkins says with frustrating simplicity. “I started writing it as an experiment, about four years ago, after my mother died, with encouragement from my wife ... There was no design. I wrote the first scene, and then the second scene, and then the third scene, and I asked myself—where is this going?” Hopkins says with a shadow of a smile. “There was one conscious thing I wanted to do—I wanted to go off on tangents, to include ideas in the middle of shots, without explanations. There are no explanations.”

Of course, many people, especially col-

lege students, boast an affinity for more demanding films, perhaps as a reaction to the plebian desire for easy narratives. It’s almost as if concocting a wild theory for *Mulholland Drive* automatically elevates a viewer to the status of intellectual demigod. But even David Lynch’s transcendental meditation on mythology and sadistic tendencies pale in comparison with the unreal world of *Slipstream*.

“Everything in life is so illogical,” Hopkins says. “Nothing in my life makes sense to me at all, not in a negative way. It’s a great gift, actually, because it made me angry enough, made me discontent enough to become an actor.”

Hopkins put the film together in a manner similar to the chaotic final product—the cast and crew are compromised mostly of the director’s friends and acquaintances. For the most part, they agreed to do it because they liked the idea, even though some of them had no idea what the film was about. So is the film meant to be a satirical commentary on the movie industry?

“No, it’s not,” Hopkins says. “Even though actors take themselves too seriously. The joke is that Christian Slater’s character [an actor starring in the film based on Bonhoeffer’s script], in fact, dies from overacting.”

After casually mentioning the film to my friends about a week ago, the inevitable question of plot followed. “It’s about the implosion of a man’s mind,” I attempted. After three seconds of quizzical silence, I added, “It’s a surreal tale of one man’s journey.” It didn’t fool them, though. Quoting the production notes, which I had read numerous times in search for hidden meaning between the smooth marketing phrases, was not going to help me explain Hopkins’ brainchild.

“It’s a metaphor of life,” Hopkins finally says, sensing that the reporters are itchy for some sort of concrete answer. “Films are metaphors of life. You’re somewhere doing something, and then suddenly the moment has passed, as if someone said, ‘Cut!’ and it’s over. Every moment just slips past. What is real? What is fantasy? You grasp this moment and then, suddenly, it’s gone. I was talking 10 minutes ago, but that’s all gone. It’s all a dream.”

PHOTO COURTESY OF DESTINATION FILMS

HUMOR BUSH FOILS AIR FORCE ONE TERROR PLOT

BY SHAINA RUBIN

ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO MOSCOW, President Bush reiterated that the United States does not negotiate with terrorists—even on airplanes. In a moment of dramatic irony, Soviet nationalists posing as a news crew effortlessly infiltrated Air Force One just after special forces captured some kind of terrorist general.

The Soviet terrorists quickly proceeded to take hostages, including the Chief of Staff, a military adviser, the National Security Adviser, and Laura Bush and their daughters, who were there, for some reason. They also killed a military officer who was carrying around a briefcase containing the United States Strategic Command nuclear launch codes. This may or may not have mattered. The flight crew declared an emergency and tried to land at an airbase in Germany. Many secret service agents died trying to evacuate Bush to an escape pod in the emergency landing. However, the terrorists took control of the plane after killing the pilots and took off again.

In Washington, D.C., Vice President Dick Cheney worked with the Secretary of Defense to assess the situation. In a surprise twist, he learned that Bush had not entered the escape pod! Then the terrorists called and demanded the release of their general or else the terrorists would kill hostages. The government refused to negotiate with the terrorists, the policy reiterated by the United

States earlier, which the terrorists should have been aware of. The terrorists then went on to execute the National Security Adviser.

President Bush, on the baggage deck, grabbed a gun and began sneaking around the plane. He killed one terrorist and then called the Situation Room in the White House, ordering an attack on Air Force One. However, the terrorists realized that someone was down on the baggage deck. Assuming he was a secret service agent, the head terrorist executed the Deputy Press Secretary in an effort to force Bush to surrender.

Displaying his characteristic resolution, Bush located the hostages and released them using the keys from another terrorist that he had captured. Also a trained electrician and computer scientist, Bush then sabotaged the plane's fuel controls. A refueling method was proposed that forced the plane to a parachute-permitting altitude. Most of the hostages escaped by parachuting out, but the tanker exploded, and President Bush, his family, and a few others were stranded onboard!

The terrorist leader, realizing that he had President Bush hostage, forced Bush to secure the General's release from prison. Miraculously, though, Bush freed himself and the hostages and killed the rest of the terrorists. However, the terrorist leader captured one of Bush's daughters and attempted to parachute out. Bush fought the leader and deployed his parachute while it was around



THE WHITE HOUSE RELEASED THIS IMAGE OF PRESIDENT BUSH IN ACTION ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE. THE PHOTOGRAPHER LATER DIED.

the terrorist's neck, thus ejecting the terrorist from the plane. Added Bush: "Get off my plane."

Suddenly, Soviet fighter jets, which the terrorists evidently had, attacked Air Force One, inflicting terrible damage to its engines and flight systems. Like angel heroes, U.S. forces saved the plane just in time and arranged an air rescue. The plane was descending too fast to save everyone, so Bush had his family and a wounded crew member saved first. Just as it seemed like everything

was over, however, his traitor secret service agent from the first part of the story killed the two others with them and fought with Bush to get on the rope line. Bush used his most amazing fighting abilities yet and escaped on the rope line, and the plane then crashed into the ocean with the agent on board. He looked scared and sad.

Bush summed up the event in a press conference, saying, "The President must always risk his life to personally kill terrorists." He added, again, "Get off my plane."

THE CORE-NER: MUSIC HUM

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN REVIEWS RADIOHEAD



WITH EVERY NEW RADIOHEAD album, the direction of the band becomes disappointingly clearer: They create in themselves by their wicked deeds a strange and perverse adultery, and so appear polluted and shameful in my sight.

Granted, few albums by any group live up to the impossible standards of *OK Computer*, or even *The Bends*. They are God's mysteries. They are God's secrets. Radiohead wrote them down because a heavenly voice said to them, "See and speak! Hear and write!" *Rainbows*, on the other hand, shamefully follows Satan.

On a basic level, Radiohead might just be trying too hard. Ever since *Kid A*, I've wondered when they would return to the pop-song savvy that makes even their progressive work so

infectious. As Lester Bangs used to say about overambitious bands, "They must run to the refuge of continence, and seize the shield of chastity, and thus defend themselves from uncleanness." You get the feeling that a new "Karma Police" or "Paranoid Android" is lurking somewhere in *Rainbows*, but these perverted adulterers change their virile strength into perverse weakness.

Rainbows also suffers irredeemably from a failure to maintain a two-note drone for the entirety of any song, although the use of Latin cadences is adept.

In short, this album is no step backward, but no step forward either. It won't convert any nonbelievers, but fans should find it sufficient to ward off the blackness of crippling doubt and emptiness.

EDITORS' PICKS

RESTAURANTS

CAFE GITANE



One of my favorite aphorisms begins, “There are only two places to eat in No-lita ...” The first, my favorite, is a closely guarded secret. The second is Cafe Gitane, the only restaurant downtown to attempt Parisian-style seating. Sit perpendicular to the street as you nibble on a French-Moroccan brunch or a cheese and nut platter.

242 Mott St., (212) 334-9552

ALEX GARTENFELD
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

LUCKY STRIKE



Lucky Strike was one of restaurateur Keith McNalley’s first ventures—before Carrie & Co. ever uttered the words “brunch at Pastis.” But this homey bistro trumps his swankier ventures by a million. There are the familiar McNally touches: the menus written up on mirrors, the bathrooms with antique handles. But the food is rustic and delicious, and the clientele less raucous.

59 Grand St., (212) 941-047

XIYIN TANG
STYLE

PINKBERRY



At least that’s what I’d like right now. The colder the temperature gets, the more I crave anything frozen and delicious.

2873 Broadway, (212) 222-0191

TINA GAO
PHOTO

BOHEMIAN HALL & BEER GARDEN



Outdoor dining as it should be. If you can stomach the line to get into the garden, inside await pitchers of ambrosial beer and more food than you can shake a wurst at. (Just beware the undulous trip home on the N.)

2919 24th Ave. in Astoria

(718) 274-4925

JOHN DAVISSON
STYLE

JUST LIKE MOTHER’S



It’s in Queens. The food would be just like my mother’s if she were old and Polish ... and maybe had a dirty kitchen. But I still like it just the same. The perogies are really yummy.

11060 Queens Blvd. in Forest Hills

(718) 544-3294

MEDAYA OCHER
URBANITIES

CALIFORNIA RESTAURANT



Mexican Coca-Cola contains real cane sugar instead of corn syrup. This place has it as well as great tostadas. Also, they keep bringing you free chips and salsa, and you never get kicked out.

3151 Broadway, (212) 665-7338

J.D. PORTER
HUMOR

JEAN-GEORGES



While this Columbus Circle eatery is one of the most expensive restaurants in New York, it also features one of the best and most reasonably priced prix fixe lunch menus, featuring the best of French cuisine with a Southeast Asian flare.

1 Central Park West

(212) 299-3900

DANIELLA ZALCMAN
MANAGING EDITOR

EXPERIENCE THE LEGENDARY SOUND OF CARNEGIE HALL

Get student tickets to Carnegie Hall events for less than you might think!

Learn more at carnegiehall.org/students.

Join the Carnegie Hall Student Subscriber Program.

Buy a three- or four-concert package at just \$15 a seat and receive guaranteed seating to help you plan your semester.

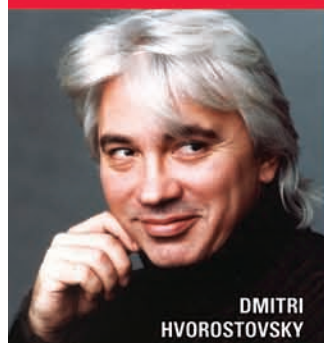
Enjoy online student-ticket purchasing privileges, plus additional special offers.

Join the free Carnegie Hall student e-mail list.

Receive weekly listings of last-minute \$10 seats.

NEW THIS SEASON! MUSIC AMBASSADORS

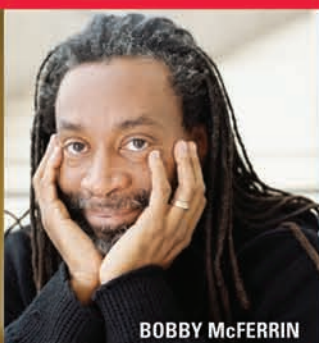
If you love music and enjoy working with people, join Carnegie Hall's Music Ambassadors program. Participate in volunteer projects and receive free concert tickets and Shop discounts. Contact us at 212-903-9778 or volunteer@carnegiehall.org.



DMITRI
HVOROSTOVSKY



HÉLÈNE GRIMAUD



BOBBY McFERRIN



CHICK COREA



JOSHUA BELL



MAX RAABE



*Student rush tickets are generously supported
by The Merkin Family Ticket Fund.*

© 2007 CHC. Photos: Hvorostovsky by Pavel Antonov, Grimaud by Kassara/DG, McFerrin by Stewart Cohen, Corea by Michael Grecco/Icon International, Bell by Chris Lee, Raabe by Frank Eidel.

CARNEGIE HALL

Bank of America 

Proud Season Sponsor of Carnegie Hall