

WHY YOU SHOULD BE SAD YOU MISSED THE NSOP CONCERT
A FOX NEWS AFFAIR TO REMEMBER • ALAN CUMMING IS STRAIGHT

the eye

COLUMBIA ON THE STREET

VOL I, ISSUE 6, 10.12.06

MO MONEY, MA PROBLEMS

HOW COLUMBIA PROFESSOR BARRY
BERGDOLL WILL RESCUE MODERN ART

the eye

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

Sweeney Todd

Tim Shenk

Merrily We Roll Along

Julia Israel, Julia Stroud

Company

Jason Kim, Sumana Rao

Anyone Can Whistle

Risa Chubinsky, Xiyin Tang

Assassins

Alex Gartenfeld, Jennie Morgan

A Funny Thing Happened ...

Shannon Donnelly, Dan Haley

Follies

Sally Cohen-Cutler

Evening Primrose

David Ehrlich

Into the Woods

Miri Cypers

A Little Night Music

Elizabeth Wade

Bounce

Hillary Brody

Pacific Overtures

Brendan Ballou, Paul Barndt,

Liz Brown, Jen Spyra

Saturday Night

Ariel Bibby, Adam Brickman,

Max Foxman, Swetha Regunathan

Gypsy

Bee Shaffer

Follies

Ian Corey-Boulet, Amanda Sebba

The Frogs

Whitney Alexander, Kaitlyn Gaynor,

Lauren Seidman

Putting It Together

Carly Isman, Matt Franks,

Robin Yang, Emily Greenlee

Sunday in the Park With George

Kibby McMahon

Grease

Jake Olson, John Mascari,

Steve Moncada

If you have questions, comments, or letters to the editor, e-mail Tim Shenk, editor in chief, at eye@columbiaspectator.com. You can also call us at (212) 854-9547. To place an ad, call (212) 854-9547.

"Well, if you keep saying that, then we'll just not be married anymore."

©2006, *The Eye*, Spectator Publishing Company, Inc. No part may be reproduced in part or in whole without express, written consent of the editors. All rights reserved. *The Eye* is published every Thursday during the fall and spring semester, except during examination and vacation periods, like next week. Thank fucking God. I'm too old for this shit.

On the Cover

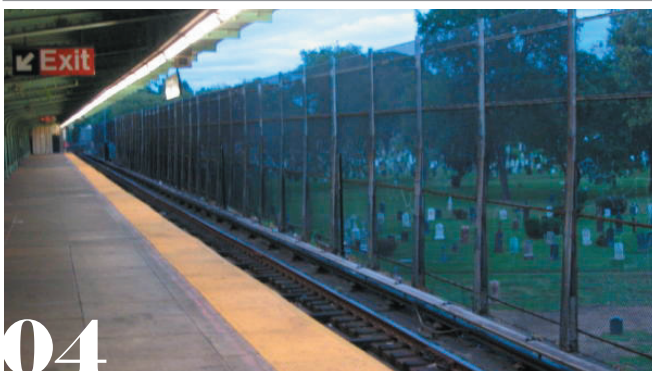


07

The Modern Man

In January, art history professor Barry Bergdoll will curate MoMA's architecture and design department. How will he fight critics' newfound distaste for MoMA and its definition of modern art?

Urbanities



04

Training Day

Any of these six subway stops will have you hoping that your train is delayed.



05

Tales From Behind the Velvet Rope

How savvy club-goers sweet-talk their way into popular downtown hotspots.

A&E



Film

12

There's something in the Han River...

Food

06

Sampling the cuisine of Japan

Music

10

Xiu Xiu and the art of pretension

The Rolling Eye

14

Head to the stacks and love thyself

From the Editor of 34th Street...

O Columbia! The gem of the ocean/ The home of the brave and the free,/ The shrine of each patriot's devotion,/ A world offers homage to thee!

These lyrics come from an 1843 song which, according to Wikipedia, is credited to T. Becket and D. Shaw. This Web site also claims that Columbia was "commonly understood as a poetic name for the United States of America at the time." Becket and Shaw were clearly smoking too many Chinese opiates. I've got a better poetic name for the US of A: the University of Pennsylvania. Columbia is more like ... like ... Iran. Uzbekistan on a good day.

I jest. Let's get real. How are you guys doing down there? Oh, I know New York is north of Philadelphia. My sense of cardinal direction is finely tuned. I'm just asking what it's like at the #9 ranking. Because that's your ranking. Writ large, small, or neither, Columbia is the shittiest school on the planet. Think you guys are cool, an urbane bunch of New Yorkers? How much do you love describing yourself as "urbane"? Fucking carpetbaggers. A better term would be "vagina-ish." Columbia is no more than a cavernous, gaping fa-chotch.

Columbians, this weekend we renew the greatest rivalry in Sportingdomshire... land. Penn and Columbia will lock helmets on the field of the foot-of-ball. You will lose and for the reasons hence.

Look at your quarterback. Who is this jack-off? No, seriously, who is he? Let's call him Chauncey, because it's a stupid name, and you're a stupid school. Not only does Chauncey have a completion percentage of like ... like ... who knows. Let's just say it's really low and Chauncey is a retard. Chauncey throws like a dingus. Your running back ... Seamus. Seamus doesn't play football so much as he swims in a pool of horse diarrhea. Your coach ... Kelly.

Kelly is a man, but he has a girl's name. Can I have Kelly's phone number? Your mascot, the "Lion." He'll be lion on the ground after we're through with him.

Goddamn, I can prove a thesis. It's not hard for me, being so well-educated. Don't worry, you Columbians will get there—as soon as you learn cursive and long division. Come on guys. Learn your remainders. We're not trying to split the atom here.

Alas, I will not attend the game. I have more important things to do than watch a blow-out. Among the unimportant, though, I check out your magazine every now and then. What've you had, five issues, and already Tim is coming to me for relief? My magazine at Penn, *34th Street* (www.34st.com!), began in the early '70s. As a frame of reference, this is right around the time that the *Spectator* permanently lost its edge, sinking the so-so ship Columbia with it.

But *The Eye*—it's solid. Read this week's feature for a complete lack of narrative and the music section for stuff you've already seen on blogs. Huzzah!

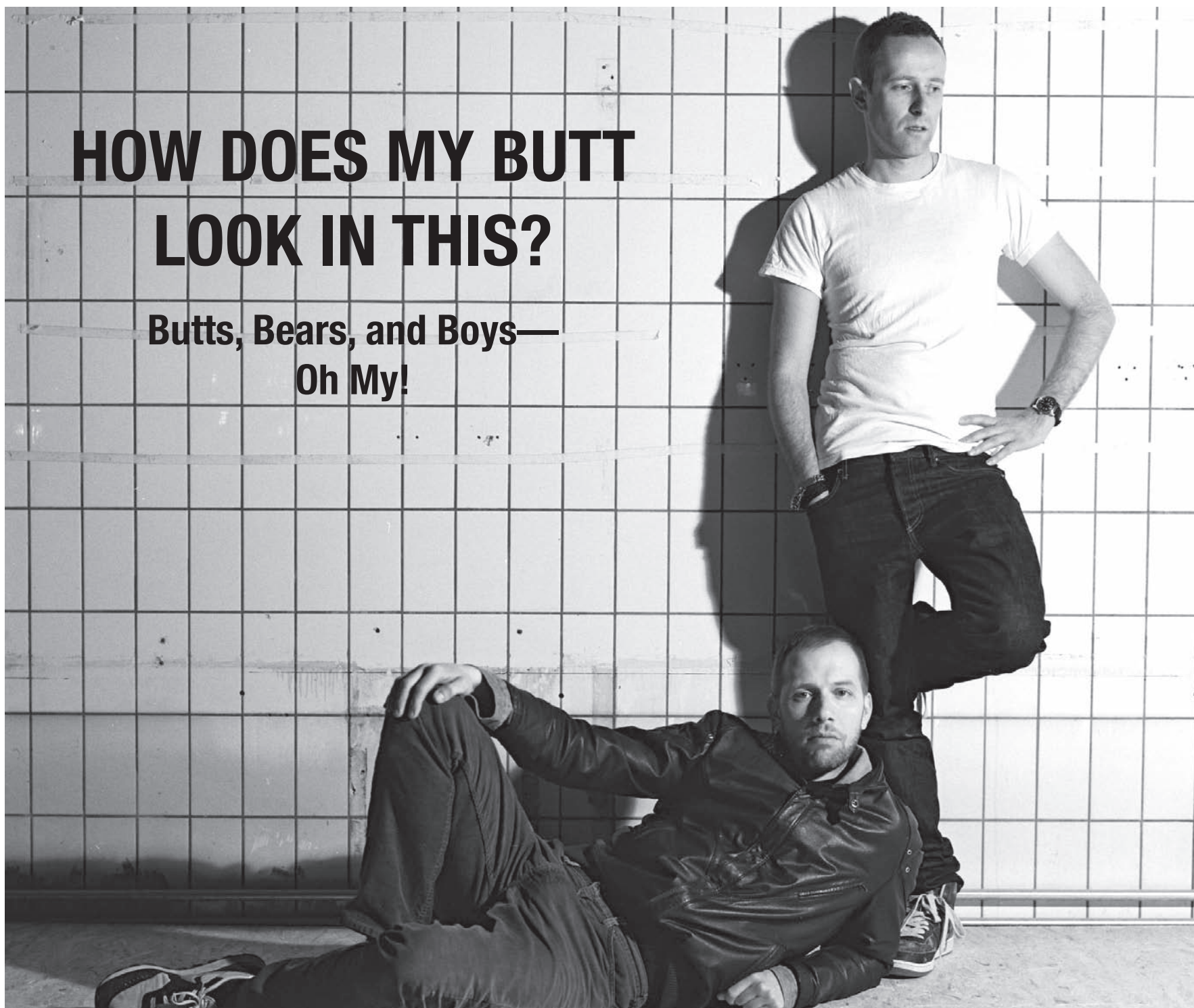
Columbia, the gem of the ocean! What farcical jibber-jabber. I eat your gem for breakfast.

Jim

Jim Newell is a senior majoring in English at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the editor of 34th Steet, the weekly magazine of the Daily Pennsylvanian. He also has a potty-mouth.

HOW DOES MY BUTT LOOK IN THIS?

Butts, Bears, and Boys—
Oh My!



For those of you who have yet to crack its pages, Butt Magazine is the satirical gay publication that has attracted the attention of fashion designers, photographers, and stylists all over the world. Founded by Dutch graphic designers Jop van Bennekorn and Gert Jonkers, and run from their small basement studio in Amsterdam, Butt remains committed to loving, earnest profiles and suggestive spreads. The end of this year marks five years of Butt, and with it a book, The Best of the First 5 Years of "Butt": Adventures in 21st Century Gay Subculture, featuring designer Helmut Lang, director Gus Van Sant, and author Edmund White. —Alex Gartenfeld

What brought about *Butt*?

There was nothing out there that kind of represented us. Gay magazines are so god-awful—all the same, so commercial, you know, blah blah blah. We wanted to make a really interesting new magazine for homos.

Who is the *Butt* reader?

It's quite diverse. There's a lot of younger readers, there's a lot of like 22-year-old indie kinds, and there's a lot of more old-school gays who see the magazine as also something that continues in the tradition of more alternative gay papers.

Your magazine has often been described as a "bear magazine" for its attention to larger men. Do you think that's accurate?

Strangely enough, I don't think that it's true that we feature them. Sometimes there are some bears in the magazine, but they are very much a part of the whole makeup of the magazine. I go to America mostly every year, and I'm always surprised by how massive ... [the bear trend] is in America. It's overrun now—it's so big. The bears deserve their own magazine! There are some, but they're very much like porn. There's just no bear lifestyle magazine that's about how to decorate your kitchen.

What have been your most outrageous submissions?

Sometimes we get really long letters of people explaining their whole lives, or I've been getting letters from someone who wants to start a new gay club, not a club like to go out to—more a posse of guys that will all infiltrate in the media and takeover.

Is there anything too outrageous to print?

We don't really do porn. With a click on your computer you can download a kilo of porn on the Internet, so we stay away from that. We like things that are a bit messy, or show a diversity of sexuality. People that are into feet, or that are extremely hairy, or

even obese, or like extremely thin. We like that kind of anthropology of sexuality, but you won't see muscular gym bodies.

How is *Butt* bringing people together?

We've got this feature called "Butt Head," and it's just very old-school, a very low-tech dating service kind of, with about a thousand guys there who can meet each other. We know that people are having intercourse because of it, and people do meet each other. We do *Butt* parties and people meet there, and sometimes they have anal, and sometimes they stay together for a few years. Some time ago we got an e-mail from someone saying he met his best friend at a *Butt* party in Paris. I thought that was very sweet.

Butt Magazine is available at fine art bookstores and boutiques, including St. Mark's Bookshop, Printed Matter Inc., Spoonbill & Sugartown, McNally Robinson and Opening Ceremony. Become a "Butt Head" at www.buttmagazine.com.

OCT 10-15
THE MUSIC OF ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM AND STAN GETZ
 TRIO DA PAZ, HARRY ALLEN, MAUCHA ADNET & JOE LOCKE
 AFTER HOURS: CHRISTOS RAFILEDIS & MANHATTAN VIBES (OCT 10-14)

OCT 16: NORTHERN LIGHTS JAZZ SERIES
FABIAN KALLERDAHL

OCT 17-22
TED NASH QUINTET
 AFTER HOURS: EZRA WEISS QUARTET (OCT 17-21)

OCT 23: NORTHERN LIGHTS JAZZ SERIES
LAGE LUND QUINTET

RESERVATIONS: 212-258-9595/9795 www.jalc.org

ALL SHOWS: 7:30 & 9:30pm w/11:30pm set Fri & Sat
 Tue-Sat \$10 after hours set
 UPSTARTS: Mon 7:30 & 9:30pm For special student prices visit www.jalc.org
 Frederick P. Rose Hall, Home of Jazz at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 60th Street, 5th floor

Dizzy's Club *Coca-Cola*

Stop in Your Tracks

6 Subway stations that are worth the wait

By Marta Jakunbis

GRAND CENTRAL

(4, 5, 6, 7, S)

scene The breathtaking main concourse would feel right at home alongside the Waldorf-Astoria.

crowd Expect nouveau-riche business types to frown upon your last-season Kenneth Cole tote.

amenities A Swatch store, Oyster Bar, and Eddie's Shoe Repair service are among the terminal's many creature comforts.

art Features like Sky Ceiling, sculptures of ancient gods, and an opal clock make the concourse feel more like a museum than a train station.



14TH ST. - 8TH AVE.

(A, C, E)

This recently renovated station might be one of the cleanest and best lit stations you've seen.

Chelsea meets Greenwich Village, so don't even try to fit in without black skinny pants and a cigarette.

It may be your average local stop, but the above-average kiosks will cater to your every need.

Get up close with Tom Otterness' "Life Underground" installations—playful bronze characters scattered around the platform.



ASTORIA BLVD.

(N, W)

Agoraphobics beware: this is one of the few above-ground stops with unobstructed views of the city.

If you thought Manhattan was diverse, just wait until you get a look at Queens.

Don't get your hopes up for more than a broken pay-phone and a bench that is literally standing on its last leg.

Graffiti art everywhere makes the station and its surroundings a living masterpiece.



81ST ST.

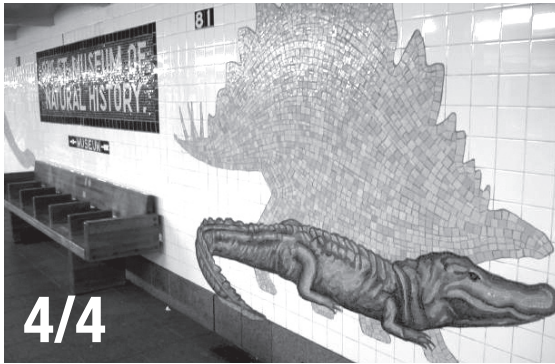
(B,C)

scene Well kept, well lit, and well protected, this stop servicing the Museum of Natural History is clearly campaigning for the Station of the Year Award.

crowd Nerds with notebooks, tourists, kids on class trips, and Upper West Side residents means it's okay to wear your Columbia sweatshirt.

amenities An all-you-could-need kiosk selling everything from umbrellas to Band-Aids might put the local Duane Reade out of business.

art With dinosaurs' skeletons and wall mosaics of some of the weirdest animals on Earth, it's an underground Museum of Natural History with only a \$2 entry fee.



QUEENSBORO PLAZA

(N, W, 7)

Getting to the top level of this three-story station counts for 15 minutes in the gym (add five minutes if it's crowded).

You can play fetch with the German shepherds and their yuppie owners or mingle with the Puerto Rican mamas.

As long as you are willing to exit the platform, you'll be rewarded with the best funnel cake Long Island City has to offer.

The jumble of nationalities, styles, ages, colors, sounds, and smells is exhilarating and always in the now.



WILSON AVE.

(L)

Canarsie-bound trains stop at a tiny outdoor platform facing the Evergreen Cemetery.

Except for two hooded guys and an occasional lost reporter, the place is deserted.

There is a platform. And tracks. And an exit sign.

The decrepit tombstones and mold covered walls really augment the already cheery atmosphere.



Overachiever

His Release

Why Jonathan Walton wants to take you to Africa with a poem

By Melanie Weniger



PHOTO BY TINA GAO

Walk into any open-mic night these days and you'll be sure to find a sizable group of aspiring poets trying to make it as the next Langston Hughes. But Jonathan Walton, CC '08, is a step ahead of the game. At the tender age of 20, he's already published two books of poetry (with another in the works), is a sponsored artist with humanitarian and aid organizations like World Vision and Invisible Children, and has been a motivational speaker since he was 15. But really, Walton's just a southern gentleman looking to make his mark as a modern Renaissance man.

Walton first began performing at the age of 14 and self-published a book of poetry, *My Release*, in his junior year of high school: "I was performing and writing and people were like, 'Well, can I have this poem?' So I started autographing things. It's not a joke—you sign [for] little kids, you sign shoes, you sign napkins, like whatever. Kids would come up to me and want books. And then I'd do schools, and you'd have 800 students and they want books!"

But Walton has another passion outside of poetry: "If I could be a poet and write books the rest of my life, and that'd be my job, I would do it," he admitted. "But I really do feel a calling with helping kids, whether it be in the Bronx, or in Brodnax, Virginia."

Walton does his part to help kids by working with World Vision, the largest faith-based aid organization in the world, and Invisible Children, another federal organization dedicated to children. Walton was inspired to get involved by the documentary *Invisible Children*. "When I saw the documentary," he said, "I began to raise money for children in northern Uganda, which in turn put me in contact with World Vision. Basically, you're like a sponsored artist. So like ... I'm on contract with them. So like, I can raise money for children in Northern Uganda, I can get kids sponsored, I can sponsor initiatives—I can do all that stuff." He's currently working with World Vision to build a Children of War center in northern Uganda to house kidnapped children as well as refugees from the Darfur region.

Walton's love for poetry and his penchant for humanitarian work seem to go hand-in-hand. He wants to use his performance poetry to inspire action on the part of his audience: "When I get on stage, I'm serving—you know what I'm saying? It's my job to take you out of your everyday life and somewhere else. And if you don't go there, then I didn't do what I'm supposed to do. If I can take you to Africa with a poem, I'm going to do that." He also uses personal experiences in his poetry to try and motivate others. "Suffering to me only strengthens your testimony of how you made it through," he said.

Though no stranger to the stage, Walton lets on that he's not so skilled in all aspects of performance art: "I'm actually in World Theater, and we're supposed to be doing an Indian dance, Kathakali. My body is not flexible! I have arthritis, I got bad knees, I am not a dancer, not at all. I can do hip-hop and all that stuff, but I cannot plie, or, you know, anything like that."

how-to

Get in Through the Back Door

Tips and tricks for slipping past discriminating bouncers

By Dan d'Addario

Not every college student in America spends Saturday night cow-tipping. A Columbia student can go to any club in the city. Well, more accurately, he can *wait outside* any club in the city, hoping to be let in. While being legal certainly helps, it takes a lot more than an ID to slip past some velvet ropes.

Two Columbia College freshmen, "Tom" and "Katie,"—all of our source's requested anonymity—have gotten into downtown hotspots such as Hiro and the infamous MisShapes party. Their strength lies not in having an excellent fake but in their persistence and quick thinking, as well as a few connections. "Our friend dated a club regular at Hiro—that's how you can get in the back door," said Katie (and no, "in the back door" is not meant euphemistically). "Suri," a CC freshman, said that having the DJ as a friend-of-a-friend got her into Sway, a small SoHo lounge known to welcome the likes of Lindsay Lohan and Chloe Sevigny.

Sometimes, chatting it up helps too. Tom said that after he and a number of his friends were rejected from MisShapes, he returned to the line and began socializing with the regulars in front of him. By the time he reached the front of the line, he ended up getting in as part of their group. The next day, his jealous Columbia friends saw his photo on the Misshapes Web site. Tom hardly feels sorry for them: "When you're clubbing, it's all about numero uno."

There's an element of that cockiness and bravado inherent in clubbing—you have to sell yourself to the bouncer and truly believe that your natural charisma, good looks, and newly purchased fake ID are enough to get you through the door. Katie cautioned that appearance is a major factor: "Wear a man's tank top as a dress. Pretend it's the '60s. Don't wear a bra—people seem to like that." For more ways to brush up on your look, pick up New York bouncer Thomas Onorato's *Confessions From the Velvet Ropes*, a book which includes tips on labels and outfits to try out under the scrutinizing eye of the bouncer.

Age, of course, is another important factor. Suri, a Brooklyn native, spent the summer going to MisShapes. "The bouncer asked me how old I was. I said eighteen and he told me that if I drank, he'd throw me out. The whole club was under eighteen, though; one of the DJs was sixteen." However, don't count on an 18-plus policy. Most clubs are 21 and over, and many are beginning to use ID scanners, making the

best fake ID virtually worthless. The reader's safest bet is to be as guileful as Tom. "I wrapped my fake ID in a ten-dollar bill," he noted. On another occasion he posed as a reporter seeking an interview with a bartender. Both strategies worked.

Another tip is to arrive very early. Many restaurant-turned-bars will only use bouncers later in the night. For a popular Asian restaurant and bar downtown, groups of Columbia students leave campus around 7 to get seats and, eventually, to get smashed. While this restaurant accepts large groups, many venues are pickier, so you shouldn't travel in a group of more than four or five. Also, keep tabs on your alcohol consumption. (Katie noted that a friend's ill-timed blackout once caught the attention of bouncers, and not in a good way: "I don't think we're getting into Hiro again.")

Of course, if you're with a large group of friends, all of whom have been rejected, who needs a loud, sweaty club? Especially when you can wander the equally exciting streets of New York, drinking Sparks out of a paper bag and loudly singing the Eurythmics.



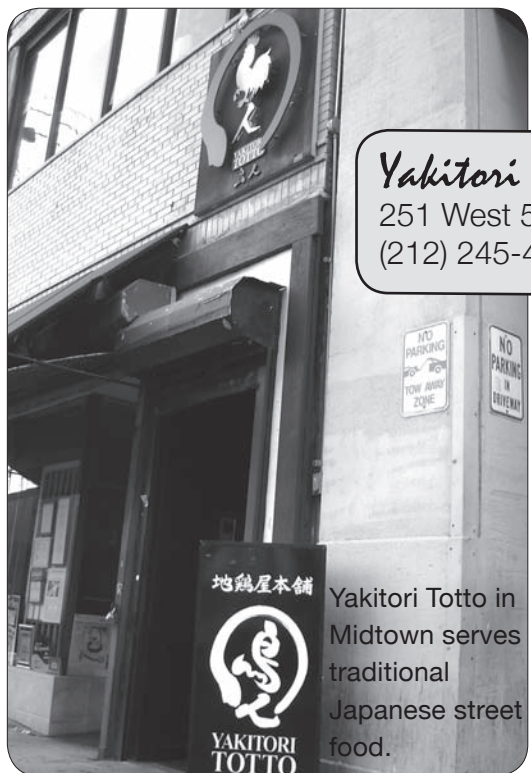
ILLUSTRATION BY JULIE CHUNG

The Tastes of Japan

Explore two of Manhattan's Japanese gems, barely visible from the street

By Johanna Smith

Ushiwakamaru does not bother to translate its specials. They are written in Japanese and merely transliterated into English on the whiteboard at the far end of the sushi bar, which seems like a mean joke, given the fact that these are the fish that the chefs have deemed particularly fresh. The thing to do is either order the omakase, which means “entrust” (the customer entrusts the chef to choose the components and sequence of his meal for him) or kindly ask the waitress to translate. The selection of exquisite fish is so varied that even the English names of the fishes may perplex—saury, halfbeak, and amberjack were a few that left us guessing.



Yakitori Totto
251 West 56th St.
(212) 245-4555

The waitresses, for their part, are patient, though seemed bizarrely over-eager to fetch us more Kirin (draft) beers when our mugs were still half-full. Perhaps they had gotten used to keeping

up with the two Japanese men down the bar to our left who downed their beers immediately upon receiving them and proceeded to lap up a bottle of sake each with their meal. These men were refreshingly dainty in their eating, however, and spaced each wasabi-dabbed, soy-dipped piece of sashimi between long contemplative pauses.

We started with a special appetizer of red snapper

head, which had been stewed in a ginger-infused broth with carrot and burdock matchsticks to the point of falling apart. By the time we got through with it, having sucked its tender cheeks and every other meaty bit from beneath its shimmering scales, only its eye remained in tact. We felt confident that the chef—or possibly even our waitress, with her back to the dining room, en route to the kitchen—would slurp up the eye, the most prime bit of the whole fish, in one

glorious gulp, relishing our naivete.

The house salad was simple and crisp but the miso soup far exceeded our expectations. A flamingo pink shrimp head bobbed within the rich cloudy broth. The maki were expertly rolled and the sushi and sashimi impeccable. Chutoro, pretty fatty tuna, was delightfully marbled, and otoro, extremely fatty tuna, sublime in its whiteness. The menu is concise, and our degustation of raw fish was thus unmarred by the odors of teriyaki steak and the like. Unfortunately, my boyfriend was not quite sated and rather than ordering another roll, insisted on sampling the tempura. It was crunchy as ever but made for an exceedingly greasy, rather leaden chaser to an otherwise ideal meal.

Perhaps one of the reasons we were seated so quickly without reservations at 9 p.m. on a recent Saturday night is that the restaurant is so easy to miss, and has thus far eluded the hordes that flock to neighboring Tomoe. Its entrance is down a few steps and not clearly marked, and the glass facade beholds no atmosphere to speak of. The walls are painted a somewhat aquatic turquoise color and the lighting is bright, perhaps to best showcase the jewel toned flesh of the fish.

Another favorite of the Japanese and Japanophile set that is neatly tucked away—up a flight of stairs, in this case—from the view of passersby is Yakitori Totto. Although yakitori means “grilled chicken,” and is traditionally street food, Totto offers artfully charred organic New York State chicken and an array of other meats that are well worth the wait for a seat at the bar. Reservations are only taken for the first seating (6:30 p.m.), and making reservations is a wise move as the wait can last up to three hours and eating rare cow’s tongue before bed might result in a restless night’s sleep. I highly recommend the cow’s tongue, which is served in neat little chunks on a skewer and tasted amazingly beefy.

Chicken too is served rare or even raw. Best to wash it down with a cool glass of sochu, Japanese vodka, which comes with a pert half grapefruit and a juicer.

More cuts of chicken are offered than one might normally assumed edible. The neck, which is served de-boned, is delicious, as is the tail, a fatty nub. An order of chicken skin was utterly indulgent. “Soft bone” and “soft knee bone”; however, which are pure cartilage, provoked the comment from one of my dining companions that “you feel like you’re eating your own nose!”

The Japanese believe that if you haven’t eaten rice then you haven’t eaten at all—the chicken with scallion and egg over rice, essentially a sweet chicken omelet, makes a fine dessert. Served with small wooden spoons it tastes like something your Japanese grandmother would ladle from a steaming cauldron.

Ushiwakamaru
136 W. Houston St.
(At MacDougal Street)
(212) 228-4181

06

Where Tokyo Meets Pop

By Hannah Howard

I had heard Tokyo Pop, the newish Morningside sushi joint, was mediocre. So I was happily surprised when I ventured down to Broadway and 105th to check it out. The decor was fun—red lanterns, tall pots of bamboo, portraits of sumo wrestlers, and a collage of geishas—the menu seemed inventive, and our friendly waitress brought us crunchy white cabbage with spicy sesame salsa to munch while we waited for our third friend to arrive. We sat outside on a freakishly perfect fall night and perused our options: all the Japanese restaurant standards, plus a lineup of interesting sushi rolls and some unusual specials.

Tokyo Pop
2728 Broadway (at 104th Street)
(212) 932-1000

The miso soup and edamame were adequate but underwhelming, although they did arrive in gorgeous bowls. The vegetable gyoza were delicious: pan-fried, delicate, and just a little bit crispy. Our more adventurous selections seemed to be hit-or-miss, too. We loved the duck breast, sliced thin with poached pear and awesomely tender, but three slivers seemed ungenerous for \$7.50. Shiitake mushroom and persimmon tempura sounded tasty but came to our table soggy, with a too-salty dikon radish vinaigrette and overpowered

by what was supposed to be a “hint” of camber cheese. Deep-fried tofu was uninspired and bathing in a brown sauce again too salty.

My friend, a self-professed lover of unagi-don, grilled eel on a bed of white rice, approved Tokyo Pop’s version of the dish, which came with grilled zucchini and a lovely sweet (but not too sweet) glaze. The succulent eel beat the sushi, even the more complicated rolls. Our waitress suggested the “Green Pop”: tuna, salmon, yellowtail, and avocado wrapped in cucumber roll, with the sticky rice embedded in the fish. We deemed it kind of weird and merely passable. The Tokyo Pop roll featured a mushy orange sauce on top (the spicy tuna?), but the shrimp and roe inside were yummy. I’ve had better sushi. Certainly, I’ve had cheaper sushi.

We were intrigued enough to order a dessert of candied eggplant, fried artichoke, and chocolate coulis. We expected to hate it. Instead it was, bizarrely, our favorite part of the meal, and far surpassed the ginger ice cream and the plum sorbet, which did not taste too much like ginger or plum, respectively.

The price tag is too high for a bargain, the food inconsistently tasty, but Tokyo Pop gets props for their decoration and imagination. It’s still new, and I’m still hoping that in a few months we will have a truly excellent Japanese place in our ‘hood.

Restaurant Review



Tokyo Pop, new to the neighborhood, shakes up Asian dining with its quirky decor.

PHOTOS BY KIBBY MCMAHON



WELCOME TO THE BERGDOLL HOUSE

07

BY ALEX GARTENFELD AMONG THE CHESTNUT WALLS AND ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS OF THE WALLACH ART GALLERY,

my photographer and I struggle to get a photograph of Barry Bergdoll in his natural habitat. On June 21, Bergdoll, a Columbia art history professor for more than two decades, was named the newest curator of art and architectural design at the Museum of Modern Art. He assumes the position on Jan. 1, but until then he continues to glow with the unassailability of an heir to the British throne. He floats on casual shoes among horn-rimmed dandies and powder-haired old women, shaking hands and laughing. Everyone is an old friend.

But when it comes to being photographed, Bergdoll hides among the crowd. He hesitates to stand alone, and when he does, his hands dig into the pockets of his blue coat or remain clenched. His legs seem lost in his loose gray trousers. Eventually he relents, standing at an awkward remove from the walls.

Art critics are a notoriously tough crowd, a troupe of academics with steel quills and lead inkpots. Adding his name to MoMA's masthead, Bergdoll steps into a particularly barbed thicket.

In the Sept. 25 issue of the New Yorker, Calvin Tomkins profiled the promise and the problems of the Museum of Modern Art. True to his reputation, Tomkins' investigation was remarkably balanced, tempering the claims of critics with vehement defenses by MoMA staff members. "It was a gentle assessment of the debates that have gone on behind closed doors," confided Bergdoll.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

It is difficult to believe that only two years ago Yoshio Taniguchi's new building for MoMA was celebrated as the pearl of Midtown. After a two-year renovation (during which the collection vacationed in Queens), the museum relaunched on Nov. 20, 2004. The occasion marked MoMA's 75th anniversary, a milestone trumpeted with an aggressive publicity campaign and a reported \$858 million price tag. Tabloids rushed breathlessly for euphoric puns, "MoMA Mia" and "MoMA has got its Mojo back" among them. Attendance rose to 2.5 million last year, with German and Japanese tourists jumping over barricades to fork over the newly-hiked \$20 admission fee.

Writer and cultural critic John Updike gushed over the "tidy and clean-swept detail" of the new museum. MoMA was to bring art to the thoroughly modernized masses: "The art museums, once haunted by a few experts, students, and idlers, have become the temples of the Ideal, of the Other, of the something else that, if only for a peaceful moment, redeems our daily getting and spending."

Since it opened in 1929 as six rented rooms, MoMA has constantly revised its architectural container, although never before to this extent. The transformation is more than structural: the new museum functions as a corporate industry and a shrine to modern art. But some critics charge that much has been swept under the museum's pristine rug.

Jerry Saltz, legendary *Village Voice* critic, declared the new museum "just too small" to comprehensively house the permanent collection. In January 2005, Saltz presented a list of curatorial issues: "Of more than 415 works, only 20 are by women!" he lamented. He also described the hanging of non-Western art as more comprehensive but equally unconvincing.

The museum's strengths and cultural authority would prove one of its greatest weaknesses, striving as it did to be both popular tourist trap and avant-garde academic enclave. Jed Perl, art critic for the *New Republic*, complained that the museum was no longer a place in which "a new generation [could] go and grapple with questions of quality."

If MoMA is at an impasse, its anxieties are hardly exclusive. A *New York Magazine* feature suggested, "MoMA may be an expression of a larger, moneyed malaise—an all too true reflection of what we've become." Both the contemporary art market and New York are frequently called expensive and safe.

At this moment, New York embarks upon its largest building program since the Robert Moses years, and architecture has never been more important to the city. Simultaneously, MoMA's architecture and design department finds a new vision in its latest curator, Barry Bergdoll. Aside from a bleak, scathing review of his predecessor in the *New York Times*, few critiques of MoMA addressed the possibility of Bergdoll and his department jolting the giants of New York and MoMA out of their collective stupor.

It is curious that Professor Bergdoll hasn't figured more prominently in the MoMA wars. True enough, the architecture and design department lacks the legacy and profile of its big brother, painting and sculpture. Senior deputy for curatorial affairs, Peter Reed suggested, "It shows a bit of prejudice, doesn't it?" Then again, it is the architecture department that, under Bergdoll's predecessor, guided the renovation of the new museum. And it is this department that has the power to permanently shape the aesthetic of the city.

Barry Bergdoll grew up in a rural-tinged Pennsylvania suburb where his family owned a dairy. Though Bergdoll's hands remained neatly folded for much of our conversation, they came alive to sculpt the farm's terrain with sweeping dips and bends of his fingers. But among this pastoral scene, it was the machinery—the turning of gears and twisting of bottle caps—that so fascinated the young art historian.

Bergdoll's public high school was hardly prepared for this precocious future scholar. It did not offer art history classes, so teachers let the teenaged Bergdoll go it alone. Faced with a simple research assignment, he once arrived in class with a comprehensive history of the chair.

Upon receiving his driver's license at age 16, Bergdoll headed for the museums and galleries of downtown Philadelphia. In comparison with his hometown, Philadelphia offered the allure of a blossoming art scene. It was here that he spent his days, organizing afternoon trips with his friends around their class schedules. "I applied to Columbia to get out of that suburb," he said. "I always knew I wanted to be an art historian, and that is why I went to Columbia"

And indeed, he has remained remarkably on-point, as evidenced by his specialization in architect Mies Van Der Rohe, whose Mies chairs now populate any self-respecting advertising executive's office.

Bergdoll studied at Columbia for both his undergraduate and post-graduate degrees, finally earning his Ph.D. in 1986. He made such a good name for himself that it seemed natural that one of his professors, Rosemarie Haag Bletter, would introduce him to her husband, influential architecture critic Martin Filler. Twenty-five years later, in a *House and Garden* piece entitled "Bergdoll: Good Man," Filler wrote, "My early impressions of him—brilliant mind, devilish wit, faultless manners—have all been confirmed over time."

Bergdoll joined the Columbia art history and archaeology faculty in 1985 and was



elected the department's chairman in 2004. He helped establish the University's art history program in Paris and worked with the Graduate School of Architecture to create a Ph.D. program in architectural history there as well.

The department of architectural history is a small division within art history, and yet Bergdoll's effect has been profound. Having authored *European Architecture 1750-1890*, his scholarship defines his specialty: architecture of the 19th and 20th centuries. Within the department, Vittoria Di Palma, assistant professor of modern architecture and landscape, said that her area of expertise fits Bergdoll's like a "jigsaw puzzle." She met him in 1991 as a graduate student pursuing her Ph.D.; he served as both one of her professors and her thesis adviser. She returned to teach in 2004 and now uses his book, which she describes as "fantastic."

While his written work may dominate classrooms, professor Bergdoll has hardly restricted himself to teaching. His resume displays an energy that MoMA has been accused of lacking. He has served as vice president and president on the board of directors of the Society of Architectural Historians. He has also written books on 19th century architect Leon Vaudoyer and academic historicism, edited books on the Eiffel Tower, and penned countless articles for the *New York Times*.

In 2001, Bergdoll partnered with then-curator of architecture and design Terence Riley to develop "Mies in Berlin," a retrospective on the seminal modernist. The exhibition's bold walls were painted red, black, and yellow—the colors of the Weimar flag. The pair led a seminar in which they "tried to integrate the university and museums, who do not historically work well together," Riley explained.

The exhibition was memorable for the way in which architecture floated among art, juxtaposing Mies' glass facades with the works of Dadaists and surrealists, including Man Ray, Marcel Duchamp, and Hans Richter. Herbert Muschamp of the *New York Times* called it "the Modern at its best: great works of art embedded in serious scholarship." The exhibition ran in conjunction with the Whitney Museum's "Mies in America." Together, the exhibitions revised prevailing understandings of Mies, humanizing an architect who had been depicted as austere just five years earlier in a MoMA retrospective.

Following the exhibition in March 2005, Terence Riley stepped down. An extensive search for a replacement ensued, in which "many, many" architects were considered

before the selection of Riley's "good friend," Professor Bergdoll.

Anyone joining MoMA's staff faces a host of challenges. Jed Perl, sometimes referred to as the current dean of American architecture, commented: "I cannot tell you the range of people, all different kinds of people who have said all the time, how unhappy they were. I was astonished by the things the curators over there were saying."

Perl has covered the museum for four decades. "I will tell you, if you look at the number of curators who have left the Museum of Modern Art, there are a lot of people who have left that museum," he said.

Perl's main criticism, which was also broached in Tomkins' article, related to the ability of the curators to work independently of economic and personal influences.

"The Museum of Modern Art was a very unusual place in that it was a curator-run museum," Perl said. "The central figures since the last 1940s has been the curators."

With a voice that harkened back to the golden days of radio, Perl cited successful former curators who he claimed benefited from "a lot of direct access to trustees, to people who could supply the money." The result, said Perl, who never in our conversation abbreviated the museum's name to MoMA, ranged from "chaos" to "creative ferment."

Under director Glenn D. Lowry, MoMA has embarked on an aggressive fund-raising campaign to renovate and sustain acquisitions. So far, \$500 million has come from board pledges. The board consists of only 42 trustees and 15 lifetime trustees, and Lowry informed the *New York Times* that 50 trustees had each given \$5 million or more. Given this concentration of power, it's no wonder that critics compare MoMA to an oligarchy.

Critical voices from Filler to Perl to Tomkins have risen to protest the rising power of trustees and donors at the expense of curators. Filler specifically wondered in *House and Garden*, "While the Modern couldn't have made a better choice, I'm not so sure about Bergdoll's." The museum under Lowry has introduced strict budgets for each department while reducing the number of expensive shows. Perl alleged that "decisions about what's going to be done, what shows are going to be done, acquisitions—it goes through Lowry. So the kind of daring, very personal exhibitions that were done in the past are much less likely to be done."

But Riley, who is now established at the Miami Art Museum, maintained in a phone interview, "I don't think Jed Perl spoke to the curators who worked there." He went on to declare that MoMA's business model "never affected any of the exhibitions I chose."

Because Bergdoll has never before held a curatorial position, his selection initially surprised commentators. He will prove an outsider to MoMA's wheelings and dealings, and though he has navigated Columbia's much groaned-about administration, the dollar signs here are far more public, far more scrutinized, and have a place in the public consciousness that is far more prominent.

"There are enormous pressures from all sorts of directions," Perl noted. "It may be good for somebody to come from an academic setting where they haven't been subject to those pressures."

It is perhaps remarkable that both Riley and Perl agree upon Bergdoll's selection, each touting the importance of his academic background.

Beyond press scrutiny, Bergdoll faces the overwhelming tasks of deciding what work is appropriate within his galleries and what is modern for the greater public. Modernism, which exploded as a confrontational contemporary art form, is sliding into the past. Art history students and their professors alike will shamelessly confess that the boundaries between modernism, post-modernism, and contemporary art leave them confused. For a while, post-modernism provided a clean distance between the Museum of Modern Art and the contemporary '80s and '90s. That distance has again receded. "Barry has to deal with another crisis," said Riley.

Perl envisions a museum that draws significance from the period of high modernism, and he cites Bergdoll's work with 18th- and 19th-century neoclassicism and 19th-century German architect Karl Friedrich Schinkel as "the bedrock interests of modern architecture." For Perl, "[Bergdoll's] selection suggests a desire to reaffirm the old values and concerns of that department. To me that is a hopeful sign."

Professor Di Palma added in sharp, enthusiastic phrases, "I don't think he's the kind of person who will think of the idea of modern or modernism in a restricted sense." Rather, she said, it is in his nature "to bring modern works into dialogue with contemporary architectural interests."

As the consequences of Bergdoll's curation radiate from the museum, Saltz worries about the any institution's ability to define modernity. He issued a caveat: "A madman who believes he is king is no more mad than a king who believes he is king."

Saltz may rest assured that Bergdoll—who is both young and childless—bears little resemblance to King Lear.

For one, Bergdoll has championed collaboration and challenged the myth of the artistic genius. In a 2002 *New York Times* piece, he supported the role of architect as collaborator. "What would ... Columbia University [be] without Seth Low, who commissioned the architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White to design a master plan in the 1890s? ... For even an architect mining a design vision desires the creative tension produced by a strong client." And witness, in addition, his partnership with Riley in the Mies show.

Bergdoll's office decor is far from the intimidating, geometric pieces in his department. There are few frills—and not a single Mies chair in sight. Aside from neat, dark-stained bookshelves, there is only a desk and a round conference table, both of which are casual, functional, and entirely unussy.

Though he pays close attention to the assessments that will shape his legacy, Bergdoll dismisses much of the criticism, insisting that it "says more about criticism than anything else."

He does not refute that the museum's motives include sticking to a well-oiled business model. But fact being fact, he hardly believes that attention to high attendance figures can hurt his department. "The public..." reflects the professor, laughing skeptically. "I can't imagine where else that would constitute a problem, that the museum is too successful."

He has refused to comment on the way in which he will specifically affect the museum's modes of curation and acquisition. However, his Mies show demonstrated an unprecedented interest in using technology. He told me he looks to integrate the architect's "process" into the museum as well. Meanwhile, demonstrating an interest in revising the modernist canon, he noted in the *New York Times* that the museum's collection conspicuously lacks art deco.

Throughout the interview, Bergdoll is understandably hesitant to criticize his bosses. "If I had one complaint," he said, "it would be the use of the sculpture gardens," which he hopes to better integrate into the museum's exhibition space.

His ambitions for MoMA stretch beyond the wide, white museum walls. For artists and architects—indeed for anyone—he said that "the museum should be more of a taste-maker." Sitting at the crossroads of MoMA, the academic community, and the city, he is in a unique position to change the course of New York architecture. He has watched with frustration as the city has failed to adequately redevelop the World Trade Center. "Considering what's gone on there, it couldn't hurt," he says, of MoMA's potential influence on the project.

"Any institution will go through peaks and valleys," Bergdoll concludes. And of course, if all fails at MoMA, he can always return to his post atop Schermerhorn, as he only plans to take a leave of absence—not quit entirely. ■

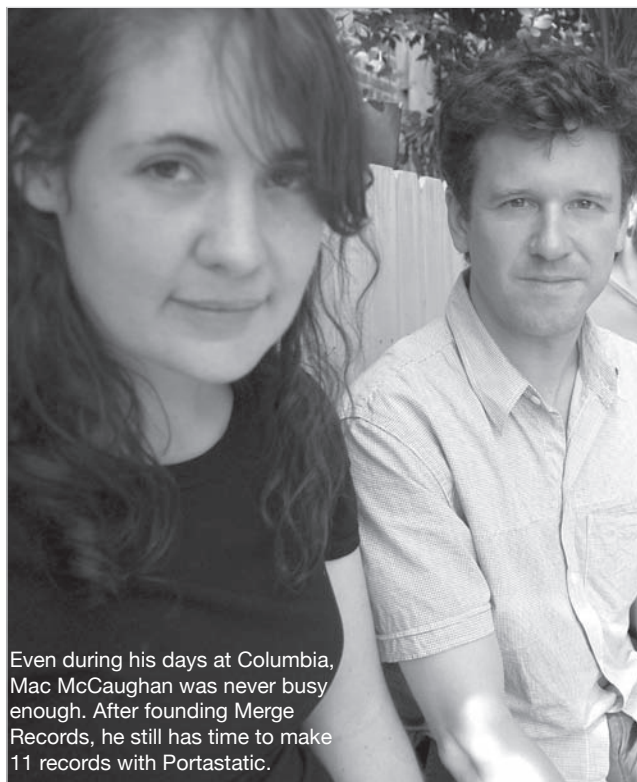
Overachievers, Please

Portastatic's 11th record and Mac McCaughan's first record label

By Emily Baierl

Whether under the moniker Superchunk, Portastatic, or Bricks, Mac McCaughan has been making upbeat, gimmick-free pop music for almost 20 years. Few recent artists as prolific as he can boast such a consistent record. *Be Still Please*, Portastatic's Oct. 10th release, continues this trend. It's no surprise, too, that getting older and the strategies people use to deal with it are themes that the record explores.

Though, in general, Portastatic songs lack the snotty attitude that gave Superchunk its edge, McCaughan finds his lyrics have become progressively provocative and more specific since the nonsensical lyrics he contributed to his former band. Lyrics have always been the most difficult part of the songwriting process for McCaughan. Though he has been writing songs since his freshman year at Columbia in 1985, he still describes it as a "painstaking process starting from scratch." It is a process that occurs often because McCaughan throws away most of what he writes. Though the songs on *Be Still Please* were written over many months with many sources of inspiration, they are united by their bounce and optimism, qualities McCaughan attributes to the nature of his upbringing.



Even during his days at Columbia, Mac McCaughan was never busy enough. After founding Merge Records, he still has time to make 11 records with Portastatic.

It is easy to forget that McCaughan spent four years as an undergraduate at Columbia because he is so often associated with Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the home of Merge Records, which he cofounded with ex-Supercruncher Laura Balance in 1989. At Columbia, McCaughan formed the bands Potter's Field and Bricks, of which country chanteuse Laura Cantrell was a member. The few shows he played with these bands were very laid-back and mostly took place in other students' dorm rooms and apartments. McCaughan still keeps in touch with his former band members, and Cantrell even did some backup vocal work on *Be Still Please*. Returning to Columbia several years ago to play a show with Superchunk, McCaughan was shocked by how much the University has changed and how "the old bars are gone." While McCaughan enjoyed his time in New York, leaving a city with such a rich musical tradition was not a difficult decision because at the time, he didn't intend on making a career out of music.

Now, of course, McCaughan's uncertainty is almost comical. Superchunk's permanent status as a seminal '90s indie rock band is undeniable—Portastatic has released its 11th record, and Merge Records is thriving with recent and

upcoming releases from Lambchop, M. Ward, David Kilgour, the Rosebuds, and The Arcade Fire. Needless to say, McCaughan is a busy man.

PORTASTATIC
Oct. 13, Mercury Lounge
8 p.m., \$12
Oct. 14, Maxwell's
9 p.m., \$10 advance/\$12 door

10

Why You Can't Trust Xiu Xiu

The art of being a mysterious indie rock band

By Scott Evans

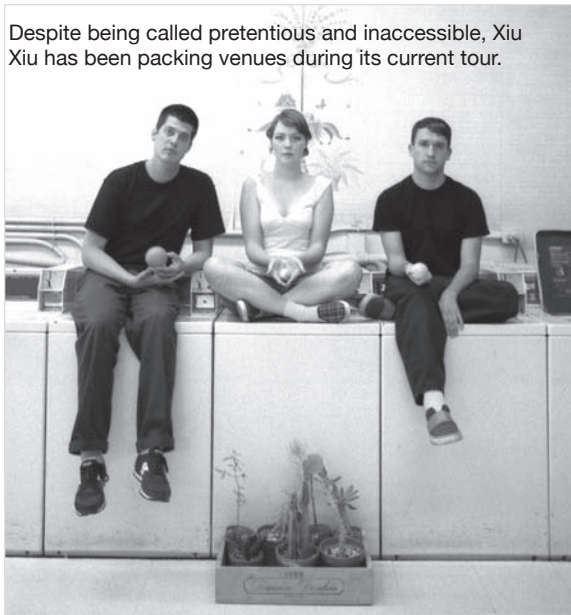
Don't search for the Xiu Xiu entry on Wikipedia. When I bring up a bit of information that I found on the site—something about a thwarted Vincent Gallo collaboration—Jamie Stewart, the lead singer and only constant member of the band since its inception, says it's all a sham. In fact, a friend of his implants false information on the site periodically, "just to see how long it will last... Someone actually just started an interview with five questions based on information that's completely untrue." As for the Gallo bit, which states that Stewart scrapped collaboration plans when he found out that the *Brown Bunny* director was a Republican, "that one will probably just live on as fact."

It's not difficult to believe everything written about the band—Stewart and company put no biographical information on their Web site, and substantial interviews are difficult to come across. Based on general consensus, it's safe to put out a few pieces of information as fact. Xiu Xiu was formed in 2000, named after the Chinese film *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl*. The lineup has gone through many changes, but in the band's current incarnation, Stewart's cousin, Caralee McElroy, and his friend, Ches Smith, join him. The trio teamed up for the 2006 release *The Air Force*, produced by Deerhoof's Greg Saunier. ("Deerhoof changed my life," says Stewart.)

Adding to the mystery of Xiu Xiu, the dearth of concrete facts is complemented by music that is so eclectic that it gives the impression that the musicians behind the songs are fascinating, haphazard creatures. Indeed, a shuffle of their songs can feature a Pussy Cat Dolls cover followed by "Fabulous Muscles," an unconventional ode to a sadistic boy ("break my face in/was the kindest touch you ever gave").

It is a combination of those provocative lyrics and a creeping musical dissonance that makes their music so polarizing, with many people saying their music is inaccessible and weird for the sake of being weird, and just as many pledging undying loyalty to the band.

Despite being called pretentious and inaccessible, Xiu Xiu has been packing venues during its current tour.



Critically, the band has, for the most part, been received warmly, with a *Pitchfork* reviewer calling *The Air Force*, "their most understated, surprisingly sweetest album to date." The polarization is obviously not limited to the general audience, though. *Spin*'s review of the same album contains such harsh remarks as, "super-artsy indie rock is a case of the emperor's new clothes: Nobody's willing to admit how stupid or unlistenable something is when it has such vaunted pretenses."

I find little of *The Air Force* to be stupid and unlistenable, though. The first two singles, "Bishop, CA" and "Boy Soprano," are actually rather soothing, if minimalist and disjointed. Ambiguous lyrics and cacophonous sounds are familiar to any fan of critical darlings Björk and Radiohead, so those factors should not be used as the sole basis for discrediting an artist. Besides the so-called "Gallo song"—"The Wig Master"—everything seems to be relatively audience-friendly.

Xiu Xiu is currently canvassing the South before coming up to New York. After leaving the Northeast, the band will be continuing on to Canada, the Midwest, and finally the Pacific coast.

The strength of its fan base really shows when looking at ticket sales—many of the shows, regardless of location, are at (or near) capacity.

That's quite a feat for unlistenable, super-artsy indie rock.

XIU XIU
Oct. 12, Mercury Lounge
8 p.m., \$16 advance/\$18 door
Oct. 13, Bowery Ballroom
8 p.m., \$16 advance/\$18 door

Relive Your Teen Angst

The Hold Steady's bar rock goes beyond riffs

By Moira Lynch



Having mastered the art of MySpace messaging, The Hold Steady puts the dark days of our teenage years to music on the new record *Boys and Girls in America*.

Imagine waiting for 20 minutes to interview two members of a band who have been featured, and critically acclaimed, in every magazine this month. Then imagine calling your editor and finding out it was supposed to be a phone interview. Not good. For all the drama that went into interviewing The Hold Steady—guitarist Tad Kubler picked up his phone while lead singer and lyric writer Craig Finn did not—just being able to listen to its new album early made it worth it. It is that good.

That is, if you enjoy bar rock that focuses on questions of God, substance abuse, and the general degeneracy of the American youth. *Boys and Girls in America*, a Jack Ker-

ouac reference, is a perfect title for an album about teenage angst across America.

The guitar channels everything from Bruce Springsteen to Thin Lizzy, and Kubler even lists Public Enemy and LL Cool J among his influences. Whatever blend of sounds went into *Boys and Girls in America*, it works. And although the hype surrounding the album continues to grow a few weeks after its release, The Hold Steady, which is currently on tour, feels isolated from it. Instead of concentrating on reviews, Kubler said the band tries to “keep rocking and playing hard.”

The guitars are tightened and have more of a focus than on their last two albums, giving *Boy and Girls* what Kubler calls “a bigger sound.” The piano is also utilized, which creates a more melodic sound that compliments the lyrics and pulls in the guitar riffs. The production by John Agnello (who has worked with Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr., and Bob Dylan) further polishes the sound. All the first-years who left the concert given during NSOP will regret it after listening to this album. This is the kind of music that can only get better live.

One might question how much a couple of thirtysomethings can be in tune with American teens. MySpace is one way, although Kubler takes it a step further by trying to respond to all the messages. He called it an “outrageously enormous way to connect with people and stay in touch,” although he was uncertain whether to call them friends or fans. Also, at boysandgirlsinafrica.com the band is currently having a video contest to find out “what you think about the opposite sex, relationships, love, the whole shebang.” This a band that tries to stay connected with its fans, and by doing so, Finn is able to write gut-wrenching lyrics like “I’ve had kisses that make Judas seem sincere.”

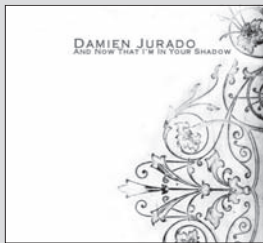
The mix of poetry with hard-rocking guitar riffs is truly what makes each song so effective. There is beauty and grit in The Hold Steady’s new album. You can sit and listen to every word crying over a beer, or you could rock out to it. Choose your own adventure. *Boys and Girls in America* is highly recommended as a companion for your misdeeds, because as Finn sings, “You don’t have a problem/until you start to do it alone.”

11

Album Reviews

Damien Jurado *And Now That I'm in Your Shadow*

There is an unwritten decree among Damien Jurado reviewers that the word “melancholy” must be used at least once in every article written about his music.



Jurado’s newest release, *And Now That I’m in Your Shadow*, invites no exception. The album’s tone is immediately set by the desolate opening chord progression and slow underlying cello (played by longtime collaborator Jenna Conrad, who also contributes vocals to the album) of the opening track “Hoquiam.” Every song afterward lies on the same stretch of deserted mountain road. Even the album’s most melodically cheerful song, “What Were the Chances?,” is beset by lyrics like, “All that was holy just slowly disappeared/or just appeared in parking lots of truck stops.” Like a Steinbeck novel set to music, Jurado conjures depictions of lonely gas stations, unmade beds in rural hotels, and single strings of Christmas lights. The mid-October release date can be no accident—autumn is the time of year for Jurado’s brooding vocals and moody melodies. For best results, listen to *Shadow* on an iPod in Central Park, gazing pensively at the falling leaves. It’s what Damien would do. —Alexandria Symonds

The Killers *Sam's Town*

It’s too easy to call The Killers’ *Sam’s Town* a watered-down *Hot Fuss*, but to some extent, it’s true. Their sophomore release is *Hot Fuss* with the energy sucked out of it. Both albums are equally melodramatic, but *Sam’s Town* lacks the force of hits like “Mr. Brightside” and “Somebody Told Me,” which, despite the sad tales they contained, forced listeners out of their seats and onto the dance floor.



The loud guitars are still there, and so are the persistent beats, but this time lyrics like “If I only knew the answer/If I changed my way of living/And if I pave my streets with good times/Will the mountain keep on giving,” attempt to capture something more serious than what The Killers truly are. One can literally hear them begging listeners to take them seriously with the “enterlude” and “exitlude” that bookend the album, saying, “We hope you enjoy your stay,” and “We hope you enjoyed your stay,” respectively.

Despite its downfalls, *Sam’s Town* is still a good listen, and tracks like “When You Were Young,” “For Reasons Unknown,” and “This River Is Wild” can remind fans of why they liked The Killers to begin with and ultimately serve as the hit singles every album needs. Perhaps with a third album, The Killers will take a step in the right direction. —Tolu Onafowokan

Badly Drawn Boy *Born in the UK*

Damon Gough, better known as Britain’s Badly Drawn Boy, begins his new *Born in the UK* with some musings on cultural background.



His aim is perhaps to draw in the indie crowd with what seems to be a profound and deep reflection on life and its general meanings. He seems to lose this aim, however, around the fourth song, which sounds like the opening act of a Broadway show. After that, *Born in the UK* is almost a remix of all earlier Badly Drawn Boy records. The lyrics are sappy, but lyrics have never been Gough’s forte. His melodies are what made him famous, and again, it is the tunes that save this album. Even though they aren’t anything we haven’t heard before, the music still make us want to dance or ruminate, depending on our mood. “Journey From A to B” and “Degrees of Separation” are definitely highlights of *Born in the UK*, but the rest of the songs try too hard to be soulful insights and may be better left untouched. Die-hard fans will still love him, but newcomers may just want to select a few singles from iTunes. —Cedric Cheung-Lau

The 44th New York Film Fest



Song Kang-Ho is horrified to learn that the titular Host is not a man-eating monster but actually Louie Anderson.



THE HOST
DIRECTED BY BONG JOON-HO

underside of a bridge (the creature, in part designed by WETA of *Lord of the Rings* fame, can be described as a legged fish with an epic tail and a mouth that more than vaguely resembles a vagina). A minute after that, it's devouring them whole with the sort of merciless audacity that American studios would never allow.

Among the victims is the daughter of a bumbling squid-merchant. Convinced that she is alive, her father and his family (think the Un-Incredibles—each has a unique quality that is more of a liability than anything else) embark on a rescue. Their mission, however, is complicated by a heavy international military presence that quarantines the area after news breaks of a contagious virus the monster carries (hence the double-entendre of the American title).

Bong paints his caricatures in broad strokes, but even if the core family can come across like diet *Little Miss Sunshine*, their eccentric squabbles are never too absurd to be endearing, and their relentless warmth help make *The Host* as much about its characters as it is complex global dynamics. A tonal miracle, Bong's film hops from cheap laughs to high suspense to political commentary with ease. While a few overly grandiose moments get away from him, Bong's multi-tasking film coheres into a single-minded climax of unanticipated power, effectively cementing *The Host* as a blissful clinic in cinematic virtuosity. —David Ehrlich

FALLING

The third feature from Austrian director Barbara Albert, *Falling* is a beautifully shot, delightful drama about the tribulations of recent adulthood, although Albert has yet to fulfill her full potential intimated at in her earlier, better films, *Northern Skirts* and *Free Radicals*. Five women, former friends all in their early 30s, are reunited in their small, rural town for the funeral of a highly influential high school teacher. Although the women were very close friends in high school, their paths have since splintered into scattered lives running the gamut of possibilities, from a glamorous actress to an unemployment officer, from a teacher to a paroled convict with a teenage daughter in tow. The eclectic dynamic in the circle of friends accurately reflects the arbitrariness of life—some become considerably



FALLING
DIRECTED BY BARBARA ALBERT

The cast of *Falling* was less than eager to adopt director Barbara Albert's love of method acting.



successful, while others hit rock bottom and continue to dig.

Predictably, the film starts with the five women gradually getting reacquainted with their new selves. As the film progresses long after the funeral is over, tensions and secrets gradually arise—we discover the teacher was a former lover to some of them, extra-marital betrayals are uncovered, and the bitterness at the cards life has dealt them is revealed. However, the reminiscence and revived childhood camaraderie allows for reflection on the shape their lives have taken, making room for a possibility for redemption.

Albert's style is deceptively simple but self-consciously stylish, which can be at turns off-putting and at turns brilliant. The film features some very striking scenes—most memorably when the five protagonists close their eyes and spread their arms on a very windy cliff top, an ambivalent image that could mean they are either trying to descend from flight or trying not to fall from the force of the wind. Albert's genuine investment in the lives of her characters is particularly appealing, indicating this is a highly personal work by the director. She subtly scrutinizes each one of her women under different prisms attaining an unfunny sympathy for all of them, thanks also to the performances of a very talented cast (a who's who of Austria's current it actresses). Although *Falling* treads on familiar territory, it is one of the more successful attempts at an often awful genre of thirty-somethings in crisis (e.g., *The Last Kiss*), possessing enough of the surreal to entrance, but enough of the familiar to hit home—particularly to college students with post-graduation, quarter-life anxiety. —Iggy Cortez

Arriving at *Triad Election*'s (aka *Election 2*) Hong Kong set, Reese Witherspoon promptly fired her agent.



TRIAD ELECTION

If Brian DePalma's gangster classic *Scarface* even remotely resembled Johnnie To's *Triad Election*, legions of rappers and would-be mafioso might find the lifestyle of organized crime utterly repulsive. Rather than glamorize the power and excess of such an existence (so overly done in the former that even Tony Montana's inevitable downfall involves an implausible machine gun battle and a mountain of cocaine), To's unwieldy hand preaches the old maxim that power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. His Hong Kong gangsters lust for the position of triad chairman, but the post carries such dangers



TRIAD ELECTION
DIRECTED BY JOHNNIE TO

and (violent) responsibilities that greed is the candidates' only motivating factor.

The sequel to 2005's *Election*, *Triad Election* stands on its own ungainly legs, as To doesn't rely on the first installment to effectively preach that running afoul of the law is a really, really bad idea, what with human nature being so power-mad and all. *Triad Election* finds Jimmy, the most suitable and beloved candidate for chairman, desperately wanting to go legit with his woefully underwritten girlfriend. The calm backroom meetings and hush-hush gangster bureaucracy are all well and good until Lok, the presiding chairman, decides that he's not quite ready to relinquish his authority. Failed hits, menacing conversations, and a scene in which human flesh is ground into dog chow ensue.

Beyond the feeling of directorial and narrative indifference that permeates much of *Triad Election*, the few hard-earned moments of genuine tension are defanged by To's unnecessarily convoluted plot. The latter portion of the second act is littered with terse moments of passive-aggressiveness that threaten to bubble over into furious action, but these heart-wrenching beats are suffocated by the logistical questions they raise.

That being said, the film is far from a total wash, as To is too strong a director to offer nothing of value. His patient and refined compositions are a huge breath of fresh air from the genre's frenetic style du jour, and facets of the film's climax exist beyond the threadbare plot and are dramatically successful enough to thrive in a bubble (one example of which, ironically, is the film's most obvious beat, in which Lok and his young son reach a fork in the road, with the former following one path and the latter another).

As *Triad Election*'s painfully over-wrought denouement wraps up, those who were enamored by *Election* will certainly be appeased, but most will wish they had voted absentee. —David Ehrlich

Norwegian Farmers on a Plain

Small *Sweet Land* is quietly powerful

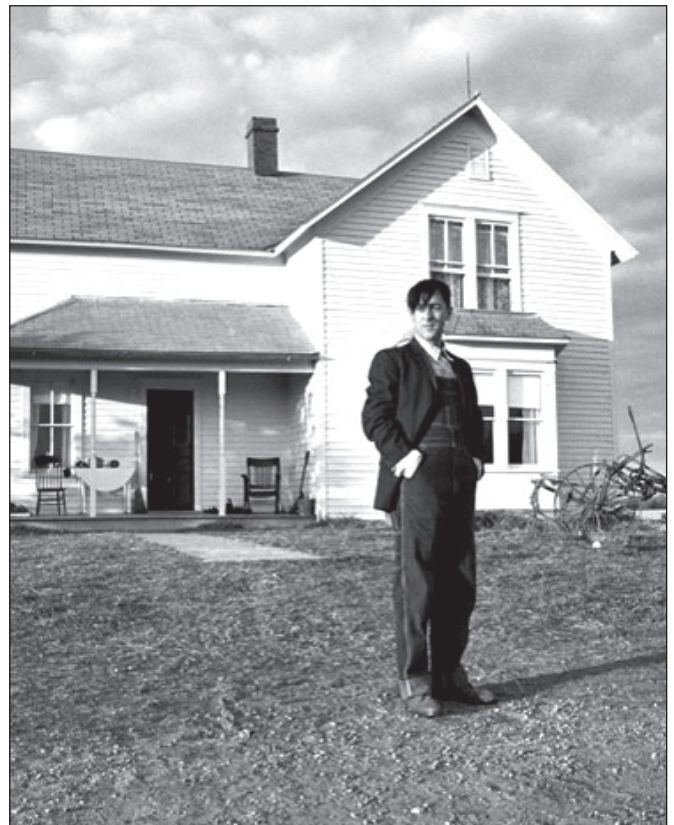
By Scott Evans

Love, lives, and language are all examined in Ali Selim's *Sweet Land*, a film that looks at life not through rose-colored glasses, but with a sense of gritty realism that still gives way to the notion that, somehow, "we are preceded in this world by a love story."

Told in flashback, the movie centers around a tale set in 1920s Minnesota. German immigrant Inge (Elizabeth Reaser) comes to live with a young Norwegian farmer named Olaf (Tim Guinee). Because of a number of unfortunate factors—a lack of proper immigration papers and anti-German sentiment among them—the two cannot marry as expected. Inge reluctantly goes to live with Olaf's friend Frandsen (the effervescent Alan Cumming), who, along with his wife, helps Inge become acclimated to America and learn to speak English.

As the movie slowly unfolds, punctuated by Mark Orton's lovely score, Inge grows tired of living with Frandsen's family and, through a number of cute, if cliché, circumstances, starts making her moves on Olaf. The relationship comes together with an admirable level of believability, mainly because of Reaser and Guinee. Juilliard alum Reaser plays Inge with a perfect mixture of cunning and desperation, her blank stare caught in a perpetual daydream. Guinee creates a perfect counterpart to her sometimes-maniac personality, portraying Olaf as a simple everyman, torn between his developing love for Inge and his need to obey the laws forbidding it from coming into full fruition.

And how these laws complicate things. Inge never really emerges from her role as an outsider for most of the movie, and so the forbidden love story casts the pair as societal outcasts, looked down upon for living together but not being married. In a church scene, the minister (John Heard) condemns them in front of the whole congregation, causing them to leave and setting the tone for a showdown that culminates in a rather unfulfilling deus ex machina. Save for that, though, the subtle *Sweet Land* lives up to the title, reminding us that a love story can speak just as strongly in a whisper.



Due to budgetary constraints, the off-off-Broadway set of *Cabaret* lacks the pizzazz of the famous original.

PHOTO: FORWARD ENTERTAINMENT LLC



SWEET LAND
DIRECTED BY ALI SELIM
OPENS OCT. 18

RESTAURANTS

AMERICAN BISTRO

CAMILLE'S
1135 Amsterdam Ave. (116th St.) 212-749-2428. Breakfast, lunch, dinner. Pastas, sandwiches, burgers, salads, ethnic specialties. 10% off dinner with CUID.

BAR

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

THE UNDERGROUND LOUNGE
955 West End Ave. (107th Street/Broadway). 212-531-4759. Drink specials all night every night. Happy Hour: 5-8 pm + Late Night Happy Hour: Midnight-2 am. Kitchen open to 2 am every night. 10% off all food w/CUID.

BARBECUE

RACK & SOUL
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
1241 Amsterdam Ave. (121st St.) 212-222-6340. Natural & organic cafe. Pan-American cuisine. Coffee, tea, home-made desserts.

MAX CAFFÉ
1262 Amsterdam Ave. (112nd St.) 212-531-1210. Fine coffee, espresso, tea, and baked goods in a relaxed setting.

CHINESE

COLUMBIA COTTAGE
1034 Amsterdam Ave. (111th St.) 212-662-1800. Sichuan & Shanghai cuisine prepared by Chef Xu of the famous JinJiang Restaurant in Shanghai. Visit www.campusfood.com.

ZHONG HUA
854 Amsterdam Ave. (102nd St.) Tel: 212-864-

7997; Fax: 212-864-3238. Phone/fax orders. Eat-in, take-out. Free delivery. 10% off for Columbia students & staff with ID (min. \$20 order.)

CUBAN

CAFE CON LECHE
Two locations: 726 Amsterdam Ave. (96th St.), 212-678-7000; 424 Amsterdam Ave. (81st St.), 212-595-7000. Authentic Latin cuisine. Free delivery. Special lunch menu. Free delivery.

CRÊPERIE

CRÊPES ON COLUMBUS
990 Columbus Ave. (108th St.), 212-222-0259. Café, crêperie, ice cream. Major credit cards accepted. Free delivery.

DINER

WEST WAY CAFE
2800 Broadway. (109th St.) 212-932-9059. Break-fast, lunch, dinner, weekend brunch. Fresh juice bar.

ETHIOPIAN

AWASH
947 Amsterdam Ave. (107th St.) 212-982-9589. Vegetarian and non-vegetarian specialties. Half-price entrée Mon-Thurs w/CUID when you purchase 1 entrée of equal or lesser value.

FRENCH

CAFÉ DU SOLEIL
2723 Broadway. (104th St.) 212-316-5000. French bistro. \$9.95 Lunch Special. Outdoor terrace. Free deliver. 20% off w/CUID (Eat-in, dinner only, after 8 pm).

MÉTISSE
239 W. 105th St. (B'way/Amsterdam.) 212-666-8825. Excellent food, moderate prices. Free delivery. 10% off w/CUID.

GREEK

SYMPOSIUM
544 W. 113th St. (B'way/Amsterdam) 212-865-1011. Authentic Greek cuisine—the best in town. Low prices, warm ambiance, garden dining. Open 7 days.

ITALIAN

MAX SOHA
1274 Amsterdam Ave. (123rd St.) 212-531-2221. Fine home-style Italian cuisine. Reasonable prices. Casual dining.

REGIONAL
2607 Broadway. (99th St.) 212-666-1915. Cuisine from many regions of Italy. Saturday and Sunday brunch.

SEZZ MEDI
1260 Amsterdam Ave. (122nd St.) 212-932-2901. Brick oven. Full bar. Private party room. Catering available for all occasions.

INDIAN

INDIAN CAFE
2791 Broadway. (108th St.) 212-749-9200. Lunch, dinner. Eat-in, take-out. Free delivery. Large party orders welcome.

TAMARIND
424 Amsterdam Ave. (81st St.) 212-712-1900. Eat-in, take-out. Lunch, dinner. Catering. Fast free delivery.

INDIAN WRAPS

ROTI ROLL
994 Amsterdam Ave. (109th St.) 212-666-1500. Indian style wraps, South Asian finger foods. Spicy & non-spicy. Free delivery (min. order \$12).

JAPANESE

OSAKA
854 Amsterdam Ave. (102nd St.) 212-864-6869. Fax: 212-864-3238. Phone/fax orders. Sushi, tempura, bento boxes. Eat-in, take-out. Free delivery. 15% off for students & staff w/CUID (min. order \$20).

TOKYO POP

2728 Broadway. (105th St.) 212-932-1000. Bistro Japonais. Authentic Japanese cuisine. 20% off w/CUID (eat-in, dinner only).

KOREAN

MILL KOREAN RESTAURANT
2865 Broadway. (113th St.) 212-666-7653. Authentic Korean specialties. Lunch specials. Free delivery.

SOUP

THE SOUP MAN
2873 Broadway. (112th St.) 212-665-5519. Fabulous soups, salads, wraps, paninis, smoothies, Crema Lita®. 10% off with CUID.

SOUTHERN

SPOONBREAD TOO
366 W. 110th St. 212-865-6744. Real home-style Southern cuisine. Smothered chicken, BBQ ribs, seafood gumbo, banana pudding. Free delivery.

SPECIALTY COFFEE

OREN'S DAILY ROAST
2882 Broadway. (112th St.) The best cup of coffee in NYC. Coffees from around the world. Special coffee of the day.

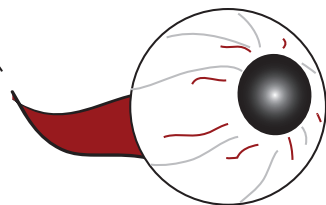
THAI

LIME LEAF
2799 Broadway. (108th St.) 212-864-5000. Thai and Continental cuisine. Free delivery. Catering available.

THAI/JAPANESE

BLUE ANGEL
3143 Broadway. (Tiemann/LaSalle) 212-222-8666. Pan-Asian dishes. Sushi bar. Live music. Back to school special—10% off w/CUID. Free delivery.

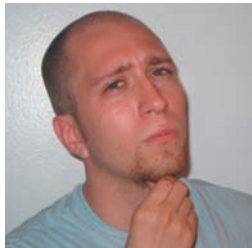
THE ROLLING EYE



Thus Spoke Dan

Where's My Championship Belt?

By Dan Haley



Over the summer, I wrote for *WWE Magazine*. Though I haven't followed professional wrestling for a while, after this job, I'm officially up-to-date on all things WWE. One wrestler that came onto the scene a little after I'd stopped watching is John Cena. John

Cena is completely awesome.

A few weeks ago I convinced my friend to sit through one of Cena's music videos (I should mention that John Cena, in addition to being built like a mythical hero, is also a successful rapper). My friend and I watched as Cena ran around with his shirt off, catching footballs and looking cool. Cena's white, but he's "from the streets," as his bouncing convertible and padlock necklace will attest. Throughout the song, Cena drops gems like "It's O.K. to be hard and stay true," and "Pop a cold one, man, toast it wit'cha real friends." At one point, clips of Cena pouring out forties for his fallen homies are mixed with shots of him tooling other less awesome wrestlers in the ring. I glanced at my friend and from his rapt expression knew I had a convert.

As my friend and I were basking in the afterglow that follows a Cena music video, we started trying to figure out how we could be awesome too.

"No, Dan, there's just no way. We can't be as cool as Cena. Did you see the way he caught that football?" my friend asked.

"Yeah ... I know," I said, resignedly (or was it dreamily?). But suddenly, I was struck by inspiration. I realized that we could be as cool as John Cena: all we had to do was start acting like him. From that moment on, I decided I was going to start living life the Cena way—being hard and staying true.

I started by going onto South Lawn, stripping off my shirt, and having my friend toss footballs at me. My abs might be more Hamilton Deli than steroid masterpiece, but in my denim shorts I felt pretty Cena-ish. I caught the first toss with exaggerated swagger, standing on one leg and attempting to execute the patented Cena military salute. The next ball got away from me and hit some preppy kid in the face.

"The fuck, man!" said Abercrombie.

Abercrombie was looking at me as though I owed him some type of apology. I guess in the real world I pretty much did.

"I apologize for nothing and regret even less!" I said.

Abercrombie looked puzzled.

"Are you fucking crazy?" he asked.

"No doubt, bro," I said, picking up my football, winking at him, and then walking away.

On another occasion, I was on a date. This girl kept going on about herself. I was getting bored and I thought, "What would John Cena do in this situation?"

As the girl was in mid-sentence, I picked my hand up, placed it in front of my face, fanned my fingers out, and started moving my whole hand back and forth. I shouted at her, "You can't see me!"

She looked back at me quite startled. Obviously she didn't know "You Can't See Me" is Cena's signature move. She opted not to let me walk her home, and I kept doing the "You Can't See Me" all the way back to Wien.

The verdict? Acting like John Cena is awesome. It's almost as awesome as being John Cena, but there's only one man alive who has it that good.

Beating Your Bologna in Butler

By Mark Gonzales

Sure, we all like to romanticize our lives while studying in Butler. We look up from our Virgil and our eyes meet a warm body across Room 209. For just a moment, we entertain the possibility of a quick, one-time tryst in the stacks. But if you are anything like me, you don't want to have sex in Butler. And if you are me, you're not having sex anyway.

Butler is lonely, quiet, and filled with the loathing that comes from students hating themselves and their self-imposed imprisonment. While this environment hardly encourages passionate love-making, it is entirely conducive to the purest love in existence—the kind that can only be shared by one human being and his or her own genitalia. But the road to angry, strained, public self-gratification is wrought with difficulty.

You're probably asking yourself, "What's the best place in Butler for diddling myself?" Convention tells us that privacy is priority number one when it comes to finding a spot. But if you have ever seriously contemplated auditioning the hand/finger puppets in public, you already have some pretty fucked-up priorities.

For you, external stimulation is probably most important. Most of Butler offers wireless Internet access, which is key, since you don't want to have your Ethernet cable in one hand and your natural cable in the other while coeds are screaming for campus security.

While the World Wide Web is without question the best friend of any masturbator, you have an Internet connection in your room. If you're going to do the hand jive in a library, think about trying to use all the resources at your disposal.

The fifth level of the stacks offers something of great value to the independent lover—the complete works of Voltaire.

Commonly considered to be the most sensual of Enlightenment thinkers, Voltaire's work has been a reliable stimulant to lonely intellectuals for centuries. But what makes the complete works of Voltaire really useful is the fact that half of his stuff hasn't been checked out since '95, so feel free to clean yourself off with the pages. Go on, he won't mind.

Doing the full knuckle shuffle in the stacks can become monotonous, so allow me to suggest the first-floor copy room as an option. It is here that one can take the age-old office prank of photocopying your ass to a whole new level.

The more intrepid M-bator will eventually tire even of this and then feel the need for the ultimate in Butler-situated self-pollination. For you, sir or madam, the Holy Grail of locations is the security desk. For few people have what it takes to sneedle their deedle in the six-foot space before being thrown out by the guard.

Unfortunate as the arrest would be, it is an unwritten law at Columbia that the person who completes this task will be rewarded by having his name added to the list of dead men that adorns the library's exterior. Probably somewhere in between Herodotus and Cicero.

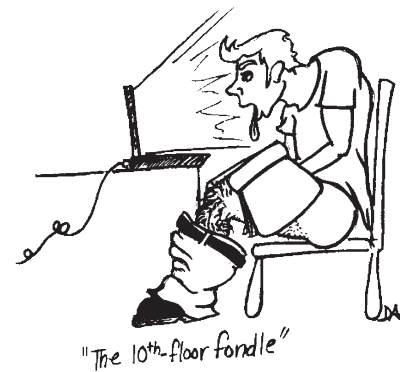
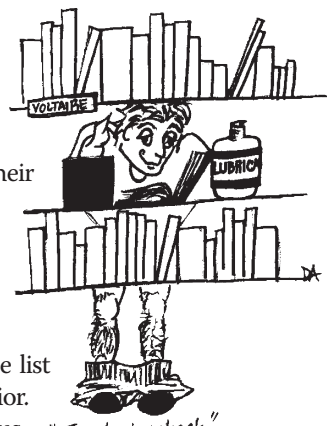


ILLUSTRATION BY DANIELLE ASH

Les Liaisons Dérangées: A Republican Love Story

Last week, in the wake of the Minutemen debacle, *Blue and White* editor Avi Zenilman CC '07 and president of the College Republicans Chris Kulawik CC '08 went on *The O'Reilly Factor* to represent two very divergent views of the event. One of the students was sane, and not a douche-baggy, simpering suck-up ... and the other was Kulawik. You get the idea.

We at the *Rolling Eye* spent a lot of time on the Bwog, going all "back, and to the left, back... and to the left" on the six minute O'Reilly clip. What most fascinated us was the intense, almost symbiotic connection between Kulawik and O'Reilly. This led us to imagine what transpired between the two after the cameras stopped rolling...

O'Reilly: Chris, tell me, what is an upstanding young man such as yourself even doing at a fascist school?

Kulawik: Fighting the good fight, sir.

O'Reilly: And I commend you for it! But is it ever difficult, being the one shining light in a sea of depravity?

Kulawik: Yes, sir, Mr. O'Reilly, sir. It's especially difficult when they make fun of my hair [nervously tries to tame cowlick, almost loses hand in process]. And every time I walk across campus, they stare at me with their dirty liberal eyes and try to touch me with their dirty liberal fingers.

O'Reilly: [pulls doll from beneath desk] Show me on the doll where the liberals touched you, Chris.

Kulawik: [pointing] Here. And here. Never here, for some reason. Oh, and here.

O'Reilly: You poor, brave boy [rests his hand on Kulawik's knee]. You know, Chris, not all touches are ... bad touches.

Kulawik: [heart—among other things—grows three sizes] Oh, yes, sir, Mr. O'Reilly, sir, I know. Truly ... I know.

Fade to black.

Now, if you'll pardon us, we have to go scrub our brains out with bleach.



MARIE ANTOINETTE
OPENS OCT. 20
Let them eat cake—and ice cream in this gluttonous tale of France’s famous Dauphine. Sofia Coppola’s film, starring Kirsten Dunst as the fair young queen, was filmed primarily in the magnificent Versailles palace, Louis XIV’s gold-, mirror-, and jewel-laden chateau a few miles from Paris. The locale and the opulent costumes tell the tale of Antoinette’s obsession with extravagance, despite the fact that her story ends in a famous beheading during the French Revolution. Coppola sets Antoinette’s story to a punk-rock soundtrack, an apt fit for such a provocative royal.



MAN OF THE YEAR
OPENS OCT. 13
The Daily Show With Jon Stewart often proves a better news source than the actual news channels, so who is to say that Stewart’s competence could not extend to the political sphere as well? That is the premise behind Robin William’s new movie *Man of the Year*, a political satire that has a fake-news figure not only gaining an independent presidential nomination, but actually winning the election. Since the new president wears a powdered wig a la George Washington and explains that his cabinet is made of mahogany and teak, he clearly has a lot to learn. But he has America on his side, which is more than the current administration can say.



THE NEW YORK TIMES
GREAT READ IN THE PARK
OCT. 15
BRYANT PARK
ALL DAY
Admit it. You wouldn’t be at Columbia if you didn’t have a passion for good books and great causes. A penchant for the *New York Times* doesn’t hurt. Combine all of those loves and spend a day listening to some of today’s most prolific writers in Bryant Park. Frank Rich, James Ellroy, Eve Ensler, and Barnard’s Mary Gordon are just a few of the writers who make an appearance. Radio station 96.3 FM WQXR will be playing “music to read by” in the morning, while spoken word poets make an appearance later in the day, showcasing the wide variety of forms that writing can take.



“COLLEGE STUDENTS TAKE LE MET: LOST IN THE CITY OF LIGHTS”
OCT. 19, 8 P.M.
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
1000 FIFTH AVE. AT 82ND STREET
Ever wanted to attend a swanky art show before it opened to the public? Now is your chance, as college students in New York City are cordially invited to the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s semi-annual cocktail party. After-hours at the Met seems eerily like the childhood classic, *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*, only with mini brownies, a DJ, and lighting spectacles. Viewing “Americans in Paris” will only make you feel more glamorous, as if you were walking along the Champs-Élysées.



DIDDY ON THE PLAZA
OCT. 20, 7 A.M.
ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
Forget Puffy, Puff Daddy, and P. Diddy. Now, he’s just Diddy. This may be early on a Friday, but if there’s anyone who can command people to wake up and watch him perform, it’s this rapper/fashion designer/mogul who lately has been away from the rap scene. And don’t worry, *Today’s* concerts don’t start until around 8:30 a.m., which will give you plenty of time to stop at the Plaza and Diddy’s located next to the stage for a quick pick-me-up before Diddy gives you a real energy jolt. You can finish off the morning with a quick trip to the Top of the Rock, the best view of Manhattan available.



AN EVENING WITH SIERRA LEONE’S REFUGEE ALL STARS
OCT. 24, 10 P.M.
SOB’S
204 VARICK ST.
AT W. HOUSTON
\$25
Reminiscent of old-fashioned protest anthems, these guys know how to fuse a unique blend of musical styles with political anthems. Artists mix hip-hop with West African goombay music, along with reggae, R&B, and folk while decrying social injustice. In their first-ever New York City show, this nine member group finally gets to show this city what much of the world has already discovered—that infectious beats can come with important messages.

CARNEGIE HALL presents

Saturday, October 14 at 8:30 PM

Zankel

THE SPIRIT OF FÈS

DAQQA ROUDANIA OF TAROUDANT,
Vocals and Percussion
GERARD EDERY, Vocalist
JAMEY HADDAD, Percussion
SUSAN HELLAUER, Vocalist
ARUNA SAIRAM, Vocalist
ZAFER TAWIL, Oud and Violin

*SACRED SOUNDS FROM
EAST & WEST*

An evening of Judaic, Christian, Muslim,
and Hindu sacred music

Presented by Carnegie Hall in partnership with the World Music Institute.

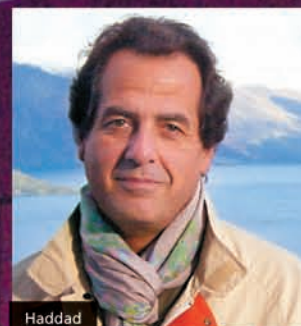
\$30, \$42



Daqqa Roudania



Edery



Haddad



Hellauer



Sairam



Tawil

Tuesday, October 17 at 8 PM

Stern/Perelman

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO and Friends

With Special Guests: SARAH McLACHLAN
NATALIE MERCHANT • THE MAHOTELLA QUEENS
VUSI MAHLASELA • PETE SEEGER with
TAO RODRIGUEZ-SEEGER

LONG WALK TO FREEDOM

The South African a cappella group featured on Paul
Simon's album *Graceland* is joined by special guests
for a celebration of songs from its storied career sung
in Zulu and English.

Tickets start at \$21



Friday, October 20 at 8:30 PM

Zankel

ROSANNE CASH

For more than a quarter-century, Rosanne Cash has been
one of America's finest singer-songwriters. Her latest
work, *Black Cadillac*, reflects on love and loss, issues both
universal and close to her heart.

Presented by Carnegie Hall in partnership with WFUV.

\$38, \$43



**Call CarnegieCharge at 212-247-7800,
buy online at carnegiehall.org,
or visit the Box Office at 57th and 7th.**

© 2006 CHC. Programs and artists subject to change. Photos: Daqqa Roudania of Taroudant by Amanda Koster, Hellauer by Christian Steiner, Levine by Koichi Miura, Ladysmith Black Mambazo by Robert Hoffman, Cash by Ethan A. Russell.

CARNEGIE HALL

Bank of America



Proud Season Sponsor of Carnegie Hall