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# the eye

COLUMBIA ON THE STREET

VOL I, ISSUE 9, 11.09.06-11.16.06

...uality." That is only... the c...  
...on felt between the Occident and...  
...quasi-objective representation. In t...  
...ing forms of aggression against Isl...  
...of the Islamic East with a period in whi...  
...0 followed a period of about two decade...  
...of Egypt in 1798, and of course one should...  
...short-lived occupation of Egypt closed a chapter. A new one began with the long period during w...  
...is chapter climaxed a little later when French armies occupied Algiers in 1830! do not at all "van"...  
...ntific learning necessarily leads to violence and suffering. All I want to say is that empire"...  
...the redefinition and the reconstitution of fields of human experience by scientists...  
...ity is redefined to include inferior regions of the world where new "national"...  
...ing and massively institutionalized a way were it not for the durable inv...  
...emonstrated about the Orient. The Orient could be seen, it cou...  
...ly, Europe could make itself at home there, as it subsequent...  
...interchangeable with the interests, needs or aspirations of th...  
...by Britain and France. With this replacement of one imperial sy...  
...the techniques available to the largely private-sector press and ele...  
...the Middle East and by which Islam has become a subject familiar to...  
...found cultural and economic Western saturation in history--for no non-V...  
...e West, in this case the United States, is profoundly one-sided. So far as the I...  
...or potential terrorists. Very little of the detail, the human density, the passion of /...  
...series of crude, essentialized caricatures of the Islamic world presented in such a wa...  
...ention in the Arabian Gulf (which began at least five years ago, well before the Soviet inv...  
...and through "objective" Orientalist study: in many ways our actual situation today bears a...  
...occur, the implications of all this are far-reaching. As mentioned earlier, Islam has uniformly...  
...the one hand there has been an enormous media convergence upon what has been called th...  
...in, among other places--which have been undergoing various unequal processes of historical o...  
...f the experts and of the media are nearly identical on this. Far from attempting to refine, or even...  
...ly enforced and concentrated the image. From Zbigniew Brzezinski's vision of the "crescent of cri...  
...re" know it. Islam is anti-human, antidemocratic, anti-Semitic, antirational. University scholars whose...  
...this state of things, c... have been silent, their marginality in the culture at large further confirms the fact that in the United States...  
...part of the whole community capable of identifying sympathetically with the Islamic world. On the other hand, most of the Third World is...  
...up of news agencies that transmit news back to the Third World, even in the large numbers of cases where the news is about the Third W...  
...as in particular, have become consumers of news. For the first time in history (for the first time, that is, on such a scale) the Islamic world r...  
...rmation manufactured in the West. If one adds to this fact that students and scholars in the Islamic world are still dependent upon U.S. and...  
...n studies (consider, for example, that there isn't a...  
...world is now producing a man...  
...the West--one gets an...  
...is known not...

# HE SAID, SHE SAID

THE BACK AND FORTH ON  
EDWARD SAID, COLUMBIA'S MOST  
CONTROVERSIAL PROFESSOR





# the eye

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Tim Shenk

## JFK

Julia Israel, Julia Stroud

## Hillary!

Jason Kim, Sumana Rao

## Bill

Risa Chubinsky, Xiyin Tang

## Nancy Pelosi

Alex Gartenfeld, Jennie Morgan

## Al Franken

Shannon Donnelly, Dan Haley

## Chuck Schumer

Sally Cohen-Cutler

## Joe Lieberman, Again

David Ehrlich

## Left-Wing Jihad

Miri Cypers

## Barbra Streisand

Lizzie Wade

## Harry Reid = Porn Star?

Hillary Brody

## Seth Flaxman

Bee Shaffer

## Democratic House

Brendan Ballou, Paul Barndt,

Liz Brown, Jen Spyra

## Democratic Senate (Thanks, Virginia)

Ariel Bibby, Max Foxman,

Swetha Regunathan

## Elite Manhattan Liberals

Ian Corey-Boulet, Amanda Sebba

## Hollywood

Shifra Goldenberg, Kaitlyn Gaynor,

Laura Seidman

## The Nation

Kibby McMahon

## The New Republic

Carly Isman, Emily Greenlee

Matt Franks, Robin Yang

## George W. Bush

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) 854-9558.

"What was Tuesday like? Well ... have you ever seen the end of *Return of the Jedi*?"

©2006, The Eye, Spectator Publishing Company, Inc. No part may be reproduced without the express, written consent of the editors. All rights reserved. The Eye is published every Thursday during the fall and spring semester. It also thinks that Ewoks are adorable, no matter what the haters say. Stupid haters.

## On the Cover



### 07 Just a Stone's Throw Away

Thirty years after *Orientalism*, the influence of Edward Said still looms over academia—especially at Columbia. Does his myth foster intellectual discussion or block out dissent?

## Urbanities



### 04 Mixers and Shakers

Throw back a cocktail and gear up for wild tales of drunken adventure told by some of the East Village's most discerning and skillful mixologists.



### 05 Poetry in Motion

Open readings and improv nights around town prove that there's life after Ginsberg. It's time to pull out that rhyming dictionary and start slamming.

## A&E



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## From the Editor...

If Columbia's liberal education does nothing else—and it doesn't—it should provide grist for cocktail party conversation. Although I've never actually been to a cocktail party, the subject comes up every time somebody mentions the Core, so I assume that discussions center on Boccaccio, the categorical imperative, and at least one List A major culture. When the conversation moves beyond the Core, again I'm just guessing and not in any way basing my conclusions on actual experiences at Columbia, it tends to consist of declarations like "Jazz is the only worthwhile American cultural export," or "I am so vacuously against the military." Again, nobody at Columbia ever said those things to me, except for the times when they did.

But, as the saying goes, "when in Rome/Columbia, learn how to sound like a jack-ass." Or, alternately, "a penny saved is a penny earned. Also, come up with a couple clever observations. Also, go Eagles!" I didn't even know football had been invented when Benjamin Franklin was alive.

(As you may be able to tell, even though I normally try to provide a smooth segue hyping the cover story, that's just not going to happen this time. You should still check out Jennie Morgan's toe-tappingly good piece on the legacy of Edward Said, one of the most influential and controversial professors in Columbia's history.)

So, if I ever receive an invitation to one of these shindigs—a cocktail party, that is, not an 18th-century football game, or an article by Jennie Morgan—I know what I'm going to say as soon as I enter the room: "Do you have pigs in a blanket?" God, those things are delicious. Eventually, though, I hope to break out this nugget of conversational gold:

"Television is the new 19th-century novel."

In the 19th century, the novel occupied a place in the cultural imagination that we lucky few, the first citizens of the Internet and the cultural ADD it inspires, can barely understand. Before they became mainstays in high school classrooms, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Great Expectations*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*, to name only a few (more precisely, three) examples, were all as popular in their day as *Deal or No Deal* is in ours.

Obviously, *Deal or No Deal* can't compare aesthetically with the great 19th-century novels. (Well, maybe *Great Expectations*. Zing!) But, at its best, television combines brilliant dialogue and intricately wrought plots while exerting a uniquely powerful influence on popular culture. TV shows don't have the budget for impressive special effects or the time for elaborate directing, so they live and die on the strength of their plots and characters. It's true that television hasn't found its Dostoevsky yet. But the next Dostoevsky may decide to work in television.

In the meantime, the quality of the best television has improved dramatically since the days of *My Mother*, *The Car*, which helps fill the aesthetic void. If you want proof, check out *Veronica Mars*, *The Office*, *Deadwood*, or reruns of my beloved *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. And nothing will ever be funnier than seasons 2–8 of *The Simpsons*. Don't waste your time with any of the *CSIs*, though. Those shows suck.

Tim



# So, Josh Radin, How'd You Meet Zach Braff?

Sitting in the back lounge of a huge tour bus, Joshua Radin casually picked up his guitar and started strumming as he carefully considered the question at hand. If he hadn't mentioned his fellow musician girlfriend, Schuyler Fisk, at the start of the interview, I might have been well on my way to official groupie status. Featured on such soundtracks as those of *Grey's Anatomy*, *Scrubs*, and *The Last Kiss*, Radin's heartfelt ballads on love lost and found could woo any young lady, never mind his alarmingly humble attitude. Currently, Radin is on the road with the Hotel Cafe Tour, an underground music haven with a rotating lineup of at least six artists per show, including the Cary Brothers, Rachael Yamagata, Joe Purdy, and more. An hour before he went on stage, Radin talked with me about writing music, that moment when it all comes together, and the question that he hates most. —Sally Cohen-Cutler

## Did you always want to be a musician?

No, I actually just started and wrote my first song a few years ago. I had started playing guitar a couple years before that. I was writing screenplays and painting before that for a while, just barely getting by. And I just got lucky. You know, I kind of paid my dues as a struggling artist in New York with those things, but music kind of came along and I just fell into it. I'm just super lucky.

## Why did you pick up the guitar?

I went through this breakup with a girl and all these songs just came out. Most of the songs came out of this breakup, and then a couple of happy songs came from finding new love. So it's sort of a record about falling in and out of love.

## Where's your favorite place to write music?

I never like, sit down and write a song. It's always just like, I'll be laying in bed and I can't get something out of my head. So it's usually three or four in the morning and I can't fall asleep and I'll be sitting in my boxers on the couch.

## Do you like going on tour or writing more?

I love both. I think I like writing better just because there always songs that have to come out and once I get it out, I can sleep. So the minute I finish writing I'm like, "Alright..." and I don't have to work for a little bit.

## What song do you like performing most?

"Sundrenched World." I always start off with that at shows. All the songs are truthful, meaningful experiences, so I couldn't pick lyrically which is my favorite.

## FAVORITES

**Color:** Blue

**Flower:** Lily

**Snack Food:** Chopped carrots and celery with dip

**Music:** *Pet Sounds* by the Beach Boys

**Author:** Fyodor Dostoevsky

**TV Channel:** HBO or Comedy Central

**Soft Drink:** Coca-Cola

**Stiff Drink:** Jack and Coke

But musically, it warms up my voice, and all the rest of the songs come more easily. It sets the tone and starts the record—it's just like, "This is what you're in for if you've never heard me before ... it's going to be a little depressing."

*After the second interruption in the back lounge...*

## Is it always this crazy being on tour?

No, this is like vacation tour. I get to be on the road with all my friends. It's usually not this glamorous, with

a huge bus.

## What's the best show you've ever attended?

Oof, that's tough. I guess ... last year I went to go see the Rolling Stones for the first time at the Hollywood Bowl, and I was front row center and I'd never seen them before, and it was sort of crazy. I was looking back 15 rows and Jack Nicholson was behind me, and I was like, "I got better seats than Jack Nicholson!?" It was so cool.

## Do you watch TV shows where your music is featured?

I watch *Scrubs*, just because Zach [Braff] is my best friend, and when I'm on the road a lot or I'm at home and he works a lot, sometimes I don't get to see him. So it's kind of like hanging out with my best friend, because he's so similar to that character.

## What question do you always wish you were asked but you're not?

I don't know ... I never leave an interview and think, "Oh gosh, I wish they asked me that." Sometimes I wish there are questions I wish they hadn't asked me. Usually:

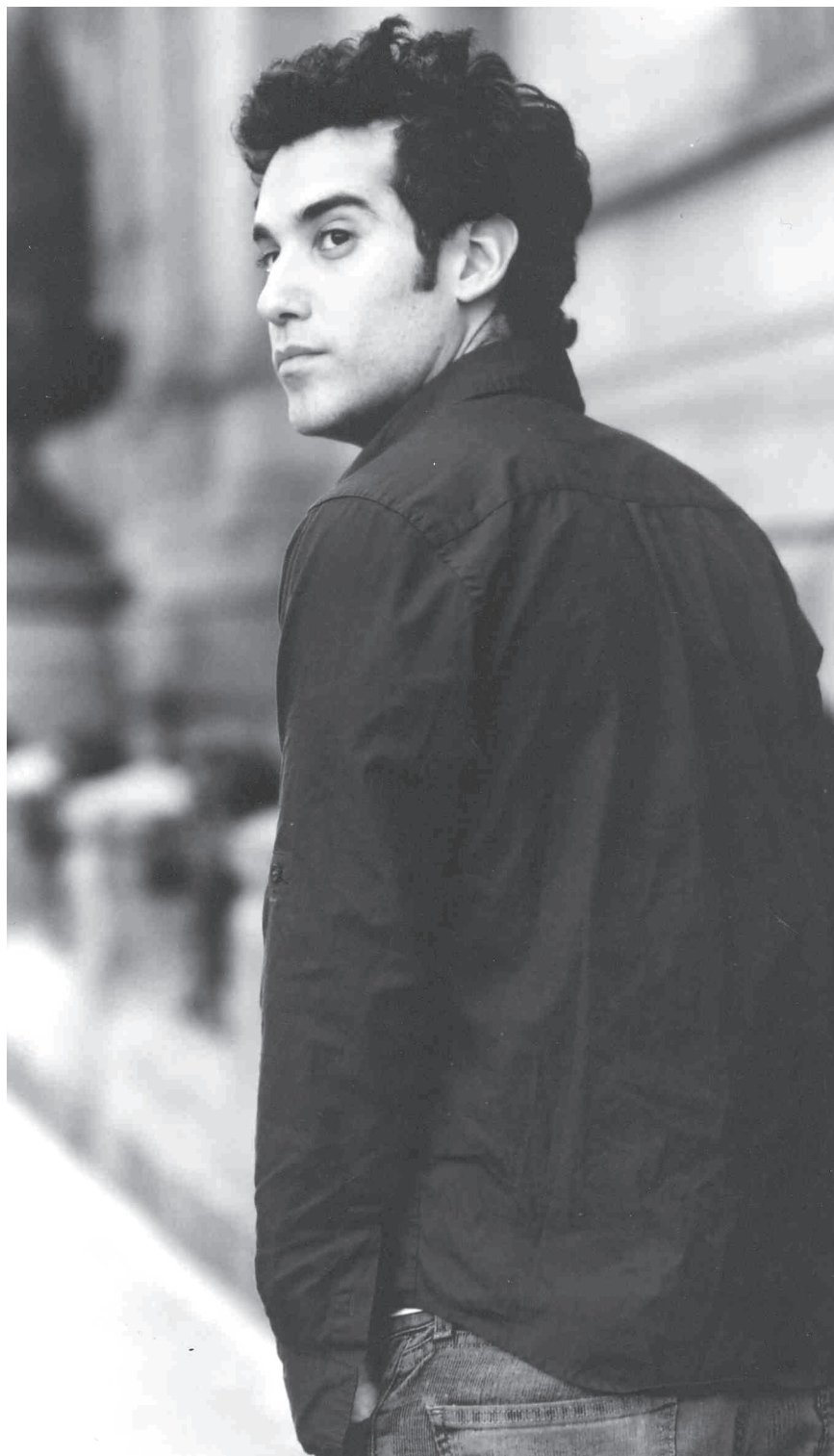
## How'd you meet Zach Braff?

You lived in New York for six years, and now you reside primarily in California. And you're originally from Cleveland. Which is your favorite?

New York. It's just a much cooler city. Los Angeles ... well, I like the weather and a lot of my friends live there, but that's pretty much it. I always miss New York. It's hard to live anywhere else.

## What's one of your top-ten moments in life?

Last year when we did the Hotel Cafe Tour, it was my first time out on the road.



We played the Bowery, which I love—it's my favorite venue—and I'd never played there before, and it was just an amazing show and we had so much fun. Up until that point we had been in a van and a trailer, and that night was when the bus met us, outside the Bowery. We got on, and the Cary Brothers and I sat in the back lounge and were looking at each other like, "This is awesome." And it was the first time I felt like a real musician, like a rock star. I mean, I'm far from a rock star ... but I was really feeling like one.

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# THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE DRUNK

Bartenders pull up stools, pour their hearts out, and spill the secrets to free boozing

By Lucy Tang

## Downtown...

	LUCY	ANNA	BOB	MARKE	JOHNNY O
	Lucy's - 135 Ave. A	Keybar - 432 E. 13th St.	Bar on A - 170 Ave. A	Korova Milk Bar - 200 Ave. A	Planet Rose - 219 Ave. A
specialty drink	Lucy digs the bison with apple juice and white Russians. Plus, as an homage to her homeland, the bar is stocked with a variety of Polish vodkas.	Anna's a fan of one of the new drinks, the Huckleberry, made with Huckleberry vodka, fresh lime juice, blood orange puree, and a bit of cointreau.	Bob's not picky, and he doesn't want you to abandon your favorite drink. He's happy with "anything I like to swallow," which probably means anything alcoholic (other than cough syrup).	All of the drinks include some type of dairy product: Marke's favorite is the Bob Marley, made with Kettle One Vodka, Midon, Malibu Rum, creme de banana, and a splash of milk.	Johnny likes beer even though the bar doesn't have any on tap. He's a cheerleader for whiskey too. Mixed drinks (\$6-\$8) are made with your choice of poison, from Jack Daniels to Johnny Walker.
04 craziest event	Being the owner of a typical dive, Lucy has seen her fair share of bar fights.	Once a customer came in looking for his shoes. The night before must have been epic.	Sometimes customers fondle the pet boa constrictor. Not scary enough? Around Halloween, drunk revelers also attempt to lift the bar's resident (gigantic) pumpkin.	It's always a freak show at Korova. Marke considers guys walking on nails and people breathing fire standard occurrences.	There have been some borderline orgies due to karaoke. He claims it has a "special effect" on people. Who knew karaoke was an aphrodisiac?
the scene	College students are few and far between, but when they do show up, Lucy says the "beautiful children are very nice." Patrons here are rowdy regulars who just like to drink.	On a weekday, the bodies hunched over the bar show a little more wear and tear than the average Columbia student, but young'uns take over on the weekends.	Indie rockers mingle with i-bankers and producers amid a sea of their NYU-protoges from the Stern School of Business and the Tisch School of the Arts.	Fans of Stanley Kubrick's <i>A Clockwork Orange</i> will recognize the interior and the clientele that frequents the bar. Expect Goths and hipsters jaded by the area's Irish pubs and sleazy dives.	The <i>Girls Gone Wild</i> -esque scene is definitely open to interpretation. Forecasts also call for drunken men warbling '80s classics as they pass around a mobile microphone.
free drink?	With prices so cheap during happy hour, there's almost no need for free drinks.	Be polite (please, thank you, and no rough-housing), tip consistently, and ask for Anna.	Bob likes "real human beings." If you don't know what he's talking about, cater to his other preference: hefty tips.	Nothing's really free, unless you're a regular, and even then the chances are pretty bleak.	At first, he claims a "pretty smile" is enough. Later he sheepishly admits that "show me your tits" is probably closer to the truth.
score	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★★	★★★★★	★★★★★

## Uptown...

### CHET OF THE DING DONG LOUNGE

At this semi-distant watering hole, Chet—the bar's lanky Margarita maven—describes the scene as infested with "adventurous students." But just how zany are they? Well, one patron left Chet a \$240 tip so he "wouldn't need to go on food stamps." Drop some green like that guy (or dance naked) and Chet's likely to serve up a free glass of his favorite concoction: a stiff martini.

### RAY OF 1020

After 11 years behind the bar, Ray says he hasn't witnessed much outrageous behavior at 1020. Apparently, the spot has a "no misbehavin" rule—that, and the barkeeps don't serve Jägermeister. Ray says his most frequent request is for the "big and beautiful" cosmopolitan. Ray can't be tricked into offering up free booze, but if you drink enough, you can earn it yourself. The bar has a buyback policy—every fifth drink is free.

### FERRIS OF THE HEIGHTS

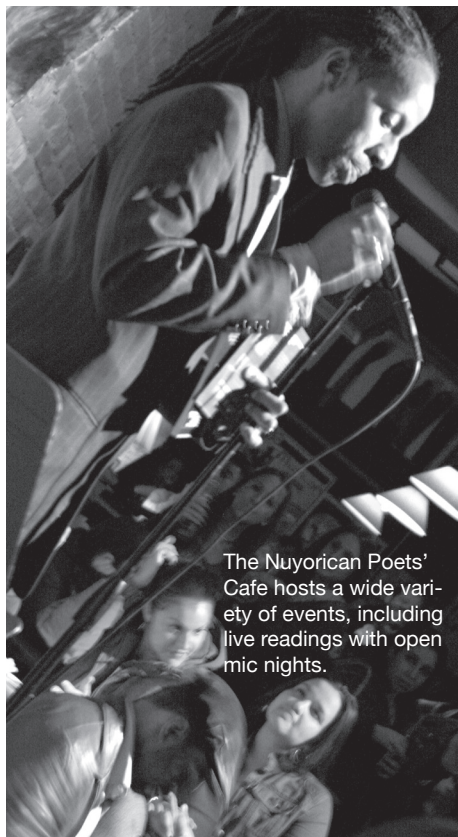
Though we're sure we've witnessed a fight or two within the Heights' close quarters, Ferris, the bar's main mixer, hasn't seen any wild or crazy antics. He does concede that seniors swarm over bar stools late at night after the graduate students have left. He also admits to having handed out a free drink, or two. Want one? Tip well and mind your manners.



# Pass Your Poetic License Test

New York may be devoid of red roses and blue violets, but its poetry is still colorful

By Frances Bodomo



The Nuyorican Poets' Cafe hosts a wide variety of events, including live readings with open mic nights.

Poetry, a campus group for student and faculty poets, "Poetry isn't a 'scene' art form in the way some music and visual arts are." Indeed, the New York poetry scene is a lot more than a single group of people classified by a look or interest. "It has many different facets," said Olena Jennings, the calendar coordinator at KGB Bar. These range from slam poetry at the Nuyorican, in which four poets compete by "slamming" (similar to rapping) their poetry, to amateur nights at the Bowery Poetry Club.

Poetry readings at modern venues don't just stick to staid sonnets and odes: the KGB Bar, for example, features readings that run the gamut from literary journals to performance poetry. Such a diverse body of material might not jive well in other

artistic arenas, but the city's poetry venues make sure to keep their doors open to all. Having such an unusually welcoming entrance policy means that clubs end up creating their own mini-communities of writers. "Readings tend to be small and intimate. The crowd—mostly poets supporting other poets," Westcott noted.

Another defining element of the New York poetry scene is its willingness to extend a helping hand to others. "On the whole, poets are extremely accessible people who are surprisingly willing to write letters and help each other accomplish their work," Westcott said.

Poets also bond over their desire to achieve freedom, be it political or emotional. "Poetry is the IV drip-dripping into the dying free speech and keeping it alive," noted Filip Marinovich, a School of the Arts student. Marinovich is also quick to point out the cathartic element inherent in live poetry. "Poetry is not 'in crisis'; poetry IS crisis," he exclaimed.

And like any good medicine, New York poetry promises to revitalize and energize. "By performing you are creating in real time, music with words, speech, music and whatever other elements you throw in," mused Marinovich. "Whatever happens in the time of performance is the performance. There's such freedom in that."

Of course, getting up in front of a crowd isn't for everyone, but that doesn't mean audiences can't benefit from a good slam as much as the poets themselves. "I hope that the people that take part leave with the feeling that there is support for poetry and that their work is respected. I hope that the audience members leave inspired to write their own poetry or to pick up a book of poetry," Jennings said.

## KGB Bar

www.kgbbar.com

Since it opened in 1993, KGB has hosted some writers reading fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. Go to the KGB Bar for quieter poetry (meaning readings rather than slams). Monday at 7 p.m. is Poetry Night—check the calendar to see who's reading. Admission is free.

*Directions: Fourth Street between Bowery and Second Avenue (85 East Fourth St.). Take the 1 train to Astor Place (from Columbia, take the 1 train to 42nd Street, cross over to the N, Q, R, or W, take one of these to 14th Street (Union Square) and then cross over to the 4, 5, or 6 to Astor Place).*

## The Nuyorican Poets' Cafe

www.nuyorican.org

The oldest poetry cafe in America opened its doors circa 1975 in order to showcase underrepresented artists and promote live poetry in all its energy. Today it's still going strong with Friday Night Slams at 10 p.m. (admission is \$7). While you're there, sign up for open mic!

*Directions: Third Street between avenues B and C (236 East Third St.). Take the train to Second Avenue (from Columbia, take the 1 train to 14th Street, then change over to the L).*

For on-campus as well as off-campus poetry related events, check out Columbia New Poetry's Web site: [www.columbia.edu/cu/newpoetry/about.html](http://www.columbia.edu/cu/newpoetry/about.html).

05

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Discover a dining world full of fried chicken, collard greens, and lots and lots of soul

By Robert Brink

Do you sometimes feel it's a shame that you study at a school nestled in Harlem and yet you never have a chance to explore the vibrant community that surrounds you? What follows is an introductory tour around some of Harlem's outstanding soul food restaurants near Columbia. There's something for everyone, from the traditionalist to the vegetarian, from adventurers on a sexy date to dinner-and-a-movie pals on a student budget.

First: don't walk, run to Amy Ruth's Home-Style Southern Cuisine. (And after you eat, you may wish to run a few more laps.) The dishes are prepared to satisfy both the newcomer and the exacting traditionalist. The food is very fresh, never hidden behind sauce or spice. The signature dish is "The Rev. Al Sharpton"—fried or smothered chicken and waffles. Some of you may be scratching your heads. Chicken and... waffles? If you have never been initiated into this ecstasy, Amy Ruth's is the place to lose your innocence: imagine perfectly crisp skin over moist, tender meat reclining on an ample fluffy pillow of waffles. Go ahead! Pour maple syrup on it.

If you're on a diet, try the delightfully light, baked catfish. Every entree is worth sampling, but someone in your party should try "The Bert Padel"—turkey with a fruit and nut stuffing. The stuffing is peppery, the gravy light, and the turkey divinely tender. Your two side dishes will be very difficult to choose. The mac and cheese is like dessert. The collard greens are made with ham, smoky with a hint of spiciness. The cheese grits are not too cheesy—you can taste the grits, which are pure stone-ground grains. The candied yams are smooth, buttery-sweet, and just a bit chunky. The service is snappy and friendly, and this meal will not break the bank, with entrees ranging from \$9-\$15.

Slightly more off-beat, Billy's Black is a new soul food restaurant located very near campus. The beef ribs stand out as culinary reinventions—if you're a barbecue connoisseur, you'll find the meat perfectly cooked, not too fat and yet falling off the bone. The sauce is a little spicier, a little sweeter, and a bit thinner than

traditional Harlem sauce, with notes of ginger and cinnamon. Neighborhood folks rave about the catfish here as well. The full bar offers a range of inventive cocktails. Billy's is a cozy neighborhood restaurant with flair. It hosts live music many weekends, and you get more than your money's worth with entrees ranging from \$8-\$14 a plate.



Rack and Soul, on 109th Street and Broadway, opened last year and offers delicious soul food close to campus.

Farther off the beaten path you'll find MoBay. On the weekend you'll need a reservation because the music acts attract an eager line of patrons out past the velvet ropes. Every year MoBay earns some major food award. This year it won "Best Ribs in New York" from Gayot. Indeed, once you've tried Smokey Joe's Baby Back Ribs With Honey Rum Barbecue Sauce, you may never be able to eat ribs anywhere else. Beyond its tasty twists on traditional soul food, MoBay offers a range of Caribbean fish and vegetarian dishes that may lure you back for several exploratory visits. The fine music, swank atmosphere, warm, efficient service, and delicious Caribbean drinks make MoBay a great place for a date.

Here's a solid dinner-and-a-movie deal for the student budget: Manna's Soul Food Buffet, at Eighth Avenue and 125th Street, right across from the Magic Johnson Theater multiplex. Inexpensive, fresh, and tasty food makes this unpretentious buffet... magical.

Charles' Southern Style Kitchen hosts a \$10 all-you-can-eat special Monday-Thursday. Everything in the buffet is good, but Charles' fried chicken is legendary.

You'll find soul food closer to school as well, but it costs more and generally isn't as good. Miss Mamie's Spoonbread Too offers big, satisfying meals for take-out, though the sit-down service is known for its torpor. And the newly opened Rack & Soul delivers soul food to your door. Partner Charles Gabriel has drummed up some decent side dishes and desserts for folks below 110th Street, but sadly, the BBQ is only passable. Then again, you're back in the bubble, and you've ordered delivery, so perhaps that's why everything tastes a bit too usual.

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## Strictly Roots Serves Up Strictly Vegan Cuisine

By Hannah Davis

### Restaurant Review



Strictly Roots, a vegan soul food restaurant in Harlem, offers creative dishes and a friendly vibe.

If you are going to venture up to 123rd Street and east into the heart of Harlem, pay a visit to Strictly Roots.

It's not an exceedingly long walk, but by the time you open the doors to unadorned tables and loud reggae playing, you will feel refreshingly far from Columbia.

Families crowd around the small tables, talking and laughing. Groups of men play seemingly

serious games of chess. There's a menu written in chalk on a blackboard, but it has little correlation to what is actually available. "Today's choices" are probably totally different from what will make an appearance in the steam-table next time you stop by.

So ask the man at the counter—who smiles big and sings along with the music—to guide you through the selection. As it says on the wall, "nothing that crawls, swims, or flies" is served. He will give you a tour of the day's mishmash of vegetarian concoctions, which are dished up cafeteria style, stirring with his big spoon as he explains the options.

There is soul food: collard greens, on one visit macaroni and soy cheese, and Caribbean plantains and rice and beans. But mostly you'll find a hodge-

podge of meatless stuff, brownish in color, ranging from utterly delicious to pointedly unappetizing. Might as well try it all—at \$2.00 per single serving, \$6.00 for four dishes, \$9.00 for six, and (if you're feeling ravenous) \$11.00 for eight, you can afford to be adventurous. You will get a generous scoop of each dish on a big plate, a smile, and if you're of the feminine persuasion, an enthusiastic "thank you, my sista."

The pizza is fascinating. It is unlike any pizza I've had before and bears little resemblance to its namesake. A thin layer of soy cheese drapes a bed of un-pizzalike veggies: chopped carrots, cabbage, broccoli. The crust is deep brown in color, dense, chewy, thick, and practically sauceless. It is weirdly, but decidedly, good.

It's better than the flaccid, flavorless steamed vegetables. The rice is too dry and likewise completely devoid of flavor. But there is definite yumminess to be experienced at Strictly Roots. I couldn't keep my spoon out of my friend's rich pumpkin soup. I was sad when, on my second visit, I didn't see the tofu in plum sauce. I loved the tofu's moist, meaty texture, and the purple sauce was sweet without being cloying. The garbanzo beans, al dente in a creamy beige sauce are best with a healthy dose of hot sauce. The dish that insights the most awe is a truly tasty potato, onion, and imitation shrimp stew. (The imitation is a freakishly good one.) The stew's coconut broth is one of the few things on the menu with enough complexity and depth to warrant forgoing the hot sauce.

Who cares that the dessert, a dry but hefty slice of apple cake, was lackluster? I had it with wonderfully potent ginger tea, as the little girl at the table nearby declares fervently, "I love ginger! I love ginger!" So do I. The ginger beer, homemade and spicy, is just as awesome.

Don't come to Strictly Roots for a culinary epiphany. Come because it's ridiculously cool that we live so close to cheap, vegan, Rasta restaurant. The place is buzzing with music and laughter. The regulars are greeted like family and fed with a lot of love.

Who knows, you might want to be one of them. And for a meal the price of a subway ride, you can afford to be.



# It's No Occident

Reorienting the Middle Eastern scholar's legacy three years after his death

By Jennie Morgan

When Edward Said died of leukemia in September 2003, Akeel Bilgrami, a philosophy professor at Columbia, noted in his eulogy that the late professor of comparative literature was “preposterously handsome.” George Saliba, professor of Arabic studies, called Said “charming and breathtaking,” while the *London Review of Books* honored him as “Columbia’s master of style and irony,” not to mention a “dapper dresser.”

Lavish praise of the professor’s looks, clothing, and personal charm was far from an unusual occurrence. According to Irfan Khawaja, a philosophy professor at John Jay College of Criminal Justice and author of two forthcoming critiques of Said’s most celebrated book, *Orientalism*, Said’s polish was essential to his success. “Rarely has any political cause come upon a spokesperson so fluent and articulate,” he said. “Said really met that need. He was incredibly intelligent, and not an embarrassment, whatever else one might say about him.”

The days following Said’s death witnessed bouquets of colorful and flattering obituaries. Missing from that picture was the criticism that had long accompanied the celebrated but controversial scholar. Inside the gates, students are now handed his seminal work on a silver platter and taught to embrace his theories on the limits of Western knowledge, making the process of untangling the man from the myth even more difficult.

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Said, a political activist as well as literary scholar, served as a professor of comparative literature at Columbia from 1963 until September 2003, when illness and exhaustion forced him from the classroom.

Those 40 years would prove more controversial and celebrated than the career of almost any other figure in Columbia's history. *Orientalism*, was originally published in 1978 and has been translated into more than 30 languages. The text argued that Western scholars had created a false image of the so-called Orient that concealed more than it revealed. For centuries, Said argues, the West has misconstrued the Arab and Islamic worlds by viewing them through an imperialist lens.

Said goes on to state that in present times, Orientalist scholarship has formed government policy and, specifically, "the Zionist invasion and colonization of Palestine." The book highlighted biases in traditional Middle East scholarship and gave birth to the field of post-colonial studies.

Despite the passing of several decades, interest in Said's work continues to stir. Less than two weeks ago, British scholar Robert Irwin published *Dangerous Knowledge: Orientalism and Its Discontents*, a point-by-point rebuttal of Said's *Orientalism*. Irwin argues that Orientalist scholarship, far from serving colonialist ends, has historically enabled Westerners to achieve glimpses of Eastern culture that would otherwise have remained invisible.

This type of criticism has dogged Said's works since his first foray into publishing. But a *New York Times* review of *Dangerous Knowledge* points out that despite the criticism, Said continues to receive "an enthusiastic, even reverential hearing .... It may not be right [to laud Said], but it feels good."

Last month saw the debut of two documentaries about Said at the Anthology Film Archives on the Lower East Side. Though both aspire to capture Said's legacy, neither film probes the man's well-cultivated public persona. The first film, titled *Out of Place: Memories of Edward Said* and directed by Japanese filmmaker Makoto Sato, features home movies from the professor's childhood and interviews with his family members and admiring colleagues. Said's widow and daughter make an appearance. So do Bilgrami and Rashid Khalidi, who holds the Edward Said Chair in Arab studies at Columbia.

Clearly named after Said's memoirs, which are also titled *Out of Place*, the film does not include interviews with Said's critics. In fact, it avoids the controversies about the scholar's life and work entirely. The documentary jumps between interviews about Said and musings on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict that consumed so much of his intellectual energy. Sato, directing his second film, does attempt a balanced portrayal of the political issues, juxtaposing scenes of Palestinian refugees in Syria with those of Syrian Jews who fled to Israel. But for all its compelling political context, it sheds little light on Said's personal ideology.

The second film, celebrated filmmaker Mike Dibb's *The Last Interview*, is true to its name: it is an interview with Said conducted by his friend and confidant Charles Glass several months before the professor's death.

Jeannette Catsoulis of the *New York Times* published a review of both films, calling the former a "meditation on exile, identity and the psychological scars of dispossession," and hailing the latter as "riveting ... engrossing and wide-ranging."

Said is such a controversial figure that even praise for the films' subject after his death came under fire. Five days after the publication of Catsoulis' review, Martin Peretz, editor of the *New Republic*, fired back. "It's clear that Catsoulis knows little about Said, almost nothing about his theories and less about the conflict to which he added so much rancor and deceit," he wrote in his *TNR* blog. The films, Peretz claimed, misrepresent Said's biography and sanitize his tarnished scholarly reputation.

*The Last Interview* is more of a fireside chat between two old friends than a hard hitting profile. The film was produced at the request of a former student and admirer of Said, who suggested that the professor participate in a comprehensive review of his storied career. Glass, a mutual friend, agreed to conduct the interview. In the film, Said and Glass discuss the professor's passion for literature and music, his Egyptian upbringing, his thoughts on the Middle East conflict, and *Orientalism*.

The film offers only a brief glimpse of Said's polemical legacy. Midway through the film, the professor acknowledges the antagonism of his long-time detractor, retired Princeton professor Bernard Lewis, who is a leading figure in Middle East studies. In 1978, when *Orientalism* was first published, Lewis published a piece in the *New York Review of Books* that Said characterized as an "attack."

Lewis wrote: "the tragedy of Mr. Said's '*Orientalism*' is that it takes a genuine problem of real importance and reduces it to the level of political polemic and personal abuse." He emphasized that political study of the Middle East has been crucial to world politics and that Said was exaggerating when he called such efforts "colonialist." Most Orientalists, he points out, were German. The German Empire would not interest itself in the colonial map until late in the 19th century.

By 2000, more than 20 years after the publication of *Orientalism*, Said had long since risen to academic prominence, though controversies about his life and work would continue.

In the summer of 2001, Said was photographed throwing a stone at an Israeli soldier



Said's theories on Western study of the East, particularly those described in his *Orientalism*, remain prevalent even after his death. Many classes in the MEALAC department cite Said's work as the underlying basis for understanding post-colonial thought.

at the Israeli-Lebanese border. The photo made front pages in newspapers all over the world. Said claimed that he had unknowingly been photographed during a private tour of the region, stating, "I had no idea that media people were there, or that I was the object of attention."

But in a *Columbia Daily Spectator* follow-up, Awi Federgruen, a professor of business management, and Robert Pollack, a professor of biology, said that they had placed inquiries with the French Press Agency, the first to publish the photograph. According to the pair, the Agency reported Said had contributed the photo. "Abhorrent and primitive as his gratuitous act of random violence would have been under any circumstances, it was all the more disturbing to us for having been committed by a colleague privileged to have been educated in the finest of private institutions worldwide and gifted with exceptional eloquence and expository talents," Federgruen and Pollack observed.

Said downplayed the violent implications of the photograph, claiming that the stone throwing was a symbolic act of joyful release—a point that both Bilgrami and Saliba echoed. "Look closely at the picture," said Saliba, emphasizing the catharsis of the action rather than the violence of the gesture. "It's a pebble. He is holding it between two fingers and a thumb. His body is racked by cancer. Could he really have been trying to hurt anyone?"

Said was born in 1935 and studied at Victoria College, a British prep school in Cairo, before being sent to Northfield Mount Hermon, a prestigious boarding school in western Massachusetts. He excelled in his studies and went on to earn both a B.A. and M.A. from Princeton and a Ph.D. from Harvard. He ultimately became a University Professor at Columbia. Over the course of his career, Said authored some 20 books ranging in subject matter from *Joseph Conrad and the Fiction of Autobiography* to *The Question of Palestine*. He was survived by his widow, Mariam C. Said, and two children, Najla and Wadie.

This life story has been more than a blurb on Said's book jackets. A month before the publication of Said's 1999 memoir, *Out of Place*, *Commentary* magazine ran an article by Israeli lawyer and academic Justus Reid Weiner that raised questions about Said's upbringing. In a 1992 *Harper's* magazine article, Said wrote that he was born

and raised in Jerusalem, and that "by the end of 1947, just months before Talbiya [a Jerusalem neighborhood] fell to Jewish forces, I'd left with my family for Cairo." His record as a Palestinian exile lent him an authenticity that other prep-school historians often lack.

Weiner spent three years scouring public files and produced what Peretz calls a "painstakingly precise, even obsessive, examination of Said's life." The *Commentary* account boasts over 80 interviews, including comments from Said's childhood friends and neighbors, and presents a documentary record with footnotes that number in the triple digits. Weiner claims that, far from growing up as a stateless refugee, Said was in fact the son of an affluent American citizen living in Cairo.

Said's memoir, which was published a month after Weiner's expose, changes his biographical narrative and confirms his upbringing in a wealthy suburb of Cairo. As Said acknowledged, his father "hated Jerusalem," and so in 1929, six years before Said's birth, he "branched off from Palestine into Egypt."

Nonetheless, the myth of Said's flight from the Zionists remains crucial to the scholar's public identity. Malise Ruthven, eulogizing Said in the *Guardian*, called him "the best-known and most distinguished Palestinian exile."

Weiner further alleged that Said rushed his memoir into print to downplay the findings of the *Commentary* tell-all. Said lashed out in a reply published in *Al-Ahram*, an Egyptian English-language weekly. "Because he is relatively unknown, Weiner tries to make a name for himself by attacking a better known person's reputation," he wrote. "I have had many such attacks leveled against me in the past." Said's biographical defenders, including iconoclast political commentator Christopher Hitchens and author Salman Rushdie, have likewise focused on Weiner's motives for publishing his findings rather than addressing the facts he unearthed.

Though he responded to the *Commentary* article with outrage, Said never pursued legal action against the magazine. Bilgrami, who is the director of the Heyman Center for the Humanities as well as a close personal friend of Said, felt that the article did not merit a strong reaction and was unaware of any direct response from Said.

Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary* when Weiner's article was published, stands by Weiner's research. From his perspective, Said's tempered response amounts to a mea culpa. "Truth is a defense against libel, as any lawyer would have told him,"

Podhoretz said.

In the spring of 2005, the most public academic controversy in recent years erupted at Columbia. The David Project, a pro-Israel lobby from Boston, produced a film called *Columbia Unbecoming*. The documentary was composed of interviews with Jewish students and alumni of Columbia and Barnard who claimed that their perspectives had been censored in Middle East studies classes.

Ariel Beery, GS '06 and one of the students interviewed in the film, argues that Said's teachings figured prominently in the controversy. "There is an atmosphere of reverence surrounding his name and writings, and he popularized the notion that Israelis are colonialists," he said. "This idea is not transferable to or appropriate in a classroom setting."

As one of the first American intellectuals to publicly express a pro-Palestinian perspective, Said undoubtedly paved the way for others to follow. Beery wishes to vocally critique Said but complains, "any attempt at Columbia to seriously address the theories he put forward has been met with cries of 'racism' and 'colonialism.'" Beery also believes that if Said had been alive at the time of the film, his influence would likely have squelched the controversy.

Dan Miron, a professor of Hebrew and Jewish literature in Columbia's Middle Eastern and Asian Languages and Cultures department, cautions that the 2005 controversy was unrelated to Said's theories. "I think it simply had to do with Jewish students being put down if they were not able to hear horrible things about Israel in class," he said.

Miron himself finds *Orientalism* as relevant to Jewish literature as it is to the field of Arabic studies. "Jews have been colonized too," Miron said. "Not in India, or Palestine, but dispersed throughout many different countries." Jewish texts, he argues, have been "Orientalized" by Western scholars in the same way as Arab texts. "These scholars viewed that what Jews did in the present was unimportant, because Jews were unimportant," said Miron. "The idea of Orientalism and the 'other' is very much the same."

Saliba, a longtime MEALAC professor and friend of Said, also applauds his work. Saliba emphasizes the tremendous effect the work has had on the way Middle East scholarship is approached. Before Said's time, Saliba noted, many academic departments were generally called "Oriental Studies."

"The term 'Orientalism,' which used to indicate Middle Eastern and Eastern studies, is either totally gone now or needs to be defended severely to remain," he said. "This has helped me to understand what Edward was doing as a person. He was trying to encourage people to think about what they write and to understand that it is not free from politics."

Saliba believes that studying Eastern cultures for the sake of upholding one's own value system is an invalid approach to scholarship, and Said played an instrumental role in increasing awareness about this issue. "Research for political purposes is different from research for knowledge's sake," he said. "It's important to take a step back sometimes and say: 'What are my goals in studying this text? Why am I bringing it to life?'"

No scholar would suggest that Said's theories go unchallenged. That said, it is not easy to find faculty at Columbia who are openly critical of Said. One did refer me to Khawaja, who attributes the omission of divergent opinion from the two recent documentaries to the fact that many people have a vested interest in portraying Said in a positive light.

"His views have achieved a sort of non-controversiality," Khawaja said, adding that numerous academics have approached their work under the assumption that Said's ideas are correct. "If you question his theories, the people who engage in that scholarship would have no scholarship at all," he said.

Khawaja, who was raised Muslim, said that he originally read *Orientalism* as an undergraduate student because he believed it would enable him to better understand his faith. "While some ideas put forth in the book have merit, its basic premise is inherently flawed," he said. "It relies on the claim that Said is able to view the East with less bias than the scholars he criticizes. So in order to accept the book, you have to accept the basic premise that Orientalism as practiced by Orientalists is bad, whereas Orientalism as practiced by Edward Said is good."

Khawaja said that Said's argument, which emphasizes that Orientalist scholarship is not knowledge but rather a conglomerate of ignorant assumptions, "inevitably leads to the conclusion that no generalization of any kind can be made about Arab culture." As Oriental studies changed into Middle Eastern studies in accordance with Said's formula, Khawaja added, the field became focused on the recognition of Western bias. In other words, Said's critique transformed the study of non-Western cultures into a study of Western political attitudes.

Regardless of whether he was a product of Jerusalem or Cairo, Said remains Columbia University's beloved son. But by institutionalizing Said, we threaten our ability to actively debate his ideas. Miron called attention to this issue, suggesting that treating Said as infallible directly contradicts the scholar's legacy.

"To take Edward's ideas as though they are set in stone is exactly the opposite of what he stood for," he said. "He was always critical, always questioning." ■



# Fathers of the Revolution

Can Coleman and Taylor prove jazz is not a bygone American art form?

By Eli Goldfarb

In *Sound Grammar*, Ornette Coleman returns to the sound that first established his reputation as a pioneer of free jazz.



into a (relatively) more ordered affair. Coleman's son Denardo keeps a loose pulse on drums, while bassists Greg Cohen and Tony Falanga add texture and accents with both pizzicato and arco playing.

"Sleep Talking" is a mournful ballad that showcases Coleman's keening alto sound to great effect, and the group takes the tuneful "Turnaround" at the pace of a relaxed stroll. "SONGX," which closes the album, finds the musicians at their most adventurous, spinning off into new directions without losing track of one another. The group's intimacy recalls Coleman's "Blue Note" trio of the mid-1960s and even at times his epochal "Atlantic" quartet. *Sound Grammar* doesn't always have that band's bluesy, easygoing swing, but it's an exhilarating effort all the same.

While Coleman's sound has gone through multiple mutations since the opening salvos of the free-jazz revolution, fellow avant-garde innovator Cecil Taylor has hardly changed his tune in more than 40 years, as evidenced by his performance two weeks ago at the midtown club Iridium, part of a two-night stand. But although Taylor, 77, is certainly consistent, he is also challenging, disciplined, and inventive.

Taylor's style on piano is dissonant and percussive. He doesn't play conventional melodies or chord changes and his music follows an irregular, stuttering pulse, never a recognizable time-signature. Regardless, Taylor's control of his instrument is supreme. His music may sound chaotic and abrasive, but it would be a mistake to regard it as random or thoughtless.

At Iridium, he played for a little more than an hour, in one unbroken performance that didn't blur the line between composition and improvisation so much as erase it—Taylor had a score at the piano, but it was covered in unintelligible scribbles instead of conventional notation. Bassist Henry Grimes and drummer Pheeroan akLaff, both avant-garde veterans, proved to be responsive collaborators, following Taylor's lead at some points and egging him on at others. They seemed to always change directions in tandem, without giving each other noticeable cues. At its most intense, the music was a frenzied collision of sounds, but the noisy peaks also gave way to more meditative passages. The trio's performance was riveting at both ends of the spectrum.

Taylor and Coleman have each made tremendous contributions to jazz, pushing countless other musicians to challenge themselves and explore uncharted musical territory. The tragedy is that by moving jazz forward, they have also divided and fragmented it. There's no jazz musician of the past 40 years as accomplished as Taylor or Coleman, and it's not because people are getting less talented. Jazz is now just too heterogeneous for any one person to change its whole face, as these musicians did decades ago. Once you've broken all the rules, there's no reason for another revolution.

It's well-known that jazz is an indigenous American art form. In the past few decades it has also increasingly become an ignored American art form. Ken Burns documentaries aside, jazz fans are accustomed to the dismay that comes with recognizing the near-total apathy most people feel toward one of the country's greatest cultural traditions, an apathy likely resulting from a perceived stagnancy of the genre. Fans may take some comfort in two recent musical events—the release of a new album by Ornette Coleman, and a stellar trio performance by Cecil Taylor at Iridium, both of which prove that two of jazz's towering greats are still capable of astonishing anyone who is still willing to listen.

The release of *Sound Grammar*, Coleman's new album, is a momentous occasion in the jazz world. Coleman, 76, is as significant a figure in jazz as anyone alive today, and this is his first record of new material in a decade. *Sound Grammar* also represents the saxophonist coming full circle at the tail end of a long, storied, and rarely predictable career.

Coleman got his start in Texas R&B bands but gained attention in the late 1950s as one of the pioneers of free jazz with his classic Atlantic Records quartet. Since then he has recorded with the London Symphony Orchestra, confounded his fans by recruiting electric bands to play avant-garde funk, experimented with incorporating world music into jazz, and developed a personal theory of music called harmolodics. On *Sound Grammar*, though, he returns to the sound that first made his reputation.

Recorded live in Germany in October 2005, the record is a small marvel of sympathetic group interaction, musical invention, and deep feeling. "Jordan" opens the performance with a short burst of controlled chaos that the musicians seamlessly shape



Cecil Taylor's recent live performance at Iridium was a frenzied collision of noisy peaks and meditative passages.



# CMJ Strikes Again

The CMJ's 26th annual Music Marathon has come and gone once again, leaving New York City and dozens of venues in its dust. After five consecutive days of seven-hour showcases, celebrity music panels, and overpriced drinks, concertgoers are unsurprisingly exhausted. Amid the hundreds of hours of music, certain bands soared while others just couldn't quite put it together. Did your favorite act have what it takes to stand out in the sea of performers flocking to New York for the most hectic concert weekend of the year? *The Eye* will tell you which bands thrived under the pressure, which fell flat, and which just left us confused and wondering why? —Justin Gonçalves

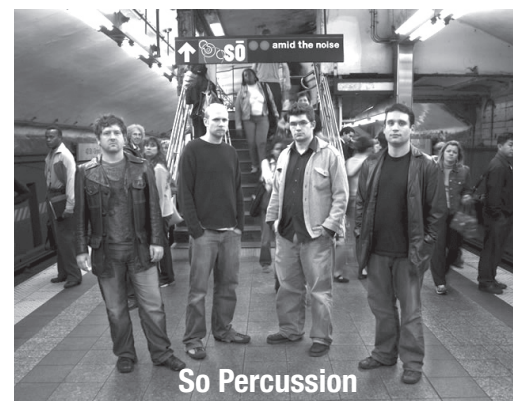
## THE WALKMEN AT NYU SKIRBALL CENTER

At the Skirball Center on Thursday, the Walkmen seemed like a band unsure of where to follow its muse and at times too apathetic to care. The now-fallen darlings of the indie scene seem to have difficulty pulling themselves together, which is a shame because when the band is on, they tear the place up. Live performances of "The Rat" and "Blizzard of '96" showcased the imaginative drumming, passionate vocals, jangly chord changes, and atmospherics that give the band its distinctive, compelling sound. Unfortunately, the Walkmen never seemed to hit their stride during the oddly paced show, a frustration so palpable that it was evident in the band members' faces. During the encore—an exceptional cover of Bill Haley and His Comets' early rock classic, "Rock Around the Clock"—singer Hamilton Leithauser took an electric saw to the piano. Maybe that's what the Walkmen need to do: destroy what they have, pick up the pieces, and try to reconstruct. —Parker Fishel



## CANTALOUPE MUSIC SHOWCASE AT TONIC

Technology, new and old, was at the forefront of the Cantaloupe Records Showcase at Tonic on Halloween night. Guitarist Dominic Frasca and post-classical string quartet Ethel both relied heavily on the percussive qualities that electricity gives to string instruments, drumming on the bodies of their instruments with their hands and hitting the necks of their instruments to produce layered melodic lines. Miller Theatre regulars So Percussion were on hand to turn the tables a bit: the quartet used amplified percussion instruments to create ambient soundscapes that showcased its members' compositional innovation. Bowed vibraphones, harmonicas, and static electricity called to mind Sigur Rós, distancing the quartet from the driving beats of the Steve Reich pieces it often plays. Tristan Perich concluded the evening well, despite the many technical difficulties that arise when a computer chip taped to a CD case generates most of your music. Usually listeners would plug headphones directly into the CD case to experience One Bit Music, but Perich's live drumming and the occasional poetry reading helped translate the music to the stage. The Cantaloupe Showcase revolved around creativity and experimentation, and it was refreshing to see groups other than European hype bands take advantage of CMJ. —Elizabeth Wade



## THE KNIFE WEBSTER HALL

Fluorescent orange monkey masks. Oversized white balloons with projected images of alien heads, and creepy, frog-lipped, middle-aged strangers. E.T.-like gloves made big by the backlight of a badly drawn cartoon, projected over the width of Webster Hall. A meatball-looking thing on a school bus with a pencil big enough for a three-seater. Siblings Karin Dreijer Andersson and Olof Dreijer of The Knife were making an obvious understatement when they told *'Sup Magazine* that they like to appear like the sound of their music. This stuff is weird and wonderful, as impersonal as the performance of its creators, and as charming. As a part of Wednesday's CMJ Marathon, the Swedish duo put on a short but solid set. Karin's vocals, echoey and always filtered, quavered over brother Olof's macabre melodies and kept the hungover, post-Halloween crowd dancing to the dirge all night. —Jeff Petriello

Check out more CMJ coverage and Casey Acierno's new online column at [eye.columbiaspectator.com](http://eye.columbiaspectator.com)



## MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE STUDIO B

If you stand in front at an MSI show, you will get kicked, fondled, spat upon, and, if you're lucky, smothered in the bassist's crotch (she likes to crowd-surf). I elected instead to stand in the back and watch the band (whose members resemble Jhonen Vasquez characters come to life) twitch and grind through catchy jungle-punk classics like "Faggot," "I Hate Jimmy Page," and "Bitches," as well as their new hit, "Shut Me Up." Little Jimmy Urine was sick, which, far from hurting his performance, only made him more pissed off, and the audience greeted his insults to their pimply, Hot Topic-y appearance with glee. He didn't drink pee this time (he's trying to cut down), but he did shave the front half of a girl's head, spit, and de-robe. With such spirit, it's no wonder MSI beat out Justin and Beyoncé for #1 dance single on the Billboard charts. —Jamie Peck

## GIRL TALK MERCURY LOUNGE

I'm usually skeptical of boys who dance shirtless, but when my own shirt was manually removed at Girl Talk's show at the Mercury Lounge, joining the half-naked horde seemed like the right thing to do. Last Wednesday night, Pittsburgh-based club DJ Greg Gillis, aka Girl Talk, brought his mash-up genius to the stage with nothing but a laptop, colorful sunglasses, and a ridiculous three-piece suit.

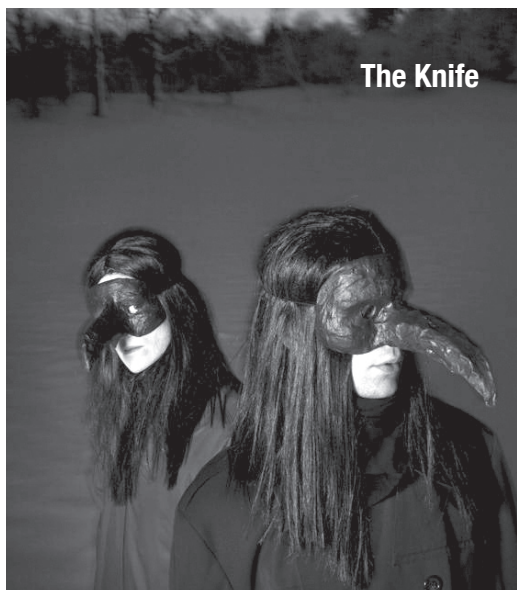
Not long into the show, the rowdy Lower East Side crowd rushed the stage, turning the entire venue into a raucous, sweaty dance party. Soon thereafter, shirts began to disappear as Gillis, half-naked himself, continued pumping the beats through his computer. Eventually, shirtlessness somehow turned into pantslessness, and my own bare chest began to look conservative next to that hairy dude in the tighty whities. Using the same style as—but few of the actual samples from—his phenomenal LP *Night Ripper*, Gillis finished the show wearing nothing but boxers, continuing to rock that pop-hop thing to the max. —Geoff Aung

## JUSTICE AT STUDIO B

Studio B, predicted to be in the next wave of "hot" New York clubs, had the vibe of a large, sprawling warehouse party on Friday night with the best DJs (headliner Justice) behind the booth. To call it a "show" would be a slight stretch, as "concertgoers" crowded the balcony and dance floor in a drunken daze, showing off their best moves as Justice enthusiastically spun its blend of house, electronica, and euro from the slightly elevated stage. The Parisian duo never failed to keep the party going with seamless integration between songs and a bouncy energy that most jaded, bored New York DJs tend to lack. Later in the set, I began to doubt that the crowd even knew who was actually DJing (not that it mattered, because everyone was having too great of a time to care), but when Justice launched into its most well-known and best song, "We Are Your Friends," it was clear that this was not the case. The brief pauses that they made in the song to accommodate for audience participation resulted in more than half the crowd screaming the lyrics, proving that some had made the trip to Brooklyn for more than just the hip venue. —Xiyin Tang

## THE FALL HIRO BALLROOM

There's something incredibly awkward about seeing a man who is the age of your parents wasted onstage. Mark E. Smith and company managed to piss off the crowd before even stepping onstage, with a way-too-long video production mashing up Sinéad O'Connor, Barbra Streisand, and, worst of all, fat Elvis. The newest incarnation of Smith's backup band was decent but when the lead singer can't even count off the band correctly, you know you have a problem. After playing the shortest set we saw at CMJ, loyal paying fans begged for an encore, but they were denied. We all left the show confused—but, I'm sure, not as confused as Smith himself. —Casey Acierno





# Gay Directing—Still Legal Nationwide

The MIX NYC Annual Lesbian and Gay Experimental Film Festival is back

By Scott Evans

**T**he MIX NYC: Lesbian & Gay Experimental Film Festival is open once again, and this time it is taking over Lower Manhattan. In its 19th year, the festival is taking place at the 3LD Art & Technology Center. Securing a “sleek, Kubrickian space,” as the festival program calls the building, is just the cap on a productive year. With sponsorship from such mainstream brands as Kodak and Tekserve, the festival seems to be coming into fruition as something more than “that other queer film festival.”

And what exactly can one expect from this unique event? According to Steven Kent Jusick, who took over as executive director this year: “MIX is an artist-run festival, and it concentrates on short films and experimental or avant-garde films, as well as installation art. We like innovation and history, so we have shown digital work—as early as 1994—while still championing formats like Super 8 or filmstrips.”

As for the crowd, “MIX attracts a young crowd, an art crowd, and a sexy crowd,” Jusick said. “But we’re also serious about authentic voices of queer artists, more so than escapist, feel-good movies. Some of MIX’s work is rigorous and tough.” With big-budget franchise installments elbowing their way into the more mainstream New York film festivals lately, his dig does not go unnoticed.

As for the films that MIX plays, one can simply look at the line-up for the festival for a glimpse of the abnormalities inherent in an experimental film festival. Most of the entries are 10 minutes or less, and many are abstract to the point where mass appeal becomes unfathomable. For MIX fans, though, the appeal is in individual subjection. The groups of (sometimes very) short films have been grouped thematically by night (e.g., *Genderflux*, *Backalley Jukebox*, *Beautiful Decay*), and tickets are sold accordingly (most nights last a few hours and cost \$10).

Also differentiating MIX from Tribeca Film Festival is its organizers’ choice to keep the event more or less in one location, rather than spread throughout Manhattan. The specific theme and narrowed audiences, it seems, are at the root of this decision. “MIX is better when it’s focused, not entropic,” Jusick opines. “We don’t have the staff to have too many venues up and running at once. In 1996 we had venues in the East Village, Tribeca, and Harlem, but it was very hard, and it split our audience a lot.”

There are a few ways that the MIX board is attempting to spread the experimental queer film movement throughout New York City, though. Jusick says: “One way that we do de-center ourselves is by doing free community screenings in the winter and spring. Last year we had screenings in Park Slope, East Harlem, the Bronx, and in other places, in an effort to bring the films to the people, rather than making them come to us all the time.”

But which films should you check out? As the perfect complement to your Literature Humanities course, be sure to see a new, queer interpretation of Homer’s epic *The Odyssey*. The film is a col-



Neverland’s Lost Boys, as originally envisioned by the celibate J.M. Barrie, were a bit too feisty for Peter Pan before Steven Spielberg got his schmaltzy hands all over them.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

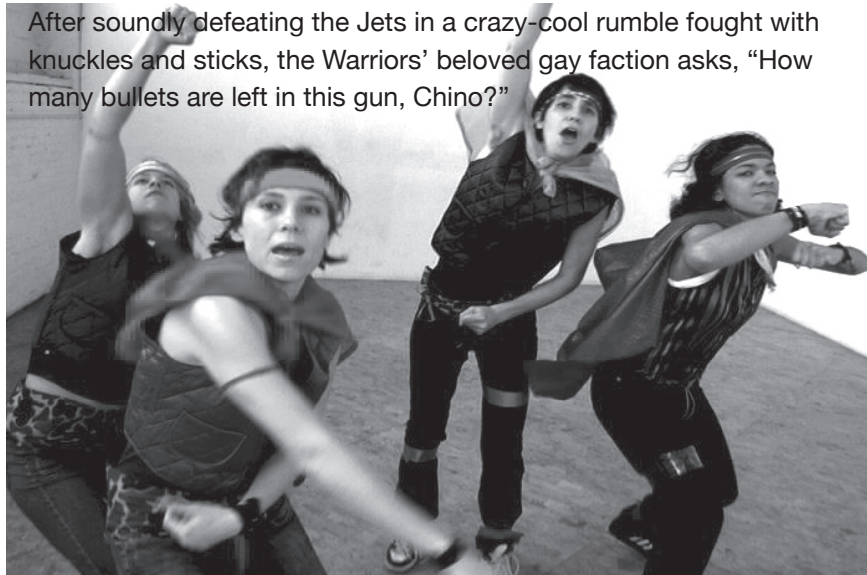
MIX NYC 19TH ANNUAL LESBIAN AND GAY  
EXPERIMENTAL FILM FESTIVAL  
3LD ART AND TECHNOLOGY CENTER  
80 GREENWICH ST.  
CONTINUES UNTIL NOV. 13  
TICKETS \$10 PER NIGHT

## FILM INFORMATION

**A DIFFERENT TAKE: QUEER YOUTH SPEAK OUT**  
FRIDAY NOV. 10, 7 P.M. (65 MINS)  
3LD THEATER NO.2  
FREE TO YOUTH 23 AND UNDER

**THE ODYSSEY**  
SUNDAY NOV. 13, 8 P.M. (130 MINS)  
3LD THEATER NO.1  
\$12

After soundly defeating the Jets in a crazy-cool rumble fought with knuckles and sticks, the Warriors’ beloved gay faction asks, “How many bullets are left in this gun, Chino?”



laboration between 32 queer and transsexual filmmakers, and it will close the festivities as the centerpiece of a wild night celebrating the classic work. The price of admission covers food and drinks, as well as live music, readings from the text, and performances.

While the film will be screening on Sunday night, it is part of a larger project. *The Odyssey* project is, according to the festival guide, a collaboration between writer Andrea Lawlor and filmmaker Bernadine Mellis that: “comprises a book and an accompanying film on DVD. The book functions as a dramatis personae of the film, with each character represented by stories, poetry, or visual art by cutting-edge writers and artists working in and between multiple genres. The film consists of 24 contiguous shorts (in media ranging from stop-motion animation to live action, from abstract video art to found footage) telling the complete story of Homer’s 24-character epic.”

The first 24 people to arrive will receive giveaways of the package, so come early and secure a seat at what is bound to be an interesting version of one of your favorite classic texts.

Also of note is MIX NYC’s recently initiated queer youth media training program, A Different Take. This program affords lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender youth a sense of empowerment in the form of artistic self-expression. With help from volunteers from MIX and other successful public programs, such as REACH LA, queer youth are given video cameras and encouraged to tell their respective stories. The results break down social barriers and give voice to those who are often unheard.

The diverse line-up of shorts includes:

*Inside Out*, a lesbian teen’s confessional of life on the streets and in shelters  
*Cruzando la Frontera*, a passionate poetic take on crossing the U.S. border  
*Love is Shit*, a young trans-female’s lament for longed-for love in the West Village

*I’m Gonna Die a Virgin*, chronicling the yearning for love and the constant fear of dying young and alone

*Boy Wonder*, a young man’s struggle in a double life as a straight family man by day and transvestite prostitute by night

*Billy Butch’s Rockin’ Rampage*, a spoof of *Mr. Rogers’ Neighborhood* that deals with dating issues in the lesbian youth community

*My Crazy Life*, an animated short that playfully portrays the realities of a young gay Latino male living in South Central Los Angeles

*Green Room*, a visual autobiography that uses archival footage to offer unique insight into the life of a modern queer teen

Any true cinephile, regardless of sexual orientation, should take this unique opportunity to see these small wonders.





*Stranger Than Fiction* was originally conceived as *Rain Man*'s overdue sequel: *Rain Man Reloaded*, in which Hoffman and Ferrell would have joined forces to hilariously battle the "Idiot Savant" rhetoric and touchingly murder Ken Jennings.

contrived and unoriginal. What the skeptics, critics, and cynics will miss is one of the two or three best Hollywood films of the year, and the arrival of a major talent, screenwriter Zach Helm.

Fiction narrates the life of Harold Crick, an IRS employee with a highly regimented existence. He counts every toothbrush stroke, swears by his wristwatch, and never deviates from his boring, daily routine. But in the first few minutes of the film, Harold becomes aware of an internal monologue that narrates his every action and thought with frightening precision. We quickly find out that Crick is the

*Stranger Than Fiction* is a film about the interaction between narrative and reality, and a mainstream film at that, so skeptics will surely describe it as an over-budgeted sequel to *Adaptation*. It stars Will Ferrell in his first major dramatic role, so critics will doubtlessly scrutinize his performance and deem it unbelievable or misguided. It also features Maggie Gyllenhaal as a tattooed baker with a heart of gold, and Emma Thompson as a depressed British woman, so cynics will call it

main character of Kay Eiffel's new novel, and that she plans to kill him off.

It is certainly a premise that screams Charlie Kaufman, and on paper, it may have been just that. But director Marc Forster is aware that a brilliant intellectual exercise can make for a somewhat frustrating cinematic experience (as with *Adaptation's* finale, which was mentally and dramatically satisfying but emotionally empty), so he imbues the film with genuine emotion and humor, aided by an eclectic but exceptional cast.

As the enemy-cum-love-interest, Gyllenhaal is so sincere and warm that her predictable arc is difficult to critique, and Thompson succeeds at keeping the dark and brooding Eiffel grounded. Queen Latifah, Dustin Hoffman, and *Arrested Development's* Tony Hale are uniformly solid, but Fiction could not work without Will Ferrell. His work in the film suggests his unparalleled gift for playing average. In his best work on Saturday Night Live, Ferrell played regular guys with occasional anger issues. But here, he curtails the screaming, and emphasizes the muted frustration and desperation of averageness. It works.

Forster has created a film that beats the odds. In utilizing the cold, spotless aesthetic of modern action movies like *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*, Forster provocatively refuses to diminish Helm's brilliant, cerebral script by transforming it into a minor, quirky fable. Instead, he makes use of his budget to create an appealing mainstream film that is smart and sincere—an increasingly rare feat in an era when most successful films make almost no effort to engage with an audience.



## Why Rummy Resigned

By Bethany Schaid

War is ugly. James Longley's documentary on war-ravaged Iraq, however, features some of the most beautiful images available on the screen today. *Iraq in Fragments* depends largely on its images, abandoning scripted narration as the cameras capture three distinct sections of the country.

With the narrow streets of Baghdad as backdrop, Longley begins his film by focusing on Mohammed, an 11-year-old boy struggling to balance school and work in a city where war looms all around. This section shines with narrative clarity thanks to intimate camerawork and the revealing voiceover provided by Mohammed. A

shot of him bent over in tears after being ridiculed his boss is the kind of material that only the most skilled filmmakers can get from their subjects.

Though Mohammed's story alone could function as a human-interest piece, this is a document-

tary about Iraq, and Iraq is a country indivisible from war. As the cameras focus on Mohammed's boss and neighborhood men, they also catch gunshots in the background and helicopters flying overhead. "If it's like this in the beginning," one Baghdad resident asks, "how will it be in the end?" *Iraq in Fragments* wisely avoids answering such questions or taking on a partisan tone.

The second part shifts in both geographic location and tone as it takes viewers to Shiite strongholds in Najaf and Nasiriyah. Here, followers of a powerful local religious leader are chronicled in their attempts to gain support for anti-American candidates and laws against alcohol vendors. This profile of group behavior, follow-

ing men in these cities as they march in religious processions or argue over the coming elections, is the sort of in depth observation sorely lacking in U.S. news reports.

The final part takes another turn, this time into the lush plains of Kurdish northern Iraq. Here violence is not a present threat, and a prescient optimism exists among the hordes of Kurds, many illiterate, who visited the polls in 2005. Yet Longley's cameras find the palpable sadness in the eyes of villagers talking about an uncertain future in a region longing for independence.

Of course, this documentary is not all-encompassing: women are a noticeable missing presence among those profiled. Yet no 95-minute movie can encapsulate the nuances of an entire country. *Iraq in Fragments* arranges enough of the pieces in a thoughtful and non-judgmental manner, leaving viewers with horrifyingly beautiful images of an ugly war.



James Longley's exceptionally powerful new documentary, *Iraq in Fragments*, finds the fleeting beauty and sublimity of a nation perpetually in the throes of civil and international war.



## Molested Brainy Schoolboys

By Dan D'Addario

*The History Boys*, adapted from this year's Tony-winning Broadway hit of the same name, might have been better off sticking to the stage. The film tells the story of an eccentric British history teacher who strives to teach his students as he sees fit while school powers pressure him to teach for college admissions tests. There are signs of audacity, especially in the scenes shared by the young history pupils, but too often, *The History Boys* falls into pat moralizing a la *Dead Poets Society*.

The problem with the film is that it lacks a compelling center. The history teacher, Hector, is played by the venerable British stage actor Richard Griffiths in a performance that over time transitions from charmingly funny to pathetically sad. He conveys the conflicting loves—the academic thrill of teaching and the prurient pleasure derived from fondling young male students—with sudden, touching shifts in vocal tone.

Griffiths, however, is absent for much of the film and when on-screen often fades into the background. This leaves the eponymous History Boys to carry the film. The young actors are very talented and their easy rapport translates well to the screen, but their scenes together seem to lack a focus. The classroom sequences—scenes that surely played better on stage—are all too long, and the sluggish pacing of shots does little to mitigate the film's fundamental staginess.

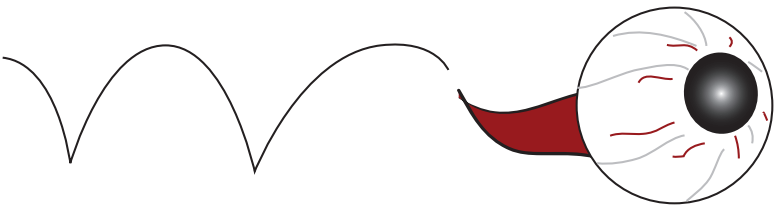
Moreover, when it's not moving too slowly, the film presents aggressively scored montages (was Depeche Mode-esque techno that diverts attention from the film's academic tone the best musical choice?) that advance the plot but do little else.

This is not to say that the movie is a total failure. The young actors—particularly Dominic Cooper as a charismatic student with hidden depths and Samuel Barnett as a deeply sad gay Jewish boy—generate true emotion in their scenes together, despite their distractingly poor and stagy pacing. The script too is full of interesting ideas about history—how it is preserved and whether it ought to be studied as a comprehensive discipline or an argument to be won. The impression the viewer is left with after watching *The History Boys* is of a unique sort of history, full of artifice and preserved in celluloid, but still an evocative and moving look at a fleeting year in the lives of a group of boys and their desperately lonely teacher.





# THE ROLLING EYE



## The House Always Wins Slush Fun

By Shannon Donnelly



As soon as I arrived at my publishing internship this past summer, I was steered over to the slush pile to perform my internly duties and reject 99.9 percent of what I came across. The slush pile, for the uninitiated, is usually a drawer or closet full of unsolicited manuscripts and book proposals. Now, unsolicited manuscripts are not *necessarily* god-awful, but the ratio of utter crap to stuff that won't make your eyes bleed is about 100 to one, since most writers worthy of a publishing deal can secure an agent to submit work on their behalf.

Not everything I read over the summer was bad, of course. In fact, I wish it had been because reading great stuff that would later get rejected for seemingly arbitrary reasons was its own kind of soul-sucking. I mean, I had actual conversations that went like this:

"Hey, Important Editor Guy, did you ever end up making an offer on that amazing book you had me read last month?"

"Oh, no, we passed on it. It was fantastic, well-written, and would probably sell a million copies, but ... you know."

No! I don't know!

Seriously, soul-sucking.

But that's a topic for a sadder column, one that would crush the hopes and dreams of many Columbia writing students. And, frankly, I think graduating and going into the real world will do that for us, anyway.

Besides, the slush pile did yield some amazing glimpses into the minds of authors, and if I didn't share some of my best finds, then my whole summer would have been wasted in a haze of photocopying and Starbucks runs.

First, there was the intern favorite: Crazy White Supremacist Guy. He submitted 10 different novels and informed us that he had 20 more ready to go if we liked what we saw. Every poorly-written novel's theme was pretty much the same—go Satan, choose Satan, white people rule, black people suck! This, I am sad to say, was not the only reason he was rejected. Aside from being a Satan-worshipping white supremacist, he also stated in his cover letter that *Little House on the Prairie* author Laura Ingalls Wilder was a huge fan of his work.

Wilder, of course, died in 1957, and the author said he started writing his books in 2000, so we can only assume that these glowing recommendations came from beyond the grave.

Needless to say, I took the liberty of signing my co-intern's name in lieu of my own at the bottom of the rejection letter I penned. What, you think I wanted that guy hunting *me* down when he was ready for some chainsaw-packin' retribution? Hell no.

And then there was the *certifiably* crazy guy. The letter's return address was from a mental institution and basically said, "I've been wrongfully imprisoned in an asylum for several decades! If you can help me break out, I'll sell you my memoirs."

We passed on that one.

I personally loved the celebrity encyclopedia that took in-depth looks at high-profile luminaries like Morley Safer, Buddy Hackett, and the Coreys, both Feldman and Haim.

Some submissions weren't outright awful but still made a lasting impression. For example, there was an 80-year-old widow who sent us a slew of poems dealing with depressing, Dickensian orphans who just wanted enough money to buy roses for their parents' graves. Who the hell is cold-blooded enough to reject *that*? That one got quietly slipped to the bottom of the pile to become the next intern's problem.

Who knows, maybe after seeing too many brilliant novels get tossed aside when an editor goes "eeny meeny miney ... no," that intern will finally be soulless enough to smack down the sad granny.

## Task Force on Economic Justice

Dear Fellow Columbians,

In trying to produce graduates best tailored for our modern world, we at Columbia University often find ourselves in need of things we do not have.

Today, these things are dollars. In light of this, the University has embarked upon a capital campaign of epic proportions. The Columbia Campaign, with its goal of \$4 billion, is the largest fund-raising effort ever undertaken by an educational institution.

Generous alumni have already pledged \$1.6 billion, bringing us almost halfway to our goal. But with our end-date of Dec. 31, 2011, we cannot afford to dillydally. It is with this in mind that I introduce Phase Two of the campaign, tentatively code-named "Operation Grift and Thieve." Starting next semester and continuing for the following five years, all financial aid will be withdrawn. Furthermore, tuition will be increased to \$200,000 a year.

It is to be expected that not all students will be able to afford this steep price increase. This is no matter, however, because from this day on Columbia will only be populated by a certain type of student. I call him the "\$200,000 Student."

Though the social benefit of excluding the poor is obvious, increasing tuition is at heart a practical matter. Indeed, any additional fund-raising will simply be another feather in our collective cap. As my wife Jean always says, "I may not need these pearls, but I need these pearls." I'm pretty sure that applies here.

Increasing the financial burden on students is a hard pill to swallow for all of us, but one does not raise buildings by lowering tuition. A decrease in the number of students is unavoidable, and we will do our best to maintain appropriate class sizes by eliminating any admission standards we have previously upheld. If you can afford Columbia, you will be admitted to Columbia.

The financial breakdown shown below illustrates the monetary consequences:

Year	Tuition	# Students	Revenue
2007	\$200,000	1,000	\$200 Million
2008	\$200,000	2,000	\$400 Million
2009	\$200,000	3,000	\$600 Million
2010	\$200,000	4,000	\$800 Million
2011	\$200,000	4,000	\$800 Million
Total			\$2.8 Billion

Combined with our already-pursed \$1.6 billion, we will have raised \$4.4 billion! Clearly, my five-year plan will return Columbia University to the position of prominence that a top-10 institution deserves. While I regret the heavy cost, we must be realistic. Remember: education is a gift. A gift for which you pay.

Sincerely,

*Lee Charlemagne Bollinger*



**Dear Ben Franklin and the solar system:** Thanks for the whole daylight savings thing. I love going out at 5:30 at night and finding that it's pitch-black outside.

**To the woman who came to my Halloween party uninvited:** It's about time somebody told you that by dressing up as a "sexy vampire," "sexy pirate," or "sexy batgirl," you weren't dressing up as any of these things. You dressed up as a whore for Halloween—which is fine, but blatantly rejecting my proposition wasn't.

**To the business student fulfilling his liberal arts requirement:** The professor does not have a secret agenda against white people; James Baldwin really was important.

**To whoever runs Hewitt:** Macaroni and cheese is not an entree, so let me have some with my single chicken wing.

**To the bald Continuing Education guy in the front row:** Your contribution in particular has been unnecessary.

**To Mr. Turkey-Mouth:** Friend, huh? Okay.

**Dear Eric Foner:** Reconstruction is soooo 1866.

**To the hostess ignoring me at Ollie's:** Your aloofness is such a turn-on.

**Dear kid with the French accent in my intellectual history class:** Everyone knows you're from Jersey. Give it up, man.

**To the guy who walks around campus wearing a fedora, shiny black pants, an open button-down shirt, and lots of blingy chains:** Make your own kind of music, brother-man, don't let the haters get you down.

**To Pinnacle:** I'm pretty sure that an "Italian tuna sandwich" isn't just a tuna sandwich that tastes like crap.

**Dear homeless guy outside of Morton Williams:** Why, when I say, "Here's all the change I have," do you hear, "Ask me three more times and I'll give you \$5"?



**THE NEW YORK CHOCOLATE SHOW**  
**NOV. 10-12**  
**UNION SQUARE**

This is every chocoholic's fantasy—vendors upon vendors displaying their newest chocolate creations for three whole days. Upon entering, taste from the oozing chocolate fountains, then sample chocolates from all across the globe. Some may be regional specialties, others exotic concoctions that may or may not be a worthy treatment of the fine chocolates. But either way, there will be enough samples to satisfy even the most passionate of chocolate lovers.



**KELIS  
NOV. 14, 9 P.M.  
S.O.B.'S  
204 VARICK ST. AT HOUSTON  
STREET**

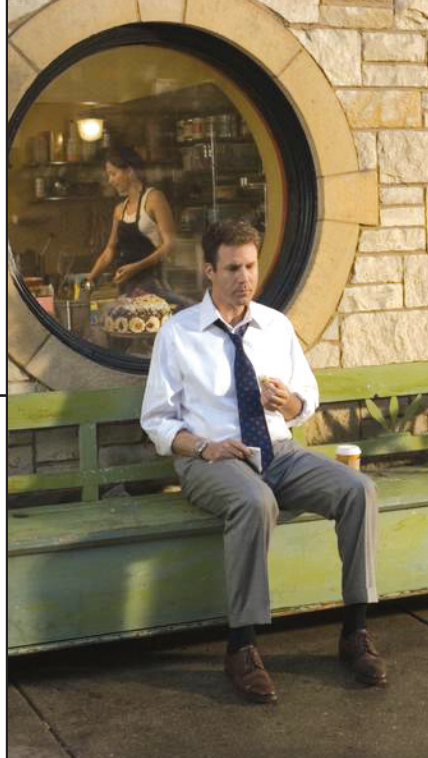
**\$22 ADVANCE, \$25 DOOR**

No telling whether or not she's bringing her milkshake (well, she probably will), **but** fans of Kelis know that she always brings the goods. This innovative performer is quite the entertainer, as she dazzles audiences with both her provocative lyrics **and** outfits. Onstage in front of a live audience, there's no stopping this bold singer from belting out her songs while coyly teasing all the men out there.



**A GOOD YEAR  
OPENS NOV. 10**

Russell Crowe, workaholic, finds himself the inheritor of a gorgeous vineyard in France where he also meets a gorgeous young woman. Surrounded by the intoxicating aromas from the grapes, will he totally change his life and stay in the relaxed countryside without his Blackberry, wireless internet, and nonstop pace of the city life? Or will he settle down, find love, and enjoy a nice glass of wine? This choice between work and love is nothing new, but the French countryside doesn't hurt the plotline.



**STRANGER THAN FICTION**  
OPENS NOV. 10

What would happen if you were the star of someone else's novel—their modern literary masterpiece—and you knew you were going to die at the end? Would you live your life ignoring your imminent demise, or would you try and prevent your death, even if your life was nothing particularly extraordinary? The story of Harold Crick explores these intricacies as an author/narrator follows the mundane everyday activities of Harold, an IRS agent. Clever and smart, Will Ferrell acts with a restraint that you wouldn't think he had in him after *Old School* or *Tal-ladega Nights*.



**DANE COOK**  
**NOV. 12TH**  
**7 P.M. AND 10:15 P.M.**  
**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**

Dane Cook is everywhere this fall. On an HBO series, in a movie with Jessica Simpson that no one saw, hosting *Saturday Night Live*, and now bringing his Tourgasm schtick to Madison Square Garden, New York City's ultimate performance arena. Stand-up comedy is where his talent lies, so perhaps this is the one Dane Cook performance worthy of your time.



**UGLY BETTY**  
NOV. 9, 8 P.M.  
ABC

This is the number one new comedy of the season, and it seems like no one at Columbia is watching. Start your *Grey's Anatomy* TV time an hour earlier with *Ugly Betty*, the story of a totally clueless girl who works at a fashion magazine. Her hair is too long and unkempt, she still has braces, and she wears bright red plastic glasses. She may misinterpret the latest trends, yet she always seems to find that there is more to life than this, and she has been proving this to viewers week after week. Think *The Devil Wears Prada* with the emphasis on the naive assistant as opposed to the heinous boss.



# CARNEGIE HALL presents

Friday, November 10 at 7:30 PM  
Zankel

**SÉRGIO AND ODAIR ASSAD, Guitar**  
with special guest  
**PAQUITO D'RIVERA, Clarinet**

DANCES FROM THE NEW WORLD  
\$40, \$48



Friday, November 10 at 8 PM  
Stern / Perelman

**SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK**

The renowned a cappella sextet preserves and celebrates African American culture and singing traditions, addressing the most pressing contemporary issues with its electrifying musical drive.

*This performance is sponsored by Lehman Brothers.*

Tickets start at \$21.



Saturday, November 11 at 8 PM  
Stern / Perelman

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

JAMES LEVINE, Music Director and Conductor  
ANNE SOFIE VON OTTER, Mezzo-Soprano (Judith)  
ALBERT DOHMEN, Bass-Baritone (Duke Bluebeard)  
ÖRS KISFALUDY, Speaker

BARTÓK *Bluebeard's Castle*  
BRAHMS *Symphony No. 1*

*This concert is made possible, in part, by The Barbro Osher Pro Suecia Foundation.*

Tickets start at \$39.



Wednesday, November 15  
at 8 PM

Friday, November 17  
at 8 PM

Sunday, November 19  
at 2 PM

Stern / Perelman

**ANNE-SOPHIE MUTTER, Violin**

LAMBERT ORKIS, Piano

Mozart *Violin Sonatas*

Tickets start at \$28.



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## CARNEGIE HALL

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