

27 PERFECT GIFTS FOR EVERYONE ON YOUR LIST
NYC'S BATTLE FOR CONCERT SPACE • WHAT NOT TO WATCH

the eye

COLUMBIA ON THE STREET

VOL. 1, ISSUE 12, 12.7.06

'TIS THE SEASON
TO GO SHOPPING

brown
bag



the eye

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

Editor in Chief

Tim Shenk

Managing Editors

Julia Israel, Julia Stroud

Senior Editors

Jason Kim, Sumana Rao

Urbanities Editors

Risa Chubinsky, Xiyin Tang

In Focus Editors

Alex Gartenfeld, Jennie Morgan

Rolling Eye Editors

Shannon Donnelly, Dan Haley

Interviews Editor

Sally Cohen-Cutler

Film Editor

David Ehrlich

Food Editor

Miri Cypers

Music Editor

Elizabeth Wade

Special Projects Editor

Bee Shaffer

Senior Writers

Brendan Ballou, Paul Barndt,

Liz Brown, Jen Spyra

Senior Reporters

Ariel Bibby, Max Foxman,

Swetha Regunathan

Copy Editors

Ian Corey-Boulet, Amanda Sebba

Copy Staffers

Shira Goldenberg, Kaitlyn Gaynor,

Laura Seidman

Photo Editor

Kibby McMahon

Designers

Matt Franks, Emily Greenlee,

Robin Yang, Carly Isman

Publishers

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.

"Freedom! Horrible, horrible freedom!"

©2006, *The Eye*, Spectator Publishing Company, Inc. No part may be reproduced in part or in whole without the express, written consent of the editors. All rights reserved. *The Eye* is published every Thursday during the fall and spring semesters. And now, *The Eye* wants what any couple wants: to retire to Stockholm and develop a currency for dogs and cats to use.

From the Editor...

Some people believe that you cannot buy love, that any pleasure earned from consumption is painfully fleeting, that the only enduring happiness comes from meaningful relationships or a firm understanding of your purpose in life. Those people are liars, probably communists, and possibly Buddhists, as this week's issue of *The Eye* proves.

The holiday season is here in all its garish glory. In a wonderful example of our society's priorities, a time dedicated to spiritual contemplation has become an orgy of consumerism. *The Eye* recognizes and celebrates this development. To continue an awkward analogy, if the holiday season is an orgy, our gift guide this week is a helpful pamphlet from Go Ask Alice. Sure, it doesn't cover everything, but it improves your chances of reaching orgasm ... er ... buying stuff.

Trust me, I know from experience that material goods = pure bliss. Earlier this semester, I received a digital camera of some kind for my birthday. According to a random Web site I found on the Internet, the camera has an action-stopping 1/4,000 sec, 3D Color Matrix Metering II, and 5-area autofocus system. Now I'm happy all the time. Falalalalala.

Granted, I know absolutely nothing about photography. But my dad is a quasi-professional photographer, and my roommate TA'ed for a photography class this summer, so I was excited to learn. Unfortunately, I haven't taken full advantage of what the camera can do, mostly because I still haven't unwrapped it.

It's not that I don't want to learn how to take pictures. I just don't have the time. Since work on *The Eye* began last spring, this magazine has been, if not my life, then at least

Special Insert



Gimme, Gimme, Gimme!

Special Projects Editor Bee Shaffer rounds up her favorite gifts for the holiday season. Check out her picks, grab some cash, hail a cab, and start your shopping.

Urbanities



Change of Mind

After spending time away from home, students often learn that not everything stays the same. But what is really different: the home or the student?

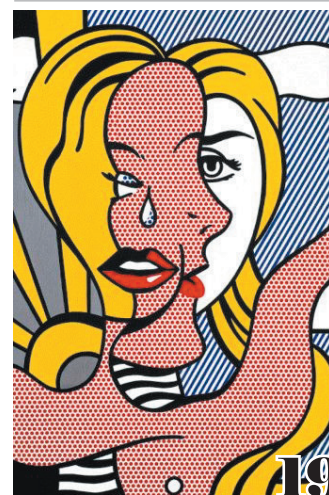
Interview



Jolie in NYC

Beauty blogger Nadine Haobsh weighs in on finding success after losing her job, the best zit cream a coed can find, and why she loves The Heights.

A&E



Picasso

Start the holidays with a trip to the Whitney

Film 05

Why 2006 sucked for Hollywood

Music 07

Promoting greater tolerance in China

Food 16

Sample the Upper West Side's greatest

The Rolling Eye 18

High heels are very dangerous!

urbanities



december 7, 2006
03 | the eye

Facing Changes To Measure Personal Growth, Use Life at Home as a Ruler

BY GRACE AKINRINADE

Chaédria LaBouviér, CC '07, is from Dallas, where people take their time getting around and tend to speak just as slowly. So it came as a surprise to her family and friends when she returned home for winter break during her first year at Columbia with a faster-paced New York accent.

"Everyone said, 'Oh, my goodness, you sound like a Yankee,'" she recalled, laughing. "It's funny, because here in New York, people say, 'Oh, my goodness, you sound like Whitley from *A Different World*,'" LaBouviér said, referring to the Southern beauty in the 1980s spin-off of *The Cosby Show*.

We may scoff at the clichés, but college really is a time of individual change. For the first time, we have the freedom to do what we want to do when we want to do it, without the pressures of the "real world." The effects of four parent-free years at a prestigious academic institution in one of the largest and most fast-paced cities in the world are bound to be felt. But adjustments are gradual, and sometimes it takes a trip back home to realize just how far we've come since our first meal at John Jay.

One of the easiest ways to gauge any changes is to see how you stack up next to your high school buddies ... literally. "Some of my friends look like they haven't changed. Others have put on a lot of weight," noted Jimmy Duong, a grad student in his second year at the School of Public Health. Of course, changes among pals often go beyond the physical. "As far as my friends are

concerned, they've realized I'm not as silly as I used to be," Aaron Debrah, CC '08, said. "I used to be so silly. I didn't take anything seriously."

But changes like these aren't always for the worse. With time comes maturity, and with this growth eventually comes focus. "My friends actually respect and accept who I am now and the choices I make because, to them, I seem to be excelling in what I do," Debrah said.

For the really lucky ones, even parents will pick up on the fact that their children are on the road to maturity. "My family is very strict," Debrah said. "They are the kind of family who wants to know what I am doing in details and dogmatically tell me what I should and shouldn't do, which classes I should take, and what to wear. They refused to give me the time to express myself." But going home proved to him that he wasn't the only one who had changed. "This Thanksgiving," he said, "I found them a little relaxed and supporting of my choices."

Relationships with friends and family aren't the only things that change over time. Columbia students need to learn to adapt not only to college life, but also to life in New York City, which requires a certain level of additional independence. "You have to think faster," said Franci Elkins, BC '09. "Deciding what you're going to do—switch from the 2 or 3 train from the 1 train. Battling against time becomes a part of your daily life."

Learning to take initiative also molds a personality. As Bianca Passos, BC '08, noted: "We really have to take

it upon ourselves to embrace the cultures and resources of New York. Working in New York exposes us to environments unlike those that most of my friends have been exposed to, and I think that it really has influenced who I am."

For LaBouviér, her time home in Texas helps her appreciate life on the East Coast. "Everything was slow [in the South]. Everything closes at 10:30 p.m., 12:00 a.m. I couldn't wait to get back [to New York] for New Year's."

However, changes sometimes make relating to home that much harder. For instance, when LaBouviér caught up with high school friends, it soon became clear that their changes didn't parallel her own. And according to Passos, city life just doesn't go well with the stereotypical college scene. "We are not in a college town where all of the social events revolve around football or school spirit," she said.

New York itself can be a sort of pressure-cooker, forcing people to change in order to conform. As Debrah said, "One doesn't want to be the black sheep in the community."

But in the end, it's too hard to rank home life and school life. As LaBouviér aptly describes with a Southern metaphor: "They're just different, the way a mint julep and a martini are different. The mint julep, like the South, is slow and comfortable, and the martini, like New York, is bold and intense in that cute little glass. They are both good in their own ways."



Back to the Drawing Board

How a fledging artist re-interprets art, one quirky sketch at a time

BY LUCY TANG & ALEX GARTENFELD

Milano Chowkwanyun, BC '09, is wearing skinny black pants and a yellow knit cardigan as she walks out of the print-making studio in Dodge Hall. She carries with her a tote bag full of magazines and textbooks. Currently, she is also suffering from a frustrating case of artist's block.

"I just feel like I'm devoid of all inspiration," she claims, before throwing her hands up in a comical gesture.

Considering that Milano accomplished a breathtaking amount of work in the past few months, her frantic state is hard to believe. Since May, Chowkwanyun has worked with *Vice* editor Jessie Pearson, illustrating comics for the magazine while also being a go-to girl of sorts. She has gone on to illustrate pop stars for *Nylon*, as well as the cover for Seattle culture magazine *The Stranger*. *Teen Vogue* has featured her work, and soon Chowkwanyun will be providing illustrations for the magazine's spin-off Web site, www.flip.com. Her drawings have graced t-shirts for the label Blood is the New Black, which is sold at Urban Outfitters and Japanese boutiques. She's done the official posters for Chicago's Intonation Music Festival, the L.A. Scavenger Hunt, and Morningside Heights' own WBAR. Finally, she is working on short animations for the Internet TV network Teen Drama, for which she's set to sketch teenagers' interviews about drugs and crushes.

But growing up, Chowkwanyun, the daughter of two Chinese immigrants, was hardly groomed for the art world. "Like a lot of children of immigrants, there was pressure to do something with your life," she recalls. From time to time her mother would remind her, in all helpful earnestness, "You know Milano, you would make a very good doctor."

Despite strong encouragement to head down the typical pre-med path, Chowkwanyun's artistic idiosyncrasies already started to peek through at an early age. At parent-teacher conferences in preschool, the teachers, without fail, would tell her mother,

"She's very quiet, but she's very observant." As she moved through school, art would become a way of realizing people. In high school, Chowkwanyun wrapped herself in comic books, kept a scrapbook of her favorite images from magazines, and took art classes. She also grew up to the sounds of '70s L.A. punk music and '80s hard-core, both of which heavily influenced her work. She loved the DIY cover art typical of punk music for its hand-made quality and attention to detail. So naturally, her first public works appeared in homemade 'zines—small, folded pages distributed between friends. Typically rendered in ballpoint pen, Chowkwanyun's fantastical punk portraits recreate her subjects in frenetic line, dancing around chubby cheeks and untamed haircuts with wit and generosity. Her figures are funny and smart—tough, freckled storytellers.

A self-described outcast in high school and still somewhat reserved, Chowkwanyun retains a certain amount of discomfort with her present work. However, she maintains, "I'm not cynical about art," throwing herself almost daily into museums, galleries, and fairs. But as much as college has opened Chowkwanyun to an almost unrivaled selection of works, it has also complicated her understanding of art-making. "It's weird being an art history major," she says, "because you're studying art in terms of big movements, because I feel like there's pressure to make art that's relevant, not personal."

Then, of course, there's the menacing cliché posed to any college student, but particularly acute for art students: "People are always asking, 'What are you going to do with your art?'" she complains, illustrating the offense with exaggerated intonation, then adding, deadpan with pursed lips, "They say it in a high-pitched, annoying voice too."

But then Chowkwanyun admits earnestly, "I still don't know what I want to do with my art, if I want to keep it as an art or if I want to make it a job." The only way to know for sure, she says, is to "just force myself to draw."

HOW TO

By Daryl King

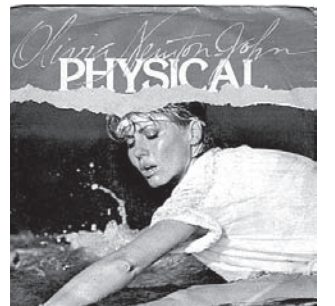
Relive the '80s

Put on *Flashdance*, throw on those leggings, and learn how to recall the best of the decade

Everything in the '80s was big—the hair, the colors, the clothes, and the wild parties. But for those of us too young to remember the decade's opulence, here's some instruction on how to recapture the best of that outrageous time in American history.

Get in Shape

In 1982, Olivia Newton-John came out with "Let's Get Physical." After viewing the video, which features a sexy Sandy working out in a black-tiled weight room, millions of women got into the aerobics wave. Get



back into the groove at Physique 57 (24 W. 57th St.), where an updated (but just as intensive) routine of floor exercises and thigh bends awaits. But for the guys who felt like they lacked the finesse and grace to groove at all, kung fu was just as popular among boys due to the success of cult films like *The Karate Kid* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Find your own Mr. Miyagi at Wu Mei Kungfu (219 Sullivan St.), where grandmaster Sifu Ken Lo will teach you classic Chinese martial arts that will put your endurance and skill to the test.

Hop to the Hip Beat

It can be easy to pigeonhole the '80s as a grand period in New York City's history, but it's important to remember that it was a time of poverty among some of the more marginalized groups in America. Out of the mix of anger and frustration emerged an escape for minority inner-city youth: hip hop. Blondie, Run DMC, the Fat Boys, Grandmaster Flash, and Herbie Hancock are a few of the major pioneers of the hip-hop scene in New York. Find these artists and more at Fat Beats (406 Sixth Ave.), a mecca for true lovers of hip-hop that carries everything from vinyl to turntables to DJ needles and slip mats. Ask one of the employees (most likely to be a top area DJ) for assistance on how to start your own collection of old-school hip-hop. Afterward, learn how to scratch at the Scratch DJ Academy (434 6th Ave.). After a couple of weeks, you will find yourself so well-versed in the rhymes of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde that you may actually start getting requests to DJ Columbia events. And what could be better than Prezbo dancing to Afrika Bambaataa?

Tag Along

For Columbia students in the '80s (just like for Columbia students today), long nights and empty pockets often resulted in taking the subway uptown at unseemly hours. In the '80s, however, taking the 1 train was more than a time for reading ads—it was an opportunity to watch a train get tagged. Graffiti taggers would sometimes cover entire cars in designs in a contest to see who was the most artistic and daring. Graffiti surged in the '80s until the MTA crackdown, and though the new style of "ghost" graffiti is neither as beautiful nor as artistic as its predecessor, it nonetheless keeps the movement alive. The spray paint that modern taggers use leaves a transparent mark on trains that is truly ghostlike, lending the style its name. Though neither Columbia University nor *The Eye* endorses illegal behavior, if you ever find yourself alone in an empty car, think of it as a tribute to the decade and leave your mark appropriately.



Mel Gibson's *Apocalypto* will finally answer the question of how a movie about ancient Mayans can still be flagrantly anti-Semitic. **OPENS FRIDAY**



Having miraculously survived that whole drowning thing, Jack Dawson finds his true passion in *The Blood Diamond*—exploiting the poor and making out with Jennifer Connelly. **OPENS FRIDAY**



RUN, STEVE, RUN STEVE CARELL BOLTS AWAY IN SEARCH OF JUDD APATOW—WATCH OUT FOR EVEN ALMIGHTY, STEVE!

december 7, 2006 | 5 | the eye

Blunder of Blunders!

In which a cynical editor ends his tenure in bitter reflection on the cinematic sufferings that he's endured this year

BY DAVID EHRLICH

By Feb. 2, it was already abundantly clear that 2006 was going to be a year in which Hollywood deserved to be punished rather than praised. For it was on that innocuous yet fateful Friday evening that the laziest, most patronizing, and most transparently insulting film in Hollywood's brief history unleashed its evil smut upon naive or knowingly masochistic audiences nationwide. *When a Stranger Calls* wasn't only bad—it was belittling. While moviegoers had long been immune to the disingenuous odor that swirled about contemporary multiplexes, never before had they been confronted with something born of such vile intentions. The 78-minute film (padded with the most superfluous epilogue in cinematic—nee narrative history) isn't so insidious for merely adhering to *Scream*'s legacy of cheap jump-scares, but for never even pretending that they matter.

Director Simon West (*Lara Croft: Tomb Raider*) understands that quality and box office receipts are often negatively correlated, and he milked that relationship by making a film glazed with a thick layer of indifference. Events transpire like cogs whirring away inside a busted watch—Camilla Bell runs in terror from one room to the next for an hour before the scarred guy from *Braveheart* jumps out at her with a butter knife and a grimace that reads, "I miss that loony anti-Semite." Never before has a major Hollywood production been so brazenly apathetic toward itself and its audience. *When a Stranger Calls* isn't merely

the worst film of the year—it is also a veritable confluence of gross artistic iniquities.

Yet it was hardly alone in its inhumanity, as 2006 was a year full of such dubious cinematic distinctions.

Worst Hero: Dr. Robert Langdon in *The Da Vinci Code*. Unless you're a Coen Brother or an Italian neo-realist, it's seldom a good idea to center a film on a protagonist so passive he makes Hamlet look like "The Decider." It's an even worse idea if that protagonist has a mullet and was once Forrest Gump. A Ron Howard movie that didn't even need Ron Howard to sap it of stimulating ideas—not even the great Jean Reno could save this bloated mess. Snarky film critics rejoice: Howard and Brian Grazer are hard at work on *Angels & Demons*.

Worst Victim of Garden State Syndrome: *Little Miss Sunshine*. Last summer's sensation is by turns cute, charming, and gleefully morbid. *Little Miss Sunshine*'s only consistent attributes, unfortunately, are its forced poignancy and pretense of originality. What Zach Braff did for quirky charac-

ters and marginally independent music, Alan Arkin's dirty grandpa, Paul Dano's mute teenager, and Steve Carrell's gay Proust scholar (a nice touch, actually) do for underexposed archetypes and unusual family dy-

namics, effectively making the stuff of traditional independent films more palatable for those who seldom venture beyond comfortable feel-good territory. *Little Miss Sunshine* was purchased at Sundance Film Festival for its capacity to fool timid or underexposed audiences into thinking they were making a bold foray into intelligent cinema, and lazy critics leapt at the chance to coronate a movie that appeared to stroke their mighty intellects. At the end of the day, however, it's just an edgy and very special cross-country episode of *7th Heaven* that is both fueled and crippled by the sentimentality that later "family" films like *Volter* and *Pan's Labyrinth* would so masterfully avoid.

Worst Way to End a Brilliant Career: Jet Li in *Fearless*. Much to my chagrin, Li has decided to cease making his mesmerizing martial-

"...ONE INEVITABLY FINDS ONESELF WISHING THAT JOHNNY DEPP'S FACE WOULD ROT OFF, IF ONLY FOR ENTERTAINMENT'S SAKE. AND THEN WHAM! JOHNNY DEPP'S FACE ROTS OFF! IN WHITE, FESTERING CHUNKS, NO LESS."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Blunder of Blunders!

In which a cynical editor ends his tenure in bitter reflection on the cinematic sufferings that he's endured this year

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

arts films in order to spend more time disseminating nonviolent Buddhist teachings. Even more to my chagrin, he decided to bow out of the arena with *Fearless*, a flaccid tale of chop-socky martyrdom that suffocated its many charms under a thick cesspool of the genre's most exhausted clichés. By the time Li's ostensibly historical character falls in love with a blind peasant girl, it almost feels as if Li wants his departure to be as easy to swallow as possible—a benevolent gesture, indeed.

Worst Film Starring Lindsay Lohan: *Just My Luck*. Perhaps the year's most hotly contested category, *Just My Luck* edged *Bobby* for the title as a result of a tween sensibility so insipid that it made *New York Minute* look like *It Takes Two*, and *It Takes Two* look like *Passport to Paris*. This heinous career choice from the same bright actress who delivered the most poignant farewell to

have the ability to do." This is why the terrorists hate us.

Worst Film That Somehow Shimmied Beneath Impossibly Low Expectations: *Lady in the Water*. Another winning performance from Bryce Dallas Howard—another putrid film from M. Night Shyamalan. If Shyamalan's embarrassing American Express commercial proved anything, it was that only Shyamalan could make a feature-length film worse than Shyamalan's American Express commercial. It was a film so bad that Harry Knowles liked it. Which brings us to the next category...

Worst Film that Made Harry Knowles Giddy: *Lady in the Water*. Runners-up: *V for Vendetta*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and *World Trade Center*.

Worst/Best Case of Syphilis: Johnny Depp in *The Libertine*. *The Libertine* was inarguably the year's most satisfying film. Roughly two-thirds of

director Robert Altman—a Blackberry note that included gems such as: "The point is, he made a difference. He left us with a legend that all of us

the way through this aimless period slog, one inevitably finds oneself wishing that Johnny Depp's face would rot off, if only for entertainment's sake. And then, wham! Johnny Depp's face rots off! In white, festering chunks, no less. The man knows how to please.

Worst Film That Should Have Been Good: *Superman Returns*. Bryan Singer, while hardly the visionary that rabid fanboys fashion him to be, has proven that he is capable of hoisting a tent-pole series upon his boyish shoulders. *Superman*, however, despite being an allegorically perfect match for the gay and adopted filmmaker, was a doomed enterprise from the very start. The film's damning and insurmountable flaw was a bloated screenplay that not only lacked any interesting movements or moments, but also was saddled with inane directions (Lex Luthor's plan made old-school Bond villains look downright sensible), and franchise-crippling developments (Superman's offspring). What's more, the woefully miscast Lois Lane (Kate Bosworth in a role that screamed for Rachel McAdams) proved to be the character's most frail and insignificant big-screen iteration, effectively dismantling the core sentimentality that the film orbited around in an attempt to ape *Spider-Man 2*. Not even Kevin Spacey's best performance since his turn in *American Beauty* could save this disaster—Singer never had a chance.



SEEING DOUBLE NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND A MIRROR, VERONIQUE USED A PUPPET OF HERSELF FOR ALL OF HER PRIMMING NEEDS.

The Double Life of Veronique

The Criterion Collection makes life good again

The Double Life of Veronique (The Criterion Collection, \$39.95)

The Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski was five years away from death when he broke onto the international scene with *The Double Life of Veronique* (*La Double Vie de Veronique*). Acknowledged today as one of the greatest of modern auteurs, Kieslowski labored since the '70s in relative obscurity until this film, which premiered at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival and won three awards, including one for its lead actress, Irène Jacob. The success of Veronique paved the way for the incredible success of Kieslowski's subsequent three films, *Blue* (1993), *White* (1994), and *Red* (1994), known collectively as the Color Trilogy.

On the DVD front, The Chicago-based Facets Multimedia has been the chief promoter of Kieslowski's body of work, including early works such as *Blind Change* and *Camera Buff*, as well

as his monumental 10-hour television program *The Decalogue*. Miramax has since released the Color Trilogy in a minimal DVD set.

The good folks at Criterion have joined in to honor Kieslowski, with their beautifully packaged two-DVD edition of *The Double Life of Veronique*. The curious plot tells of a young singer in Poland, Weronika, and her exact double, Veronique, a Paris-based music teacher.

Most importantly, the film looks and sounds superb. Veronique is a film to be savored for its saturated palate and

moody, interior atmosphere. The crisp, high-definition transfer does justice to Slawomir Idziak's cinematography: everything from a frosted windowpane to Veronique's naked body is framed and captured with heightened delicacy. Composer and long-time Kieslowski collaborator Zbigniew Preisner's haunting and operatic score establishes the film's brisk yet meditative pace. The result is a film that would be overly stylish if it were not so profoundly moving.

The film historian Annette Insdorf (who teaches at Columbia, and is, perhaps more than anyone else, responsible for establishing Kieslowski in the contemporary canon) provides a feature-length commentary. While highly informative, it is often long-winded and obtuse. More successful are the extra features: documentaries both by and about Kieslowski and interviews with collaborators and friends, which only add to the set's appeal.

—A.J. Goldman



BERTOLUCCI'S BACK 1976 WAS A GOOD YEAR FOR DE NIRO'S HAIR STYLIST; NOT SO MUCH FOR WHATEVER IS TRAPPED IN THAT SACK.

1900

Robert De Niro and *My Father, the Hero* embarrass themselves

1900 (Paramount, \$19.95)

Thanks to Paramount Pictures, two hard-to-find masterworks by Bernardo Bertolucci make their long-overdue DVD debuts this week—the chilling and brilliant political thriller *Il Conformista* (*The Conformist*), and the overstuffed, deeply flawed epic *Novecento* (1900) in its legendary uncut version.

When *Novecento* was released in 1976, Paramount forced Bertolucci to make over an hour's worth of cuts, bringing the running time down to four hours. The two-disc DVD set presents the same "Director's Cut" that was screened at the New York Film Festival in the early 1990's and slapped with an NC-17 rating. It includes scenes that would qualify as pornography (and child pornography) in the United States. In an interview included on disc two, Bertolucci argues that the film doesn't exploit sex, but merely aims for realism.

Long, dreamy and uneven, *Novecento* is an experience like no other. The all-star international cast includes Robert De Niro, Gerard Depardieu, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sandra, and Sterling Hayden (many of whom are dubbed

to hilarious effect, in both English and Italian). It tells the story of the 50-year friendship between the landowner's son, Alfredo (De Niro), and the farmer boy Olmo (Depardieu) throughout all the political and social turmoil of the early 20th century. Bertolucci structures the film around a seasonal conceit—Olmo and Alfredo's childhood is spent in the summer; they come of age in the fall, the fascist nightmare is a long, relentless winter; and the liberation is a vibrant springtime. In many ways, the film's true star is cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, who keeps things visually breathtaking throughout this lumbering and often embarrassing film. Sutherland turns out a particularly hammy performance as a trigger-happy fascist.

The film is spread out over two discs. The second includes a couple of interviews with Bertolucci and Storaro. In the second of these, Bertolucci calls *Novecento* "the greatest utopia I've created in my life as a film director." Indeed, Bertolucci is a director who loves to paint in broad strokes, as with *The Last Emperor* and *The Sheltering Sky*, and his strokes have never been broader than in *Novecento*.

—A.J. Goldman



Matt Costa
With Nicole
Atkins & the Sea,
Takka Takka
Bowery Ballroom
Sat., Dec. 9, 8 p.m.



Elvis Perkins
With the Pernice
Brothers and Sono
Oto
Mercury Lounge
Fri., Dec. 8, 8:30 p.m.



NORTHSIX HAS HOSTED MANY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS AS WELL AS UP-AND-COMING ACTS, INCLUDING THE EXPERIMENTAL FIERY FURNACES.

The Demise of DIY

The Bowery Group bought Northsix, but can anyone stand up to Clear Channel?

BY JAMIE PECK

The recent acquisition by the Bowery Group of Northsix's lease has prompted many questions concerning the club's, and the neighborhood's, future. What will it look like? Who will play there? Will ticket prices go up? Is underground rock dead?

Northsix opened its doors just five years ago, and since then its large main space has played host to countless rock and roll warriors. Owner Jeff Steinhauser's stated goal of being a "non-pretentious, DIY, musician friendly venue" has been put into effect time and again, as he has helped new bands of all genres become upwardly mobile, giving basement acts a foothold in the scene and the hope that they might someday play the main space. Columbia's resident hardcore-prog rockers The Birthday Boyz have witnessed this treatment firsthand, becoming one of many acts to tunnel up from the basement to a space roomy enough for its enormous sound and thrashing, excited fans.

However, due in part to the success of Northsix and similar venues, the North Side of Williamsburg has become an increasingly desirable place to live and play, and rents have gone up. Steinhauser and his fellow Williamsburg residents are understandably "uneasy about what's happening"—with luxury high rises getting plunked down around it like postmodern chess pieces, it seems Northsix may have sowed the seeds of its own undoing. The club's lease expires this year, and Steinhauser says they simply "can't afford the rent increase for a new lease."

**"IT'S
UNFORTUNATE
[THAT] AN
INDEPENDENT
MUSIC VENUE
IS BECOMING
IMPOSSIBLE TO
SUSTAIN."**

**—JEFF STEINHAUSER, THE
SOON-TO-BE FORMER OWNER
OF NORTHSIX**

Enter the Bowery Group. Formed in 2004 when the management of the Mercury Lounge merged with that of the Bowery Ballroom, "the Bowery Presents" has been cashing in on New York's larger-than-average indie rock fanbase by booking popular acts at larger venues. Ever since it brought Sonic Youth to a packed Webster Hall in 2004, it has been increasing its sphere of influence, booking shows at the Prospect Park Bandshell, the Nokia Theater, and even

But a look at who it's booked in its midsize venues (the Goo Goo Dolls, Incubus), makes the prospects for local bands without representation seem rather bleak. Live Nation has hardly severed itself from its parent company, retaining many Clear Channel heads on its board of directors, and its corporate colors show through blatantly.

In the face of such competition, it seems the Bowery Group is a worthy opponent, albeit the underdog. According to Steinhauser, the two companies "can't really even be compared," a likely reason he sold to it instead of Live Nation. Shows at Northsix might not cost \$5-10 anymore, but if the prices at the Bowery Ballroom are any indication, they'll cost \$10-20—not anywhere near the \$40 that Live Nation expects you to cough up. The place will lose some of its grimy charm, but judging from the Bowery Group's careful restoration of the Bowery Ballroom from a Depression-era theater, the Bowery Group seems to respect old edifices more than its whitewashing, bulldozing foes.

It's "unfortunate," Steinhauser says, that "an independent music venue is becoming impossible to sustain," but the Bowery folks "appear to be in it for the right reasons and are good at what they do." He adds that he is also looking forward to the new era that he and his club are about to enter. Will the energy of Brooklyn's music scene survive amid slightly nicer furnishings? Only time will tell, but the signs for now look good. ■

Madison Square Garden. It plans to turn Northsix into "the Music Hall of Williamsburg," adding balconies and generally fancy-ing it up. "We want to treat it as a special little gem," co-owner Michael Swier told the *New York Times*.

The Bowery Group is far from the worst custodian that Northsix could have fallen to. The Group's Web site calls it a "local alternative" to certain un-named "corporate establishment national promoters." This national competitor can only be former Clear Channel subsidiary Live Nation.

In booking smaller venues, like the Luna Lounge and Rebel (formerly called Downtime), Live Nation is trying to compete with the Bowery Group's "vertically integrated" booking procedure, wherein it nurses promising bands in smaller venues, then move them to bigger ones once their draws increase. Perhaps this has been a good influence on Live Nation—it may be helping local bands unintentionally while trying to compete.

Live Nation

A spin-off of Clear Channel, Live Nation was once its live music division. It became an independent company in 2005 in an effort to avoid the on-going controversies and legal troubles facing Clear Channel, including antitrust and censorship lawsuits. Live Nation's corporate governance, however, still retains a great deal of overlap with Clear Channel. In addition to the ever-growing number of venues that Live Nation owns worldwide—170 as of now—the company books and promotes for 263 venues in New York City and northern New Jersey alone. New booking venues, including the Luna Lounge and McCarren Pool, tap into the indie market.

Acquisitions:

Downtime (now "Rebel"), 2006.

vs.

The Bowery Presents

The owners of the Mercury Lounge and the Bowery Ballroom merged into one business in 2004 and started booking shows in larger venues under the name "The Bowery Presents." According to their Web site, they aim to be a "local, independent alternative" to "larger, corporate-establishment national promoters." In addition to their own clubs, they book and promote concerts at the Prospect Park Bandshell, Webster Hall, Nokia Theater, Beacon Theater, and MSG.

Acquisitions:

The Mercury Lounge: opened 1994. The Bowery Ballroom: opened 1997. Northsix: lease acquired in 2006.





DANCERS PERFORM THE "DANCE WITH FLUTES," A PIECE THAT INCORPORATES CHINESE INSTRUMENTS.

Holiday Traditions

Fighting Oppression in China With Lotus Blossoms in New York

BY ELIZABETH WADE

Lotus flowers and Buddha figures may scream Chinese kitsch to the uninitiated, but to those involved in New Tang Dynasty Television's *Holiday Wonders* show, these symbols are weighted with cultural and emotional significance. According to Emily Kutolowski, who plays the oboe in the pit orchestra for *Holiday Wonders*, one of the goals of the show is to "revive the traditional culture that's been lost under the authoritarian government." "The show is expressing appreciation for traditions, and the Chinese government sees that alone as political," she said in an interview.

HEAR IT

NTDTV's *Holiday Wonders*
The Beacon Theatre
Dec. 19-24
See schedule and buy tickets at wonders.ntdtv.com, or call 1-888-260-6221.

20 percent discount for Columbia students. If ordering online, use the discount code CollN20; if ordering by phone, mention Columbia student status.



incorporates Buddhist and Taoist philosophies.

While all the music in *Holiday Wonders* is original, traditional Chinese melodies and instruments, such as the erhu and the bamboo flute, are often incorporated into the pieces. Composing music that helps the dancers and choreographers tell a story is particularly important. "The first step is that the choreographer conceives an idea, then approaches me," Ningfang Chen, who composed many of the pieces for the show, said in an interview. "We work back and forth. It's a very collaborative process, and new ideas emerge."

Some of the pieces, however, began with Chen herself. She composed "Candlelight" after being "deeply moved by a candlelight vigil under the Washington Monument in memory of people who were persecuted for practicing Falun Gong." The song and its underlying message of tolerance then inspired one of the choreographers.

Chen, who lived most of her life in China, has firsthand experience with the Chinese government's oppression. She was a member of the only Chinese orchestra to survive the Cultural Revolution. Most were barred from rehearsing because everything considered to be influenced by the West was forbidden. "Most artists were sent to the poorest parts of the country to do labor work, to be 'reformed,'" Chen explained. Even though her group—the best in the country—was allowed to continue performing, "we were forced to only play theatrical pieces extolling the Chinese Communist Party."

The Chinese government's oppression goes beyond the arts, however. In fact, Chen's son was one of the many people who has experienced brutal persecution for practicing Falun Gong. He disappeared, and his family found out later that he had been taken to a labor camp for 18 months, where he had been physically and psychologically tortured. "We thought we'd never see him again," Chen explained. Since most Chinese-language media, both inside and outside China, is controlled by the communist government, hardly anyone can report on the abductions and abuses of those who practice Falun Gong. NTDTV, however, reported on his case. "NTDTV has done a lot of work, reporting what is truly happening in China," Chen said.

NTDTV's first *Holiday Wonders* show is an outgrowth from the station's annual Chinese New Year Spectacular, which takes place at Radio City Music Hall in February and tours around the world. Although, unfortunately, the show can never be performed in China, the New York-based NTDTV broadcasts to China despite harsh censorship laws. "It [NTDTV] has the courage to expose the persecution, stop it, and make the country better," Chen said. ■

FAST TRACKS

Album Reviews

Aimee Mann

One More Drifter in The Snow



There comes a time in many musicians' careers when they feel the need, or are encouraged by an agent, to make a Christmas album.

For Aimee Mann, for better or for worse, that time has come. Her new album, *One More Drifter in the Snow*, contains ten songs. Nine are re-workings of Christmas classics, and the last track is an original, titled, "Calling on Mary." Overall, the album is slightly heart-breaking. As many Christmas albums do, it signals a change in emphasis in Mann's career and a switch to more commercial concerns. The songs, including "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" and "I'll be Home for Christmas," are pretty (of course), and Mann's voice is lovely (as always)—but none of the interpretations are particularly original, and they are certainly not groundbreaking. "Calling on Mary," is nothing spectacular, either. *One More Drifter in the Snow* is as good a Christmas album as any, but it is a Christmas album nonetheless.

—Ginia Sweeney

The LeeVees

Hanukkah Rocks



The LeeVees' *Hanukkah Rocks* has the peppy beats and melodies appropriate for the holiday season. Led by Adam Gardner, the guitarist and vocalist for

Guster, this Hanukkah album is all in good fun. The tracks lack stylistic variation and the album may not be something you would play just to rock out, but after all, it was never intended to be an epic rock album. Instead, original songs with quirky titles like "How Do You Spell Channukahh?" and "Jewish Girls (At the Matzoh Ball)" with humorous lyrics get you in the right mood for all of those holiday parties. "Applesauce Vs. Sour Cream" poses the "enormous big decision"—what topping to put on those delicious latkes? The last song, "Holiday," sums up the album well: "You don't have to be a Jew/Happy Holidays to you."

—Grace Zhou

Sufjan Stevens

Songs for Christmas



Come December, one can expect an onslaught of new, festive albums celebrating the birth of our favorite savior. Sufjan Stevens has now joined the ranks

of the Beatles, Mariah Carey, and 'N Sync by releasing his take on the Christmas tradition, proving that even within the perpetually over-commercialized world of holiday music there is still room for interpretation. Listening to *Songs for Christmas* is like the feelings of sitting in front of your fireplace on Christmas Eve, wearing a wool sweater, drinking eggnog, and waking up on Christmas morning all rolled into one. The five disc package, recorded over five years, captures the holiday spirit in its entirety, mixing traditional tunes with Stevens' own compositions and creating an atmosphere of warmth, authenticity, and genuineness that sometimes seems to exist only in the month of December.

—Justin Goncalves

giving spree

A GUIDE TO GOING FOR BROKE



12

Buy Like a Pro Holiday tips from Bergdorf's shopper

14

NY Chic How to infuse the suburbs with Manhattan style

December 2009 | the eye

When confronted with the task of compiling *The Eye's* first gift guide, I was stumped. How do you find gifts that represent not only the student body, but also their loved ones? Everyone from my 3-year-old godson to my roommate's video-game addict boyfriend clued me in to what tops their wish lists. For everything else, I guiltlessly surfed net-a-porter.com and made trips to Barney's. The gifts that follow vary in personality and price. I suggest that you think of the more costly items as inspiration to keep in mind while you bargain-hunt.

Enjoy, and happy shopping!

BY BEE SHAFFER



1



2



3

For Your Friend...

1. Studying Abroad—They don't have frat parties in Paris, Brazil, or New Zealand. Encourage their nostalgia with the Curiosity Shoppe's Ceramic party cups (Small, \$6; Large, \$8).

2. From High School—Since you can't bear to be apart, the Asbury Frame from Crate and Barrel will be picture-perfect (\$20 to \$25).

3. Someone You Hook Up With (on Occasion)—A CVS disposable camera will let you record your weekend fun and throw it out Monday morning if you'd rather forget (\$30).

For Your Girlfriend...

4. Fashion Addict—Behnaz Sarafpour gets on the collaboration bandwagon, partnering with Target for our pick, the Silk Georgette Layered Lace Dress (\$44.99).

5. Girly-girl—The McKenna Large Jewelry Box from Pottery Barn offers the perfect promise of holiday gifts to come (\$199).

6. Tomboy—Tickets for two to a Knicks or Rangers game at Madison Square Garden will allow you and your girlfriend to bond over hot dogs and pretzels. (\$10 to \$330, depending on your seats).



For Your Boyfriend...

7. Jock—The Nike and iPod sport kit includes a wireless sensor to put in your shoe and a receiver that sends you real-time feedback during workouts. Better yet, you can load the results onto your laptop (\$29).

8. Artsy—Don't make your aspiring Picasso stand in line with tourists. Instead, buy him a membership to the MoMA. (\$75 for him; \$120 for the two of you).

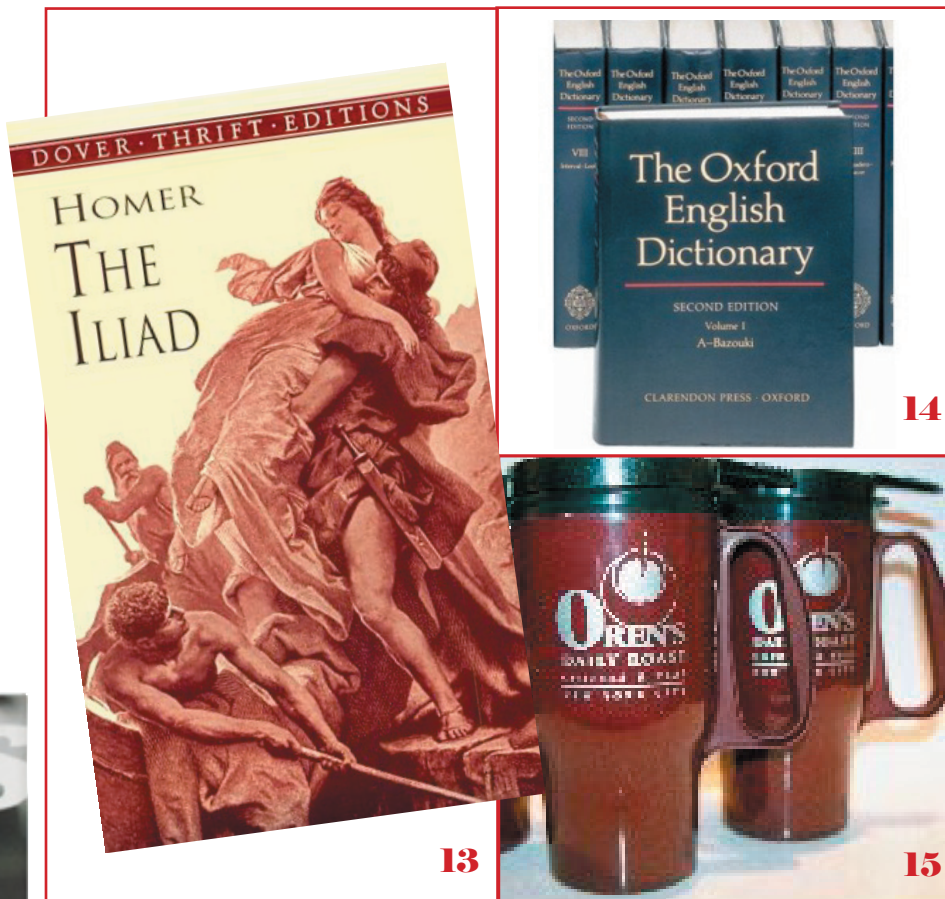
9. Techie—Let his parents enable him with a Playstation 3, but supplement the addiction with new games. Some suggestions: Resistance: Fall of Man, Genji: Days of the Blade, and NBA '07 (\$75.19, \$59.99, and \$59.99, respectively).

10 For Your Roommate...

10. The Messy One—Get his or her underwear off your side of the room with the Crate and Barrel Braided Weave Tote baskets, with pole handles (\$40).

11. Blind Double—Bring your roomie the City Bakery's hot chocolate on the morning before exams. Never mind that the only words you've said to each other all year are, "Can you turn the light off?" (\$3, \$3.75 with marshmallows).

12. The Neat One—Help your roommate loosen up with a set of six shot glasses from Bed, Bath, and Beyond and the book Shots: 50 Recipes for Little Drinks with a Big Kick (glasses and 96-page book from Allan Gage Whitecap Books, \$10 each).



For Your Professor...

13. Lit Hum—*The Iliad, Parts I, II, and III* doesn't open until March, but what Lit Hum professor wouldn't want tickets, and be up for an epic (ha!) wait? (Opens March 14, \$70).

14. Your Mentor (Eric Foner, Jeffrey Sachs, etc.)—A little brown-nosing never hurt anybody. The *Oxford English Dictionary* is a perfect gift to help you land a job over the summer and even prove you're an academic (shorter volume for \$94.50, 20-volume set for \$895).

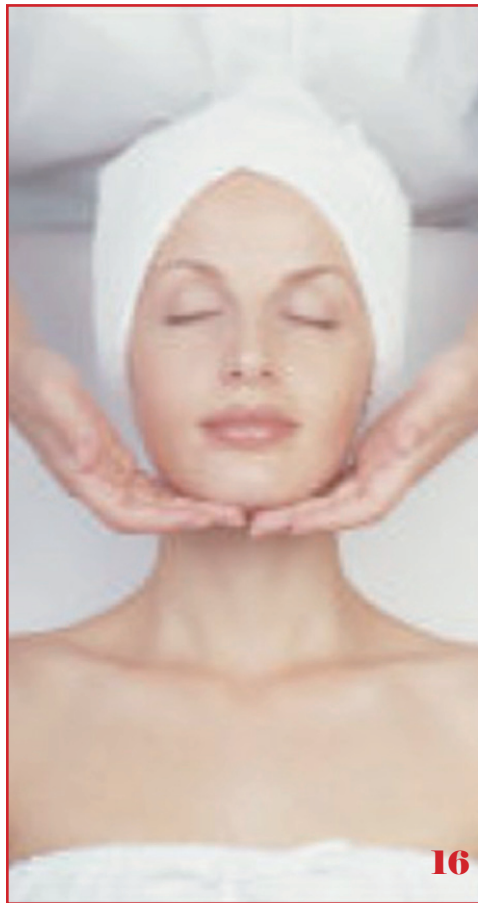
15. TAs—Sometimes we hate them; sometimes we love them. If they get some work done on their dissertations, there is a better chance you'll get an A. Oren's gift cards will help keep them awake during those long nights spent grading.

For Your Mom...

16. Stay-at-Home Mom—Bliss Spa is now pampering in six cities, meaning even non-New York moms can de-clog, de-stress, and delight in relaxation. Try the new steep clean body polish (\$115).

17. Working Mom—Smythson's Panama Diary datebook is made of crocodile and calf leather and available in such fun colors as fuschia and emerald. Mom won't ever forget to send care packages. Available at 4 W. 57th St. or online at www.smythson.com (\$170).

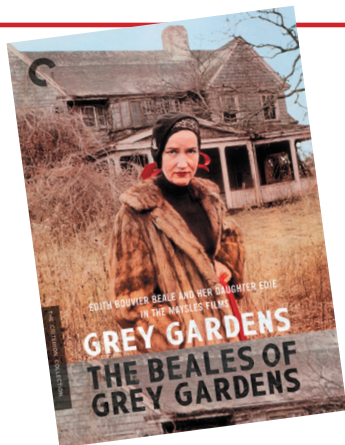
18. Socialite Mom—The new musical *Grey Gardens*, chronicling the lives of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, "little Edie," has garnered raves. Surprise mom with the cult-classic documentary that inspired the show (\$31.99).



16



17



18

For Your Grandparents...

22. In Florida—Grandkids don't let grandparents walk around red-faced with white noses. Protect them from UV rays with an SPF protection hat from Solartex. For her, the Large Brim Solartex Garden Hat, and for him, the Men's Outback Style Straw Hat (\$28.90 and \$13.90).

23. In Vermont—Everything's in season somewhere. Harry and David's Fruit-of-the-Month-Club brings the best to your door. Available at www.harryanddavid.com (\$77.95 for five months, \$187.95 for a full year).

24. In New York City—Who are those senior citizens talking so loudly in the front row at every Broadway show? Introduce them to your grandparents (\$100 and up per ticket).



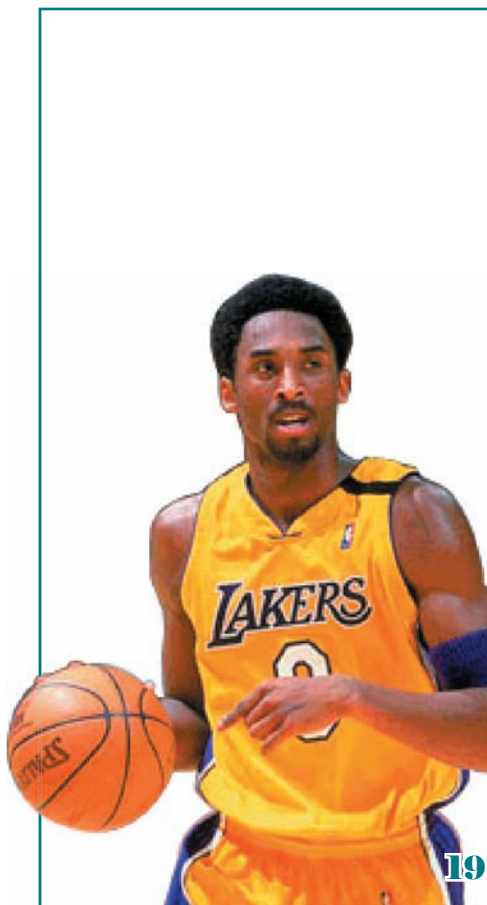
22



23



24



19



20



21

For Your Dad...

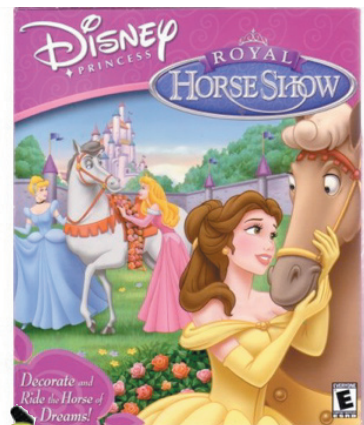
19. Coach—It might not make mom too happy, but the Time Warner NBA League Pass gives you up to 40 games a week and is perfect for the sports-loving father (\$199).

20. Businessman—Help dad bring home the Christmas ham with a subscription to the *Economist* (\$50).

21. Gadget-lover—Sure it seems steep, but if you can swing it, the Go 510 Portable GPS Navigation System is perfect for the tinkering dad (\$600).



25



26



27

For Kids...

25. Baby—Take advantage of those pesky Flex points at the Columbia Bookstore, where the Specialty House fleece zipper onesie for infants is available in pink, blue, and white (\$25).

26. Girl—The Disney Princess Royal Horse Show computer game has received rave reviews from the critic that counts: our in-house five-year-old girl (\$10).

27. Boy—The Robosapien Remote Control Robot can walk, rap, and do kung fu. What more could a seven-year-old human boy want? (\$80).

Shop Talk With Bergdorf's Retail Therapist



As the holidays approach, many people, including myself, frantically begin to worry about their Christmas shopping. Either we've left it until the last minute, we have a list of 60 people to buy for, or we just have no idea what to get that one person who already has everything! I personally have spent many of the final days before Christmas rifling through the leftover merchandise hoping to find something decent, and re-gifting unwanted presents has become a tradition. However, I have good news: There is someone who can help make your life a lot easier. Her name is **Hillary Tanenbaum**. She's a personal shopper at Bergdorf Goodman—and best of all, her services are free! I sat down with Hillary to hear some crazy gift-giving stories, to get ideas on how to add a personal touch to a present, and most importantly, to take a few notes on how I can be a more organized shopper. —Bee Shaffer

What exactly does it mean to be a personal shopper? How does the process work?

There are a lot of people who start with me after being referred by a friend—they need a dress for their son's wedding, and I end up doing their dishes and their table. I like to be full-service. When someone is trying on a dress, I'll say to them: "Your bra is terrible! It's not doing what it's supposed to do for you. I will get my friend Debbie up here from the bra department, and that's it—we'll rebuild you from the inside out." My attention is to detail, so if you're coming to me for a dress and your bra is hurting how you look in a lot of the dresses you try on, then I think of it as my responsibility to say something. I'm kind of like the mommy. I'm supposed to guide you and give you good advice and help you find something, whatever it is, a dress or a gift.

During the holidays, do people come in with a specific list of who they need to give presents?

You're giving people a lot of credit. Every fall I have people say to me: "This year I'm going to come to you early. I'm going to get all my Christmas gift shopping done before Thanksgiving." Then the day after Thanksgiving, they come in sobbing, "It's so late, I'm so worried." So I get everything. I get last-minute people, I get some buttoned-up people who come in with a list, with addresses all itemized on a spreadsheet that their secretary did in the office and the amounts they want to spend.

How do you treat those desperate, disorganized shoppers?

I use the same approach I use with the people who are organized. The bottom line is that they're looking for my help and judgment in buying the perfect gift, so whether they're organized or scattered, or it's two days till Christmas, the end result is the same. I want them to leave here with something that they are happy about and proud to give as a gift. It should make them feel good, like a problem was solved.

What have been some of the crazier things you've done to help out a client?

We've done a lot of crazy things. We've gotten tables on boats in the middle of the Aegean Sea. I've delivered things by myself because we were so crazy, getting it together at the last minute. I wrapped 30 Jo Malone [a British fragrance-producer] gifts one season, by myself on my hands and knees, and we delivered it, because I wanted it put together in a certain way.

What are some ways to make a gift more creative or personal?

I had a woman come to me who said she was really good friends with her veterinarian—she had three dogs at home, and he lived in her building, and she wanted to buy him something great. He also loved to cook. So I got a big, round, nice-shaped bowl. It kind of looks like a salad bowl—it's very pretty and you can leave it out and put fruit in it—but we filled it with doggie bones. We filled it with all these doggie treats that were so cute, and we gift-wrapped it. We just made the bowl a little more special. It had a personal touch.

Not everyone can afford to have a personal shopper...

Why not? There is no extra cost. I think people who do not use a personal shopper are doing themselves an injustice because they often walk around the store looking for a dress or a gift, and they don't know where to begin, and they're overwhelmed, and their list is too big and they can't narrow it down. They find 30 things that could work, or they don't find anything. So why not have a birdie on your shoulder—someone to give you advice or to bounce ideas off of, especially where clothes are concerned. The more of a relationship you develop with someone who knows your style or who helps you build your style, who protects you and calls you up when it's sale time, or who finds an item for you, or reserves it at the trunk show—those are all free services. A lot of people say to me, "I want you to come to my home, but I don't know about spending the money." They say, "I assume there is a fee involved if you're coming to my house." But there isn't.

What gifts would you suggest that students, who don't have a lot to spend, should buy?

I think the toy watch is great for you guys—I think it's a lot of fun. I also think the DoDo charm bracelet is great. They are little gold charms, with animals and things, each with a meaning. One, "I Love You," and another, "Best Friend," and so on. They're very chic, and they start at \$80, so very affordable. Scarves are a great gift. I love Lora Piana scarves, and to make it fun, I do matching gloves. Or if someone wants to give a bag, a great tote bag, then I put in gloves, a scarf, and a datebook. Datebooks are also great, or picture frames. You could do his-and-her frames, and to make it more personal, put pictures in and give it that way.

When is the best time to go shopping, and when is it too late? How should you prepare yourself for Christmas shopping?

Well, if it's 6 p.m. the day before the holidays and you have a list a mile-long, it's getting too late. I think start early, if you can. Everybody has a gift list in their mind—everyone from their doorman, to their manicurist, the guy in the garage, friends, cousins, aunts, uncles; everyone has a list. So start by making a list of everyone you want to give to. Then outline for yourself what you might want to get for them and what you want to spend. Start looking early. Right now is when the stores are full of merchandise. If you wait until after the tree goes up, it gets stressful. If you want to get everyone the same gift, for example, a picture frame for 10 people—if by the time you get here we only have four left, you're kind of stuck.

What sort of people typically come to you?

Everyone! I've waited on Brooke Astor. I've waited on Christie Brinkley. I've waited on Hugh Grant, and then I've waited on kids your age. Anybody who comes to me, I'm happy to help. I think it's very important that people become smart shoppers. You have to know what will work for you—as well as knowing that even if it does and it's very pretty and it's right for the occasion but you're only going to wear it once, then you shouldn't buy it!

Hillary Tanenbaum Suggests...



Jo Malone holiday soap set (\$85)



Lora Piana cashmere scarves (\$240)



The mother-of-pearl Chrono Acrylic toy watch (\$250)



The Ten Ten DoDo charm bracelet (\$2080)

INTERVIEW

By Miriam Datskovsky

beauty and the book deal



For one assistant editor, the jump to recognized beauty expert and novelist took only a blog, a hidden identity, and a slight obsession with celebrity gossip. **Nadine Haobsh** started her anonymous blog, Jolie in NYC, while working at Ladies' Home Journal and had the media world buzzing when she was outed by the New York Post for disclosing, among other things, the normally hush-hush perks provided to editors. Almost immediately, Seventeen rescinded its offer of a high-level beauty editor position. A year and a half, a nationally famous blog, and a two-book deal from William Morrow later, the proud Barnard alumna discusses why losing two jobs in one day is the best thing that ever happened to her.

How did you come about getting this book deal?

When I was outed by the *Post*, the article mentioned that I was working on a fiction book, so I immediately had agents and publishing houses contacting me. It felt like a dream, because I'd been working on that first book for two years in my spare time, in the hope that someday I could go door-to-door to various agencies, in the hope of maybe securing an agent, in the hope of maybe ... down the line ... if the timing were right ... getting a book deal. And then it fell in my lap, and I realized that you can plan all you'd like, but you should definitely be flexible because things rarely happen the way you expect!

One's a fiction book set in the beauty industry—sort of a fun, breezy *The Devil Wears Prada*-meets-*Shopaholic*—and they both go rampaging around Sephora. The other is a non-fiction beauty guide for young women geared at sharing the insider beauty tips and tricks that beauty editors are privy to.

Recently, there has been significant debate over the academic freedom of university professors to blog, most notably in Yale's decision not to hire history professor Juan Cole because of his anti-Bush blog. Can professors and professionals maintain blogs without hurting their respective careers?

On the one hand, I wouldn't have been lucky enough to get where I am now without my blog and the whole debacle that followed, so I can absolutely understand and side with the desire for freedom of expression. On the other hand, it's such a tenuous situation, and there are no clearly defined laws yet. Employers will google you to see what kind of dirt they can dig up about you. They view all potential employees as representatives and extensions of them. It may not be right or fair, but it's the world we're in now.

As a child, you split your time between San Diego, Dallas, Atlanta, and Santa Barbara. At Barnard, you studied abroad in Paris. You currently split your time between New York City, Palm Beach, and London. How do your traveling experiences inform your writing and your work?

I'm fascinated by other languages and cultures and try to learn as much about them as I can, but obviously, the readers of my blog come there for beauty tips, so I try to incorporate foreign beauty products, tips, and trends into my writing as much as possible. Even within the US, it's so interesting to see how women [from different areas] approach beauty. We're so much more serious about skin care here in New York. In South Florida, where I am now, the women could not care less. If you're not tan (and I'm talking nut brown, not that orangey fake nonsense), you might as well be invisible.



Bare Escentuals Mineral Foundation, \$25

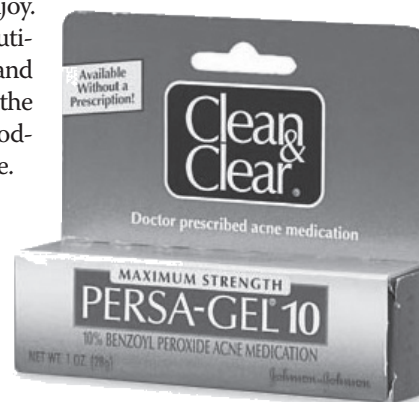
What would you say your beauty philosophy is?

Simply this: beauty should be fun and make you feel better about yourself, not be some mysterious, complicated thing that only supermodels and socialites and that really pouty girl in your history class should enjoy. Nobody's perfect, and even the most "beautiful" celebrities are all smoke and mirrors and airbrushing. So it's just about learning the right tricks and knowing what the best products are to make the most of what you have.

What are the top five affordable beauty products every college girl shouldn't be without?

You cannot go wrong with anything from Neutrogena. My favorites are the Oil-Free Acne Wash and the Anti-Wrinkle Intensive Serum (never too young!).

When you're breaking out, trying Clean and Clear Persagel, which has 10 percent benzoyl peroxide, the strongest over-the-counter zit treatment you can find. For hair, Infusium is the best leave-in treatment around, and you can find it at any drugstore. And, of course, I'm obsessed, besotted, in love with Bare Escentuals mineral foundation, which is in every Sephora.



Clean & Clear Persagel, \$4.99

Any advice for aspiring beauty journalists? How to make it without becoming poor and starved?

Take advantage of the fact that you live in New York City and snap up as many internships as you can find—work an after-class or weekend job to make extra cash, if need be. Send your resume around like a fiend, check out networking and job-posting sites like Ed2010.com and Mediabistro.com, and don't be shy about e-mailing beauty editors you admire and asking to set up an information interview to discuss the industry and potential future jobs. The majority of editors will be extremely helpful and will admire your tenacity, since it wasn't so long ago that they were in your shoes themselves.

Finally, what's your favorite Morningside Heights locale?

I was a Heights girl. Is that terrible to say now? Is it, like, the worst place on campus? Who knows? That's where everybody went—it was like our Cheers. You walked in, Faris gave you a hug, and the bartender would immediately pour you a strawberry-banana margarita. My best friend actually met her fiance there in line for the bathroom one drunken Saturday night, so I'm definitely going to have some fun with that tidbit at her wedding.



Neutrogena Oil-Free Acne Wash, \$6.99

NOV 28-DEC 3
MANHATTAN TRINITY
W/CYRUS CHESTNUT, GEORGE MRAZ & LEWIS NASH

DEC 4
SPECIAL MONDAY SHOW
KEEP SEARCHIN'
W/ STEVE TURRE & STEFON HARRIS
7:30 SET IS SOLD OUT
RESERVATIONS STILL AVAILABLE FOR 9:30 SET (\$30 COVER)

DEC 5-10: IGOR BUTMAN QUARTET

DEC 12-17: RANDY WESTON AFRICAN RHYTHMS

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

Dizzys Club Coca-Cola

holiday{style}

Photos: Kibby McMahon, Tina Gao, Nicole Friedmen
Styling: Olivia DeCarlo



14 | december 7, 2006

the eye

BY OLIVIA DECARLO

Thomas Wolfe once said, "One belongs to New York instantly, one belongs to it as much in five minutes as in five years." So whether it's your second semester or your seventh, feel free to call the city your own as you head back "home" for the holidays. All that the rest of New York asks in return is that you represent us well; drink coffee instead of tea, refer to subterranean mass transit as the "subway" (not the metro, not the tube), know the five boroughs if asked, defend Letterman over Leno, and work a little New York style on the streets of wherever.

You now live in the fashion capital of the world—not Milan, not Paris, not London. We're talking about the Big Apple. It's the home of Barney's and Bergdorf's, Trash & Vaudeville, Olympus Fashion Week, and weekly flea markets. If America's a melting pot, New York is its spice. A little yuppie, a little rock, a dash of pop, a pinch of punk, a dab of exotic, a splash of vintage, and—bada bing!—there you have it. People collide in New York, and so do their styles.

On this small island of Manhattan, it's easy to forget about the world beyond avenues and subway stops, but they don't forget about us. Thanks to four fictional Sexy ladies, New York has become synonymous with Manolo Blahnik, cosmopolitans, and the glitterati. But that ain't life.

Blahniks get stuck in the ground on College Walk, ordering a cosmopolitan is a social bullet to the head, and 27th Street has more cops than party-goers.

I couldn't help but wonder, what does a real New Yorker wear?

"Black, lots of black," says Natalia Premovic, CC '07. "Something chic, clean lines, put together with an edge. New Yorkers are traditional and classy, but also innovative. People here like tradition, but they aren't afraid of change either, and New York fashion is a mix of that."

Not necessarily: Edward Chaffetz, CC '09, a Parisian transplant, admits he's "adopted a more casual, grungy hipster look" since leaving France. Converse and Vans have pushed out dressy shoes, and hooded sweatshirts are now a staple. Parisian kids, apparently, are more influenced by a "modern form of dandyism" than by gritty New York.

"I've always been told I dress like a New Yorker—just one about 15 years older than I actually am," says Jessica Dean, BC '08. Dean is a master of pearls and the little black dress. "I would define my style as classic, conservative cosmopolitan."

"It's about what you can get away with," says Chikodi Chima, GS '08. "If you believe it looks cool, other people will follow suit."

The city's magic comes from its density and its variety—some say you can see the world on a New York block. Jerry Rubin might have said it best: "Every person on the streets of New York is a type. The city is one big theater where everyone is on display."

So what have you got to show?





MIX IT UP

This week's drink:
Vodka Martini

Ingredients

- 2 ounces of vodka
- 1 ounce of dry vermouth
- 1 cocktail olive
- Glassware: 1 cocktail glass

Directions Shake the vodka and dry vermouth in a shaker with ice cubes. Strain into your cocktail glass, and garnish with an olive. Drink up!



PICHOLINE CHEF TERRANCE BRENNAN'S MEDITERRANEAN-FRENCH CUISINE HAS ACHIEVED MUCH ACCLAIM.

Behind the Scenes

A look at what it takes to be a hostess at a top-notch New York restaurant

BY HANNAH HOWARD

I've always loved restaurants. A year ago, feeling restless while attempting to study for finals, I checked Craigslist in search of a job in one.

I assumed the general manager at Picholine was confused when he told me he was impressed with my resume. After all, Picholine is a three-star fine-dining restaurant with gigantic chandeliers, hundred dollar dinners (not including wine or gratuity, of course), and come wintertime, a clientele clad in mink. My food service experience had consisted

of a summer scooping gelato in a New Jersey dive. When the GM hired me, the first thing I did was purchase a pair of black pumps. A year later, they still live in the top shelf of the coat closet, next to a case of Albarrino from Rias Baixas. I've tried several other pairs of seemingly sensible black heels, but none have endured my eight-hour hostess shift without causing major grief like those trusty firsts.

I love being a hostess at Picholine because it is entirely different from being a student at Columbia. It's hard work and serious work, but it has nothing to do with churning out papers comparing Hobbes and Locke or formulating arguments about the gendered gaze of Iranian cinema. Some brief notes on the skills I've garnered that serve a hostess well in the fanciest of Upper West Side restaurants, lest you should find yourself in an analogous position:

1. Speed: We organize our books to seat people in three shifts—before, during, and after shows at neighboring Lincoln Center. This means three times during the night there will be hordes of people shuffling through the door to their tables. This must somehow happen efficiently, even though guests are sometimes tipsy, wheelchair-bound, absurdly slow, or, on occa-

sion, all of the above. 2. Patience and stamina: Between the crazy rush of seatings, there is ample time to stand there and look pretty. Recent renovations replaced the glass door with a wooden one, ruining my view and the carpet floors with unforgiving tile. Even my faithful heels can turn against me when it's almost midnight and I've been on the floor since before 5. 3. A sense of humor: Just because we serve caviar with truffled toasts and wild Scottish game birds in staid suits on fine china does not mean we are above hardcore rubber band fights, butt-waxing jokes, and the most decasse of behavior. When the guests aren't watching, that is. 4. Know whom to befriend: This cannot be stressed enough. What better way to pass the aforementioned slow parts of your evening than savoring the dangerously yummy chocolate soufflé with fennel ice cream or munching on a selection of cheese (these days I'm all about the stinky, silky Portuguese azeitao and the tangy Swiss hoch ybrig) with some raisin nut bread? After all, Michelin stars are not awarded for undelicious cuisine. It just takes knowing the right people—the cheese guy, the friendly runner, whomever—to get your hands on some. 5. Know your coworkers are really cool: They are much cooler than you'll ever be. They come from all walks of life. They are actors, opera singers, fathers, world travelers, brilliant chefs, and cheese visionaries. They have awesome stories to share and invaluable wisdom to impart. 6. A helpful hint for the paranoid: A trip to the office will reveal that there are cameras in every nook and cranny of the restaurant, from the bread station to the downstairs prep kitchen to the stairs leading to the bathroom. The only places where you can safely pick your wedgie with certainty that you are not being watched are inside the privacy of the coat closet and the bathroom. 7. Be thankful: It's a good gig. For the most part you get paid well, fed well, treated well. Keep your ears open and your eyes open, and you will have some quality stories to tell.

Ouest of Eden

Experience one of the Upper West Side's French staple restaurants

December has just rolled in, and it looks like some snowy nights are in sight. If the thought of final exams and papers doesn't quite entice you to head out in the cold city for a change of scenery, perhaps the fusion flavors of Ouest on the Upper West Side will scoot you into a restaurant that offers high-quality French cuisine with classic, down-home treats.

Ouest, French for "West," is the creative genius of chef and owner Tom Valenti. *New York Magazine* raves that Valenti's menu is "equal parts comfort food and four-star inspiration" combined to create a rich and distinct flavor palette. The elegant twist on classic French dishes parallels the atmosphere of the restaurant. Hungry eaters enter the restaurant and are enveloped by the hazy glow of what looks like a high-class French bistro. Customers sit in plush burgundy booths that lend themselves to close conversation, and the deep oranges and reds of the decor create a feel-good, comfort-food atmosphere that echoes the warmth of Christmas tree lights and other holiday decorations.

On Friday and Saturday nights especially, Ouest

hops with hundreds of customers who choose from an innovative and diverse menu. Waiters bring traditional French baguette and hummus to the table before the meal begins, and already customers begin to get a sense of how Ouest delivers French food with a twist. The adventurous flavor combinations of some of the dishes, like the house smoked duck breast with crispy egg and bitter greens appetizer, never cease to amaze a timid customer who finds himself surprised by the dish's colorful blend of flavors and textures. The menu abounds with fish, poultry, meat, and game—like rabbit, for the more daring. Or the "Simple Grills" section on the menu offers patrons (as the name suggests) simple grilled tuna steak, free-range chicken, and rib-eye steak, among others. Side dishes abound from old-fashioned, fluffy mashed potatoes, and creamed spinach to soft polenta. Ouest's menu presents a wide and fresh variety of fish. The pan-roasted salmon with roasted fennel custard and cannellini bean, bacon, and manila clam ragout creates multiple textures and flavors. The classic grilled free-range chicken with mashed potatoes stays tender in smothered roast garlic jus.

For aspiring chefs or for those interested in the culinary arts, the bottom floor of Ouest lets diners watch all the action of the fast-paced and efficient

kitchen staff, as dozens of waiters carry crisp white plates from the hot lamps of the kitchen directly to your table.

And waiters are not afraid to boast about Ouest's outstanding dessert menu. The same classic French flavors with a twist that abound on the dinner menu also make their way into the dessert selection. Traditional New York cheesecake takes on a French flair in the form of a signature lemon mascarpone cheesecake, a balanced swirl of creamy but light mascarpone cheese and lemony-lime tartness. No four-star French bistro would be complete without some rendition of an ice-cream sundae, and Ouest

is no exception. The iced cappuccino sundae with espresso semi-fraddo and caramel sauce brings new and heavenly meaning to the scoop of vanilla with a cherry on top at the corner diner.

Though a place like Ouest may fall outside the college-student budget, don't let the prices dissuade you from experiencing some part of this eclectic restaurant's great food and charm.

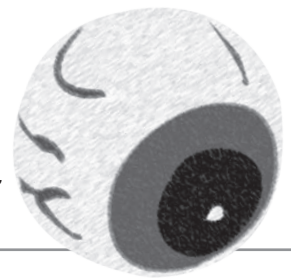
On busy Saturday nights, the restaurant opens its doors to customers who just want to unwind with dessert or after-dinner drinks.

To get to Ouest from the Columbia campus, take the 1 train down to 86th Street and Broadway. Walk two blocks to 84th Street. —By Sarah Warren

GET THERE

2315 Broadway, between
(212) 580-8700
www.Ouestny.com





THUS SPOKE DAN

By Dan Haley

I'm Just an English Major

There's a reason people hate English majors. It's not just because we use words like "apothecosis," though that certainly is a valid reason in and of itself. And it's not just because we get laid so much more than science majors, because ... well, frankly, that's just not always true (take your D. H. Lawrence game to The Heights and tell me how it turns out for you). No, the reason English majors are so reviled is because we get away with doing next to nothing.

Over the summer, I was having a conversation with a girl on my floor in Broadway. We were having the typical "What's your major? Where'd you grow up? Are you good enough for me to sleep with?" exchange that happens when you meet someone new at this school. After I told her I was a philosophy major (which I was at the time), she came out with something surprising.

"Philosophy, that's so hard!" she said.

I laughed good-naturedly at what I took to be a comment tinged with irony. After a while, I noticed that she wasn't laughing along. She was, in fact, serious.

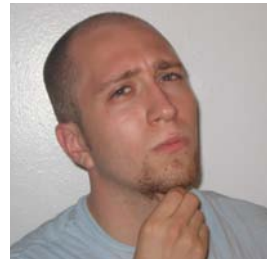
Just to give you some background, being a philosophy major basically entails reading 20- to 50-page text selections and writing the occasional paper. It's not overwhelmingly taxing. In fact, the biggest stoners I know are philosophy majors, and they're doing just fine. So, I wondered, what major could this girl be completing if she thinks philosophy is so difficult?

English, of course! At the time, I didn't believe her when she told me just how easy the English major actually was. I mean, who would believe that there's a major where you can get away with writing papers that are supported by personal anecdotes and long statements of personal opinion? It just didn't seem plausible at all. But, lazy and shiftless man that I am, I was intrigued. Is there a way I could be doing even less work, I wondered?

The answer was a resounding "Yes." I am now an English major and have been since the beginning of the semester. In fairness, my switch to English wasn't entirely motivated by sloth—I am a writer and figured that it would be good for me to have some passing acquaintance with the "great works of literature." But I'd be lying if I didn't admit that I find this way of life quite agreeable.

Basically, I spend my time reading books I like and then writing essays like "An Existential Analysis of *Great Expectations*." Now, I didn't even read *Great Expectations* and despite my two years as a philosophy major, I'm still a little fuzzy on the tenets of existentialism. Yet ... I get a fucking A. An A for not reading the text, writing the paper literally four hours before it was due, and using words like "paradigmatically" and "value continuum."

Yes, these days I'll call my friends up on a Tuesday night and say, "Wanna see a movie?" And the kicker is, I'll already be drunk! When my friends are all like, "I have a problem set due," or "I can't believe you're getting through Columbia like this," I just sit back and smile. That girl from Broadway over the summer was wise indeed, even if she didn't have sex with me.



A Note for Roomie

What to Say When the Two of You Are More Like Oscar and Felix Than Bert and Ernie

Now that you've had three months to bond with your roommate, you've probably discovered a few annoying quirks that you want to address. We here at the *Rolling Eye* know how hard it can be to tell your roommate which of his or her habits you find annoying. So we've compiled some of our own experiences and put them into a handy list-format. Cut this out, check everything that applies to your current dorm-mate, and leave it on his or her bed ... if you can find it under all of the dirty laundry.

Dear _____,

Since we're going to be stuck together in this tiny room until May, I just wanted you to know that it bothers me when you...

- ☐ Leave dirty plates sitting out for a week.
- ☐ Sleep naked.
- ☐ Use my toothpaste. (Although this is preferable to the period when you didn't use any toothpaste.)
- ☐ Sexile me during midterms and finals.
- ☐ Pee in my shampoo.
- ☐ Vomit on my computer.
- ☐ Use my socks to pleasure yourself.
- ☐ Make tea using a whistling kettle at 4 a.m.
- ☐ Download porn onto my computer. (If you must, at least make it something not involving a horse.)
- ☐ Catch scabies and other fun highly infectious diseases.
- ☐ Blast Led Zeppelin at 7 a.m.
- ☐ Watch 7th Heaven.
- ☐ Masturbate in excess of three times a day while I'm in the room.
- ☐ Take five "stress-relieving" showers a day, making it hard for me to fit in my one "hygiene" shower per day.
- ☐ Mistake my closet for the bathroom when you're drunk.
- ☐ Watch me while I sleep.



- **To the waitress at Kitchenette:** I wouldn't have gone out with you anyway. And let's not get uppity here—you work for me. Now get me some breakfast biscuits.
- **To the dude who tried to beat up the owner of Pinnacle:** "I'mma jack you up?" Really? Is that how you survived on the mean streets on New Canaan? Ass-clown.
- **To Art Spiegelman:** Fine, I didn't want to take your stupid class anyway. Dammit.
- **To a certain magazine Web-master:** Can&%%&&&&&& you figure out how to make apostrophes not look like shit?
- **To the English department:** Nice job rejecting a senior from a seminar, and good luck in all your future endeavors trying to get that senior to donate.
- **To Columbia Intermurals:** Maybe you could have two basketball divisions—one for good people and one for bad. Oh no, wait, I forgot. Everybody has more fun when the score is 72-9.
- **To all the stupid, cute boys of Columbia:** Please, no more head games, or you'll be getting our therapy bills and bar tabs. Love, the girls you are driving insane.
- **To all my professors:** No, 700 papers in five classes is reasonable. You're right. Due in the same week? No problem. I was going to hang myself, but I guess there just isn't time.
- **To my life:** Please stop sucking. It would be better for both of us.
- **To Veronica Mars:** No new episodes until January?!? Wankers.
- **To my German roommate:** If you insist on leaving, I'm gonna have to learn my dirty German words from strangers on the street. Is that really what you want?
- **To Hobo Willie:** We hardly knew ye. Rest in peace.

Girl Trips on College Walk, Dies

BY J.D. PORTER

Kelly Murthy, CC '09, tripped last Thursday when her left heel caught in a crack between the stones of College Walk. The coroner's office pronounced her dead on impact.

Friends and loved ones have struggled to make sense of the tragedy.

"You always hear about these things, but you never think it could happen to you," her friend Kathy Murray, CC '10, said. "Although I guess, technically, it still hasn't happened to me."

Murthy was a popular student with a strong GPA and leadership roles in numerous volunteer organizations. According to those who knew her best, however, she had a pattern of destructive behavior.

"I never understood why she had to wear heels to Art Hum," said Wanda Blamp, CC '09. "But she had to blaze her own trail. That was just Kelly."

A number of students have united to

form Keep Everything Less Lethal, Yes!, an organization devoted to petitioning Bollinger about what many perceive as a campus climate of falling down.

"We're highly enraged about this," Karen Murtaugh, CC '08, said. "We demand that the administration be held accountable for something."

Murtaugh has indicated that the group would also settle for "some sort of ad hoc committee, as well as radical changes to the Core."

Other students have improvised a memorial to Murthy by throwing flowers at her body. Geoff Plinder, dean of replacing bricks, said that although the University has no current plans for maintenance in the area where she died, he "fully expect[s] that the body will wash away the next time College Walk floods."

Murthy is survived by her parents and two younger brothers.



PHOTO: WILL DAVIS

LISTINGS

18 | december 7, 2006 | the eye

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. (112rd 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 HOLIDAY
DEC. 8

Ever wanted to just get away? Two women unlucky in love, played by Kate Winslet and Cameron Diaz, want to escape during the holidays—that time when being alone seems all too unbearable. Over the Internet, they arrange to swap homes, with Diaz secluding herself in the English countryside and Winslet taking up residence in L.A. In their new domains, their luck shifts, as each finds romance—Winslet with Jack Black, an unconventional romantic lead, and Diaz with British charmer Jude Law. If only life were really that easy.



BLOOD DIAMOND
DEC. 8

Leonardo DiCaprio has officially left *Titanic*'s sinking ship behind. In *Blood Diamond*, he plays a South African mercenary in 1990s Sierra Leone, a land in the midst of civil war. He is searching for a rare pink diamond, as is Djimon Hounsou, and their lives become linked through their quests. This political drama is being billed as one of the top films of the year, with DiCaprio giving an Oscar-worthy performance.



THE LAST CHRISTMAS OF
EBENEZER SCROOGE
DEC. 8-23

78TH STREET THEATRE LAB

Through Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, everyone knows the story of crotchety Ebenezer Scrooge. *The Last Christmas of Ebenezer Scrooge* begins where Dickens left off—Christmas morning. This is a Scrooge in the process of reforming, one out to right his wrongs after his epiphany. But will a kindlier Scrooge be as likeable?



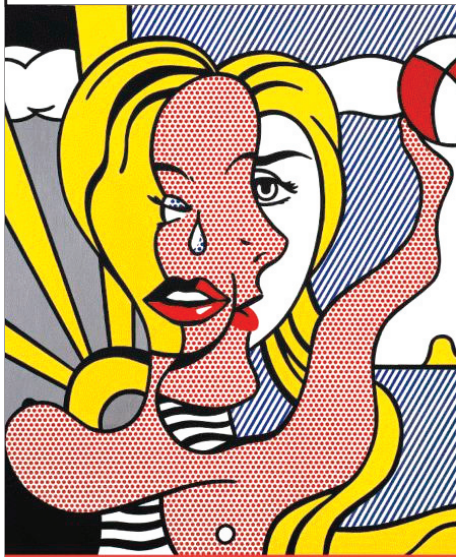
HIGH FIDELITY
OPENS DEC. 7
IMPERIAL THEATER
249 W. 45TH ST.

Initially a book written by Nick Hornby and then turned into a movie starring John Cusack and Jack Black, *High Fidelity* is now a musical. Rob, the record store owner, defines his life by pop music, often describing pivotal events in his life in terms of songs. He's lovelorn, having recently been dumped, has a zany sidekick in his fellow record store coworker, and spouts top 10 lists at random. This may not be your conventional story, but being a hit in two other genres, it has all the elements necessary to make it work on the Broadway stage.



LIZ LARNER, 2001
60TH STREET AND FIFTH
AVENUE

Remember when The Gates hit Central Park in 2005 and drowned the greenery in a sea of saffron? Liz Lerner brings a little bit of art back to the park in the form of modernist sculpture. In iridescent greens and purples, this geometric monstrosity shimmers and shifts its shape in the grandest way as it mixes with the natural surroundings of the park.



"PICASSO AND AMERICAN
ART"
WHITNEY MUSEUM
75TH STREET AND MADI-
SON AVENUE

Pablo Picasso is one of the most well-known artists among our generation—his blue period and cubism are easily identifiable even by those with the most limited artistic knowledge. Yet his influence on the American art scene is extraordinarily unique, as his vision helped shape the careers of many of the most notorious modern artists. Andy Warhol, Jackson Pollock, and Roy Lichtenstein are just a few of the artists in this exhibit who tout Picasso as one of their most significant influences.



CARNEGIE HALL presents

Club 57th & 7th Winter Package Deals

Carnegie Hall's Discount Subscription Program for Patrons 35 or Younger

**3 Great New Packages of 3 Great Concerts—
Only \$99 per Package!**



Beethoven³

January 28 at 2 PM

MOSCOW SOLOISTS

YURI BASHMET, Conductor and Violist
Works by BEETHOVEN, SCHNITTKE, BRITTEN,
and SCHUBERT

February 13 at 8 PM

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA

OSMO VÄNSKÄ, Music Director
and Conductor
Works by SIBELIUS and BEETHOVEN

February 24 at 8 PM

PIOTR ANDERSZEWSKI, Piano

Works by BACH, SZYMANOWSKI, and BEETHOVEN

**GET THE BEST AVAILABLE SEATS
for only \$99 per package!**

iOrchestra 2.0

February 19 at 8 PM

ACADEMY OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS

SIR NEVILLE MARRINER, Conductor
JONATHAN BISS, Piano
Works by STRAVINSKY, MOZART, and BEETHOVEN

March 18 at 2 PM

**ORCHESTRE PHILHARMONIQUE
DE RADIO FRANCE**

MYUNG-WHUN CHUNG, Music Director and
Conductor
VLADIMIR FELTSMAN, Piano
Works by RAVEL and STRAVINSKY

April 19 at 8 PM

**UBS VERBIER FESTIVAL
CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**

MAXIM VENGEROV, Conductor and Violinist
LAWRENCE POWER, Viola
Works by MOZART and SHOSTAKOVICH



Strings Attached

February 10 at 8 PM

PACO DE LUCÍA, Guitar

March 20 at 8 PM

GILBERTO GIL

March 28 at 7:30 PM

LOS ANGELES GUITAR QUARTET
LUCIANA SOUZA, Vocalist

Student Subscriptions

**ONLY \$15
A CONCERT,
\$45 PER
SERIES!**



Feltzman



Graham



Goerne

Weekends at Carnegie Hall

January 28 at 2 PM
MOSCOW SOLOISTS
YURI BASHMET,
Conductor and Violist

March 18 at 2 PM
**ORCHESTRE
PHILHARMONIQUE DE
RADIO FRANCE**
MYUNG-WHUN CHUNG,
Music Director and Conductor
VLADIMIR FELTSMAN, Piano

April 20 at 8 PM
**UBS VERBIER FESTIVAL
CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**
MAXIM VENGEROV,
Conductor and Violinist
LAWRENCE POWER, Viola

Keyboard Virtuosos

January 21 at 2 PM
DANIEL BARENBOIM, Piano

February 24 at 8 PM
PIOTR ANDERSZEWSKI,
Piano

April 12 at 8 PM
RICHARD GOODE, Piano

Great Singers

January 29 at 8 PM
SUSAN GRAHAM,
Mezzo-Soprano
MALCOLM MARTINEAU,
Piano

April 18 at 8 PM
KARITA MATTILA, Soprano
MARTIN KATZ, Piano

May 7 at 8 PM
MATTHIAS GOERNE,
Baritone
CHRISTOPH ESCHENBACH,
Piano

**Guarantee your seats for next semester's
best concerts for only \$15 a ticket!**

NEW!



Get inside the music at carnegiehall.org/podcasts.

**Buy online at carnegiehall.org
or call 212-247-7800.**

Bank of America



Proud Season Sponsor of Carnegie Hall

CARNEGIE HALL



Club 57th & 7th and Student Rush tickets are generously
supported by The Merkin Family Ticket Fund.

© 2006 CHC. Programs and artists subject to change. Photos: Vengerov by Sheila Rock, Bashmet by Kassara / DG,
Anderszewski by Felipe DaRocha, Feltzman by Al Nowack, Graham by Mitch Jenkins, Goerne by Sasha Gusov.