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the eye

FASHION WEEK

the spring/summer 2009 collections

what “jihad” really means ∞ catching up with columbia’s olympian ∞ a lit mag built one story at a time

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photo by Angel Lam

FASHION WEEK

See what turned up in Bryant Park during style's biggest week of the year, pg. 07

by the Style staff
cover photo by Kat Leaman

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Columbia is, as I'm sure you're aware, a community of pregamers. In a city like this one, we have to be: who can afford to get properly soused on \$12 mojitos? If drunkenness is your aim—and whether it *should* be is a whole different letter, probably written by one of our moms, so let's temporarily suspend judgment and just assume it is—you have to find a place to drink enough Natty Ice or bad rum to get buzzed enough that you don't notice how much the drinks cost when you finally do go out. I don't have to tell you this—it's Thursday Night 101 at Columbia.

Last Thursday night—Sept. 11—was different. Rather than spending the hours between 8 and 11 in Carman, Wien, or EC prepping for a night out, almost all of us were sitting on the steps listening to the ServiceNation presentation. Most of us, out of respect for the occasion, decided to save the imbibing for afterward.

Not all, though. Remember that judgment we suspended? Now I'm bringing it back in spades. About halfway through the program, I felt something dripping onto my jeans. My roommate noticed, too, as did five or six people sitting around us. We looked up and saw a large soda bottle turned on its side and asked the girl sitting closest to it what it was. "I think it's Coke or Sprite or something," she said, clearly trashed. It had that particular smell of very cheap vodka, and when we all looked around for an apology or at least an explanation, she shrugged and said, "Listen, my ass is wet, too."

The bottle fell over again later—and managed to soak six of the steps, displacing at least a dozen people.

This girl also left midway through Obama's speech, after loudly and stupidly heckling McCain. While my views align with McCain's, um... *rarely*, I was appalled by this girl's behavior. She wasn't succeeding in making McCain look stupid, only herself. McCain looked good by comparison—at least he was treating the day with the modicum of respect it deserved. To be shit-faced on the steps is one thing—many of us have been there. But to be shit-faced and, what's more, belligerent on the steps under these circumstances is quite another.

A couple of days later, I was discussing the event with my friend Dan, who told me a little about his experience of the night. When the founder of MyGoodDeed was speaking about his brother, who died in the World Trade Center attack, he began his statement with, "My brave brother Glenn..." According to Dan, someone sitting behind him yelled, "Is a homo!" Classy, considering how that speaker's sentence actually ended. The event last week was designed to make us aware of our communities—and I certainly left feeling more aware of mine. The majority of us, of course, handled the event more seriously—not the way the girl behind me and the guy behind Dan did. Never, though, have I felt as ashamed of the Columbia community as I did last week.

—Alexandria Symonds

Out of Africa

TEXT AND PHOTO BY ARIEL POLLOCK

The University of Cape Town is not the most environmentally friendly place—the closest I’ve seen to a recycling bin was a trash can with “Recycling coming soon!” scrawled across it in excited graffiti. As a university in South Africa, though, it can’t really be held responsible for lagging behind—the whole country is experiencing delayed reaction time when it comes to the green movement. I’ve been thinking that maybe this is because people here are a little hesitant about new color labels, even primary ones.

But when I came to school a few Mondays ago, the first day of “Green Week,” I realized that some distorted sense of political correctness definitely isn’t to blame for any recycling mishaps. A team of overeager environmentalists marching around in green jumpsuits with “GREEN POLICE” emblazoned across their backs spent the week trying to make their colleagues sympathetic to the plight of pollution and melting polar ice caps.

Instead, they mostly got laughs and strange looks.

Several days later, I was sitting in the middle of campus on a set of steps that make me think fondly of Low Plaza, watching as would-be student council members campaigned for their respective parties. I’ve become vaguely familiar with the outline of campus politics: there’s a socialist party, an independent party, young democrats, and African nationalists. These, however, were not the parties that I saw from my vantage point on the steps. Instead, I saw a yellow party, a blue party, and a red party. Candidates wearing togas, sandwich boards, bandannas, and construction hats set out to convince those reclining on the urban beach or hurrying to class that the policies represented by their respective colors were the best.

I was approached by a guy swathed in yellow, from the party of young socialists. He sat down next to me, and we started to discuss the possibility of government aid eradicating poverty in a new South Africa. It was a good conversation, and it got me thinking about what it means to live in a country with only 14 years of attempted equality under its belt.

But instead of feeling the impact of our conversation, I felt the import of his colors. I know it’s taboo to talk skin tone in America, but here people just can’t get enough of it. And apparently skin color isn’t enough—new colors have been added to reinforce the differences between people.

The student council parties were divided by primary colors, but overwhelmingly, they just stood in for racial divisions. Call it blue, red, yellow—but I could find only one party with students of different races standing together on the ballot.

Interestingly, in the case of Green Week, the Green Police represented a diverse and



Student government elections at the University of Cape Town allude to divisions in a country of divisive politics.

multi-racial crew of concerned students. Yet they took a new color and used it as a division between themselves and their more apathetic counterparts. Instead of unifying an already fractured student body, a new wedge was created and maintained through color.

So maybe, like the Green Police, new color boundaries are being defined. Maybe, like campus elections, old divisions are reinforced under new pretenses. But for a country with serious issues of race still waiting to be resolved, maybe it’s just too early to start playing color war. ●

Ariel Pollock is a Columbia College junior studying abroad in South Africa.

Haiku of the Week

Fall forecast: serene

Breezy, no petty or cruel

Dictators around

Eye Spy

Girl to friend on College Walk:

“Well, I mean, my friends from home get arrested all the time, so...”

COMPILED BY HILLARY BUSIS
AND RAPHAEL POPE-SUSSMAN

Editors’ 10

what we’re into this week

1. Tina Fey as Sarah Palin: “I can see Russia from my house!”
—*Everyone*

2. Sunday Love Feast: “Visit the Sri Sri Radha Govinda Temple in St. Mark’s Place every Sunday at 8 p.m. to dance, chant the Great Mantra, and eat gourmet vegetarian food—it’s called ‘love feast’ for a reason.”
—*Melanie Jones, interview editor*

3. Not Cancer: “I did the 5K Susan G. Komen Race for the Cure on Sunday morning. There were over 26,000 people walking to raise money to find a cure for breast cancer. The route takes you through a really beautiful part of the park, plus you’re getting exercise and supporting a great cause.”
—*Molly Crossin, photo editor*

4. Reprise on DVD: “This gem of a movie about sad young literary types, directed by professional skateboarder Joachim Trier, is now on DVD. I got a copy at the Strand for half its suggested retail.”
—*Alexandria Symonds, editor-in-chief*

5. What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?: “A Lifetime movie from before the network even existed, *Baby Jane* is two glorious hours of an over-the-hill Bette Davis torturing her wheelchair-bound sister, the saintly Joan Crawford. All that’s missing is a scene in which Crawford finally fights back with one of her most potent weapons—a withering put-down or a wire hanger.”
—*Hillary Busis, deputy features editor*

6. Marc Jacobs condoms: “Who knew that Marc Jacobs 1) was interested in safe sex practices or 2) sold anything with a single-digit price tag in his Marc by Marc Jacobs store? I can now get closer than ever to legitimizing my wildest *Gossip Girl* fantasies without breaking the bank.”
—*Shane Ferro, food editor*

7. Orbit Mint Mojito Gum: “It seems Orbit is trying to corner the alcohol-flavored gum market, first with the delicious mint mojito gum, and now with the new sangria Fresca flavor. The mint mojito flavor accurately imitates the drink it’s based on, beating the vaguely fruity sangria gum hands down.”
—*Moira Lynch, style editor*

8. Oblivion: “This collection of short stories by David Foster Wallace has been, in my view, an essential read since it was published in 2004. Admirers of his famous novel *Infinite Jest* who are mourning his recent suicide may find some comfort in the characteristic ironic genius evident in this book.”
—*Rebecca Evans, A&E managing editor*

9. Taylor Swift: “Because she’s a real blonde who writes her own songs (and not because she’s dating Joe Jonas).”
—*Hayley Negrin, features managing editor*

10. Google’s giving the option of deleting your cache: “It’s good to know that Big Brother isn’t always watching you. Too bad the government can still access my library records.”
—*Jennie Rose Halperin, music editor*

Just Desserts

BY CHRIS CHEN AND JEROME CHANG

In this week's food section, Shane Ferro visits DessertTruck, a mobile treat purveyor co-run by Columbia grads. You don't have to travel all the way to Astor Place for their milk chocolate mousse, though—as long as you're willing to try to make it yourself.

Milk Chocolate Mousse

1/3 cup half-and-half
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon sugar
3 ounces Guittard 38% milk chocolate
1 ounce Guittard 72% dark chocolate
2/3 cup heavy cream

- ❶ Set aside the chocolate in a large mixing bowl.
- ❷ Bring the half-and-half to a boil. In the meantime, whisk together the yolks and sugar.
- ❸ Temper the yolks by pouring about one-third of the half-and-half into them and whisking together. Pour the mixture back into the pot and continue to cook over medium heat, stirring continuously. When the mixture begins to thicken, pour it over the chocolate and whisk everything together until well blended.
- ❹ In another bowl, beat the cream until it holds soft peaks. Stir about a quarter of the cream into the chocolate mixture until incorporated, then gently fold in the remaining cream until no streaks remain.
- ❺ Pour a layer of mousse about two inches thick. Let it set in the refrigerator, at least two hours.

Politics By the Numbers

1

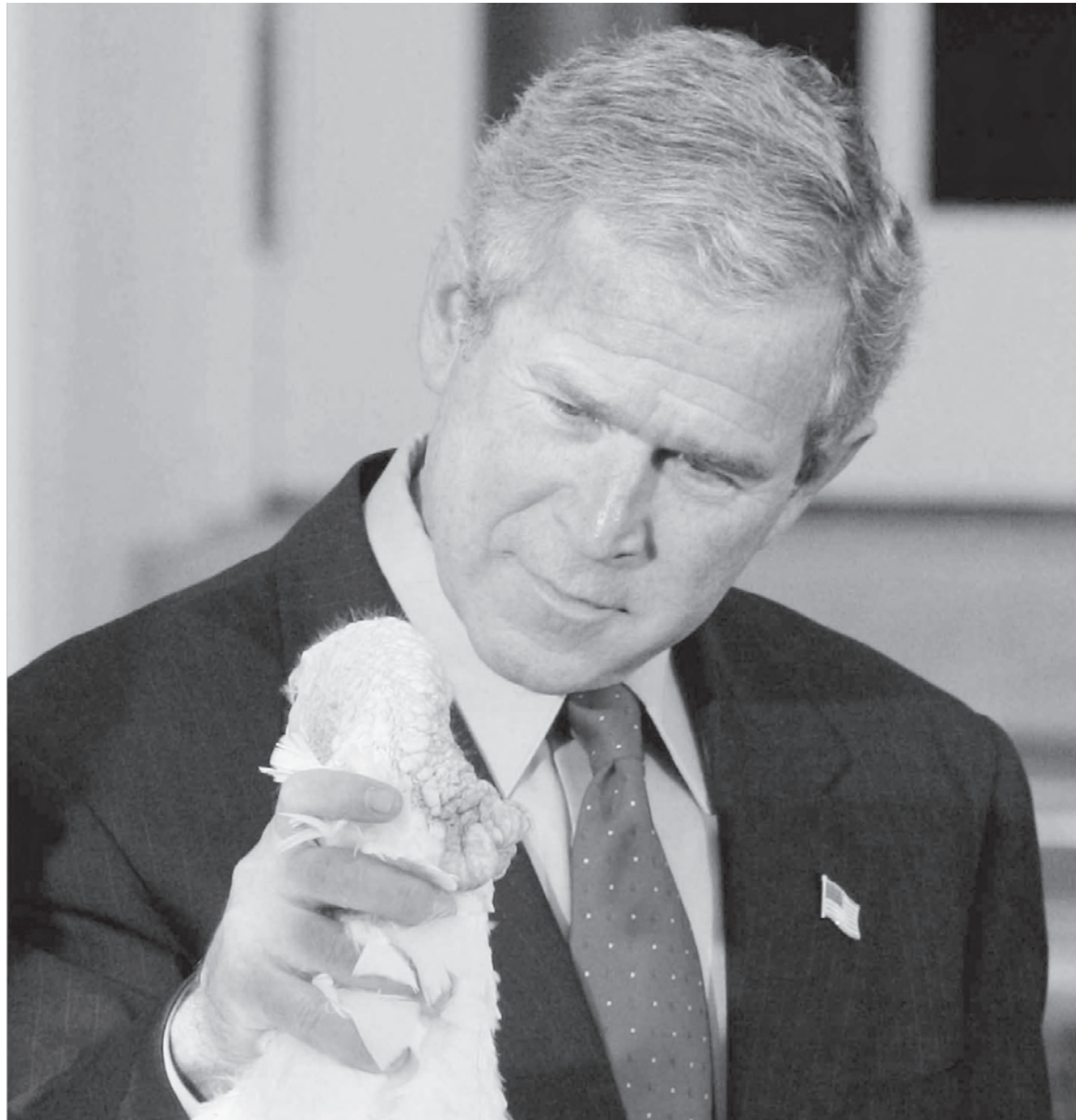
Number of times you must shake hands at a World Leaders Forum reception to have met more foreign leaders than Sarah Palin.

13,393

Number of times you must shake hands at a political event of under eight hours to earn a place in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Fashion Week: Did You Know?

- ⊗ If model and presidential niece Lauren Bush takes the name of her current boyfriend, Ralph Lauren's son David, her name will be Lauren Lauren.
- ⊗ If your hand is larger than your face, you are an idiot.



Dr. Do-Little

BY ALAN GINSBERG

PHOTO COURTESY OF VICTORIA KROS

Archaeologists at a dig near Bethesda, Md., have uncovered a shocking recording, apparently from the early years of the Bush presidency. With the presidential election less than two months away, experts are speculating on how this video may affect the race.

So here it is, an eyeSites exclusive:

[In a soundproof exercise room, deep below the White House, the president jumps off his treadmill, and begins to sing.]

To the tune of "If I Could Talk to the Animals," from Dr. Dolittle.

If I could talk to the Taliban,
Man to Taliban,
What a conversation that would be.
Imagine mingling with a mullah,
Fundamenta-list rule-ah,

Think of the amazing repartee!
If I could talk to the evil ones
Without pointing guns,
Oh, what trade agreements we could form.
We'd use our economic forces
To take their natural resources
They'd sell us their oil and buy our porn!

If I could talk to the Taliban
In Afghanistan,
What a new beginning we could see.
You'd see me kidding with the caliphs,
Cajoling ayatollahs,
It's a pluralistic fantasy!

I'd say: "We think that you'd enjoy democracy.
You ought to try it and we wish you would!"
We could use inter-na-tion-al diplomacy
Bring troops back home ya see
That's good!

If I could talk with the Taliban,
Squawk with the Taliban,
Take a little walk with the Taliban,
And they would talk, and squawk, and gawk,
and walk, and talk to me! ●

A Jihad for Love

melanie jones interviews parvez sharma

BY MELANIE JONES

PHOTOS COURTESY OF QUEERSCREEN
AND FIRST RUN FEATURES

Five and a half years ago, Parvez Sharma began a project that would take him through nine countries in the Islamic world. His documentary, *A Jihad for Love*, touring internationally to immense critical and popular acclaim, centers on nine Muslims whose sexual orientation forces them to question their identity, even while they struggle to maintain their faith. *Jihad* has already won the Best Documentary Award from the Torino, Tri Continental, and Montreal Image & Nation film festivals. Despite having spent the last few months living predominantly in airport terminals, the inexhaustible filmmaker still found time to talk with Melanie Jones about the upcoming election, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's infamous reception at Columbia, and why his movie is much more than "just another gay film."

What compelled you to begin *A Jihad for Love*?

I'm an extremely political person, and this film, while it's very political, is also deeply personal. Being Muslim myself, on Sept. 11, I was and continue to be extremely traumatized and troubled by the discourses around Islam, and I felt a very strong imperative as a Muslim filmmaker, as an immigrant, and as a brown person, to set the record about my religion straight. I feel that much of the discourse about Islam has been controlled by non-Muslims, has been a discourse of violence (especially violent jihad), and only talks about Islam in black and white—the black being, you know, extremists within the religion, and the other side being these oppressed, illiterate, uneducated Muslims who do not seem to have minds of their own and are living under totalitarian regimes of society. And that's this whole argument also of exporting democracy into the Muslim world, if you will. ... Many Americans think all Muslims are taught to hate America, that you go to mosque to learn the Koran and study Terrorism 101. And it's not like that.

So in making this film, you were hoping to reveal Islam as a whole, as well as the lives of homosexuals in the Muslim community?

The film really for me is about Islam—it's not just another gay film. The movie is about Islam and about everyone in this film coming out as a Muslim. People are constantly coming out again and again as gay or lesbian or whatever label they choose to define themselves with, but in this film everyone is coming out as a Muslim. I can proudly say that there's no other film out there that talks about Islam from the point of view of deep respect but also understanding and responsibility, and I have found this to be true. I'm not saying this in a vacuum, because the

film has now been seen in over 20 countries and around the world and has been widely seen in the United States. For Americans who are coming and seeing this film, they are being offered an amazing window into Islam that they have never had before.

You've received some very virulent e-mails over the five and a half years that you've been making *Jihad*, and some of them threaten you with death, by assassination or stoning. How do you deal with messages like these? What keeps you moving forward?

I don't get death threats all the time, just the occasional one, and I brush them aside. I see hundreds of Muslims, including the conservative ones, coming to see the film and reacting very positively to it. That is why I keep doing this. And even Americans or whites or Christians—I love it when I see two white guys outside the box office saying, "two tickets for *Jihad*." That's wonderful.

an English word ... [but] jihad does not mean killing people or holy war at all. They [the characters in my film] believe in the struggle. For me, my religion is what keeps me going and gives me faith. The people in my film are not trying to come out, they are living their lives, and their faith in Islam gives them strength.

How is the discussion of sexuality different in Islamic countries than in countries like America?

Again, this movie is not limited to just being about LGBT issues, and I think when people see the film they will realize that. It's about being Muslim. It is a very Western thing to want to group people into boxes and give everyone labels. In Iran, for example, when the president came to speak at Columbia and said they do not have gay people in Iran—that statement was completely misinterpreted and jumped on by the media. The Muslim world does not have that ongoing discussion about sexuality, and they have been silent for a very long time



A Jihad for Love producer Sandi Dubowski and director Parvez Sharma set out to make a deeply political, yet personal film.

About the word "jihad": most Americans know it as another name for "holy war" and that it's been used to promote terrorism. Technically though, it means "spiritual struggle." Is your film then about your characters struggling to find acceptance, both within their community and within themselves?

The word "jihad" is essentially an English word now. It has been used so much by the Western media and in the United States, it's essentially

about it. I do not think a group of gay men walking down the streets of Tehran with a pride flag is evidence of gay—and I put this in quotes—"liberation." America in many ways is a very ignorant country. I do not say that to be condescending, I say it as someone who has lived here for many years and understands it very well. America wants to group people into different areas, and my film is not about that.

How did you find the characters in your film, and how did you get them to talk to you? Many of the faces are blurred, but it still was a huge risk, in terms of public censure alone.

I found them through a very long, rigorous process, and I was able to talk with them because I became very, very close to them. They were able to talk to me because, in large part, because I was one of them. If I had been a blue-eyed, blonde-haired boy, I would have had a lot more trouble getting into their lives. My biggest obstacle was the camera—I tried to negate it from the room. These people are my very close friends.

How does your film relate to recent documentaries on sexuality and religion (*Trembling Before G-d*, *For the Bible Tells Me So*)?

It was important to me that this film be from a Muslim perspective, because films like *Trembling* and *Bible*, they are about Americans and they are about white people. And as a “person of color,” which is in itself a box, I wanted to get out of having Islam be exoticized and seen only from an outsider’s perspective. When American forces invaded Iraq, everybody wanted to be the next person to make an Iraqi film. But where were all the Iraqi filmmakers? I can tell you, in all honesty, there is not much room to be a minority in the world of documentary film.

What do you think of current speculation that Barack Obama is a “secret Muslim”? Besides the fact that it’s false, it really shouldn’t matter. Do you think that racism is being replaced and overtaken by this new, more accepted form of Islamophobia?

The two worst words to call someone in America today are liberal and Muslim. The conservative wing has done a very good job in alienating people in this way, in making them be afraid. Because it’s all about fear. Obama is not a black man, he is a liberal, and that is very scary to many people. I do not think that racism is being overturned [by Islamophobia] because I do not think America has overcome its very deep racism. It’s not that race isn’t an issue, it’s just that people don’t say the n-word right now, so people need something else. I do not think I would be exaggerating if I said race was one of the most important issues in this campaign. It is not enough that Obama has been nominated for the presidency this year. It will take more than that.

Is there any way to separate religion from politics anymore? With the rise of the religious right, have more liberal films about religion been coming out as a rebuttal of sorts?

Religion has become very deeply rooted in politics in America, but it is something that, if you looked at it with a broader perspective, you would not be very surprised by. I have said, and noticed for a

long time now, that battles have and will be fought across the lines of religion. The only difference between Sarah Palin and an extremist Muslim leader is lipstick—and I mean that. Religion will continue to be heavily involved in politics across the world, and I think that is why [these films are appearing], because these issues are very rooted in religion.

“THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SARAH PALIN AND AN EXTREMIST MUSLIM LEADER IS LIPSTICK—AND I MEAN THAT.”

What do you think of Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad’s speech and reception at Columbia?

I think that Columbia’s campus has become very politicized, and it troubles me, as someone who has taught on a university campus before, to see this going on at a prestigious university. Because the media’s portrayal of Ahmadinejad was not helping the discussion, because they are forgetting that Iran is a democracy, and that this man is an elected official. The invasion of Iran was being talked about at this time, and I think it will happen if McCain and Palin win. ... I think that that man [Ahmadinejad] is very personally unbalanced, and there is a problem in Iran with too much religion in politics, and of the parliament having more power than the presidency—but Columbia handled it very badly and a speaker was not treated with respect. And it scares me, because I had heard that some Zionist groups were going around Columbia’s campus saying that the two issues that would discredit him would be women’s rights and gay rights—and there is so much more to these issue than these things, more reasons.

You have used Facebook and your blog (Love Jihad) to promote your film and communicate with fans. Do you feel that blogging and other forms of Internet communication, without much editorship or censorship, are a way, in the future, to open up discussion and debate?

The [mainstream media forms like] television and regular journalism will likely die out in the next several years. Everybody is on the Internet. Things like movie reviewers, they will not exist, because there are so many others out there. The test for our generation and yours is whether or not we will be allowed to continue to use the Internet without censorship. Already in China many sites are blocked, and there is censorship already in the U.S.—you have to be very careful what you say, what you put out, and how you share dissent. Iran is a perfect example—it is a country full of contradictions. It has the biggest blogosphere in the world, but at the same time Facebook is banned. So a lot of my friends in Tehran, I have to call them or e-mail them if I want to speak to them. So we will see—I hope people will fight for it. ●



The award-winning film *A Jihad for Love* chronicles the spiritual and political path of gay Muslims in several nations.

FASHION WEEK SPRING/SUMMER 2009



photo by Mira John

Fashion Week is always a circus, and the spring/summer 2009 season was no exception. I started as style editor right when fashion week began on Sept. 5, so at times it felt like the longest week of my life. There were bad moments, like when I tried to talk to the *New York Times*' Bill Cunningham and he said that he'd never heard of the *Spectator*. It had its exhilarating points too, though, like when I interviewed the Sartorialist (look for the article in the next issue of *The Eye*), or when I saw Lilo. When Marc Jacobs' superb show moved me to tears, I was reminded of why I really wanted my position. The fashion is what really matters, not the proliferation of celebrities in the tents. With that in mind, enjoy our coverage, and if you want to see more, visit *The Eye* at eye.columbiaspectator.com for more show reviews and pictures.

—Maira Lynch

Charlotte Ronson

In an ideal world, Charlotte Ronson's spring/summer collection would get more media attention than her twin sister and Lilo's hand-holding. The show was a family affair, as Ronson's mother and sister were in the front row, her brother DJ-ed, and his girlfriend (lately ex?) Daisy Lowe walked the runway. Other celebrity attendees included Jessica Stam, *Gossip Girl*'s Jessica Szohr, Emma Roberts, Sean Lennon, and Cory Kennedy.

Ronson's playful line of sportswear and cute dresses is newsworthy in its own right, both for its relative affordability and its youthful chic. The looks straddled the line between '80s new wave and '90s grunge, but they felt just right for the present. Ronson's structured outfits were made out of causal materials like denim and jerseys, but studs and visible zippers as well as cute prints made the outfits work for day or night. There were some army and sailor influences—both emerging trends for spring—discernible in khaki separates and blue-and-white-striped numbers. Her best layering pieces were the vests and blazers, especially the leopard boyfriend variation that was shown with a matching miniskirt. Overall, the collection overshadowed the tabloid stars in the front row.

—Moir Lynch

Alexander Wang

After stomping through Tropical Storm Hanna's torrential rain while bitterly mourning the ruin of my shoes, the doors of the Alexander Wang show were a blessed sight. PR minions everywhere served up miniature white wine bottles, and I immediately spotted Madame Wintour perched in the front row. The kids from across the pond were also out in full force, with Julia Restoin-Roitfeld, Daisy Lowe, and Alice Dellal all bumping along to the DJ on the other side of the runway. The show itself was quintessentially Wang: edgy, sexy, and beautifully draped. Utilizing a brighter yet softer palate than his usual grunge, the collection presented shades of white, gray, and colors describable only as muted neon or provocative pastel. There were wonderful fabric combinations—a leather-and-denim zip jacket, a leather-fringed sweatshirt, and an innovative, thigh-revealing satin and jersey-mix dress. Wang deftly mixed fantastic '80s shapes with a modern aesthetic: demolished sweaters, ironic formal sweatpants, prim button-downs with cutouts and cap sleeves, crop-tops paired with high-waisted booty shorts, a memorable hot pink blazer, and studs, lace, mesh, and motorcycle caps aplenty. The show was somehow grungy yet chic, and as irresistibly cool as ever. My must-have accessory from the show? The fringed black platform sandals—so tough yet perfectly lovely.

—Shirley Chen



photo by Mira John

Erin Fetherston

Parisian native and California transplant Erin Fetherston is known for making floaty, ethereally beautiful frocks—the kind of party dresses that Upper East Siders like Tinsley Mortimer dream of. For spring '09, those frocks were re-envisioned with voluminous ruffles that paraded across asymmetrical sleeves, or as soft puffs that resembled clouds at the hemline of a white satin dress. Unfortunately, there were also some all-too-literal translations of the cloud theme, such as

a floor-length, triple-tiered pastel gown that teetered precariously down the runway.

Thankfully Fetherston redeemed herself with dreamy, Parisian-style brocade coats and wide-leg pants, set in tones of muted gold and pink, that shimmered and shimmied alongside playful satin shorts or sheer white camisoles. Now the Fetherston girl no longer has to wait for a good party to wear one of her delectable creations, for we can easily see front-row attendees Emma Roberts and Peaches Geldof wearing these on the street, running errands, or strolling along the beach. These are pieces that stand well on their own, with or without a glowing Seine sunset.

—Xiyin Tang

Patrik Ervell

Patrik Ervell has tweaked his severe menswear formula a bit, resulting in an interesting (if a tad femme) spring/summer collection. Ervell cloaked his models—including one recent Columbia alum—

in his typically effortless and snug-fitting American styles. But he forsook his normal minimalist design style in favor of a more ornate, less masculine look. Unexpected details adorned Ervell's expertly tailored suiting. The collection seemed geared toward dandies, with subtle embellishments like dainty boutonnieres and lacy ruffles. Ervell staples like cozy sweaters were the highlights, but the most disappointing looks also resembled older Ervell

offerings that never sold well at OAK. Ervell also seems unwilling to surrender his interest in alternative, space-age fabrics. In past seasons he rolled out golden, foil-like pieces, and this year he offered a jacket with filmy, skin-like wings. Generally, though, this collection marked a shift toward the warmer and less broody for Ervell, and hopefully he will continue on this path.

—James DeWille

Person of the Week: Marc Jacobs

Charming. Scandalous. Obsessive. Sensitive. Insecure. Genius. Icon. Marc Jacobs has been described as many things by many people. One undeniable fact is that he is the most influential designer of New York Fashion Week. The Marc Jacobs show is THE one to watch, obsess over, and inevitably adore or despise. The spring '09 season was no different with his million reference creations that suggestively hinted at absolutely everything. "Rhapsody in Blue" played as Jacobs sent out prairie skirts and gingham that danced with grunge. YSL vests made some special appearances, and all the looks were juxtaposed with sophisticated jewels. The layers and mixtures were insane, chaotic, and perfect. It was a joyous explosion of style that left even the most cynical observers stunned.

But the magic of Marc never ends with just his collections. Though he is creative director of Marc Jacobs, Louis Vuitton, and Marc by Marc Jacobs, the man himself is a celebrity who exists outside of these brands. Gossip and controversy are a constant for the designer. Three seasons ago his show ran two hours late—gasp! Last season the show was on time—double gasp! Once out-of-shape and self-destructive, Jacobs now follows a totally organic diet (no flour, no sugar, no dairy, no caffeine) and exercises for two-and-a-half hours, seven days a week. He dyes his hair, tans to an unnatural bronze, and supports giant bling and tattoos. It is difficult to recognize the shy, chubby designer of early '90s fame in his physical being, but in a way, that's the beauty of the designer. Jacobs is constantly evolving, constantly pushing the boundaries, and always leading the pack.

—Shirley Chen



courtesy of style.com



courtesy of pinoybusiness.org



photo by Jenny Hsu

Alexandre ↗ Herchcovitch

Alexandre Herchcovitch sent out a mix of femme and military offerings at his spring/summer 2009 show, aptly titled “Army of Love.” Jackets, shirts, and dresses sported semi-exaggerated epaulets, highly exaggerated shoulders, and the occasional ruffled, patterned crotch. Most military jackets were better suited for a Saturday night out than for combat. Meanwhile, Herchcovitch showed off a more schizophrenic side, pairing his military khakis with colorful prints, fancy fabrics,

and lace. The pieces that embraced completely one of the two aesthetics worked better and were more wearable than those that went both ways. The mix of heavy khaki and light printed fabrics looked strange, especially when they reared their heads as the aforementioned crotch-ruffle peeping out of a khaki short. The best looks from the collection were dresses that deviated from the military aesthetic the most—silky and ruffled dresses with interesting constructions. The beautiful, complex, multi-patterned numbers were more influenced by the look of the 1940s homefront gal than the frontline one. They quickly erased any questionable memories of droopy, khaki onesies.

—James DeWille

Nanette Lepore

Fans of Nanette Lepore have come to expect some '50s-style elements in her feminine, structured clothing, and her spring 2009 collection did not disappoint. High waists, cropped jackets, and knee-length pencil skirts all appeared on the runway—however, Lepore did not confine herself to this rather straitlaced era. She elegantly combined the structured and relaxed, shifting away from her fall collection's adorable skirt-and-jacket suits toward lighter, bohemian-chic clothing. Lepore says that the gypsy spirit she cultivated traveling around with her family as a child influenced the collection. There were floral, draped chiffon dresses with structured cropped jackets; pencil skirts with plush, belted oversized sweaters; and cropped, voluptuous jackets and coats, usually worn belted over a floral or paisley print. The models wore their hair in long waves, with little braids framing the face, and carried few accessories, exuding the carefree spirit that Lepore hopes to engender with her clothing. As always, Lepore turned out a wonderfully current and wearable collection.

—Carla Vass

Andy & Debb

Heralded by Style.com as “The New Y & Kei,” Seoul-based designers Andy Kim and Debbie Yoon drew inspiration from baking cupcakes with their two children for their Andy & Debb spring 2009 collection. The sweet muse was evident in soft colors, beaded touches, and an abundance of chiffon, satin, and organza. Kim and Yoon hired artist Changsub Choi to draw cupcakes and children, and they used these prints on two whimsical pieces. Floaty bubble hems, “whipped cream” dresses, and “cupcake-sleeve” coats certainly conjured up images of icing and fluffy desserts.

Pleated detailing on many of the looks and enough pieces in navy and black kept some of the more “fairy cake”-like offerings grounded in reality, as did the pleated cuff bracelet worn with almost all the looks. Tailored shorts and high-waisted skirts were widespread, anticipating the likelihood that the ladylike silhouettes of late will continue next spring. While this collection would make any ultra-femme a devotee of Yoon and Kim's designs, the rock 'n' roll soundtrack for the show made it clear the Andy & Debb “cupcake” (antiquated slang for “beautiful young woman”) is not a delicate wallflower. Confident, elegant, and original, she struts down Fifth Avenue to the likes of Prince and the Ting Tings.

—Lindsay Weaver



photos by Diana Wong

Accessories

In the Bryant Park tents this Fashion Week, the shoe exhibition laden with Swarovski crystals that paid homage to the iconic ruby slippers from *The Wizard of Oz* foreshadowed what was to be shown on the catwalk. The sparkling, over-the-top tributes were equalled by the show-stopping confectations that designers presented throughout the week, and the days of the It bag seem to be over.

For spring/summer 2009 footwear, bold is in once again. At 3.1 Phillip Lim, Louboutins with slashed cut-outs and sculptural rosettes complemented Lim's intricate but laid-back collection. Derek Lam took a note from Cinderella and put out gold-and-bronze glass heels, while Zac Posen took a more futuristic approach with large, conical heels. Heavy chains, like those on Alexander Wang's rocker-chic, black-leather platform sandal, were very popular, but sweeter options like the ruffles on Lim's pink-snakeskin flat sandals were just as prevalent. Though undeniably tempting, these designs aren't always practical, as was

proven at the Rodarte show when model Abbey Lee took a tumble in her multi-strapped, glass-mosaic platform heels.

Bags are toned down this season to let other accessories shine. Many were functionally chic, such as Ralph Lauren's interpretation of the classic messenger in exotic skins, Marc by Marc Jacobs' layered fanny packs, and Lim's playful spotted bags. Even the queen of popular accessories, Tory Burch, presented patent portfolio clutches and bright but modest shoulder bags. When BCBG and Rock and Republic sent out sober rose-and-black clutches, it became clear that the days of serious handbag hardware are over. Except, of course, where Marc Jacobs is concerned. His main line's clutches and shoulder bags are a surprisingly pleasing mish-mash of various layered punchy prints, tags, and statement chains. So perhaps it's his ethos that best defines the accessories this season. For your foot and arm candy, don't worry too much about following the rules—just be sure to make a strong statement.

—Alex Owens



Touché by an Angel

olympic fencer and grad student has secret to success

BY ASHLEY JAMES

PHOTO BY MOLLY CROSSIN

Michael Phelps, we know you're marvelous. But as far as Columbians are concerned, there are other fish in the Olympic sea. Among the superb athletes who competed in the 2008 Beijing Olympics was one of Columbia College's own, fencer James Williams, CC '07, GSAS '09. Along with his American teammates, he returned stateside silver-medal clad.

"I'm really happy I got to be a part of it," Williams says. "The Olympics is this very, very special thing, something I'll remember for the rest of my life. So it was just amazing."

Williams has fenced since he was 9 years old, originally coming to Columbia as a fencing recruit. And while an athlete at Columbia, he admits that finding the balance between his sport and scholarly pursuits was a challenge.

"Exceedingly tough," he says of the student-athlete lifestyle. "Anybody with a very serious extracurricular, like student government, knows. It's taught me a lot about time management."

"SLEEP WELL, WAKE UP EARLY, PRACTICE, EAT THESE RIDICULOUSLY HEALTHY MEALS," HE SAYS OF THE TIME LEADING UP TO THE OLYMPICS.

But to make it as far as the Olympics, Williams certainly knows a thing or two about dedication.

"Fencing while in school was tough, but what else do you have? I enjoy both thoroughly."

Williams, who is the 26-ranked saber fencer in the world, qualified for the Olympic saber team as an alternate. Arriving in Beijing the week before the competition, he was unsurprisingly subject to as intense a regimen as his higher-ranked teammates.

"Sleep well, wake up early, practice, eat these ridiculously healthy meals," he says of the time leading up to the Olympics. "Everything was sort of geared toward just this competition, the need to prepare for just that event."

And while all that might sound stressful, Williams

not only didn't crack under the pressure, but reflects positively on the strict experience.

"That was actually really fun," he laughs. "I enjoyed it. Even though I know that probably sounds weird."

After upsetting Hungary and Russia, the American team eventually faced France for the gold. And it was against these Athens Olympics winners, who were highly favored to win at Beijing's games, that Williams finally had the chance to draw his sword. He had a close match against the French team's Nicolas Lopez, losing 5-3, against 2008 bronze medalist Julien Pillet a 5-5 draw, and a 5-2 defeat at the hands of Boris Sanson. And while Williams himself didn't win a match, the men's saber team took home the first medal for an American men's fencing team since 1984.

In general, Americans fared well in fencing this Olympics, with American women sweeping

individual women's saber, the American fencing foil team winning silver, and American women's saber team taking home the bronze.

"I'm just fortunate I got the opportunity to play," Williams says. "It was surreal."

In the whirlwind following the team's Olympic triumph, Williams has met Oprah Winfrey and Kobe Bryant, and he even received a key to New York City. But his favorite Olympic moment is certainly more modest.

"Before we got our medals, we were led out to the medal awards area. It was finally time, and I looked into the audience, and I saw my mom and dad smiling. I was just so happy they were there. I felt very close to them at that moment. I had a wonderful time there, but that stands out the most."

Following parental advice ("My mom told me I should always be in school or working"), he is completing his second year in the Slavic studies master's program and will graduate in the spring. After college, he plans on entering the workforce, perhaps with a career in investment banking.

"I love my sport," he says. "It's challenging in so many ways. But right now I'm taking a bunch of time off, like the next two months. I'm really looking forward to this school year. It's a really busy, happy time." ●



James Williams, GSAS '09, is working on his degree in Slavic studies. He wins silver medals in his spare time.

Community (Lip) Service

building a forum for literature, *one story* at a time

BY GIZEM ORBEY

PHOTO BY LINDA CARRION

There's no one right way to serve your nation. Just ask Hannah Tinti, Editor-in-Chief of *One Story*, a tri-weekly literary magazine which she co-founded with Columbia MFA Maribeth Batcha in 2004 and which recently became an official non-profit organization funded by the New York State Council on the Arts. *One Story's* format is simple—a single story, 3–8,000 words long, arrives at subscribers' doorsteps every three weeks. It was chosen, Tinti says, to “celebrate the short story as a work of art by itself,” and—more importantly—to give “a lot of attention to one writer at a time.”

Tinti is a writer herself. Her adventuresome first novel, *The Good Thief*, was released last month to an overwhelmingly positive response by critics and authors alike, winning her repeated comparisons to Charles Dickens and Mark Twain—a seemingly incongruent set of compliments for a young, female author with a hip new lit mag, but one that pinpoints exactly what makes Tinti unique. Take, for example, her reading last Friday at *One Story's* monthly series at Pianos in the East Village, where she narrated her novel against a slideshow backdrop of a cemetery near her hometown in Salem, Massachusetts.

“I like to write things that I am interested in reading, things that are kind of wild and are going to surprise me,” she tells *The Eye*. “That’s the same thing I look for when I look for stories for *One Story*.” To date, the magazine has published 108 issues, 34 of which have been honored by the Best American shortlists and the O. Henry, Fountain, and Pushcart Awards—impressive for a venture that started off “just sort of accidentally, actually.”

“Maribeth approached me because she belonged to a writing group where they would mail each other their stories. She thought there was something wonderful about reading a short story alone, not as part of a larger anthology or magazine, where it’s sort of tainted by what’s around it,” Tinti explains. “We were thinking it would be like a chat book, and about a hundred of our friends would do it, or something—we were just doing it for fun. And then we did it and it took off, and what it really showed me was that there was a void in the market for this kind of magazine.”

Tinti’s experience working at the *Boston Review* and *Atlantic Monthly* helped her recognize her niche. Specifically, she identifies the empty space left by *Story* magazine, which was previously the only top-tier literary magazine among giants such as *The New Yorker* and *Harper’s* to publish first-time authors on a regular basis. Originally founded in 1931, *Story* folded due to financial trouble in the late sixties and was revived in 1989 as a quarterly by F&W Publications’ Richard and Lois Rosenthal, who

had promised the original founder, journalist Whit Burnett, that they would bring it back some day. The magazine published its final issue in 2000, when F&W was sold.

“When *Story* folded at the end of the ’90s, there really wasn’t a place like that around anymore. Other literary magazines can come out and they’re like anthologies, and you’ll flip through them and only really read the writers you know,” explains Tinti. “But our subscribers read every issue, so it [*One Story*] was again giving a lot of attention to sort of a young, up-and-coming writer.” After the *New York Times* ran a piece about *One Story* in March of 2004, the number of subscriptions rose by a thousand the next day. “Then Maribeth and I were like, we can’t stop doing this now, because we really contribute to the community. Even if we wanted to get out of it, I don’t think we could,” says Tinti.

The community portal on the *One Story* Web site reflects the women’s dedication to service. The first paragraph of each issue’s story is teased on the main page, alongside a link to an original author interview. In the sidebars, *One Story* members post photos from events such as the Brooklyn Book Festival and the Pianos Lounge series, and both authors and readers come together to discuss whatever they like on the blog. “I think community is the most important thing,” says Tinti. “And if you want to take from the community, in other words if you want to have your work published, then you have to give back to the community in some way. Because, for the most part, none of us are in it for the money—we’re in it for the love.”

Tinti will be the first to tell you that she has gotten just as much out of *One Story* as she has put into it. In fact, she credits most of her clear, classic storytelling style—which recently led Junot Díaz, who got his own first break in the original *Story*, to call her a “modern day Robert Louis Stevenson”—to the work she’s done for the magazine. “Because I do a lot of work as an editor, my style of writing is very clean, and as straightforward as possible,” she explains.

“I’ve learned a lot from it. I’m working on issue 120 right now, which means I’ve edited 120 writers, working really closely and individually with them,” she says. Among these writers is Mohan Sikka, whose *One Story* piece “Uncle Musto Takes a Mistress” was recently picked for this year’s O. Henry Award. Another, Paul Yoon, published his first-ever story “Once the Shore” in the magazine and found an agent shortly thereafter. “Once the Shore” was later featured in *The Best American*

“IF YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR WORK PUBLISHED, THEN YOU HAVE TO GIVE BACK TO THE COMMUNITY IN SOME WAY.”

Short Stories 2007, and it is now the title story in a forthcoming collection by Yoon, his first book.

Gender equality is another major focus for Tinti, though the examples of Sikka and Yoon also speak to a problem in the writing community as a whole. “Men get recognized a lot faster than women do,” says Tinti. “Particularly young, male writers—a male writer can write, for the most part, one book, and they are suddenly at the level of, you know, Paul Auster and those guys. A woman, it seems, has to write two books, or three books to be considered on that same sort of level in the literary community.”

“That’s something that I’m interested in,” she explains. “*One Story* is run pretty much all by women, and it [gender equality] is one of the things that we wanted to address—it’s one of the things we talk about a lot on our blog.”



The co-founder of *One Story* and an acclaimed author in her own right, Hannah Tinti works to encourage standout new writers.

“It’s not that we favor women writers,” she stresses. “We once we did a count and we’re like 50–50, but most magazines are about 70–30, mostly male.” On a hopeful note, *One Story* author Laura van den Berg was recently chosen for the first-ever Dzanc Prize, which awards \$5,000 to an author volunteering in the community while at the same time trying to complete a manuscript. Perhaps the example set by Tinti will herald a new generation of female author-volunteers and eventually tip the scales of recognition.

In the meantime, since *One Story* has become a 501(c)(3) nonprofit, anyone can get involved. Donations can be made through the Web site, and anyone can subscribe to the yearly package of 18 issues for \$21, or buy the subscription for a friend. Either way, *One Story* proves that it’s possible to serve your community, no matter what business you’re in. ●

Sweet Steals on Wheels

columbia grads bring gourmet to the street

BY SHANE FERRO
PHOTO BY DANIEL YEOW

Picture creamy cheesecake with a slight tang of goat cheese pervading the sweet, thick texture. Add a drizzle of caramel with a hint of rosemary, a savory complement to the flavor of the goat cheese. Precariously balanced on top is a pistachio crisp—the type of finish that characterizes gourmet.

Now imagine this coming from a truck parked on St. Mark's Place, for a mere \$5, between your cheap Indian dinner on Sixth Street and your Friday night bar crawl in the East Village.

Considering its location and hipness, the novelty that is DessertTruck sounds like an idea that would come from NYU. Not so—DessertTruck's origins are much closer to home.

Chris Chen, SEAS '06, Business '08, and Jerome Chang, CC '99, the duo of Columbia grads behind DessertTruck, are set to make some major changes in the way the culinary world views gourmet dessert—a change in price, a change in venue, and a change in accessibility. “The whole idea of the business is to change the perceptions of gourmet food,” Chen says.

Parked on St. Mark's Place and Third Avenue, DessertTruck is bringing gourmet, restaurant-style desserts to the street, and to the people of Greenwich Village, at half the price and with none of the pretension.

The truck is the brainchild of roommates Chen and Chang, who had for years been craving good street food like they had encountered in many parts of Asia. The partners first developed the idea in October 2006. DessertTruck was born nearly a year later, in August 2007.

The premise for the venture is pure genius. Chen, a current MBA candidate with a B.S. in Operations Research, and Chang, a graduate of the French Culinary Institute and former pastry sous chef at the famed Le Cirque, combined their passions and talents

DESSERTTRUCK INFO

Day Location: Park Ave. and 52nd St.
Monday–Friday 12–5 p.m.

Night Location: St. Mark's Place and 3rd Ave.
Monday–Sunday 6 p.m.–closing (usually midnight)

Desserts: \$5 (current special \$6)

to bring tasty treats like figs with mascarpone and lavender syrup to the droves of pedestrians on St. Mark's Place.

The most popular dessert by far is the chocolate bread pudding, which is topped with a rich vanilla crème anglaise. While it remains a staple through the seasons, the latest menu offers the option of bacon crème anglaise, instead of the vanilla, for those adventurous foodies who are up for the sweet/savory combination.

“There is nowhere else to get these kind of desserts,” Chen says.

In the year that DessertTruck has been operating—on University Place before the St. Mark's location, and recently in Midtown during the day—over 30 different recipes have debuted. Every two weeks a new special appears, and over the course of each season, almost the entire menu gets revamped.

The preparation required to present their high-quality desserts is as in-depth as that of a regular restaurant. Chang and four other staff members work at the Midtown kitchen full-time, assembling all desserts in individual serving dishes and readying them for transport.

“We use a special restaurant cream that consumers can't buy,” says Chen, noting the high-quality ingredients. “Nothing we use is cheap.”

Once in the truck, each individual dessert must be kept fresh enough to last through the night. Dishes like molten chocolate cake and chocolate bread pudding go in the warming tray, and dairy-based desserts like the goat cheesecake, mousse, and crème brûlée are refrigerated.

Though made in the kitchen, each dessert is assembled on the line in the truck. Employees caramelize sugar, drizzle caramel, and even mix the truck's own homemade soda to order. Without the space of a normal kitchen, the truck can only accommodate two people comfortably—and even that's a stretch, since there is neither heating nor air conditioning, and the power needed to keep everything going creates a deafening amount of noise.

THE MOST POPULAR DESSERT BY FAR IS THE CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING, WHICH IS TOPPED WITH A RICH VANILLA CRÈME ANGLAISE.

Nevertheless, the care that Chen and Chang have put into bringing pastry to the people is paying off. Despite the fact that, according to Chen, taste comes first and cost comes second, the price tag for desserts has remained \$5 and DessertTruck is an extraordinary success. “We were profitable starting in the second quarter we were open,” Chen says.

And, as any good business student knows, profit means a happy business—and a happy business means cheap gourmet is here to stay. ●



Columbians tired of Mo-Hi's pricey dessert options can find affordable downtown delights at DessertTruck.

Living on a Prayer

discussing religion and homosexuality, on campus and onscreen

BY MELANIE JONES

PHOTO COURTESY OF GAYAVA

“God does not hate them because they are homosexuals,” Rev. Fred Phelps once told the congregation of the Westboro Baptist Church in Topeka, Kan. “They are homosexuals because God hates them.” Today Phelps’ church stands as a lightning rod for the rift between the LGBT community and conservative leaders in the Christian, Muslim, and Jewish communities. Having fought for decades over the “choice” of sexual orientation, both sides have painted the conflict as a black-and-white issue, with little room for compromise or discussion. This is a conclusion, however, that Rob Cary’s *Save Me*, along with a spate of similar films, is attempting to disprove.

Five years ago, films about religion and sexual orientation were few and far between. If any did appear, they resembled the slapstick, caricature-driven comedy of 1999’s *But I’m a Cheerleader!* But since 2003 they have begun to tackle the thorny subject of homosexuality within religion, and following *Brokeback Mountain*, LGBT issues have become more prevalent in mainstream cinema.

Opening Sept. 19, *Save Me* centers on Mark (Chad Allen), a man sent to an ex-gay ministry, Genesis House, to combat his “gay affliction.” When his friendship with mentor Scott (Robert Grant) turns into a romance, the ministry’s convictions are threatened. *Save Me* is unabashedly supportive of gay rights, and its leading actors are both openly homosexual. The attention that the film has received stems largely from its sympathetic portrayal of Genesis House.

Cary’s film is one of many attempting to give a voice to a religious community that has largely been ignored in mainstream cinema. The documentary *For the Bible Tells Me So* features nine conservative Christian families dealing with the process of their

“JUDAISM IS A PART OF MY IDENTITY. AND SO IS BEING GAY.”

children’s coming out. *Trembling Before G-d* scrutinizes homosexuality within the Orthodox Jewish community, and the newly released *A Jihad for Love* features nine Muslims whose sexuality, rather than alienating them from Islam, serves as their own personal jihad, or spiritual struggle.

The painful controversy over the intersection of faith and homosexuality resonates in the Columbia community. Joseph Daniels, CC ’09, who is organizing



Gayava, which means “pride” in Hebrew, has hosted a number of events to foster awareness of LGBT issues in the greater Jewish community.

religion-related events for Queer Awareness Month this year, sees his Catholicism as “the rock to which my life is anchored.” Ira Stup, CC ’09, president of Gayava, Columbia/Barnard Hillel’s LGBT group, says that Judaism “affects the way I live my life, and the decisions I make—it’s a part of my identity.” He adds, “And so is being gay.” There is also dissension on campus. “Homosexuality and Christian living do not go together,” Ender Guerra, CC ’08, says. “Yet God is patient enough to help us repent if we are willing to do change our ways. He loves homosexuals and does not want them to perish.” As Cary says, the devout, be they homo- or heterosexual, have beliefs that go “to the core of their very sense of self.” Consequently, some queer people of faith, feeling forced into leading a double life, sink into deep depression.

The drama *Save Me*, packaged as a traditional tragic-hero narrative, may bring this story to a wider audience than its drier documentary counterparts. One potential audience demographic, unlikely though it may seem, consists of conservative Christians. Many are already intrigued by Cary’s emphasis on balance in his latest film. *But I’m a Cheerleader!* has been criticized for preaching to the converted, and many see the film as counterpropaganda that,

while amusing, fails to address either the conflict for religious homosexuals or the complex beliefs of those struggling to “save” them.

Actors Judith Light and Stephen Lang, portraying the ministers of Genesis House, strive for a more realistic portrait than that created by *But I’m a Cheerleader!*, and the script refuses to present simplified characters. “If it’s concluded that these people [who believe homosexuality is a sin] are fringe lunatics or sadists, then there’s really nothing left to say or to watch,” Cary explains. *Save Me* joins its documentary predecessors in giving a sympathetic voice to both camps.

The past five years of LGBT cinema will not resolve long-standing social conflict. But, as Stup remarks, at least people are talking: “*Trembling Before G-d* opened up a conversation in the Orthodox community. Not that it’s always a positive conversation, but it had opened up a conversation that didn’t exist before.” Even evangelical Web sites like ChristianityToday.com, rather than decrying *Save Me*’s pro-gay stance, focus on the themes of compassion so central to the film. This compassion, Cary asserts, is “the root of any kind of peace between these factions.” It may not be enough to eliminate statements like Rev. Fred Phelps’, but it’s a start. ■

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SAT, FEB 28, 2009

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

SUN, MAR 15, 2009

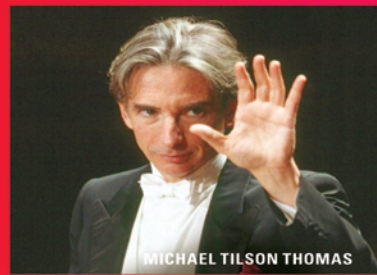
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UTE LEMPERT



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FRI, OCT 24, 2008

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SAT, FEB 14, 2009

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FRI, MAY 15, 2009

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MARIN ALSOP



DANIEL BARENBOIM

GREAT ARTISTS I

Thomas Quasthoff joins Daniel Barenboim and Staatskapelle Berlin for a performance of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* and "Titan" Symphony. Plus, Anne-Sophie Mutter, Lynn Harrell, and André Previn premiere a new work by Previn (four concerts).

SUN, OCT 26, 2008

MAURIZIO POLLINI, Piano

SAT, MAR 28, 2009

IAN BOSTRIDGE, Tenor

JULIUS DRAKE, Piano

WED, APR 22, 2009

THE MUTTER-PREVIN-HARRELL TRIO

WED, MAY 6, 2009

STAATSKAPPELLE BERLIN

GREAT SINGERS I

Musical sensibilities overlap with collaborations between mezzo-soprano Anne Sofie von Otter and jazz pianist Brad Mehldau. Plus, Cecilia Bartoli joins period music specialist Orchestra La Scintilla of Zurich Opera and Jessye Norman pays tribute to the African American musical legacy (four concerts).

WED, FEB 11, 2009

ANNE SOFIE VON OTTER, Mezzo-Soprano

BRAD MEHLDAU, Piano

BENGT FORSBERG, Piano

TUES, MAR 3, 2009

CECILIA BARTOLI, Mezzo-Soprano

MON, MAR 23, 2009

HONOR: THE VOICE

SAT, APR 25, 2009

RENÉ PAPE, Bass

BRIAN ZEGER, Piano



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