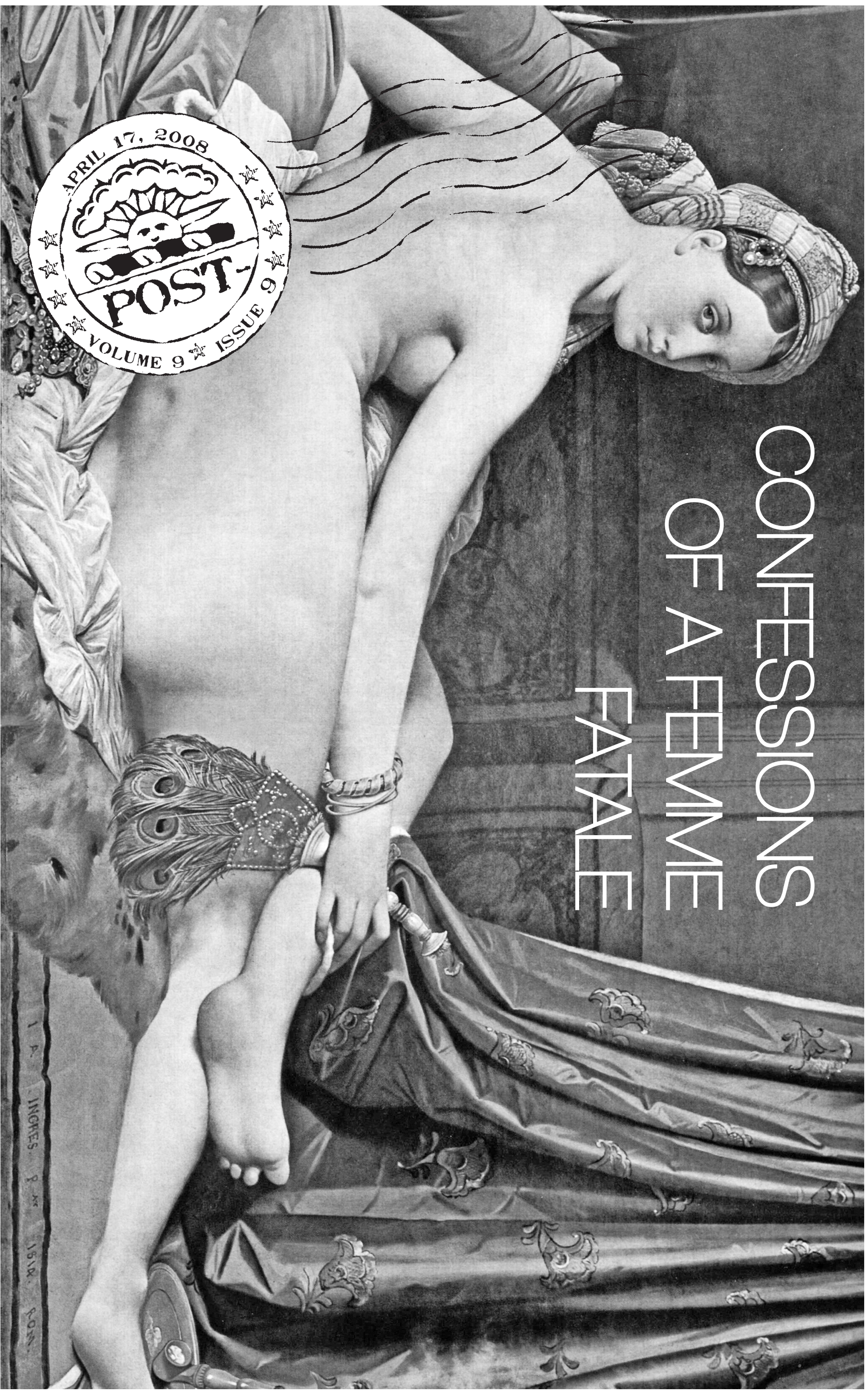


# CONFESSIONS OF A FEMME FATALE





post- is published every thursday in the brown daily herald. it covers art, dining, fashion, film, music, news, theatre and other aspects of culture that pertain to brown university. to contact the post- editorial staff, call 401.351.3372, or e-mail [post.magazine@gmail.com](mailto:post.magazine@gmail.com). letters to the editor are welcomed and should be addressed to the e-mail address above or mailed to post- magazine, 195 angell street, providence, ri 02906. we reserve the right to edit letters for style, clarity and length.

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overheard  
at  
Brown

**Pick up artista:** Do you have a nosebleed? I get those too!  
**Nosebleed guy:** Yeah.  
**Pick up artista:** Did someone punch you or did it just happen, hun?  
**Nosebleed guy:** It just happened.  
-Jo's

**Jewbie:** We played fris-bee today. He worked his tuchus off. His tuchus isn't there. It's off.  
-Machado

**Girl 1:** She's mellowed out a little bit. She used to look like a pixie. A coked out pixie.  
**Girl 2:** It's weird that you know every-one's eating habits.  
**Girl 1:** Haha, I know.  
-The Gate

**Thug:** You're so comfy to sit on this term. Last semester you were so bony.  
-Wriston

**Prof:** That's a very Na-tive American idea.  
**Student:** Well, I am one-tenth Na-tive American.  
-Jo's

**Guy 1:** Can you sign my petition to run for —  
**Guy 2:** I signed yours yesterday.  
**Guy 1:** That was my twin.  
**Guy 2:** You're a son of a bitch.  
-The Ratty

cover by monica huang

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Submit your own! [brownoverheard@gmail.com](mailto:brownoverheard@gmail.com)

photos by matt surka

POST- HOT TEN
10. FINAL CONFLICT, SO UNLOVED, SPRING BREAK, NORTH KOREA, REACTANCE / concert / Fri. 9 p.m. / AS220
9. BLINK / party / Fri. 10 p.m. / Buxton
8. GIN & JEWS PART II / party / Thurs. 10p.m. / Kurrents
7. GRILLIN & CHILLIN/ bbq & concert / Fri. 10p.m. / Wriston
6. ...AND JESUS MOONWALKS THE MISSISSIPPI / play / Thurs. Fri. and Sat. 8 p.m.; Sun 2 p.m. / Leeds Theatre
5. 2008 RISD STUDENT ART SALE/ market / Sat. 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. / Benefit Street
4. TOM BROKAW/ talk / Mon. 6p.m. / Salomon 101
3. BROWN ALUMNI COMEDY SHOW/ stand up / Sat. 10 p.m. / Salomon 101
2. IVY FILM FESTIVAL AFTER PARTY / party / Sat. 10:30 p.m. / Bravo Brasserie; shuttles at Faunce
1. PASSOVER / Sat. / Chag Sameach!



# a good man is hard to find

notes of a femme fatale

by kimberly stickels

"You can't make this stuff up"  
- Anonymous

I languish in a sea of red velvet, pondering ways to satisfy my addiction, plotting my next seduction. Four years at Brown have dwindled down to

rum and coke after another, I started believing you when you whispered things like, "You're the most beautiful girl at Brown. How have I never met you?" into my ear. We went upstairs into your "room" and kissed until someone kicked the door open and you apologized and

The third or fourth time we hooked up you asked me if I'd ever kissed a girl. I answered "no" and then asked you if you'd ever kissed a guy. You said "yes," but swore you were straight. You flew over to Europe to bring me chocolates for Valentine's Day. Later, you



one measly month, and I dread the day when I will receive my diploma and lose my fix! While many of my peers have been chasing good careers, I've spent my time as a *flâneur* about campus, chasing men. My salad days of watching beer pong tournaments unfold in frat basements are long past. My blue jean mini-skirts were traded long ago for the black pants which I squeeze over my hipster butt every Saturday, in native Brown student disguise, to lure the weekend's catch. The Natty Light-soaked memories of yesteryear are coming back to me in an uncontrollable flood, and I feel an intense yearning to divest them of their beer stains before they are forever lost. I reveal my escapades here, for the benefit of the sprightly Brunonian youth of hereafter, in hopes that they can dip from my pool of wisdom. My concentration is Kissing, and this is my thesis. The thesis of my thesis is that the pickings are good, if you know where to look. Unfortunately, I haven't quite figured that out yet....

## The Junior at the Freshman Orientation Dance

You were the first guy I met at Brown. I asked you embarrassing questions while we were grinding like "Do most students drink here?" and "What are your extracurriculars?" Later at the activities fair I put my name on the Brown Television Listserv in hopes of running into you but I never went to any of the meetings.

## The Deceiver

We met at a DPhi cocktail party. You were cute and told me not to hold it against you that you were a fraternity brother. As I imbibed one

told me it wasn't your bed. You told me not to worry, the guy who lives in the room was "an asshole." You just didn't want to walk all the way to Wicken-den Street, to your off-campus apartment. You asked to use the bathroom in my room and peed without closing the door. I kicked you out and when I Facebooked you I learned you had graduated the year before and were up for the weekend from New York City where you worked in i-banking.

## The Neurotic

My relationship. We did couple-ly things like going to Newport and trying to rip each others' hair out. I used to send you angsty e-mails which misused big words like "effulgence." You told me I "sucked all of the joy out of life." We were madly in love, once, but I'm not sure why.

## The [Guitar] Player

You were tall, sensitive and liked indie music. You sat under a tree on the main green and played covers of songs I'd never heard of. We went on dates at Coffee Exchange and talked about sustainable agriculture. You could get almost any girl at Brown, and you did. Including my roommate's friend.

## The Winter Break Hometown Boy

Phrases like "What's the story, morning glory?" and "Alrighty" were part of your daily vernacular. Your obsessions included swords and the martial arts. You were taking a course at the local community college. You're still calling me trying to figure out why I don't answer your MySpace messages.

## The Vag-Virg

made out with your friend, the Upper Crust (see below), while we were on a three-way date. You broke my gaydar and never bought me a replacement.

## The Older Man

We met consulting the London underground map during a train delay. You asked me how old I was; I answered 21. You said you graduated in 1994. I didn't want to know if that was from high school or college. You invited me to ride on the back of your Maserati on a business trip to Paris. You knew about expensive wines and 401k's. Afterwards I wondered if it was possible to catch an STD in my eye.

## The Poet

We met in the basement of a pub, where we both read our poetry. All of your friends dropped acid and were obsessed with *Moby Dick*. You considered England the 51st state and yourself an American. You severed your mind-body connection because it was such a drag having to keep them in the same place at once. You stopped calling after I showed you my Mischa Barton-auto-graphed Keds.

## The Upper Crust; later, "Pisser"

Your mother had a seldom used apartment in Notting Hill which we co-opted. You once had a breakdown in the subway surrounded by "the f'ing Pro-LEH-Tariot!" We suppered at your private club and played croquet in your house garden at Oxford. We roved the streets of South Kensington smoking joints while you wore your Eton cufflinks. Your tongue mounted

men pg. 6

# creative control

Facetime

by collen brogan

Just when you thought you had your fill of Spring Weekend festivities, flashbacks, and not-so-pleasant photo tags on Facebook, BCA co-director Cash McCracken '08 gives voice to his own favorite moments from the best seat in the house. Cash was accommodating enough to answer some plaguing questions left over from the weekend, such as why the M.I.A. sirens and gunshots could not be turned off (I don't know about you, but his explanation was the last thing reverberated in my poor eardrums before going into the equivalent of a cardiac arrest).

## What was your favorite part of the weekend?

Definitely the BCA tradition — during the last song of the concert on Saturday, everyone goes right up next to the stage and looks up. It was really great this year because the song was "Paper Planes."

## My favorite part of the show definitely had to be when all of the Brown students danced on stage with Girl Talk — those were Brown students, right?

(Laughs) Yes, they were. Before the show started, Dave (Horn, co-director of BCA) and I went around with wristbands and gave them to random people, telling them to go to the roped off section when Umphrey's McGee ended. We let 20 to 25 people up on stage at a time, and believe me, security was a little nervy about the entire situation. But that's what's so great about these

complete legend, it's sad that we don't even get to see him. On Sunday from 12 to 5 we break down the stage from the concerts.

## A lot of people have been talking about the M.I.A. sound quality, or lack thereof. And Girl Talk sounded so good! What input did the BCA have in this decision?

Every artist contract includes the Creative Control Clause — basically means that the artist has full control over quality, display, show, performance and also sound. It's uncontrollable, basically, from our end. The sound booth company kept trying to regulate the sound slightly, and the M.I.A. mixer would keep turning it up. Also, being on stage you hear a very different level, because it's through the monitors. The sound wasn't ideal, but I still thought the M.I.A. performance was awesome.

## If you could change one thing about this weekend, what would it have been?

There are always little things, or not so little — like artists showing up 10 minutes before their set, but you know you just have to be ready for it and know that it will all turn out well. Looking back I really wish we had increased the security around our (BCA's) dressing room. We had a bunch of stuff stolen — signed posters from the artists, and things that the artists gave us.

## When will the planning start for Spring Weekend 2009?

For me, as a senior, this is the end. I head to London next year. But for the people returning, it will be a couple weeks of rest, and then the fall show will have to start being planned during the summer. It's a constant negotiation; basically it has to start right away because you rarely get the artists you initially want.

## Are you planning to make a return appearance?

I'll be in London, but I'll definitely do my best! BCA loves to bring its alumni back for Spring Weekend, and I'm excited to see who

they will bring, and wish them the best of luck.

Last chance to get interviewed for *Facetime* this spring is coming up NEXT WEEK! Better send your requests to Colleen\_Brogan@brown.edu, or she might do something really meta and interview herself.



concerts, because they really are our concerts, not their (security's) concerts.

## How involved is BCA in bringing Dave Binder to Spring Weekend?

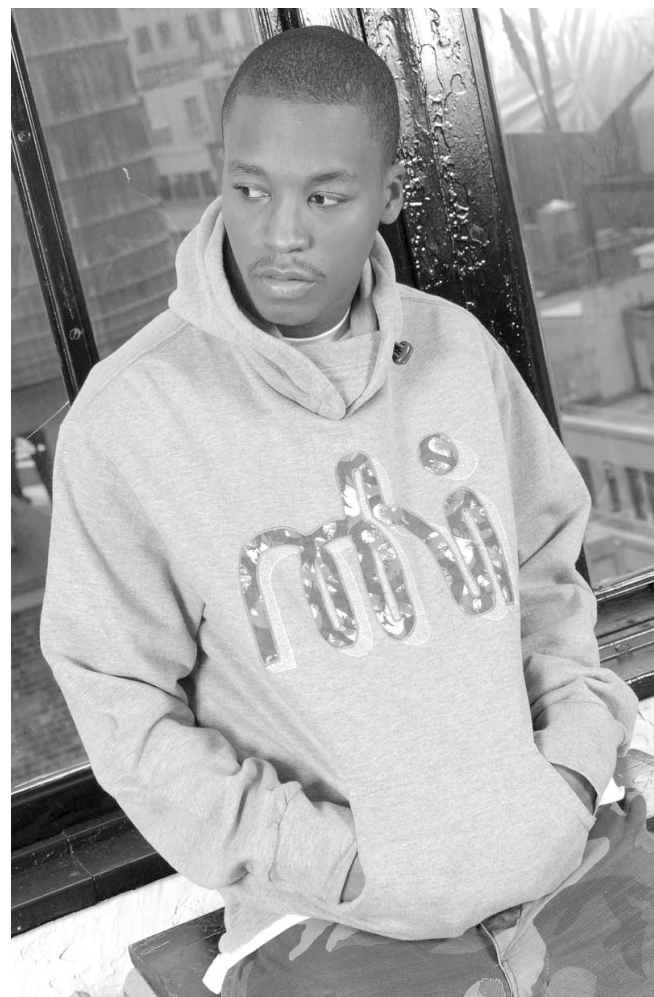
Dave Binder is actually brought in by Greek Council. He's been coming for the past 25 to 30 years and is a



## the odd couple

lupe ramps it up

by eva kurtz-nelson



albums. Even so, Vampire Weekend ended up being the perfect warm-up for Lupe: they certainly didn't upstage him, but they held their own. The band had sound and energy that no one who's heard their catchy but anemic self-titled debut would expect. Drummer Chris Tomson was loud, driving and everything a good drummer should be. "A-Punk" sounded like it might actually have some punk in it, while "I Stand Corrected" was transformed from a nice ballad into a power anthem.

Lead singer and guitarist Ezra Koenig's vocals were also significantly more energetic and unique than they are on *Vampire Weekend*, and his stage presence was as casual and friendly as the dorky sweaters sported by several band members.

While Vampire Weekend has some great songs, with only one album out they're forced to play some duds (for example, the only interesting part of "Blake's Got a New Face" was the name), and these unmemorable songs fell flat. Still, for a nice-but-bland band like Vampire Weekend this Spring Weekend performance was a truly impressive showing.

While Vampire Weekend put on a solid show, Lupe Fiasco was definitively the real attraction of Friday night. With the help of one side man and a DJ, Lupe put on a straightforward show that was consistently enthralling and fun. The focus was squarely on his clever rhymes, with the beats and hooks occasionally omitted. Hooks have never been Lupe's strong point, especially when it comes to the mostly aggressively un-catchy choruses on his most recent album *Lupe Fiasco's The Cool*, so not much was lost. Lupe is a true performer, executing skateboard jumps and tricky hand movements while looking like he's having even more

fun than the audience. Stage banter rarely overstayed its welcome and featured an apology for the materialism in "Gold Watch" and a short but fervent speech encouraging political consciousness and action.

Lupe's flow is almost as good as his lyrics, whether it's slow and sexy on "Paris, Tokyo" or hyperspeed on the aptly named "Go Go Gadget Flow." He raced through a big, loser-free set of songs from both of his albums, sometimes switching up the beats like on "Sunshine" or lacing together shorter sections of songs. His breakout song "Kick, Push" sounds as fresh as new hits like the crowd favorite "Superstar." The Grammy-winning "Daydreamin'" was a fantastic encore — ending an enjoyable, professional performance.

## m\*a\*s\*h and mash-ups

girl talk wins over m.i.a.'s war

by eva kurtz-nelson

Girl Talk and M.I.A. are both innovators, and their Spring Weekend performances were showcases for the quirkiness that helped make them successful artists. But only one of their performances was actually successful. Girl Talk is a mashup artist, and as such he taps into the simple pleasures of hearing familiar music tweaked to make it as hedonistically danceable as possible. His show is far more about the music than about the spectacle — unless you're incredibly enthralled by a dude holding up an iPod with a bunch of people dancing next to him — and he certainly delivers. While it could be difficult to recognize where the specific beats that Girl Talk used came from, his vocals and melodies were far more identifiable and provided a massive amount of fun. Drawing primarily from pop and hip-hop, notable vocal hits included samples from Lil' Mama's "Lip Gloss" and Elton John's "Tiny Dancer." Even when neither the beat nor the

tell who exactly M.I.A. was attempting to please with her performance. For some unidentifiable reason, her entire set was punctuated with sirens, the sounds of dropping bombs, and ear-splitting gunshots. The first five were



cool. The next five were tolerable. The other five hundred were completely uncalled for. If they had any sort of point beyond being obnoxious and attention-getting, it was lost. A brief open letter to Ms. Maya Arulpragasam: You like gunshots. *We get it.* Sincerely, Brown University.

It's true that M.I.A. is a massively talented artist with brilliant, catchy melodies and lyrics. However, she ruined much of her appeal by stretching intros out to interminable lengths and simply wasting time between songs. When songs are extended or delayed, there's a fine line between creating suspense and frustrating the audience, and M.I.A. repeatedly crossed this line. The show incorporated a certain amount of what was meant to be provocative political rhetoric, but muddy acoustics and unclear messages made it difficult to pinpoint exactly what she was saying. For example, when one of her dancers led the crowd in a largely context-free chant of "Where were you in '92?" most of the young crowd was



probably thinking "Preschool?" While M.I.A.'s set was often aggravating, there were some bright spots. The on-stage videos that accompanied every song were truly artistic, eye-catching and appealing, and the set featured some excellent dancing and dynamic performances from M.I.A. and her backup. The portions of songs that most closely resembled the album tracks were unimpeachably, especially big hits like "Galang," "Boyz" and the rapturous encore of "Paper Planes." Unfortunately, although M.I.A. is a great artist, she hasn't yet learned how to be a great performer. While musicians rely on creativity, M.I.A.'s show performance proved that there's something to be said for restraint.

Girl Talk's show was all about pleasing the crowd, but it was hard to

## what everyone should love

tears for fears' hidden gem

by bob short

Nearly two decades after "Shout" and a long while since anyone cared, Tears for Fears' *Everybody Loves a Happy Ending* hit stores in 2004. Far from the sound of '80s has-beens cashing 20-year-old glories, the album is overfilled with power pop, and is better song for song than almost any album since *Abbey Road*. From the hyperactive wake-up call of the title track to the Marvin Gaye-inspired gentle funkiness of "Last Days on Earth," the English duo of Roland Orzabal and

Curt Smith put every note, chord, and harmony in the right place. Sure, stuff like this doesn't take many chances, but when the results are this beautiful, who is to fault them? Despite getting on the soundtrack of *Fever Pitch*, the album did not chart on these shores (the curse of Jimmy Fallon strikes again). Four years later and still no sequel, but fans in the know will always have this 55-minute gem. Buy the album if you don't believe me, and you won't regret it — I promise.



# seventh heaven

Fledgling festival is cloud nine for cineastes

by patrick martin-tuite

For the upcoming Ivy Film Festival, only in its seventh incarnation, it appears that the program staff has really outdone itself. Just check out the list of heavyweights spending time on College Hill this weekend: Martin Scorsese, Oscar-winning director of *Taxi Driver* and *The Departed*. Tom Rothman '76, Co-Chairman of Fox Filmed Entertainment (and thus, one of the most powerful figures in Hollywood business). Simon Kinberg '95, screenwriter of *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. Talented, up-and-coming filmmakers like Ari Gold, Tao Ruspoli and Jonathan Levine '00... the list goes on.

Not to distract from the mass of student filmmakers arriving just as soon as the pre-frosh depart, of course. Here to present 30 films, covering everything from animated bridges falling in love to a documentary about Iraq War veterans, the filmmakers in attendance are considered the best of contemporary student filmmaking. They will not only have the chance to chat with their peers, but also the opportunity to learn directly from their idols about the creative and business sides of filmmaking.

The two panels this Saturday, covering screenwriting

and directing, reveal just how well-respected the Ivy Film Festival has become, even in its infancy. While young filmmakers like Ari Gold and Jonathan Levine reflect the new voices emerging in independent cinema, estab-

## Highlights:

Thursday

**8:00 p.m.** MacMillan 117: Screening of *Fix*, followed by Q&A with director Tao Ruspoli.

**10:30 p.m.** MacMillan 117: Pre-Release Screening of *Reprise*.

Friday

**9:00 p.m.** Salomon 101: Pre-Release Screening of "Adventures of Power", followed by Q&A with writer/director/actor Ari Gold.

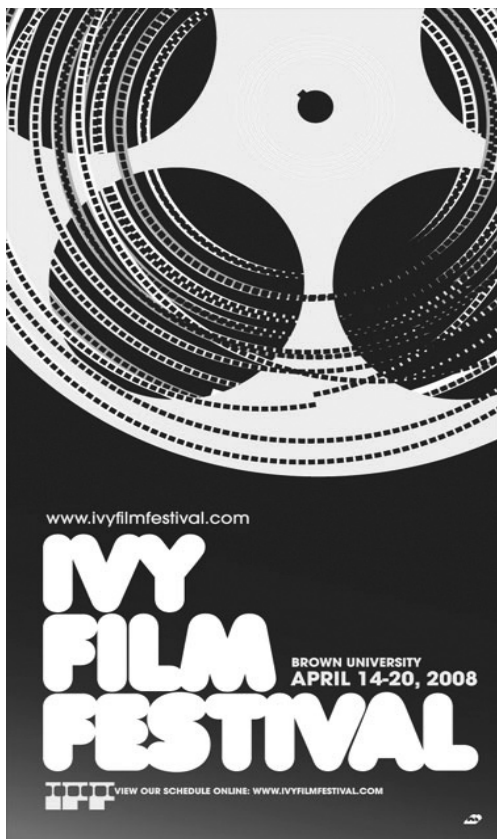
Saturday

**11:00 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.** Salomon 001: Screenwriting Panel. Moderated by Michael Costigan and featuring Simon Kinberg, Ari Gold, David Arata, and Michael Corrente.

**12:30 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.** Salomon 001: Directing/Producing Panel with Ari Gold, Tao Ruspoli, Jonathan Levine, Michael Corrente, Michael Costigan, and Hart Perry.

**3:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.** Salomon 101: A Masterclass with Martin Scorsese. Moderated by John Leshner.

**8:00 p.m.** Sayles Hall: Awards Ceremony featuring Keynote Speaker Tom Rothman, Co-Chairman of Fox Filmed Entertainment.



lished directors and producers are also in the mix, including Rhode Island native Michael Corrente, who has the Buddy Cianci biopic on his plate. It isn't quite Sundance, but it's basically a young filmmaker's paradise.

# film phenom

the song of j.d. nasaw

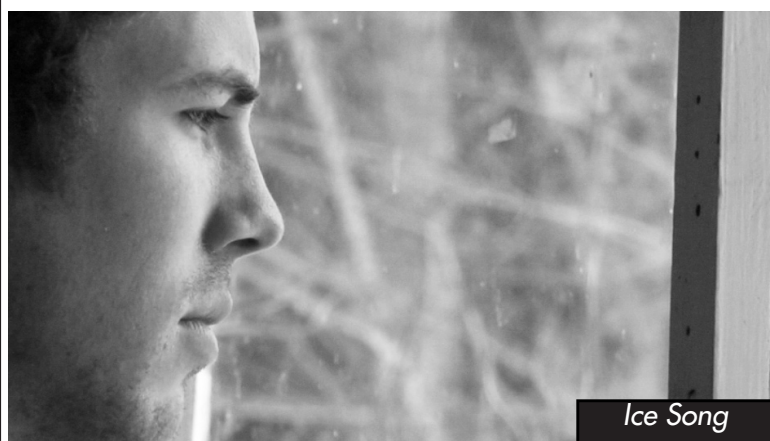
by patrick martin-tuite

**What inspired you to make *Ice Song*? It's not a typical short film.**

I have done a lot of theater at Brown, and one experiment I did back in September involved casting actors without a pre-written script and then writing the script during the rehearsal process, based on the personalities of the cast. Since that play and that method of working was very rewarding, it inspired the creation of a similar project. Also, when I took time off during

Is it just me, or have there been very few active filmmakers at Brown recently? Is it more than a myth that the Admissions Office has been redirecting potential filmmakers to RISD? Or have our peers been secretly hiding their film projects, waiting to unleash them when the time is right?

I'm not sure, but perhaps there are others like J.D. Nasaw '08.5, a Literary Arts concentrator who has primarily involved himself in theater and playwright-



Ice Song

ing while at Brown yet still found the time to make a short film. *Ice Song*, his debut film shot entirely in Pomfret, Vermont, last winter break, is being shown on Friday at the Ivy Film Festival as one of two films representing Brown (the other being *The Face*, which premiered at the Avon last month). Since I had the opportunity to work with J.D. on this project, I took the time to sit down with him and reflect on his film.

my sophomore year, I worked on some film stuff — internships at Killer Films in New York and two television production companies, along with a filmmaking workshop in L.A. I've been busy with theater at Brown since then, but after the completion of the play in September, I was eager to see if its unique creative process would work for a film setting.

**What were your biggest**

j.d. nasaw pg. 6

# lost in the shuffle

oft-forgotten favorites of j.j. abrams

by melanie duch

I should start by saying I don't watch "Lost" often. Also, I never watch it by choice. This is not because I think the show is banal — in fact, I'm sure that it is not. I am all too familiar with the dumbfounding talent of J.J. Abrams, the producer/creator/writer/sometimes-director of "Lost." In fact Abrams is the reason I defend television as art, and if you watch "Lost," you probably have a strong inkling why.

Since that critically-acclaimed series began in 2004, Abrams has earned quite a few dedicated followers — most of the "Lost" devotees I know saw the inane *Cloverfield* solely because he produced it, and I can only hope that they regret it. When I try to explain to these friends why they should give "Alias" or "Felicity" a shot, though, I mostly get confused looks. There are a lot of reasons this could be. Most of the show's fans I know, being male, hesitate to watch a show with a strong female protagonist. Furthermore, "Lost" showcases a fresh cast with a multiplicity of characters that "Alias" and "Felicity" lack. Still, the fact remains that Abrams had complete creative control for both shows, and they deserve more than a flippant dismissal from "Lost" fans.

"Felicity" ran on the teen-oriented

WB network from 1998 to 2002 and was Abrams' first television series.

Although often dismissed by many as a vapid, interpersonal melodrama, "Felicity" garnered much acclaim for Keri Russell's Golden Globe-winning



portrayal of the eponymous lead. The show quickly achieved a rare restrained complexity — a feat that can partly be attributed to Russell's talent and partly to the show's writing. The script created a quiet vulnerability for its young protagonists that permeated every scene and offered no easy answers to the questions it posed. It did not speculate on or demand

essential characteristics of its characters, choosing instead to let them evolve in subtle ways through the small moments of their college lives. In "Felicity" we can also see some of the incipient mysticism that is so integral to "Alias" and "Lost"

through the ambiguous use of one character's Wiccan spells to further plotlines.

"Alias," however, marks a sharp departure from the muted coffee-house drama of "Felicity." Running from 2001 to 2006 and starring Jennifer Garner (in arguably her best work to date) as Sydney Bristow, a graduate student and elite CIA double agent struggling to lead a normal life, "Alias" is an intelligent drama with cinematic fight scenes and poignant, humanized characters. Although she is certainly not the first female action hero and largely conforms to oft-deployed female action hero representations

(Garner's appearance was as much a weapon for the fictional Bristow as it was for ABC), Bristow is undoubtedly one of the better ones.

The Emmy and Golden Globe winning-show, besides making near-death situations irresistibly sexy, portrays the world's intellectual aristocracy and its cult-like quest for the inventions of a fictional 15th-century prophet named Milo Rambaldi. As it is slowly revealed that she is at the center of his most important and cryptic prophecy, an ever-incredulous Bristow ignores these warnings and is instead motivated by altruism and a desire to return to a safe civilian life. Similarities to "Lost" include its use of weekly cliffhangers and its intricate, overarching and sometimes grandiose plotlines, some of which were introduced in the pilot and not resolved until the finale. Although the show had significant failures throughout its run, most notably its Season 3 dismissal of Bristow's civilian life in favor of a darker, more action-filled show, "Alias" creates an intoxicating world of espionage with "Lost's" better qualities — suspense, mystery and mythology. And while it is rare to see such an intelligent, sardonic, and capable female lead anywhere in

j.j. abrams pg. 6



dude. food. pg. 7

raspberries, blended pecans or walnuts). A homemade vinaigrette is not only easy and cheap, but can really make the difference in a meal that you serve to guests. Just whisk together your ingredients in a bowl (or blend in a food processor) and keep adding until the proportions taste right. Vinaigrettes are also a great place to experiment with some unexpected flavors (berries, rosemary, chiles) or to include an ingredient that holds your meal together thematically.

Salads, despite their image, are not reserved solely for dieting girls and Alex Rodriguez. They are a great vehicle for healthy proteins and fats such as tuna, avocados, nuts, grilled meats and eggs (we refuse to mention tofu in this column — if you want to eat cold chalk, be our guest, but we certainly won't condone it). The dressings can be made in bulk and saved for weeks at a time, brought out to warm an hour or so before serving and are always available to top any greens or veggies you may have sitting around. Even less traditional toppings, like potatoes drowned in olive oil and oven-roasted until crispy, can make a full meal of a salad. A salad need not be an orgiastic whirlwind of ingredients either; sometimes as few as three simple components can elegantly bring together the proper combination of texture and flavor (bitter greens, pomegranate seeds and sliced almonds form a wonderful example). Even not-so-fresh ingredients can have their place — cube stale bread, rub with garlic and bake to make croutons, or toast questionably-fresh nuts until flavorful.

The glory of spring lies in the exhibitionist pleasure one can take from dining outside. Whether amongst the hipsters on the Faunce steps or observing randos outside the Ivy Room, Brown students are no strangers to getting some sun while they chow down. Despite sometimes awkward sitting positions and the ever-present danger of dripping on your J. Crew khaki shorts (if a better pair of shorts has ever been made we've yet to find it), there's nothing better than enjoying the simultaneous pleasures of

sandwiches, nice weather and people-judging. On campus, your best bet is an Ivy Room sandwich (if you have the time let the person behind you skip ahead and wait for Dulce; the woman is a vision). Blue Room sandwiches are pre-made, overrated and expensive — if you really need the **facetime** on the Main Green, join the early crowd and grab a toasted everything bagel and an iced coffee. Though the Brown edition of this beverage tastes alternately of beef jerky and cigarette butts roasted in vodka, it is nonetheless the drink of spring.

Spring is a time to awaken your senses, and although we too often forget the effect food can have on us mentally as well as physically, it's important to remember that variety in your diet is as necessary as in other facets of life, and an interesting meal can really spice up your week.

men pg. 3

a full-on attack of my mouth whenever we kissed. Later in the summer, you took me on vacation in New York and bought make up for yourself at Bergdorf's. When you visited me at New Dorm, you didn't want to walk to the bathroom so you peed out the window. In the morning I found some yellow drops on my ledge and bit your pieces off. You called me 31 times on my birthday but I didn't pick up. I never told you I was a Lib-Dem. I hear you're goth now....

The Friend of a Friend.

I visited my friend's college and she took me to the Jewish frat, where we met. You asked me if I had ever tried Jack Daniel's and we ended up making out in the backyard. The next day I awkwardly ran into you on the metro escalator, still wearing the same outfit and make up from the night before. You were cute, why haven't you called?

The Music Snob

Variation of #5, the [Guitar] Player. You kicked me out of the bed when I couldn't sing the last lyric of Venus in Furs. You liked '60s art-rock, I'd only heard of '60s alt-rock. Our differences proved irconcilable.

The Younger Man

Ashton and Demi got married so what's wrong with a senior and a sophomore? A lot of things...

The Southerner

We met at a wedding in Atlanta. You were a junior at Southern University. I asked you what people

do around here, you answered, "Git fuwcked up" and laughed like a monkey. I turned you down when you invited me to an after-party at your place.

What's His Name

You were the guy I made out with at that party last week. I asked you your name three times but I still don't remember. I think we had an MCM class together.

Guy at the Rock who works for the Indy

We "made eyes" in the 20th century philosophy stacks. You (look) like my "type." I (don't) know your name. Or your "number." Can I (de)construct your clothes off?

The Friend Crush

Does this job offer any benefits?

The Normal

You were really nice but I just wasn't attracted.

A defense and cocktail reception are scheduled for Sunday, at 2 o'clock, in the department of Sexuality and Society.

i.j. abrams pg. 5

the media, it is even rarer to see one in such a high-quality show. Although "Alias" was not perfect and the plotlines (sometimes years in the making) were sometimes difficult to track, if you appreciate the feeling you get when everything you thought you knew about a show is repeatedly turned upside down in the last two minutes of an episode, then you probably need to watch "Alias."

Although I, like many "Alias" fans, will probably never forgive Abrams for abandoning "Alias" in favor of "Lost," I remain hopeful that "Lost" fans will be able to someday appreciate the early annals of Abrams' career. Abrams is redefining television for our generation and it would be a shame if "Felicity" and "Alias" remain overlooked.

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was invented by the Royal Navy as an anti-scurvy measure and boosted by Raymond Chandler novels. The original recipe calls for equal parts gin and Rose's lime juice, shaken with ice, strained into a glass and topped with a lime wedge. But that's a little sweet for modern tastes, and the modern recipe uses two-and-a-half ounces of gin and half an ounce of Rose's, prepared the same way.

If you've got a hankering for bourbon, try it on the rocks — two ounces of good sipping bourbon (Jim Beam, for example, or Knob Creek), served over lots of ice. Or if you'd like something more elaborate, try an Old-Fashioned. Mix a sugar cube (or its equivalent) with three dashes of Angostura bitters and add a strip of lemon peel (called lemon zest), a slice of orange and a cherry. Muddle it all together and add ice along with two-and-a-half ounces of bourbon. Top with club soda.

And don't forget that classic James Bond martini. The original recipe in Ian

Fleming's *Casino Royale* called for three parts Gordon's gin, one part vodka and half a part Kina Lillet, a now-extinct bitter wine aperitif, shaken until ice-cold. But the modern vodka martini will work just as well — take one-and-a-half ounces of vodka and three-quarters of an ounce of vermouth, shake (or stir) with ice and strain into a martini glass. Top it off with a couple of olives, and you've taken the first step to living out your dreams of being an international spy.

So impress your friends by serving up some classy drinks this weekend, and drink responsibly.

j.d. nasaw pg. 5

influences?

Really, the biggest influence was Vermont itself. We took the cast and crew up there for six days, and I didn't start writing until we arrived, just two days before we started filming. We worked at a friend's house up in Pomfret, completely surrounded by nature, not really knowing what would come out of it or what the weather would be like. I do think my desire to capture the Vermont environment at that moment, with those certain people and those conditions, really came through in the finished film. Gus Van Sant was probably the biggest influence on this project as far as other filmmakers, and I actually brought *My Own Private Idaho* and *Last Days up to Vermont* to inspire me. A lot of times I find influences afterwards that I never intended, like the narration in this film which seems to be straight out of *Days of Heaven*.

Did you discover anything new about yourself?

The project was very much about the creative process, and for me, relearning how to make a film. Also, since I was trying out new methods of working, I didn't know what advantages or pitfalls it would have. I learned a lot about what I would want the next time I make a film; next time I will definitely bring in more rehearsal time and more location scouting, especially after seeing how much of a story can come directly out of the location. It also just made me realize how much I love making a film, how much I enjoy working with people that I really like. It's not something I get to do too often at school.

What's been the reaction to it?

I haven't shown it to that many people! My parents saw it over spring break, and they both really loved it. My father's immediate reaction was, "What does it mean?" That's what his reaction has been to most of my work — and he's been a big influence on my work, he's really inculcated a love of film in me. He attends movies to be entertained, to lose himself, though, so when he doesn't immediately understand the meaning of a project, it can be challenging.

Do you see yourself still making films in five, 10 years?

Yeah, absolutely. I'm interested in so many different areas of the arts, and even though it's hard not to dive right into one discipline, I don't want to limit myself to one track. I've known for a while that I want filmmaking to be a part of my life.

As long as I have a camera, I will continue to use it.

What's your next project?

I have this tendency to get very passionate about different arenas, and right now I'm really fascinated and attracted by documentary and nonfiction film. Eventually, I'd like to shoot a film in Providence; I have some ideas going.

Can I help out?

We'll see what happens.

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# tried and true

ben's super-classy booze column

by ben leubsdorf

It's one of the classic moments in cinema: James Bond has been kidnapped and is being flown to the United States on Auric Goldfinger's private jet, when the ever-considerate supervillain sends a stewardess to offer the spy a cocktail. "A martini. Shaken, not stirred," Bond orders. The line from 1964's *Goldfinger* was the first time in the movies Bond ordered his distinctive cocktail, and in 2005 the American Film Institute named it the 90th-best movie quote of all time.

There's really no one classier than James Bond — the tuxedos, the womanizing, the one-liners — but go ahead and try to order his drink at a bar, and you'll feel a little silly. "A vodka martini, shaken not stirred" has entered our lexicon so linked with a fictional character and so elevated to cliché status, that it feels strange to actually order it in public. Try it and you'll feel the need to smile and shrug, as you'll likely recognize that your drink preference is just a little ridiculous.



But classic drinks are classics for a reason — they've stood the test of time and decades of changing tastes. Today we're in a golden age of booze as firms and enterprising individuals create new types of liquor and mix new cocktails on a daily basis (and the Web

allows them to be shared easily and widely). Still, there should be a place for the classics — something that's been on my mind more and more as graduation approaches, and I realize that someday I'll be drinking with co-workers, not other college students. Choosing something classy may someday take precedence over drinking something strong and cheap.

So get ahead of the curve: buy a cocktail shaker with a strainer, an ice tray and some glasses that aren't Solo Cups, and try some of these timeless cocktails.

The French 75 is named after a World War I-era artillery piece and is a good idea if you have a sweet tooth. Shake an ounce of gin, half an ounce of lemon juice and a teaspoon of sugar with ice, and strain the mix into a glass or champagne flute. Top it off with champagne, about five ounces of it, and garnish with some orange peel if you'd like. The result is fizzy, tart, sweet — and delicious.

Do you sometimes feel like either a sailor or a film noir detective? If so, try the classic and simple Gimlet — it

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# love in the time of calamity

meehan's new play flirts with disaster

by kelly mckowen

Charlotte Meehan, a two-time Alpert Award nominee and playwright-in-residence at Wheaton College, has been working since 2006 on a new play, and on April 25 the public will have the opportunity to experience its world premiere at the Perishable Theatre in Providence.

Described by the Perishable as a "multimedia play" because of it uses both live action and animation, *Sweet Disaster* promises to be an original and interesting look into the experiences of love and loss. Press materials describe it as a play that "... distills those moments of before, between, and after a disastrous event into one conversation between the love that remains and the one who has departed."

The two provocative questions found at the beginning of this article, also included in press materials and advertising for the play, clearly challenge potential audience members to think critically about love in the face of tragedy and catastrophe. One must wonder, however, if these questions, which seem to posit the world in

Ms. Meehan looks at us in our state of ruin, knowing we can all feel exiled from our homes, our language and our instinct to play and create. She uses her prowess in research and in mixed media, music, language and imagistic playwriting to wake us to



a Hobbesian sense, signal a potential limited perspective in *Sweet Disaster's* approach to its themes. Does Meehan really believe "all life is destined for a tragic outcome?"

Though details at this time about the play's actual plot are scarce, statements made by those related to the production give a pretty good idea of what to expect. Director and Perishable resident artist Ken Prestinanzi, when speaking about the play, has said, "Some of us get stuck on a sentence while trying to solve the crisis of our lives. Some of us turn to escapist hobbies or perversions for pleasure.

the possibility of being engaged in the act of creating our cultural hopes and pleasures. Her play is big hearted and brings sorrow forward rather than leaving it behind with loss, so that we may continue to love despite disaster."

One can easily tell from Prestinanzi's words that Meehan has written an ambitious play that will give audiences much to ponder. Though some may have reservations about how *Sweet Disaster* may potentially explore its themes, it is more than likely that a play that successfully reconciles love and hope with disaster will find an enthusiastic audience. Any theatergoer who truly wonders about how love can exist in a world of tragedy should definitely check out the premiere or any of the shows during the upcoming run.

Tickets will be available at [www.artixri.com](http://www.artixri.com) and will be \$10 for the "previews shows" on April 25, 26 and 27 and \$20 general admission, \$15 student admission for all others. Discount rates are available for groups of six or more. The production runs from April 25 to May 11. Other details can be found at the Perishable Theatre's website, [www.perishable.org](http://www.perishable.org).

# taste buds in bloom

dude. food.

by ted lamm and alex logan

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape, give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

-Song of Solomon (ch. II, v. 11-12)

Somewhere between drinking for the first three days of the week and going commando for the next four, you begin to get that feeling — spring is definitely in the air. Though a liquid diet can generally serve your purposes for the rest of this semester, spring is also a great time to rediscover fresh flavors and bring your taste buds out of their winter hibernatory cave of Jo's wraps and Jose's "fake ID" wisecracks at the Ratty. The wonderful versatility of salads, continual usefulness of citrus and glory of eating outside (rather than defending your takeout container from the freezing rain like a she-wolf protecting her young) all make this season a good time to experiment with many substances, not the least of which is food.

Whether you have a grill available or not, simple marinated meats can be a perfect canvas for all sorts of meals. Place chicken breast in a plastic bag with olive oil, salt and pepper, cilantro and grapefruit juice, refrigerate for a couple of hours, then pan-fry and serve with a mango chutney over rice. Fruit chutneys like this are a versatile way to add color, freshness, and flavor and can turn grilled meat or fish into a wonderfully simple meal. Simply chop the fruit in question (mango, pineapple, melon, pear ...) and combine it with some chopped onion, cilantro, cumin, heat (chopped jalapeños or hot sauce), an acid (citrus or vinegar), a little oil and any other flavors you want (finely diced ginger or mint work nicely).



Or, try rubbing some flank steak in coriander chutney and lime juice and serving it over a salad. Any sort of simple vinaigrette will do, but make sure to follow a few key points: always include some sugar (brown sugar and honey work best) and always add an extra touch of flavor (Dijon mustard,

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# fantasies and mind-f\*cks

is anything too far?

# getting hot and bothered

spring fever fixes

Diligent readers will notice that I've been keeping my articles closer to the hypothetical bedroom recently, dedicating fewer columns to discussions of sexuality and more to tied-up, pants-down, dirty sex. But the week before last saw the revelation of a sex scandal so bizarre that I couldn't resist using it to illustrate the kind of questions on sexual ethics that keep me up at night.

On March 30, the British tabloid *News of the World* broke a story claiming that they had obtained a video of Max Mosley, president of La Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (the governing body for international motor sports), participating in what they described as a Nazi concentration-camp themed BDSM scene with five prostitutes for nearly five hours. In the video a man identified as Mosley enters a lavish London flat, and is addressed as a prisoner by a domineering prostitute in military garb who later beats him with a length of birch and a cane. He later assumes a dominant role himself, spanking and whipping other involved women.

Mosley has not denied his participation. He has, in fact, said that there was no "Nazi connotation to the matter," and will be arguing in legal action against *News of the World* that he spoke in German because two of the five prostitutes involved were from Germany. Sure, why not? That his father Oswald Mosley was a founder of the British Union of Fascists and that his parents were married in Berlin at the home of Joseph Goebbels have seemed to many reporters facts worthy of note.

Now that you've pulled your jaws off the table, let us talk about what's really at stake here. I could not care less whether this particular guy engaged in this particular fetish. It's important to realize, however, that he would not be the first person to do so, and will not be the last. Role-play involving deep social taboos is a tried and true method for turning a scene that may be physically demanding to one that is psychologically so. The desired effect is often a genuine mind-f\*ck, that is, to arrive in a mental space that one would never be able to otherwise experience in a controlled environment. Home-invasion rape fantasy and incest fantasy are two other moderately more conventional types of scenario.

The question with which I and other sex-inclined thinkers must wrestle is this: Does "too far" exist

between consenting adults? Regardless of whether it happened in this case, is pretending to take part in the Holocaust (whether as persecutor or victim) for the purposes of sexual gratification simply too repugnant to be redeemed even in theory? To some, this may seem like an obvious question, but I am genuinely troubled by it.

I am in general of the opinion that what two (or in this case six) consenting adults do in the

Haven't gotten any in a long time? All hot and bothered down below? Have you reached an unbearable sexual plateau? Do you feel like a volcano ready to blow because you really, really miss that post-coital glow? Are you desperately in need of your own private strip show, but your libido has *absolutely nowhere to go*?! Dear readers, don't worry about it; I know.

It's finally springtime, and the weather isn't the only thing warming up. Sluggish pulses are beating faster, clothes are coming off and people are going slightly mad. Voila: the outbreak of Spring Fever.

It's a chronic condition that makes even the most frigid among us hot-blooded. Feeling antsy in your panties? Unfortunately, this is one bug your mamma's chicken soup won't get rid of. I certainly know how it feels to suffer from incurable sexual frustration. As such, I've come up with a few ways to ease your primal urges until you score. Or, until you finally break down and hire a professional. Whichever comes first.

## Work Out. Hard.

Sex is rigorous enough that it's been called "horizontal jogging." The nickname may come from the fact that our brains release the same endorphins during orgasm and exercise. But, if you're short a "running partner," swap the horizontal jogging for the vertical kind. Hit the gym and pump, pound or pummel the sexual frustration

privacy of their multi-million dollar London flat is nobody else's beeswax. Outlawing an act or fantasy because most people find it distasteful is, in my opinion, a violation of a fundamental right. To remain theoretically consistent, I may have to proclaim that Max Mosley has the right to put on full Nazi regalia and spank a prostitute with a copy of *Mein Kampf*. And yet I have trouble even typing such a thing in earnest, let alone imagine getting aroused by it.

In the end, this appears a bitter pill I must swallow. In the short term at least, fetishists of this

type are not necessarily hurting anyone. And if we take freedom of speech and association seriously, it is precisely this kind of behavior that needs protection under the first amendment, lest we risk throwing the Nazi baby out with the

bathwater. While this situation may seem so offensive that it becomes sterilized by its own absurdity, the rub is that Mr. Mosley also has the right to take it perfectly seriously, and to get off on it.

I would not want to join a BDSM scene arranged by Max Mosley. From the sound of it I wouldn't want to hang out with him either. But he has the right to be a douche. Far away from me.

If you aren't putting anything out, then, my friend, you're up a creek without a paddle.

out of your system. Benefits include reduced body mass index, firmer thighs, and increased stamina (which may be useful later).

## Twist and Shout

Dancing is one of the best ways to get rid of pent up sexual energy while expressing yourself creatively. Contra, hip-hop, salsa, ballet, mande or belly dancing, whatever. Get on the floor and bust a move. Or, if you'd prefer, go to a club and grind with someone. It's more like simulated sex than dancing anyway.

## Find Someone To Hold On To

If you really want out of your misery, you can always get really drunk and jump into bed with the nearest human being.

Hooking up undoubtedly fits the instant gratification model, but there is a downside to this option. Even if, like AC/DC says, your new friend shook you all night long, you probably won't remember any of it. Failure to recall puts you right back where you started. All you'll have to show for the escapade is a headache and some new regrets.

## Get Out Your Quill

Not that one. The one you write with. Anyone who's taken FemSex knows writing erotica has the surprising ability to provide gratifying sexual release. Writing is also enjoyable because it allows you to really flesh out your fantasies. If you need ideas, try The Erotica Readers and Writers Association, Oysters and Chocolate, or [www.tinybibles.com/erotica](http://www.tinybibles.com/erotica) for some free reading material online.

## Get To The Movies

But make sure they're the naughty kind. I highly recommend *Shortbus* by John Cameron Mitchell, the director of *Hedwig and The Angry Inch*, and *Hard Edge* by Andrew Blake. **Youporn.com** has a good array of free films to choose from. *IShotMyself*, *ITouchMyself*, *Fleshbot* and *SeanCody* you'll need to pay for, but that's the capitalist system for you — lots of free-market enterprise, very little free porn.

## Pounce

Lastly, we come to my favorite treatment. While Spring Fever is excruciating, contracting the illness does have its benefits. The critical mass of sexual blockage is sometimes just what we need to finally go for the people we've secretly lusted after for months. Everyone knows that confidence is sexy, so take a risk and make your feelings known. I strongly believe that you get what you give. If you aren't putting anything out, then, my friend, you're up a creek without a paddle. (You know the one I'm talking about.) The ideal time to pounce is when you feel you can bear it no longer. Do it like a jungle cat: swiftly, efficiently and with deadly aim. I'm almost positive you'll be pleasantly surprised with the outcome of the hunt.

For those of you in the throes of Spring Fever, I'm not going to say get well soon. I'm confident that after reading the column you'll cure yourselves in no time.

The question with which I and other sex-inclined thinkers must wrestle is this: Does "too far" exist between consenting adults?

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