By JULIA DAVID

Pakistan’s presidential election, held on October 6, concluded with the re-election of Gen. Pervez Musharraf by the legislature. His current presidential term expires on September 30 with a 300-member assembly. It will be impossible to beat the birth of Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi. This month, New York City celebrates the 800th anniversary of Rumi’s death. Musharraf is likely to remain a cornered Musharraf is likely to help the peace process with India. “On the other hand, a cornered Musharraf is likely to give more margin to India,” she added.

“Everybody liked him,” said the concierge, who spoke to the Free Press on the condition that he remains anonymous, due to the current federal investigation into Hsu’s suspicious business practices. Between late August and early September, the Wall Street Journal ran a series of increasingly revelations about this American Indian and China Institute (ICI), based at The New School, declined to comment about the relationship between India and Musharraf. To comment on Pakistan [sic] beyond the scope of the India China Institute, they said in an e-mail.

Accord to the website, “The India China Institute Institute is committed to analyzing major issues regarding the relationship between India and China, the United States and the world.” According to the Global Times, “The India China Institute is not the only think tank in India that has expressed support for China on the issue of Pakistan.”

That, by default, instability in Pakistan could mean some concessions for India,” said Muni. Directors Jeroen Kwakkenbos and Ashok Gurung of the India China Institute (ICI) based at The New School, declined to comment about the relationship between India and Musharraf. “To comment on Pakistan [sic] and China Institute, they said in an e-mail.

According to the website, “The India China Institute Institute is committed to analyzing major issues and trends in India, China and the United States” and “address key challenges through collaborative solutions” by “developing the knowledge and skills to promote instability in Pakistan could mean some concessions for India”

On October 6, New School President Bob Kerrey offered his take on the 2008 presidential election in a talk hosted by the Eugene Lang Parents Leadership Council. Kerrey gave a speech detailing his thoughts on the presidential nominees and their campaigns. He also offered a few intriguing hints about the possibility of his own run for a senate seat in Nebraska, something he has publicly pondered for several weeks now. Kerrey wasted no time in making his point.

“On this particular night, in this particular moment, I predict that Hillary will get the nomination and that she will win the general election,” he said, continuing into the evening. Later, as an aside, he added, “Whatever you have to say about Hillary, I have no doubt that she would put together a phenomenal cabinet, partly because she watched her husband make some mistakes.”

Pundits often mention Kerrey as a likely nominee to lead the Department of Defense, should the Democrats take the presidency. In addition to calling the race for Clinton, Kerrey said he thought Rudolph Giuliani would win the Republican nomination, and added that “there would be a third party candidate.” This was an allusion to recent threats made by James C. Dobson, an influential conservative radio show host from Colorado.
Letters to the Editor

Re: You Are Not Special, Opinion, Issue 3, Oct.-Oct. 15

I am a physician; my husband works at the New School. I happen to see your Oct 2-15 issue and was drawn to the picture of the Lang Hipsters taking a smoking break. Perhaps I am missing some irony on the writer’s part, but it seems like the photo is illustrating that smoking is cool. Many movies show cool people smoking. It’s not rebellious and individualistic to take up a destructive habit that killed large numbers of your grandparents and great-grandparents—it’s downright reactionary. Smoking, you’ve been successfully manipulated by the advertising and tobacco industry! Perhaps the “hipsters” might be interested in seeing a website most likely set up by fellow liberals—http://www.nysmokersfree.com.

-Linda Isaac, MD

Re: America’s Failing Infrastructure, Opinion, Issue 3, Oct.-Oct. 15

People articulate and re-articulate the obvious on a daily basis. The fact that weather conditions are always an acceptable topic of conversation attests that nothing is too lucid to be discussed. So I was baffled while reading Julia Schweizer’s gripes about air travel in the United States as to how she could have omitted the most glaring objection a person (particularly a college student) should have about the airline industry: that it’s currently the most growing contributor to climate change. She instead bypassed this clear complaint for an even clearer one: waiting too long is inconvenient. Since it wasn’t stated in her article, I’ll give it mention here: whether travelers admit it or not, flying is one of the most environmentally detrimental actions a person can take, so much so that even an otherwise environmentally conscientious traveler can negate any positive strides or sacrifices she has made. Though planes are a part of our carbon footprint, their consumption per passenger mile (with CO2 emissions alone) consumes 150-1500 miles per gallon of fuel, compared to a short haul flight’s 30-20 miles.

The irony is not “though we’ve got the capability to fly anywhere and everywhere in the country in less than a day, our flights are increasingly marred by delays and cancellations,” as Schweizer writes. The irony is that, despite public knowledge of the harrowing effects of global warming (and of air travel’s contribution to global warming), Americans do not object, boycott or even feel guilty about their flights from Boston to New York.

It is only when our convenient lifestyles become a bit less convenient that we feel moved to protest.

-Kathryn Rickson
tions and protests in New York and a recent law that forbids an "Parade Without a Permit" program of cracking down on activism. The Metro Alliance of Anarchists—the RHA—argued against the sponsors of the event. The RHA wanted to express their support for the demonstrators and to support the lack of arrests and success of the action.

A CON MAN ON THE BOARD

Kerrey said that he was introduced to Hsu by Paula Levine, a consultant who helps candidates raise money in New York City and who has worked with Kerrey on campaign issues in the past. "She met Kerrey, and said, 'We need to talk about the politics of Hsu.' Kerrey said that he had expressed some interest in being involved [in [The New School]]." Kerrey said that he had originally looked for candidates who are interested in the university, live in New York City, and have strong, local connections, and are willing to donate $25,000 a year. Hsu was not a fit for The Eugene Lang College Board of Governors in May 2006. The university's Board of Trustees told the FBI in September 2007 that Hsu had received $2 million in bail and skipped town, heading east on an Amtrak train. Authorities say Hsu had sold a handful of pills in a Chicago hotel room after the day, police arrested the dazed and shirtless Hsu near Grand Junction, Colorado. In his suitcase, FBI agents discovered $7,000 in cash and the paper trail linking Hsu to his investors, including a handwritten ledger of campaign contributions he had instructed them to make. Over the next few days, SFI investigators discovered the extent to which they had been duped. On September 7, two deals with Hsu matured—meaning payment was due. But according to court records, Hsu delivered only 32 checks, each for over $1 million and post-dated for November 2006. On September 12, SFI associates tried to deposit two more checks, but it was over $1 million and post-dated September 12. Again, the checks bounced.

"What we're planning on doing is just watching and seeing what happens in court," he said.

Kerrey insisted that the fallout from the Hsu scandal would not tarnish The New School's reputation. When asked if this incident demonstrates that the university was not doing its due diligence, Kerrey bristled. Kerrey added that there is "no chance" of him giving former U.S. Senator." He said, "I don't need any friggin' help from Nor- man Hsu or anybody else."
tial member of the conservative Christian group “Focus On The Family,” intended to challenge Giuliani, who is pro-choice.

Kerry did not completely rule out the other Democratic candidate, however, observing that if either former Senator John Edwards or Senator Barack Obama were to win both the Iowa caucus and the New Hampshire primary, they would be in a much greater position to win the nomination. And for Obama, at least, he seemed to reveal a certain admiration.

“If he won the nomination, he’d get more people out than ever before,” he said.

Similarly, in the Republican camp, Kerry cautioned against ruling out Senator John McCain, calling him the republican “dark horse.”

Kerry had one criticism for his predicted presidential nominees—their stance on the Electoral College.

A top donor to the Giuliani campaign gave $175,000 to a Giuliani campaign.

Gavin Newsom, a candidate for governor of California, they all but two of the electoral votes are counted. When a candidate wins a majority of votes the electoral votes are totaled. When a candidate wins a majority of votes in California, they win all of the electoral votes.

The proposed changing the system to one in which all but two of the 55 electoral votes would go to the winner in each Congressional district. Given that California has 22 congressional districts, this would make it nearly impossible for a Democrat to win the state.

“We are a very different country than we were 200 years ago,” said Clinton in a 2000 New York Times opinion article. “I believe strongly that in a democracy, we should respect the will of the people and to me, that means it’s time to do away with the Electoral College and move to the popular election of our president.”

Kerry called on both Giuliani and Clinton to write editorials in the New York Times apologizing for their opposition to the Electoral College. As presidential nominee, Kerry said, they should respect the institution.

Kerry stated more than once in the speech that he was “not likely” to run for senate in Nebraska in 2008, but refrained from ruling it out altogether. Lang Dean Jones–Than Veitch later told the Free Press that Kerry is still weighing his options.

“I wouldn’t be too sure, [Kerry] has a history of making last minute decisions,” Veitch said. “I think it’s absolutely 50/50.”

Kerry himself seemed to admit that when he brought up outsourcing Nebraska Senator Chuck Hagel. “I wish for the sake of the nation, and for my sake, that he would run for re-election,” he said.

The graphic below shows the top three candidates in each state in two different fields: who has raised the most in funds and who is leading in the approval polls. The nine states that were chosen are the first six states that will hold their primaries, Iowa, New Hampshire, Nevada, Michigan, South Carolina, Florida, New York, and New York, hold the most electoral votes.

*Students and Survivors Walk to Remember*

By ELSA DELANNY

On the humid night of October 4, thousands of balloons that read “Light the Night” illuminated by small lights filed the path from the South Street Seaport across the Brooklyn Bridge. The illuminated balloons have three colors: red for supporters, white for survivors, and gold for commemoration of those lost. Banners from corporate and home-made teams seemed to float in front of vast groups of people with the Light the Night logo on the sides.

The walk, which is sponsored by the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society (LLS), starts every year in early October. Various walks are hosted throughout the country by LLS to fund research for Leukemia, Lymphoma, and other blood cancers. Last year, the New York City chapter raised over $1.4 million. According to the Light the Night website, blood cancer was responsible for an estimated 53,920 deaths in 2006. This was the 6th year that Light the Night has hosted a walk.

Of the groups present, two New York City high school students participated in the walk, Millennium and Cobble Hill High School. Many universities and college were there, though The New School was not. New School students have a group that participates in the AIDS walk, but no groups have formed for any other charity walks. Although donations are not required, participants are asked to contribute at least $25.

As of press time, the Light the Night organization has not tallied the amount raised this year. According to their website, they expect to raise $2.2 million.

“I do the walk because many people in my family are survivors of various forms of cancer,” said Sarah Petersen, teacher and team leader for Millennium High School.

Hillary Clinton is not funny.

So come see “The Spin,” a night of political improv at the Upright Citizens Brigade Theater.

October 16, 23, 30 and November 6  
11 p.m.
Pakistan Re-elects Musharraf, Continued

Continued FROM PAGE 1

otherwise. The Bush Administration has been a long time supporter of Musharraf, citing his ability to fight terrorism. Musharraf, who first took office in 1999, upheld his popularity by promising "true" democracy and a restoration of law and order to Pakistan. After September 11, he became one of the United States' strongest allies in the fight against al-Qaeda and the Taliban. But, in attempts to satisfy both the West and his homeland, Musharraf began cooperating with both the US and Islamic parties. His popularity among Pakistanis took a nosedive when Musharraf tried to suspend the country's Chief Justice, Iftikhar Mohammad Chaudhry, in March 2007. Many accused him of disregarding the law, and the other judges protested his actions, forcing Musharraf to reverse his decision and reinstate the Chaudhry in July.

Recently, a pact with former prime minister Benazir Bhutto had been passed to Musharraf. This accord, which includes amnesty and negotiations for a share of power for the opposition leader, is believed to have cleared the way for Musharraf's presidential re-election. Along with general amnesty for Bhutto, the pact also includes amnesty for all the politicians, bankers and bureaucrats that were indicted with corruption offenses in 1988 to 1999. Bhutto was a self-exile, fleeing Pakistan and arriving in London in 1999 to avoid politically motivated corruption charges. In order to avoid the Pakistan Peoples Party joining in boycott, Musharraf signed the agreement on October 4, a day before the election.

There are questions surrounding the Supreme Court's decision as to whether or not Musharraf will abide by the final verdict. He has outwardly stated he plans to follow Pakistan's constitution, though critics say he may push for a declaration of martial law rather than bow out without a fight.

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MA/PhD in Sociology

Parsons The New School for Design
The New School for General Studies
The New School for Social Research
Milano The New School for Management and Urban Policy

Mannes College The New School for Music
The New School for Drama

To RSVP and learn more about this event, visit us online.
www.newschool.edu/gradexpo

Coming Out, New School!

BY YUKI-JENNIFER KURUM


Five LGBT professionals spoke on a panel about various career choices and workplace nondiscrimination policies and benefits. The evening event was sponsored by the Office of Career Development, Office of Student Development and Activities, the Office of Intercultural Support, the Office of Student Housing and the Out and Proud Environment at the New School (O.P.E.N).

"We don't have professional contacts," said Allan Robles (Lang Junior), Secretary of O.P.E.N, "So we were enthusiastic to exclusively meet prominent speakers who are familiar with us, and knows the broad spectrum of the business world. We want to hear their stories."

"Be who you are," said Robles. "Do what you love, no matter what it takes. Skills outweigh identity. Gay, lesbian, or minority, fight for your rights because no one else will."
Profile: Tips, The Mayor of LES
A personal look at homelessness in Lower Manhattan

By Guest Contributor Rebecca Carrero-Granados

The self-declared Mayor of the Lower East Side, the King guardian of Orchard Street, is a man named Tips. He usually sits on a bench outside of the American Apparel on Houston Street. On the bench is a piece of futon foam where he has written, "This seat is reserved. Will be back. Do not throw out.” He often puts his own quarters in expired parking meters or warm cars owners that their meter will soon expire. According to Tips, saving someone from a $65 ticket usually gets him $5 gratuity.

Tips has become a staple of the Lower East Side community, a relic of the colorful, if downtrodden, neighborhood that has been replaced by trendy bars and boutiques. Although he has had brushes with the law in the past, locals accept him as a harmless figure with a big personality. Most people call him “Tips” because, instead of asking for money, he wears a tip jar necklace made out of an old Wanton soup cup. On it is scrawled “Tips. Thank you. God bless” surrounded by Stars of David drawn in magic marker. He generally accepts his nickname, although sometimes he’ll correct people with a simple, dignified response. “My name is Nathan,” he said to the Free Press.

With his constant self-promotion and warm demeanor, he leaves the impression that he might have not succumbed to the street. He claims to make anywhere from $5 to $15 an hour from donations. Once, Dov Charney, the owner of American Apparel, gave him $500 to move his stuff away from the store.

But he is no longer stuck in the rat race. Instead, store owners around the area give him odd-jobs like sweeping the sidewalk and free food and clothes. Now he sits in front of American Apparel and greets everyone like a doorman. Watching the comings and goings of the neighborhood, he gives his opinions and observations freely. When employees from neighboring businesses take their coffee breaks on the bench, he likes to talk with them about their managers and co-workers.

But for all his charm, he does have his downsides. While he takes notice of shifty characters hanging around local businesses, he also comments on attractive women walking down the street. Sometimes he smells like old hot dogs and sweat. Fungal crust grows on his hands. He also thinks that he manages an American Apparel store.

This reporter, who used to work at American Apparel, has seen him come into the store and yell at the employees for leaving copies of The Onion on the sidewalk. But, when he cools down, he offers to clean the store’s Swiffer cloth in good health.

At night, Tips rides the J, M, and Z trains out to his old neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn. He prefers to sleep on the train rather than3 shelters. “On trains there are a lot less thieves then in shelters. Think of all those criminals in that little space,” he said.

Nathan grew up on Long Island, but first made the Lower East Side his home in 2002. He lived in the basement of Ray’s Pizza on Houston Street. However, he moved out when police caught the owners in a major drug dealing operation five years ago. He claims that he had nothing to do with the incident.

“I was always discreet with my habits,” he said.

After his first arrest for buying crack, he was left homeless and unemployed. When asked if crack is good, that good, he said, “Well it makes me feel real nice.” Regardless, Tips still commands respect from the locale, and sometimes delights in his title as the “Mayor” of the neighborhood.

“I couldn’t really be a politician,” he said. “I’m a two-time loser, locked up twice.” But after passing for a minute, he laughed. “Yeah,” he said. “I’m the Mayor.”

Tips, the King guardian of Orchard Street, sits on a bench outside of the American Apparel on Houston Street.

Mo’ Money Mo’ Problems

By Joe Veen

According to an investigation by the Free Press, residents living in the William Street residence hall are paying an excessive amount of money for housing despite inadequate facilities and unhealthy living conditions. Problems with the building include mice, rats, roaches, failing heat and hot water during winter, and a malfunctioning elevator.

Many students choose on-campus housing because of convenience and affordability, but the cheapest apartment this year is an open double at $10,750 per school year, amounting to about $1,914 per month. The most expensive room costs $1,766 per month. Neither of these totals accounts for the mandatory $76 monthly subway pass—the only option for reaching class given the distance between William Street and the Lang building. Comparatively, NYU students at the nearby Water Street building pay from $1,127 to $1,393 per month, and are provided with a free bus to take them to campus.

According to Rob Lutomski, the Director of Student Housing and Residence Life, they are “out there trying to do our best.” He said that The New School breaks even on rent, and the prices are determined by the New York real estate market.

The apartments have stoves and ovens, but they are disconnect ed. Hotplates are banned from the building, and no dining hall is provided. The only option for cooking is a microwave or a convection oven. When asked if she cooks dinner, Sophomore Gloria Bonia said, “Not really, we don’t have stoves. I eat Eggo waffles and frozen food almost every night.”

The ovens are turned off because of the fire Department that they are a hazard since students live in the kitchen area, Lutomski said. However, they are trying to redesign the space in order to turn them back on.

Many students within the building have encountered mice throughout last year. “We haven’t seen any this year, though, once winter comes we’ll start to see them again,” said Junior Tere

Moore, who also claims to have seen a dead rat in a friend’s room last year.

Lutomski denied the building had any rat problems. Many students interviewed said that roaches are the main problem so far this year. Junior Veronica Rafael said that she found “at least ten since she moved in, in both the kitchen and the bathroom.”

The landlord hires an exterminator once a month, according to Lutomski. The New School also sends its own exterminator to fix any continuing problems.

Sophomore Sarah Gurnip remembers when the hot water and heat failed during the coldest part of the year. “The water was more than uncomfortable. It was unbearable cold and you couldn’t stand it in for more than a few sec onds.”

Moore said that she and oth ers would shiver at a local gym because of the water problems at William Street. In addition to problems with heat, the elevators in the building continually break. Many students have accounts of being trapped in the elevators. Last year, this reporter was stuck in an elevator, and the emergency button went to an answering machine. The only way to get out of it was to use a cell phone to call for help.

Lutomski claims that problems with heating and the elevators are fixed immediately when reported. He said that it is “challenging” to work with the landlord, who was not named, because he called these problems “student vandal ism,” while the New School claims that it is “wear and tear.”

Despite any arguments between the administration and the landlord, students are still inconvenienced by the failing facilities.

“For as much as we pay, there shouldn’t be problems like this,” said Moore.
He came to believe that music, poetry and dance were the keys to the divine, and that if one practiced with intense passion, the soul would die and be resurrected again to communicate with God. He founded the famous order of whirling Dervishes and their Sewa dance ritual, a spiritual journey where a soul leaves its ego and earthliness to approach “perfection.” Whirling Dervishes perform the Sewa dance ritual, a spiritual journey where the soul leaves its ego and earthliness to approach “perfection.”

As much as Rumi sounds like a drunken and jealous lover here, he is actually metaphorically referring to his God and the fountain of divine knowledge. Regardless of his personal affinity for alcohol, his verses provide the reader with a comfortable heart-to-heart conversation. His spirit still speaks to his fans today, including the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which declared 2007 as the International Year of Rumi. This month, Turkey and Iran prepare for a week of national festivities to commemorate his birth, such as international conferences to reflect upon Rumi’s thoughts and works, platforms for dancing, music performances and poetry readings, all intended to surpass religious and geographical boundaries and unite fans around the world. But sadly, New York City cannot be as flamboyant. Pricey tri-state rural Sufi retreats are readying for reading camps and whirling parties, but for those of us staying in the city, there are other options to explore: The Metropolitan Museum of Art (1000 5th Ave.; 4/5/6 to 86th St. station), Oct. 23- Feb. 3, 2008: Rumi and the Sufi Tradition high-fives Islamic Art enthusiasts, as the currently closed Islamic Art gallery will remain hidden until 2011. Three dozen of the Met’s sleeping pieces will return on display to offer a glance into Rumi’s world. Prepare to see the Middle Eastern treasures encapsulating Sufi mysticism during its golden age. Ranging between 13th and 19th century works, they include calligraphy, miniature paintings, glassware, ceramics and textiles. Voluntary Admission. Used Book Café (126 Crosby St.; R/W to Prince St. station), Oct. 25, 6:30 p.m.: Spend an evening exploring Rumi’s poetry and Sufi order with a 75-minute whirling dervish performance, traditional Sufi music and cocktails with the world-leading Rumi translator, Coleman Barks. Barks’ translations render a popular, “American” Rumi, who is lively, intimate and direct towards the reader. Although tickets start at a rather expensive $75, it is worth it to get drunk with Rumi’s American messenger, renowned musicians such as David Darling (cello) and Glen Velez (world percussion), and Mevlevi dervishes. It also includes a copy of Barks’ latest translations. Tickets are limited, contact info@templeofunderstanding.org

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Missing Rumi’s 800th? You Must Be Drunk.

Rumi is America’s best-selling poet of 2007, despite centuries since his death and the distance from his homeland. He began composing poems during a period of grief over the death of his murdered mystic companion, Shams Tabrizi, in whose name he titled his emotional major work, D |_ e a n- e-Shams Tabrizi. His stream of ecstatic poetry has spread its popularity around the world and throughout time, hallsing spiritual fans such as Madonna and Deepak Chopra to conservative Iranian clerics, who praise Rumi’s verses, like this one from the collection, Fountains of Fire:

What have you been drinking, please let me know you must be drunk going house to house who have you been with who have you kissed who have you been fondling? So tell me the truth where is that jug don’t hide this secret lead me to drink fill my jug over and over again.

As much as Rumi’s verse teases with intense passion, the soul who has been drinking is actually metaphorically referring to his God and the fountain of divine knowledge. Regardless of his personal affinity for alcohol, his verses provide the reader with a comfortable heart-to-heart conversation. His spirit still speaks to his fans today, including the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which declared 2007 as the International Year of Rumi. This month, Turkey and Iran prepare for a week of national festivities to commemorate his birth, such as international conferences to reflect upon Rumi’s thoughts and works, platforms for dancing, music performances and poetry readings, all intended to surpass religious and geographical boundaries and unite fans around the world. But sadly, New York City cannot be as flamboyant. Pricey tri-state rural Sufi retreats are readying for reading camps and whirling parties, but for those of us staying in the city, there are other options to explore: The Metropolitan Museum of Art (1000 5th Ave.; 4/5/6 to 86th St. station), Oct. 23- Feb. 3, 2008: Rumi and the Sufi Tradition high-fives Islamic Art enthusiasts, as the currently closed Islamic Art gallery will remain hidden until 2011. Three dozen of the Met’s sleeping pieces will return on display to offer a glance into Rumi’s world. Prepare to see the Middle Eastern treasures encapsulating Sufi mysticism during its golden age. Ranging between 13th and 19th century works, they include calligraphy, miniature paintings, glassware, ceramics and textiles. Voluntary Admission.

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New School Division Rankings: Who’s On Top?

By ERIKA ALLEN

Here at The New School, we have an open, caring and deeply competitive intellectual community:

#1. Milano The New School for Management and Urban Policy’s Kiam Tajbakhsh returns home from an unjustified stint in Iran’s Evin Prison. Each division of The New School has been celebrating the professor’s return, but it’s a special homecoming for Milano.

#2. The New School for General Studies’ professor of Media Studies and Film Jeanne Liotta’s film Observando el Cielo premiers at the big-deal New York Film Festival.

#3. Parsons The New School for Design’s very attractive second edition of its student publication PM has been circulating, calling for art students to step out of the cloud of cigarette smoke and apathy that settles around their heads.

#4. The New School for Jazz and Contemporary Music hosts Grammy-winner Slide Hampton and others for a set of free concerts on October 10 and 30, celebrating the 90th birthday of bebop master and jazz pianist Thelonius Monk.

#5. Mannes College The New School for Music begins its annual year-long festival with a celebration of Ludwig Van Beethoven, Germany’s virtuoso composer and pianist. The piano department’s quickest fingers will dazzle listeners for the next month, as it kicks off the free-for-students festivities.

#6. The New School for Social Research teams up with NYU to host an “Enlightening Relationships” program that unites psychoanalysis and Buddhism, but at $75 a pop, even for students, an NSSL-NYU team excludes psychoanalyzing, spiritual, starving students trying to further their educations.

#7. The New School for Drama’s upcoming First Look includes a few of the classics: The Crucible and A Midsummer Night’s Dream, which will be produced with a minimal amount of props, lighting and costume. Now what would a play about witch-hunts and McCarthyism really be without a little bit of pyrotechnics?

#8. Eugene Lang College The New School for Liberal Arts’ recent security surge seems to be slowing down, as the 11th and 12th St. security guards appear increasingly lackadaisical at their posts. Less annoying, but less secure. Security remains tight in the GF building, where a guard might forget your face in a cigarette’s time.

Kiam Tajbakhsh returns home from an unjustified stint in Iran’s Evin Prison. Each division of The New School has been celebrating the professor’s return, but it’s a special homecoming for Milano.

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#5. Mannes College The New School for Music begins its annual year-long festival with a celebration of Ludwig Van Beethoven, Germany’s virtuoso composer and pianist. The piano department’s quickest fingers will dazzle listeners for the next month, as it kicks off the free-for-students festivities.

#6. The New School for Social Research teams up with NYU to host an “Enlightening Relationships” program that unites psychoanalysis and Buddhism, but at $75 a pop, even for students, an NSSL-NYU team excludes psychoanalyzing, spiritual, starving students trying to further their educations.

#7. The New School for Drama’s upcoming First Look includes a few of the classics: The Crucible and A Midsummer Night’s Dream, which will be produced with a minimal amount of props, lighting and costume. Now what would a play about witch-hunts and McCarthyism really be without a little bit of pyrotechnics?

#8. Eugene Lang College The New School for Liberal Arts’ recent security surge seems to be slowing down, as the 11th and 12th St. security guards appear increasingly lackadaisical at their posts. Less annoying, but less secure. Security remains tight in the GF building, where a guard might forget your face in a cigarette’s time.
Pop Music From Around the World

By Peter Holslin

White Americans can rock, but unlike illustrious Bollywood stars, white people suck at dancing. Overindulgent intake of stale eleetro and disco derivatives, even derivatives of derivatives (Bloc Party), can do that to a person. Don’t fret. All hope is not lost for those with spirit. Let’s take a look overseas to make those dancing legs twitter.

Ethyopia: Ethiopiques, Vol. 3 (Rude Musique, 1973)

Seductive auxiliary police brass bands, swinging saxophone quartets, and the likes of Mahmoud Ahmed and Hirut Boqale playing to the revolutionary backdrop of the 1970s, as Emperor Haile Selassie’s empire fell—that’s soul. See also Ethiopia: Emperor Haile Selassie’s empire 1930–1974 (Moonshiner Music, 1999).

Netherlands: Nightmares From Rotterdam (Moonshine Music, 1999)

Netherlanders are beguiling, known for their relaxed demeanor and close proximity to snow, renowned for their relaxed demeanour and such pop hits and synth-led old-school electronic “Raï” is full of dramatic lines, screaming horn licks, high-pitched women vocals and wild violin solos. The Bombay Connection, compiling works by the prolific two-person composing team Kalyanjani-Anandani, Sonik-Omi, Lakmunt-Prajvali and more, brings to mind a Hindi-sounding James Bond on an acid trip. This kind of music sends a powerful message: it’s time to shrink the West’s confusing dating rules, gather up a couple dozen friends and engage that mysterious love-prospect in an epic dance routine.


each tile recommended


Hit songs and instrumentals from India’s obscure spy flicks, like Bond 303 and Kashish, tear through conga beats, sexy funk lines, screaming horn licks, high-pitched women vocals and wild violin solos. The Bombay Connection, compiling works by the prolific two-person composing team Kalyanjani-Anandani, Sonik-Omi, Lakmunt-Prajvali and more, brings to mind a Hindi-sounding James Bond on an acid trip. This kind of music sends a powerful message: it’s time to shrink the West’s confusing dating rules, gather up a couple dozen friends and engage that mysterious love-prospect in an epic dance routine.

Cooking Class

By Alexandra Squires

Sizzling sweet red peppers, cracking poppy seeds and the thick aroma of clarified butter (or ghee) greet you as you walk into the vast, immaculate Natural Gourmet Kitchen and Institute for Food and Health on 48 W. 21st St.

The tables are long and made of shimmering steel, and people awkwardly make conversation with one another until instructor and culinary genius, Myra Kornfeld, interrupts.

“Shit—it’s burning—I mean okay, this is what you’re NOT supposed to do.”

The overhead television flickers on, and the hired help comes to Myra’s side and makes her mistakes disappear.

Kornfeld’s black hair is tied back in a tight bun and her lime green Chinese style chef suit stands out in the silver clad kitchen. Her attitude is direct and her presence is powerful and rightfully so. This woman knows food. Her two cookbooks, The Healthy Hodo, and The Voluptuous Vegans could easily turn into a users bible. (Her lucious watermelon and cinnamon almond salad is an experience your taste-buds don’t deserve to miss).

Not only does Myra have these best sellers on the table, but she’s got impressive restaurant experience. Asking a fellow New Yorker if they have heard of Angelica’s Kitchen has practically turned into a rhetorical question these days, and the fact that Myra Kornfeld spent six years at this infamous restaurant, making it what it is today, is noteworthy.

This particular three hour class is specific though, concentrating on Southern Indian sides and breads (idli and uttappam). The students split up after a short demonstration and soon inexperienced chefs are flying around the kitchen in matching white aprons, with the exception of one young couple who are spooning Clarites-Coconut Chutney into each others mouths.

Myra sweeps around the room, mindlessly chewing Sambar and throwing cum into almost every concoction. She finally summons the class to the front for the grand finale. Myra takes a silver basin with a plastic-like white substance sitting at the bottom. This simple rice and flour mixture will soon become an Idli, a south Indian breakfast food, equivalent to the pancake.

The mixture is put carefully into what can only be compared to a towering cupcake and put into a giant pot, sealed with a massive lid. After more than ten minutes, the Idlis are popped out of their individual containers, and everyone gathers around the tables to enjoy this plain savory snack drenched in flavorful spicy chutneys.

Take a Beauty Break

By Justine S. Harrison

On a break from class, what is there to do besides sit, eat and, perhaps, study? Within a few blocks of the 11th Street Lang building, there is an alternative: two nail salons that offer calming, pampering services. Spa Lotus Facial and Nails. An ordinary store front on 8th Street, customers ring a call button and walk up a flight of stairs to the lovely spa environment. While waiting for the staff to serve you, there’s an enjoyable sitting area with comfy couches. Get used to Spa Lotus’ commitment to management and friendly employees, who take pleasure in giving you a thorough pedicure and manicure. Also take comfort in knowing your wallet will not be depleted as they offer a special combination manicure/pedicure for $20. Recommended

If you’re paying for a manicure and pedicure, there’s an array of nail polish colors and begin your manicure or pedicure with or without an armchair and a pedicure station. Leave feeling refreshed and pampered.

Recommended
Jennifer Belle looks very svelte

"Chick Lit’ was coined by some magazine hack"
The Whipping Underground

You have not lived until you have had your bare ass spanked by a drag queen reminiscent of Boy Arthur as hosts of transgendered people in corsets marvel at your beauty.

Once an underground practice, bondage & discipline / domination & submission / masochism & sadomasochism has become a ritual of many straight-laced New York City residents. Though BDSM clubs are dispersed throughout Manhattan and the boroughs, Union Street in Brooklyn hosts Submit Parties that cater specifically to “lesbian, dyke, straight, bisexual, and transsexual women” along with the “XX-transgender-bois, trans-menos, and, in a sense, but a family nonetheless.” Whether you agree to the TES creed that includes “the right to define one’s identity” or not, there is a place for you at Submit, it seems.

Once I had entered a family—a family of executives gathered around to gawk at the absurd scene of teenage boys in petite red aprons stirring a giant crock-pot of softened cow’s milk as the drippings slowly fell into buckets underneath. Ultimately 701 kg of Gruyere cheese and 450 kg of white wine were melted into the highest concentration of fondue in history, beating their aforementioned competitors. As if the vat of fondue wasn’t enough, there was also a “guess the weight of the Camembert” table and a tasting buffet of baguettes and brie.

Upon entering the underground lair, I was greeted by a homely looking individual holding consent waivers and condoms and instructing new members to read the rules. Once you agree to the guidelines and pay the $15 cover, you proceed down the dark staircase and pull back the drapes to expose swings, harnesses and pole vaults. My torn fishnets and doll dress are more abrupt than any professional wrestling entrance, which is a rarity. Luckily for the audience, Rainbow’s beautiful title track features Wata’s sweet, feminine voice, though only briefly before crashing back into noise. Boris’ crescendos and decrescendos are more abrupt than any prototypical quiet-loud-quiet-loud drone set. But even at its thristhatest, Boris’ momentum nev-
er wavers. They seem so impos-
sibly well rehearsed, so polished, that the songs blend into one long opus and the night into one metallic reverie. The kind thing about Boris is that they give the listener plenty of breaks, and the absolute loudest thing about Bo-is is that its quieter moments are never boring. They swell up with beauty just far enough until it all explodes again.

Unfortunately, opening act Damon & Naomi was an inappro-
priate pick for the evening’s bill. Damon Krukowski and Naomi Yang are formerly of dream-pop outfit Galaxie 500. If there are two things that stand in categorical opposition to one another, they might be dream-pop and metal. Talented vocalist Naomi Yang was a treat, however, the band’s gen-
tle, minstrel-like set clearly failed to please a crowd of eager noiseheads. Boris played one song for its encore. It was the second time in the evening that they used all of their amps at full volume. As if to be logical, the song was called “Damaged.”

Sweet Cheesus!

A Fondue Frenzy in the Financial District

By COURTNAY NICHOLS

On October 3, the World Financial District Plaza 2 hosted Emmi’s efforts to beat the current record holder of the world’s largest fondue set in 1998 when 752 kg of cheese was melted. Hordes of executives gathered around to gawk at the absurd scene of teenage boys in petite red aprons stirring a giant crock-pot of softened cow’s milk as the drippings slowly fell into buckets underneath. Ultimately 701 kg of Gruyere cheese and 450 kg of white wine were melted into the highest concentration of fondue in history, beating their aforemen-
tioned competitors. As if the vat of fondue wasn’t enough, there was also a “guess the weight of the Camem-
bert” table and a tasting buffet of baguettes and brie.

Indeed I Havarti a Gouda time, I only Swiss the fun had not ended when the pot ran dry.

Demand for Earplugs in NYC

Skyrockets

Boris, Music Hall of Williamsburg, October 3

By DAVID MARCHENKO

Electric guitarist of epic status, Michio Kuribara joins the Japa-
nese band Boris on its state-side tour following their 2007 col-
aboration, Rainbow. The group played the first of two New York Shows Wednesday at the Music Hall of Williamsburg. For those who have never heard Boris, they’re loud. The stage is crowded with enormous amps, along with the band’s signature gong. A col-
aboration in 2006 with doom-metal extremists Sunn(0))) re-
vealed the band’s ability to make one how down and worship the devil, but Boris has its subtler tones as well. The trio merges snappy erotic doom metal with drone, shoegaze, thrashcore and even 60s psychedelia. As intro-
spective as fellow Japanese rock-
ers Mono, and as stonier-fantastic as Sleep, the band has a loyal fol-
lowing.

Kuribara was the guest of honor for the evening, although drum-
er Atsuo repeatedly stole the show by crowd surfing and pro-
ing the audience with an out-
standing clash. Nevertheless, Kuribara was magically skilled, though his stage presence was muted. Bassist Tatsuki used a double neck bass for the evening and was the principal vocalist, while guitarist Wata accompa-
nied, which is a rarity. Luckily for the audience, Rainbow’s beautiful
Sweet Rhythm
Mondays at 8 p.m. Located at 7th Ave. and Bleecker. $5 Fee.
By Adam Solomon

As a virgin jazz club patron, I didn’t know what to expect when I walked into Sweet Rhythm last Monday to see the Jazz School’s Sweet Rhythm concert series. My only knowledge of the music came from James Baldwin’s short story, Sonny’s Blues, so I knew there was a set piece, then a solo, and that jazz was really, really cool.

The musicians for the night, the Andrew Cyrill Ensemble, warmed up as a few more patrons entered. There couldn’t have been more than 10 people in the place, including waiters, but the mood was upbeat, people were laughing, and the place seemed, well, cool. At 8:15, the ensemble took the stage and Jeremy Viner, the sax player, welcomed the crowd, dedicating the Columbus Day performance to the Arawak Indians, and began to play.

The group played a mix of older jazz pieces, including Miles Davis’ Prince of Darkness and a Thelonious Monk composition, as well as original compositions by members of the group. As they played, I began to understand one of the many joys of jazz: a silent musical communication exists between the players. They recognize the time for one member to take off on their own solo, and then fade off the solo’s rhythm to transition smoothly back into the piece. Each member of the group presented something unique in his solo, delivering not only a show but a glimpse of the spirit of the musician. This seems to be what jazz is: to play with old rhythms and melodies knowing new in a solo.

The concert series continues every Monday at 8 p.m. from now through May, and October presents the Jazz School’s student-improvising groups. Every Jazz School student must be in an improvising group, and students can either be randomly assigned or choose their own groups. A few of the more experienced groups are randomly selected to perform at Sweet Rhythm. The club waives the cover charge for students, but there’s a $5 minimum on food or drinks.

So, next Monday night when you’re scanning your Facebook friends and trying to decide which wall to write on, stand up, grab five bucks, and head to Sweet Rhythm.

Munch on Brunch
By Lauren Taylor

Café Condeus, the quaint West Village eatery, takes its name from the chic district La Condesa in Mexico City. Chef Luis Arce Mota and Emil Dupeyron, originally from the region, raise the bar for authentic Mexican breakfast.

With no gas ranges and a kitchen cooking over open flames, the cinnamon spiced corn, the quaint Saint Ambreous cafe sits on the corner of Perry & 4th St.

The cuisine and ambience are impeccable, with fresh flowers, dried and pressed leaves are framed on white, tattered, walls. Complete with scented candles and the prices at Sant Ambroeus are a bit high.

As you enter through the space that was once a small kitchen, the second installment of this traditional Milanese cuisine include the Uovo Sodo Orzanello, a soft broiled organic egg topped with vine ripe tomatoes and thinly sliced Parmesan cheese ($14), is hard to beat. For the sweet toothed, the Bruschetta Alla Nutella, baked sliced bread with Nutella and berries ($8), is a must. With outdoor seating and

 espacio interior, getting a table is random. With outdoor seating and

Any thoughts? Let us know!
E-mail us at freepress@newschool.edu
**Reviews**

### Books

**The Book of Vice. Peter Sagal. Harper Entertainment**

By Robb Maynard

Sagal, host of National Public Radio’s Wait Wait... Don’t Tell Me! has found a niche in his guide to the sick and depraved ad
dictions of human beings in The Book Of Vice. As Sagal says, “In the long war between Vice and Virtue, Virtue has been met on the battlefield, routed, defeated in
terminations of human beings in
Tell Me!” has found a niche in his

### Music

**Doveman. With My Left Hand I Raise The Dead**

By Kyle McGovern

Doveman’s second album, With My Left Hand I Raise The Dead (released October 9 on Brassland Records), can only be enjoyed under cer
tain circumstances; these are songs meant for the bedroom. To appreciate the album’s soft, sleepy melodies and vocalist Thomas Bartlett’s strained whispers, the listener should be alone, attentive, wearing headphones and exhausted.

What makes listening to Left Hand such a delicate affair is how hard Doveman tries (have you read the album ti
tle?) to hide these songs under a layer of embarrassment or enchanting, depending on the listener’s mood.

The vocals are a big part of the problem. The hushed de-
livery could easily be written off as insincere, as playing at a

dramatic, but with lines like: “And when I sing along, it’s only in my head / I know it all by heart, remember every word you ever said,” it’s hard not to picture Bartlett hiding under his blanket, scribbling in a

While that may sound emo, don’t be discouraged; what separates Doveman from other wounded romantics like Dashboard Confessional is that Doveman actually makes beautiful music. The lyrics usually take a backseat to the atmosphere. In fact, the most rewarding and calming tracks are a series of instrumental with pretentious-but-fitting titles like “,” and “The ambition and twinkling piano of these composi-
tions keep the album’s flow moving naturally.

Though it might be a long and trying listen (it’s over 70 minutes), if paid the proper amount only by stimulus, With My Left Hand I Raise The Dead can also be a dis-

Enjoyed dry and artful one.

Recommended

**The Misanthrope. New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St.**

By Emily J. Nelson

Tony Harrison’s modernized translation of Molière’s comment on human nature is staged by Jean-Beno
ti is directed by Ivan von Hove. The production is set in a fluorescent-
ly lit room, with drapes drawn to the side of the stage to project the

plays great range in his flawless portrayal of na"ive Philinte. Quinn-

plays the role of the audience with the most believability of any of the cast, and how I’ve seen an actor address an audience in character. Joan MacIntosh is delightfully quirky and innocent in the

The setting of the play is a small apartment, the stage is bare, expect for the bare tree, and the characters are dressed in
costume and wig. The set is simple, yet effective, with a few props placed strategically around the stage, such as a

The acting of is a quality not of
ten seen in conventionally staged productions. The set is a simple,

The cast is led by a group of friends looking for

Music Radiohead. In Rainbows

By Joshua Kulp

The release of a new Radiohead CD is the closest thing our generation has to under-
standing what our parents felt eagerly awaiting the next Beat-
les album. The expectations are sky high and, Colin, Jonny, Ed and Phil have always had.

The release of In Rainbows is the closest thing our generation has to understan-
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ding what our parents felt eagerly awaiting the next Beatles album. The expectations are sky high and, Colin, Jonny, Ed and Phil have always had.
**Opinions and Columns**

**The Israel Lobby: No, It's Not Anti-Semitic**

By HANNAH RAPPELEYE

This September, two respected scholars from the University of Chicago published a long-awaited book that was either ignored or trashed by critics from numerous perspectives across the country. Its critics say mostly the same things. Like Jefrey Goldberg wrote in *The New Republic*, the ideas in the book are anti-Semitic, the scholarship shoddy, "nasty and false," nasty enough to lead to the mysterious, last minute cancellations of many of the authors’ speaking engagements.

The book, not surprisingly, is about Israel.

The basic premise of John J. Mearsheimer and Stephen M. Walt publicly apologised for reporting that President Bush did not complete his service for the National Guard. The book which he reported were a collection of documents showing that Bush's National Guard Supervisor, Jerry B. Killian, was unhappy with his performance. However, after Killian's investigation into his authenticity, the documents were deemed illegitimate. Rather left CBS evening News shortly thereafter. The incident significantly affected the Republican’s agenda and its criticism of the "liberal" media.

Rather is about to hand the GOP another victory. He recently filed a $70 million lawsuit against CBS's parent company, Viacom—Leslie Moonves, respectively. The plaintiff's juiciest allegation about the money and added that it's not forget Valerie Flame, the CIA agent whose identity was leaked by Scooter Libby in an effort to protect her husband, Joe Wilson, for questioning one of the prime rationales for the Iraq War in a *New York Times* op-ed. At the same time, Rather is hard-set on the goal of International Public Affairs Committee to Christians United for Israel, of which he is a member, that does still see the connection to Israel and especially, Palestine, even though Israel is a nation and its people in D.C. looking out for its own interests. Thus, Rather’s lobby is no different. It’s that the lobby, which the Killian documents demonstrate, has its people in the United States doing. Every country and its people has its people in D.C. looking out for its own interests, and in the past, Israel’s lobby is no different. Rather’s source, are legitimate, but internal pressures led the three defendants to use Rather as a scapegoat and therefore invisibly saw the investigation of the documents' legitimacy. According to Killian, Rather was the person he was applied by Dick Thornburgh, a former U.S. Attorney General.

On September 20, 2004, Dan Rather vs. CBS and Other Embarrassing Things About My Country By LAUREN CANCUNA

I'd Rather Be Swedish

Dan Rather vs. CBS and Other Embarrassing Things About My Country

On September 20, 2004, Dan Rather vs. CBS and Other Embarrassing Things About My Country

By JULIA DAVIDSON

A Link to the Natural World

NYC Parks Recruit Rangers from Lang

By JULIA DAVIDSON

Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park. Park Rangers educate a boy about nature in Fort Greene Park.

Great things can come from mediocre classes. Although "Lang Urban Park Rangers" was poorly structured and lacked communi- cation, and the course 'coordinat- ors' only showed up for the first two classes, it led me to an awe- some summer job.

The premise of the course was to visit a different park in the city each week and go on a tour led by an Urban Park Ranger. Long commutes felt like adventures, despite the lack of organization. I explored new neighborhoods and discovered beautiful parks, like Inwood Hill, an old growth forest in the northern tip of Manhattan, and Pelham Bay, where we got to visit a covered landfill that's now a waterfowl sanctuary.

For me, the best part of the class was finding out about the Urban Park Ranger Fellowship. Every summer, with the influx of tour- ists and park visitors, the city hires around 50 extra Rangers just for the season, specifically targeting college students and recent graduates. The parks I vis- ited hooked me, and the Rangers impressed me. The Rangers’ mis- sion, according to the Department of Parks and Recreation website, is to "link New Yorkers to the natural world." I knew I wanted to be part of that link. The pay didn’t hurt either; $16.75 an hour was almost twice the amount I’d made at any work study jobs, and it of- fered a full-time schedule.

I was assigned to Fort Greene Park in Brooklyn. The park doesn’t have much in the way of wildlife, so it’s more focused on local history. Its defining feature is the Prison Ship Martyrs Monument, which honors the Patriot soldiers and civilians who died on decommissioned warships anchored off Brooklyn, that the British were impressed by the "Israel Lobby" importance, in order to make this issue a prior- ity we need to be able to speak about it openly and intelligently without fear of hysterical reprisal.

The reality is that Israel’s occupa- tion of the Palestinian territories is an impediment to peace in Israel and the United States, and U.S. Foreign Policy toward the Middle East. Nothing will get better until the United States recognizes and works to end the Palestinian territories and oppo- ses Israel when its interests run counter to our national interest. Any criti- cism of the book can change that fact.

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I was voted "most likely to become a hypocrize" in high school, and I'd like to think I'm living up to my full potential. In my thought-provoking, sex-engaged, sexy article in the last issue, I suggested that new students at Lang take up smoking in order to fit in. I must tragically retract this suggestion, after a terrible incident involving burning a cigarette to a thirteen-month-old girl.

I'm afraid you are all going to need to quit smoking for me.

By now, some of you are probably scratching your heads and furrowing your brows in a vain attempt to understand what I'm talking about. You're thinking, but Robb, don't you smoke? I do, I like a fend. But I'll remind you that I'm not only a hypocrize, I'm also a horrible role model. That's a fantastic reason to quit smoking right there. I smoke. Do you really want to see me like arrogant jocks who spew their name with extra letters and loves nothing more than that stock of what's known as "talking down to the common folk"? I didn't think so.

Speaking of arrogant jocks, who are the people who burn cigarettes from me? Buy your own. This isn't a habit for the fragil. You are burning full fists of dollars each week, unearthing my delicious cigarettes and I will not tolerate it. Quit smoking because I don't want you giving me any more smoke. Whenever I see that lonely last cigarette jumbling in my pack, a wave piece of me dies, and it seems to be happening more often. You blood suckers are killing me faster than the cigarettes are. The only people who should get to bum cigarettes are actual attractive people—I myself included, which is why I will continue to bum from others.

Now, I'm not going to sell all and bring up your health as a reason to quit smoking. I don't smoke because I don't want to. I smoke because I can afford to buy more cigarettes. So take one for the team and quit smoking, and probably stop eating organic foods while you're at it. You'll never look as cool as I do smoking, anytime.

I saw the guitar-playing Lothario maybe five times over the summer. I'd always hear him during the half-hour wait for my train from Manhattan. Coming down the stairs to the platform, regretting the time and scowling at everybody, I'd see him, scowl even harder and mutter, "Jesus, not this guy."

The guy was a loser. He had a fragile look to him—bushy chest beard, a T-shirt glued to his bird-bust of an anatomy that attracted me. Here was a guy who must have fucked up. Most likely Lothario played original songs as, but a fabulist, a romantic and a posh blond woman had given him his special tone that had never been there before. The memories in the song became iconic, and the singer's regret was really self-delusion. I understood Lothario. He wasn't the acid casualty I'd written him off as, but a fabulist, a romantic, a storyteller, a dreamer.

Maybe I really should have reallized this about Lothario before. Earlier that summer, a pulsing blond woman had given him a dollar and asked him how he could please her, how she could give him a dollar. I heard it in an ironic undertone that had never been there before. The memories in the song became iconic, and the singer's regret was really self-delusion. I understood Lothario. He wasn't the acid casualty I'd written him off as, but a fabulist, a romantic, a storyteller, a dreamer.

"Here was a guy who must have fucked up".

On October 1, around 1:30 a.m. London time, if you listened closely enough, you could hear the jive of every record executive in the world slapping against the floor. This was just a few seconds after Radiohead announced via their website that they would release their latest album, In Rainbows, online and for as little as 49pence (about 1 US dollar). The world-renowned indie rock band had fulfilled their contract with their former record label, EMI, after their 2004 album, Hail to the Thief. Rather than shop for another conglomerate to push their new album, they decided to release it on their own terms. The result? They come off looking like freedom fighters, waving a great, musical flag in the face of the brutal, cash-driven record industry.

One could, of course, say that Radiohead is not really doing anything new. Countless indie bands have released albums for free through their own websites, setting up PayPal accounts in the hope that fans donate a few spare dollars. Even Nine Inch Nails left USB drives filled with new songs around concert venues, giving fans an early peek into their latest work and to encourage file-swapping.

But what makes Radiohead different is that for all their indie cred, they are the music establishment. Most of the indie bands out there are as horrible as they are ephemeral, and NIN is no different.

"You blood suckers are killing me faster than the cigarettes are."

"That's all you can ask for," he shrugged, and went back to playing his guitar.

My mother insists that at the time of my birth, Tears for Fears were playing on the radio in the hospital. When my head first emerged from her vagina, I was relegated to the nursery as the "too-below-bathing," "Who killed tangerine, the preppiest girl I have ever seen?"

This was the moment when I was a fruit fly.

Growing up, my mother was constantly accompanied by her queen entourage to local wine tastings and silent auctions. My life also included a series of relationships with homosexual tendencies whose apparent boyfriends stayed by the house that had been turned into sweatshops and bottles of wine.

With such inspiration, it's no surprise that I grew up to be a big, haired, sequin-loving chick indulging in a gay life from a straight woman's perspective.

In third grade, I announced my idol was RuPaul. My classmates giggled in unison. In fifth grade, I refused to listen to anything other than early 90s Madonna, insisting that her new songs were "too bby." I was the only girl in the seventh grade to not bring a boyfriend to the spring dance. Instead, I took my only out classmate to a school dance. I got involved in gay activism, though it fell upon overwhelmingly deaf ears. Finally, in college, I realized I wasn't alone.

I take my gay friends by the hands and pull them into clubs. I go alone for a Happy Hour margarita at any Chelsea institution and cannot help but be utterly jealous of drag queens. I'm not some nube who moved to New York City and suddenly realized that I have my own Queer Eye for the Straight Guy cast seated in my classes. Nor was I one of those girls who enjoys the attention of gay men simply because they complimented me—rather, I was raised by the homosexual community and continue to support it through protests, petitions and online activism, so that the gay community has the same rights as the straight populace.

I am not faghag. I am a fruit fly.

At times it seems being a fruit fly ensures a life of solitude. However, for a woman who told her girl friends in second grade that she planned on being a single mother with surrogate gay fathers while they compared fantasy wedding dresses, life is nothing but glamorous.

My mission is to submit to the time of my birth, Tears for Fears were playing on the radio in the hospital. When my head first emerged from her vagina, I was relegated to the nursery as the "too-below-bathing," "Who killed tangerine, the preppiest girl I have ever seen?"

This was the moment when I was a fruit fly.

Growing up, my mother was constantly accompanied by her queen entourage to local wine tastings and silent auctions. My life also included a series of relationships with homosexual tendencies whose apparent boyfriends stayed by the house that had been turned into sweatshops and bottles of wine.

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Racing for Respectability: Is the Other Coast Greener?

By CHRISTINE CALVO

Big cities like New York and Los Angeles are the epitome of excessive energy consumption. Consider the bright lights, congested traffic and air so toxic it pollutes babies’ lungs as they exit the hospital.

While there are efforts being taken to halt pollution on both coasts, the West appears to be moving faster.

In LA, where the sun shines down through smoggy sky, the Department of Water and Power claims to have hit their goal of generating 20 percent of its electricity from renewable sources.

According to Mayor Villaraigosa’s website, 84 percent of LA’s passenger vehicles have switched to hybrid or alternative fuel options, like Compressed or Liquid Natural Gas over the past two years. But trucks continue to pollute in LA, with six thousand engines and exhaust systems, and efforts to ban them have been fiercely resisted by truckers.

In an op-ed for the Los Angeles Times, reporter Ronald White wrote, “Clean air programs would cause serious problems at Long Beach and LA seaport facilities.”

In New York, Mayor Bloomberg has announced plenty of plans to improve the environment, like “PlaNYC: A Greener, Greater New York,” whose goal is to reduce New York’s greenhouse gas emissions by 30 percent by 2030. He recently traveled to Europe for four days to discuss different energy-saving tactics used in its cities, such as traffic congestion pricing in London and Paris’ rental bike program. (See article below)

But how effective are these efforts? So far, 11,000 traffic lights and “Don’t Walk” signs have been changed to light-emitting diodes which use 90 percent less energy—a step in the right direction, but ultimately not a big deal.

Are any of Bloomberg’s schemes actually working? Are New Yorkers themselves really paying enough attention to this issue? According to New York Public Radio’s Amy Eddings, the answer is no. She reported that the current recycling rate is 17 percent, but if New Yorkers would recycle “perfectly, the city would send thirty-five percent less garbage to landfills.”

According to Bloomberg’s office 446,000 metric tons of CO2 were reduced between 1995 to 2006 in New York.

If Bloomberg does not want his city to become the next Atlantis, then he should do more to make New Yorkers environmentally conscious. If New York and Los Angeles were in a race toward green respectability, I’d say that LA would have a commanding lead.

The Homogenization Zone

By SARA GARTMAN

For a city that reinvents itself as often as Bob Dylan, it’s hard to pinpoint one moment in history when New York was at its best. The geography may be more or less the same, but Gatsby’s Manhattan is nearly unrecognizable compared to Carrie Bradshaw’s. While young New Yorkers strive to fulfill their own ideas of the city, older generations invariably long for what they think of as “old New York.”


The exhibition spotlights writer and activist Jacobs and her neighborhood-friendly urban planning agenda. Best known for her 1961 book The Life and Death of Great American Cities, Jacobs scorned large-scale redevelopment as implemented by developers and government agencies, instead advocating for community involvement.

She encouraged utilizing a mix of residential, industrial and commercial resources to counter the homogenizing effects of modern planning. By taking advantage of the inherent economic opportunities within the city, Jacobs saw the chance to revive the former sense of urban life.

Jacobs saw Greenwich Village as the quintessential successful urban community, and fought hard to keep it that way. Were it not for her, in fact, the neighborhood’s main attraction, Washington Square Park, might not be here—at least not in its present form. In the early 1960s, a plan approved by then Parks Department Commissioner Robert Moses proposed to construct an extension of 5th Avenue through the park, in order to speed the flow of traffic. Supporters of the extension argued that it was necessary to relieve traffic congestion, but Jacobs helped to lead a virtual community revolt that insured the road would not be built.

Similar struggles are taking place today, of course. Take Atlantic Yards, for instance, the high-density residential complex proposed for downtown Brooklyn in 2003 by Forest City Ratner Companies. If built, the 16 skyscrapers and 18,000-seat arena will pose a giant threat to the historical integrity and unique culture of the neighborhoods that surround it.

What’s the moral of the story? Whenever big bad developers come, bringing new construction and sky-high rents, it is possible for the community to fight back. As the debate over Atlantic Yards picks up steam, who’s to say another Jane Jacobs won’t spring forth?

The Municipal Art Society looks to Jacobs’ vision because it calls for genuine community involve-
ment during any extensive urban redevelopment project or any major changes to the physical environment. Urban planning strategies and economic theories aside, the soul of New York City is, as Jacobs realized, ultimately composed of its people.

by BY COURTNEY BROWN

Trendy Transport

By ELSA MARIETTE GARRIÈRE-PAUL

Paris is overrun by futuristic,pearly-gray bikes. Stylish riders cruise around the city, picking up and dropping off their bikes at their leisure. Residents love them—there are more than 10,000 Vélib’ bikes on the streets of Paris on any given day. High-brow bike culture is thriving; Gucci’s Avenue Montaigne boutique now offers stylish Vélo accessories, and the city hosted its first Bike Film Festival this summer, attracting such chic participants as Michel Gon-dry. The trendy dainters are the Vélib’istes, who use the bikes to pick up other celebataireuses, or singles.

The program is operated by Vé-
lib’, a company which offers members use of the bikes for a small annual or one-time fee—about $55 a year or one euro for a day pass. Users can pick up the identical bikes at any of the thousands of outdoor stations throughout the city, and simply drop them off at another station when they reach their destinations. It’s funded by international billboard company JC Decaux, who put up the initial $88-million and provides bike and station maintenance costs, in return for rights to 1,600 billboards in Paris.

Vélib’ has inspired fashion, art and even dating culture—but can it inspire New York?

Our own Mayor Bloomberg has complimented Paris Mayor Ber-trand Delanoë on the success of his Vélib’ program, but says that the program would probably not work here. Bloomberg cited legal and financial problems as one of the potential problems with implementing a similar program in New York.

“We have bicycle laws where people have to wear helmets,” he said and dropped his head to the NYC City Hall. “Not clear whether that would preclude a lot of people from using bicycles to go to work because they don’t want to carry their helmets.” He’s somewhat mistaken on this point. According to the New York State Govern-
ment website, riders “should” wear a helmet, though only riders under 14 are required to do so.

Additionally, there is no lack of helmets for New Yorkers: bike helmets are available from the city by calling 311; a helmet requirement on the program wouldn’t be unreasonable. Businessmen carry their heels—there’s no reason bik-

ers shouldn’t carry their helmets. Another problem the mayor saw in offering a New York Vélib’ program is the absence of bike lanes throughout the city. But last September, the NYC Department of Trans-
portation announced plans to build over 200 miles of new bike lanes and paths in the city.

What is obvious from these ob-
jections is that our mayor, the billionaire communications en-
trepreneur, is not interested in spending the money that funding this program would require. He claims to be behind “PlaNYC,” his initiative to make New York greener by 2030, but his lack of imagination regarding the Vélib’ program is disappointing. This is just what New York could use—innovative, green transportation for the city, not to mention the sight of Bloomberg cruising down Park à la mode Parisienn.
Since the early 1800’s immigration has been a critical component in America’s growth and in recent years, due to the president’s plan to overhaul the existing immigration laws, it has been a topic of controversy around the nation. President Bush proposed a guest worker program that would allow immigrants to legally enter the country to temporarily fulfill jobs that would otherwise be unoccupied.

Every other week a woman named Nubia comes to clean my family’s home in Westchester. As she worked we were able to have brief conversations about her life since she immigrated to the United States from Bogota, Colombia. Skeptical of our administration’s legislative plan and fascinated by Nubia’s story I decided to spend a whole working day with her; Nubia welcomed me into her life from 6a.m. to 6p.m.

Nubia immigrated to the United States from Colombia in 1998 with her husband Francisco and her two daughters, Heidi and Angie. Finally, after eight years of working as a house cleaner, $50,000, in lawyer fees and a troubled marriage, Nubia and her two daughters have obtained their permanent residencies or their green cards. With their new status, Nubia has been able to find a comfortable place to live in Yonkers, NY and was recently able to send Heidi and Angie to Colombia to visit their family.

“I love my work,” Nubia said. I get to travel and meet different people.” In Colombia Nubia used to be a math teacher - however the time and energy that it takes to obtain U.S. teaching credentials has prevented her from restarting her professional career.

“My daughters,” she explained, motioning to the picture of Heidi pinned to the fridge, “its their turn.”

Nubia’s first house to clean was in Chappaqua, NY, a small town about 30 miles north of her home on the Saw Mill River Parkway.

Heidi is now a senior and passionate soccer player at Gorton High School, one of the four public high schools in Yonkers, NY that specializes in law, medical professions and computer science. “It was hard at first. Everyone at school thought I was dumb, but I just didn’t know the language!” Eager and ready to graduate, Heidi has already begun to take classes at Monroe College. “I plan to study criminal justice at school, but I just really want to play on the team,” she said. “I want to go away to college, but I don’t want to leave my mom and Angie. We do everything together.”