Budget Cuts Chartwell Hours

Eighteen out of 23 cafeteria workers across The New School find themselves working a one-day reduction in hours each week. After Chartwells, the university caterer, revised the schedules of their shifts on October 24, Chartwells made the revision after demands for catering dropped steeply in response to the university budget cuts.

Due to the current renovation of the former Cyber Café on the fourth floor of 65 W. 13th St., Chartwells also revised shifts to accommodate the café’s three employees by transferring them to the three other cafeterias on campus. The shift cuts do not interrupt normal cafeteria operation hours.

As previously reported by the Free Press, university endowment investments plunged by six percent since the last fiscal year. The reduction of shifts has required some of the six employees at the café to compensate for the absence of normal staffing. Agala pointed out that Byren, the sous chef when asked about the shift cuts. “It’s usually full (of catering contracts for us),” she said. But due to the lack of demand for catering, said Agala, cafeteria workers "had to reorganize our shifts and take on different jobs." The reorganization of shifts has required some of the six employees at the café to compensate for the absence of normal staffing.

Continued on Page 7

Fighting with Food
There is such a thing as a free lunch

It’s a Saturday afternoon in Bedford-Stuyvesant where there are about a dozen people working away in a dark kitchen, preparing dishes of raw vegetable salad, mashed potatoes, surplus food from stores all around the city. At 3 p.m. community activists will paring dishes of raw vegetable salad, mashed potatoes, surplus food from stores all around the city. At 3 p.m. community activists will:

Volunteers for “Food Not Bombs,” a national organization that provides free food as a method of protest against large food corporations.

Continued on Page 10

Attendance Numbers to Drop

After experiencing a rapid increase in student body over the past five years, administrators at The New School who oversee next year’s incoming class have decided, with approval of The New School’s trustees, to limit the university-wide enrollment to a 4 percent expansion.

“I think we grew at a somewhat frenetic pace over the past five to six years,” said Jonathan White, Assistant Dean at Lang. “We’ve expanded fairly aggressively and at some point you have to slow down, take stock, let things get situated.”

“The idea is that if the incoming freshman class were 320 students this year,” Whit said, “then our target enrollment would be to yield 320 students plus four percent next year. Before, we might have had 250 students enroll as freshman, and the next year have 250 plus ten percent, but now it’s tapering off.”

But expansion has fundamentally changed major aspects of the University, and the economic slowdown could affect student housing, tuition acceptance rates, scholarship and financial aid availability, diversity of the student body, class for construction of new facilities, and tuition rates.

A new dorm will open on 15th Street near 2nd Avenue next fall semester. It will have 647 beds, which is about one third of the total number of beds The New School has now. To avoid the cost of extra space, administrators will be closing the Union Square dorm, which currently houses 105 students, as well as rooms rented at the 92nd Street Y, and are considering closing the Marlton and Grove Street dorms, though there has been no final decision on the matter.

“Getting rid of the Union Square dorm isn’t directly related to slowing down The New School’s expansion, but we do make decisions based on enrollment,” said Linda Reimer, Senior Vice President for Student Services.

But administrators are not yet sure if the decline in enrollment will have an effect on financial aid.

“The more students that are attending and paying tuition, the more money is going into the central budget that could be used toward scholarships,” said White.
Exposing New York

Since the 1990s, Gray's Papaya has advertised a “Recession Special,” consisting of two hot dogs and a medium drink. What once was clever and sarcastic is now, in the middle of an actual recession, distressing—and more expensive. What was $2.50 a year ago is now $4.65. In a recent interview with the New York Times, the restaurant’s founder, Nicholas Gray said, “I’m as suicidal as everybody else.”
Last week, The New School received some unexpected press when an article on the university was published in the New York Times. The New School, a private university, is known for its arts and communications programs and its commitment to social justice and global citizenship. The article discusses the university's policies regarding investments, race, and gender, and its efforts to support refugee scholars.

Bob Kerrey, president of The New School, has been actively involved in refugee support initiatives. He is a former U.S. senator and governor of Nebraska, and has been a vocal advocate for refugee scholars. Kerrey is currently working on a proposal to establish a new initiative called “The Scholars Rescue Fund,” which would provide grants and visas to Iraqi students who are at risk due to threats in their home country.

The New School's Office of the President has been working closely with the Vera List Center at The New School and with the Vera List Center's sister organization, the Vera List Center for the Arts, to support refugee scholars.

Kerrey has also been working with the Vera List Center to create a new initiative called “The New School University’s Scholars Rescue Initiative,” which would provide grants and visas to refugee scholars. The initiative would be modeled on the University in Exile, a program that provides grants and visas to refugee scholars from around the world.

The New School's Office of Communications has been working with the Vera List Center to promote the initiative and to ensure that the university's policies regarding investments, race, and gender are aligned with its commitment to social justice and global citizenship.

The New School is a private university, and its policies regarding investments, race, and gender are its responsibility. The university is committed to supporting refugee scholars and other groups who are at risk due to threats in their home countries. The New School's Office of the President and its Office of Communications are working closely to ensure that the university's policies are aligned with its commitment to social justice and global citizenship.

BerliC Bassas

The New School University's Student Development Center has announced a new program that will allow students to vote in the presidential election, even if they are not registered to vote in the state. The program, called “Rock the Vote,” will allow students to register and vote in the election, even if they are not registered to vote in the state. The program is being run by the Office of Student Development, and it will be administered by the Office of Student Development's registration and elections team.

To be eligible to vote in the presidential election, students must be registered to vote in the state. The New School's Student Development Center has announced that it will register students to vote in the presidential election, even if they are not registered to vote in the state. The program is being run by the Office of Student Development, and it will be administered by the Office of Student Development's registration and elections team.

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Row, Row, Row Your House
Students settle on the sea

KATE HANSELMAN COPY CHIEF

Looking strikingly like an old Gloucester fisherman, with a full black beard and windblown hair, Dayyan Armstrong trooped through the afternoon drizzle at the World’s Fair Marina. Wearing a wool sweater over a plaid oxford, with an ear muff in hand, he unlocked the pale blue metal gate leading to the docks. As he traveled past rows of weatherbeaten boats bobbing calmly on their tethers, he explained that his situation was a little precarious. “No one really cares that I’m here except this one guy who keeps asking me if I live here…I had to hide behind a bush once, but he saw me and warned,” he says.

Armstrong, a 23-year-old student in the New School Masters program for Economics, has been living on his 26-foot sailboat, Groose, since this summer, when he sailed her down from Maine. He lives in the marina between LaGuardia Airport and Shea Stadium in Queens and pays roughly $980 for the six-month winter season to moor his boat.

“In high school, for my stepbrother and I, it was, do we get a car or a sailboat?” Armstrong said. The two invested their time and money in the “Pelican” until they became “completely obsessed.” Armstrong explained that he has been living on the boat for two and a half years, and “has fantasized about it ever since.”

Though he sublets his apartment in Brooklyn, he says he expects to live on the boat through the winter. While living on Groose had been a dream of his, he said, “It stinks. You always have to fix something. But it’s awesome. That’s why you do it!” For the coming summer, Armstrong hopes to get a Fulbright Scholarship to study weather projects in India. His backup plans are other bicycling to Costa Rica or sailing to Haiti over the summer. “My stepbrother and I are scheming to sail around the world,” he said.

He traces the world map burned into his wooden table as he talks. “It’s not as isolating as one would imagine,” he said, with his index finger tracing South America. “My biggest pet peeve is definitely people’s inability to do adventure and follow through. That’s my problem with New Yorkers. I guess this is really following through with my adventure.”

Across Manhattan and the Hudson, at the Lincoln Harbor Marina just outside Hoboken, New Jersey, John Fox stands on the deck of his sailboat looking like a true yachtsman: shaggy brown hair, a long-sleeved white polo shirt, jeans, and brown Sperry TopSider boat shoes, with the only thing missing being his cap’s. The 25-year-old New School for General Studies Cinema Studies major has been living on his 28-foot boat, Fortitude, for a year.

“Ironically, anywhere else I would have gone to school, I couldn’t have done this,” he said. “I thought I was kissing [my boat] goodbye [once I left Atlantis].”

Fox spends roughly $1,000 a month to stay at the marina, and said that he feels good about “actually owning something and building equity on it.”

“I lived in an apartment and it just wasn’t me. The independence was for me important,” he added.

Stepping down into his cabin, which is decorated a deep evergreen mixed with mahogany paneling and little white curtains, he exchanged his TopSiders for a pair of gray Crocs.

“I’m trying to save up for solar panels so I can be more green,” he said. “There are about 30 other sailors at the marina who live on their boats full time. We’re kind of like a little family,” he said. “I’m planning to sail across the Atlantic after I graduate. To me, this is my dream. I’d rather be on a boat.”

It’s a lot like flying, just you and the elements.” Fox takes a long look at the Manhattan skyline, and glances around the dock.

Speaking for both himself and Armstrong, he says with a smile, “I’m here to stay.”

Overbite Bites Back
Hospital needs more space

ELISA DELJANIN NEWS DEPUTY

A six-story building sitting on 12th and 4th Avenue looks like every orthodontist’s nightmare: two sets of crooked, rounded off teeth and a severe overbite. The jagged, off-white structure, which some residents see as part of the historic character of the West Village, is the Edward and Theresa O’Toole building. The building currently serves as an outpatient facility and the site of administrative offices for St. Vincent’s Hospital.

But on April 19, St. Vincent’s filed a hardship application to New York City’s Landmarks Preservation Commission (LPC) claiming that the building cannot properly function as a hospital and would allow demolition of the landmark. The application was approved on October 22 after making a few slight revisions to the proposal. Once the building is razed, St. Vincent’s plans on erecting a 233-feet condominium tower in its place, as well as a 233-feet condominium tower across the street in the place of Coleman Pavilion. Though further approvals will be needed from the city and the state in order for the project to commence, this was the first step in a large renovation for the 152-year-old hospital.

The hospital had to prove in its hardship application that, among other things, the landmark building is no longer appropriate for carrying out the organization’s charitable purposes. St. Vincent’s said in its application that they could not continue without a new building there, since it does not have hospital beds and functioning equipment. The proposal also cites the need for a “single, solid space” for the hospital. According to the New York Times, hospital lawyers said they would be forced to close down if they could not demolish the O’Toole building.

This charitable purpose includes our role as the only Level 1 Trauma Center on the West Side, said Michael Hoylman, chair of CB, in a public statement. Hoylman also said that Protect the O’Toole, a preservationist group, is planning to appeal their position adequately. “St. Vincent’s will raze the building before they have the funds to build another.”

Tomei also said that Protect the Village Historic District, a local preservationist group, is planning a lawsuit against the hospital. “The hardship wasn’t properly established,” he said.

Tomei is one of the many residents who oppose the project. “They want to tear down an historic building to build this monstrosity,” he said.

Other local residents are pleased with the decision. On St. Vincent’s website, there is a downloadable file that lists over one thousand names of supporters from the various neighborhoods the hospital serves. “I think it’s time this overbite building gets somebrace, said James Prieto, a lifetime resident. “The facilities need to be modern for the patients they serve in the immediate and surrounding neighborhood.”

Hospital representatives have been trying their best to contact residents through meetings and presentations of their upcoming plans. Many residents like Tomei said they are willing to work with St. Vincent’s to provide alternatives. “They can build a tower somewhere else and branch out in Manhattan,” he said.

Yet the board of commissioners for LPC believed the hospital argued their position adequately. “St. Vincent’s met its burden of proof that its current hospital facilities are inadequate, that it needs to construct a new hospital facility,” said Elizabeth DeBarson, spokesperson for the LPC. “The only feasible place is on the site of the O’Toole Building.”

“If we want this to be a true hospital,” said Marilyn Dorato, a long-time denizen who presides over the Greenwich Village Block Association, “St. Vincent’s should build horizontally, not vertically.
Green Your Collar

ELISA DELJANIN NEWS EDITOR

Plans for The New School’s so-called Signature Building, the 18-story glass-walled high-rise that would replace the Albert List Academic building at 65 5th Ave., have faltered. Kerrey declined to offer an explanation as to major setbacks in fundraising, a less-than-welcoming response from the community, and an inability to develop alternate plans for the site. Nevertheless, administrators said they plan to remove remaining staff and end classes meeting there by the end of this month, and demolish it shortly thereafter.

“All along, we felt that it’s in progress,” said New School President Bob Kerrey in an interview. He will meet with the Board of Trustees Executive Committee on November 20 to discuss a timetable for demolition and reconstruction. “Though I’m not promising, I’d like to be able to get in and out of that meeting with a pretty good idea of what we’re going to do.”

When it comes to putting up the new building, however, the plans are considerably less specific. “We know we need to build something;” said Kerrey. “It’s just going to be smaller than what we originally planned.” Kerrey declined to offer a specific estimate for the smallest building.

Students interviewed knew little about the specifics of the plan and why the building is being demolished, said Ashley Martin, a Lang Sophomore. “I never really understood why the building was being demolished;” she said. Frank Barletta, Senior Vice President for Finance and Business at The New School.

The New School had planned to sell the David Schwartz Dash- menger Education Center at 40th Street and 7th Avenue, which houses many Parsons classes, and other property to fund the new building. But that strategy, too, has faltered because of the precarious state of the real estate market.

All told, the University has raised $40 million for the new building so far. But with the wave of foreclosures, it looks like you almost have to dismantle it brick by brick.

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“Once I was finished with a research project, I was thinking about my next project, and I remembered this idea I had for a new book,” said Corrick. “I had a little time on my hands and I was thinking about this idea. I had been working on this for a while, and I thought it would be interesting to others.”

When asked about his motivation for writing the book, Corrick said, “I had a lot of free time, and I wanted to use it to write something that would be interesting to people.”

Corrick’s book is the first of a planned series of books on the history of the United States. He plans to continue writing similar books in the future.

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The LSU Update
How would you spend $30,000?

LÁZARO MEDINA REPORTER

Aside from the four Lang Student Union facilitators and Elia Turenne, the faculty advisor and Director of Special Projects at Lang, everyone present at the LSU's first funds proposal meeting of the year was there to submit a proposal or report on the November 4 meeting. The students that submitted proposals were Agnes Karolik of Students for a Democratic Society, Connor Malloy, a senior in the writing program, the Lang Student Dispatch, and Nik Sonfield and three other editors of What You Do Is Eat a Peach, a literary magazine published by Lang students.

Sonfield, a senior in the writing program and Editor-in-Chief of WTDEAP, requested $748 to print 500 copies of their second issue, due this semester. Sonfield explained that they hope to feature a New York poet in this issue; their first issue, printed last spring, featured primarily Lang students' work with contributions from students at Smith and Hunter Colleges. All eleven Lang students present voted in favor of granting funding for WTDEAP.

Malloy, also a senior in the writing program, requested $390 to print 500 copies of the second issue of the Dispatch, originally scheduled for November 10 but postponed for lack of material. LSU facilitator Jazmin Venus Soto had this specific proposal because the LSU paid for their first issue by themselves with funds raised at a party. Once again, all eleven students voted unanimously in support of the proposal.

Freshman Agnes Karolik requested between $400 and $600 to pay Evan Greer to facilitate a workshop on climate change on November 2. Turenne and LSU facilitators urged Karolik to reschedule the event to a later date to properly advertise and plan the workshop and also requested an itemization of the costs. Karolik contacted Greer and rescheduled the workshop to December 9 before voting commenced. Eleven students voted unanimously to pass the proposal, with a stipulation of funding pending cost itemization.

The workshop was cut short due to lack of attendance. That vote also passed, with ten votes in favor and one abstention.

The only Lang students, besides board members, who attended the November 11 general meeting of the LSU were two Free Press reporters. Facilitators discussed methods to increase student participation in LSU and brain-stormed community-building events.

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Israel Turns 60
Panel kvetches about future

LINDSEY GALOUB REPORTER

On November 11, The New School for Social Research hosted “Israel at 60: Reality, Utopia, or Provocation,” in Wollman Hall.

The event was the third William Philips Lecture, an annual discussion that commemorates the late author and co-founder of the Partisan Review, the landmark left-wing intellectual journal. Edith Kurzweil, former editor of the Partisan Review and Philips’ widow, and Michal Govrin, an Israeli writer and daughter of Holocaust survivors, spoke at the event.

The subject’s timing observed not only Israel’s 60th anniversary, but the 75th anniversary of the University of Exile—a graduate division of the NSSR founded in 1937 that hosted scholars who escaped from fascist Europe.

Govrin, the key speaker, addressed Israel’s current political and social climate. Through her work, Govrin seeks to tap into the unconscious of Arabs and Israelis to find what they share and uncover what divides them. Govrin noted that Israel was once a “utopia,” an outlook that reflects her mother’s experience from when she arrived in Israel from Germany and described her new home as a place of “great hope and redemption.”

Now, through sharing pieces of her own work and stories of friends and colleagues, Govrin concludes that Israel at 60 is threatened and its existence isn’t taken for granted. “It’s an intense polarized reality,” Govrin said, “one dream denies the dream of the other.”

Govrin ended the lecture saying that there can be a new utopian Israel. “Solving the situations there could change the way the world works,” Govrin said. “It is a global cause.”

The LSU Update

Rebuilding Latin America Panel on Food, fuel

LAUREN TAYLOR STAFF WRITER

The “Observatory on Latin America Symposium: Food, Energy, and Social Justice in Latin America” took place in the Theresa Lang Student Center on November 10. OLA was launched at The New School in September 2006 by Argen-tinian president Cristina Fer-nandez in order to “support and disseminate the development and articulation of new models of political, social, and economic development in Latin America.” The general theme of the organization is “Social Democracy in a Globalized World,” but this conference focused chiefly on economic developments and social justice in Latin America and Brazil. The all-day conference was mostly conducted in Spanish, but headsets were provided for English translation.

Dr. Michelle Chauvet-Sanchez, a professor at Universidad Autonoma Metropolitana Mexico, spoke about the social impact of rising supply prices in her lecture, “Food, Biofuels and Social Inequality in Mexico.” The importing and exporting of corn and sugar was discussed in detail.

“Corn is an important commodity in Mexico,” Chauvet-Sanchez said. “It’s culturally important, it feeds animals, and it is used for religious purposes.” However, as technology evolves, small farmers are seeing their overhead costs rise—tractors and supplies become mandatory for rapid harvesting. Dr. Chauvet-Sanchez also spoke about the way the Mexican government is run on a congressional system, allowing him to control tariffs and duties. “The industry has control over imports,” Chauvet-Sanchez said, “and Mexico never received tariffs and doesn’t collect duties.”

Sean Costello, the Director of Strategic Initiatives at the Center for Security Studies at The New School, discussed issues of government control over commodities in his lecture, “Creating an Energy and Environmental Security Eco-system to Inform International Policy.” OLA focuses on issues in each of their conferences, and the next talk in the U.S. will be held at The New School on February 26 and 27. Titled “Building Latin America,” the program will feature speeches that focus on different modes by which Latin American countries constructed their national constituencies and social transformations,” according to OLA’s website.

“After the disappointing results of privatizations,” OLA’s website states about the Latin American government, “there is broad agreement that government and the public sector are needed to play effective roles to lead and support economic and social progress.”

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Robin the Romantic Lit. professor sings, works on novel

ALEX VADUKUL REPORTER

New School Free Press November 17, 2008

NEWS

Chartwells Hours Cut

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The revised scheduling of employees was devised to keep them all working. Chartwells, started Agala, circulates a few of its employees out of the cafe before the shift cuts and the situational uncertainty have at least five cafeteria employees working second jobs. Times are tough, said Agala. "Everything (seems to be) up in the air. We don't know what will happen. We've staffed on a need basis. And anything can happen."

Wrote Kirkshon in an e-mail, "have lost their jobs will staff have lost their jobs as a result of the shift cuts."

"No Chartwells staff have lost their jobs"

JORDAN KATZ REPORTER

On November 5, psychotherapist and writer Sue Orbach held a discussion with Gender Studies Professor Ann Statton entitled, "From Fat to a Feminist Issue: To How We Think about the Body, and of the Wisdom of Desire to Change Your Body." She is also the organizer for any-thing can happen to the body."

"We grew at a somewhat frenetic pace over the past five to six years"

JAMIE KATZ REPORTER

Enrollment Declines

Continued from Page 1

"But by the same token, if we're not over-enrolling students, then that means that few of our students are competing for each scholarship dollar," White said. That said that economic factors were unlikely to affect scholarship availability, and more funds would be directed into scholarships in light of the economic crisis. Kathleen Breidenbach, Associate Dean of Admissions, said that she had known that as an outcome of the recession, fewer families may be able to afford the expense of private universities.

"We're not paying back a down turn in the stock market and the increase in the cost of living, and the increase in the cost of college education in general," she said.

Regardless, according to The New School's Office of Finance & Business, 38 percent of tuition at Lang goes to employees. The maximum rate of any division in the university. The rest comes from the endowment, but because The New School only withdraws about $10 million from a roughly $217 million, the university's reserves, the $15 million in funding will not remotely affect student aid. But Breidenbach was also concerned with Eugene Lang's enrollment growth in terms of academic structure.

"We needed students so that we could keep faculty, and keep get more faculty or make the case for hiring them full-time," Breidenbach added. "But next year, we're clarifying course levels, and introducing more prerequisites."

Having more students allows us to have more faculty and more students at the pace we've been going," White said, "becomes increasingly difficult to remember what we're about."
Getting More for Burlesque
A night of booze, breasts, and brass balls

ERIC KILLELEA REPORTER

I slid into Corio, a bar on the corner of West Broadway and Grand Street, and found myself eager for scotch, fine cuisine, and strip-tease beauties. It was the weekend and the bar was hosting “This Is Burlesque,” a theatrical throwback to the era of Bettie Page, where crude humor and bawdy entertainment were thought of as an art form. The air was rich with the smell of fine wine and liquor. Some well-man-nered guests watched CNN by the bar, while others sipped their liquor. Everyone knew when the bartenders would be in arm’s reach. Garret picked up a menu. Beer was $7-$9, wine was $8-$10, and mixed drinks were $10-$12. For food, there was $8-$10, and mixed drinks were $7-$9, wine

we were suits and mohawks, wrinkled button-downs and low-cut dresses. Front stage seemed to be in a man’s reach. Garret picked up a menu. Beer was $7-$9, wine was $8-$10, and mixed drinks were $10-$12. For food, there was nothing less than $40. If we had time to rob or steal, the prices would’ve been just fine, but Garret had just spent the last of his funds on cigarettes, and I—well, just know we were outcasts. No food. No drink. This night didn’t start in the way I’d imagined.

At 8:30 food and drinks—finger foods and wine over ice—were served to all except us. Where we were sitting, everything looked gorgeous under the fluorescent lights.

“Showtime! Showtime!” yelled the DJ into my ear. We leaned on the DJ into my ear. We leaned on my right side and said, “This is Burlesque” ended when all entertainers joined together and danced to Frank Sinatra’s “New York, New York.” Murray repeated, “Oh, I’m on too many pills.”

The second half of the show started with a high-energy lounge track that sang, “I dig girls, that’s what the prices would’ve been if we weren’t press; she said that the admission and dinner combined would’ve been $76 each.

We asked him to take one with us, but he kindly declined, “Nah, I’m on too many pills.”

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Best Doc. Short Awarded to NS Alumn

Continuing activism out of the classroom

JANA GONZALEZ PHOTOGRAPHY DEPUTY

In Bed with a Mosquito, directed and produced by New School alum Sarah Frank (New School for General Studies 2008), took home the prize for Best Documentary Short at CMJ’s inaugural CineMini Short Film Festival in Manhattan this October. The film, made earlier this year, follows a 79-year-old anti-war activist who works on the streets of Manhattan.

When the Free Press reached Frank 10 days after the festival, she said she was still basking in the recognition. “I’ve been humbled and touched,” she said. “You apply to these festivals blindly. You don’t hear back from most, but then you get into one, and then people like it, and then you get an award.”

Frank, 25 years old, grew up in Detroit and enrolled at Michigan State, where she studied journalism. Through reporting and photography she discovered a “passion for telling stories.” As she gained experience, she says she realized that documentary films would let her tell the stories she wanted to tell them.

Frank graduated from MSU in 2006, then decided to attend the Documentary Studies program at The New School, where she obtained a certificate in documentary studies. “It was one of the best years of my life,” she said of the experience. The documentary studies program gave her the freedom, she said, to be a “hands-on learner” and the creative and supportive environment let her explore the field. “It gave me a much broader idea about what documentary is,” she said.

In Bed with a Mosquito is just 18 minutes long, but it offers a vivid portrait of what Frank calls “a compelling and inspiring New York character.” Betty Brassell, a retired AT&T telephone operator, Frank met Brassell at a Granny Peace Brigade protest over a year ago, and knew almost immediately that she had found the story she was looking for. She then spent five months documenting Brassell’s life.

“If you read the synopsis, Frank admits, you might suspect the film to have an anti-Bush political agenda. But if you watch it, she insists you can see that it’s a film about “someone who is strong and passionate, and just happens to feel a certain way about the Bush administration.”

“I’m my hope that through this film, people will question their own activism or lack thereof,” says Frank. “If a woman in her late 70s can get up every day and make a statement for what she believes in, why can’t we all do the same?”

To watch the film, visit this link: [Link to the film]

Independent Theaters in NYC

Because we’re all tired of AMC and Regal looking for a midnight escape.

Across town in SoHo, The Collective Emergency Networking Group that hosts circus performances, burlesque shows, and poetry reading series, occasionally features themed cinema screenings. Last month, the Confederation of Artists premiered a kinetic documentary series and later this month will begin a four-week curated film series hosted by four artists. According to the theater collective, genres explored in the lineup will include “experimen- tal, diverse cultural perspectives (Black, Latino, Asian, etc.), sci-fi, gay/lesbian, anything goes.” For those who miss the comfort of reclining seats and the ability to purchase snacks at a prices counter, the Lincoln Center Film Society is the perfect cinematic option. Tickets are a mere 88 for films that range from a series on problem children in horror pictures, including The Bad Seed and The Omen, to week-long film tribute to famous actors, critics, and directors.

Film-going in Manhattan ain’t what it used to be. Luckily, New York is attempting to salvage the cinematic obsession birthed in 1980s Woody Allen pictures. Purn may not be accessible to the masses. Yet, despite the ascen- dancy of AMC/Regal chains and

A Word’s Worth Lang ’zines showcase student work

SAMANTHA PAUL REPORTER

Release, Lang’s literary magazine, has been publishing student work since before most Lang students were born. The annual magazine has published 22 volumes, the past three in tandem with Parsons.

The 2008 edition features work on subjects as varied as the amputation of a finger and lost Kindergarten love on 48 pages of “Pithc Opaque” stock. In May 2008, When You Don’t Eat a Peach (WYDEAP), which plans to publish its second issue this December, emerged on the streets of Manhattan.

“We solicit Lang students to send in pieces of any type,” explains Editor-in-Chief Nik WYDEAP. “We look for the best that they’ve had,” said Frank.

Though the aesthetics of Release and WYDEAP vary, both aim to showcase the best Lang student writing. The editing pro- cess is exhaustive. Seven students compile WYDEAP. They solicit specific pieces from classmates whose work they admire. Approximately 15 students enroll in the Lang class that edits Release each Fall before the polished work is compiled. They spend weeks. With a $6 ticket for stu- dents, the performance is truly a cinematic bliss. Hidden behind art col- lections, occasionally features burlesque shows, and poetry read- ing series. Having hosted a B-movie marathon on the stage, and a ticket to a Blockbuster movie with a watered-down Coke, a popcorn, and a ticket to a Blockbuster movie with a watered-down Coke, a popcorn, and a ticket to a Blockbuster movie.

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During the aesthetes of Re- lease and WYDEAP, Spring Lang writers together on the page.

Two Boots Pioneer Cinema on Av- enue A hosts the film festival, and many porn theaters have been eradicated in an attempt to clean up Manhattan, several mom-and- pop-sized theaters have sprung up to accommodate cinematic junkies. Beginning this past Halloween, The Living Theater on Clinton Street and Houston has begun regular movie screenings in ad- dition to their regularly-offered stage performances. Having hosted a B-movie marathon on October 31, the underground commune is now establishing a series of monthly screenings. Two avenues west, on Second, The Film Anthology Archives continues its tradition of show- casing only the obscure and the radi- cal. A lineup of classic pictures, including Jean-Daniel Pollet’s The Omen, which won Best Documentary Short at CMJ’s CineMini Short Film Festival, has been screened at four different film festivals including the CMJ Film Festival 2008 in New York, the Trade & Raw Docu- mentary Film Festival in Los Angeles, the Flint Film Festival and the Detroit Docs Interna- tional Film Festival in Michigan.

Frank, 25, says she does not have clear plans for the future, beyond continuing to meet interesting strangers on the street and telling their stories. Later, she says, she may take up teaching video and documentary to children and teens.
Punch Drunk Gallery Goers
Underage drinkers prey on galleries

HALY BELL  REPORTER

Thursday nights in Chelsea mean witnessing glittered up transvestites, abstract art, and, of course, drinking free wine. Those who like to appear art-savvy gather at this venue to pay more attention to their own heritage, but have deeply rooted cultural and linguistic similarities with the Slovaks. The Czechoslovakian national separatist, the “Velvet Divorce” in 1968, was the result of non-violent mass demonstrations in 1968 led by the population who felt that neither people should compete for language over the others. 

NYC’s Czech and Slovak communities have existed alongside each other since the mid-19th century in Astoria and Long Island City. Until the end of World War I in 1918, they were collectively known as “Bohemians,” named after a region of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In 1848, many fled the op- pression in their homeland, to re- tain their culture and language. The movement was followed by mass waves of immigrants, through the 1860s to the 1950s, because of the U.S. open immigra- tion policy for Austro-Hungarians. The first Bohemian community sprouted in the 1860s, around the 72nd Street area on Manhattan’s Upper East Side, and was called “Little Bohemia.” During its height, it contained restaurants, dancing halls, and a population of 30,000 Czech/Slovak residents.

“I was raised [in Little Bohe- mia],” said Czech Astoria resident Marian Nemec. “Everyone on the street had at least two families moved out [in the 1950s] because our cigar-cutting facto- ries were closed down, and were replaced by expensive apart- ment buildings and hospitals.

Most Czechs and Slovak began to relocate to Astoria near the famous Bohemian Hall and Beer Garden which were built together in 1910. To- day, the venues still serve the Czech community as a culture center. The “Golden Prague” restaurant is an example of Czech and Slov- ak unity, hosting musical and theatre performances of both na- tions. The next performance is a theatrical adaptation of the popu- lar Slovakian mania novel, Eng-

Yuki Jennifer Kurumi
BUSINESS DIRECTOR

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Twelfth Night Rejuvenated

In 1909 I listened to “Blue (Da Ba Dee)” over and over, relishing every sipwash trill Eiffel 65’s auto-tune gave me. It was the ’90s and I didn’t know any better. Aside from poor singers relying on it as a crutch, the world forgot about auto-tune until T-Pain re-popularized it in the hip-hop world with 2006’s Rappin’ Ternt Sanga. T-Pain rehashes his formula on his latest album Rappa Ternt Sanga, but over and over, relishing in the chorus, adding piano, then tkrao drums teamed with a backbeat: “Love Lockdown,” before slipping back into subdued vocals. “Lockdown” captures the pain of love with spoils of lively drums and sprawls of mourning.

While it’s T-Pain’s entire career to bore listeners with auto-tune, it only took Kanye West one album to make us pay attention. The all-female cast of Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night strives to subvert that classical form with inverted femininity and outrageous dance numbers. Their production of Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night, running until November 23 at Urban Stages on W. 30th St. for an $18 admission, is a boisterous reconfiguration of the legendary bard’s classic comedy. The play involves a complicated four-triangle hetero plot centered around Viola, a shipwrecked aristocratic woman disguised as a young man bynone who, in turn, is pinning on to the Web 2.0 model that contributed to my anxieties. Because of Facebook and Gmal, my own privacy felt upended. I guess that’s why I would have some umbilical connection to a digital godhead where my life would be recorded, scrutinized, and broadcast. So I just quit it. My phone inbox was quickly filled (20 messages, the maximum in three days) and my inbox grew rapidly (over 1,200 unread emails when I last checked it), up from about 600. I really was an insomniac. I started sleeping eight or nine hours a night. I had time to cook full meals. I stopped drinking a pot of coffee every day. I was able to read and write without distraction and had what felt like a sharper memory. Life indeed existed beyond the laptop monitor. But no matter how positive these changes were, they had their consequences. I guess that I didn’t return calls. My family was worried about my well-being. Work that hinged on the use of e-mail was left undone. Although I apologized for these mix-ups, didn’t regret my withdrawal. Just because we have access to endless channels of communication, it’s absurd that we’ve lost the ability to manage our own time. I’ve come back to check my e-mail and Facebook every once in a while in the last few days. The difference now is that it’s not a domi- nant (or even regular) part of my routine. Not only have I stopped feeling anxious about looking at my inbox, I don’t worry that if I neglect my computer, I’ll some- how miss out on life. Do I recom- mend this for everyone? No. We all have our own ways of dealing with the Web 2.0 world, but it can be done without any angst.

Eletharia was known for male-only casts. The all-female classical theatre company The Queen’s Company strives to sub- vert that classical form with in- verted femininity and outrageous dance numbers. Their production of Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night, running until November 23 at Urban Stages on W. 30th St. for an $18 admission, is a boisterous reconfiguration of the legendary bard’s classic comedy. The play involves a complicated four-triangle hetero plot centered around Viola, a shipwrecked aristocratic woman disguised as a young man bynone who, in turn, is pinning on to the Web 2.0 model that contributed to my anxieties. Because of Facebook and Gmal, my own privacy felt upended. I guess that’s why I would have some umbilical connection to a digital godhead where my life would be recorded, scrutinized, and broadcast. So I just quit it. My phone inbox was quickly filled (20 messages, the maximum in three days) and my inbox grew rapidly (over 1,200 unread emails when I last checked it), up from about 600. I really was an insomniac. I started sleeping eight or nine hours a night. I had time to cook full meals. I stopped drinking a pot of coffee every day. I was able to read and write without distraction and had what felt like a sharper memory. Life indeed existed beyond the laptop monitor. But no matter how positive these changes were, they had their con- sequences. I guess that I didn’t return calls. My family was worried about my well-being. Work that hinged on the use of e-mail was left undone. Although I apologized for these mix-ups, didn’t regret my withdrawal. Just because we have access to endless channels of communication, it’s absurd that we’ve lost the ability to manage our own time. I’ve come back to check my e-mail and Facebook every once in a while in the last few days. The difference now is that it’s not a domi- nant (or even regular) part of my routine. Not only have I stopped feeling anxious about looking at my inbox, I don’t worry that if I neglect my computer, I’ll some- how miss out on life. Do I recom- mend this for everyone? No. We all have our own ways of dealing with the Web 2.0 world, but it can be done without any angst.
Employment Baby's Bad Time is Not Enough

CAMPUS JOHNSON
GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

I remember growing up in one of New York City's toughest neighbor- hoods, East New York, Brooklyn. There were mischievous pock- et-orchestras, drug dealers and gang members, who believed that prison was a necessary rite of passage for young males to turn into men. So it was not strange to hear the malafec- tors of the neighborhood use the dark cliché, “prison makes you a man,” or to see them on every other street corner telling past war sto- ries about the “glory days” of when prison was “real.” I now realize that these were lies and false con- cepts spoon-fed to young people by a desperate generation that was suffering from job losses, the crack-cocaine epidemic, and cuts in social programs by the Reagan administration. The reality is there is nothing glorious about being incarcerated in a prison, a terrible place, where the living conditions conspire to make prison the worst time of my life. However, a tough time in pris- on is not enough to prevent most from coming back.

First of all, some facilities where I’ve worked are surrounded by fig- urations of multiple dilapidated buildings that are loosely held to- gether by old sheet rock, rusted metal, and wooded steel girder tracks. Sometimes I think that if it rained harder, they would slide away from the building, become crumbling down on my head. The sound of the rain beat- ing down on the tin ceilings of the facility sounds like the drums of African warriors preparing for battle, drums that if played long enough, loud enough—victory! Af- ter the rain stops and drums calm, the war scars of the battle are ap- parent on the walls of the facility in the form of moldy and water stained ceiling tiles. In the facil- ity’s long and dimly lit hallways are strategically placed buckets used to catch rainwater that got through the front line of old tin ceiling. The damp air is filled with the smell of wet beets, and the army of dirty maps used up clean to after the as- sault, are all evident of a battle that has lasted for years.

Despite my own history with 59 in- mates. It’s a large room consisting of 50 cookie-cutter cubicles, with ten cubicles having double bunks in them. Every time I walk into the dormitory, I meet with the men and women who inhabit the facility. The smell of heated corn chips, which usually emanates from the heads of inmates who are lazy and down-right refuse to wash, “afraid” to enter the showers as if there were warning signs posted. “Danger! Shocked-infested water!” But the worse and funniest smell is the occasional odor that perme- ates the air and steadily invades my nose in the middle of the night, interrupting my sleep and almost causing my heart to tremor as I repeatedly wake up on the side of one of these breaks wind.

There are all these reminders of the re- ality of my life and misery of being incarcerated. And though prison is not supposed to be a place of rehabilitation, cigarettes must be a rehabilitative element of incar- ceration because punishment and discomfort are not sufficient as preventative measures to crime. Despite the daily horror with 59 in- mates, preventive measures inmates face, 67 percent of them will commit a serious new crime in three years of their release from state fac- ilities, according to statistics from the Department of Correction.

In the waiting room, about 30 potential employees sit anticipat- ing their turn to prove that they are the best person for the stock boy, cashier, or sales clerk position. The scene resembles a public assistance office: the walls are filled with ad- dresses and phones numbers to govern stock boy’s life?

There is a growing number of college graduates who are enter- ing the workforce for the first time only to discover that finding employment isn’t as easy as they thought it would be. It’s becoming one of the most expensive education to find a job.

The decline in energy, housing and financial markets have made it difficult for working class college gradu- ates, like Forbes, to find employ- ment. College graduates account for 25.8 percent of the jobless, according to an analysis by the Economic Policy Institute from 2000 to 2003. Many college graduates often find themselves guided by the effects of the economy, and unable to fin- ding employment that leads them back to mom and dad’s house.

According to a survey done by CollegeGrad.com, out of 14,000 graduates 64.4 percent said they moved back home until they could find a job. An unemployment rate continue to rise, financial troubles forced them to return and look for jobs for which they are overqual- ified and underpaid. Even college graduates face difficulty after completing school their is expensive lifestyles. Some college graduates are often optimistic about entry-level jobs and salaries. Unfortunately, the reality of the job market is quite the opposite. They are struggling with their lifestyles. Student loans and other liabilities are fac- tors that separate the lifestyle and entry-level salaries that graduates have come to expect.

Students from Jimmy Wallenstein's Literary Non-Fiction class at the Arthur Kill correctional facility wrote these stories for the Prison Review. Despite the regulations of that administrated, are required to read them, they are here in their entirety, edited only for length and clarity. We hope to continue publishing stories from students in the Arthur Kill program.
the dissonant pounding we all felt for the past few years. We could buy food, pay our rent, and show up to class, and we could handle the stress that comes with being a student. But it was a different world: Our classes were longer, we had to work harder, and we had to think more critically about the issues that were being discussed in the classroom.

My professor in one of my classes was a master of this art. He would spend hours going through our textbooks and explaining the concepts in a way that made them more accessible and understandable. He would also bring in guest speakers from around the world to discuss important issues of the day. His passion and dedication to teaching were contagious, and it inspired me to work harder and think more critically about the world around me.

As I reflect on my time as a student, I am grateful for the lessons I learned, the people I met, and the experiences I had. They have made me a better, more informed, and more compassionate person.

In the end, I hope that my time at New School University was not just a waste of time, but a stepping stone to a better future. I wish you all the best in your future endeavors.

Ashley Awanaker
Reporting
Left Coast Is The Best Coast

Despite bout of bigotry, CA still lures

RYAN O'CONNELL REPORTER

After having lived in California my entire life, I couldn’t wait to switch coasts for college. Although apprehensive at first, I fell in love with the people, the sights, and the sounds of this unique city. In some respects, I feel like my decision to move to New York was one of the best I’ve ever made. That being said, come graduation, I’m getting the hell out of here and going back to Los Angeles.

When I first decided to come to New York, countless adults would tell me, “New York is great when you’re young!” When my 56-year-old father complimented me recently, he couldn’t help but notice that wherever we went, he was one of the oldest people in the room. He surmised that this was a city that catered to young people. I began to realize that he was partially correct. I love the sound of sirens and chatter that linger outside my window. I love walking through a sea of people on the sidewalks. The electric energy of the city is palpable 24 hours a day. But can I guarantee that I’ll love it when I’m older? What if I’m no longer vibrant, sleep-deprived twenty-something? What do I do when I’m my father’s age and want to sleep in this city that never sleeps?

Graduating college and entering a world of post-graduation and high unemployment is a frightening reality. It’s even scarier for New Yorkers who will have to navigate the notoriously competitive job market and pay exorbitant amounts on rent—amounts unheard of anywhere else. If a recent college graduate wanted to live in a one-bedroom apartment in Manhattan, they’d be getting a cruel wake-up call. According to NYC. gov, the median monthly rent for a one-bedroom apartment in Manhattan is $2,200. Comparatively, according to the reliable rental-listing website ApartmentHunters, the median monthly rent for a one-bedroom apartment in a place like Hollywood is $1,400.

As a graduate student living in the City, I feel tread upon—that kid Obama isn’t the only one of my generation who feels like he’s on the losing side of the election. Many Republicans have chosen to elect Stephen Harper as Prime Minister and other conservatives into high government positions. In lieu of the 2008 election, Canada now takes up a new role, as a convenient locale for asylum-seeking Mexican supporters.

In the wake of Barack Obama’s historic win, thousands of Republi- can hopefuls are gearing up to escape the freedom-destroying influence and Marxist ideals of the new Presi- dent-elect. Understandably they feel called upon—that kid Obama has already started to dismantle their structures of liberty, brick by brick! After chanting “Country First” throughout the Presidential campaign, many Republicans have chosen to turn to their last resort, a fanatic exercise in New York that is unparalleled. Where else can you walk forty blocks in an afternoon without ever getting bored by your surroundings or seeing something as odd as odd as women wearing couture to the market? Having lived in other metropolitan cities, I know the sense of pride and love a person at- taches to New York is unparalleled. New Yorkers see the city as part of their identity, it’s the only kind of lifestyle that they’re willing to live. So that means trading a mansion in Los Angeles for a modest apart- ment in New York, it’s worth it to them. It might just not be worth it to me. I love Los Angeles’ year- round warm weather, the open space and the goddamn Hollywood. I selfishly love being the only fashion-forward person in a city overrun by Crocs and yoga pants.

Canada Dries GOP Tears

Socialist tissues just more comforting

JESSICA POULTON REPORTER

Canada, long the ideological soulmate of the Democratic party, has been the mythical liberal utopia where left-leaning idealists could move to nurse their post election wounds. In lieu of the 2008 elec- tion, Canada now takes up a new role, as a convenient locale for asylum-seeking Mexican supporters.

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For many, living in New York City is the ultimate dream, but in a city that is geographically incapable of housing all of its residents, one can’t help but feel that someone is always willing to take your place.

So after graduation, I’m hereby reluctantly surrendering my apart- ment and my would-be career to the next potential New Yorker. They can have New York and I can take back California. Deal.

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CA Realizes What Prop 8 Means, Protests
Then realizes election over, bums out

COURTNEY NICHOLS STAFF WRITER

On November 4, while most of the country celebrated the election of the first African American president, California renewed its struggle for universal civil rights. Proposition 8, a bill that abolished gay marriage throughout the state, passed a mere four months after state judges deemed a nearly law unconstitutional. After years of fighting, the movement to end gay marriages dissolved within a single night. Thankfully, those who wed within the four month bracket of freedom, maintain all consummated rights. including tax breaks and visitation rights. Protests gathered throughout the streets in a sigh of relief with prop 8’s victory while also demanding immediate change for the homosexual community. Ellen DeGeneres noted that America “had taken a giant step toward equality” by electing Barack Obama, but passing Proposition 8 “took a giant step away.” Voting yes on 8 amounted to a distinct betrayal of basic human rights.

“Barack believes that we must fight for the world as it should be,” announced President Obama during his June 2008 speech, “a world where together we work to reduce the disparities that demeand, though, to the homosexuality community. Obama has continued to draw comparisons between the American Civil Rights Movement and the current gay Civil Rights Movement. Similar to biracial couples who could not get married even in the third of the states in the late 1960s, the gay community is demanding more than a wedding certificate. The demands of gay and lesbian rights supporters have shut down streets in cities across California demanding a repeal of the legislation. In the words of San Francisco mayor Gavin Newsom, “Prop 8 proponents are simply lying to you. They will do whatever it takes. Thank you Knights of Columbus. Thank you to the Roman Catholic Church for funding. Who knows what the next Proposotion 8 is, is there an initiative to take away the rights people of different races that have the ability to get married? What would stop someone from doing that? Nothing.” Only when Prop 8 comes to be seen as just another law, but as a personal infringement on American civil liberties, will the new Civil Rights Movement gain momentum. With time and with continued anger, change will occur.

This building would be great for a nudist colony or religious cult.

Eighty Metropolitan, a squat six-story institutional box with windows approaching $2 million per condo, goes conversion into a high-class inn asylum. And come from shell-shocked yuppies with suddenly worthless stock profiles. The windows are heightens the temptation to jump, and "Uncool" no longer ironic, just expensive

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opinions

Another Evening Redness In The West

JOE VEEH ARTS & CULTURE EDITOR

I was somewhere in Texas between Troy and Crawford when I saw a billboard in the distance.

It was hard to be sure, through the waves of heat and with my dehydration, but after ten minutes more he was close enough and I could be sure it was someone. My heart rate was up, ready; Thirty minutes is a long time to advance towards anyone, especially in pre-dawn light. I couldn’t take a look, but I can attest to the fact that the only sweat on my body was from the heat.

It seemed like enough but we were upon each other, him on his horseback and me on mine and we looked at each other square in the eye and there wasn’t any malice. It was a little odd neither of us spoke and the wind hit us with long, hot, gusts. I tipped my hat. He unwrapped his on his cantle, never removing his gaze from me, and took a sip. He held it out to me, and I took a drink of my own, and tipped it back, with a genial Charisma, I think. You from around here?

I have a place here. ‘Bout forty, fifty north of here. That’s the Indian reservation. Just about. Name’s Anthony. George: That’s a pleasure.

I held my hand out to shake his hand but he shot me in the gut. I fell over in a heap on my back. Thirty was prostrate and staring up at the sky which was remarkably peaceful.

George’s head then eclipsed my view. He looked me in the eyes and laughed a cold, shrill laugh that seemed all too familiar. And then he spoke to me, with a calm drawl.

Monkey Waiters in Japan

JOSH KURP MANAGING EDITOR

In Utsunomiya, Japan, a sake house called the Kayabukiya Tavern has employed two monkeys as waiters. It’s not just a list of activities that would attract buyers for its million-dollar units with promises of a dedicated water taxi to Manhattan. The Edge, a tall skinny complex on North 6th Street, could be of great use to Brooklyn residents time to escape the heat. One recent heatwave was the worst in a decade. Filtered air and solar panels. Sales prospects seem conveniently chilled out in a cold bath.

men削除 by animal rights organizations. It’s essentially a perfect set-up, especially for restaurant owners. If I were one, I’d think about hiring monkeys in order to save money, get press, and, most importantly, prove correct the stereotype that dog tables can be done by a trained monkey.

Hearing about this my pet inter- ested in what other things mon- keys could begin to do now that they’ve become our minions. Bec- ause a list of activities I’d got would most benefit their human masters, giving us countless hours of entertainment: 

This building would be great for a nudist colony or religious cult.

Queen’s Expressway, a highway noisy enough to make nearby apartments almost uninhabitable. For humans, that is. With its environmental-friendly and healthy inte- gration. Metropolitan Green would make a fabulous greenhouse.

The Edge, a tall skinny complex on North 6th Street, could be of- fered to any visiting Godzilla-type monsters as a gilded toodspit. This building would give Brooklyn residents time to escape certain destruction while ensuring that they could once again have a delightful view of the Manhattan skyline when able to return. One the advertising taglines for this development, after all, is “Live Life Out of the Box.” Surprise you get to do it!

If you’re one of those hu- mans who think their animal rights, have no fear because the monkeys only care about two hours a day and are regularly checked out by animal rights organizations.

In the words of San Francisco mayor Gavin Newsom, “Prop 8 proponents are simply lying to you. They will do whatever it takes. Thank you Knights of Columbus. Thank you to the Roman Catholic Church for funding. Who knows what the next Proposition 8 is, is there an initiative to take away the rights people of different races that have the ability to get married? What would stop someone from doing that? Nothing.” Only when Prop 8 comes to be seen as just another law, but as a personal infringement on American civil liberties, will the new Civil Rights Movement gain momentum. With time and with continued anger, change will occur.

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Sixty-five Fifth Avenue; Albert List Academic Center; Graduate Faculty Building; often, simply, the GF.

The site has a storied history. In the late 19th century, a handsome brownstone leased to Thomas Edison’s experimental utility company occupied the spot; in April of 1881, the structure became the first in New York to be lit exclusively by electricity. By 1951, the building as we know it was in place, and in that year it was occupied by Lanes department store, famous at that time for its impressive selection of women’s hats. In the late 60’s, the New School for Social Research acquired the building and renovated it to house the faculty of the graduate school - and the rest is history. (And psychology, and philosophy, and anthropology...)

Now the GF is in limbo. Classes have been moved, faculty offices have relocated elsewhere. Most of Fogelman library has been boxed up and shipped to a storage facility in New Jersey. The university’s plans to demolish the building have loomed large for the better part of the last decade - now, it seems, the moment of transition is finally here.

Captured in this photo essay are some spots you’ll recognize, and others you might not. All will almost certainly be gone within a year.