

The Voice of the West Village

WestView News

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NYC Makes Room for South American Migrants

By Jason Curtis Anderson

As New York City recovers from the tri-
fecta of Covid, crime, and shutting down
our economy, we now have an entirely new
crisis to deal with - becoming the social
safety net for all of South America.

Back when Joe Biden was campaigning
for President, he was extremely vocal about
his plans to immediately reverse the bar-
baric immigration policy of former Presi-
dent Trump. Biden's plan included easing
immigration controls, a moratorium on
deportations, and the bold claim that not
one more foot of border wall would be con-
structed during his administration.

These policies have consequences, and
for NYC—those consequences have finally
arrived. In our case, by the busload.

Recently Mayor Adams held a press con-
ference stating that 2,800 migrants have
entered the city's shelter system in a matter
of several weeks. He then explained how
this large group poses unique challenges,
and that we do not have the resources in
place to handle an influx this large. If you
follow his logic, it makes sense because
midtown is technically still a business dis-
trict and not a South American FEMA
site (or at least, not yet). These people need
food, shelter, and assistance getting their
children into our school system, and re-
quiring translators adds an extra step to the
entire process.

Processing the first group of 2,800 mi-
grant arrivals was a task so difficult that it
prompted Mayor Adams to publicly call on



THE ROW HOTEL IN MIDTOWN is slated to soon house 600 migrant families. Photo by
Jason Curtis Anderson.

President Biden for assistance.

For those that don't know, NYC has
what's called a "right to shelter" (otherwise
known as the Callahan decree) and also
claims to be a proud sanctuary city, both of
which are applicable to NYC but not NY
State. By our own design, NYC has a legal
obligation to take these people in or risk
being sued (on their behalf) by the Legal
Aid Society.

On August 8th, the City Council held
an emergency hearing to discuss the mi-
grant crisis. During the meeting, the City
Council stated that our homeless shelters
are at 1% vacancy, a roundabout way of
saying 100% full. The City Council then
explained how they will need to work with
the Comptroller to expedite the process of
freeing up money for the homeless non-
profits to house these migrants immedi-
ately, and without community input.

Within 48 hours, the city then leased 11
hotels to house the migrants (now up to
14), but after two months it now appears
the arrivals have no end in sight. One re-
cent report said the US Southern border
saw 200,000 migrants in July alone, prov-
ing our influx reflects only a small fraction
of what's to come.

Only 24 hours after the city leased the
11 hotels, another report showed we will
also lease a 1,200 room hotel in Times
Square to house 600 migrant families.
Two days later, another report showed that
Mayor Adams is looking for another 5,000

continued on page 9

We Need a World Class Hospital, Not Empty Offices

By George Capsis

In a bid to reshape midtown Manhat-
tan, Governor Kathy Hochul and New
York state officials are pushing ahead with
one of the largest real estate development
projects in American history. 10 towers of
mostly offices around Penn Station, the

busiest transit center in the country.

This project is reminiscent of Hudson
Yards, and like Hudson Yards there are
serious questions as to whether it will be
a success.

The planners are betting that the city
will continue to grow and inhabit office

towers but the pandemic and the trend of
working remotely has apparently made the
office obsolete.

A casual visit to Hudson Yards reveals
empty halls and expensive shops where a
pair of shoes can cost from \$450-\$2,000,
in what was supposed to be another Rock-

efeller Center, which was built in the 1930s.

The skyline of Manhattan has sprung
some arbitrarily high office buildings but
it is not ready to support another Rock-
efeller Center or Hudson Yards around
Penn Station.

continued on page 4



Grifter Busted

Look at Kate's picture. Re-
member her name. She will
zero in on another victim in
the West Village soon.

SEE PAGE 6



Save New York Eye and Ear

Another lower Manhattan
hospital slated for closure.

SEE PAGE 8



Sept. 10 - 25, 2022



The
Village
Trip

SEE INSERT PAGE 16

WestView

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HAPPY LABOR DAY!



MIA SAYS: Revenge is a weapon that comes
back to strike the sender. Photo by Friends
of Mia.

BRIEFLY NOTED

Just Saying

Dear Editor,

As someone opposed to the continuation
of the outdoor dining places, I have a pro-
posal for their use, rather than simple re-
moval or destruction.

I suggest they be collected on flatbed
trucks and taken to venues where there are
poor people who need housing. Once in
the various locations, they could be made
to fit the individual situations by, for ex-
ample, Habitat for Humanity.

Let's face it. New York City is not Paris,
and neither ex-Mayor de Blasio nor cur-
rent Mayor Eric Adams were or are Baron
Haussmann.

*John F. Early
From Somewhere*

John Early says Goodbye to Charles Street

*As I sat in front of 69 Charles while Dusty
conducted her street sale, a pageant of Charles
Streeters sat down to chat. John Early quickly
unloaded what was most disturbing to him,
that after decades of life in a rent controlled
apartment, that he was shortly going to move
to a senior care facility operated by the nuns.*

*John is always quick to identify himself as
a Trump Republican and then quickly follow
up with his latest attack on liberals. But with
whom can he exercise this response when he
has no Democrat to pummel?*

Dear Editor,

As a registered Republican, it is getting to
be time for me to say farewell to my neigh-
bors in the West Village.

For the most part, I have received only
opprobrium for my political affiliation in
this area of the West Village.

While I like to think that I understand
human beings, being one myself, I have
found such to be very, very boring.

Therefore, I leave you to your political be-
liefs, and certainly wish you all very well, as
I wish my beloved country the very same.

We are in desperate times, and the other
political party is not the enemy. They are
not evil. They are merely different, among
other adjectives. Me? Well, I don't have to
describe myself.

Despite what I see, and hear, all the time
on our traitorous media on MSNBC and
also while on my cycle at Blink Gym, for
example, the USA is a Republic—"if you
can keep it," as Benjamin Franklin said,

and not a "democracy," as the termites
would have it.

I hope that in future we can help each
other out to, for example, secure eat and
drink. While I would not bet on that, I
wish you all well, as I wish the same for
myself.

Goodbye. Best wishes.

*John F. Early
Charles Street*

Election Articles

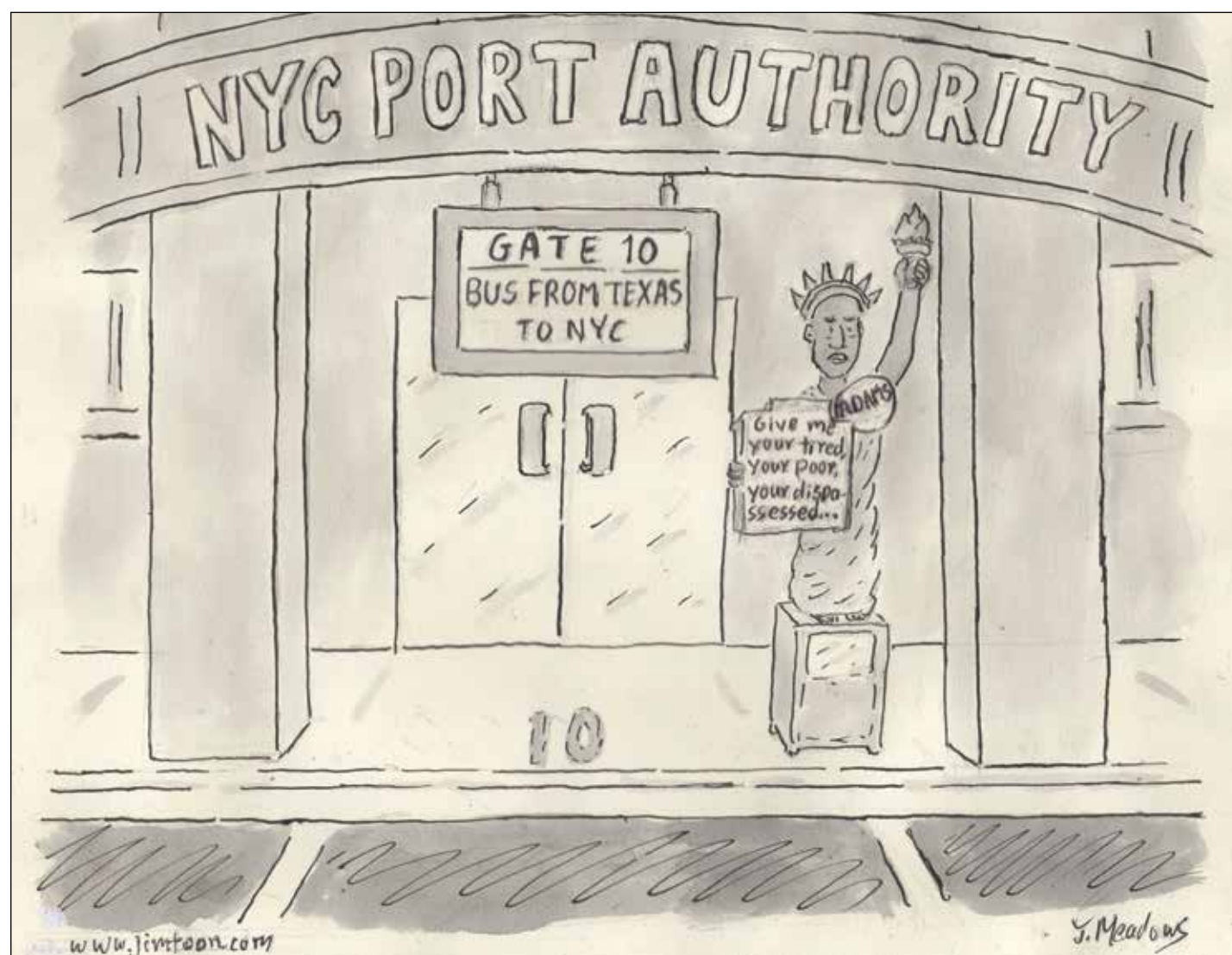
To *WestView News*

On page 7 Arthur Schwartz explains why
he supports Mondaire Jones for Congress,
noting that he had been Mr. Jones' election
lawyer.

On page 10 Arthur Schwartz shreds the
VID for supporting Dan Goldman rather
than one of "a slew of progressive candi-
dates" including Mondaire Jones—but
without noting that he had been Mr. Jones'
election lawyer.

As for attacking Mr. Goldman because
he's a billionaire—I'm not myself so there
is no conflict of interest—I suggest that
one's wealth is not relevant.

Mordecai Rosenfeld



Solving NYC's Refugee Housing Crisis



By Robert Lager

How can we fix our city's shortage of refugee housing quickly? Let's examine what the European countries have swiftly and successfully achieved to accommodate Ukrainian refugees.

Shipboard housing has already been embraced by a number of governments. Scotland has been utilizing a 1,000-passenger ship for some time and just committed to charter a 708' 713-cabin cruise ship to house an additional 2,400 refugees. In Estonia a 561' RoPax night ferry with 663 cabins is lodging over 1,500 Ukrainian refugees. Holland is utilizing three cruise and passenger ships for Ukrainian refugees.

NYC's current system for homeless and temporary refugee centers is already severely stretched. The city has had to rent hotel rooms, where going rates are \$200-400+ per night, that are becoming scarcer and more expensive, and are depleting the available hotel rooms for the city's customary tourist and hotel clientele. This also creates a hodge-podge situation; with refugees placed in rooms all over the city, there is little accountability, control, or security.

An alternative solution would be for the city to acquire a large cruise ship or passenger vessel that could be berthed at one of the unused piers. Depending on availability and budget, a ship like this could house between 1,200-2,500 people in cabins with bathroom facilities, and safe public areas for dining and recreation. There would be space for providing onboard services such as education, counseling, immigration status review, and health services. Also, the ship would have its own power generation in the event of an electrical blackout.

Using a ship would provide more efficient financial and administrative control, reduced cost, and better and more systemized security, placing refugees in one location, receiving much improved services over what can be offered in scattered hotels and shelters. Municipal employees would not have to be sent all over the city to interview, assist, and provide services to refugee individuals and families, hoping they would be found. Additionally, instead of burdening the existing hotel and housing availability, the use of a passenger ship immediately adds to the available housing capacity. It's a win-win for all.

There are several types of ships that could be used for onboard housing, includ-

ing cruise ships, RoPax night ferries, and accommodation vessels. Most of the ships that are large enough to serve this purpose and may be available are located overseas, primarily in Europe. A ship could be purchased for a long-term solution to the challenge of housing refugees and the homeless, or for disaster relief; or a charter may be negotiated for a shorter-term solution.

How soon could a ship be ready to provide housing relief in NYC? That depends on a number of factors. If a suitable ship is available, it would take several weeks to negotiate and close on a contract for charter or purchase. The ship would then have to be repositioned from its present location to New York Harbor, which could take 10-14 days depending on the ship's current location. Once the ship arrives it would take a week or two for inspections by the U.S. Coast Guard and other agencies, and to hire a crew and prepare the ship. With this in mind, it could take six-seven weeks from deciding on which ship to acquire to having it ready for housing.

Making this project possible in a short period of time would first require strong political advocacy by the city, with support from the state and possibly the federal administration, leading to the fast approval of necessary funding allocation. There are a number of issues and additional factors that would have to be considered and resolved if the city were to move forward with this scenario, some of which include:

- pier with suitable access, parking, utilities
- approvals from zoning board, U.S. Coast Guard, U.S. Health Dept.
- coordination of city services, i.e., police, sanitation, health, etc.
- coordination with federal agencies, i.e. ICE, Homeland Security, etc.
- Jones Act review
- security, dockside and onboard
- securing insurance coverage

The increasing influx of refugees being bussed to us from the south suggests that we cannot wait any longer to determine a quick and appropriate solution to this crisis. While this may seem daunting, refugee housing on ships has been proven to work, and quickly, as witnessed in European cities.

Robert Lager, of Lager Maritime Corp., has been in the marine industry for over 40 years and is an active international ship and yacht broker located on Long Island.

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local business support
and other important
information.

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and neighborhood advocate and enthusiast.
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Locations

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| Center on the Square
20 Washington Square North | Independence Plaza
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| Our Lady of Pompeii
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155 Bank Street | Workforce Center
(Opening Fall 2022)
27 Barrow Street |



greenwichhouse.org



The WestView News

Petition to Build a New St. Vincent's Hospital

By Roger Paradiso

I recently visited a fantastic hospital on the Upper East Side. It's called Memorial Sloan Kettering. The outpatient wing, which is bigger than most other hospitals I have ever visited in my life, is also a fantastic medical facility. I decided to walk around the neighborhood, and I saw hospital after hospital. All of them have expanded and have new wings costing hundreds of millions of dollars. They call the Upper East Side of Manhattan "Bed Pan Alley." That's because they have one hospital bed reserved for each resident. Well, I exaggerate. The Upper East Side has approximately 125,000 residents. There are over 5,000 hospital beds, depending on during which month you are counting, because they are still building new wings to hospitals. But by doing some math, you can see that there is currently one bed for every 25 people.

When I walk by where St. Vincent's used to be I don't see a hospital, but I do see a condo that has a lot of beds but no hospital beds.

The Emergency Department at Lenox Health Greenwich Village, built to placate the thousands of angry Villagers when St. Vincent's was shut down, has

two beds. There have been rumors that there is a total of ten beds in the West Village, but nobody has found them yet. Let's go with what we know—okay? The Lower West Side, encompassing the West Village and parts of Chelsea, Tribeca, and Soho, has a population of around 100,000 people. Now, if my math is correct, that means, OMG, there is only one bed for every 50,000 Lower West Siders!

That's why we need a new St. Vincent's Hospital.

"A mother and a father wrap their arms around a growing child when he or she is ill, just as a community hospital wraps its care around the patients of the neighborhood. And we can walk to its doors" (George Capsis, *West View News*, 6/23/2022). This is why we need to fight for another hospital to replace the great St. Vincent's Hospital. There will be petitions placed in stores in the Village soon, and reporters from *WestView News* around the Village in the coming months. We are all friends of **BUILD A NEW ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL**.

Please sign the petition if you want a new hospital for the West Village, Tribeca, and other parts of the Lower West Side.

The Voice of the West Village

WestViewNews

Petition to
Build a New St. Vincent's Hospital

SIGNATURE

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

NAME

ADDRESS

SAMPLE PETITION—look for it in West Village shops, and please sign in support of a new hospital for lower Manhattan.

Hospital *continued from page 1*

The pandemic sent everyone home to work remotely from their computers and even today many of those workers have not returned or only go into the office a few days a week.

It makes more sense to build large universities like Columbia and NYU where the human interchange is still valuable and desirable. My grandson Teddy walked out of college with a job selling cybersecurity and his girlfriend Gabriella

is an account executive (sales) and they both are able to work remotely from their computers at home.

If the state is going to support a multi-billion dollar project why not make that project something the city really needs like a leading hospital.

The cost to build a complex like this is a minimum of a \$1.5 billion dollars but if it touches the leading edges of medical science it will attract the world's population.

Mom & Pops Suffer Loss of St. Vincent's

Interview with Caravansary co-owner Bill Johnstone, July 2010 (Continued)

By Kathryn Adisman

Q: What was here before you?
A: Actress Louise Dreviers ran a knitting store. It was a very special space. Like many proprietors, she lived above the store. People you did business with lived in your neighborhood.

Q: Do you?
A: Absolutely. But I'm a dying breed. What was wonderful ... (giggles) people would come in and knit and discuss all kinds of issues and theater. What always amazed me: There were big burly men that looked like construction workers who would sit there and knit and be part of the picture and be dressed in very masculine kind of stuff. It was a peculiar Village institution.

Q: What was the name of the shop?
A: Dreviers Endeavors. Louise decided to give up the store and asked us if we wanted [it]. (They were across the street and wanted more space.) So, we said, 'Yes.' The landlord, who was a lawyer with an office on 14th Street, walked over and we negotiated the lease in front of one another. We'd take the rent over there, and he'd come around and ask us how business was.

Q: Do you still have that landlord?
A: No, we have a corporation.

Q: People are attempting to renegotiate their leases.
A: The economic situation has changed... I understand the landlord's point of view. I may be the only 'victim' who understands [it]. If someone's willing to pay more for the space...

Q: It's a no-brainer?
A: From the landlord's point of view. The landlord isn't particularly interested in context. In the long run, it might be wise to be interested in context...

Q: Why?
A: Because you get a cycle of rents that go up, up, and up, and you get fast foods, junky merchandise... The neighborhood goes down, people no longer want to be there, and the value goes down.

Q: You're degenerating the very thing that's bringing in revenue?
A: The thing that makes New York interesting.

Q: Greenwich Avenue has no "nationals" except Starbucks?
A: We used to have a wine shop; a hardware

store; a grocer; Nan, who made her own jewelry; a local theater...in other words, the accoutrements of a neighborhood.

Q: Shops catered to residents, not tourists?
A: Tourists liked the 'bounce' of the neighborhood.

Q: The true meaning of "neighborhood"?
A: We may be Neanderthals, looking at things this way; people get on the Internet and order groceries and clothing and movies. What we're talking about is probably not meaningful to younger people.

Q: When people think of the West Village, what is it they're drawn to?
A: The architecture; the low-rise housing; the fact there are small stores that specialize.

Q: If small businesses are driven out, what replaces them won't be what attracts people?
A: You're talking about two different subjects: 1) the idea of neighborhoods and Greenwich Village and context; 2) the economic impact of the hospital leaving, which is difficult for small people who depended on that daily flow.

Q: The ideas are related—the economic impact will determine the context?
A: Perhaps zoning could insist that adjacent stores not be combined, so you have smaller spaces...

After that initial conversation, it became my custom to drop in and run my ideas by Bill, if I was lucky enough to catch him alone in the shop, scrolling on his laptop. He encouraged me to write about Jessie's and Paper Works; he forgot to mention that another neighborhood place would be disappearing: Caravansary. This was the last Christmas.

Their lease wasn't up, according to Grace at Time Pieces, when they made their exit from the stage of the street, without fanfare. I bid adieu to unlit Christmas lights strung like a roof above the darkened window; inside: a chandelier, mobiles, a basket teetering on an empty shelf, a glass case displaying nothing. By Easter, the window was bare. A Marshal's notice was posted on the door. The lights were gone.

Postscript: I googled Louise Dreviers. The retired knitting-shop maven died a week before Christmas.

Kathryn Adisman writes about neighborhood places and people. She has lived in the West Village since 1984.

Maggie B's Quick Click

I'LL MISS IT....
THE COLORFUL POLITICAL SCENE IN ABINGDON
SQUARE ON SATURDAY MORNINGS.



Photo by Maggie Berkvist.

Postcards to Voters Rally for the Midterms!



PTV POSTCARDS WRITTEN IN THE WEST VILLAGE to get out the vote for IDC challenger Rachel May in 2018. Photos by Sarah O'Neill.

By Sarah O'Neill

Back in 2018, PostcardsToVoters.org volunteers across the country mailed over 395,000 handwritten remember-to-vote postcards to Democrats in New York for the September primaries and November election.

Postcards To Voters (PTV) does not normally engage in primaries, but excited New Yorkers kept contacting PTV founder, Tony the Democrat, about a handful of rogue incumbent "Democrats" in the NY State Senate who consistently caucused with Republicans, thus blocking progressive legislation. That August, tens of thousands of handwritten postcards rained into the IDC districts,

alerting Democrats that the primary election was on a September Thursday (not a Tuesday!) and to vote "true blue." Six of eight IDC challengers won! That fall, PTV volunteers also wrote for Democratic nominees James Skoufis and Jim Gaughran, who also won. The NY State Senate turned decisively blue, and soon after inauguration, freshman Senator Zellnor Myrie was introducing and passing new voting laws, and Senator Brad Hoylman had his GENDA bill voted into law. A few months later, freshman Senator James Skoufis came into the city and gave a moving speech about the significance of the postcards at PTV's second-anniversary celebration at The Center on West 13th Street.

PTV volunteers have been writing ever since, including over a million postcards to Democrats in Georgia in 2020 for Jon Ossoff for U.S. Senate, and then 2.1 million more for the Ossoff and Warnock runoff elections.

This past July, PTV volunteers mailed over 204,000 handwritten postcards to Kansas Democrats asking them to vote no on the amendment that would have gutted choice.

November is coming. PTV volunteers are writing. If you haven't engaged with the midterms yet, now is the time. Postcards are an easy, fun way to remind Democrats to get out to vote. More writers means more voters!

Handwritten postcards with short positive messages reminding Democrats to vote work!

When Ohio Supreme Court Justice Jennifer Brunner won her seat in 2020, David

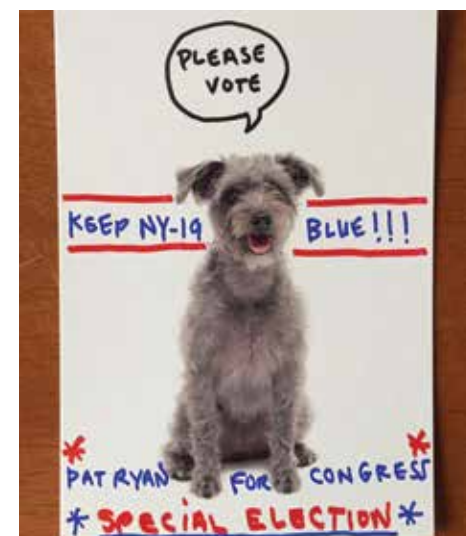
Pepper, former Chair of the Ohio Democratic Party tweeted, "You helped do this, #Postcardstovoters and @DemocratWit" PTV volunteers wrote over 600,000 postcards for Justice Brunner.

In 2018, on the day of her Special Election for Miami-Dade County Commission District 5, Eileen Higgins posted: "Even in a heavily Hispanic district, #PostcardsToVoters is making all the difference. This woman pulled up, pointed to her card, and asked us 'where?' We looked up her precinct and helped her get to her polling place so THANK YOU to everyone who took the time to write a card." A photo showed the voter in her car holding up one of this article's author's dog postcards from NY. Higgins won!

IDC challenger Julie Goldberg posted: "You will like this story, #PostcardsToVoters volunteers! Marching in a parade today, I stopped to speak with a woman watching it with her two children. She said, 'You're Julie? You already have my vote! I got a beautiful postcard from OREGON about you!'"

"Does sending postcards really work?" asked Beto O'Rourke in a post in 2020. Beto went on, "The answer after meeting the voters coming out early for @ElizMarkowitz is YES! Gonna join #PostcardsToVoters & help get voters out in the most important elections in the country (soon as they approve my handwriting sample)."

This past July, a Kansas Democrat posted: "It really really cheered so many of us



PTV POSTCARD for Pat Ryan for Congress.

here in Kansas to get these postcards. We compared postmarks, like getting magic pen pals. Not going to lie. It can get very discouraging here. You can feel isolated and as if you are screaming into the wind. These meant so much more than the glossy mailers. We felt like we are not alone in this as we try to stay a safe haven for several states around us as well. Thank you all."

It's easy to join PostcardsToVoters.org. Just text "join" to 484-275-2229, or write an email to Join@TonytheDemocrat.org. PTV postcards can be written and mailed from any location in the United States. All you need to get started are postcards, a pen, and stamps!

A View from the Inside

Grifter Finally Evicted from West Village Houses

By Arthur Z. Schwartz

Heidie Russell has had to live with a horrific intruder in her apartment on Barrow Street since June 2019. This intruder, who was supposed to be a 1-2 night Air B&B-type visitor, refused to leave, and became such an intrusive ameba-like presence that for the last two years Heidie had to move out and stay with a neighbor. Not only that, her domestic partner, Valentina, who was visiting relatives in Ukraine when the grifter moved in, has been stuck in Kyiv, in the middle of a war!

And who did Heidie Russell call when the problem first arose looking for help? George Capsis at *WestView*. And who did George tell her to call? Her Local Democratic District Leader.

And so, since the darkest days of the COVID Pandemic, I held Heidie's hand, and worked the courts for her with a wonderful unpaid L&T attorney named Matthew Porges. During March, April and May, 2020, I had a daily check-in with Heidie, as she was stuck inside with the crazed squatter and her then 12-year-old daughter.

We researched the squatter, who went by the name Kate Gladstone sometimes, and Kate Klein sometimes, and found that Heidie was not her first victim. One poor guy sublet his studio on Bank to her for July and August in 2017 and she wouldn't leave. He, like Heidie, had to live elsewhere, and couldn't afford a lawyer. So, he stopped paying his rent and the landlord evicted him



THE GRIFTER IS GONE: After three years, squatter Kate Gladstone (left) was ordered to leave Heidi Russell's (right) West Village apartment. Photo (right) courtesy of Heidi Russell's Twitter.



and Gladstone-Klein. She found another victim a few blocks south. This woman paid Kate \$25,000 to leave. And then Kate stole her credit card and ran up \$50,000 in expenses, which got her arrested while she was living at Heidie's place. Kate stalked the person she stole from, who got an Order of Protection. When that was violated, Kate Klein-Gladstone got arrested again. (These charges are still pending.)

Kate Gladstone-Klein gave tenant's rights a bad name. She signed an agreement to leave in March 2020 and a warrant was issued several days before the Governor announced an Eviction Moratorium, and Kate refused to leave. Three other eviction warrants followed, and on

the morning of each eviction, she dropped some paper in court, which under whatever COVID-related tenant protection was in place, stopped the eviction. She even got a stay for filing an Emergency Rental Assistance application, even though Heidie wasn't pursuing rent, (Kate did not pay any rent for three years, while Heidie and Valentina were responsible for a \$1200 per month maintenance payment.)

Finally, on Thursday August 25th her efforts failed. As the Marshall arrived at 9am she ran out the door, leaving a sobbing 14-year-old behind. The daughter told the Marshall, "Mommy is in court to stop this." Twice that morning a Housing Court Judge wrote the word "DENIED,"

in three-inch-tall capital letters, across the face of Kate's Temporary Restraining Order application. The Marshall called her, and she said she was going to the Appellate Term. The Marshall called the 6th Precinct, who told Kate that if she didn't return her daughter would be placed into foster care. She returned and the cop helped her pack up and move some of her belongings out.

The next day, as was her right, Heidie Russell called a moving and storage company and packed up the rest. Later that evening Kate showed up again, banging on the door, demanding to be let in, and spent most of the weekend doing that, saying she needed to get in to "get my stuff." She stayed all weekend, despite being told that her "stuff" had been moved out. On Monday August 29th she was back in Court seeking to be restored to what she calls "her tenancy." The Judge once again said "no."

My neighbors should be forewarned. Look at Kate's picture. Remember her name. She will zero in on another victim in the West Village soon. Be forewarned about subtleties. If your building allows them, go through a reputable service like Air B&B or Venmo, who check out people's backgrounds. Don't fall for sob stories. It took three years for Heidie and Val to get their home back. The scars will take a long time to heal.

Arthur Schwartz is the Village Democratic Leader and the President of a public interest law foundation called Advocates for Justice.

The Price of a Lie and the Lance of Truth



COLLAGE BY HAROLD KRIEGER depicting Laing and Russell metaphorically wielding the Lance of Truth.

By Roberta Russell

To keep our social lives well-oiled and running smoothly, most of us resort to deception in varying degrees. The purpose of deception is concealment.*

Here's the rub. If what you are hiding is

eventually revealed, will there be trouble, or will your purpose have been achieved? Suppose you took several years off your age on social media, a common gambit. As intended, this may allow you to meet a younger prospect and make a meaningful connection before you reveal the years you subtracted. Age is after all, just a number. If the ruse worked, your now-discovered, uncommonly youthful demeanor has given you a pass, whereas you might have been rejected had your real age been the cut-off point of your new match at the outset. Often, on dating sites, both would-be-partners make some such expedient adjustment to the truth. I did, but would correct my age right away.

However, what if your misrepresentation is more substantive and longer lasting; what if you have now promised to pay a debt to a colleague for overdue pay? Relieved by the immediacy of your promise, she now waits expectantly, but you do nothing.

The die is cast. A high-minded, socially conscious, and accomplished friend of mine, in this situation, had grown to trust his pal, replete with affectionate nicknames and guidance in times of trouble. Even

though this friend has promised to pay his debt to her, he has not done so. In his brain he hears this common refrain—"I do not have the money," even though, his assets are worth more than he will ever spend.

His unintended benefactor's indulgence may actually be a form of collusion with him, in his reluctance to pay. Or perhaps this is an expression of her own lack of self-worth. Nevertheless, whether by commission or omission, there is a price to pay for a breach of trust. The dubious benefits of non-payment and the consequent withdrawal of affection that usually occurs in its wake are taken at the expense of well-being and aliveness.

When I perceive an intentional deception in my midst, I make an adjustment by becoming less trusting. I pull back and am more suspicious of the world around me. There is a spread of effect.

Confucius said, "Those who know the truth are not equal to those who love it."

Apologizing and finding a way to make good on your word discharges a tremendous amount of energy and tension. The power released can be used to form a more genuine, resilient, and intimate relationship.

The lance of truth often creates disturbing changes, but the results can be invigorating. I have discovered that money, a subject even more taboo than sex, has its own karma. We spend our money where we get value or so it should be. Truly what you pay people is one way of acknowledging their value to you. So why not pay back what you owe?

If your discretionary income is primarily dedicated to family, what does that say about your capacity to invest in the people who have come to know and love you since your introduction to the world?

It's never too late to reprioritize, to perceive the world with fresh eyes. My father told me, "A man is only as good as his word." The effects of truth and trust reverberate. It is never too late to learn what is true, in order to do what is right.

* *"The Price of a Lie" is a chapter in R.D. Laing & Me: Lessons in Love with R.D. Laing. The book is downloadable free from scholar.google.com. Roberta Russell is the author of R.D. Laing & Me: Lessons in Love with R.D. Laing (Hillgarth Press, 1992), Report on Effective Psychotherapy: Legislative Testimony (Hillgarth Press, 1981, 1984, 1994), and Report on Permanent Weight Loss (Columbia Academic Commons, 2017).*

SEVIER STORIES

COMPASS

A DISCUSSION WITH THE OWNER OF JANE JACOBS’ TOWNHOUSE

Danielle Sevier: We are here on Hudson Street with Suzanne, who is the owner of this historic townhouse. This was once owned by Jane Jacobs who is a very famous activist & urbanist. She is most known for writing “The Death And Life Of Great American Cities”. So Suzanne, how long have you lived here for?

Suzanne: I’ve lived here since about 2009.

DS: And did you purchase it because it was Jane Jacobs house?

S: Everyone asked me if I bought it because it was Jane Jacobs’ house, but no. I bought it just because I fell in love with it and it does have this feminine power to it that I thought I could use.

DS: Over the years you’ve been here, do you have a funny anecdote you’d like to share with us?

S: In the very beginning when I knew a whole lot about the street, I was rushing around and when I opened my door to leave, there were probably about 50 people standing literally right here. I was obviously shocked I had no idea what was happening. So I’ve been told

that on her birthday people leave flowers at the front door. Then later on in the evening, one of the people who was outside brought me flowers.

DS: Aw, that’s so sweet!

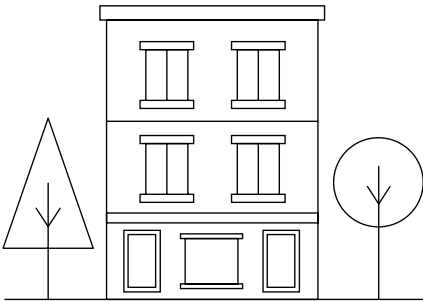
S: I thought It was so nice! First and last time.

DS: But still nice.

S: I thought so, too.



Scan the QR Code to watch the full interview.
Send us any real estate questions you have, and they may be answered in the next issue!



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A Day in the Park with Sophia

By Sophia Astor

As dawn lit up the sky behind One Fifth Avenue, and water began sputtering from the fountain, Washington Square Park came to life one recent August morning. The lawn sprinklers kicked in, bathing a homeless man sleeping on the grass, while the savvier drier members of his cohort scrambled to their overstuffed shopping carts amid a chorus of expletives.

That’s when the real crazies arrived. Decked out in athletic gear and seemingly unaware they’d be better off in bed, joggers flitted past the trash, sprawled-out crackheads were seemingly unconcerned about the ungodly hour. I stared in disbelief, and counted down the minutes until my favorite bakery opened and I could buy myself a coffee.

Since I write about Washington Square Park, I decided to spend an entire day there, to get a sense of its ebb and flow and really understand the park’s rhythms. At times it was more than I had bargained for.

By 8:00 a.m. I’d had my coffee. The park’s cleaners were still picking up trash and scrubbing down benches, some chess players and musicians began to claim their spots, a grizzled older man strummed his guitar before a group of homeless people who paid him little mind. “I don’t play for money, I play to give them whatever peace I can,” said the man who would identify himself only as Paul. His friend Uros Markovic, sitting beside a drum kit, elaborated: “We are the agents of love in this park.”

The police showed up around 9:00 a.m. and their presence brought in a whiter, wealthier crowd of mothers with babies in strollers, early rising tourists, and dog walkers.



BERNARDO MANZOLILLO AND HAYLIN DAVIS HANGING OUT at Washington Square Park. Photo by Sophia Astor.

Still, the park seemed kind of empty; and as the day progressed I realized most of the vendors were gone. Debbie Boar, who sells earrings, explained that the cops were now cracking down on anyone who wasn’t selling art. That’s why she was calling her earrings sculptures. “I thought I

knew this park, and then I started selling here,” said Boar, who has lived in the neighborhood for 17 years but only recently began working in the park. “Now I know all the homeless people, all the little fights that happen.”

As the day progressed, the park filled with musicians, photo-snapping tourists, and NYU tours. Groups of friends filled the benches and lawns and, at one point, models repping the futuristic clothing brand Phenotype put on an impromptu fashion show.

“I think Kanye West is here,” whispered someone behind me. He wasn’t.

Evening came, and with it, more vendors, including Salem Coste and Josephine Lappe, two teenage girls selling old clothes, until they were kicked out by park rangers.

“We don’t sell much unless we’re here for like six hours,” said Lappe, “but we usually get kicked out before that. It happens all the time.”

The weed dealers, only a few feet away, however, were left alone.

As the sun began to set, smoke and music filled the park, along with entertainers and extroverts. Some people put on light shows for the crowds, and a man riding a unicycle tried hard to avoid any collisions.

Around midnight I started home. But I knew that in a few hours the sprinklers would turn back on and the mess would be swept away again. It reminded me of an old song by Melvin Van Peebles: “No it ain’t some kind of ill wind, No, it ain’t the world coming to an end, Just the apple stretching and yawning, just morning, New York putting its feet on the floor.”

Over 200 Years After Its Creation, the Historic New York Eye and Ear Infirmary is Now Under Attack

By Joseph Burkart, Chairman Emeritus of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary

Two hundred and two years ago, two visionary young New York physicians, Edward Delafield and John Kearny Rogers, engaged with a number of like-minded doctors and concerned citizens to open America's first specialty institution dedicated to serving the needs of visually endangered citizens. It was the third hospital to be founded in the growing metropolis New York, comprising 150,000 people at the time. It was cre-

ated to serve the working poor who had virtually no options for eyecare, leaving many vulnerable to loss of vision, and subsequently loss of livelihood.

Two centuries later, that same institution is under attack. Mount Sinai has embarked upon a systematic downsizing and disassembly of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary to facilitate sale of the 14th Street and Second Avenue Hospital.

Up until recently, the Infirmary operated independently and became an expanded community resource for all in need of vision

repair, caring for millions of New York's citizens and often one of the earliest visitation sites for its newest immigrants. Its reputation for excellence in surgical care, physician training, and clinical research would lead it to be recognized among the very best of ophthalmology programs throughout the nation and the world.

Mount Sinai's current plan to break up the institution and disperse the services would leave hundreds of thousands of patients of the greater New York community with a smaller, cramped clinic

segregated from most of the faculty, surgical services, and clinical research facilities which are currently immediately accessible. The new plan would also isolate most patients from the easy access to the facility by public transportation that the hospital now enjoys.

It is incumbent upon the members of the community and elected officials to stand up to Mount Sinai which seeks to dismember this incredible institution—and stop the destruction of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary for all New Yorkers.

Save New York Eye and Ear!

By Arthur Z. Schwartz

It wasn't but five years ago that Mt. Sinai Hospital announced plans to shut down its 600-bed Beth Israel Hospital subsidiary and build a new 70-bed hospital next to another one of its subsidiaries, the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary. Community protests, a lawsuit, and eventually COVID stopped that plan, although Beth Israel was stripped of some important components, like its birthing unit, its pediatric surgery unit, and its heart surgery unit. But 600 beds remain, all too many of which have been used to treat hospitalized COVID patients.

Plans to build the new hospital were shelved—hopefully never to come back. But in this world where medical care is being shifted out of hospitals and into clinics and urgent care centers one never knows.

And now it looks like Manhattan Eye and Ear, at 14th Street and Second Avenue, is on the chopping block. According to medical staff, Mount Sinai, the owner of Eye and Ear Infirmary, had been planting the seeds of the institution's closure prior to the COVID-19 pandemic. While the deadly virus delayed the rumored plans, the doctors say that time is now running out for the 200-year-old institution.

Doctors who provide medical treatment at the facility say that Mount Sinai is rapidly moving forward on a plan to sell the building due to what they cite as a high cost to manage patients who are primarily underinsured. As reported by the staff, who say they have had "behind closed door meetings" with Mount Sinai officials, services at the facility are set to be disbanded and spread out across the city.

"If we lose the building, you lose the program. The teaching will suffer in the end. Put yourself in a position of the patients now. When a patient calls on the phone and says I can't see, you can't ask the patient well what part of your eyes is not working? Is it neurologic? Is it diabetes? Is it glaucoma? Is it a cataract? All the patient knows is



ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK: According to medical staff, Mount Sinai, the owner of New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, has been planting the seeds of the Infirmary's closure prior to the COVID-19 pandemic. Photo by Arthur Schwartz.

that they can't see," Dr. Doug Buxton said. "We're the 10th ranked program in the country and it's because of that service that we give. So, I want to emphasize that loss to the patient." "We are a world class training institution, top surgeons in New York City have spent time there, either they did their residency there, fellowship there, or shadowed a doctor there," Dr. Paul Lee said. "If we move and are split up, the program will suffer. We will not be able to train world-class ophthalmologists as well as we have. I have written emails, I've had face-to-face meetings and the training at New York Eye and Ear is so vital to its mission."

"NYEE is not closing. Due to longstanding trends in the movement of ophthalmology and ENT from inpatient to ambulatory care, Mount Sinai Health System has embarked on a multimillion dollar plan to strengthen and modernize all NYEE programs and services by moving them into new and newly renovated ambulatory settings. And not a single current NYEE service—

clinical, educational, and research—will be closing as a result of this transformation," Mount Sinai said in a statement.

"This process will take months to initiate and years to complete, and through it all NYEE will remain open and available to all its patients. We look forward to working with our staff, our patients, and our community to make this transformation a success and preserve the innovative legacy of NYEE into the 21st century," a spokesperson for Mount Sinai Health System said.

Preservation-minded groups have been lobbying the city to save the building from possible destruction. Led by Village Preservation, a coalition of organizations sent a Request for Evaluation letter to the Landmarks Preservation Commission on April 28, detailing the historical significance of 216-222 Second Avenue and why it merits protection.

In response to this grassroots campaign, the Landmarks Preservation Commission stated in its June response letter that the building "may merit consideration as an in-

dividual landmark," but has not yet taken any action. Apparently, the lack of decision is due to "agency priorities."

Village Preservation held a press conference in early August to decry the possible closure. State Senator Brad Hoylman and Assemblymember Harvey Epstein both support the preservation effort of the hospital and its home; City Councilmember Carlina Rivera has not supported the landmarking effort, perhaps reflecting her new-found cozy relationship with real-estate developers who funded her failed Congressional campaign.

The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary was founded in 1820 by Dr. Edward Delafield and Dr. John Kearny Rodgers. History paints it as the earliest specialized hospital in the Western Hemisphere. Within seven months of opening—situated near the Five Points slum of yore—the physicians performed some of the first cataract needling procedures in the Americas, and became known in the medical profession as the "Fathers of American Ophthalmology."

The Infirmary spent the next three decades at various locations, and finally settled in the four-story Italianate brownstone at Second Avenue and East 13th Street in 1856, which was designed by Mettam and Burke. The building as we now see it was constructed in multiple stages.

The hospital expanded in 1893 with a three-story addition, paving the way for three pavilions all designed in a Richardsonian Romanesque style by architect Robert Williams Gibson. (Gibson's other landmarked credits include the New York Botanical Garden Museum Building in the Bronx; St. Michael's Episcopal Church at Amsterdam Avenue and 99th Street; and the Morton Plant House, later remodeled into the Cartier store, at 651 Fifth Avenue.)

Other alterations to the structure followed in the early 1900s.

The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary merged with the Mount Sinai network in 2013.

Arthur Schwartz is the District Leader for the 66th Assembly District Part A, which includes Manhattan Eye and Ear. He led a litigation team that helped keep Beth Israel Hospital open.

OPINION:

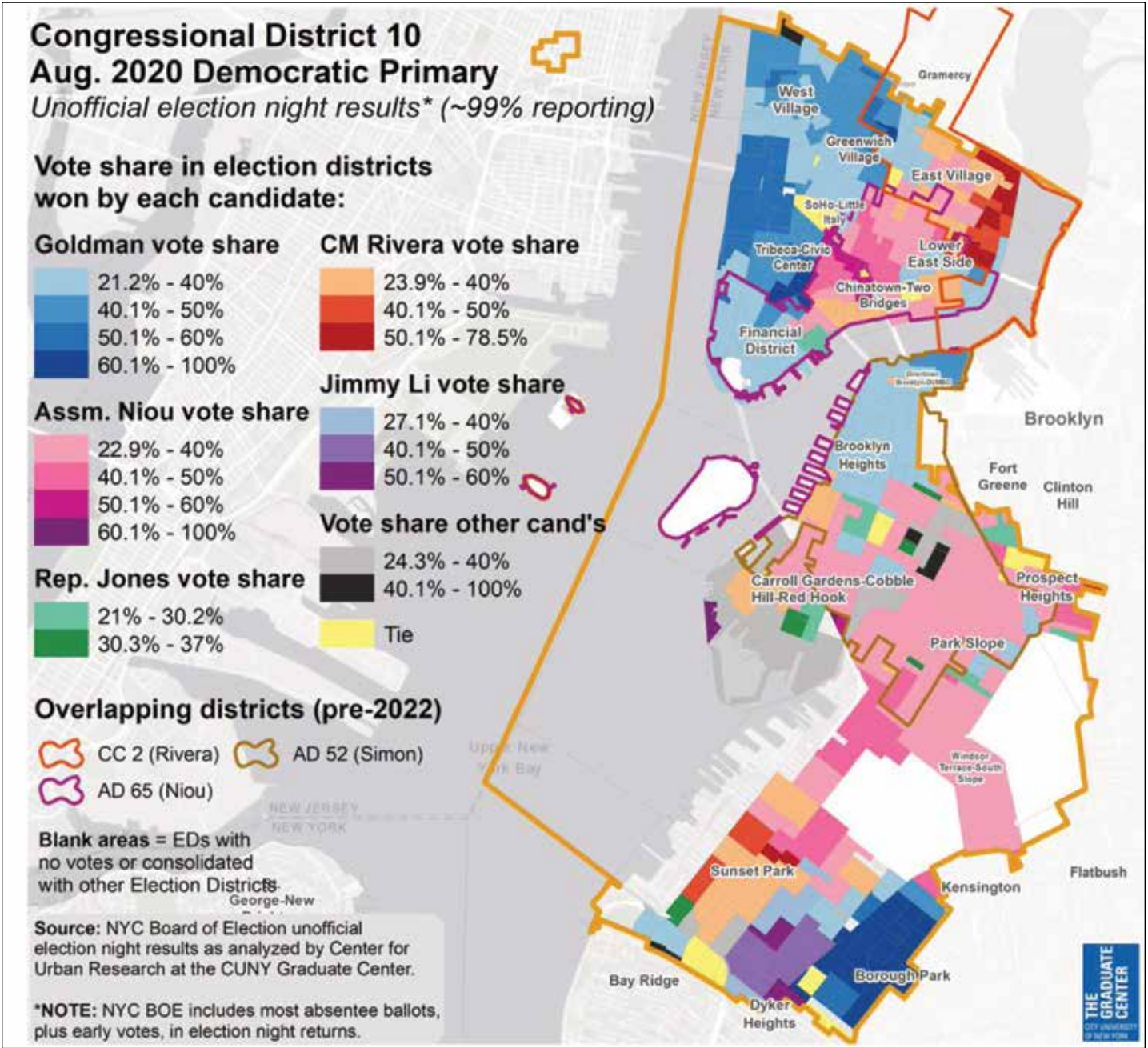
Dan Goldman Isn't Our Congressman Yet!

By Arthur Z. Schwartz

On August 23rd residents of Greenwich Village, Soho, Tribeca, Brooklyn Heights, and Park Slope went to bed being told that a political neophyte named Dan Goldman had won the Democratic nomination for the new 10th Congressional District, which united our neighborhoods. According to the news, he won with 26% of the vote, beating five other candidates who split the rest. One Yuh Line Niou, a Lower East Side Assembly member who had been the victim of multiple hate mailings sent out by an entity calling itself the “NY Progressive PAC,” came in second with 25%. The pundits laughed at the 74% of us who voted for someone else and announced that we should get used to having Dan Goldman as our Congressperson for the next 40 years.

But do most of us want Dan Goldman? Apparently not, since 74% of us voted for someone else. If he takes office he will be the richest member of Congress, worth between \$250 and 300 million. He has vast holdings in pharmaceutical stocks, and opposes various efforts to provide medical insurance for all, as proposed in the Medicare for All Act. He owns lots of stock in gun manufacturers, so who knows where he stands on that. He opposes the Green New Deal and concentrated efforts to attack climate change and develop new sectors of the economy around renewable energy sources. He waffles on abortion rights for women. He has never held office, never been active in any community or larger political struggle, and claims that since he was an Assistant US Attorney representing the Democrats during their first impeachment effort aimed at Trump, he is the man who will protect us all. And, then there is the \$4 million of his own money that he spent on his campaign.

As we go to press, there is a good chance that we will have a run-off in November. Yuh Line Niou has been endorsed by the Working Families Party, and may run in November on their line. Is winning on the WFP an impossibility? Letitia James won her first election to the City Council running as the WFP line against a Democrat. Same with Jumaane Williams. Yuh Line came second because she had 1000 volunteers working on her campaign. She spent one-tenth of what Goldman spent and nearly got as many votes. She is beloved by her constituents.



ON AUGUST 23RD, RESIDENTS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE, SOHO, TRIBECA, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS AND PARK SLOPE went to bed being told that Dan Goldman had won the Democratic nomination for the new 10th Congressional District. But do most of us want Dan Goldman? Image courtesy of the CUNY Graduate Center.

Yuh Line was threatening enough, that the right-wing PAC which used the New York Progressive name, spent a half-million dollars attacking her, calling her an anti-Semite, anti-tenant, anti-park, and lots more. I have known Yuh Line for years, and she is a fierce fighter against anti-Semitic attacks, was one of the few politicians who stood up to save East River Park, and was a prime sponsor of bills to protect tenants over the last eight years.

No one should be able to win a seat in Congress with 26% of the vote. No one

should be allowed to buy his way into Congress, and look the other way when hate mail is sent out by some mysterious PAC attacking an opponent, most especially a Chinese American woman in a district which is largely white. And if Yuh-Line runs against Goldman, the majority will get to make the decision.

PS. To my friends at the Village Independent Democrats: if there is a Niou-Goldman race, you can, under your rules, abandon your endorsement of Goldman, which caused the founders of VID to turn

in their graves. When you chose Goldman, you chose the only white male in the race, and the only one who was part of the one-tenth of the 1%. You were the only political club in the District who endorsed him, and your female district leader was the only district leader who endorsed him. It remains a shameful decision.

Arthur Schwartz is the Male Democratic District Leader for Greenwich Village, and Political Director of the NY Progressive Action Network

Migrants continued from page 1

hotel rooms for migrants as the demand for housing proves to be infinite.

If what you just read sounds crazy, that's because it is. NYC has taken in over 6,000 migrants and is now positioning itself to take in the next 5,000.

Any rough analysis drawn on the back

of a napkin shows the migrant crisis will cost the city untold billions of dollars, any which way you cut it.

Let's say that the city decides to shell out the standard \$1,945 to give them section 8 housing. That would mean the city would pay \$140M per year (forever)

to house the 4,000 migrants that arrived this summer alone. If homeless nonprofits lease hotel rooms for \$300 per room it would cost \$658M per year to house this same group. As the majority of our hotel industry is concentrated in Midtown and Fidi, we will now see if these

neighborhoods are up for the challenge of successfully juggling two extremely different roles:

Continuing to serve as the pillars of New York's economy and serving as the new home of South America's homeless population.

450 Washington Gets More Than a Facelift



By Brian J. Pape, AIA

Repent. Rent. Repeat. That was the message emblazoned on the west side of 450 Washington Street, a 12-story residential building at the Hudson River waterfront in Tribeca, between Watts and Desbrosses Streets. The website Truffletribeca.com was equally prominent on the dark gray façade.

Now, the conversion of the former rental units is well on its way, with exterior work nearing completion, with new larger higher-quality windows, gut remodeling

interior improvements, and exterior walls coated with a bright cream-colored limestone plaster.

Related Companies is developing this structure into 176 condominiums designed by Roger Ferris + Partners. Many of the condo units will continue to have balconies, and a roof deck will provide unobstructed views of sunsets and Hudson River Park.

The waterfront continues to upgrade, putting more pressure on other existing properties.

Photo credit: Brian J. Pape, AIA.

95 Morton Street Gets New Owner



By Brian J. Pape, AIA

Following up on a previous report on the extensive repairs to 95 Morton Street, also known as 617 Washington Street, a former eight-story loft building built for manufacturing and warehousing in the West Village ca.1911, we now report a change of ownership.

Meadow Partners paid Aby Rosen's RFR Holding \$288 million for the 220,000 sf West Village office building, home to Paypal, Venmo, and others. RFR parted

with the office building, as per property records in late June. In a *Real Deal* report by Orion Jones, Rosen described the location as "the best submarket in the city," which it bought from Brickman Associates for \$206 million in 2017—the same year the building was renovated.

More recent repairs of extensive brick repointing and roof deck work are close to wrapping up.

Photo credit: Brian J. Pape, AIA.

I've Never Seen the Brooklyn Bridge So Clean!

By Brian J. Pape, AIA

New York is a city of islands: Manhattan, Staten, Ellis, Governors, Roosevelt, Randall's, Riker, Long, Coney, and the list goes on. There are bridges that connect to most of them, and bridges need lots of maintenance, especially the oldest suspension bridges across the East River.

The Brooklyn Bridge is the oldest of our suspension bridges, designed and built by the Roebling family, and opened in May 1883. It was the longest suspension bridge in the world—50 percent longer than any previously built—and for several years the towers were the tallest structures in the Western Hemisphere.

I say "family" with no disrespect for the heroic genius of John A. Roebling, the immigrant Prussian engineer who died from tetanus contracted when his foot was crushed in an accident on site in July 1869, soon after construction of the Brooklyn Bridge began.

Almost immediately, his 32-year-old son and partner, Washington A. Roebling, was named chief engineer in his place. But when he developed caisson disease (a.k.a. decompression disease) and became bedridden in 1870,



his wife Emily Warren Roebling, an engineer herself, contributed more than 10 years toward the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge. Recently, the newly rebuilt plaza of the Brooklyn Bridge Park was commemorated for Mrs. Roebling. All three names are inscribed on the structure as its builders.

We have seen the metal parts of the bridge get many coats of paint over the years. What is so pleasantly surprising to observers today is that the masonry towers have gotten a thorough cleaning, which makes the neo-Gothic styled limestone, granite, and Rosendale cement stand out in their architectural glory. The masonry has never looked as good in our lifetimes, or since the bridge was first built; we are used to seeing a darker brown than even brown paint, but now the towers are nearly white in the bright sunshine.

If you haven't stopped to notice lately, you will be rewarded if you do, either from the Manhattan or Brooklyn esplanades.

Photo by Brian J. Pape, AIA.

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Hello Neighbor! We're excited to move into the neighborhood. We've been selling in the Village for a very long time, however, we are opening our first office here at 41 Bank. We've designed a space for YOU so stop by and allow us to introduce ourselves.



Notable Sales



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\$21,800,000



26 Downing Street
\$20,995,000



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\$20,000,000



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16 Morton Street
\$15,995,000



34 Perry Street
\$12,750,000

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134 Charles Street Gets New Use



By Brian J. Pape, AIA

Just two blocks from the Hudson River, between Greenwich and Washington Streets, and about 15 minutes' walk from the nearest subway, 134 Charles Street is the landmarked American Railway Supply Building, a three-story former warehouse and office structure (hence the name) ca. 1910. In 2018, Bespoke Marketing advertised the building, selling for \$80 million, as "entirely reimagined by Leroy Street Studios to be a single-family residence with unrivaled outdoor living spaces and top-of-the-line amenities." That re-imagination never went anywhere.

On August 9th the YIMBY website announced, "The Malin Debuts New Coworking Spaces," establishing a West Village office on the ground floor of 134 Charles Street to provide co-workers with 10,000 square feet of space with shared and private workspaces. There are also luxury

three-bedroom rental apartments on the upper floors, of about 3,000 sf each. We checked *Property Shark*—it states the lot to have only 4,667 sf, and 8,914 sf total floor area. So it seems the co-working area is also close to 3,000 sf. They also report the last sale in 2008 for \$17 million.

The Malin's Soho flagship, which opened in November 2021, is located on the third floor of 32 Mercer Street, an eight-floor commercial building. "We are committed to providing... neighborhood workspaces that are inspiring and distraction-free," said Ciaran McGuigan, founder of The Malin, as quoted in the YIMBY article, "to work close to home, offering the same familiarity as their favorite neighborhood coffee shop." Access will be provided to a landscaped rear courtyard in the American Railway Supply Building, which may disturb the residents around that area.

Photo credit: Brian J. Pape, AIA.

West Village Skyscraper Gets Financing



By Brian J. Pape, AIA

The first ever skyscraper in the West Village, at an "unprecedented" height of 450', is planned for the full block at Washington Street and Houston Street. This rendering of the proposed towers is a view looking southeast from West Street and Leroy Street, at the south edge of the West Village. It is directly across Houston Street from 550 Washington Street, the office project that Google acquired for \$2.1 billion last year.

570 Washington Street, aka Clarkson Square, has now gotten financing to proceed. A joint venture comprised of Zeckendorf Development, Atlas Capital, and the Baupost Group secured a \$322 million loan from investment giant Blackstone to acquire the full-block 1.3-acre site from Westbrook Partners, according to a report by Greg Dool in *The Real Deal*, July 8, 2022. Boston-based Baupost has been active in the city, most recently selling the American Copper Buildings in Murray Hill. Atlas Capital is one of the initial investors in the property.

The CookFox Architects designs are for the \$1.25 billion two-tower luxury development, one tower along West Street overlooking the Hudson River, the other small-

er one facing east on Washington Street. Initially, the developers included plans for 30 percent "affordable" and "senior" housing units, for a total of 1.7 million square feet of floor area. A building of such height was made possible by being outside any historic district, with modified manufacturing zoning, and having purchased development air-rights from Pier 40/Hudson River Park.

There's a real challenge to building on a flood plain, an in-filled shoreline that was once under the Hudson River, along a busy highway. Excavation and construction has not yet started on the barren, fenced site.

Rendering Credit: CookFox Architects.

Brian J. Pape is a citizen architect in private practice, LEED-AP "green" certified, serving on the Manhattan District 2 Community Board Landmarks Committee and Quality of Life Committee (speaking solely in a personal, not an official capacity). He is also co-chair of the American Institute of Architects NY Design for Aging Committee, a member of ALANY Historic Buildings and Housing Committees, and a journalist specializing in architecture subjects.

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The Many Lives of the YMCA on West Street



THE BAYVIEW CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, center, viewed to the southwest from near the High Line Park. Credit: Brian J. Pape, AIA.

By Brian J. Pape, AIA

THE HISTORY:

550 West 20th Street, just north of the Meatpacking District, was originally built as a YMCA in 1931, primarily for sailors and longshoremen working the many docks along the Hudson River in New York's Chelsea district. It was a better alternative shelter than the several "seaman's" hotels or brothels that dotted the West Street neighborhoods. The property has two buildings, one with eight stories and another with six, containing 108,000 square feet in total.

The gilded mosaics that still adorn the cornices of the building glitter beautifully in the afternoon sun. Ocean liner images decorate the art deco façade. The High Line elevated rail viaduct was built on the same block as this facility just a few years prior.

Thirty-six years later, in 1967, the Narcotic Addiction Control Commission purchased the YMCA and turned it into a drug rehabilitation center. But just seven years after that, in 1974, the Department of Correction took over the 229-bed facility and used it as a medium-security prison for female inmates, known as Bayview Correctional Facility. The view of the bay of the Hudson River was obscured by the West Side Elevated Highway and the pier-head structures, now called Chelsea Piers. By 2010, the facility had the highest rate of sexual misconduct reports in the nation, according to the Bureau of Justice, as well as unsanitary conditions and a lack of proper medical care.

Owned by New York State Department of Corrections and Community Supervision, the jail facility closed shortly after Superstorm Sandy battered New York City in 2012, with the building sustaining \$600,000 in damage from the flood waters.

In 2014, the state, through the Empire State Development Corporation (ESD),

announced that developer Goren Group, in partnership with Warren Buffett's son's nonprofit, the NoVo Foundation, would turn the jail facility into office space, rented to organizations that provide women's services, thus dubbing the project the Women's Building. In the fall of 2019, NoVo announced it had backed out of the development process, sending it back to the state.

TODAY: WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

Now sandwiched between the Sir Norman Foster-designed luxury condo tower at 551 West 21st Street and the Jean Nouvel-designed luxury condo tower on West 19th Street, this property faces the same pressures for redevelopment as all West Street properties do. As testament to the trending appeal of this stretch along Hudson River Park, Hugh Jackman and his wife Deborra-Lee Furness are leaving their Richard Meier-designed 176 Perry Street 11,000 sf triplex condo after 14 years, putting it on the market for \$38.9 million. They are moving into their \$21.1 million penthouse at 100 Eleventh Avenue (West Street), a 4,700-square-foot, four-bedroom apartment with 14-foot floor-to-ceiling windows and 3,700 square feet of outdoor space, including a roof terrace with separate dining and lounging areas. This Jean Nouvel building is directly adjacent to, and abutting, the former Bayview Correctional Facility, although all picture windows and private terraces are oriented toward the south and west, turning a virtually blank wall to the one-time jail below them on their north side. Is it slumming, or a calculated investment in gentrifying?

After a decade of disuse following Superstorm Sandy, ESD will seek proposals to revamp the facility as supportive housing for formerly homeless people, hoping to get at least 60 affordable apartments, while offering social services at the former jail site, said the agency's vice president, Gabriella Green,

during a recent public meeting.

As part of the agency's \$40 billion Penn Station redevelopment plan for real estate redevelopment around Penn Station, ESD is trying to balance building housing. The Penn Station plan will allow developers to construct 18 million square feet of mostly office space in the area. The state hopes to also include up to 648 units that would be "rent restricted and/or offer supportive services." Sounds far-fetched, or underwhelming?

Under the Penn agreement, excess tax revenue produced by the new buildings will first be used to cover up to 100 percent of the cost of improving streets and sidewalks around Penn Station. Up to half of what remains would be used to pay for subway-entrance improvements and similar costs. Only 12.5 percent would go to rebuilding the train station.

The former jail is outside of the Penn project area but is within Community District 4, which does include parts of the Penn redevelopment area. "I don't know that folks in the community will see it (the jail conversion) as appropriate mitigation to what's happening around Penn Station,"

Jeffrey LeFrancois, chair of Manhattan's Community Board 4, said in The City website's July 25th article. "But it could potentially meet one of the long-held social service goals of Community Board 4."

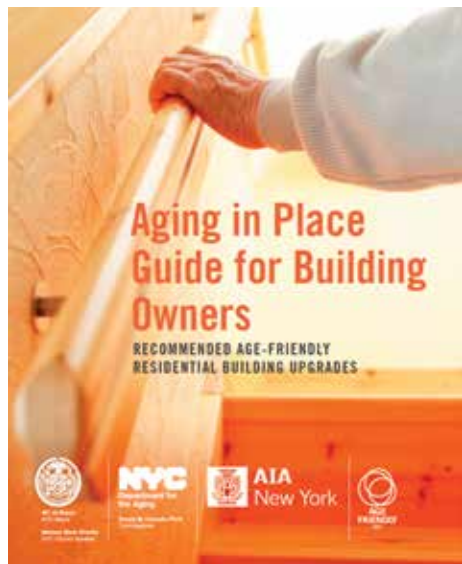
The city definitely needs more housing. But will pressures mean the state sells to luxury developers? Or will the state use the jail conversion as an excuse to justify 18 million square feet of office buildings at Penn Station? Or will pressure to close Rikers lead to re-establishing the facility for use as a local jail? Watch for future developments for the YMCA building.

Brian J. Pape is a citizen architect in private practice, LEED-AP "green" certified, serving on the Manhattan District 2 Community Board Landmarks Committee and Quality of Life Committee (speaking solely in a personal, not an official capacity). He is also co-chair of the American Institute of Architects NY Design for Aging Committee, a member of ALANY Historic Buildings and Housing Committees, and a journalist specializing in architecture subjects.



THE BAYVIEW CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, center, abutting the Jean Nouvel condo tower at right, viewed from the Chelsea Piers. Credit: Brian J. Pape, AIA.

How to Improve Accessibility in Your Home



COVER PHOTO from the *Aging in Place Guide for Building Owners*.

By Brian J. Pape, AIA, LEED-AP

The Aging in Place Guide for Building Owners offers a wide range of recommendations for renovations and improvements that improve the quality of life for all residents, especially targeting multi-family urban buildings. “Aging in place” describes individuals who continue to live in their homes as they age, rather than relocating. Research suggests that a majority, up to 90 percent, of older people prefer to age in place. Ninety-six percent of older New Yorkers are currently aging in place, and half of older adults in New York live alone.

Access to any space, from a private kitchen or bath, to common areas such as lobbies and hallways, is the aspect addressed here.

Some recommendations address social isolation, which is common among seniors and can be detrimental to both physical and mental health. Making improvements to building entrances, common areas, and dwelling access can address isolation by helping to increase tenants’ interactions with neighbors, family, and friends.

Of course, individuals may have varying disabilities, at different times, from other individuals. Detailed dimensions are contained in the definitions of various elements of our building codes.

At the front entrance to a building, stairs are obstacles that can be avoided with ramps, or perhaps by providing another entry that avoids steps. Doors must be typically 36 inches wide to accommodate wheelchairs or the mobility impaired, with at least 18” clear floor next to the latch side.

Ease of navigating requires that the space between the public entrance and the private spaces must be clear of obstacles and easy

for finding direction, with obviously-located adequately-lit directories or wayfinding signs.

Once inside the apartment’s preferably 36” wide private entry door, with signs in braille if needed, the path should be clearly understood and easily negotiable, avoiding complicated circulation patterns if possible. Access to other spaces must be clear and intuitive, keeping in mind the experience of an environment at eye level, one’s pace of walking, views, and what is familiar. Providing wayfinding markers, such as soft furniture at corner turns, could also help. To make access to rooms at doorways easier, replace any round doorknob with lever handles; lever attachments to round doorknobs are also available, and renters could take the attachments with them if they move.

Slip and trip avoidance is a major part of a safe environment. Appropriate selections of flooring finishes and transaction surfaces is paramount. Eliminate slippery floors by refinishing or resurfacing with a non-slip surface. Any loose rug, doormat, or carpet is a trip hazard, and should be removed. Fixed carpeting or rugs may be used, as long as the transition from one surface to another doesn’t expose an edge over a quarter inch high; thin metal transition strips can be tacked at edges. A contrast in color may also help avoid trips at transitions. Some wood floors may have wood thresholds over a quarter inch high, and should also be eliminated.

New York City’s Inclusive Design Guidelines, which the city’s Department of Design and Construction publishes in collaboration with the Center for Inclusive Design and Environmental Access at the State University of New York (SUNY) Buffalo, is an available reference.

A full PDF of the universal design guidelines can be found at: www1.nyc.gov/assets/ddc/downloads/publications/guides-manuals/universal-design-ny.pdf. The *Aging in Place Guide for Building Owners* is available online at aiany.org/membership/advocacy/filter/aging-in-place-guidelines

Brian J. Pape, LEED-AP “Green” certified, is a citizen architect in private practice, serving on the Manhattan District 2 Community Board Landmarks Committee and Quality of Life Committee (speaking solely in a personal, not an official capacity), co-chair of the American Institute of Architects NY Design for Aging Committee, a member of ALANY Historic Buildings and Housing Committees, and a journalist specializing in architecture subjects.

A New Lifeline for those Suffering from Heart Disease



OVER SIX MILLION AMERICANS SUFFER FROM HEART FAILURE: Doctors Alfio Carroccio, MD (left) and Stavros Mountantonakis, MD discuss the benefits of a new FDA-approved innovative therapy called Barostim. Photo courtesy of LHGV.

By Alfio Carroccio, MD and Stavros Mountantonakis, MD

With over six million Americans suffering from heart failure, it’s possible that every one of us knows someone who is diagnosed with this debilitating and deadly disease. As medical professionals, our patient loads are filled with those who are looking to live normal lives without fear. At Lenox Hill Hospital, we were the first in New York City to implant a device called Barostim that can help make this dream a reality.

Heart failure, or congestive heart failure, is when the heart isn’t pumping enough blood to meet the body’s needs. This can happen when the heart is unable to fill up with enough blood or is not strong enough to pump properly. There are many causes to heart failure, including coronary heart disease, high blood pressure and cardiomyopathy. What’s dangerous about this condition is many of the symptoms are often attributed to old age and are, then, left undiagnosed. Symptoms include shortness of breath, dry cough, swelling of feet, ankles and legs, increased urination, and fluid buildup in the stomach and neck. If left untreated, heart failure can lead to serious heart conditions, including pulmonary hypertension, heart valve disease and even cardiac arrest, which can be deadly.

Barostim is the world’s first FDA-approved device that stimulates nerve endings located within the carotid artery to help pump blood in a more efficient way. These nerve endings, called baroreceptors, detect changes in blood pressure and then inform the nervous system on how to regulate the heart, kidney, and vascular function. Barostim uses continuous stimulation to reduce the heart’s workload and alleviate the symptoms of heart failure. This device may be a blessing for patients who have had little or no success with other treatments.

For many years, we have been prescribing

medications to block the over-activation of the nervous system in patients with heart failure. For the first time now, we can communicate with the brain directly through this technology and modulate its function in a favorable way for the heart.

In July, we implanted Barostim in a 55-year-old patient named Boguslaw Micek. He has suffered from chronic heart failure due to coronary artery disease and hypertension. He sustained a heart attack in February 2021 and despite extensive medical therapy, including using a defibrillator, his heart health continued to deteriorate. He was constantly in and out of the hospital seeking treatment for various heart-related conditions and we felt this device might be life-changing for him.

In a recent check-up, Mr. Micek said he is feeling great, and he is not alone. Barostim is a groundbreaking therapeutic method that is proven to improve the quality of life for many patients with heart disease. Studies have shown that Barostim may result in a reduction in the frequency and length of hospitalizations, and a decrease in other serious cardiovascular events, such as arrhythmias, anginas, and heart attacks.

We are extremely proud to be a part of this innovative step in curbing heart disease. Barostim is the latest addition to the multifaceted approach Lenox Hill Hospital utilizes to improve the lives of our cardiac patients.

If you have heart failure and the treatments you’ve tried are not working, Barostim may be what you’re looking for. We at Lenox Hill Hospital are happy to speak with you about your condition and see if you could be a candidate for this new device that has shown to be effective for so many patients.

Dr. Alfio Carroccio is the chief of vascular surgery at Lenox Hill Hospital and Dr. Stavros Mountantonakis is the director of electrophysiology at Lenox Hill Hospital.



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RAISE  HEALTH

IN and OUT

by Caroline Benveniste

Summer is usually a bit quieter in terms of openings. This month was not as busy as the last few, but there were still a number of high profile spots coming on-line. Much of the activity was in the southern part of our area.

Top Opening



ONE FIFTH. Photo by Evan Sung.

ONE FIFTH—1 Fifth Avenue at West 8th Street

Marc Forgione is gaining something of a reputation for operating restaurants in iconic spaces with a long history of housing restaurants. He comes from a cooking family: his father, Larry Forgione and brother, Bryan Forgione are chefs and everyone in his family cooks. He opened his eponymous restaurant in Tribeca in 2008 and

when **Peasant** was poised to close in December 2019 after a 20 year run, he stepped in and took it over. Before the pandemic hit, he was looking for a space for a new restaurant, but COVID put those plans on hold. When the city shut down indoor dining for the second time in December 2020, he was driving to Peasant, took a wrong turn, and ended up driving by 1 Fifth Avenue and noticed the “For Rent” sign. He stopped his car in the street, got out, and called the number. He had immediately decided that this was the space he had been looking for because of its history and energy. Most recently, that location housed **Otto**, a pizza restaurant owned by Mario Batali. Otto closed in November 2020.

One Fifth has been described as serving Italian fare by many outlets including the *New York Times*, but Marc Forgione says what he is striving for is something that reminds him of his family gatherings, with everyone in the kitchen, and where the food never stops. The space was carefully renovated, and it now looks more like it did during its days as One Fifth in the 1970’s. There is lots of dark wood with Art Deco accents that harmonize with the building’s design.

When I asked Marc Forgione what he hoped the clientele would be, he said he wanted it to be a neighborhood restaurant as well as somewhere people from other parts of the city would come to. The menu will use what is available and local, and that should keep prices more reasonable.

The bar has an extensive Amaro list but also features seasonal cocktails and the restaurant has a large wine list. Marc Forgione recognized that meeting strangers is not as easy as it used to be, and would like the bar

to be a place where strangers can talk to strangers.

Also Open

Hungry House Jones Street (9 Jones Street) has opened where the Greek restaurant **Voula** used to be and is an anti-ghost kitchen. Hungry House partners with different chefs to create dishes that are prepared there and are available for pick-up or delivery. The featured chefs cover a wide range of cuisines and offerings, such as plant-based Filipino food, cemitita-style tortas, ice cream from Caffè Panna, burgers and salads. **Figaro** (184 Bleecker Street at MacDougal Street) has opened where Le Figaro Café first opened in 1957. It was a Village institution for many years and through a number of iterations, but ultimately closed in 2008. The new version features flatbreads, crudos, sandwiches and haute comfort food dishes. **Nat’s on Bleecker** (170 Bleecker Street between Sullivan and MacDougal Street) has opened in the old **Junzi Kitchen** space. This restaurant by Natalie Freihon is a follow-on to her successful **Nat’s on Bank** which is more seafood focused. **Fly E-Bike** (466 6th Avenue between 11th and 12th Streets) has been open for a couple of months but they only recently put up a sign with their name. The store sells electric transportation devices that are manufactured in China and assembled in the United States, and are mainly geared towards food delivery workers. Fly E-Bike has over forty stores worldwide.

Closed

A number of readers have written to us to

let us know that long-time Turkish spot **Istanbul Grill** has shuttered at 310 West 14th Street (between 8th and 9th Avenues). That stretch of 14th Street has seen lots of activity recently, such as the arrival and quick departure of **Harlem Biscuit Company** in July.

Coming Soon

Carriage House will open at 142 West 10th Street (between Waverly Place and Greenwich Avenue) according to *What-NowNY*. The space has been empty since Portuguese restaurant **Louro** closed in 2016. According to *Gotham*, a supper club is opening at 9 Jones Street. This is the same location that is currently housing **Hungry House Jones Street**—perhaps they will be timesharing the space. **Kolor Boutique** is opening at 485 6th Avenue (at 12th Street) where **Salon Ziba** used to be.

Other

Pepe Rosso (168 Sullivan Street at Houston Street) which opened in 1997 as **Pepe Rosso To Go** has moved from 149 Sullivan Street into a larger space that most recently housed **World’s Wurst** restaurant. **Song’e Napule Pizzeria & Trattoria** is moving from 146 West Houston Street to 132 West Houston Street (off Sullivan Street) where Jamaican restaurant **Miss Lily’s** used to be.

Some of the information we report comes from you, and we are so grateful that you reached out. If you see anything, let us know at: wvnewsinout@gmail.com

A View from the Kitchen

By Isa Covo

What times are we are living in! It is one thing after another.

It was the election of Donald J. Trump, because like with the Richard M. Nixon presidency, many voters who would have given a majority to a different candidate stubbornly refused to vote, even as they were not necessarily in favor of the Republican choice.

Then came COVID. In truth Mr. Trump pushed for the rapid development of a vaccine but stubbornly refused to support elementary precautions recommended by the medical authorities such as wearing a mask and observing social distancing. Because of his egotism, he did not feel that there was enough praise for his support of the vaccine development, and so made negative comments regarding it, while he and his family understandably got the vaccine.

It is unfortunate that a part of the population here, and even abroad I am told, refuses ALL vaccines, even those given for years to infants. Poliomyelitis which had been mostly eradicated worldwide, reappeared in our own state of New York. We now have tools to protect us, and we can follow expert medical advice, or not follow advice but rather believe rants on social media from those not qualified to advise us.

Democracy is a Greek word and it was best described by Abraham Lincoln as “... government of the people, by the people, for the people.” We are just now recovering from the disastrous year of 2016, and it is up to you to make a judicious choice when you go to the polls to do your civic duty. Do your research, analyze what the candidates are promising and what they have contributed, and certainly don’t just listen to your gut.

As the summer wanes, luscious fruits abound, and a mixture of two kinds are showcased in this cake of Italian inspiration. The cake is usually made with white peaches but replacing them with yellow ones is fine.

As the summer wanes, luscious fruits abound, and a mixture of two kinds are showcased in this cake of Italian inspiration. The cake is usually made with white peaches but replacing them with yellow ones is fine.

Peach and Raspberry Cake

1 medium peach, ripe but firm
1/2 pint basket of raspberries
1/3 cup sifted unbleached flour



Photo by Isa Covo.

1/4 cup granulated sugar
2 large eggs
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon brandy
1/3 cup heavy cream
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Butter to grease the baking pan

Vanilla ice cream, whipped cream

- In the large bowl of a mixer, beat together the eggs and the sugar until the mixture becomes pale yellow and thick
- In a small bowl add the cream, honey, brandy, and vanilla. Pour the mixture into the egg mixture. Blend well.
- Wash the fruit, drain the raspberries well and set them to dry on a kitchen or paper towel. Dry the peach. Set both aside.
- Sift together the flour and the baking powder and fold them gently but thoroughly into the egg mixture
- Place a rack in the middle of the oven and set the oven temperature to 350°. Butter generously an 8-inch round or square baking pan, preferably glass or ceramic. Pour the batter into the pan and smooth the top.
- Cut the peach in half and remove the stone. Cut the peach into thin slices.
- Arrange the fruit on the top of the batter. Tap the filled pan gently on the counter to distribute the contents evenly. Bake 20 to 25 minutes until puffy and slightly golden.
- Serve with ice cream and/or whipped cream (optional).

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

212.807.7566

Notes From Away: Slow Motion Crisis

By Tom Lamia

There is an existential threat to our continued existence on this planet. It is obvious, well defined, and inexorable—slowly grinding a path to our oblivion as a species. I speak, of course of the climate crisis. Our victimhood comes not from any failure to recognize our plight, but from a series of premature assumptions about our ability to stop, avoid or deflect this threat.

The learning process thus far has been discontinuous, even scattershot. From time to time and place to place, dire environmental threats have led to effective remedial action. In the great majority of cases, however, the action taken has been effective only as to the specific threatening event; dams built to avoid drought and control floods; aqueducts constructed to bring plentiful mountain water to urban lowland population centers. But the need for action is limited by the threat, and seldom are resources deployed against low contingency threats. This pattern seems to apply even when the low contingency threat is existential.

Humans innately avoid facing up to a cataclysmic disaster with no known fix. To acknowledge the possibility of an earth-destroying event is different from dealing with it in advance when the resources needed are immense and the time allowed is indeterminable or debatable. It is the dilemma presented to the child who may have a treat now or two treats later.

Additionally, the climate crisis has many connections and joints. Some of its components can be confronted and put aside while action on others is deferred. This feature can give a false notion of being able to deal with the whole by successfully dealing with one or more parts.

Then there is the problem of lack of a precedent for something truly cataclysmic. Not having an example of historic, grand scale disaster leaves doubters a solid argument for doing nothing.

To use an overused example: the dinosaurs are no longer with us (and we were not among them when they were) as a result of a single cataclysmic event. Such an immediately destructive event causes paths to be blocked and futures to be changed, sometimes forever. We now have a crisis of planetary proportions that has slowly engulfed our future. This crisis requires a global solution that seems unlikely to come.

It is a slow motion crisis not for lack of warning signs, but for lack of fear of its consequences. To date those have been lo-



IS THIS THE SUNSET OF CLIMATE CONTROL? Photo by Tom Lamia.

cal and manageable. That, of course, was not true for the dinosaurs; their fate was decided when the earth that had produced and nurtured them met with an immediate, destructive extraterrestrial force. Our present situation has been thought different because we have the knowledge and tools to deal with what we see as happening slowly. Our confidence has come, perhaps, from past success in controlling harmful environmental conditions. Pandemics, life threatening air quality, weather disasters and myriad forms of self-destructive behavior have all somehow been controlled before humanity succumbed. There have been past existential crises; some were worldwide and environmental, but all were met and defeated. As each crisis passed a belief in our capacity for meeting the next one was strengthened.

I was born and raised in Los Angeles. My earliest memories are those of sun, surf and clear skies, with Santa Monica Bay on one side and mountains behind. What was not residential or low impact industrial was pasture or farmland. The LA population hovered around one million; in a rough balance between its pollutants and the capacity of its ambient air to absorb them without shocking effect. By the mid '50s the population had doubled and the indelible curse of air polluting smog surged and threatened the good life. Through my college years there

seemed no defense against smog and no hiding of its effect on our city. Excuses were made—according to 15th Century Spanish explorers native tribes referred to the area as “the valley of the smokes;” hence natural and harmless. The cause of that smoke was, of course, the environmental prison created by mountains to the east and gentle prevailing onshore winds pushing air into a trapped mass being turned to photochemical smog by California sunshine.

In 1943, Los Angeles County created a “Smoke and Fumes Commission” to study the problem. It grew worse, threatening everyday life. Newspapers hired air quality experts from industry and academia to diagnose and deal with it before the California Dream turned sour. The LA County “Air Pollution Control District” was created in 1947. Still the problem grew worse. The APCD determined that smog was not caused by a single factor: industrial emissions of many kinds were identified as causes, as were backyard incinerators, trash burning, lumber mills, and outdoor burning of all kinds. Major study efforts were made to find a solution. Oil companies and industry groups opposed restrictions on their activities. The alarms were sounded up the scale of government and soon legislation was enacted at local, state and federal levels and at each level incremental progress was made until the Clean Air

Act became federal law in 1963 followed in 1970 by the National Environmental Policy Act creating the EPA. The effect of these and other federal and state laws was a system of regulation that gradually gained the upper hand over smog and other air polluting conditions in the country. California was granted power to do more than federal law required, in recognition of its special vulnerability.

Years passed. In 1964 I returned to LA as a lawyer and parachuted into the problem with minimal effect. Automobile emissions as the prime cause were still over the horizon. Finger in the dike measures were being taken (my law firm battled the APCD over a rule that would have shut down a natural gas pipeline from Texas during a part of the year). None of this cured smog but a lot of learning was occurring. Gradually California and the EPA promulgated rules requiring catalytic converters and escalating minimum mileage requirements in new cars. Success had been achieved against long odds and the air cleared over southern California.

The climate crisis was not gone, for as we know all too well today it is a hydra-headed monster. The presence of carbon-based pollutants in the atmosphere is a function of population and technology (both the technology that increases carbon output and that which can reduce it). The earth's atmosphere is a limited resource with a limited capacity for absorbing carbon without damage to its role as the blanket for human existence. A belief in the Gaia hypothesis (earth as a self-healing organism) is a slim reed for survival in a carbon-saturated atmosphere.

The very real achievements of government, academia and private industry led to a general belief in the 1990s that air pollution and its harmful global warming consequences, could be controlled by government regulation. Today that belief is gone. Developing weather conditions linked to the superheating effects of carbon in the atmosphere and a partisan political divide halted progress. What had been a common productive effort by Republicans and Democrats has died, a victim of the culture wars says Paul Krugman writing in the Times. Another untimely and illogical stopping point is upon us. Progress will resume because it must, but a penalty will be paid. Our political impasse gives free rein to the continuing crisis as global warming conditions continue during our time out. We could get lucky, of course, as we did when the discovery of a growing hole in the earth's ozone layer fifty years ago was quickly attributed to chlorofluorocarbons in spray-on products. Bans were imposed, the hole was plugged (but not eliminated) and a false confidence created.

Now we see new phenomena coming at the planet (and its occupants) that carry destructive threats: pandemics, deforestation, and severe weather conditions. All these are booming along, as the steps needed to stop them are not taken. We are acting in slow motion, but the crisis is not.

The US Open Tennis Championships:

Where it all began

Eric Uhlfelder

The largest sporting event that hits the city each year is the US Open Tennis Championships. The two-week long competition, which is currently in full swing, draws well over a half a million to its venue in Flushing Meadows.

But few know its roots were far more serene before it jumped to its present 47-acre site in 1978. Then 20 years later, it built the world's largest tennis stadium—the 24,000-seat Arthur Ashe Stadium.

The West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills Gardens was the home of the tournament, even decades before it became an Open Championships in 1968—when pros were then allowed to compete with amateurs.

With grounds one-quarter the size of Flushing Meadows, the WSTC was our Wimbledon—dozens of grass courts, framed by a grand clubhouse on one end and a 13,000-seat Horseshoe stadium on the other end—across which every player traversed by foot, mingling with the crowds to get to and from their matches.

It was a time before security was a concern, when you could come face to face with your favorite players, Rod Laver, Arthur Ashe, Jimmy Connors, even John McEnroe to say hi and maybe have them sign a tennis ball. It made coming to Forest Hills far more intimate than the zoo that is the Billie Jean King National Tennis Center.

That has all changed.

But what hasn't changed is the Club's setting in a beautiful Tudor-styled landmarked neighborhood that's something out of England. The community was planned by Frederick Law Olmsted, who gave us Central and Prospect Parks. With its very green curved streets lined by single family houses and row homes, framed by old graceful trees, full of unusually shaped parks, and arched walkways, Forest Hills Gardens is one of the city's most beautiful neighborhoods that's worth a visit any time.

Olmsted's son designed the WSTC, which opened in 1915. And for more than a half a century, amateurs competed at the Club for the US National Championships. The place also hosted Davis Cup, the Wightman/Fed Cup, and World Team Tennis matches. Because Forest Hills was always the last of the four major tournaments each year, it's where Grand Slam champions are crowned. Only five players in history ever won all four majors.

In 1960, the WSTC started hosting an annual summer music festival before the tournament began, which still runs today. While you can see some of your favorite oldies, in those early years, local boys Simon and Garfunkel came to play and for two nights in August 1964, the Beatles lit



THE CLUBHOUSE AND GRASS COURTS today at the West Side Tennis Club. Photo by Eric Uhlfelder.



A VIEW FROM THE CLUBHOUSE BALCONY of the courts and the stadium. Photo by Eric Uhlfelder.



INSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE. Photo by Eric Uhlfelder.

up the stadium—a full year before they rocked Shea Stadium.

Next year, the West Side Tennis Club will be celebrating the 100-year anniversary of the stadium. Plans are in the works so stay tuned and make a point of coming out to see where the championships began and to discover its remarkable neighborhood, which offers a respite from the city for the price of a subway ride.



ARTHUR ASHE after winning the 1968 US Open. Photo courtesy of the West Side Tennis Club.



A PACKED STADIUM AT THE US OPEN. Photo courtesy of the West Side Tennis Club.



A TICKET TO SEE THE BEATLES at the Stadium. Image courtesy of the West Side Tennis Club.

A Century After the Burning of Smyrna: Recognizing Turkish Genocide of Greeks in Asia Minor

By Anastasia Kaliabakos

When most people think of Greece, the names of beautiful islands such as Santorini, Mykonos, and Corfu often come to mind. However, Greece is famous for more than its attractive landscapes: it is also known as the birthplace of democracy, the home of philosophers, and the land of countless wars and struggles. The people of Hellas have undergone much torment to preserve the cultures of their poleis, from the reign of the Persians from the sixth through fourth centuries B.C., to the domination of the Ottoman Empire from the 13th through 19th centuries. Even after Greece declared independence from the Turks in 1822, the struggle was not over. A century later, a devastating act of genocide would be brought against the Greek people—an event known today as the Burning of Smyrna, or the Smyrna Catastrophe.

Smyrna, now called “Izmir,” believed to have been settled around the start of the third millennium B.C., was one of the most prominent city-states in Ionia throughout antiquity. Because of its strategic location on the Aegean coast of Anatolia, citizens became very prosperous and rich by the seventh century B.C. Smyrna is also rumored to be the birthplace of Homer.

Even Alexander the Great recognized the prestige of Smyrna, and sought to have the city strengthened and enlarged. The renovations he and his generals set in motion established Smyrna as a model for the “Hellenistic city.” After the advent of Christianity, a church was established there. Though the city suffered destruction due to an earthquake in 178 A.D., it was considered so important that Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius had the city rebuilt.

Smyrna’s relevance eventually faded over the ensuing millennium; it was ripe for the taking when the Ottoman Empire began conquering Greece in the 14th century. However, the Turks would have a difficult time maintaining an ideological hold over



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BURNING OF THE SMYRNA taken from an Italian ship in 1922.
Credit: Wikipedia.

this historic polis. The influence of Greek culture was so salient that the Turks began calling the city “Smyrna of the infidels.” They were then forced to divide control of the city between Christians and Muslims.

After the liberation of Greece, Smyrna once again became a financial and cultural hub of the nation. Although the Ottomans continued to control the area, technically, most of the factories, banks, and schools were run and backed by Greeks, who were the majority of the population, numbering around 320,000. 10,000 Armenians also lived in the city, and had established themselves as significant players in its development, particularly regarding their involvement with the Iranian silk trade.

After WWI, Greece (re)occupied Smyrna, hoping that overthrowing unjust Turkish rule was at hand. However, the Greeks did not stop with Smyrna: they decided to begin a military campaign that took them deep into Asia Minor. What followed over the next two years were complex and unsuccessful attempts to beat the Turks, and the Greek effort would ultimately end in disaster.

By August 1922, the Greek army was in shambles. The Turkish leader Kemal Atatürk had forced them to recall thousands

of soldiers, putting the exhausted people of Hellas on the defensive. Additionally, Smyrna’s previously beneficial location was now at risk. Around 150,000 refugees poured into the coastal city, quickly thrusting Smyrna into chaos. On September 9, 1922, the Turkish cavalry entered Smyrna. By the end of the day, the Turkish army began killing not just soldiers, but regular citizens and refugees—both Greek and Armenian. Metropolitan Chrysostomos, the leader of the Greek Orthodox diocese in Smyrna, was brutally tortured and murdered in the street. Meanwhile, the last battalion of Greek soldiers surrendered and, subsequently, were imprisoned. Despite the carnage raging through the polis, some Greeks and Armenians believed that Atatürk would have mercy on them and peacefully annex Smyrna and its people into his republic. They were wrong.

The Turkish troops soon set the Armenian section of the city on fire. The city burned for four days, and thousands of people burned alive. The cruelty of this act finally motivated a British admiral to send boats out to evacuate people. The ships overflowed with the Greeks and Armenians trying to escape the fate of being flayed or burned to charcoal in

the streets of their once beautiful homeland. Soon, Atatürk decreed that any refugee remaining in Smyrna by October 1st would be deported to central Anatolia. But this was a lie. Deportations began immediately. It is estimated that 160,000 people were deported to central Anatolia and possibly 100,000 Greeks and Armenians were murdered during a few days.

100 years after this act of genocide, the Turkish government still refuses to admit to the atrocities. In 2021, the Turkish news outlet *Yeni Safak* published a piece blaming “Armenian gangs” for the fires, and actually referred to the event as the “Liberation of Izmir.” The article begins by stating, “Armenian gangs broke out among the perpetrators of the great fire that destroyed 25 thousand real estates and killed 10 thousand people in Izmir, which was experiencing the joy of liberation from the Greek occupation a hundred years ago.” It is shameful this kind of misinformation is allowed to remain on the internet, and therefore necessary to make the true history of the Smyrna Catastrophe as accessible as possible; the innocent people who lost their lives long ago must be justly vindicated.

When you think of Greece, instead of thinking of summer vacations and even philosophical theories, I propose that you think of strength in the face of suffering. Remember the innocent refugees in Smyrna who did not take part in military operations but still were brutally murdered for their religion and ethnicity.

Anastasia (Stacey) Kaliabakos, a graduate of the Brearley School, is currently a Dana Scholar at the College of the Holy Cross, majoring in classics and philosophy. She is an opinions editor for Holy Cross’ newspaper, The Spire, editor-in-chief of the Parnassus Classical Journal, and an avid matcha latte consumer. Anastasia has been featured in NEO Magazine, The Villager, and The National Herald. She has contributed to WestView News since 2018.

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The September Issue

By Dana Jean Costantino

It is said that the September issue is always one of the biggest and brightest and best issues of any newspaper or magazine. Maybe this is because Fall is about to start. Many are starting school again and we are facing the upcoming holiday season. Change is in the air. Change is in our heads. Change is in our hearts.

With the start of September, we also have an opportunity to look inward and make changes. Any time a new season is on the horizon it is not only the symbol of a change in weather but an opportunity for a change in health and well-being.

What did you discover about yourself this Summer that was a good thing? How can you enhance it and keep it going? Did you notice something that you want to work on? What will you do to make that happen? New Season, new you...or rather, same you

with a twist. A new pep in your step.

We do not need to become completely different people but as we age, we should grow. Grow mentally, emotionally, spiritually, and physically.

While it may not always be easy, it is always possible. In big ways or small it is always possible. We are more powerful than we know, and a change of seasons is a good reminder of that. The seasons can change and so can you!

It is the time to take a new step towards being your best self. We are never all the way there, but we can keep on the journey. The journey of self-discovery, which is in fact one of the most interesting journeys of them all! Taking a new faster step or a slower step on the same path or switching paths altogether. The choice is yours and the September issue is the issue of you. The issue of now.

May the peace of the new season be with you!

New Concealed Carry Law in New York and Its Implications

By Samuel G. Dobre, Esq.

On June 23, 2022, the United States Supreme Court issued an historic ruling in *New York State Rifle & Pistol Association v. Bruen* that invalidated a century-old provision of New York's concealed carry law requiring an applicant to show "proper cause" in order to obtain a license to carry a concealed handgun outside the home. The Court held that the provision violated the Fourteenth Amendment in that it prevents citizens with ordinary self-defense needs from exercising their Second Amendment right to keep and bear arms. Employers should consider if they want to allow guns on their premises, and if so, they should post "clear and conspicuous signage" or otherwise provide express consent to visitors or patrons.

Following the Court's decision, many New Yorkers—particularly those residing in New York City—braced for a possible wave of increased violence. Reports of crime have been on the rise the last few months in various parts of New York City, including the West Village. In April, New York Police Department data showed an 84 percent spike in major crime when compared to 2021 crime rates. As of mid-July, major crime rates remain high in the West Village with an 80 percent spike compared to last year, according to the latest data report out of the Sixth Precinct, which patrols the West Village. NYC business owners are especially frustrated with the increased violence as it places a strain on business during a time when many busi-

nesses are still recovering from difficulties caused by the COVID-19 pandemic.

In light of growing concerns about public safety in New York after the Supreme Court decision, the legislature promptly drafted the Concealed Carry Improvement Act, which was recently signed by Governor Kathy Hochul. The new law will limit who can obtain a gun carry permit, how to obtain a permit and restrictions on where guns may be carried. It prohibits guns in certain "sensitive places" such as government-owned buildings, educational institutions, health care facilities, places of worship, any place where alcohol is consumed and public transportation. The law establishes additional limitations including new eligibility requirements for those seeking concealed carry permits and a more expansive disqualifying criteria (i.e., an interview with a licensing agency, firearms safety training, storage requirements in vehicles). The Concealed Carry Improvement Act took effect on September 1, 2022.

As a precautionary measure, business owners should strongly consider posting signs that explicitly state whether or not guns are allowed on the property, to make the potential presence of firearms on the premises known to all guests and patrons.

Should you have questions or are seeking assistance, please contact Bond, Schoeneck & King's labor and employment attorneys. The attorneys would like to give credit to Bond's Summer Law Clerk, Camisha Parkins, who assisted in co-authoring this article.



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Village Diary: Pier 33+1/3 RPM

By Pago Habitans

A few days after I met Mary Sullivan in Abingdon Square, I was sitting on the steps outside the Whitney Museum. I knew Mary had been born there on Gansevoort Street, which led me to wonder what the neighborhood might have looked like back when it was a tangle of tenements, single dwellings and small factories. And even before that when it was a Dutch fort.

I was also wondering about Mary Sullivan herself, whom I surmised was one of the first women detectives in the NYPD. I had introduced myself to her when I heard her whistling a tune I recognized from Brother Ben, my elusive friend who seemed to be missing—at least I hadn't come across him for some time. Hearing my concern for his whereabouts, Mary offered to help.

Now, in my reverie outside the Whitney, I became aware of a voice determined to get my attention: "Pago! Pago! I may have come up with something interesting." It was, of course, Mary Sullivan.

When I greeted her as Lt. Sullivan, the pioneering woman detective hushed me and said I was to call her by her first name. Sounding much like Brother Ben, Mary confided, "In the greater realms of time titles are unnecessary, not to mention embarrassing and really rather pointless."

I wasn't sure what Mary meant, but I was eager to hear what she had found out about Ben. She was eager to oblige.

"I checked with some pals from the old Sixth Precinct station on Charles Street and I also asked around at the new station on Tenth, but I didn't come up with anything I considered pertinent. Just a lot of Bens doing a lot of bad things, but no one matching the description of your more benevolent friend Brother Ben."

I interrupted, "Mary, you said you found



PILINGS IN THE HUDSON RIVER close to Pier 33+1/3. Photo by Pago Habitans.

something of interest."

"Well, Pago, it occurred to me to scroll through the files of RPM. That stands for Random Peripheral Memories. It's a little known association that works independent

of the Police Department, independent of everything really. But some of us over the years have found them helpful."

Much like Ben, Mary seemed to anticipate my next question.

"RPM is a storehouse of recollections, observations and creative efforts of ordinary people in many forms: unpublished stories and poems, diaries, journals, scrapbooks, photo albums; not to mention gossip, jokes, songs and even dreams—in short, the kinds of things that in the rush of time tend to be abandoned, forgotten, or lost."

I must have looked puzzled, so Mary continued, "Think of it this way: if police files are a compendium of bad behavior, RPM is a library of our better human instincts."

Still perplexed, I asked, "Where do they keep all these remembrances and examples of our better natures?"

Mary explained, "For the longest time the library was kept on a derelict pier downtown. I remember it was Pier 33, because at some point in the 1950s music lovers on the force referred to it as Pier Thirty-Three-and-a-Third. Funnily enough, some years later it ended up closer to Pier 45."

My expression must have been one of incredulity.

"I don't mean the piers as you know them. For years there was an almost unbroken line of sheds and warehouses along the West Street docks. In a certain light you can still see the remnants of some of them."

"Well, that's all very interesting, but what did you find out?"

"Pago, your friend Brother Ben has an astounding number of entries in the RPM, more than most well-known Village figures. He's played a constant supporting role in Village life for a very long time. He just hasn't made it into the history books."

"But where is he now?" I blurted out.

Mary laughed. "He's right behind you." (To be continued . . .)

"Village Resident" otherwise known as T. P. Miller

The Life and Loves of Sinclair Lewis and Theatrical Play Version

By James V. Gambone, Ph.D.
Producer and Co-Director

In October of 2018, I was asked by the Sinclair Lewis Foundation to produce something special for the upcoming 100th Anniversary of the publication of *Main Street* in 2020. I said, I would be very interested because I wanted to learn more about Lewis and his other writings. I had read *Main Street* in college, but that was many moons ago. This is how an incredible journey of discovery began.

I immediately began voraciously reading about Sinclair Lewis and his life journey. I talked with Sally Parry from the International Sinclair Lewis Society, (who will be starting short, monthly articles of Lewis for the *News* in November), re-read *Main Street*, followed by Grace Hegger Lewis' memoir,

Richard Lingeman's and Mark Schorer's biographies, and I interviewed Peter Kurth, the biographer of Dorothy Thompson, the second wife of Lewis. After this intense investigation, I knew a few major things that I wanted to see included in whatever was produced: the importance of place i.e. Lewis growing up in Sauk Centre, a town of only 2,600; his "Hickeys"—his horrible acne from the time he was a teenager, winning the Nobel Prize in 1930 and what it made him question, his dedication and craft as a writer and satirical story teller, the important influence of his two wives on his work, his alcoholism, and Lewis' relevance today.

To paraphrase H.L. Mencken's review of *Main Street*, my original intent was to create a historical presentation where the characters were genuinely human and au-

thentically American, and then carry them through a series of obstacles and transitions thoughtfully and acutely in light of the social, political and cultural forces of their time. And, to present a production with sharp sense of satire and realism, rich in observation and competently designed. You can decide how successful we were. sinclairlewisfoundation.org/life-and-loves

Now, we are offering our story as a licensed theatrical play to professional, amateur and school theater groups. This is how the script for *The Life and Loves of Sinclair Lewis* was originally written but COVID prohibited us from a scheduled run at the Minnesota History Theater in 2020. (Go to the SinclairLewisFoundation.org and select Licensing on the home page)

Readers of *WestView News* can watch

our production on video at no cost and then help spread the word to your own theater communities that a new, award winning original dramatic play about Sinclair Lewis is available to them. The good news is that they can preview the script of the play at no cost, plus be able to see how we produced it here in MN. The licensed play comes with 6 video vignettes covering some of Lewis' most popular works.

As a life-long educator, I also wanted to make our production easily available to high schools and University classes dealing with topics like American literature, social studies, history, theater, and writing. We are offering at no cost, the streaming production with a study guide for a two-day class on Sinclair Lewis.

Please help us keep the relevant works of Sinclair Lewis alive today!

Fall from Grace

By Keith Michael

I'm hurrying down Perry Street to meet up with friends for a day's outing at Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge in Queens hoping to see thousands of shorebirds stopping there on their fall migration. Between parked cars across the street, I see a small yellow bird on the sidewalk. Maybe I'll be a little late. I slowly cross over.

September is one of the busiest months of the year for New York City bird watching. The hint of cooler weather and shorter days kicks off the colorful pageantry of warblers and other songbirds heading south. The air show of raptors through our skies will be revving up soon. Shorebirds started coming through weeks ago but now is the season for the fresh youngsters making their first instinctual migration over thousands of miles unaccompanied by parents to show them the way. How do they do it?

The sidewalk bird is not all yellow. The blue-gray of his head and back blends neatly into his wings folded tidily by his sides. His yellow breast is adorned with a black feather necklace with ebony pendants. He seems to be wearing spectacles—bright rings around his eyes connected by a yellow band over his bill. He's a Canada Warbler.

In my July article, I professed my affinity for shorebirds. Though warblers are arguably more brightly colored, the endless subtleties of shorebirds' feathers and the long-distance complications of their lives captivate me. This is the time of year when I'm in search of Dunlins and Whimbrels, Dowitchers and Godwits, sounding like mythical creatures from the tomes of alchemy.

But right now, this Canada Warbler has my attention. A still-bright comma of blood on the sidewalk belies the obvious: yet another victim of a window strike, this fellow is no longer alive. Identical seemingly random happenstances may be playing out hundreds or even thousands of times throughout the



A CANADA WARBLER in Central Park looks to the sky. Photo by Keith Michael.

city this morning. During migration season, the number of birds passing through New York who DON'T "make it there" is staggering. I always want to get out chalk and draw a tiny crime scene outline around the downed bird's body. Instead, I pick it up carefully in a tissue, and carry it as I walk along. His body is still warm.

With each somber step, I contemplate an impossible "what if" scenario. I saw one Canada Warbler in Central Park in May. (His photo accompanies this article.) I heard a Canada Warbler singing in the forest during a June visit to the Adirondacks. Now I'm holding a Canada Warbler in my hand in August. What if each of these visitations were, in fact, by the same individual? What has his life been like?

Well, first of all, this small bird, weigh-

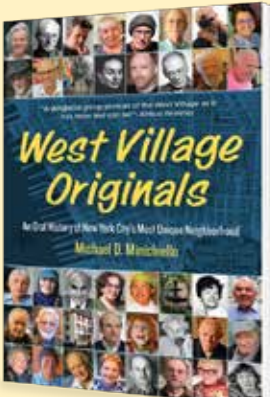
ing the equivalent of two quarters, likely wintered on the northwest coast of South America, maybe in Columbia, Ecuador, or Peru, a mere 3,000 or so miles away. That in itself seems like an impossible scenario. He flew 3,000 miles to eat bugs in a tree in Central Park at 103rd Street, while catching his breath in between feasting to sing his cheerful burbling song. After fattening up in Central Park, perhaps doubling his weight, he only had a few more hundred miles to go to the Adirondacks, where, again, he sang and sang and sang, until a female Canada Warbler (who had also flown the more than 3,000 miles from South America) heard him and sang back. It's as though all their lives are in a hurry. They date, they mate, they build a nest, eggs are laid and eggs hatch, baby birds are

fed, they grow feathers, they fledge, and in several weeks, the family is off for the 3,000-mile flight back to South America. But Dad isn't going to be there this year.

I take one more look at this improbable handful. Once more, I note his near weightlessness, savor his bright colors, wrap the tissue carefully, and leave him in a secluded spot along the way.

Onward. I pick up the pace to meet my friends to collectively ponder the fragile lives of Sandpipers and Plovers, Avocets and Phalaropes on a mudflat in Queens.

If you find a dead bird, please visit dBird.org to make an important contribution to bird mortality research by filing a report. Visit wildbirdfund.org to learn what you can do if you find a stunned or injured bird this fall.



West Village Originals
by Michael D. Minichiello

"A delightful group portrait of the West Village as it has been and can be!"—Kirkus Reviews

"A celebratory collection! Minichiello lets each subject's spirit shine through in their own words."—BookLife Reviews, Editor's Pick

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Why I Have Hope

By Gordon Hughes

The American Dream is under assault. It's under assault from many different directions.

Oh, you can name them yourself. I don't need to list them even though it is indeed a very long list. One of the assaults has had a major effect on my lifestyle. As an avid West Villager who has lived here for the past 23 years and as a Broadway producer/investor it has been COVID. COVID has turned my life upside down. The three musicals, *Diana*, *Come From Away* and *Company*, that I had on The Great White Way were all shuttered at the end of July. I am afraid to start anything new until the vagaries of the pandemic have settled down.

My co-op on Bleecker Street, which I love so much, is cared for now by a good friend so all is secure on that front. I have retreated to my farm in Southern Chester County, Pa. In so doing I have thus far avoided COVID's many variants. It has made my farm a way station for New Yorkers who test negative, to spend some relaxing time with horses and wild creatures like deer, fox and raccoons. It is a chance for them to get away from Gotham and a chance for me to stay connected to the city I love.

Now that I have led you along let me get to the heart of the matter and why I have hope for not only our country but so many strong

individuals and in this case one particular family—a family that has been separated for the past two and a half years, and a family that exemplifies the American Dream.

The tale begins with a remarkable chef who works in my rural village restaurant-butcher store. Think of Zabar's with a dining area. Over the years we got to know him and delighted in his exciting menus. The connection developed because he was from Santa Barbara California and my wife and I are from Southern California. Over the years as we traveled back and forth, he would give us a list of Santa Barbara restaurants to test. Always a hit and just by chance where his family members worked/owned.

Well, as travel restrictions were lifted and vaccines and boosters were taking hold our excellent chef, now friend, could finally get to see his family again. There was a major family tradition about to take place and it was time for his family to come east, gather and celebrate a young woman's fifteenth birthday and a coming of age. This is a very big tradition in the Mexican American community. I am not using names here as I don't want to embarrass this family. My wife wanted to do something special for our friend and extended an invitation to his immediate family members who were visiting Chester County. She invited them to visit



FAMILY DINNER AT THE FARM TABLE after two and half years of COVID separation. Photo by Gordon Hughes.

the farm for a dinner. Well, they came, and it was amazing. Most of them had not seen one another for over two years. They ranged in age from 80 to five years old. I watched as this marvelous scene developed. Stories were told in both Spanish from the old folks and English by the younger ones. What struck me most were the kinds of jobs the older family members had in comparison to those of the younger ones. It was the true American dream. Each generation climbing the economic ladder. All the stories and history playing out at a farm table in my back yard. From the family's arrival in California in the early 1930's to family members living all over the country and allowing me to listen to those stories. It was like reading a

novel or a history book. It was something I have never experienced.

I will be forever thankful for that afternoon and evening. As people were getting ready to leave six-year-old Hiram, whom I had spent some special time with, as he was very shy and spent a great deal of the day by himself with his smart phone playing games, came up to me and said, "May I give you a hug?" I got tears in my eyes, and we hugged. That little boy may grow up to be a doctor, engineer or, who knows, President someday. So that is why I have hope in the American dream. I have renewed hope for people. I have renewed hope for my country. It was a truly eye-opening experience for me and one I will never forget.

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A concert honoring the victims of the attacks, and the first responders who went into danger to rescue people they did not know. Many died then, and many more have died since or continue to suffer from their injuries. Of the nearly 3,000 fatalities on that day, one out of

every seven was a first responder, including 343 FDNY firefighters, and 60 police officers of the PAPD and the NYPD.

That there were not many more fatalities was also due to the boatlift evacuation of people trapped along the shore at the southern edge of Manhattan. With all bridges and tunnels closed off, there was no route of escape from the island except the water. Boats began spontaneously picking people out the water and off the walls along the river edge. As chaos unfolded, the US Coast Guard put out a radio call to "All available boats: anyone wanting to help with the evacuation of lower Manhattan report to Governors Island." The result was the largest sea evacuation in history, rescuing hundreds of thousands of people in a matter of hours; more than during the nine-day amphibious evacuation at Dunkirk during WW II which rescued 390,000 soldiers on the beach. Join us in song and narrative for a living remembrance.

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Hoopla with Hoop

By Robert Heide and John Gilman

We first encountered Hoop with party promoter bon vivant man-about-town and *New York Post* Page Six reporter Baird Jones at a movie memorabilia extravaganza held at the Roosevelt Hotel on Madison Avenue and 45th Street. Baird, whose father was the founder of *People Magazine*, was looking for paintings, drawings, doodles or anything that was relevant in a creative way that was connected to a bona-fide celebrity. His collection consisted of works of the famous including Yoko Ono, Bob Dylan, James Dean, Tony Bennett and the infamous, which included Rudolph Giuliani, a host of violent serial killers such as Ted Bundy and the child murderer John Wayne Gacy. Hoop and Baird were for many years the very best of pals, becoming almost just like brothers; and Hoop drove Baird all over town in his Hoopmobile



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HOOP ON THE JERSEY SIDE in his famed Time Machine Hoopmobile. Photo by George Bonanno.

and helped him to orchestrate his late night disco parties where often the liquor was supplied free to invited partygoers by Absolut or Finlandia Vodka to promote their product.

The second time we met Hoop was again through Baird at The Tunnel where he introduced us to Tiny Tim and then again at The China Club where we hung out with Eddie Fisher who was the celebrity host that night. At this time (early '90s) Hoop invited us out to his house on Charles Street in Clifton, New Jersey where he maintained his fleet of art vehicles like the Time Machine van of which the exterior was covered with clocks, his 'Convertible' expertly covered with soda pop cans, and his 1940 Packard hearse covered with faux Zebra fur. Hoop was then caring for his mother Bea who was recovering at home from a stroke; and she with her bright red hair went everywhere with him. Influenced by New York street-costume artists like Steven Varble and John Eric Broaddus Hoop took to dressing himself up as well. Sometimes for his headgear he would wear an upside-down chromium tea-kettle in which was installed a battery operated blue light bulb that flashed on and off. A long feather boa emanated from the teapot spout and with that feathery conceit the outer space hat was complete. He also liked to don crazy pattern zigzag jackets worn with loose-fitting baggy plaid or orange day-glo pants in the manner of his friend Soupy Sales. "I like being a clown and having a good time" Hoop would say, "and after all I have been declared—by myself of course—"The King of Art!" At his house Hoop showed us some of his many sculpture collages and artworks; and we were particularly impressed by his colorful painstakingly painted line-to-line enlarged thumbprints of celebrities like Allen Ginsberg, Taylor Mead, Kenneth Anger and others. One of these art thumbprints is featured in our book *New Jersey—Art of the State* (Harry N. Abrams 'Art in America' series), as is 'Hoop's Golfbag' from the Montclair Museum of Art.

Many times on our highway adventures in the 1954 pink Plymouth Belvedere convertible we would head first to Hoop's so he could look things over on the old car and then we went on forays to diners like the Egg Platter Diner in Paterson and the now newly restored Colonial Diner in Lyndhurst and other Jersey hangouts like the famed Rutt's Hut in Clifton, Hot Dog Johnny's in Butzville, and Holstein's old-style ice-cream parlor on Broad in Bloomfield

where the last episode of *The Sopranos* was filmed. Connected to a new edition of our guidebook *O'New Jersey* we took a busload of aficionados to about 20 of Jersey's classic diners including the Bendix on Highway 17, the Harris Diner in East Orange—now closed, the Summit diner, the Miss America Diner on West Side Avenue in Jersey City, Max's Grill, and the Truck Stop Diner in Kearny. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner was part of the fare; and at several of our pit-stops Hoop made surprise appearances driving different art-cars each time to everyone's delight. The Hoop Art Car Happening hit just the right note and he was dressed to the hilt and smiling ear to ear.

We especially enjoyed the big classic car meets like Lead East in Parsippany on Labor Day weekend with Hoop always cruising the gigantic parking lot parade with his Time Machine Van and the Saturday night car meets in Lyndhurst. When Baird Jones died suddenly Hoop inherited several million dollars as well as Baird's famous celebrity art collection. Hoop bought a Nash Metropolitan and the party continued—he got involved with ex-Warhol factory superstar Ivy Nicholson, formerly a *Vogue* cover girl model, and became infatuated with her daughter Penelope Palmer who had acted in movies in France. As in the George Bernard Shaw play *Pygmalion* Hoop liked to adorn Penelope in satin and sequined designer dresses and feathery frocks attempting to somehow extend her lost Warhol 15 minutes of fame.

One day Hoop's doctors told him he had cancer and in a new and very real sense he somehow decided to throw caution to the wind and began to burn his candles at both ends. Partying and driving faster than ever he often would say, smiling at fate, "Whatcha' gonna do?" To anyone who was a friend or who knew Hoop it can only be said the he was one who was—unforgettable! His beautiful blonde cousin from North Carolina, Andrea Rubin, said that Hoop was "very shy, very kind, funny, gentle and helpful to others, a good listener, non-judgmental—and just a very good person." Hoop, a true artist and a for-real Jersey Boy was born October 25, 1946 and left this world on September 21, 2011.

Robertheideandjohngilman.blogspot.com is online and was created by Hoop. Click on it.

Remembering Ray Liotta, Paul Sorvino and the Legacy of “Goodfellas”

By Luke McGuire

For fans of “Goodfellas,” the last few months have likely been rough. The passing of Ray Liotta in May and Paul Sorvino in July has prompted much reminiscence over their roles in Martin Scorsese’s 1990 gangster drama. Playing the role of Henry Hill, the New York mobster-turned-informant, Ray Liotta iconically embodied the subject of a witty and engrossing but, ultimately, tragic and true story. Hill’s boss, depicted by Paul Sorvino, was Paulie Cicero, a quiet and mellow yet exceedingly intimidating mafioso, recognizable throughout the film by his unnerving glare.

resented the rise and fall, the glory and shame, of that lifestyle, in exaggerated yet grounded realism. The camera almost never strays from eye level, reinforcing realism and perspective, though there is almost always enough non-diegetic music playing in the background of the film to totally immerse the viewer in the emotion of the scene. This contrast of realism and elaboration represents what is so entrancing about the movie. The creative camera work is jam-packed with quick cuts and long takes, never giving the viewer a break from the action, but is also driven by Henry Hill’s own narration, which offers a more introspective point of view. Audiences aren’t just observing the gangster’s



LIOTTA’S HENRY HILL (left) and Sorvino’s Paulie Cicero (right) in *Goodfellas*. Credit: Scorsese, M. (1990) *Goodfellas*. Warner Bros.

Upon its release in 1990, the gangster film sub-genre had become increasingly popular. During a time in which films such as *Mean Streets*, *Once Upon a Time in America*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Pulp Fiction*, *Scarface*, and many others were being produced, *Goodfellas* quickly established itself as one of the best, embedding itself in pop culture forever.

When we think of *Goodfellas*, there are many fan-favorite moments that come to mind, like Joe Pesci as Tommy DeVito in the iconic “funny how?” scene, or the long-winded tracking shot of Henry and Karen entering through the back of the Copacabana, or the bar scene in which Tommy, Jimmy, and Henry “whack” Billy Batts. While these are all great moments, the fact is that *Goodfellas*’ legacy runs much deeper. Although Henry Hill was the focus of the film, the story was that of a lifestyle, not one character, and it was told in a way that few other films have.

The film is energetic and expertly edited, quickly seducing viewers into the mafia life in the same way that Henry Hill was, only to tear it all down halfway through. The journey of Henry Hill rep-

life; they also understand how the gangster feels about it.

Much of the dialogue and scenes were unscripted, a fact that an uninformed viewer wouldn’t likely be surprised to hear. The dialogue and acting feels genuine, and the relationship between Paulie and Henry represents a driving emotional force throughout the film. The film is exciting, animated, and funny, but, given that it’s based on a true story, still maintains a blunt and authentic point of view. This contrast is difficult to achieve successfully, but *Goodfellas* does it.

Goodfellas’ portrait of mafia life in the ‘70s represents the pinnacle of gangster movies, and although the genre has had declining popularity, the film has still maintained acclaim and admiration from movie fans around the world. It influenced shows like *The Sopranos*, which sparked massive change in the television industry. It put dramatic realism on a scale that not many other films could, portraying immorality and crime, all the while maintaining a comedic and stylized tone. All of this makes *Goodfellas* the score to beat for gangster films, and not likely to be surpassed soon.



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From one West Village icon to another, if you have questions regarding your most valued asset, feel free to reach out to me and we can chat over coffee at Ye Waverly Inn.



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The Village Trip Festival

Where the Beat Lives On



LIZ THOMSON AND CLIFF PEARSON WITH COMPOSER DAVID AVRAM (center), who will be spearheading several Kerouac-related events to celebrate Kerouac, his close friend, and colleague's centenary this year. Photo credit: Anonymous.

By Hannah Reimann

In celebratory collaboration, *WestView News* publisher George Capsis will participate in some opening remarks on the first day of the Village Trip Festival, The Eighth Street Experience, on September 10, 2022, from 2-7 pm, near the corner of West 8th Street and MacDougal Street.

Join TVT and the Village Alliance for musical, culinary and other family-friendly events all along West 8th Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. The roster of musical artists includes David Amram and Friends, roving electric-guitar group, Tilted Axes, and much more. There are roughly 50 events over fifteen days of concerts, exhibits, walking tours and commemorative parties this year, the most exciting and busy Village Trip since its inception in 2018.

I spoke with the festival's creator, Liz Thomson and her joint artistic director, Cliff Pearson, for in-depth knowledge about The Village Trip. I was delighted to hear first-hand of their passion for the history and ongoing artistic fruitfulness of the Village and its longtime residents.

WVN: Tell me about the origins of The Village Trip.

LT: As a teenager in London in the early 1970s, I became obsessed with the folk music of the Village and that led me to Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, the music of the New York folk revival. I got very interested in America's social politics and 1960s history. Once I came here in the 1990s, I found that the Village was not just about music, but everything under the sun and that it was a place where arts mingled with social activism. It had done so for more than a century. I stayed in the Washington Square Hotel for my first visit and I thought, "Why isn't there a festival here?" So many extraordinary things—Edward



CLIFF PEARSON, longtime Village resident and Thomson's joint artistic director. Photo credit: John Chu.

Hopper, Henry James, Eugene O'Neill, Mabel Dodge with her salon—think of the opening scene of the movie *Reds* with John Reed, all the political activists, Max Eastman, Emma Goldman. And Walt Whitman sort-of coming out (way before Stonewall) and then Stonewall itself, The Literal Club and the Heterodoxy Club, Elizabeth Irwin, I mean there was so much that was happening and it all happened around Washington Square. From the late 19th century on, it's never stopped. Wouldn't it be great to have an event in the park to celebrate that? I had envisaged Woodstock in Washington Square for one day as a one-off event. Janis, Ian and I talked about it and she said, "Make it annual!" I thought that was a good idea. The inaugural festival, 2018, was Thursday to Sunday; followed by 2019 too. And then we had a nine-day event last year and fifteen days this year. We missed one year because of the COVID-19 pandemic.

WVN: What are some top highlights of the festival this year?

- **Sept 24, 4-7 pm: Bringing It All Back Home to Washington Square—Free outdoor concert.** The signature closing event: A three-hour concert in Washington Square Park, Garibaldi Plaza featuring The Klezmatics, Joshua Nelson, Reverend Billy and the Church of Stop Shopping.
- **September 10 from 2-7 pm The Village Trip—The Eighth Street Experience** Opening event, The Eighth Street Experience with David Amram, George Capsis, Tilted Axes and more



LIZ THOMPSON (RIGHT), CREATOR OF THE VILLAGE TRIP FESTIVAL with Joan Baez backstage in Bristol in 2018. Baez was an inspiration for the festival and is the subject of Thomson's award-winning book, *Joan Baez, The Last Leaf* (Palazzo Editions). Photo credit: Gabriel Harris, Baez's son.

- **September 11 "Wonderful town," Walking Tour**, see website for times Celebrating the Leonard Bernstein musical which was set in the Village
- **September 11 the walking tour leads to a Cabaret event of songs with Janis Siegal of the Manhattan Transfer and Michael Kelly**
- **September 16 Children of the American Bop (and Mambo) Night! The Public Theater & Joe's Pub 425 Lafayette Street (at Astor Place), NY** Jack Kerouac's centennial was in March and we have a whole Jack Kerouac 100 theme with a reading with live music of *On the Road* at the Strand Book Store Rare Books Room, a show at Joe's Pub with Bobby Sanabria and David Amram, a concert at St. John's of classical music that Kerouac loved, and a panel discussion at the Jefferson Market Library of Kerouac's days in the Village featuring his then-girlfriend Joyce Johnson.

WVN: What's the mission of The Village Trip?

LT: The mission is a celebration of arts and activism in the Village. We intend to do both timely things and timeless things. For example, this year we'll have a discussion about Eleanor Roosevelt's work with human rights as a focus by public historian, Kathleen Hulser. Eleanor Roosevelt was very involved with the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. She famously said, "Women's Rights are Human Rights." She lived in the Village on Washington Square, she had affairs with women, she was a woman ahead of her time in the White House. We'll celebrate her. That event is on September 21 at 6pm at the LGBTQ Center on 13th Street.

CP: Another discussion will be led by Public historian, Kathleen Holzer. It will take place at the LGBT Center on West 13th Street on September 21.

WVN: Liz, you wrote an award-winning

book about Joan Baez and have been attracted to authentic, roots and political singer-songwriters since you were a teen. What else can you tell us about this part of you and The Village Trip?

LT: Whatever spoke to me during the tail end of the 1960s led me to appreciate the musicians more. Politically it's very important. There's something about folk and acoustic music that I find very appealing. People still play guitars at home and sing to them here and in other places, not just in the Village. There's an honesty about people making real music on real instruments rather than on electronic ones. It speaks to all of us. It's nice that all of that still exists. It's an important part of our culture. Ever since Pete Seeger and Woodie Guthrie, all of whom lived and played in the Village, the politics and the music came together.

WVN: Cliff, you're a longtime West Village resident, writer and architect. What's your particular interest and involvement in The Village Trip?

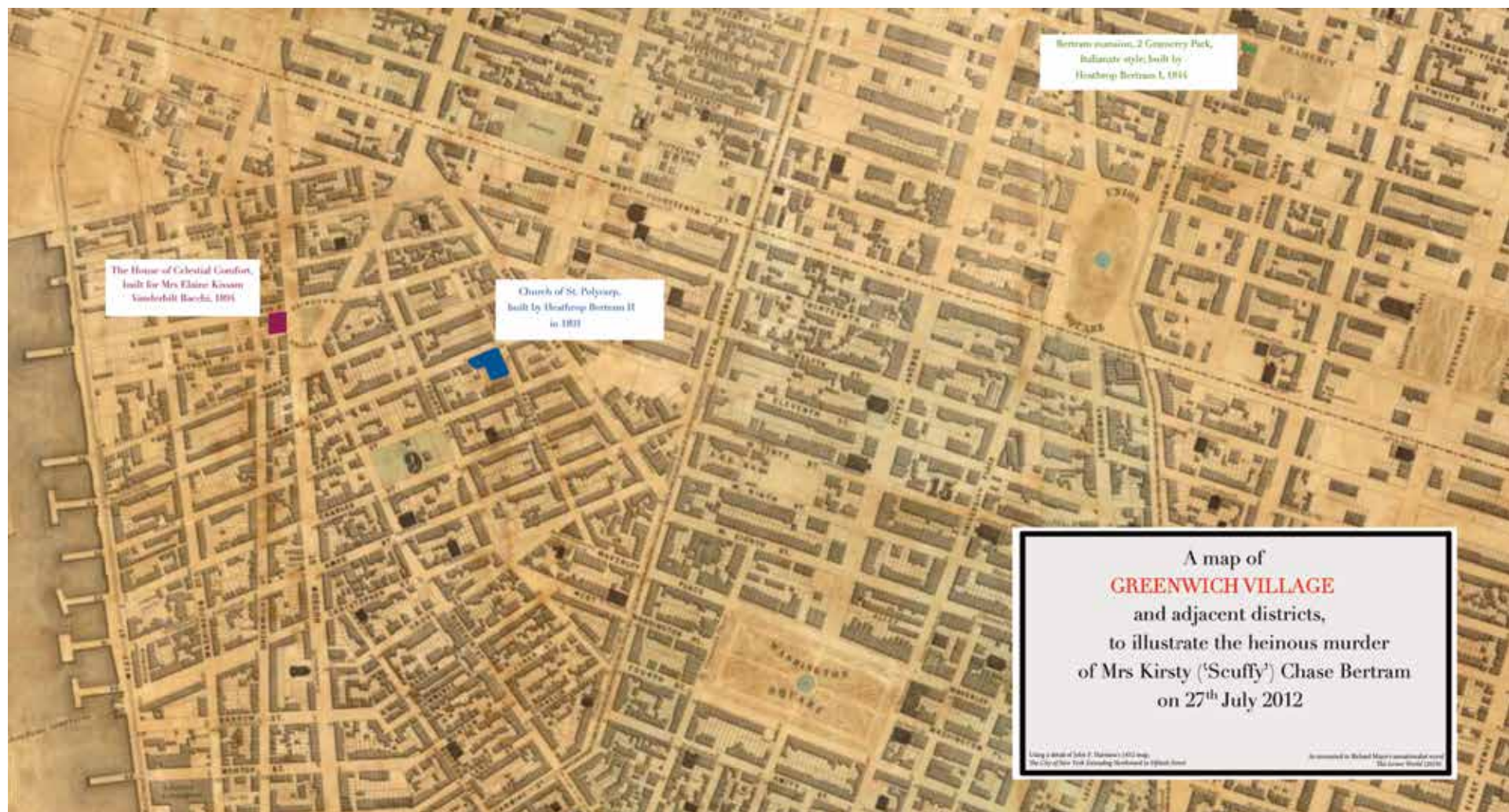
CP: During COVID, I saw The Village Trip, an arts festival, as a way of strengthening the neighborhood. The more I've gotten into it, the more I realize that Greenwich Village is a global place. When you think of creativity and when you think of political movements and social activism, you have to think of Greenwich Village. There are only a handful of such places in the world.

WVN: What is the message you'd like to deliver to our WestView readers as you rev up for the first events on September 10th?

LT: Well, obviously come to the festival! And appreciate, recognize the history, the depth, the richness, the breadth, the fun, the seriousness... It's a beautiful neighborhood and it's also an important neighborhood globally in terms of what it's given to the world. Everything is in the Village!

thevillagetrif.com/program-2022

Writing and Framing the Village



By Fr. Graeme Napier, Rector,
St. John's in the Village

Greenwich Village has a historic and enduring place in the world of the arts. Music of many kinds, visual arts, literature, architecture and dance have flourished here at different periods in very different ways: from the Lenape culture in this south-western shore of Lenapehoking, through the hybrid Afro-Dutch folk song and art of the freed slaves who had smallholdings here from the 1620s, to the vibrant galleries, music colleges, performance venues, jazz clubs, bookshops, libraries, modern architecture, and theaters of today's Village. As well as being a crucible in which much great art has been forged, the Village has itself featured *within* art: in painting, song, photography, poetry, and prose (both fiction and non-fiction).

A diverse collection of images of the Village, many by Village artists, are on display this month at Revelation Gallery (224 Waverly Place) in the exhibition *Framing the Village*, which is part of the annual *Village Trip* arts festival.

One of the more charming appearances of the Village in fiction is its adoption as the *mise-en-scène* of the British novel *This Lower World* (Richard Major, IndieBooks, 2020). The fourth of Major's seven published novels, *This Lower World* is set in Lower Manhattan: in a Village improved on reality (if that is possible). The Church


of *St. Polycarp in the City* is a thinly disguised *St. John's in the Village* (corner of Waverly Place and West 11th Street). The novel also concerns an imaginary mansion in Gramercy Park and an imaginary palace on Abingdon Square.

In the 1890s a certain dizzy Vanderbilt heiress, a relation of ours, scooped up the goods in Europe: here a Tuscan library, there an Umbrian ceiling, paintings from Naples, gloomy woodwork from Rome, tapestries from some broken-down bishops' lair in the Tyrol, bits of marble façade, scraps of parquetry. She shipped the lot over and assembled it as a giant-sized playhouse to please her handsome little wop of a husband, a dentist's son named Bocchi, Bacchi or Bicchi.

Faith to move mountains is a slight thing, mountains being formless and inert. Cousin Elaine might easily have consoled Bocchi with an Apennine. Instead she flew over a whole

slab of European civilization, which landed with every carved panel in its proper place, majolica vases upright on mantels.

Its presence in Greenwich Village has always been insane. Even when it first arrived it must have seemed quaint, plonked down amidst the mellow colonial houses then facing Abingdon Square, named for dear old Willoughby Bertie, Earl of Abingdon, another connection of us Bertrams as it happens. The eighteenth century faded slowly in Abingdon Square. But it has thoroughly faded now. The aristocratic townhouses have been blotted out by bleak apartment buildings, with only Elaine's palazzo surviving on the north-west corner of the square, peering shortsightedly at flowering trees and a particularly bloodthirsty statue of a doughboy. It looks, now, positively unearthly, beamed in by sportive flying saucers. Although really, human sex is the uncanny force that beamed it down.



VIEWS BY SUZE

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The author is very much a New Yorker. Although born, bred, and educated in various corners of the Commonwealth, he holds New York City to be the center of the universe and the West Village to be the center of New York. Dr. Major lived here in the 2000s, was married here a quarter of a century ago, but currently lives and works for the State Department in Jerusalem.

He will hold a "homecoming" to New York this month at St. John's in the Village ("St. Polycarp in the City") at 11:00 a.m. on Sunday, 11 September, when he will give an address on "Jesus the Bohemian." This is St John's annual Homecoming Sunday, welcoming back those who have left the Village for the summer months (and those who stayed), when the 11:00 a.m. choral service with professional choir and string orchestra is followed by a traditional post-Labor-Day cookout in the beautiful enclosed courtyard garden. Dr. Major will be "at large" during this lunch, and copies of *This Lower World* (which he will happily sign) will be available.

For our September-long art exhibition
Framing the Village: framing.eventbrite.com

For Homecoming Sunday and author Dr.
Richard Major's address and West Village
cookout: HC2022.eventbrite.com

Strokes of Genius:

Lee Krasner, Elaine de Kooning and Helen Frankenthaler



Lee Krasner



Helen Frankenthaler



Elaine de Kooning

STROKES OF GENIUS

a new play

By Aile Shebar

Strokes of Genius is a three-character, biographical drama about the abstract expressionist painters, Lee Krasner, Helen Frankenthaler and Elaine de Kooning, before they were famous and were still struggling for their work to be recognized in a male-dominated art world. Told through their own words, it explores their courage, perseverance, and creative process, as they prepare for the ground-breaking artist-curated exhibition known as the 9th Street Show in 1951 Greenwich Village.

Written and directed by Prasad Paul Duffy, a non-binary playwright and theater maker, who recently spoke about the origins of the play. "I wrote this memory play about Lee, Elaine, and Helen, because their innovative, ground-breaking and unconventional art and personal lives inspired me to tackle the telling of their stories in a similar style. Even though it was the 1950's, they fought to be treated as equals to the male artists and escape the

shadow of their more famous partners, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and Clement Greenberg. In fact, I cut the male characters from the earlier drafts of the play, focusing on just the women's point of view and abstracting their relationships as they tell their story from beyond the grave. In dream-like, stream of consciousness monologues, they each share their inspirational stories, reliving key moments and relationships in their long, extraordinary lives."

Prasad goes on to explain, "The reason I believe that *Strokes of Genius* is relevant and important today is that it is a love letter to the downtown New York art scene of the 1950's and celebrates the dedication and perseverance in pursuit of an artistic dream. The 9th Street Show took place in Greenwich Village, seventy years ago, just a few blocks from Theater for the New City and depicts a pivotal moment in history when the center of Modern Art shifted from Paris to New York. Even though they would become Abstract Art icons, at this point Lee, Elaine and

Helen still struggled, and were wracked with self-doubt, as they pushed forward with their art, painting daily with passion and purpose. Their spirit is a lot like New York City making its come back after the pandemic."

The world premiere of *Strokes of Genius* will be performed as part of the Dream Up Festival at Theater for the New City, 155 1st Ave. in the East Village from Tuesday September 13th to Sunday September 18th 2022. Tickets are \$18 and can be purchased at www.dreamupfestival.org. For further information please contact prasadpaulduffy@gmail.com

Prasad Paul Duffy is a graduate of NYU Drama School, and in 1985 wrote and directed St. Mark's Place, an immersive play about homeless people. In 2019 Prasad wrote and directed the rock musical, Revolutionary, a futuristic drama about rebel youth fighting totalitarianism at the Theater for the New City.



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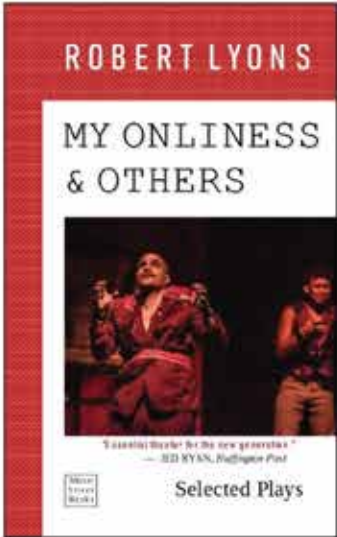
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MY ONLINESS – A Play by ROBERT LYONS

Summer Art Show a Hit!

On Friday August 19th, Dana Costantino Creative Productions produced an art opening by artist AnnCharlotte Tavalacci and curated by Marissa Gouldsbury of Vas Gallery and Design. The event was held in downtown Manhattan at Village Works on 3rd Street. The crowd mixed and mingled amongst the bright and colorful art of AnnCharlotte while tunes from Fiona Apple, The Black Crowes and Fleetwood Mac pumped through the speakers. Over wine and smiles, new friendships were formed and an artist gained new fans. Cheers!



Photos courtesy of Dana Costantino.



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