Cynthia Nixon Comes to 69 Charles Street!

By George Capsis

Arthur Schwartz, who besides being a prolific political contributor to WestView, is currently the lawyer for Cynthia Nixon’s campaign to become the next Governor of New York. As such, he kept e-mailing me he was going to get Cynthia to come to 69 Charles Street for an interview. And bang! The day after the big debate, when Cynthia got Cuomo to lose his cool and explode “will you stop interrupting me?” and then instantly Cynthia came back with “I will when you stop lying.”

So, in just hours after this exchange, Arthur gets her to come the garden at 69 Charles when all the press in the city is looking to interview her with “Boy Cynthia, you certainly gave it to Cuomo last night.”

Our paper was just hours away from going to press, and Kim our graphic designer was giving everyone hell to read and approve the last draft when Cynthia’s very young advance gal (who was having great difficulty in being assertive) and Cynthia, stepped into the garden five minutes early.

As I shook hands I found myself saying aloud “you’re very beautiful”—and she is.

Kim our graphic designer was giving everyone hell to read and approve the last draft when Cynthia’s very young advance gal (who was having great difficulty in being assertive) and Cynthia, stepped into the garden five minutes early.

Our paper was just hours away from going to press, and Kim our graphic designer was giving everyone hell to read and approve the last draft when Cynthia’s very young advance gal (who was having great difficulty in being assertive) and Cynthia, stepped into the garden five minutes early.

As I shook hands I found myself saying aloud “you’re very beautiful”—and she is.

I had prepared an introduction to let Cynthia know what WestView is all about—15 years as the protest voice of the West Village as we lost our hospitals, and now trying to speak for the aged, rent-stabilized tenants faced with the horror of receiving legal-like papers from landlords demanding the apartment for arcane reasons that require translation by an expensive lawyer (we send these tenants to Arthur).

As I sat with her, cataloging the West Village “issues,” I wondered how I might translate one of them into a question ending with “what would you do about this when you become Governor?” But when I talked about seniors in rent-stabilized apartments being evicted, there was a quick change in her expression, and she spoke rapidly of her and her mother living in an upper west side Manhattan apartment.

“No, the only way this is going to work is if we get a couple of big donors, like Langone, who gave millions and they named the hospital after him—NYU Langone.

Hmm, but where do we find these billionaires? And why would they give Music at St. Veronica a few million or even $5000 as the City did?

And, there is another problem—the millionaires and billionaires (we have a few living in the West Village) have never heard of our free concerts for seniors at St. Veronica (they go to Lincoln Center and have a season subscription).

So the idea is to somehow, someway, keep giving concerts in the hope our local one percenters will learn of them and divert some of the funding they are giving to less worthy causes to Free Concerts for Seniors. But hey, if you are a West Village one percent, or know of one, come to the garden at 69 Charles for a sip of cold wine and exchange a bit of your surplus wealth for a modest slice of immortality.

—George Capsis

The Price of Immortality

“OK, give me a business plan,” Steve Witkoff ordered, as he finished agreeing with Sarah Jessica Parker that St. Veronica should offer something for everybody, not only seniors, but young people and even kids.

When I sat down to write the “Business Plan” I was stuck. How do you write a business plan to create a community concert hall? We’re talking about a recently closed church, closed because it did not have enough parishioners to even pay the heat bill. How do you turn that near abandoned church into a community concert hall with free concerts for seniors? I mean, a business plan is for a business. How much money do you have to spend before there is even a business. And! We want to give seats away to seniors for free—not very business-like.

And, there is another problem—the millionaires and billionaires (we have a few living in the West Village) have never heard of our free concerts for seniors at St. Veronica (they go to Lincoln Center and have a season subscription).

So the idea is to somehow, someway, keep giving concerts in the hope our local one percenters will learn of them and divert some of the funding they are giving to less worthy causes to Free Concerts for Seniors. But hey, if you are a West Village one percent, or know of one, come to the garden at 69 Charles for a sip of cold wine and exchange a bit of your surplus wealth for a modest slice of immortality.

—George Capsis
**BRIEFLY NOTED**

**Action Not “Art”**
Will the graffiti writer who is covering the West Village with “Deport Trump” messages please stop? You might enjoy the chance to vent your feelings about the President—in a community that mostly dislikes him as much as you do—but this is useless and diries the neighborhood with ugly (although heart-felt) writing. If you want to do something useful, read the “Resist” series in WestView for practical ways of taking action.

—Alec Pruchnicki

**Return to Sender**
I don’t know, but I think the post office is slipping a bit these days.
I keep getting mail addressed to somebody or a corporation at 69 Charlton Street and, of course, I live at 69 Charles Street.
Recently, two letters were misdirected to me from MOVIE PASS at 69 Charlton, and in the envelope was indeed a plastic, for real, Movie Pass (the end was open a bit). It was addressed to Klancy Johnson in San Luis Obispo and Joshua Garcia in Norwalk California (never heard of this town).
I have sort of heard about Movie Pass—buy one and go to the movies for really cheap.

Now, years ago, when I was working in corporate communications for computer companies, I sort of remember that the post office was reading addresses electronically, even handwritten ones. I mean, it’s just not possible for a postal clerk to read every envelope and then throw it into the appropriate bag, right?
So, OK, one of the envelopes has a yellow sticker which says, “Return To Sender,” but another says “Unable to Forward/For review.”

Oh my, what does “For review” mean? I mean, who is going to review it and for what purpose? Are they going to say “I give up” and throw it into the trash bin?

Alright you say, I should give these back to the post mistress when she comes around 2 p.m. on Monday but I can’t stand there waiting for her.

We should have a box that says “RETURN TO POSTAL SERVICE.” But, if I could buy this box at Garber’s Hardware, how would I attach it to the tile wall?
And another thing—for years and years, we had the same postman. One day, he even reminded of his first name because he wanted to be called by it, and all the neighbors knew him. But now, we seem to have a different postal gal delivering the mail each day, and the only thing they have in common is their weight.
Our newspapers and the postal service both suffer in the digital age, so I should be kinder, but I can remember when first class was 3 cents and a postcard a penny and it seems to me that you didn’t have to hand your postman, Fred, mail that was put into your box incorrectly—he knew you and you knew him.

—George Capsis

**Great Theatre From Home**
**An American In Paris**

I have been involved in An American In Paris from the very start. This musical, its cast, production team, as well as the producers, have been one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. From the opening night in Paris at Theatre du Chatelot, to opening night here in New York at the Palace, yes, the Palace and then the opening night at the Dominion Theatre in London, it has been a truly remarkable ride of a lifetime.

The wonderful news now is that you can VIEW An American In Paris in your home or in a local cinema near you! Starting September 20th and 23rd, AAPI will be screened at a movie theatre near you.

This is a remarkable film of the London production directed by Tony Award winning Christopher Wheeldon, starring Robbie Fairchild and Leanne Cope, from the original cast. If you prefer a home viewing experience, you are in luck. There are two opportunities: 1. Starting in October you can pull it up on a streaming platform provided by Broadway H.D. Or 2. Starting November 3rd through the 23rd, AAPI will be one of four Broadway Musicals featured on PBS’s Great Performances. Please don’t miss what I believe to be one of the most moving, poignant musicals ever. See you at the theatre.

—Robert Heide

**Preview of IFC Coming Attraction**

Opening on October 5th at the IFC Center on 6th Avenue (at 3rd Street) will be another hot documentary film directed by Matt Tyrnauer (I wrote about his documentary, Scatton and the Secret History of Hollywood, on page 22 of this issue) on the legendary discotheque Studio 54 where sex, drugs, and Donna Summer disco music were the order of the day.
Flashing strobe lights and a deafening sound system helped create a crazy, smoky, dizzying atmosphere where there were no rules and all hell broke loose nightly. The iconic disco, built into what was once a historic theatre, also supplied mattresses in the basement and the balcony where the revelers could indulge in sex-galore. A giant quarter-month face in profile hung above the dance floor, its nose attended by an electronic arm with a hand holding a spoon ostensibly filled with cocaine. This pleasure palace also had exclusive VIP rooms where Andy Warhol, his Factory superstar entourage, and a besotted and overweight Truman Capote held court to celebs like Mick Jagger, Liz Taylor, Calvin Klein, and dozens of handsome gay men, trans-genders and costume quees like Rollerena and John Eric Broadus, who showed up in their feathery, bejeweled glitter outfits.
The club’s autocratic owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager ruled over the place, deciding who could enter and who could not. Exclusive and decadent, it was the “in” place to go to from 1978 to 1980. It was the last gasp of the wild sexy seventies where disco joints everywhere supplied back rooms for sex. If Studio 54 closed early, customers could cab downtown to a notorious club on 14th Street called the Anvil, which opened its doors at 4 AM and continued into dawn’s early light and beyond. This is a doc not to be missed. Studio 54 is a real throwback to a time where crazy fun and sex were all.

—Robert Heide

**Historic MeatPacking District Development**

Amazingly, since we last reported on the Gansevoort Market Historic District (Nov. 2017 issue), we see the Meat Packing District quickly becoming one of Manhattan’s “Silicon Alley” districts populated by high tech companies; not just Google/Alphabet, Apple, Samsung, Tesla, and the Chinese giant, Alibaba, but many, many others.

continued on page 3
Briefly Noted continued from page 2

Tech companies are drawn to the “cool” atmosphere of nightlife, fashionable shops, galleries, studios, restaurants, hotels, and the river park. But the real meatpacking companies will soon disappear, just as the vendor stalls of the West Washington Market and Gansevoort Market have long ago disappeared.

According to the 2003 Gansevoort Market Historic District Report, this area was once before a center of technological advancement; mechanical refrigeration was a great advance over the dependence on frozen ice blocks, and the Manhattan Refrigerating Company (MRC) was one of the pioneers in this field in the New York area.

Between 1897 and 1935, “nearly the entire block bounded by Gansevoort, Horatio, Washington, and West Streets was developed with a handsome neo-Classic style ensemble in tan brick, that included a power plant (refrigeration plant) and nine cold storage warehouses” for MRC, which then installed underground pipes that carried refrigeration from that main industrial building to market-related structures throughout the entire Gansevoort and West Washington Market district, from about 1906.

A 1912 city report described this district as “a center from which the food supply of the city may be best distributed to meet the large demand of the downtown residential district and the uptown hotel and residence district. It is the center of the steamship supply district… contiguous to all of the incoming railroads and steamship lines bringing in New York’s food supply.”

The nearby Gansevoort Piers (1894-1902) and Chelsea Piers (1902-10), flanking the West Washington Market, became “long docks for the enormous trans-Atlantic steamships, which had necessitated the elimination of earlier landfill, thus displacing many area businesses.”

These new docks explain what happened to the 11th, 12th and 13th Avenues that once existed before 1910, when “14th Street extended west to the southern end of old Eleventh Avenue, which was as far west of Tenth Avenue as Tenth is west of Ninth.” The two blocks of Washington Street from Little West 12th to 14th Streets were supposedly added in 1890 to expedite traffic due to the new West Washington Market that existed between West Street and Thirteenth Avenue.

—Brian J. Pape, AIA

DOT Lies to the Feds About 14th Street Plan

By Arthur Z. Schwartz

I reported last month that the 14th Street Coalition, a group of 15 Block Associations, condo associations and co-ops, had won a major victory in their fight to keep the NYC Department of Transportation (DOT) from shutting down 14th Street to vehicle traffic, other than buses, as part of the efforts to mitigate the L Train shutdown planned for April 2019. The shutdown was part of a larger plan submitted by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) to the Federal Transportation Authority (FTA) in its goal to get $800 million in Federal funds to rebuild the Canarsie Tunnel, which runs between Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and 14th Street. The victory was a temporary freeze on the Federal funds and a requirement by the FTA that the MTA and DOT do an Environmental Assessment (EA). That assessment could lead to the FTA requiring an Environmental Impact Study, which would set the project back for a long period of time.

The EA process had two benefits. It forced DOT and MTA to put all of its cards on the table, all of the data and studies it supposedly did regarding their plans. And it was supposed to make them discuss why various alternative plans were being rejected.

The second benefit was that the public could respond, both at a hearing which was held on August 6, 2018, and in written critiques due by late August.

Scores of local residents showed up to oppose DOT’s plan to a) shut down 14th Street and create a Busway, with widened sidewalks on both the south side and north side, b) to run 70-80 diesel buses an hour from Williamsburg, over the Williamsburg Bridge, across Delancy Street, and up 1st Avenue to 1st Avenue and 14th Street, and c) to eliminate a lane of parking all the way across 12th and 13th Street, and replace that with a 13 foot wide bike lane and barrier (which will only leave eight feet for cars to proceed down each street).

The biggest problem that people have is how much traffic the DOT’s plan will create. The Lower East Side already has bad traffic, caused by all the cars and trucks which come over the Williamsburg and Manhattan Bridges and head to locations both uptown and downtown. Add 70 buses an hour and we will have daily gridlock, with bus fumes and car exhaust. There is no reason to believe that people from Brooklyn will board all these buses and get involved in a traffic mess every morning, but DOT insists that they know better.

People who live between 11th Street and 20th Street are concerned about endless traffic, horns, fumes and vibrations, as cars and trucks which can’t go across 14th Street try to figure out other ways across town. And then all of this will be made worse on 12th and 13th Street by the addition of a 13 foot wide bike lane, which will leave so little room for cars, that every time a car stops, even just to park, traffic will back up behind it.

Local activists, for months have been urging DOT not to widen the 14th Street sidewalks, which would add a lane for traffic in each direction, and allow traffic to proceed like it does on 23rd Street.

A cornerstone of the DOT’s argument was that it had had some outdo a “modelling study” of the various alternatives and that that their Busway would, so they say, result in the fastest bus trips across 14th Street, and would not decrease traffic speed on 12th, 13th, 15th and 16th Streets. Seemed counter-intuitive, and it also relied on some notion that trucks would not come across residential streets, but that is what the DOT’s charts said.

But during the process of looking at the DOT’s incomprehensible traffic data “modelling” by a contractor, turned out there was a chart, perhaps accidentally stuck in the middle of the data which studied the very proposal being made by the community: have SBS bus service on 14th Street just like on 23rd Street. And the chart said that the fastest way to move buses on 14th Street, AND traffic on the side streets, was the proposal being made by the 14th Street Coalition. DOT hid this study from the Federal officials and from the public, even though it shows that the problems with 14th Street (other than the absurd bike lanes) are easily resolvable.

Watch your newspapers folks. The Coalition will be back in Court, and maybe in front of a City Council Oversight Committee asking why this study was hidden, and why DOT Commissioner Trottenberg is so gung ho about wreaking havoc on Greenwich Village and the Lower East Side.

Arthur Z. Schwartz is the Democratic District Leader for Greenwich Village and Counsel to the 14th Street Coalition.
Postcards to Voters
(Now Arriving in NYC by the Thousands!)

By Sarah O’Neill

Nine of New York’s Democratic State Senators have caucused with Republicans for years, tipping control to Republicans. Thankfully, we will have challengers for each one of them in the primary on Thursday, September 13th. And from now until September 7th there is an easy, fun way to help the good guys: #PostcardsToVoters

In late July, “Postcards to Voters” volunteers across the country began mailing thousands of handwritten postcards to Democrats in New York to support our True-Blue, No IDC NY-endorsed candidates. If you missed hearing about the IDC (Independent Democratic Conference), New York’s State Senate DINOs (Democrats In Name Only), please take two minutes to watch the enlightening, killer video narrated by Edie Falco at NoIDCNY.org. If you like the video, share it widely. Then join PostcardsToVoters.org and the battle to turn the New York State Senate true blue.

Postcards to Voters’ 20,000 volunteers across the country have mailed nearly three million postcards since March 2017. As of August 20th, PTV volunteers had requested 147,251 addresses for three IDC challengers: candidates Alessandra Biaggi in the Bronx, Julie Goldberg in Rockland County, and Zellnor Myrie in Brooklyn. When this piece is published on September 1st we will have six days left to meet the September 7th deadline to mail postcards in time for the primary. We are into the NoIDC endgame, so there is no time to waste. We need your help!

Our handwritten postcards are making an impression wherever they go. IDC challenger Julie Goldberg tweeted out, “You will like this story, #PostcardsToVoters volunteers! Marching in a parade today, I stopped to speak with a woman watching with her two children. She said, ‘You’re Julie? You already have my vote! I got a beautiful postcard from Oregon about you!’”

Writing the postcards is easy and fun. Volunteers supply their own postcards and stamps, and our fearless PTV leader, “Tony the Democrat,” supplies the guidelines and addresses. The beauty of PTV is that volunteers can write just four postcards (or lots more) anytime, and mail them from anywhere in the USA. Addresses can be requested day or night, and cards can be handwritten at your convenience (alone or with others). My production time is about five minutes per postcard. Any pace works and writing even four postcards a week helps. One winsome or earnest postcard reminder to vote could equal one critical vote. Last November, an election in the Virginia House of Delegates tied.

Tony the Democrat has a huge fan base now. He has lifted our spirits, given us a goal, and supported over 100 campaigns. To join the NoIDC full-court press ASAP you can email join@tonythe democrat.org, or simply text “join” to Abby the Address Bot at 484-275-2229 and an auto-reply will get you started.

You can add Abby the Address Bot to your contacts so you have her ready when you want her. Enthusiastic volunteers all over the country have been writing for New York for weeks, so next week we can start paying it forward for the midterms!

P.S. Email upcomingaction@gmail.com to subscribe to United Thru Action’s NYC weekly events list. It includes loads of great resistance and postcarding opportunities. Also, please see my article at http://westviewnews.org/2018/05/postcards-to-voters-brings-hope/

Charles Street Makes History

On Wednesday, September 26, at 7 pm, the Charles Street Block Association is going to reveal and talk about the HISTORY KIOSK, a multi-sided street display case that will give tourists historic information, including names and biographies of historic and noted persons that have have lived in the immediate area. The prototype is being offered by the Charles Street Association as a model for the rest of the city.

The meeting will be held in St. John’s Church—entrance on 11th Street just before you come to Waverly. The demonstration will be followed by wine and snacks in the garden.

Nixon continued from page 1

apartment in which the landlord had been charging above the regulated rent and how her mother filed and won.

Her bio revealed that her Chicago born actress mother had divorced her radio announcer husband when Cynthia was only six and she, mom, had been the bread winner, getting Cynthia her first acting job on the TV show To Tell The Truth at age nine.

And then a surprise—Cynthia went to Hunter College School at the same time as my two daughters, Athena and Ariadne, and then Barnard, which I knew well, living nearby and taking classes at Columbia.

We read that Cynthia had two children with school teacher Danny Mozes and that in June of this year Cynthia revealed her oldest daughter is transgender.

But the big question is why did she become political? Why did she keep after the very visible, the very audible high nasal whine of Christine Quinn, Speaker to the City Council?

Perhaps because she learned from her mother that even as a woman you have to be in charge of earning the rent and selecting who you want to share your life with.
Why I Am Voting for Cynthia Nixon and Jumaane Williams

By Arthur Z. Schwartz

On Thursday, September 13th (make sure not to forget that our state leaders, ever anxious to depress voter turnout, moved this election to a Thursday) we face an incredibly important primary election in NY State. While Trump neophytes are winning Republican primaries, progressive Democrats are winning races all over in States where the polls had them far behind. Georgia, Florida and Arizona all elected underdog candidates from the Democratic Party’s progressive wing to take on Trump Republicans. The same can happen here. Our community, which gave Zephyr Teachout 65% of its vote in 2014 against Andrew Cuomo, can make a difference, maybe enough of one to put a new breed of leaders into power in Albany.

Andrew Cuomo is, in so many ways, the Democratic mirror image of Donald Trump. He hates anyone who challenges him. Actually, unlike Trump, he doesn’t like crowds of people, except at events staged very occasionally by the Building Trades unions. In April, three groups of progressive activists, who mainly organize poor people of color around housing, schools, and environmental justice, decided to support the candidacy of Cynthia Nixon for Governor. These groups, Citizen Action, NY Communities for Change, and Make the Road, all received considerable support from unions. Cuomo told the unions: if you give money to these groups then lose my phone number.” Millions of dollars in funding dried up. And like Trump, Cuomo surrounds himself with “yes men” who have no problem opening up the avenues of government to people with money. And then, many open their own pockets as well, like Cuomo’s Chief of Staff Joe Percoco.

Yes, Cuomo, with enormous pressure from the Left, pushed through an increase to the minimum wage to $15 per hour. And after he lost upstate to Teachout, he continued to be eviscerated, and truly awful ethics legislation, housing laws are grossly under-funded, gas pipelines are being built across the state, womens’ rights leader, who has served nine years on the City Council, and who puts his body where his mouth is, Jumaane led the fight against Mayor Bloomberg’s “stop and frisk” policy, and then organized in his Brooklyn district to stop gun violence. He was a founder of the Council’s Progressive Caucus, which fought for better schools, open government and to expand health care. He has promised that if elected he will be an independent corruption fighter in Albany. I have never been so impressed with the scope of one candidate’s grasp of issues, and his ease among fellow New Yorkers.

So, on Thursday September 13, I am voting FOR Cynthia Nixon and Jumaane Williams. I urge my fellow Villagers to do the same.

Arthur Z. Schwartz is the Village’s Democratic District Leader. He is also election counsel to Cynthia Nixon’s and Jumaane Williams’ campaigns.
Jim Fouratt's

HAVE YOU HEARD!

SEPTMBER 2018

VOTE AS IF YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS ON IT! If you are a registered Democrat in New York it is important to vote in the Democratic primary on September 13, 2018. I also know that most people in the City ignore the primaries. I know from 2018. I also know that most people in the blowing on that issue. Yes, he moved to- others into silence out of fear of speak- ing up and challenging him. Cuomo is old... underwood picked up and continues to investigate, but she is not running for election. So whoever is elected will take on not only State issues of corruption but also national issues—Michael Cohen is an example.

The candidates: 1: Leeicia Eve was a Vice President and lobbied for Verizon (ugh!) and fought against Net Neutrality, served as a Com- missioner of the Port Authority of New York & New Jersey (ugh, an agency seem- ing above the law). She worked for Cuomo and both Clinton and Biden when they were U.S. Senators. Sorry, but I am not vot- ing for a Verizon lobbyist. Quite frankly her resumé, as good as it is, tells me she cannot be my choice. We need fresh blood and in- dependence in the role of Attorney General. 2: Letitia James is a second term New York City Public Advocate. She has made herself visible to the public and has not been afraid to attend public demonstrations against po- lice brutality, stood with the #metoo move- ment and supports the end to gun violence. But she too carries the albatross of the Democratic Machine endorsement of her. It is my opinion that the Democratic Ma- chine in New York City and State is part of the problem of corruption in Albany and it needs to be replaced by authentic pro- gressives with fresh faces and ideas. Cuomo supports James—I hope she learns that next time her independence is what will make people vote for her. I don't count her out but I think she is not the right candidate for this job. This was a tough one for me at first until I saw who else was in the race!

3: Sean Patrick Maloney was elected to Congress from a district that tradition- ally was Republican. He is almost a poster child for the Human Rights Campaign with his public embrace of his husband and their two children. But his voting record in Congress does deserve some explana- tion. Maloney belongs in Congress at this critical time in American politics. Maybe he wants to be closer to his family as they grow up... but that quite frankly does not sway my choice. 4: Zephyr Teachout is a law professor at Fordham. Her priorities are opposing the Trump administration, confronting cor- ruption in state government, investigat- ing financial fraud by corporations, and advocating against increased levels of incarceration. Teachout worked with Citi- zens for Responsibility in Ethics in Wash- ington to file lawsuits against the Trump administration related to alleged violations of the Emoluments Clause of the U.S. Con- stitution. After the 2008 financial crisis, she formed the group A New Way Forward to advocate for increased financial regulations.

We need tight right now is an independ- ent voice in this critical time, not encum- bered by associations with power machines or corporations. Teachout practices what she says. She is the only candidate who has not accepted campaign contributions from cor- porations or the real estate industry. Trump hates her. She has been subjected to his tweet attacks. Zephyr Teachout has my vote. Not convinced? Read her book, which is a his- tory of anti-corruption laws in the United States: Corruption In America: From Benjamin Franklin's Snuff Box to Citizens United.

IN THE RACE FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:

Most qualified is law professor and legal ac- tivist, Zephyr Teachout, above. Photo credit: Teachout campaign.

UPDATE ON GREEN HAVEN SENIOR HOUSING AND PUBLIC GARDEN

While the Rich Moms of Soho are conspir- ing to stop the Green Haven Senior Hous- ing and Public Garden and protect their “mini-Versailles” garden squashing month-to-month on PUBLIC land, Habitat for Humanity is moving forward and has in- vited the community to participate in two public participatory meetings to have input in what they would like to have in the public garden at Green Haven on Elizabeth St. This public meeting is Sept. 5 and 15th at 273 Bowery from 6–8 pm. All are welcome. The focus will be on the future of 8,600 square feet of publicly accessible open space on this site, creating a design rooted in communi- ty input. The meeting will feature design exer- cises that are easy and fun, and your input will directly influence the future of the site. Please come share your thoughts, ideas and perspec- tives and help shape your neighborhood!

In addition to the public design meetings, Habitat hopes that community members will take their online design survey: https://www.surveymonkey.com/r/HavenGreenSurvey. This anonymous survey asks for your feedback on a wide range of questions, from when the space will be open, how the space will feel, and the kinds of activities the open space should support.

Contact: jim.fouratt@westviewnews@gmail.com 227 Waverly Place 6c, NY NY 10014
Hoylman/Epstein Work to Save Hospital

By Penny Mintz

Members of the Community Coalition to Save Beth Israel (CCSBI), including one of our founding members, State Assemblyman Harvey Epstein, met with State Senator Brad Hoylman in early August. This is the fourth in a series of meetings CCSBI has held with elected officials. Since April the coalition has met with City Council Member Carlina Rivera and with staff from the offices of City Council Speaker Corey Johnson and City Council Member Keith Power.

The meeting with Hoylman and Epstein was by far the most fruitful because they agreed to work together to achieve two goals. One would be a step toward improving oversight and transparency of the closure process, which is one of CCSBI’s primary objectives. Hoylman and Epstein agreed to write a joint letter to the governor and to the state health commissioner demanding that two consumer advocates be appointed to the 25-member Public Health and Health Planning Council (PHHPC).

PHHPC is charged with advising the Department of Health about hospital construction projects and service changes. Right now, PHHPC has 23 members and two vacancies. According to Lois Uttley of MergerWatch, none of the members of PHHPC are public-health advocates representing consumer interests. All of the members are industry representatives. Only one public advocate is mandated by law. At this time, that position is one of the two vacancies. Moreover, PHHPC holds all of their meetings at times when no member of the public is likely to attend. As of this writing, a draft of that joint Hoylman/Epstein letter is being prepared.

The other affirmative action that Hoylman and Epstein agreed to take was to actively support a bill in the State Senate and the State Assembly next session that would essentially mirror a 2017 bill called the Local Input in Community Healthcare Act. That 2017 bill would have required review by the health commissioner, including examination of the impact on access to health care services, before the closure of any hospital can be approved.

As of this writing, Senator Hoylman and his staff are reviewing the versions that have been introduced in the senate and the assembly. They both promise to do everything needed to move that bill forward.

On a personal note, the Board of Elections invalidated all 1,900 petition signatures garnered in my effort to run for Member of the Democratic Party State Committee. My petitions failed to say that I was running for the female position. The Board of Elections knew that because they listed me as candidate for the female position. Nor were the petition signers misled because, well, my name is Penny, and about 700 of them saw me as they signed.

My attorney, Arthur Schwartz—what an amazing person—challenged the invalidation in court, then in the Appellate Division, and now we are headed to the final arbiter, the Court of Appeals. Argument is set for August 29th. The question is whether the will of the voters to see a candidate on the ballot shall prevail over a technical error? Arthur has written a great brief. I’m optimistic.
Street Gas Pipe Repair Crew

I live on 12th Street and Seventh Avenue. Four blocks west, on Waverly Place and Seventh Avenue, street repair crews were replacing gas pipes. Excavating tractors would start at 8 pm, lifting and moving steel road covering plates. It was like living in a war zone, as jackhammers were digging up, and power saws cutting into, the street. Finally, the asphalt was paved and it only took a year! Waverly Place is quiet again. My photographs provide a look at the men who did this long, hard and dirty work. Below, they capture the digging, installing, testing, and repairing of gas pipes.

Notes from Away: No Time for Paradise

By Tom Lamia

In Maine, summers can be short when you are least expecting them to be; yet they are glorious even so. The glory I speak of is the bliss that comes with knowing that a moment long-awaited has arrived. It would be tempting fate to go about crowing of how a particular summer will last, how it might continue from month to month at the salubrious level at which it arrived. No one here in Maine does that. All take comfort in the sunshine, cool breezes, lack of intolerable levels of mosquitos and rain only as needed for grass to grow and flowers to bloom. That’s it. To expect more would be to expect history to change course.

This is a summer that qualifies for the above description. It may be too early to say that this summer will be short, but it does seem a necessary hedge on what can even now be said: there has been everything in good weather and good feelings among tourists, vacationers and the Mainers that host them that a perfect world should offer. The tourists are spending money in hot pursuit of Maine's best products: LL Bean, lobster rolls, sightseeing excursions to coastal islands to see the rare puffin (Eastern Egg Rock between Pemaquid Point and Monhegan Island) or the disappearing small communities of fishermen and other hardies who choose to live away from roads, stores, internet connections, land lines and neighbors. For the taciturn and often pessimistic Mainer, this summer is likely to be short simply because it is particularly glorious.

Some of us who live here have no time for these and the many other challenging, exciting things around us that are physically and mentally good for us as well as for our state. There is too much to do. Guests will arrive, because we have invited them and because they know they will experience something different among their many choices for getting away from their permanent places of work, school and residence.

Guests must be made welcome and comfortable. Plans must be made that will fill every day with the things that we know (or hope) will fill them with wonder and good memories. All this takes time. A good portion of that time is spent expanding facilities used for nine or ten months of the year by one, two, or a few more individuals (children, close relatives) to serve multiples of that number. And, there can be no rest to receive the good feeling that comes with being a good host to good friends and close family. You want them to be happy with their choice to live in your immediate space for a few weeks, so you work at making them feel welcome.

When all is ready and the wild rumpus begins, all is good, because the effort made it so. Then the visit is over, but not the season. No, the season is not over until Labor Day, the day when all visitors must be back in their assigned lives of work, study, and responsibility. So, no time to relax, another wave is, generally, just a few days away.

The many benefits of this Atlantic Paradise are not solely limited to summer, but their appeal seems concentrated in those few months.

Once Labor Day is torn from the calendar, the clean-up, maintenance, and re-stocking begins, as needed to prepare for the long, severe winter that very likely will follow this short, blissful summer.

So, mark your calendar for a Maine visit sometime between June 15 and Labor Day next year. I will be here, but I will be busy making Paradise habitable.
Sprains vs. strains: What’s the difference?

A strain and sprain can look and feel similar. No matter how many times you roll, bend or twist your ankle, it can be hard to tell the difference between the two.

If you think you have a minor or moderate sprain or strain, you can treat it at home using the R.I.C.E. method; it can help speed healing and reduce pain and swelling up to 72 hours after injury.

**Symptoms of**

**Sprain**
- Bruising
- “Popping” sound or sensation in the joint
- Swelling
- Pain
- Muscle spasms
- Loss of strength

**Strain**
- Limited movement
- Swelling
- Pain
- Loss of strength

**Both**
- Limited movement
- Swelling
- Pain

**Did you know...**

Sprains most commonly occur in the wrist, thumb, knee and ankle, while strains are found mostly in the elbow, lower back and hamstring.

Did you know...

Alcohol increases swelling and can cause additional damage to the injury. For optimal recovery, skip the wine while using the R.I.C.E. method.

**R.I.C.E. method**

- **Rest.** Avoid weight bearing activity on the injury to avoid further damage. Use crutches or splints, if necessary.
- **Ice.** Apply ice for 15 to 20 minutes, two to three times every hour to reduce swelling and inflammation.
- **Compression.** Wrap the affected area with an elastic bandage or compression sleeve to reduce swelling and stabilize the area.
- **Elevation.** Elevate the injured part above your heart to decrease swelling and pain and help fluid return to your circulatory system.

We’re providing local residents with a new model of community-based care. From 24-hour emergency services to a full range of medical specialties, we’ve got you covered. Visit us at Northwell.edu/LenoxHealth or call (646) 846-6105.
THEN: On May 4, 1927, Hudson Street, in this view looking south from West 14th Street, shows the Herring Lock and Safe Company Building on the right (c.1849; northern third, c.1854-60). It was a five-story “Flatiron-type” factory, built in “Vernacular/Neo-Grec” style for Col. Herring, which is still virtually intact. The Wing Building behind it, at the southwest corner of West 13th Street, was demolished around 1931, about the time the elevated tracks and station at Ninth Avenue and West 14th Street (on the far right) were replaced with subway lines. Note the canopies added to the taller buildings on the left and the wide sidewalks for produce and meat-handling purposes. Photo courtesy of NYPL Archives, P.L. Sperr Photography Collection.

NOW: Looking south on Hudson Street, the Herring Building (on the right), now occupied by restaurants, galleries, and offices, fronts the Gansevoort Meatpacking NYC Hotel (completed in 2004). Historic buildings on the left have been converted to business and residential uses; they are not in an NYC Historic District. Note the street work restoring wider sidewalks and adding pedestrian plazas to better handle the larger crowds on foot. Photo by Brian J. Pape, AIA.
Can You Be Both Pro-Affordability and Anti-Development at the Same Time?

By Donna Schaper

It isn’t easy to be virtuous in Gotham today. Maybe it never was. You can be an organization as lofty as Habitat for Humanity and be accused of selling out, destroying gardens and siding with developers. So-called “Haven Green” has given the devil a lot of opportunities to repeat history.

In a meeting with Habitat recently, I learned a few important things. First of all, I should explain. Why would a clergy person meet with a housing organization? Because Habitat’s base for years has been religious congregations and because I have honored and dug their work in Europe and in multiple American cities. That relationship caused me and other members of Judson church to be concerned about their anti-garden, pro-affordability, arm in arm with developers, alliance in “Green Haven/Haven Green.”

In that meeting we learned quite a few interesting things about why Habitat would want to hurt and diminish a thriving garden. They think it is the right thing to do—and that if they are not involved in the development, it will even be worse than it is already going to be. The alternative space, a lot on Hudson Street, is not really on the market or so they say. Apparently, Margaret Chin knows the answer and I hope to hear from her soon. (City Council presidents or “high-upers rarely interfere with a decision firmly in someone else’s district.”) Habitat’s involvement will produce permanently affordable housing—not something that can be flipped. “It gets built and it’s not Habitat watching. That’s the only alternative.” They are also doing a participatory design which will maximize community input; that process is starting now. And they will get ground floor office space in the new set-up and not have to worry about rising rents where they are now.

They are offended to be characterized as a villain, which surely their track record denies. You can find a way to participate in the design of the area by contacting Mathew Dunbar at Habitat, mdunbar@habitatny.org.

They are not villains. Instead, like many of us in NYC, they are opportunists. Do you really know a not for profit that doesn’t want a secure rental? One that won’t get its rent raised over and over again? Is grabbing an opportunity as it passes by virtuous? Ask Jane Jacobs. No ask her foe, Robert Moses. Better yet, ask William James. The real religion of America is pragmatism, and everyone knows that. We can hardly all be on the search for a better deal or a new deal or a good deal or a “discount” and be disdained when not for profits seek the same.

Bricks and Mortals, an organization I helped to found, is also running into one moral difficulty after another in trying to get relief on air rights sales so that congregations don’t have to sell to luxury apartments, breweries or high-end restaurants—as their membership dwindles and their maintenance costs accelerate. Yes, Virginia, landmarked congregations do have air rights. No, Virginia, they can’t sell them without enormous effort and expense—which is what makes great organizations like Union Seminary the victim of developer’s funds.

If there could be more flexibility in the sale of air rights, congregations wouldn’t have to depend on the good will of people like George Capsis to do church concerts to stay alive. They could monetize their air rights and develop affordable housing—if there was more flexibility around development. And yes, development yields affordability.

This interest in the survival of religious buildings encounters multiple moral quandaries with preservationists. Preservationists obviously don’t want more development, even if it is holy. They rightly protect the air, the green, the space, the gardens. But without development of new spaces, which air rights properly sold could do, the rents will not only be too damn high today. They will even be higher tomorrow. The haven that green development is a great example of preservation and green and affordability colliding.

The real problem in Manhattan, as former Mayor Bloomberg was bright enough to tell us, is population explosion. When Occupy (remember Occupy) tried to do a plot of land to move into, it could only find about a dozen available sites anywhere in downtown. There simply is very little land that is not air wronging.

So, what’s a good person to do? Move to Montana? Turn Habitat or preservationists into the demon? Pay the high rents? Win the lottery? Abandon green or old buildings or both in order to pay the rents? Until population growth slows down and fewer people want to live on the same island, these values will all continue on their collision course. Since population is unlikely to stop growing, the next best thing to do is to tax the heaven out of luxury apartments, especially those that are “un-occupied.”

My hunch is that “Haven Green” is already a go and that the train has already left the station. Thus, the pathetic remnant garden will be more and more in the shade. Then again, a little moral imagination by Margaret Chin or the Mayor could liberate the Hudson site and everything is possible. Habitat could get involved with the other potential site, the garden could remain sunny and people could feel good about each other and how we turned a problem into a solution, one good practical thought at a time.

Don’t Just Sit There, Resist! Part V:
Hey, Young People.Vote!

By Alec Pruchnicki

There appears to be a lot of enthusiasm within the Democratic party for the upcoming midterm elections. The recent victory of Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (AOC, as I like to call her), the numerous victories in special elections across the country, several high profile primary fights in New York, and massive opposition to the policies of President Trump appear to predict a Democratic “Blue Wave” this November.

But, there are also problems with this narrative. AOC won her primary, but all other sitting representatives in New York State won their primaries or ran unopposed. One exception does not make a trend. Turnout in off-year elections has been steadily declining for years, with the 2014 turnout of 37% the lowest in 70 years. Low turnouts generally hurt Democrats.

The biggest problem is that the Democrats’ strongest demographic base, young people under 30-35 years old, don’t come out to vote in high numbers. Under the age of 30, Democrats outnumber Republicans 54 to 43%, but over 30 Republicans outnumber Democrats 46 to 39%. In the 2014 election, although the overall turnout was 37%, turnout for voters under 40 was 26%. When Representative Carolyn Maloney beat challenger Suraj Patel, the overall turnout was 13.7%, but Patel sent out an email after the election stating that only 2% of those under 35 voted (although it’s unclear if this was 2% of total voters or registered Democrats).

Supporters of the potential of the youth vote make several arguments. Notably, that if the candidates were better, young people would vote. But, the average politician is average, not a media superstar like AOC, Zephyr Teachout, Cynthia Nixon, or Senators Sanders and Warren. Besides, terrible candidates don’t prevent older Republicans from coming out to vote, as evidenced by the near-election of accused Alabama pedophile Roy Moore to the U.S. Senate, and full Republican control of the House and Senate (not to mention the White House).

Even the argument that good candidates and meaningful elections can bring out the youth vote is yet to be proven. My internet searches, as rudimentary as they are, have yet to find elections where exciting candidates or issues bring out substantial numbers of younger voters. Maybe this article will encourage readers with more access to statistics to come out and prove me wrong. (Please, prove I’m wrong so I can have a little hope for the future).

Finally, the deficit of young voters affects the voters themselves. Issues related to older voters, such as Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid are given top priority by politicians of virtually every affiliation, whereas reform of student loan debt is given minimal attention, and little actual legislation.

The New York primary election for voters who are already registered is Thursday September 13th. To register for the federal election on Tuesday, November 6th, go to elections.ny.gov/votingregistration.html as soon as possible.

Hey, young people. Vote!
Tom Savage:
Writer, Poet, and Playwright

By Lorraine Gibney

On Saturday, August 11th, I had the privilege of interviewing writer, poet, and playwright Tom Savage at the LGBT Community Center on West 13th Street. For more than three hours Mr. Savage freely discussed his fascinating escapades as a prolific writer during the 1960s—when he hobnobbed with the most iconic figures and writers of the 20th century.

Mr. Savage is a native of Greenwich Village. He lived on Charles Street until he was seven years old and then moved to MacDougal Street. He attended the High School of Commerce in Manhattan where his best friend, Wally Stachera, was unlike Tom and most “flower children” of the 60s; Wally joined the military and served in Vietnam. Regarding his own feelings about that period, Tom explained, “I always felt myself to be more a beatnik, and more akin to them, than a hippie, for whatever that was or is worth.”

Tom’s love for the written word was directly influenced by his family, as well as by friends, cultural events, reading, writing, and attendance at lectures. His parents, Thomas Upton Savage Jr. and Anna Joyce Savage, thought culture and education were important. His father wrote articles for small magazines; Tom was once given a photo of his father, with the caption “Writer,” by the (bar) Kettle of Fish. At an early age Tom wrote a play in verse called Full of the Bastile. The piece was largely based on the French Revolution of July 14th, 1789.

Tom, an intellectual and atheist, became interested in Buddhism after reading the Herman Hesse novel Siddhartha. Tom’s practice of Buddhism included a routine of meditation for twenty minutes a day. Initially, he practiced meditation to control his bouts with epileptic seizures. Eventually, he developed a greater interest in Buddhism and lived in India for three and a half years.

Naropa Institute, in Boulder, Colorado, was founded in 1974 by a Tibetan teacher and writer named Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche, a major figure in Buddhism. Allen Ginsberg and others created a collective for writers and poets at Naropa. In 1975, Tom became a colleague of, and friends with, Ginsberg and his long-time lover Peter Orlovsky. Ginsberg is most recognized for his poem Howl, and for many other works associated with the 60’s generation. Mr. Orlovsky was an American poet and actor, appearing in the films Pull My Daisy, Me and My Brother, and Chappaqua.

In the 1980s, the epidemic of AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) killed many of the artists living in Greenwich Village. As a sensitive man, Tom Savage experienced great loss; many of his friends died from AIDS or hepatitis. Fortunately, Tom was always cautious while the sexual revolution was in full force. He experimented with sex, and drugs; however, he was careful—acknowledging the high stakes of one mistake.

During my interview with Tom, he admitted that Grace Paley was one of his favorite people. Mr. Paley was an American author, poet, teacher, and political activist. A famous quote written by Grace Paley reads, “You become a writer because you need to become a writer—nothing else”.

In the course of interviewing him, I discovered that Tom Savage is an intelligent, kind, and loving soul. As a writer and poet, I found our conversation to be very informative and quite an honor. I believe that in the future Tom and I will become good friends. His dedication and expertise in literature has been a blessing to me. Mr. Savage...Namaste!

Books by Tom Savage:

Sonnets Mostly (135 collaborations with Bill Kushner). Afghanistan, 2015
From Herat to Balkh and Back Again. Fly By Night Press, 2015
Bamiyan Poems. Siyothus Press, 2005
Brain Surgery Poems. Linear Arts Books, 1999
Housing, Preservation, And Development. Cheap Review Press, 1988
Slow Waltz on a Glass Harmonica. Nalanda University Press, 1980

WE NEED YOU

WE NEED YOUR EXPERIENCE AND SKILLS TO MAKE WESTVIEW EVEN BETTER.

Writers—you life time experiences are valuable
Editors—we need your skill to make the paper read smooth.
Ad sales—invite our local businesses to support the community voice
Office support—responding to our readers
call 212 924 5718 or e-mail GCapsis@gmail.com

INCOME TAX PREPARATION
in the privacy of your own home...
very reasonable rates
Call Peter White 212.924.0389
West Village Sows their Oats

By Naomi Sternstein

We like our oats to talk to us, and humbleness is not required. This much holds true on the topic of oat milk. Our Oatly oats tell us all about their “oatsome deliciousness and what our products can do” and we drink it right up. Sometimes we like their too-cute dad-humor asides that discredit any notion of blank space in milk carton packaging design, or we like what they do to the froth and flavor of our cappuccinos, or we like the lesser environmental impact in an age of committing ourselves to plastic-free straws. It’s that “something new” that hasn’t gotten old, yet.

My first encounter with Oatly products mirrors that of other consumers. I went to grab a coffee in February or March, and I noticed “oat milk” printed neatly beneath “almond milk” as an option on the menu board. Take note that soy milk was definitively not offered at this coffee locale. Whether it had been there weeks or only days before I noticed, I wasn’t too sure, but I ordered an iced coffee with oat milk instead of the usual almond. This discovery was exciting and rare in its very approach; it was a real, serendipitous meeting, precursory to reading about oat milk virtually online or on social media and then actively seeking it out. In a time when every new discovery seems to stem from virtual media, with Oatly the media seemed to follow the discovery. When I decided the oat milk was not only new and interesting but also delicious, I proceeded to Google. That’s where I had my first conversation with an Oatly carton and I liked what it told me.

It is similarly hard to pinpoint the exact date when Oatly and oat milk first started taking up so much space in overheard conversations, (and media—recent New Yorker and New York Times articles on the oat milk shortage) but we do know this: It began with our coffee shops. Campaigning first to younger, trendy coffee shops in cities like Manhattan was central to the Oatly strategy. Anthony Lak, manager of Rebel Coffee on 8th avenue, brought Oatly to the shop around March through his usual milk distributor, who was already carrying the products. He said that “[Rebel] originally advertised carrying Oatly through social media and our A-frame sign.” On where that leaves other milk alternatives, Lak added, “I will probably say it rivals almond in terms of daily requests with soy coming in last. We also get a lot of curious dairy milk drinkers wanting to try oat because they’ve never heard or tried it until seeing it on our menu.”

Not too long after my initial coffee date with Oatly, I found myself in the home of the oats, Sweden, and neighboring Denmark. Here the brand was even more widespread. The hotels I stayed at offered Oatly alongside dairy and soy-based milks at the breakfast buffet. From the billboard near the central train station in Copenhagen, to a presence in almost every grocery aisle, frozen to non-refrigerated, Oatly declared itself simultaneously desirable and commonplace. The bubbly writing and run on sentences appeared on oat-based ice creams, mango flavored yogurts, and portable matcha oat milk and mocha oat milk lattes, products that have still not crossed over to our markets.

Back in the U.S., Oatly had decided to bring their milk and chocolate milk to grocery stores. Julio Gonzalez, General Manager of Brooklyn Fare’s West Village location, said they began stocking Oatly about a month and a half ago after a representative reached out to their dairy manager. Gonzalez said that he himself chooses to drink their products over other non-dairy options, and attributes the brand’s gluten-free, sugar-free, dairy-free, nut-free promises as reasons for universal popularity. The success is not without its drawbacks, and according to Gonzalez, Brooklyn Fare, like many other grocery stores, has been having trouble getting their supply. But what of other brands that produce oat milk, such as Elmhurst 1925 or Pacific Foods? Gonzalez said that while they do have an entire display of Elmhurst 1925, whose products cover a wide range of less common alternative milks, including “Milked Oats,” he couldn’t comment on if their popularity has changed since the rise of Oatly. He did say that, unlike brands that bring in representatives to grocery stores and host tastings for customers, Oatly has remained distant: Perhaps this is due to their apparent try-it-in-your-latte-first model, or that their popularity grew faster than they planned for and they simply do not have the staff, but Oatly’s approach might have to change if they choose to bring their other products to American retail.

On the topic of Oatly as a fast trend or new standard, many baristas aren’t planning to remove ‘oat milk’ from the menu board any time soon. Lak says, “I do believe oat milk is here to stay and can possibly surpass the soy and almond markets, eventually.” Now, whether Oatly stakes its claim or more brands follow through with commercial oat milk success, only a New York minute will tell.

Caruso’s Quips

By Charles Caruso

The man in the seat gets the heat, the fame or the blame.

Dogs are not as stupid as cats think.

In these mass shootings, pity the gunman too.

Think of the hell the poor devil went through before he cracked.

Geography is history.

New sex site: Orgasm.com

Some people are jam, some are jelly.

Mopey Dick: A gripping novel about erectile disfunction.

Inspired, insipid.

Giving someone a stained and wrinkled dollar bill is an insult.

Christmas isn’t the merriest holiday -- It’s the saddest:

Another year gone and closer to the big goodbye.

A prince can survive anything but ridicule.

Santa Claus is God in a red suit.
Michael’s Recipe for When You Talked Too Long

By Jane Heil Usyk

Here is a quick, delicious, lifesaving recipe for when you come home late and only have five minutes to make dinner; it’s also very cheap. The other night, for example, we were at our usual Monday night powwow with Simon, our wonderful opera teacher, who teaches opera appreciation and goes over various aspects of opera in class, Verdi, Janacek, Puccini, and everyone else, and shows us opera movies, and plays living and dead opera stars on his phone. We do not sing ourselves. He had been out of town, in Kentucky, for almost a month, and we missed him.

He told us he was having dinner at 8:30 p.m. in the Village with two French friends; they are married, but one lives in Toulouse and the other in Bordeaux. Simon said it only takes two and a half hours to drive from Bordeaux to Toulouse or vice versa. They were in Manhattan for a night or two.

Talking was not a problem; there are a million subjects we can talk about. Filling up the two or three hours until 8:30 p.m. was a bit of a problem. We talked and talked, about Madrid, Valencia, about the proper way to make paella (I had offered that you could buy it in Trader Joe’s for very little); Simon said there are three ingredients paella must have: that special short rice that grows in Spain, olive oil, and saffron. And then what? Chicken, vegetables, rabbit, saus. Ugh!!! Not for me. I’ll take seafood paella. The main thing is, you have to cook it over a wood fire, and make sure the bottom is all crispy and crunchy.

He was also wondering what he should say tomorrow night, when he is due to give a talk at the 92nd Street Y. “What have you planned so far?” I asked.

“Nothing,” was his answer. Hmmmm. Well, maybe tonight he will get an idea.

Also, Michael described to Simon our problems using one of his tablets to Skype a friend in Paris; we couldn’t do it and we don’t know why. He said he would come to our apartment soon and help us. (He is, besides our opera teacher, our technical advisor, since he seems to know everything about computers.)

Simon also mentioned that everybody in Louisville adores Ruth Bader Ginsburg; they are all wearing t-shirts with her picture on it! We thought that was pretty good news.

Michael was quiet for a moment, observing the people on Sixth Avenue, many of them very needy. “What are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m watching the beautiful mosaic,” Michael says, echoing various mayors, mainly David Dinkins.

And then it was 8:30 and time to split up and go home, and for Simon, have dinner with French people. We got home just after nine, and Mike went right to work. His raw materials: chicken-cilantro dumplings, French green beans, two red onion slices, and bok choy. Chopped all the vegetables while heating up the pan, coated the bottom of the pan with oil, threw the vegetables in the pan, and softened them. Then he added the dumplings, about ten or twelve, and a little water to make a cauldron. Also, he added a little Gyozu dipping sauce. Put the top on and let it cook for for a few minutes.

Meanwhile, I set the table and got two Heil family Spode plates, one serving dish, two Heil family serving things, and put them on the table with the dipping sauce. And Michael served it, not ten minutes after we got in the door. Suddenly, you have a lovely Chinese dinner. At home. Have seltzer and half a banana for dessert, and you’re home free!

Simon was so glad to get back to New York. Louisville was very quiet, he said. No noise, no madness, no trash, and hardly anything. We are the New York Amateur Computer Club, http://www.nyacc.org. Each month we’ll explore a technical topic, and attempt to answer your questions about computers.

Question of the day

“What do you do when you spill something on your keyboard?”

Best advice is: don’t let it happen. Don’t drink coffee at your computer.

But if it does happen, instantly turn off power and unplug the machine. Remove the battery if applicable. Dry the outside of your machine. Open it as far as it goes, hold it upside down, and wipe dry any wet surfaces that you see with a towel or other lint-free absorbent fabric. The type of liquid matters: water is the least corrosive, while sugary and alcoholic liquids are the most harmful. (In this regard, computers are just like people!)

Many computer stores, like Staples, offer the service of a special oven on-site to dry your hardware professionally. A home hair dryer can also be used.

Be patient. The computer will probably recover.

In the future, questions will hopefully be from you, our readers. And please remember, there is no such thing as a stupid question. Answers, perhaps, but we will try our best.

Topic: Learning about your Computer

You may have noticed—these days, few computers or software come with any kind of documentation. Software comes in an empty box. It seems people are expected to learn by trial-and-error. But if you want a more secure learning experience, there are many options:

- The New York Public Library (NYPL) offers many choices. First of all, naturally, there are books. Most branches are well stocked with titles such as “Windows 10 for Dummies” and “Windows 10 the Missing Manual.” Check them out.
- NYPL also offers many courses on computers, in a series called TechConnect. These courses help people of all ages develop confidence in their computer skills and grow more comfortable in today’s digital world. Courses range from “Basic Computer Skills” to one-on-one advice in a service called Technology Open Labs. To find out about these courses, go to www.nypl.org/events/classes or www.nypl.org/tech-connect.
- Senior Planet offers a range of free five and 10-week digital technology courses at its Exploration Center, for people age 60 and up. Most courses meet twice per week. Registration takes place on a quarterly basis in person only at the centers, located at 127 West 25th Street in Manhattan. Check out https://seniorplanet.org/senior-planet-nyc/current-classes/
- Try Computer Hope for learning at home. Since 1998 they have been an online help site for computer users. By now they have a huge collection of short, useful articles. You can even ask questions and participate in online forums. The address is https://www.computerhope.com/
- Go to YouTube.com if you need to assemble or connect computer components. You’ll find short (like 5-minute) videos showing the actual steps involved.
- At the New York Amateur Computer Club you can attend free monthly meetings. These take place at NYU in the Village (check the website nyacc.org for directions.) You can ask questions during our random access section and meet up with other computer users.

We hope these tips have helped to make your computer feel less intimidating. If you have questions for next month’s paper, send by mail to: PO Box 7844, JAF Station, New York NY 10116. Or go to www.NYACC.org, click on Contact Us, and start a message with the words “To Tech Tips.” We look forward to hearing from you.

"I didn’t get my paper!"

WE GET THIS CALL OFTEN WHEN A READER DOES NOT FIND “HIS” COPY IN THE LOBBY...BUT IT IS ONLY YOUR PAPER WHEN YOU SEND US 12 BUCKS!
West Village Original:

Carmen Grange

“I WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR AND NOTH-ING WOULD STOP ME.” Carmen Grange, above, would start her own medical practice, eventually opening an office on West 13th Street. Photo by Maggie Berkvist.

By Michael D. Minichiello

This month’s West Village Original is Dr. Carmen Grange, born in 1922 in Colón, Panama, to Jamaican parents working in the Canal Zone. Grange studied pre-med at Trinity College in Dublin and returned to the U.S. to do her residency, eventually opening a practice on West 13th Street. A resident of Charles Street since 1964, she was also Medical Director at Greenwich House, primary doctor at a nursing home in the Bronx, and affiliated with Beekman Downtown Hospital.

“I wanted to be a doctor and nothing would stop me,” says Carmen Grange, referring to the time when she was a young girl in Jamaica. “I was born in Panama but my parents separated when I was young and I was sent to Jamaica to live with my grandmother. She was a midwife and I was sent to Jamaica to live with my grandmother. She was a midwife and I was there for about five years.”

“What was that experience like? I felt welcomed in Dublin,” she replies. “I had no problem being a woman of color studying medicine. It was nice, too, because there were people from all over the world doing the same thing. After I finished, I came back to the U.S. to do my residency.”

When Grange started her own practice—eventually opening an office on West 13th Street—she focused on internal medicine. “I liked internal medicine because I liked taking care of people with my hands,” she says. “I took care of patients of all colors. You have to like what you’re doing, which I always did.” Did she ever again face the kind of resistance she did while trying to get into medical school? “No. Once you’re a doctor—woman or man—you’re a doctor,” she says with a shrug. “And I don’t really miss it because I’m so old now. People still ask me questions that I’m able to answer, though.”

Grange never married, even though she did have the opportunity while in Dublin. “I refused to get married because the man was Danish and I didn’t want to move to Denmark,” she says, smiling. “I wanted to come back to America. However, I’ve had a wonderful, intellectual family life thanks to my 16 nieces and nephews, who are still around me. I helped educate them all. I spent all my money on them and it was worth it. Today they’re lawyers, doctors, and even a veterinarian. What was the point of making all that money if I didn’t spend it on them?”

Grange moved into her high-rise on Charles Street in 1964, the year it was built. “I had family connections with this part of the world from way back when,” she says. “When I moved in I used to have a great view of both the East River and the Hudson River. Of course, it’s changed a lot, but I still like the West Village. I did a lot here because I was always an active person. I love the local restaurants, too: Baby Brasa, Morandi—in my building—and the Rivera Café, which is gone now.”

These days Dr. Grange finds herself homebound due to suffering a heart attack a few years ago. But she maintains her connection to family and her long-time church, St. John’s in the Village. “I’ve had a good and busy life,” she says. “I especially loved all the traveling because in those days it was so nice. Not like today, which is so complicated. As a doctor, I went to meet- ings and conferences all over the world and I met a lot of interesting people. It’s a big, varied world and Thank God for it. My grandmother used to say, ‘If you can’t do any good, at least don’t do any evil!’ I’ve never forgotten those words and they’re still true.”
ordered the Hinoki Martini, and our waiter explained that the owner/bartender had cut off a branch of a Hinoki Cypress tree to make the essence used in the drink. We expected a strong evergreen presence, but it was barely discernable. There is a small food menu of izakaya-inspired dishes, including the ubiquitous deviled eggs, which, in this case, were just hard-boiled eggs covered in miso and salmon roe.

dishes have different truffle manifestations (truffle salt, truffle honey, truffle sauce, etc.). Steve Cuozzo, food critic at the New York Post, greatly enjoyed his meal there, but warned that the current prices reflect the use of summer truffles, and in the fall, when the winter truffles arrive, the prices will rise accordingly.

Also Open

Many were sad when Good closed (including Minjae Hwang who was a regular there). Now, in the space it occupied comes Nightingale (89 Greenwich Avenue between Jane and 12th streets). Like Good, the menu features some comfort food but the dishes are fancier, something that will not please everyone. For example, there are two versions of Mac ’n Cheese, one with Pork Belly and Pecorini, and the other with Snow Crab and Green Pea. While my daughter is not a big fan of Cheese, I can’t imagine she’d order either. There is a burger with foie gras, and to mollify vegetarians, “Impossible Meatballs” served on a gluten-free bun. The early Yelp reviews have been very positive.

The Great Eros (66 Greenwich Avenue near 7th Avenue South), a lingerie store that also sells fancy leisure wear, has opened where Tabwa Gallery used to be. The original location is in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. The lingerie is designed by the owners who are a couple, and according to the website, they were determined to “create a space that felt warm, airy, sensual with a yin and yang balance of masculine and feminine energies.” The Brooklyn store also carries a line of sensual objects including some unusual-looking Japanese vibrators. I did not see these in the Greenwich Avenue store, but even if I had I might not have realized what they were. Also on Greenwich Avenue, Unami Sushi has opened in the old Luma Shack Snackbar space (50 Greenwich Avenue between Charles and Perry Streets) with a standard menu of rolls and nigiri sushi and sashimi, and a section of Kushiyaki (skewers). Llamita (80 Carmine Street near 7th Avenue South) is a small fast casual spot from the owners of Llama Inn in Brooklyn. I am always on a hunt for the perfect rotiserie chicken, so I rushed over to try theirs and it was very ordinary. Perhaps I should have stuck with the sandwiches, which have been popular with critics, such as the pork shoulder, duck sausage and ribeye. There are some more unusual offerings like beef heart skewers, and the smoothies, some made with Peruvian fruits, are in demand. As we and others reported earlier, Brookfield Properties acquired seven storefronts on Bleecker Street, and now, their first tenant, Margaux, has opened at 387 Bleecker Street (between Perry and West 11th Streets). Margaux is an online women’s shoe retailer “with a 24-hour locksmith. Andrade Shoe Repair, and after that a candy shop, has re-opened as a Mexican restaurant (89 Greenwich Avenue between Jane and 12th Streets), so I always somewhat resented Ultimate Jeans when they opened in that space. Over a year ago, we reported that Ultimate Jeans was closing, but in the end they did not. This time, however, it looks like they are really gone. Ghandi Café (283 Bleecker Street east of 7th Avenue South), an Anglo-Indian restaurant that had been around since 1999, appears to have closed. On the stretch of Bleecker west of 7th Avenue South, three stores have closed: Orla Kiely (372 Bleecker Street, between Charles and Perry Streets), the U.S. flagship for an Irish designer, Orogold (333 Bleecker Street between Christopher and West 10th Streets), a branch of a cosmetics company that incorporates gold in its products and across the street, Satya Jewelry (330 Bleecker Street). Another small jewelry store, Shaya (453A 6th Avenue near 11th Street), was closed and will be replaced with a 24-hour locksmith. Aesop Perfumery (7 Greenwich Avenue at Christopher Street),...
Escape to Nowhere

By Ananth Sampathkumar, Partner, NDNY Architecture + Design

“Man Struck and Killed by Falling Debris from New York Building Fire Escape,” read the headline from an online paper covering the incident in Soho earlier this year. The irony is all too obvious. The structure that was meant to save lives ended up taking one—because of neglect. The most infamous example of a failing fire escape was the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire of 1911, where a poorly supported staircase led to two dozen additional deaths. Fire escapes are a ubiquitous part of New York’s built landscape and most residents have come to accept them as another unsightly necessity. (Few realize that they were outlawed in 1968 for new constructions, except group homes.)

To make matters worse, fire escapes are not easy to get rid of. Although these structures are expensive to maintain and few landlords want to spend money on an appendage that does not increase the value of their property, in order to remove an exterior escape owners must provide a second means of egress internally or file for a Construction Code Determination (CCD1) with the New York City Department of Buildings to show that the building is either too small to provide another stairway and/or that other means of protection, such as sprinklers, have been installed. Some architects, like Joseph Lombardi, have valiantly tried to remove them. In 2015 Lombardi initially secured Landmarks approval to get rid of the exterior escapes on two historic buildings in Soho. The decision was overturned, however, after tenants, citing life safety concerns objected to the removal.

Today fire escapes serve many purposes, most of which have nothing to do with life safety. With a paucity of balconies in older buildings, tenants have taken to extending their lives onto these much-maligned structures. Take a stroll through the Village on a Saturday and you will see the landings serving as outdoor extensions of indoor soirees. For those who don’t have stoops, the fire escape provides a nice vantage point from which to soak in the City, with a glass of wine or cigarette in hand, and dream of life on a real balcony or deck someday. There are also some creative examples: the fire escape at the Bakery Building (42 West 13th Street) is a well-crafted exterior stairway that adds character and depth to the façade.

Architecture is one of the few professions that excels in inertia and fire escapes are a sad reminder of this. Someday, when flying cars are the norm, we will have figured out a way to be rid of these unreliable structures.

In and Out continued from page 16

which had been in the West Village for three years, relocated to the Lower East Side. Benedict’s Brunch Bar (516 Hudson Street, near West 10th Street) had a short run: after less than a year in operation, the all-day brunch spot has closed.

Other

Hudson & Charles Dinette (522 Hudson Street between Charles and West 10th Streets) signed a 10-year lease for a portion of the space that had been part of The Quarter. With a planned opening in the early fall, the restaurant will serve dishes incorporating products from Hudson & Charles, the butcher shop next door which advertises “Local • Sustainable • 100% Grass-Fed Meats.”

We are so grateful to you for all your intel on openings and closings. Please keep sending them to: wvnewsinout@gmail.com

Photos by Darielle Smolian
Gotta Go!
By Keith Michael

Another Sunday. Another walk in Hudson River Park.

At the end of her leash, Millie has already walked me around her neighborhood block this morning, taking care of corgi-business, and now I'm walking myself (at the end of my own inner leash) along the river promenade, absorbing the view.

The summer is ending. It's true that the pristine New York blue sky at this time of year gives me a visceral recollection of just such a pure blue sky on that September 11th morning. But there wasn't a Hudson River Park then. And I wouldn't have been walking here then. This bucolic park, that we've grown to take for granted as our backyard amenity, was a construction site.

The shrinking daylight hours of September remind me of the pending rigors of going back to school. Even the hottest days have a coolness around the edges now as the sun creeps further south along the horizon at sunset. A few trees boast of a cluster of leaves already turned to fall hues. The weeks ahead will bring less and less time for me to ramble the back woods, marshes, grasslands, and shorelines of the city. Sigh.

A sharp shriek nearby interrupts my (not unpleasant) drift toward melancholia. Out over the Pier 48 pile field, a Common Tern is hovering like a helicopter, head bent down at an angle, then, without warning, tucks into a vertical dive, and disappears into the water. Within a blink, it is back in the air, as though that splash was a mere glitch in the film. The tern's buoyant scribbling through the air, pausing, wings aflutter, then diving again and again into the high tide, is an aerial tour de force. On the fourth dive, the plot changes. This time the tern emerges with a wriggling silver fish in its orange beak. Success. (Well, not for the fish.)

It's then that I notice another repeated shriek shriek shriek coming from the top of one of the exposed pilings—a fledgling Common Tern is ordering breakfast! This youngster couldn't be clearer, "Feed me! Feed me! Feed me!" And yet, after a number of near-delivery airborne passes, Dad (or Mom) astonishingly—doesn't make the drop off. This tough-love parent swoops up to perch on the railing of the bow-bridge overlooking the pile field with the silver fish still un-delivered, still un-eaten. (My inner photographer is jumping up and down, "Yippee! Yippee!")

This is probably a parent and child Common Tern from the summer's colony on the Governor's Island piers. A little over a foot long, the parents have full black caps on a sleek white swallow-tailed body, while the youngsters look a little blurry with a white forehead. Dozens of pairs have taken up residence on the abandoned Butter-milk Channel piers in the past years, barely scraping together a few pebbles as a nest site, laying their eggs right on the hot concrete, "sitting" on their eggs more to shade them from the scorching summer sun than to keep them warm, and, devotedly, bringing locally-sourced seafood to the chicks for weeks.

Over the years, I've watched tern chicks grow from barely out of the eggs to strutting about open-mouthed as their parents swooped in with the latest catch, from jumping up and down like they were on a trampoline as their flight feathers started to grow in, getting a bit more airborne each time, then finally, to this adolescence when it's time to fend for themselves. All along the way, they have to be taught.

And now, it's training season. "Kiddo, you have to learn how to fish for yourself. Day One."

Within the month, this chick and its parents will be heading south for the winter. "South" is to the southern coast of Argentina. That's around 6,000 miles away—give or take 1,000 miles or so! And, if all goes well, they'll be back next summer. That's a 6,000-mile return flight. Book your accommodations now.

Melancholia? The deadlines and future disappointments (and elations) of my fall pale in comparison to what this chick has ahead.

Goodspeed.

For more information about New York City WILD! nature outings, birding, photographs, or books, visit keithmichaelnyc.com or follow Instagram @newyorkcitywild

BEER BATTERED FISH & CHIPS
466 Hudson Street
212-741-6479
Oscarsplacewestvillage.com


FEED ME! FEED ME! This hungry Common Tern youngster couldn't be clearer. Photo by Keith Michael.
Designing Waste—Strategies for a Zero Waste City

By Mary Chandrakhasan, Partner, NDNY Architecture + Design

Here are some interesting numbers to get you thinking about waste. Did you know that nearly 40 percent of all food in the United States is wasted? Food waste accounts for 20 percent of materials sent to landfills and is the main contributor to landfill methane emissions, which make up 18 percent of total U.S. emissions. New York City discards approximately 24,000 tons of material every day. As our landfills are full, tons of waste are sent to dumping grounds in other states, some of which are hundreds of miles away. In an effort to remedy this, New York has set an ambitious goal to be a ‘zero waste’ city by 2030 by reusing and recycling all of our waste.

“Designing Waste—Strategies for a Zero Waste City,” a recently concluded exhibition at the Center for Architecture at 536 LaGuardia Place, was based on the idea that we need to change the way we think about waste and that the system can be improved by design. In 2017, a group of architects, designers and waste professionals examined the lifecycle of waste in buildings and neighborhoods and put together a set of guidelines called the Zero Waste Design Guidelines. Zero waste is not about eliminating waste, but about transforming it into resources. Currently, only 20 percent of waste collected by the NYC Department of Sanitation (DSNY) is diverted from landfills and only 50 percent of recyclables are separated for diversion.

As part of its strategic plan for the future (2030), OneNYC aims to meet a 90 percent reduction in the waste sent to landfills from the 2005 baseline of 3.6 million tons of waste collected by the NYC Department of Sanitation. How can we accomplish this? Architects and designers can play a bigger role in how buildings are designed to accommodate waste collection, sorting, and recycling. The Center for Architecture exhibition presented ways that architects can design spaces and systems to encourage people to recycle. These would include planning and providing for waste management—disposal and separation, movement of waste through a building, storage and collection. Different processes that residential and commercial buildings could use to collect and sort waste and recyclables varying with building size, age and typology were illustrated. A sixty-square-foot grid exhibit highlighted the minimum space required to store waste and recyclables for an eight-unit building. Space requirements get considerably bigger for larger buildings.

Part of implementing zero waste tactics is to get people to understand how much waste they produce individually and collectively. To help with that, Zero Waste Design has also created a Waste Calculator (http://www.zerowastedesign.org/waste-calculator/) to figure out the volume of waste your building is producing and the measures you can take to reduce it. So, when it’s time to put aside this newspaper, perhaps some trash, maybe a bit of clothing, you can start thinking about how much waste you produce and how you can reduce it. Remember, it all starts with the three Rs—reduce, reuse, and recycle!

Greenwich Village: What’s in the Name?

By Brian J. Pape, AIA

Greenwich Village is one of the most famous neighborhoods in New York City. But what does the name really mean? And how did it become such a popular place?

The name “Greenwich” is first recorded in a Saxon charter of 918 AD, where it appears as Gronewic. It then becomes Grenhic and Grenawic in medieval Latin. In jolly old England, Greenwich was the site of a royal castle, but gained in importance when The Royal Observatory was commissioned in 1675 by King Charles II, to “apply….. with the most exact care and diligence to the rectifying of the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the so much desired longitude of places for the perfecting of the art of navigation.” From 1714 to 1818, the Longitude Acts rewarded new discoveries of precision.

In 1918, the name “Greenwich Village” was officially adopted by the Village Improvement Society of New York City. The name “Greenwich” itself is derived from the Old English word “wic” or “green wic” or “green settlement” (from “wik”, an old Germanic borrowing of the the Latin “vicus”).

The Greenwich meridian, which was by convention considered to have longitude zero degrees, is the line between the eastern and western hemispheres (this convention was internationally adopted in the International Meridian Conference of 1884).

In the New World settlement of New York City, Greenwich was first settled in 1643. It was originally called “New Amsterdam,” but eventually became known as “Greenwich.” The name stuck, and over time, the neighborhood became known simply as “Greenwich Village.”

By the early 1900s, Greenwich Village was home to a vibrant arts and literary community, attracting artists, writers, and musicians to the neighborhood. Today, Greenwich Village remains a popular destination for tourists and locals alike, known for its unique shops and restaurants.

The name “Greenwich” has remained popular in modern-day usage, and is often used to refer to the neighborhood as a whole. As the name implies, the area is still green and scenic, with parks and gardens scattered throughout the neighborhood.

As you can see, the name “Greenwich Village” has a rich history and meaning. From its origins as a royal castle to its current status as a cultural hub, Greenwich Village is a place that has always been associated with beauty and creativity.

Looking at the world of waste, what can we learn from this history? Perhaps it’s the importance of understanding the origins and meanings behind things, and the power of design to create a more sustainable future. As architects and designers, we have a unique role in shaping the world around us, and we must be intentional in our choices to create a more zero waste, more sustainable future.
Readers seem to like them and find them interesting and little editing. ”

The question he is most asked is: How do you write these things? He has no good answer. “They just come,” he says “after a lot of observation and reading. They arrive suddenly and need very little editing.”

Readers seem to like them and find them interesting and sometimes amusing.

212-924-2550

Two Books of One-Liners
by Charles Caruso,
Author of “Caruso’s Quips”


He has gotten a strong response to these books and the lines he puts on Facebook each day.

The question he is most asked is: How do you write these things? He has no good answer. “They just come,” he says “after a lot of observation and reading. They arrive suddenly and need very little editing.”

Readers seem to like them and find them interesting and sometimes amusing.

212-924-2550

Counselor At Law
Disability Law

Max Leifer P.C.

Max D. Leifer PC is an established law firm with over 40 years experience in Personal Injury, Negligence, Social Security Disability, Long Term Disability, Commercial and Union Appeals.

We are committed to providing high quality representation and we work aggressively to obtain the best possible results and protect the rights of our clients. Free consult in person or by phone.

Please feel free to contact us with any questions and our friendly staff will assist you with your concerns.

Member of Million Dollar Trial Association
DESIGNATED AS A SUPER LAWYER FIRM AT SUPERLAWYERS.COM

What’s in the Name continued from page 19

Amsterdam, we see Groenwijk, one of the Dutch names for the village (meaning “Green District”), a rural, isolated hamlet to the north of the 17th century settlement. After the English overtook in 1633, it was Anglicized to Greenwich in 1696. Then, as the city of New York grew to encompass all of Manhattan, the village named Greenwich became the neighborhood of Greenwich Village. (That makes the term redundant, meaning “Green-Village Village.”)

One can only imagine the political power that local residents must have applied when the Commissioners’ Plan of 1811 imposed a grid pattern on all streets north of Houston, except for most of Greenwich Village. Encyclopaedia Britannica’s 1956 article states that the southern border of the Village is Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) is a term originally referring to mean solar time at the Royal Observatory, which led to GMT being used worldwide as a standard time and being adopted practically everywhere from 1847. Most time zones were based upon GMT, as an offset of a number of hours (“ahead of GMT” or “behind GMT”).
A Tafel Surprise
By Jon D’Orazio

I wish to share something I learned only last year, concerning Edgar Tafel, whom my architect father met at the ’67 AIA Convention. Together they arranged a summer job for me in Edgar’s office on 5th Avenue for that summer. It was just before I was to begin my Masters in Architecture program at Columbia University.

After Columbia, I decided to be a painter and in 1970 moved into Westbeth Artists Housing. A few years later I became a practitioner of Tibetan Buddhism. In 1974, my Guru invited H H the XVI Gyalwa Karmapa, head of the Kagyu lineage of Tibetan Buddhism, to visit America. Karmapa and his monks purchased some land in Woodstock, NY, where they would build a new Meditation Center/Monastery as the American seat of this 900 year old Tibetan lineage.

It was named Karma Triyana Dharmachakra. I’ve been there often over the years. I even went up years earlier to join Lama Tenzin and others, looking at another piece of land for the center, given by Karmapa’s Chinese patron living in Long Island.

Well, on my birthday only last year, my friend Judy Auchincloss totally surprised me. Her birthday gift was a framed rendering of a proposed Monastery to be built for Karma Triana Dharmachakra, designed by Edgar Tafel. I had not known of this at all. A total surprise.

Here’s Edgar’s rendering, my birthday gift, a proposed Monastery...

Italytime to Present Three Eyes on Pinocchio in Spanish
By Jane Heil Usyk

On November 7, 8, 9, and 10, the cultural organization Italytime will present a new version of Italy’s most famous character, Pinocchio, in Spanish. The show begins at 8 p.m. and is suitable for adults as well as children. Maureen Gonzalez, who translated the play, says, “One of Italytime’s goals since the beginning has been to perform over time our most significant plays in the most common languages in New York besides Italian, i.e., English and Spanish. For the first production in Spanish we have chosen a play written for us, as usual, by Dacia Maraini, Silvia Calamai and Paolo Tartamella about Pinocchio, since he is the most world-renowned Italian character.”

The play will be presented in the theater beneath Our Lady of Pompeii Church at Carmine and Bleeker Streets, entrance at 25B Carmine Street. Vittorio Capotorto will direct.

Ancient Solutions for Modern Problems
Michael Kahn
M.S., L. Ac.
20 Year Practice

Back Pain • Insomnia • Digestion • Cardiac Pain
Headache • Immune Disorders
Addictions • Weight loss
Smoking Cessation
Depression • Anxiety
Addictions

FREE Village area house calls
212-633-2317

Mc Nulty’s
Est. 1695 New York, NY

TEA & COFFEE CO., INC.

Since 1895, McNulty’s has been this country’s leading purveyor of choice coffees and rare teas. Our tradition of careful selection of only the finest is still true today.

STORE HOURS
Monday – Saturday 10 AM – 9 PM
Sunday 1 PM – 7 PM

109 Christopher Street
New York, NY 10014
(212) 242-5351
(800) 316-5200

WEBSITE
www.mcnuultys.com
EMAIL
info@mcnuultys.com
Andy’s and Everyone Else’s 90th Birthday

By John Gilman

They were celebrating Andy Warhol’s 90th birthday August 9th with a big champagne gala at the Whitney Museum, and when we were personally invited by Claire K. Henry, assistant curator of the Andy Warhol Film Project, as her special guests, we were told to dress up in a gala Warhol manner. First of all, we (Robert Heide and myself) knew that Andy’s actual birthday had occurred three days before, on August 6th, Hiroshima Day, and that his 90th in 2018 was not that exclusive because the nonagenarian shared that birth year with other world famous people including Shirley Temple, who was one of the top money-makers in Hollywood while Andy was growing up in the Great Depression. He actually sent away for an inscribed picture of Shirley and later paid tribute to Mickey in several of his filmed art projects; it is also documented that Warhol met three-time Pulitzer Prize winning playwright Edward Albee several times, hobnobbing in New York’s social circles. We dressed carefully for Andy’s birthday party, which was put on as a preview of the largest exhibition (it will open this November 12 and will run through March 31, 2019, after which it will travel to Chicago and San Francisco) devoted to a single artist ever presented at the downtown Whitney and by far, the largest in scope, uniting all aspects, periods, and media in his 40 year career. The exhibition is entitled ‘Andy Warhol—From A to B and Back Again.’ Donna DeSalvo, deputy director of international initiatives at the Whitney and the senior curator of the entire show greeted us as we made our splashy entrance stepping out of the elevator onto the 5th floor of the futuristic new museum. Robert was wearing his summer Brooks Brothers seersucker suit, an understated backdrop to his sensational Warhol Foundation authorized single-can Campbell’s Tomato Soup T-shirt; I wore my grey1950s miracle fabric slacks with a rare vintage T-shirt featuring an image of Mark Jacobs in a Warhol wig.

Andy Warhol’s career continues to inspire and awe with each passing year: Andy Warhol in his silver factory in the 1960s. Photo by Billy Name.

Andy Warhol’s career continues to inspire and awe with each passing year: Andy Warhol in his silver factory in the 1960s.

Scotty and the Secret History of Hollywood

By Robert Heide

In the world of film, during the month of August, a new documentary called Scotty and the Secret History of Hollywood opened in New York City at IFC on 6th Avenue, the Chelsea Cinemas, and 100 theatres across the land. It appears to be at this juncture certainly the most important, riveting, and interesting doc to pop up in years. Directed by Matt Tyrnauer, it focuses in on a 90-year-old ex-Marine from World War II named Scotty Bowers.

Scotty, whose published book was the source and inspiration of the film, knows all the inside sexual stories of the top Hollywood players who thrived during the golden studio era. Who knew that the long-time fan magazine romance between Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy was all basically a façade, and that in reality both were gay? Scotty Bowers knew. A gossipmonger, procurer—or shall we say pimp—really tells it like it is, and what fun it was. Scotty, though secretive, feels the true Shenanigans of many of these celluloid idols are just plain “normal.”

Scotty arrived in California and found employment working in a gas station on Hollywood Boulevard. At the back of the station was a double-sized trailer where sexual romps abounded between pretty boys and Hollywood superstars. His first trick was Walter Pidgeon, who seemed straight but as it turned out was gay. Scotty arranged for a tryst in the trailer, and usually at a cost of a twenty-dollar bill, helped out most of the stars that constitute Hollywood royalty.

Among Scotty’s revelations on the stars he “outs” are Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, who lived together for some time almost as a married couple. These two macho guys were depicted poolside in fan magazines, showing off in skimpy bathing trunks. To back up these gossip stories in the film many of the male prostitutes, now old men, show up to tell all.

We learn about a bedtime story involving Lana Turner and Ava Gardner, wherein Frank Sinatra, then smitten with Ava, caught them in the bed. Other duos include Anthony “Tony” Perkins and Tab Hunter. The Duchess of Windsor is depicted as a dominatrix who enjoys punishing the meek ex-king Edward (often with a whip), who liked to dress up in women’s clothing, sensible shoes and nylon stockings, or in knitting mittens or a scarf.

Another story centers on Herbert Hoover, who also liked to indulge in women’s attire behind closed doors. There is more. As I was writing this a call came in from the charming and talkative director Matt Tyrnauer telling me of other prominent personages and stars who swayed on the gay pendulum and sometimes made it both ways. Only a small percentage of a very long list, most of these celebrated people did not appear in the book or in the doc. They include Dame Maggie Smith, Coral Browne, Adrian, Janet Gaynor and Mary Martin (lovers), Michael York, Grace Kelly, William Inge, Roddy McDowell, Cole Porter and many, many more.

During the Q&A after the film showing, I mentioned one of my favorite movie queens of the 1940s and 50s, Lizabeth Scott, who starred in a great many films noir. Her sultry husky voice, mesmerizing look, and tough sexy manners in movies like Dead Reckoning; Fury; The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers; and You Came Along earned her the title “Hubba Hubba Girl” in the 40s’ movie magazines.

Lizabeth first understudied Tallulah Bankhead in Thornton Wilder’s The Skin of Our Teeth on Broadway, eventually taking over the role. A movie contract followed and she became the mistress of Hal Wallis, who gave her a big star buildup. It has been noted that the movie All About Eve is based on Tallulah and Liz. Later in her career, Confidential Magazine published a salacious piece connecting her to lesbianism at all-night all-girl parties. It was then that her career took a nose dive. When I brought this up at the Q&A, Scotty, on-stage in a wheelchair, commented with a big grin on his, “Oh, over the years I provided her with over 150 girls” —and that’s Hollywood, folks, or Hollywood! Robert Heide is an author, most recently of Robert Heide 25 Plays, available at Three Lives Books, The Drama Bookshop, and on Amazon.
Theater Review: Days to Come

By Eric Uhlfelder

So I said to myself, “The fate of the fool will also befall me. What then have I gained by being wise?” And I said to myself that this too is futile. For there is no lasting remembrance of the wise, just as with the fool, seeing that both will be forgotten in the days to come. Alas, the wise man will die just like the fool! So I hated life, because the work that is done under the sun was grievous to me. For everything is futile and a pursuit of the wind.

The story is a morality tale in which no one escapes unscathed. This two-hour foray into an early 20th century Ohio town is one of the most intense stories the Mint Theater has ever produced during its 23 years of resurrecting lost plays.

If the drama were more nuanced it would have been extraordinary. But as an early work of the famed American playwright, who was just 31 when the play premiered in 1936 at the Vanderbilt Theater on Broadway, Days to Come is a compelling, daring work for having taken head-on, capitalism’s Achilles heel: the struggle to create and manage a business and workers’ ability to secure a living wage, especially during the hard times. The underlying theme: the train wreck caused when well-intentioned leaders naively start down an aggressive track to solve an existential problem.

Designer Henry Feiner has set the play on a stunning Art Deco stage with furniture that could be right out of a period auction at Christie’s.

The ensemble, deftly directed by J.R. Sullivan, works together seamlessly—led by the quixotic factory owner Andrew Rodman (played by Larry Bull), his scheming lawyer Henry Ellicott (Ted Deasy), Rodman’s beautiful, feckless wife Julie (Janie Brookshire), the sharp, intelligent labor organizer Leo Whalen (Roderick Hill), and the nefarious strike-buster Sam Willie (Dan Daily).

One can sense Hellman’s early experience in Hollywood in this film noirish tale relying on direct, confrontational dialogue, sharp pacing, and various subplots. But at the core of this Depression-era story is a decent, caring factory owner pitted against equally admirable workers, personified by their spokesman Tom Firth (Chris Henry Coffey). The men are long-time friends, with a long history of working together collegially.

The tale turns tragic when, despite their best efforts, they hit an impasse. The owner’s lawyer suggests a way out that will break more than the will of the workers. Thus, the die is cast, and the story careens towards the futility alluded to in the referenced Scripture.

Hellman’s dialogue displays the era’s evolving hard-edged realism:

HENRY ELICOTT (Andrew Rodman’s lawyer who’s having an affair with Rodman’s wife): I want to know where we stand, Julie. It’s time for me to know.

JULIE RODMAN (Rodman’s wife): We stand nowhere. We’ve always stood nowhere. I know about you—and you know about me…things start as hopes and end up as habits…one of the things that brings people like you and me together is the understanding that there won’t be any talk about it at the end.

The playwright uses Rodman’s devolving marriage to echo the larger conflict tearing apart the company and town, foreshadowing the changes that were to come to small towns across America.

ANDREW RODMAN (speaking to his wife): I don’t care who wins. If it were that simple, it would be fine. But it isn’t that simple. I can’t fit the pieces together. That’s what is happening to me. I suddenly don’t know where my place in the whole thing is. Don’t tell me that’s one of the things I was lucky to worry about late. That doesn’t do any good. I’ve only loved two things in my whole life: you and this town...Remember how I never wanted to go to Europe or to anywhere else—even when you went? This was my home, these were my people, I didn’t want much else. But that’s been changed. I don’t know how. And I don’t know where I stand anymore.

Days to Come is less subtle and more contemporary than most Mint productions. But its message resonates formidably in this very satisfying revival.

Days to Come runs through October 6 at the Beckett Theatre at 410 West 42nd Street. See: minttheater.org

MEDICAL DERMATOLOGY | COSMETIC DERMATOLOGY
MOHS SURGERY | LASER SURGERY

Bay Ridge
7901 4th Avenue Brooklyn, NY 11209
718-491-5800 (t)
718-491-2151 (f)

West Village
67 Perry Street New York, NY 10014
212-675-5847 (t)
212-675-7976 (f)

Ronald R. Brancaccio, M.D | Peter Saitta, D.O.
Sherry H. Hsiung, M.D. | Lisa Gruson,M.D. | Anna Karp, D.O.
West Village Sartorial Splendor

By Gordon T Hughes Jr.

When you meet a guy, be it in the theatre district where I do most of my work, or in mid-town somewhere, and he is wearing a coat and tie, and tells you he lives in the West Village, it is most likely this writer.

When I first moved to the Village in the 1990s, I would walk to my subway entrance and I would wave to the one other guy wearing a tie, and we would both laugh, because neckties were virtually non-existent below 14th Street.

Now, I never see him at Panino Mucho Gusto Cafe where, even back then I got my morning cup of joe before heading to my publishing job in midtown. Over the years, we would nod or say good-morning to one another. Back then there were still the remnants of tie-dye, bell bottom pants for men, goofy hats and the rainbow flag was finally beginning to make a real presence. Curb side parking was Range Rover free. Back then, there were still VW vans with peace signs on the back bumper.

And yes, there was one guy, and me, in a suit and tie.

I have seen styles change over the years. It went from tie dye, old worn, flared jeans to very expensive jeans from stores like Ralph Lauren, Marc Jacobs and downtown Barney’s. Lots of older businesses began moving out of the Village to be replaced by the stores that were selling new, younger residents these trendy looks. It was now what they called shabby cosmopolitan. These outfits were even seen in Mucho Gusto.

Not a lot, but indeed, there were sightings among the berets and baseball caps.

So now, I fast forward to today’s fashions. Men are wearing suits and slacks with tight ankles, no socks, and no matter what the color of the outfits, shoes are tan or light brown. They replaced the long toed black shoes of yore.

For this observation I’m only focusing on men’s fashion. So, when I drop into Mucho Gusto for my morning jolt, the outfits have not changed that much in there, but on Hudson, as I watch men going to work, nowadays, it’s much more business like. Suits, well pressed shirts, very narrow lapels and not a tie to be seen.

That is except for that one guy, and me, who pass one another, wave and say good morning.

We are still the guys who wear the ties in the West Village.

Italytime continued from page 21

that takes place in Italy’s south. There have been many concerts, some focusing on one composer, such as Duke Ellington or George Gershwin.

Pinocchio, originally a novel, was written in 1883 by Italian Carlo Collodi, a pseudonym for Carlo Lorenzini. Pinocchio is an Italian hero, as Superman and Batman are ours. It is a very different story from the Disney version. This production takes three sections of the book and re-invents them. Dacia Maraini, a successful Italian playwright and novelist, wrote the “Fairy” section. Silvia Calamai wrote the “Cat and Fox” episode. Paolo Tartamella wrote “Pinocchio in Playland.”

Vittorio Capotorto says, “The Italian Cultural Center and Literary Cafe, both elements of Italytime, meet in Father Demo Hall in Our Lady of Pompeii Church, offering culture—movies, theater, concerts, readings, and discussions in various forms and languages. Initiated by the previous pastor, Walter Tonelotto, and now with Pastor Angelo Plodari, the Center is becoming a cultural home for the neighborhood. We would like to extend an invitation to all neighborhood residents to participate in our activities.”

Refreshments such as pizza and hot and cold drinks will be available in the theater before and after the play.

Tickets cost $25.00 and are available at www.italytime.org/box-office and at the door.

Maggie B’s Quick Clicks

All photos: Maggie Berkvist.
Thursday September 27, 7:30 pm
Hannah Reimann & Friends: Singer-Songwriters in Concert
This concert of traditional song and newly-written material by local singer-songwriters Hannah Reimann, Betsy Hirsch, Scott Hasolen, and others, is to raise funds for the purchase of sound equipment enabling St John’s to present more music of this kind. Tickets $25 at stjvny.org/music-new or on the door.

Friday September 28, 8 pm
40th Anniversary Concert: Spem in Alium
Seven of the finest vocal ensembles in New York combine in a concert of glorious polyphony to mark the 40th anniversary of the Dedication of St John’s in the Village. The concert culminates in Thomas Tallis’ rarely-performed work Spem in Alium, scored for eight five-part choirs (40 voices in all). Part of the Music of the Great Religions series sponsored by West View News. Tickets at stjvny.org/music-new.

Saturday September 29, 11 am
Windows to Heaven: Icons in the East and West
Dr Dennis Raverty of New Jersey City University is a specialist in iconography. Using the icons of St John’s church as illustration and example, he explains the theology of iconography and the resurgence of interest in icon-writing both in the East and also in the West. Talk followed by drinks and lunch. Free, but booking is essential.

Wednesday September 19, 4 pm
St. John’s Choristers
St. John’s Choristers First session of a weekly (Wednesdays) free after-school music program in which children (boys with unbroken voices and girls) learn singing, music-reading, repertoire, and social skills. Choristers get to sing at least monthly (11 Sunday morning) with the professional adult singers in the Choir. Free. Register/inquire to Gordon King (gordon@stjvny.org or phone).

Thursday September 20, 7 pm
James Polshek, Architect, in Conversation
Villager and architect James Polshek in conversation with oral historian Sarah Dziedzic exploring Polshek’s life and work. Free, but registration is recommended. Email info@gvshp.org or phone 212 475 9585.

Friday September 21, 7:30 pm
LOVE: A Refuge

Monday September 24, 7:30 pm
Gregorian Chant: a Treasure for All People
Plainsong is becoming more and more popular, and it is not as hard to sing as you might think. This New York Gregorian Chant workshop (with the possibility of the formation of a New York Gregorian Choir) is led by Professor Lawrence Harris (University of Ottawa and affiliated with the Gregorian Institute of Canada). No previous experience of chant notation necessary. For those of all faiths or none. Expressions of interest and queries to chantproject@stjvny.org or 212 243 6192.

Arts at St. John’s
Enjoy These Arts and Music Events at St. John’s in the Village, (Fully Air-Conditioned and ADA) 220 West 11th Street
For all bookings or queries: email admin@stjvny.org or phone 212 243 6192.

Mondays to Fridays in September
St. Benedict’s Courtyard
This hidden gem of a garden is open (from 10am until Evening Prayer (6:15pm)) from Monday to Friday to bona fide writers during good weather days in September. Enter by the horsewalk at 224 W 11th St. The church is open via the Courtyard during the same hours.

Sunday September 9, 11 am
Homecoming Sunday with Community Cook-Out
A welcome back to the Village, after the summer holidays. Music: Missa Secunda ( Hassler), Oculi Omnium (Wood), and outdoor music. Families welcome. Free, but booking is advised for catering purposes.*

Wednesday September 19, 4 pm
St. John’s Choristers
St. John’s Choristers First session of a weekly (Wednesdays) free after-school music program in which children (boys with unbroken voices and girls) learn singing, music-reading, repertoire, and social skills. Choristers get to sing at least monthly (11 Sunday morning) with the professional adult singers in the Choir. Free. Register/inquire to Gordon King (gordon@stjvny.org or phone).

Thursday September 20, 7 pm
James Polshek, Architect, in Conversation
Villager and architect James Polshek in conversation with oral historian Sarah Dziedzic exploring Polshek’s life and work. Free, but registration is recommended. Email info@gvshp.org or phone 212 475 9585.

Friday September 21, 7:30 pm
LOVE: A Refuge

Monday September 24, 7:30 pm
Gregorian Chant: a Treasure for All People
Plainsong is becoming more and more popular, and it is not as hard to sing as you might think. This New York Gregorian Chant workshop (with the possibility of the formation of a New York Gregorian Choir) is led by Professor Lawrence Harris (University of Ottawa and affiliated with the Gregorian Institute of Canada). No previous experience of chant notation necessary. For those of all faiths or none. Expressions of interest and queries to chantproject@stjvny.org or 212 243 6192.
Sounds of the Great Religions
The History and thousand-year-old Hymns of Greek Orthodoxy

at St. Veronica

Tuesday, September 11, 7 pm

FREE and Open to the Public—Suggested Donation $20

PLEASE: respect our older audience and leave baby and youngsters under 7 at home

The Church of St. Veronica, 149 Christopher Street
“Are You Jewish?”

NEW TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD: Posed in front of their rolling headquarters parked for that day at the corner of 7th Ave and W. 4th St., Rabbi Yehuda Pevzner and his wife Mushka, with their 3-month-old son Shmelke, hope to bring Jews closer to their faith.

God Sends a Kosher Editor

Ob vore, a $35,000, roughly 40 foot house-ship, in front of United Cigar andChristopher Street is blaring Yiddish music—this I gotta see. What I find is a very young rabbi waiting to step out and greet young men who look Jewish and return them to the kosher path. A few minutes of conversation reveal he knows every Jew that I know in the Village. We are pals in minutes, and I ask him to do a story for every Jew that I know in the Village. We are few minutes of conversation reveal he knows every Jew that I know in the Village. We are pals in minutes, and I ask him to do a story for every Jew that I know in the Village.

I call Rabbi Rotenstreich of Chabad, my organization, and tell him my problem. He tells me, “listen Yehuda, you’re very lucky. I just got off the phone with a Jew from New Jersey who has such a vehicle and is willing to donate it.”

I thank G-d for such immediate help. Two days later, I park the 36-foot-long tank—originally it was a recreational vehicle, a camper—at the corner of Christopher and W. 4 St. and ask people if they are Jewish. A man walks over to me, “Sorry, you’re Jewish?” I ask.

Yes, he tells me but says right away that he does not want to put on tefillin! I believe in talking to G-d directly, he says, and do not need physical action to get closer to G-d.

“How have you tried calling someone without knowing the phone number?” I ask. Tefillin is the connection that G-d told us to use.

He says he does not think so. I offer him a business card and promise to come one day and clarify the matter. He tells me he’s very busy but we’ll be in touch.

In the next days I park the tank on Christopher St. at Seventh Ave. or Seventh Avenue and W. 4 St. I’m there most days from about 12 to 7 pm. Not that many people pass by. So some days I move to Vandam and Hudson. Parking is not an issue. Every religious organization gets a few annual permits from the city for vehicles on the street.

I hand out brochures and cards with information about performing good deeds—mitzvah in Hebrew is a good deed—and about the coming of Moshiach (the messiah). I help men, and boys past bar mitzvah age, who are willing to perform the ritual of putting on tefillin. These are small leather boxes containing scrolls of parchment inscribed with verses from the torah.

I hand out candle-lighting information and candles to women and girls to light in honor of the shabbat.

Many people stop to look. A few take my information. Fewer still put on tefillin. But at least they know we are here. I’m sure we will make progress.

Rabbi Yehuda Pevzner was ordained in 2012 at Central Yeshiva Tomchei on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn. He can be reached at rabbipevzner@gmail.com.

By Rabbi Yehuda Pevzner

It’s the end of July, on a regular summer day of 90 degrees. I’m climbing the stairs of the Christopher St. subway station and the heat hits me in the face. I’m dressed in my usual street clothes. A black suit and hat, white shirt: I hold a tefillin bag in one hand. With the other I’m helping my wife Mushka up the stairs with the carriage holding Shmelke, our 3-month-old baby boy. We reach the top of the stairs. I go out into the street.

In front of me I see a man. I think he is a Jew. I walk over and ask, “Hello, sorry, are you Jewish?”

He stares and asks, “How can I help you?”

I reply, shalom, I am Rabbi Yehuda.

I’m from Brooklyn and I intend to move to Greenwich Village to look for Jews to bring them closer to G-d. He stares at me with a strange look and asks, do you know who I am? Are you sure you got off at the right station?

I tell him yes. You are the first Jew I have met here today. Would you like to put on tefillin? Who gave you permission to ask what religion I am, he says. He walks away.

Not a very warm welcome. I tell my wife we will probably have a hard job here but let’s continue.

Many Jews live in the area. I am here to show them what Judaism is and how to learn and pray. To do this I want to open a Chabad House here in the neighborhood. I was told there’s a synagogue at 53 Charles St. I knock on the door and it’s opened by an elderly man who I was told in advance is Mr. Herman, a very nice man.

He says hello, how can I help you? I answer, the Lubavitcher Rebbe sends shlichim [messengers] like me to every corner of the world to encourage old Jewish communities and help them find young people to come to synagogue, organize classes, and shabbat meals, and build the community. I have been sent to this neighborhood.

Mr. Herman looks at me sadly and says we’ve already tried this. It will not help. No one is coming, I point out to Mr. Herman than I am young, 26 years old. I’m sure I’ll succeed and that he’ll see a revolution in the neighborhood. Mr. Herman says the main thing is that the synagogue should continue to operate and that it will have a minyan (10 adult Jewish men) every Saturday. I tell him of course, and that we’ll be in touch.

I leave the synagogue and think about how to start operating here in an orderly way. Certainly, we will need an office. A mitzvah tank to put on the street [photo] with music that will invite Jews to come and put on tefillin.

I go to work on the Internet to find a tank for rent. But it is now the end of July and impossible to find one to lease.

I call Rabbi Rotenstreich of Chabad, my organization, and tell him my problem. He tells me, “listen Yehuda, you’re very lucky. I just got off the phone with a Jew from New Jersey who has such a vehicle and is willing to donate it.”

I thank G-d for such immediate help.

Two days later, I park the 36-foot-long tank—originally it was a recreational vehicle, a camper—at the corner of Christopher and W. 4 St. and ask people if they are Jewish.

A man walks over to me, “Sorry, you’re Jewish?” I ask.

Yes, he tells me but says right away that he does not want to put on tefillin! I believe in talking to G-d directly, he says, and do not need physical action to get closer to G-d.

“How have you tried calling someone without knowing the phone number?” I ask. Tefillin is the connection that G-d told us to use.

He says he does not think so. I offer him a business card and promise to come one day and clarify the matter. He tells me he’s very busy but we’ll be in touch.

In the next days I park the tank on Christopher St. at Seventh Ave. or Seventh Avenue and W. 4 St. I’m there most days from about 12 to 7 pm. Not that many people pass by. So some days I move to Vandam and Hudson. Parking is not an issue. Every religious organization gets a few annual permits from the city for vehicles on the street.

I hand out brochures and cards with information about performing good deeds—mitzvah in Hebrew is a good deed—and about the coming of Moshiach (the messiah). I help men, and boys past bar mitzvah age, who are willing to perform the ritual of putting on tefillin. These are small leather boxes containing scrolls of parchment inscribed with verses from the torah.

I hand out candle-lighting information and candles to women and girls to light in honor of the shabbat.

Many people stop to look. A few take my information. Fewer still put on tefillin. But at least they know we are here. I’m sure we will make progress.

Rabbi Yehuda Pevzner was ordained in 2012 at Central Yeshiva Tomchei on Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn. He can be reached at rabbipevzner@gmail.com.

God Sends a Kosher Editor

Ob vore, a $35,000, roughly 40 foot house-ship, in front of United Cigar and Christopher Street is blaring Yiddish music—this I gotta see. What I find is a very young rabbi waiting to step out and greet young men who look Jewish and return them to the kosher path. A few minutes of conversation reveal he knows every Jew that I know in the Village. We are pals in minutes, and I ask him to do a story for the paper, and then, Alfred A. Rosenblatt appears and asks if he can edit for WestView and I say “Have I got an article for you.”

Here is what they did together.

—George Capsis

Music, Conversation—and a Call to Action for Gun Control

Thursday September 20 at 7:00 pm
At The Church of St. Luke in the Fields

An evening of information, music, shared experience and rallying for change!

Rosanne Cash, Kurt Andersen, John Rosenthal, Mark Erelli and the Young People’s Chorus of New York

This event is FREE. Registrants will be seated first, so register early for this special event at: www.stlukeinthefields.org or http://bitly/Unity-Change

Join Rosanne Cash and friends.

Unity & Change...
The artists of *A Diamond Jubilee* are vastly different from one another, but they each can reveal the secrets to longevity and a fulfilling life.

By the year 2050, experts predict that the segment of the population over the age of 60 will more than double, jumping from 900 million to 2.1 billion. Complicating the situation, the United States Social Security Administration (SSA) is running a deficit year in, year out. The only way they’ve been able to stay afloat thus far is by eating into a reserve accumulated from the surpluses of past years. That well, however, is expected to dry up by 2034, and unless the age of retirement is increased, the SSA will only be able to pay out 79% of the need from the amount they receive from taxes.

Jenny Tango may provide the solution. At 92 years old, she is renowned for her vitality, quick wit and lust for life, which she attributes, in part, to marrying a man 28 years younger. She is one of seven artists who are participating in an exhibit that celebrates productivity past the age of 75 in the gallery room of Westbeth Artists Housing in September. Entitled *A Diamond Jubilee* and coinciding with the 50th anniversary of Westbeth, this exhibition will feature a wide variety of art forms: abstract, figurative and impressionistic paintings, as well as masks, puppetry, embroidery, and photographs.

Ralph Lee, a mask maker whose creations have appeared in everything from the Metropolitan Opera to *Saturday Night Live*, is perhaps best known for founding the Village Halloween Parade, which today draws 60 thousand costumed participants and two million onlookers annually. He believes that conforming to a prescribed formula in life—like slowing down after 65—is overrated, especially since one of the great things about being human is the freedom to choose which mask to wear. “In a lot of cultures, you become the deity when you’re wearing the mask. It allows you to behave in a lot of different ways, to use your body in a different way,” says Ralph.

Judy Lawne came up with the idea for *A Diamond Jubilee* shortly after she was diagnosed with Parkinson’s disease. A photographer, she considered the camera an extension of her body and, for the sake of her art, found herself hanging out of a building with only a makeshift harness to keep her from falling and climbing over the rubble in the days after the September 11th attacks. She had to make a decision after receiving her diagnosis: was she going to succumb to the bad hand fate dealt her, or was she going to continue in the craft that took a lifetime to develop? Though she now must use a tripod to continue her work, she persists because she’s devoted to capturing “a moment in time.” That’s what photography is: a moment in time that no other medium can capture.

The other artists in the show are just as fascinating. Robert Ludwig is a painter whose training as a physicist had him working with J. Robert Oppenheimer on the atomic bomb in Los Alamos, New Mexico during World War II. Penny Jones taught hundreds of school children across New York City to express themselves through puppetry; she remembers one boy in particular who built a fortress, “for me and mommy and daddy, so you don’t have to go outside for anything.” The child’s parents were divorcing, and Penny had provided the boy an opportunity to express his anxieties. Bea Kreloff left her husband and her Jewish middle-class life in Brooklyn to move into Westbeth with her two sons as one of the first tenants; she and her partner of 30 years, Edith Isaac Rose, will participate in this gallery show posthumously. Their lives, works and legacies stand as a testament to the fact that love makes the most impossible dreams a reality.

The show will run from September 8th through the 29th, Wednesday to Sunday from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. in the Westbeth Gallery (55 Bethune Street, New York, NY 10014). All are invited to the opening gala on Saturday, September 8th from 5:30 p.m. to 8 p.m.; there will be food, drinks, a live jazz band, and the opportunity to speak to the artists in person.

**CELEBRATING LONGEVITY PAST THE AGE OF 75:** The artists of *A Diamond Jubilee* are vastly different from one another, but they each can reveal the secrets to longevity and a fulfilling life.
Jim Fouratt's

REEL DEAL: Movies That Matter

Awards season has arrived! A deluge of quality films will fall almost daily between September 1st and December 31st. In order to qualify for consideration of an Oscar, a film must run one week in New York City and Los Angeles. So you could buckle yourself into a theater seat for the next three months and still not see everything. Do bring a snack and a pillow. Seriously, the amount of hype around, what seems to me like, over a hundred award competitions, makes choosing what to see a difficult task. Some of these films will sneak into town and leave without notice just to qualify. Others will mount non-stop public campaigns to draw the attention of the professionals eligible to vote in the nominating process. Money is key here, and as you would expect, quality often gets lost in the media hype.

We can blame disgraced Harvey Weinstein for creating the template that dominates the process leading up to the most important film award in world: the coveted, genitalia-free, gold OSCAR statue.

Weinstein invented the now standard template for influencing the Oscars. His award game-plan was to begin with the The Hollywood Foreign Press Association’s Golden Globes. Membership hovers around 200 voting members (yes, 200!). The average age of a voting member is somewhere between 50 and 100. Members are wine'd and dined throughout the year as they are the first of the three important competitions leading up to the Oscar nominations. Spirit and Screen Actors Guild awards are the other two. The supposedly indie film-motivated SPIRIT awards has approximately 2500 members (at last count). The most important, in terms of actual membership is SAG-AFTRA, with approximately 40,000 eligible voters. Neither Spirit nor SAG-AFTRA create the frenzied spectacle of stars and glamour that Weinstein promoted as the Golden Globes competition. The principal place where campaigns, by film producers and actors, are carried out is in the “trade” publications, Variety, and the Hollywood Reporter. They are now joined, in the digital media age, with Deadline, which has an awards season, print edition because of the income generated by advertising. Actors with clout, now as a standard part of their contracts, negotiate a clause that enumerates how much money will be spent on media buys during the awards season. “Promotion” could mean anything from wine and dine to who knows what… And then there is the expense of the competition itself!

This is where critics have a role to play. I take that role seriously. Over the next five months, I will do my best, here in print, and in the digital version of WestView (which can fill in the time gap between the monthly publications), and on my blog, to focus on films of merit, be they narrative or documentaries, made in the U.S. or outside.

You will have this wealth of films on a wide variety of screens from multiplex to small art houses. Some will sneak into town and some will be splashed all over the media. It may take months for them to return (?!), so be prepared. I will highlight smaller films of merit that you should be aware of this time of year. Please read the paper, check the digital edition as it gets updates, and read my Reel Deal blog.

Let’s Go to the Movies:

THE WIFE
director Bjorn Runge
Trailer: https://youtu.be/d81IM0loH7o

COLETTE
director Wash Westmoreland
https://www.youtube.com/c洧7jgb2k4

A popular cliché is that behind every great man is a woman that holds him together. Both Eleanor Roosevelt and Hillary Clinton did break that role and became equal partners with their husbands, having as well, independent creative and political identities. But, even today, they remain the exception in the public view despite the gains made by women’s liberation. Culture and tradition take time and hard work to catch up. The Wife, adapted from Meg Wolitzer’s novel, tells the story of how one hugely awarded, male writer was completely dependent on his wife, who actually wrote the works that bore his name on it. Here, we meet not an ordinary couple. He is about to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature. She silently accompanies him to the award celebration and is expected, by him and an unknowing public, to sit in the audience and smile. We see her on screen, finally, implode. Life will never be the same for either. This is not a new story. Glenn Close is perfectly cast and at the moment seems to have a lock on an Oscar nomination and possible win. Everything about The Wife is craft perfect. Director Bjorn Runge takes Jane Anderson’s adaptation of the book and casts it with a touch of near genius. As her husband, Jonathan Pryce plays the narcissistic, yet totally dependent, acclaimed author. He exhibits complete blindness to what he has done to his wife. Max Irons (son of Jeremy) is the conflicted son, seeking his father’s approval for his own writing. The production design (Mark Lee) is eye pleasing and historically accurate. Uif Brantžm, the cinematographer, seamlessly captures the right tone for this storytelling. You would be mistaken if you think The Wife falls into what is called a woman’s genre film. You would be wrong! Yes, it is a woman’s story, but it is a story that every person with a partner should see. It tackles how to have a collaborative relationship that does not limit one person while elevating the other.

Also on the screen this month is Collette, directed by Wash Westmoreland. Collette’s husband puts his name on her writing until she finally broke loose from the relationship and heterosexuality. Unfortunately, Collette is miscast. Keira Knightley is just too British and tall to be believable as a precocious, saucy, seductive and diminutive French Colette.

CRIME + PUNISHMENT
director Stephen Maing
https://youtube.com/n4WfaaijIQ

This movie asks the question, “Is there such a thing as a Good Cop?” Meet 12 NYC police officers who prove “yes.” Who, despite their Union and the Brass and a Mayor who speaks loud but appears to fear the police and their Union, stand-up. The difference between the Mayor’s pontifications and actual police practice instituted at the highest level is shocking. The Mayor says (as does the Police Chief) that police officers have no arrest quotas! But theses 12 active duty police officers step collectively and say “NO,” stating they will not respect the quota system that has replaced in language, but not practice, racial profiling. The 12 officers, mostly of color, mostly represent the groups most subjected to profiling. Although the LGBT community is named as a community targeted (mostly those of color and those who are gender variant), no one from GOAL, the LGBT police organization, stepped forward to join or support the 12. I would like to know why! The 12 speak of how they were subjected to discipline and punishment because of their refusal to respect a forbidden quota system. Shocking? Yes! The 12 are asking for the public to support change. Please see this important documentary that comes at a time when, as a result of the Obama and Bush administrations, the militarization of local police forces, and the providing of weapons of war to use in local communities, is rampant. Personally, I want peace officers to make our streets safe, not acting as soldiers of war. I am speaking up based on what I learned from this documentary, I hope you will too.

Note: this is a HULU documentary. While it is playing in theaters, (where you will find yourself as I did, sitting with an audience, that looks like the New Yorkers targeted by this internal quota policy) you can also, if you subscribe to Hulu, watch at home. There is a 30 day free trial subscription to the streaming channel which also produces the award winning series The Handmaid’s Tale.

Plan ahead: the New York Film Festival starts at the end of the month. I suggest you look now at the programming and book early. The docs are sizzling, including subjects Steve Bannon, and FOX News creator, master propagandist Roger Ailes.

Film Forum has reopened with a fourth screen. I suggest you go and watch the experimental documentary, In the Realm of Perfection, about tennis legend and New Yorker, John McEnroe. It’s a doozy.

History Note: Printed Matter is hosting: Film Culture 80: The Legend of Barbara Rubin on September 15, 2018. Barbara Rubin was the young woman who had the most influence on Andy Warhol and made him see himself as a filmmaker.

JimFouratt@reeldealmovies@gmail.com
Modernism lives in Tribeca.

A collaboration of design visionaries.  

1 TO 5 BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM RESIDENCES
A PARTNERSHIP OF FISHER BROTHERS, WITKOFF AND NEW VALLEY
EXCLUSIVE MARKETING AND SALES AGENT: DOUGLAS ELLIMAN DEVELOPMENT MARKETING

111MURRAY.COM | TEL. 212.776.1110

This advertisement is not an offering. The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from the Sponsor. Henry V Murray Senior LLC, 299 Park Ave, New York, NY 10171. File No. CD14-0363. Equal Housing Opportunity. All images are artist’s renderings and are provided for illustrative purposes only. Sponsor makes no representations or warranties except as may be set forth in the Offering Plan.