The Voice of the West Village

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2020—The Return of the Depression?

By George Capsis

If you go online right now you can find half a dozen articles on the precipitous drop in the New York City real-estate market brought about by the pandemic. In reading them I encounter terms that are very familiar to me, which I discovered when apartment-hunting with my mother during the depths of the Depression.

Now, when Dusty drives me up Sixth Avenue past the RCA building in which I worked for RCA a half-century ago, I am disconcerted to see the streets nearly empty of office workers or even tourists. Yesterday I read that owners of the empty office towers are thinking of converting them into apartment buildings!

When the Depression hit, in 1929, all apartment construction in Manhattan came to a dead stop; you can easily tell pre-Depression apartment buildings—they are English Tudor. (English Tudor was considered the rich man's style.) Those on the west side of Washington Square are perhaps the largest and fanciest examples we have in the Village. In the very largest is the residence of the president of NYU.

The bulk of the five story tenements that undulate over the five-borough landscape of the city were designed in what might be called Renaissance architectural style, with heavy sheet metal roof cornices and large keystone heads over some of the windows—architecture you can find in Florence or Rome. I used to think this was due to the in-

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Working to Save West Village Restaurants

By Maggie Berkvist

Back in early December, a number of us signed a petition to Senators Schumer and Maloney.

LEFT BANK’S EMPTY BAR AREA following the December 14th shutdown. Photo by Maggie Berkvist.

There was one problem—the January issue was closing! And the only restaurateur who wrote to us in time was Laurence Edelman, Chef and Co-owner of Left Bank, on Greenwich Street, whose response we are happy to be able to include herewith:

Since 2011, our unspoken motto at Left Bank has been: "We never close." That is, we never close because we've been compelled to close by some outside influence be it weather, financial burden, or God forbid—and something I could never have dreamed would be possible—political pressure. This energy drove us to build a business culture that could withstand extreme hardship, and in a sense, I feel like we've been training for 2020 and the pandemic, for the last ten years.

Everything we do is guided by the principle that we want to be here for a long time. What little money there is to be made in the restaurant business gets reinvested to bolster our chances for long term success. To that end, a few years ago we launched a new product line called Poulet Sans Tete, which is a rotisserie chicken concept designed primarily for delivery and take out. Having Poulet Sans Tete well established by March 2020, when the shut-downs were implemented city wide, enabled us to keep our restaurant open, let us keep a portion of our staff employed, and gave us a small revenue stream, enough to buy food, cover payroll and taxes, and pay a percentage of our monthly rent obligation. At a very scary time in the city, when public health had become something that we could no longer take for granted, when nearly every small business, and big business, and every restaurant in the city had closed, we were quietly doing the work that we set out to do; keeping our customers and neighbors and friends fed, and keeping our working family as secure as were able.

None of this has been easy. I feel like we've been reinventing the wheel every week for the last nine months and we still don't have a working wheel. The feeling of

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City Winery

Reborn at Pier 57, City Winery has found a breathtaking new home.

SEE PAGE 26

Birds of 2020

Finalists for the annual Milke Awards revealed.

SEE PAGE 28

Election Primer

Information about the primary election coming to the West Village in June.
Small Business Owner Appreciates Support

It was such an amazing experience to have met Karilyn Prisco, who immediately supported my small business at a local street bazaar on Bleeker and Carmine off 6th Avenue that has been running for over ten years. Most small businesses are struggling during this very intense pandemic and these opportunities really encourage us all to not give up. Businesses all around town have closed their shop’s doors, and it makes me feel so blessed and humbled to still be pushing through, amidst the odds in New York City 2020.

As a small business owner, with a staff of talented women, I want to send holiday cheer from all of us at MaisonLuxeBeaute. We are a beauty brand that features very special handmade products that are realistic and reusable over time.

My niece, a lawyer, who is my VP Sales & Marketing, is a future medical student who received a full scholarship to college. This was also very exciting news for her as well.

It feels so grand to go to the newstand and be able to pick up some copies to share with my family and friends over the 2020 holiday season.

Again, thank you Karilyn for noticing my work! Special thanks to the publisher, editors, and designers—thank you! Thank you! Thank you... Happy holidays. Please be safe and thank you all once again for this opportunity.

MaisonLuxeBeaute Staff—Shonna Harues, Hermoine Ricks, Alasia Ricks, Lopah Jocelyn

 Ramsey Clark on the LaRouche Case

I'd like to thank Bruce Poli for his short article about one of the pillars of the Village, Ramsey Clark, former Attorney General of the United States. He quoted Clark as saying “no one is listening.” I would like to encourage the readers of WestView News to listen to the words of Ramsey Clark about the case of the American political figure Lyndon LaRouche, who passed away in 2019 at the age of 96.

LaRouche campaigned for the U.S. Presidency eight times, starting in 1976, when he ran as a U.S. Labor Party candidate, and subsequently for the Democratic Party nomination. In 1980, LaRouche was advocating the development of laser defense against nuclear missiles, and had a conversation with Ronald Reagan at a debate, which ultimately resulted in President Reagan’s March 1983 speech in which he announced the “Strategic Defense Initiative” to make nuclear weapons “impotent and obsolete.”

This commitment by Reagan, and the fact that LaRouche associates were winning major Democratic Presidential election victories around the nation (like in Illinois in 1986) led to the targeting of LaRouche by a combination of Bush Family operators in the Department of Justice—like William Weld, major news media, like NBC, the New York Times and the Washington Post, and Wall Street weapons dealers like John Tram, who hosted a meeting with major media representatives to create a narrative based on the phrase “political extremist Lyndon LaRouche.”

Finally, in 1989, LaRouche was convicted on phony charges of “mail fraud,” and “conspiracy” and sentenced to 15 years in prison.

After a dozen of his associates were also railroaded into prison, with exemplary draconian sentences (77 years for Michael Billington, 86 years for Rochelle Ascher) in order to terrify others into pleading guilty and destroying LaRouche’s movement.

Enter Ramsey Clark

It turned out that this political witch hunt had been noticed by former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, who became LaRouche’s attorney on the appeal. Clark wrote in a 1995 letter to then-Attorney General Janet Reno, about the LaRouche case, “I bring this matter to you directly, because I believe it involves a broader range of deliberate and systematic misconduct and abuse of power over a longer period of time in an effort to destroy a political movement and leader, than any other federal prosecution in my time or to my knowledge.”

In a hearing of the Commission to Investigate Human Rights Violations, also in 1995 in Virginia, Clark said, “But in what was a complex and pervasive utilization of law enforcement, prosecution, media, and non-governmental organizations focussed on destroying an enemy, this [LaRouche] case must be number one. There are some, where the government itself may have made done more and more wrongfully over a period of time; but the very networking and combination of federal, state, and local agencies, of Executive and even some Legislative and Judicial branches, of major media and minor local media, and of influential lobbyist types, the ADL [Anti-Defamation League]—pre-eminently, this case takes the prize.

“The purpose can only be seen as destroying—more than a political movement, more than a political figure—it is those two, but it’s a fertile engine of ideas, a common purpose of thinking and studying and analyzing to solve problems, regardless of the impact on the status quo, or on vested interests. It was a deliberate purpose to destroy that at any cost...”

“In the LaRouche case, they’re book people...They had publishing houses go... Important publications. Non-profit stuff. This is what they were about: ideas, information, social change. Meeting the needs of human people all over the world, humanity all over the world. We’re going to have a billion more people before the end of this millennium, century, decade, and the vast majority, 80%, are going to have beautiful, darker skin. And they’re going to live short lives, short lives of sickness, hunger, pain, ignorance, and violence, unless we act radically. And these books have ideas. Some will work, some won’t work, but they’re ideas. They can be “tested in the marketplace,” as we used to say.

“And the government came in with a false bankruptcy claim, against a non-profit publishing house, and shut ‘em down! What’s the First Amendment worth? ‘We’ll silence you, you’ll have no books out there.’”

Ramsey Clark also warned that if the LaRouche case were allowed to stand, that it would set a precedent of injustice which would haunt the United States for generations to come. That is now clear with the cases of whistle-blowers and journalists like Ed Snowden and Julian Assange, who may die in a British prison for his “crime” of telling the truth about war crimes committed by Anglo-American governments... If the American people would like to be allowed the simple right of making our own decisions, and not heeded into wild conspiracy theories about Russia and China hacking elections and everything else, in pre-war propaganda, and if we like to stop being spied on and targeted by social media manipulators, LaRouche must be finally exonerated. I know Ramsey Clark would agree.

—Diane Sare

Praise for WestView

Contributor Carol Yost

WestView’s Carol Yost frequently writes to the Daily News’ Voice of the People Page. A recent exchange offered praise for Carol’s writing. Congratulations Carol!

Voice John Collella wrote a response to the op-ed by Isaac Zaur (“It’s 40 years in prison enough?” Nov. 23) with the brutal demand for the inmate, Tommy Nelson, to “rot and die in prison” for his part in a robbery during which a fellow criminal shot off-duty police officer Anthony Abruzzo to death.

He calls Isaac Zaur a “shyster lawyer” because he appeals for mercy to be shown to this inmate. Perhaps Collella knew Anthony Abruzzo. Nothing can bring back this murdered officer—man, person, father, husband—even if Nelson could be jailed for 1,000 years.

But the purpose of prison is to be a deterrent for crime and to try to serve the greater good. Nelson could now do the world a whole lot more good if he could live a useful life outside of prison after 40 years of agonizing over the crime. It could seem insensitive, but under the circumstances, I think 40 years is already too long. Nelson is repentant. The purpose of his sentence has been more than accomplished. We gain nothing.

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Livable Streets Part III: Where They Are Headed

By Barry Benepe

In the earlier part of this series, I pointed out how our former Transportation Commissioner Janette Sadik-Khan advanced the design and use of streets to make them more pedestrian friendly. An excellent example was the reclaiming of the east side of Broadway above 17th Street for cafe tables and green plantings. In this segment we will experience streets as a fundamental aspect of urban design and settings for architecture.

When the Commissioners established the 1811 Manhattan grid, they did much more than direct traffic. They established the constraints under which buildings would be built with side yards, rear yards and front yards from which they would obtain light and air. In addition they would be laying out the gravitational grid to carry away the liquid and solid wastes generated by these buildings and providing the drinking and washing water used by them along with communication lines, electric, gas and steam power.

The final and most expressive power of the street is in the architecture which shapes them. Speaking at “Streetscapes For Wellness,” sponsored by the Fine Arts Federation of NY on December 2, Erick Gregory, a member of the NYC Planning Commission said, “The interaction of buildings with streets is where we can do more planting.” Josh Langham, a member of the NYC Department of Health and Mental Hygiene added, “Being outside in the open is the only option for personal interaction with others.” The strongest example of this is the no longer existing Park Avenue, which in 1922 was truly a park, without steel walls of parked motor vehicles. May it one day revert to its one-time beauty.

Streets along rivers, free of parked cars, clearly define the water edge. Battery Park City and the Hudson River Park both powerfully express the river edge of the city. These are most powerfully expressed where Paris borders the Seine River where waterfront cafes abound and pedestrians lounge on the pavements, like minnows lying on the side of a sleeping whale. Freed of the free parking by private motor vehicles, public streets are safer to cross allowing clear views of on-coming motor vehicles. Vehicle speed can be slowed by curving streets as is done by NYC-DOT in their Shared Streets designs.

Our streets of the future will turn back the clock to undo the rubbing out of the city's natural forms. We will leave the peace and tranquility of our indoor homes for the peace and tranquility of our outdoor rooms, where we will enjoy an informal association with others in a quiet landscaped environment, part street and part park (It is interesting that Frederick Law Olmsted, the co-designer with Calvert Vaux of Central Park, claims to have originated the word “park” to describe their Greensward). Free of parked cars, our outdoor public spaces will be free to flow seamlessly into each other.

As Janette Sadik-Khan summarized our challenge, “When I think of what streets will look like in the next two decades, I hope that the differences will be visible in the way that space is used, with more people walking on more attractive sidewalks landscaped with trees and greenery . . .”
Vaccines: What to Know

By Alec Pruchnicki, MD

There is a lot of information about the COVID vaccines coming out in the media, so let's sort out what's false, what's true, what's missing, and, most importantly, what we should be doing.

Be prepared for false information on social media, either from anti-vaxxers who are against almost all vaccines, well-meaning but misinformed individuals, or internet trolls who are posting clickbait horror stories to get your attention. Side effects from the vaccines are just that, side effects, and have to be put in perspective. A handful of allergic reactions, or brief side effects (low temperature, arm tenderness, malaise, etc.) have to be balanced against at least 325,000 dead as of this writing. The worst recent episode of vaccine side effects came in 1976 when 40 million Americans were vaccinated against a swine flu that was relatively mild. About 500 people developed Guillain-Barre syndrome, a severe post-viral paralysis, and 25-50 died. This side effect was labeled a catastrophe, but if the swine flu had been related to the 1918 flu, as originally thought, many more could have died.

What is true is the situation we're in. With 325,000 dead, and counting, and a mortality rate of 1-2 percent, this is no benign swine flu. It's not as bad as the 1918 flu, at least not yet, but it's serious enough that there is an immediate need for action.

 Masks, social distancing, and some level of lockdown can all contribute to reducing the spread of COVID, but effective vaccines are needed to eliminate the virus (or do so as much as possible). To achieve herd immunity by letting it run its course can result in millions of deaths before it naturally abates. The available vaccines: both Pfizer's and Moderna's have been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration and have been given emergency clearance based on the immediate need. The Centers for Disease Control, FDA, and numerous government health experts have been undermined by the Trump administration, but these sources of information are all that can be trusted other than the preliminary research of the drug companies themselves.

It would be wonderful if we had more information and more time.

This virus is new and has different characteristics from other respiratory viruses. There is a lot we don't know. Will the vaccines, or the natural immunity of people who have recovered from it, provide lifelong protection like the measles vaccine, life-time protection (or in a minority of cases, for a few years) like the pneumococcal pneumonia vaccine, or only one-year protection like the influenza vaccine? Will the inflammation that COVID produces permanently damage other organs in the body in ways we haven't discovered yet? Will there be residual damage to the lungs after the infection is gone, as there can be with encephalitis, or will there be no chronic damage? It might take a long time to answer these questions.

Meanwhile, what should we do? Most public health experts advocate getting the vaccine, any vaccine, as soon as possible. If there were unlimited doses available and lots of time, we could plan more carefully, balance one vaccine's benefits and drawbacks vs. another's, and have everything in place like the polio vaccination programs of the 1950s and 1960s or the New York City smallpox vaccination program of 1947 (look it up). Also, although there will inevitably be more side effects (both expected and newly discovered) as millions of people are vaccinated, consider the newly discovered problems in the context of the already rampant disease and deaths.

According to the planned schedule, if there are no significant shortages of supply, I will probably be getting the Pfizer vaccine by the first week in January and will be giving it to my patients as soon as possible. I wish I had more time to review all the new findings about the disease, the vaccines, and the other environmental modifications being used to contain it. But after losing several patients, and almost losing a dozen more, I don't think this is the time for quiet rumination. Get the vaccine when it becomes available to you unless your physician or public health guidelines give you a significant reason not to do so. And if you don't want it, good luck.

Pandemic Profiles: Who Are the Contact Tracers?

By Drew Davis

Now that our newspaper's founder George Capsis has been infected with COVID-19, the pandemic has hit close to home. He then got a call out of the blue from the NYC Test & Trace Corps, something any New Yorker can expect after a positive test or recent contact with the virus. Contact tracers in this organization hold an interesting job, spending each day engaging in personal conversations with complete strangers and reaching every corner of the city from makeshift workshops constructed in their apartments. And they've accomplished a lot in the last few months.

Contact tracers speaking more than 40 languages have reached 100,000 people that tested positive for COVID-19 and more than 125,000 people who may have been in contact with someone who was infected. And the work is paying off—96% of contacts in recent weeks report not having left home since being called, according to NYC Health + Hospitals test and trace data metrics and demographic data.

To find out exactly who these new public health workers are, I interviewed Jessica Morris from the NYC Test & Trace Corps. See highlights from our conversation below for a look into the reality that she and thousands of other contact tracers have been living in order to keep our city safe.

“Of the most impressive parts of the organization is that we do all come from different backgrounds, and back in late April and May, we all said ‘I can shift gears, hop into action, and do this work.’”

Nine months ago, the NYC Test & Trace Corps didn’t exist. When COVID-19 burst into existence, it brought with it a sudden, immense need for contact tracing as quickly as humanly possible. Contact tracers came from all walks of life—Jessica was trained in fine art and architecture—and dropped what they were doing to virtually immerse themselves in the sea of New Yorkers who, knowingly or unknowingly, had been exposed to COVID-19. And that breadth of backgrounds has been so important.

“Having an understanding of the range of people living in New York is so important when doing this work—knowing the diverse and incredibly variously challenged composition of the public.”

Contact tracers face an immediate hurdle. Human evolution, having focused on eating, sleeping, and surviving for cons, turned its attention towards avoiding telemarketers—and unexpected calls from strangers are viewed with suspicion. But to do their job, contact tracers must quickly form a connection with someone on the other end of the line, as if they’re running into them on the street. The vast diversity of backgrounds in the organization allows them to meet people where they are (metaphorically). Coming into a conversation already aware of the resources and obstacles faced by different types of New Yorkers helps contact tracers lay out feasible plans and advice.

The NYC Test & Trace Corps materialized so quickly because they were built on a foundation that was already there. Thousands of individuals who’ve spent decades working for their communities in a variety of different ways were ready to help. Seeing a need for their specific skills and their knowledge of the myriad different people in this city, this public health force was born overnight. While we do what we can to keep COVID-19 at bay, rest assured that our contact tracers are watching out for us.

Drew Davis has been writing for WestView News for the last year. During the day, he is a medical student.
What I Wanted for Christmas Was a Vaccine

By Roger Paradiso

“You’ll know when you get the vaccine, but that also tells you it’s working and that your body is responding,” former FDA Commissioner Dr. Margaret Hamburg told CNBC.

She was speaking about the two incredible vaccines that have emerged just in time—thanks to a massive mobilization of government and private money, and public and private research and ingenuity.

These two vaccines, the Pfizer and Moderna, are the first serious threats to the survival of COVID-19 as a pandemic. Perhaps others will be developed in the coming months and provide enough coverage for the entire world before the summer is over. For our country this is a welcome sign.

Currently, we are losing the war against COVID-19. More than 18.8 million cases have been reported in the U.S. and more than 331 thousand people have died. The disease will not go away on its own as some have said. It will battle us until we kill it or at least beat it back towards extinction.

How do we defeat infectious diseases? We find a vaccine which protects us from getting the virus, or at the least keeps us from dying. And we vaccinate at least 70 percent of the world’s population.

Are we willing to subject ourselves to a new vaccine? Fifty-eight percent of Americans in the latest Gallup poll said they would get a COVID-19 vaccine, up from a low of 50 percent in September. So, what are the concerns of the remaining 42 percent? Let’s do a quick review of the history of modern vaccination before we address that concern.

Flu vaccines are usually 50-80 percent successful in keeping us from getting the flu, which kills 25-70 thousand (mostly elderly) people a year in the USA alone.

The 1918 Spanish Flu caused the most severe pandemic in recorded history. It was caused by an H1N1 virus. According to the CDC, an estimated 500 million people (a third of the world’s population contracted the virus and at least 50 million people died (675,000 in the United States).

Did you know that the AIDS virus has infected more than 70 million people and about 35 million have died since the late 1980’s according to the World Health Organization? Do you think the families of the 35 million dead would want a vaccine? Today, the disease rages the third world and there is no cure. There is an antiviral drug that manages the disease, and if treated early, most afflicted with AIDS can live a normal life by taking the medication.

So, when the FDA, doctors, and regulatory agencies from around the world say we have two vaccines ready to go that are over 94 percent effective, we should cheer. We should cheer like those parents did when Dr. Salk and Dr. Sabin developed effective polio vaccines back in the 1950s. I remember going to the playground in grade school and being given a sugar cube with the Sabin vaccine.

At this point, 23 million people around the world have died of polio, according to the USDA. But it has been almost completely eradicated across the globe by vaccination. Nevertheless, there are people who are still skeptical, and they should be. Without dissent we cannot argue the efficacy of these vaccines.

You should know that both Pfizer and Moderna have finished Phase 3 of the trials, with over 60 million people given the vaccine or the placebo. Pfizer’s and Moderna’s vaccines proved to be more than 94 percent effective in preventing symptomatic COVID-19, according to data from large-scale clinical trials.

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Being Black Isn’t a Crime

It was almost Christmas Eve when I sat down to write my last WestView News piece for 2020. I have a habit of glancing at my NYTimes feed numerous times a day, as this crazy year dishes up new news by the minute. I saw a report, for the first time, that a young Black man named Andre Maurice Hill had been shot in the garage of his home by a White police officer in Columbus, Ohio. The cops had gone to his house because a concerned neighbor called to report that Hill had been sitting in his car, in the garage, with his engine on for a half-hour. A video cam that the officer was wearing showed Officer Adam Coy, a 19-year veteran, approaching the garage with another officer and shining a flashlight inside. A vehicle and Mr. Hill are in the garage. Mr. Hill gets out of the car, holding a cellphone in his left hand, and walks slowly toward the officers. The video has no sound initially.

Within seconds, Officer Coy pulled his gun and opened fire. Mr. Hill fell to the ground. Then, the audio recording started. Officer Coy, still pointing his gun, ordered Mr. Hill to put his hands to his side and roll onto his stomach. “Don’t f—n move, dude,” Officer Coy said as he patted down a groaning Mr. Hill. “Roll over, dude.” Mr. Hill did not roll over. No first aid was administered. He was dead.

2020 will be “best” remembered as the Year of the Pandemic. The year when a president who took little responsibility for fighting COVID-19 will be remembered (among other reasons) as being responsible for more deaths (in the US) than any other president in US history. But in late May, as COVID-19 cases temporarily started to decline, we were distracted for six weeks by the killing of George Floyd by a cop in Minneapolis. Demonstrations by angry protestors ensued for weeks, some violent, and for a few weeks 80 percent of Americans supported the Black Lives Matter movement. We saw streets painted, Confederate monuments toppled, and hand-wringing confessions by the media, government officials, schools, and business leaders that the US still suffered from systemic racism, a scar dating back to the days when our country was founded on an economy dependent on enslavement of Africans.

Here in New York, demonstrators were often terrorized by the very cops they were protesting against. A recent dispassionate Department of Investigations report found that the police response tactics heightened tensions and only served to exacerbate anger, without real supervision or consequence. A big debate occurred in late June as demonstrators camped outside City Hall, demanding, without much success, that the NYPD be “defunded.”

Race was discussed every day, everywhere, for a few months. And then, as some of my friends in Black Lives Matter predicted, much of that discussion dissipated. So, Andre Hill was shot on December 22, 2020 in Columbus, there were some protests there, but little was said elsewhere. And, yes, although 3,000 Americans a day were dying from COVID-19, the response was massively quiet.

There are two big themes which we need to draw out of 2020. The first is the woeful inadequacy of our healthcare system. It remains a profit-making machine, led by mega-hospitals and behemoth insurance companies. Our only local hospital in Lower Manhattan, Beth Israel, had 400 beds in mothballs until Penny Mintz and I published what the hospital called a “publicity stunt” outside their front door on March 19th. Then they opened the beds, and now say those beds will remain available. But the system must be fixed; and profit-making must be taken out of healthcare.

The second theme is race, and its role in our society. And not just the need to be self-reflective and wring our hands. The emphasis during this past June must be revived. The NY Times recently pointed out (December 4, 2020, Why Did Racial Progress Stall in America?) that every time advances occur, the body-politic in the US reacts negatively—part of the explanation for Trump getting 75 million votes. It is shameful that in our democracy, race still determines so much—educational success, employment, healthcare, housing, and how one is treated by the police.

I am a big believer in public safety. I have a wife and two teenage daughters, and I worry—not just about COVID—every time they leave the house. But the money we allocate to the NYPD does not all have to go there. Police should not be asked to address every ill facing our society, especially when the overheating approach is not to solve a problem but to address its symptoms violently. Only two percent of the US population has untreated mental illness, but 25 percent of police shootings involve people with mental illness. There are 10 times more mentally ill people in prison than in psychiatric hospitals. We spend too much money attacking the symptoms rather than addressing the root causes. The NYPD budget in New York is close to $8 billion, more than the combined budgets of the Departments of Health, Homeless Services, and Youth and Community Development combined. NYC spends more on the NYPD than on building affordable housing; and our schools are woefully underfunded. What we need to focus on is to address systemic racism—housing, education, and healthcare—suffering because we spend too much on sending armed uniformed officers to deal with problems that they should not be addressing.

This is not a condemnation of all cops. As a labor lawyer I have represented law enforcement unions (court officers and traffic agents) and individuals in law enforcement (at the Port Authority). The problem is that there is no leadership at the top to make things better. I was a big supporter of Bill de Blasio in 2013, but his leadership this year has been disastrous. So too has been the absence of leadership from our City Council member and Speaker Corey Johnson, who seems to have disappeared from sight. None of these leaders have had a plan. In 2013 de Blasio ended Bloomberg’s “stop and frisk” program that saw one in 10 Black men in NYC stopped by a cop every year. But that was it. And Corey’s plan? He did more to promote bike lanes than NYPD reform.

I am running for City Council, with the support of Black Lives Matter. I do not want to “defund the police.” I want to “reimagine the police.” Doing that is critical to our city’s future. Look at my website and read about it; www.arthurfornyc.com.

And, as we start 2021, do not forget about George Floyd—or Andre Maurice Hill. We really have not come very far since the day a cop put his knee on George Floyd’s neck and killed him.

Arthur Schwartz is the Democratic District Leader in Greenwich Village, and a candidate for the New York City Council in the district encompassing Greenwich Village, Chelsea, and Hell’s Kitchen.

What I Learned Navigating a Community Organization During a Pandemic

By David Siffert

I was, until a few weeks ago, president of the Village Independent Democrats. I served from December 13, 2018 through December 10, 2020. During that time, the State Legislature passed election reform, housing reform, and more. The city amended its charter. We elected a new president. And we faced a pandemic.

Community organizations like VID are, fundamentally, about the people. VID is one of the last Democratic clubs to retain a physical clubhouse, and we kick off political activities with a party every year, with a header image reading “RESIST HATE, RESIST CRUELTY, RESIST CORRUPTION.” As we start 2021, do not forget George Floyd, or Andre Maurice Hill. SELFIE photo by Arthur Schwartz.

Community organizations like VID are, fundamentally, about the people. VID is one of the last Democratic clubs to retain a physical clubhouse, and we kick off political activities with a party every year. The learning process continues, even as the COVID vaccine is distributed. COVID is raging harder than ever, and we need to keep up the good work as a community in a way that will ensure we will all be here to celebrate the holidays next year and beyond.
"I've been an NYC activist labor lawyer for more than 3 decades. Helping other New Yorkers has been my life's mission and that's the leadership I will bring to City Council."

www.ArthurForNYC.com
Participate as We Cover Local Elections

By Frank Quinn

Last month, WestView News contributor Penny Mintz wrote an informative article on the upcoming 2021 city council elections, providing essential information about local races that probably won’t receive much attention in the larger citywide press. Interestingly, Ms. Mintz is an active supporter of one particular candidate, a fact she dutifully noted, yet her piece included valuable reporting on all candidates for the benefit of every voter in Downtown Manhattan.

One report concerned a November forum with the declared Democratic candidates for District 3, video which can be found on YouTube. Regrettably, the video hasn’t had many views, indicating a pittance of voters benefiting from an opportunity to learn about some (and probably all) of the candidates competing for the office being vacated by Cory Johnson who is term-limited.

The Democratic primary on June 22nd may well determine who wins this office, given the absence of any Republican candidates. While many in the heavily Democratic district may find this appealing, they should contemplate how it can impact their preferred candidate. For example, consider two local officeholders in contiguous districts:

The 27th State Senate District shares much of the same territory as City Council District 3. During the 2020 primary season there were 203,485 active voters, 68 percent of whom were Democrats. Only party members can vote in New York primaries; Brad Hoylman defeated his primary opponent with 35 percent Democratic turnout, and then ran unopposed in the November election.

The 66th Assembly District also overlaps City Council District 3. Its last primary was in 2016, when Deborah Glick defeated her opponent with less than nine percent Democratic turnout and then ran unopposed that November.

These numbers reveal a confounding aspect of local elections when polls win office based on primaries with low party turnout, leaving voters to suspect their victories may be insubstantial.

We tried to make a similar point about Deborah Glick in 2020 when she faced a neophyte Republican challenger. She was heavily favored in the race but still declined our invitations to provide an interview on the issues or to debate her opponent. Glick won the election handily, but we question her strategy. By denying her constituents the opportunity to hear her answer questions on important issues, she leaves herself vulnerable to a lack of public confidence.

WestView News is committed to reporting for the benefit of the public, including candidates and their constituencies. If you believe in this mission you can help by sending an email to Participate@WestViewNews.org.

VID Endorses City Council Candidates

Village Independent Democrats (VID) has endorsed Erik Bottcher, Chris Marte, and Carlina Rivera to represent Lower Manhattan in the City Council.

The endorsement votes took place after the candidates addressed VID’s membership and the public at a virtual forum at the club’s December general meeting. More than 120 members of the community attended the forum.

In the “main event” of the evening, Erik Bottcher, who has been an active member of VID and until last week served as Chief of Staff to City Council President Corey Johnson, got 71 of the 79 votes VID cast for City Council District 3. Johnson currently holds that seat but is term-limited from running again.

The other five contenders for the seat declined to participate in the forum, but District Leader Arthur Schwartz won six votes, while Marni Halasa got one. Leslie Boghosian Murphy, Phelan-Dante Fitzpatrick, and Aleta LaFargue did not receive any votes.

Originally from upstate New York, Erik began his career in public service in 2009 as the LGBTQ & HIV/AIDS Community Liaison at the New York City Council. As Governor Andrew Cuomo’s LGBTQ Community Liaison, he helped lead the fight for marriage equality in New York State. During the pandemic, he has worked tirelessly to build a network to ensure the safety and well-being of seniors, organizing food drives and a campaign to clean the Chelsea community.

“VID is a legendary force for progressive change and to have their support means the world to me,” he said. “I’ve learned so much at VID over the years about activism and how to fight for the causes we believe in, and win. Our city is hurting right now, and things may get worse before they get better, but I know that if we come together and fight for our convictions, we will make it through these dark times and build a brighter future.”

The Club endorsed Chris Marte, for City Council of District 1. “I am honored and excited to have the support of Village Independent Democrats. They are as committed to policy as they are to voter outreach,” he said afterwards. “As a club, they have been dedicated advocates for immigrant justice, tenants’ rights, and the environment. I have deep respect for so many of their members, and know that together we are going to lead Lower Manhattan into a better future.”

Chris got 55 votes. District Leader Jenny Low came in second with nine. Gigi Li followed with six, Maud Maron two, and Tiffany Winburn one.

Chris was born and raised in the Lower East Side, where he stacked cans in his dad’s bodega and attended local public schools. After working at IBM, he served on the Young Professionals Board of Defy Ventures, at which he helped formerly incarcerated people start their own businesses. He has also served as a legal researcher at an immigration law firm and as the New York State Director at Arena to train political candidates and campaign staffs.

Carlina Rivera, who is running for re-election unopposed, got the Club’s endorsement for City Council District 2. “I want to thank the Village Independent Democrats for supporting me for re-election,” she said. “This organization is known for promoting progressive candidates and causes, and I look forward to continuing to work on our shared goals of housing rights, justice reform, education equity, and gun violence prevention into my next term.”

Carlina was born and raised in the Lower East Side by a single mother from Puerto Rico, and began her career as an organizer working on behalf of seniors and homeless people in the community in which she still lives. Since joining the City Council in 2017, she has focused on a wide range of issues, including housing, transportation, and small business, health care, and gender equity.

As part of its general meeting, VID also elected its new executive leadership. In a break from tradition, the club will now have a co-presidency: Cameron Krause and Mar Fitzgerald will lead the club for the next year, while Lauren Esposito, Jonathan Geballe, and Patricia Laraia will serve as vice presidents.

Village Independent Democrats is known for the energy and enthusiasm of its membership and for providing forums for lively debate on contentious issues. One of the oldest reform political clubs—and among the most influential—in New York City, VID represents much of City Council District 3, which includes the West Village, and portions of Districts 2 and 3, which includes parts of the East Village and Chinatown.

VID holds its monthly meetings every third Thursday from 6:30-9:30. During the pandemic, its meetings and special events are being held virtually. Visit the club’s website, villageDemocrats.org, to learn more about the organization and its upcoming events.
It’s Just Politics

By Penny Mintz

A retraction is in order. Contrary to what was reported here last month, the Downtown Independent Democrats had never declined to endorse Carlina Rivera in her bid for re-election to the City Council in District #2. On the contrary, at their meeting on December 7, 2020, DID enthusiastically endorsed Rivera. They also endorsed Erik Bottcher for City Council in District #3.

These endorsements occurred one month after the DID candidate forum that took place in November, during which the six candidates in District #3 and Rivera in District #2 had the opportunity to fully discuss their positions on numerous issues.

On December 10, 2020, just three days after the meeting at which DID made its Districts 2 and 3 endorsements, the Village Independent Democrats held a candidate forum and endorsement meeting.

The VID meeting was very different from the two candidate debates held in November. Besides the one conducted by DID, a candidate forum had been co-hosted by Progressive Action of Lower Manhattan, a chapter of the New York Progressive Action Network, and by the 504 Democratic Club, a city-wide political club that focuses on the needs of people with disabilities. After a two-minute opening statement, the candidates at the PALM/504 forum were allotted one minute to answer each of eight questions. The questions had been prepared by the moderator, State Assembly Member Harvey Epstein. None of the candidates had advance knowledge of the questions, and the clock started running after each question was asked. Each candidate, therefore, spoke a total of eleven minutes, which included a one-minute closing statement.

At the VID meeting, where many more candidates were interviewed, each candidate had a two-minute opening statement and then answered three questions. The questions and answers were allotted five minutes. So the candidates were left with less than three minutes for their answers. Under these circumstances, says Arthur Schwartz, who is a candidate for City Council in District #3, five of the six District #3 candidates believed that the format was not one where they would have a fair opportunity to present themselves.

In addition, the five other District #3 candidates believed that the VID decision was a foregone conclusion because Erik Bottcher was a member of the VID executive committee. Accordingly, the five candidates made a group decision to decline to participate and, as a group, prepared a statement explaining their decision.

The five District #3 candidates assigned Schwartz to read the group-prepared statement during the time that Schwartz was given to make his presentation at VID’s elected District Leader. Several VID members were incensed with the candidates’ statement. Some expressed their belief that this was a political stunt. Others pointed out that the five non-appearing candidates had missed an opportunity to present themselves to the more-than 100 people in attendance at the meeting.

In the end, VID endorsed Bottcher. On the same night, December 10th, PALM voted to endorse Arthur Schwartz in District #3 and Carlina Rivera in District #2.

Michael Schweinsburg, president of the 504 Dems, reported that the 504 membership has not yet voted on whom to endorse. The members want to see answers to a written questionnaire before they make their decision. However, the 504 Dems’ screening panel recommended endorsing Schwartz in CD #3. The vote was five to one. The screening panel voted four to one with one abstention to recommend endorsing Rivera in CD #2.

Upcoming this month, on Tuesday, January 19th, PALM, the 504 Dems, and other NYPAN chapters are co-hosting a meeting about the COVID vaccine. The rollout of the vaccine, hesitancy and myths about taking it, and equity are among the issues that will be discussed. As of this writing, the speakers are City Council Member Mark Levine, chair of the Health Committee, Anthony Feliciano, director of the Commission on the Public’s Health System, and Cherisse Berry, Associate Trauma Medical Director at Bellevue and Assistant Professor of Surgery at NYU. There will be ample time to ask questions of the speakers. You can find the Zoom access to this event by checking out the Facebook page of PALM or of the 504 Democratic Club.

GREENWICH VILLAGE LEGENDS

Martin Berger:
Progressive West Village Champion

By Bruce Poli

Martin Berger, one of the founders of the Downtown Independent Democrats, Vice President of Village Independent Democrats, and a great advocate of civil rights, was a progressive attorney who had West Village values written all over him. And for the West Village he loved, he did great good.

The DID and VID, iconic progressive political clubs, were formed in the 1960s to transfer power from political bosses and the party to the people in the communities of downtown New York. They stood up for low-income housing, neighborhood preservation, quiet accessible street life—two examples were the closing off of Washington Square Park to traffic and the resistance to building a superhighway through the South Village.

These are hallmarks of West Village history that define our neighborhood and make it one of the most desirable communities in New York. As for political stands, the members of the DID and VID backed Adlai Stevenson for president and campaigned for him on street corners.

A longtime advocate of affordable housing and gay rights before it was popular, Martin Berger actually advanced his first amendment principles way beyond a protected area.…

It was 1960 and George Lincoln Rockwell, founder of the American Nazi Party, was in a debate with Berger, who was Jewish. Rockwell told him that he “seem[ed] like a good Jew, so I will give you a trial before executing you when I take power.” “So, I offered to the ACLU that I would defend his right to free speech if he ever needed it,” Berger told the New York Post. “I don’t agree with anything this man says, but he has a right to hold unpopular beliefs.” Thus began a series of dialogues which transfixed audiences and cost him friends, but as a principled progressive, he stood for the human rights afforded all Americans.

According to the New Jersey Jewish News 2/18/66: Berger, a volunteer American Civil Liberties Union attorney who has appeared on behalf of unpopular causes in the past, was the target of sharp criticism from some Jews for his action. Two clients fired him after he got back to his office, and the telephone rang throughout the day with callers denouncing him. Berger said he never got a chance to explain to them why he defended Rockwell or that more than 30 of his own relatives died in the Nazi extermination apparatus in Europe. When he left the courthouse, he was berated by some for being not much less than a traitor to the Jewish people. A Jewish lawyer deliberately spat on the sidewalk as Berger spoke to reporters. A gentle youth passing by said, “Look at him, he puts down his own kind.”

Berger’s was a humanitarian stance unique to the progressive West Village character. Our community has always represented the great ideas, values, and visions of the American spirit and its optimistic and creative view of human life and democratic society.

As a district leader, Martin led the fight for affordable housing in the creation of the extensive West Village Housing development along Washington Street in the 1960s. He fought alongside Jane Jacobs against Robert Moses’ Lower Manhattan Expressway, which would have destroyed a large part of South Greenwich Village and Soho.

Later in life, Martin and his wife Keen (see WVN 8/2014) bought a beach house in Saltaire on storied Fire Island where he became the beloved mayor. He also became an avid gardener, devoted to flowers and seaside plantings. At his Judson Church memorial in January 2003, the following tribute was read: “The board and staff of Settlement Housing Fund are saddened by the loss of Martin M. Berger, indefatigable housing lawyer and passionate advocate. We miss his humor, pragmatic wisdom and friendship” (Carol, Clara, and Susan).

Half a century after these historic roots, downtown New York still leads progressive politics in America. As the saying goes, Greenwich Village is where “America happens first.”

Thank you, Martin Berger, for your leadership for a progressive America.
James E. Murphy, Consultant

Jim Murphy was an accomplished fundraising professional with more than 30 years of experience in leading fundraising operations, creating strategic initiatives, and securing substantial contributions and public support for educational institutions and not-for-profit organizations. In addition, he was engaged on the frontlines of major political campaigns in the United States and abroad.

Clients included Columbia University’s Summer Research Program for Second-
ary School Science Teachers; Workforce Opportunity Services (WOS), a national social venture enterprise focused on reducing poverty through education and job creation; NJ SEEDS, a Newark, NJ organization that prepares motivated, high-achieving, low-income students for admission to private schools and leading colleges across the country; National Action Council for Minorities in Engineering (NACME); National Academies of Sciences, Engineering, and Medicine; Inter-American Dialogue.

University and education associations included the National University of Ireland, Maynooth; Polytechnic Institute (NYU Tandon School of Engineering); University of Canterbury, New Zealand; University of Texas at El Paso; the Luther Henderson Scholarship Fund at Juilliard.

Murphy served in Ireland for two years as chief executive of the Maynooth University Foundation where he directed philanthropic activities for the National University of Ireland, Maynooth. He established the university’s first foundation office, supporting the Campaign for Maynooth—an ambitious $100 million building program that transformed an historic campus with more than two centuries of national education prominence into a modern secular university that, today, serves 14,000 students. While there, he was instrumental in creating innovative partnerships to advance academic programs in history and historic preservation, music, theater, and science and engineering, and in fostering vigorous fundraising relationships with alumni and the Maynooth community.

Earlier, Murphy spent eight years as Vice President for Institutional Advancement at NACME, a U.S. non-profit corporation focused on engineering education and science and technology policy. NACME offers the nation’s largest private engineering scholarship program for economically disadvantaged students. During his tenure, the organization achieved record contributions (providing annual scholarship support for more than 1,000 students nationwide), established groundbreaking fundraising partnerships, and provided support for visionary awareness programs for primary and secondary school students and their parents, including Math is Power, a multi-million-dollar public service advertising campaign developed with the Ad Council. Murphy was liaison officer to NACME’s board of directors, comprised of senior executives from leading global corporations and university presidents, and provided management support for its development and governance committees. During his term of office, NACME was recognized with a White House Presidential Award for Excellence and a U.S. Department of Labor EPIC Award, given for institutional leadership in advancing engineering education and enhancing career opportunities for minorities and women.

Previously, Murphy was Deputy Executive Director of the Citizens Committee for New York City, a citywide support organization for neighborhood and block associations, where he was responsible for one of New York’s most prestigious annual fundraising dinners, creating a model for New York’s first million-dollar events. Earlier, he was Director of Development for the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, the largest federation of social service agencies in New York City. Murphy began his career in the Peace Corps, first as a volunteer secondary school teacher in Sierra Leone, West Africa, and subsequently as a recruiting and public affairs officer in Washington D.C. Since then, he had consulted on public affairs, fundraising and institutional advancement, and program planning with leading education and public service organizations including the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), Association of Governing Boards of Universities and Colleges (ACGB), National Urban Coalition, Project HOPE, VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America), and the Washington Urban League. He worked in senior positions in election campaigns for national and international political figures and as a volunteer fundraising consultant for a variety of community and education organizations including Rice High School in Harlem, New York. Murphy served for three years on the National Science Foundation (NSF) Advisory Board for Institutional Transformation and Faculty Diversity at the University of Texas, El Paso, now a Carnegie ranked top-tier doctoral university.

A native of New York City, James Murphy earned a BA degree in history from Manhattan College. He lived in Manhattan, and had dual US/EU citizenship (Ireland).
From Ancient Sparta to Modern Denmark: The Rationalization of Eugenics

By Anastasia Kaliabakos

Humankind has grappled with the ethics of eugenics for millennia. The practice can be traced, famously, back to ancient Sparta, which was revered for its military prowess and position as one of the most powerful city-states in all of Greece. The philosophy of selective breeding was promoted by the philosopher Plato, who suggested in The Republic that human reproduction should be overseen and controlled by the state, which would institute a system that would pair “high-numbered” people (or people with conventionally desired or advantageous characteristics) with other high-numbered people. He believed this would lead to the improvement of the human race. The Spartans, who valued human strength required for their militias, embraced this notion. In Sparta the city elders would inspect newborn babies, deciding whether they were worthy of life or death. Often, the babies who were deemed unfit for life would be the disabled or “weaker” children who were typically left out to die, exposed to the elements. (Plutarch wrote that these infants were left at the foot of the Taygetus mountain range, whose peak was dedicated to Zeus. Other civilizations (most notably the Roman Republic) also followed a similar system, but the Spartans are the most well-known for it. Adolf Hitler considered Sparta the first “Völkisch state” and praised it for the practice of infanticide.

In the December issue of The Atlantic, Sarah Zhang published an article entitled, “The Last Children of Down Syndrome.” This piece discusses prenatal testing for Down Syndrome, among other genetic “defects,” in Denmark and its relation to abortion. According to Zheng’s article, over 95 percent of parents who receive a positive Down Syndrome diagnosis elect to abort their children, resulting in a very disturbing statistic from 2019 that only 18 children with Down Syndrome were born in Denmark that year (a country with a population of about 5.8 million in 2019).

Although Zhang attempts to be somewhat non-partisan in her presentation of what is happening in Denmark, giving both pros and cons to the debate surrounding this type of abortion, it is undeniable that her piece ultimately serves as a justification for what the country is doing to unborn children with Down Syndrome and may be regarded simply as support-ly-motivated eugenicist turned “feminist icon” Margaret Sanger did was incredibly wrong. Leaving a newborn out to die because of the “difficulty” they may pose to society is not ethical, so why is abortion based on prenatal disability testing any different?

My Uncle Hippocrates was born with severe cerebral palsy. As a son of two Greek immigrants, he has had to face countless challenges throughout his life. Unable to walk, use his hands, or even speak remotely clearly, he has been constantly put down by others who do not understand—or do not wish to understand—the great suffering he must endure. While he was growing up, my grandparents made limitless sacrifices to support him with therapy, doctor’s appointments, and handicap-accessible schools. Though he faced so much hardship and seemingly insurmountable obstacles, he pushed himself to his limits, determined to not let his God-given gift of life go to waste. Now, after years of tremendous work and having taken advantage of the opportunities bestowed upon him by living in the United States of America, he is a respected attorney for New York City and strives every day to better the world around him. In addition to that, my uncle motivates me every day to be the best possible person I can be. I am inspired by his humor, dedication, and love, and hope to one day be as influential as he is.

Living in a country that does not promote the idea of aborting a child simply because of a disability is a gift. Without my uncle I would be an entirely different person from who I am today, and the world would be a different place without him in it. Take a moment to think—how different would our world be if that 95 percent of Danish children with Down Syndrome were still here with us today?

Anastasia Kaliabakos is a graduate of the Brearley School and is currently a Presidential Scholar majoring in Classics at the College of the Holy Cross. She is a features editor for Holy Cross’ newspaper, The Spire, associate editor of the Parnassus Classical Journal, author of Milkshake: A Very Special Pony, recipient of the 2019 NYC Scholastic Writing Award, and an advocate for children with special needs. Anastasia has contributed to WestView News since 2018.
This month we have been reflecting on how some shops and restaurants have managed to be successful in these very difficult times. One example of a business that is doing well in spite of challenges is Sullivan Street Bakery. As restaurants closed and tried to control costs, Sullivan Street Bakery saw orders from them decrease, which meant they needed to find alternate consumers for their products. In December, we reported that they had opened small shops on Bleecker Street and in the East Village. They were able to do this because of lower rents being offered in these areas, and also because they have a large production facility in Hell's Kitchen where all the baking is done, so the little stores need minimal staffing. Now they have continued their expansion with a store on Sullivan Street, the street where the original bakery opened in 1994 (and remained there until 2000 when, after splitting with his business partner, founder Jim Lahey moved his operations to Hell's Kitchen). Another story involving a small storefront and a central commissary is Biryani Kitchen. It opened at 48 Greenwich Avenue (between Charles and Perry Streets) a couple of months ago in the space where Oaxaca Taqueria used to be, and they have just opened a second location in Tribeca. It turns out that a company purchased all the locations of Oaxaca Taqueria (there are currently 10 around New York City), and with the restaurants came a central kitchen in Brooklyn. The Greenwich Avenue location of Oaxaca Taqueria turned into Rip's Malt Shop, a short-lived vegan burger and ice-cream counter (which the owners admitted was a concept that needed a bit more work), and after that, re-opened as a storefront selling Biryani (Indian rice pilafs) for pick-up or delivery. The cooking is done at the central kitchen, so here too staffing is minimal. The restaurant group has also opened a barbeque spot in Brooklyn called Underground Barbecue, as well as a pizza shop featuring a novel leavening method, and a wine bar. Finally, Miznon, the Israeli “everything in a pita” restaurant at Chelsea Market opened an upper west side location last year, and recently opened a shop in Hudson Yards. The menu of grabbable sandwiches lends itself to takeout and delivery, and by early afternoon many items are already sold out.

In December we saw an almost equal number of openings and closings. Now that indoor dining has once again been banned, we worry about how restaurants will survive the winter, but were cheered to see bundled up brave souls continuing to eat outdoors.

Openings
West Village Knit & Needle, a new shop selling yarn, knitting supplies and needlepoint thread and patterns has opened at 225 West 10th Street between Bleecker and Hudson Streets. In-person classes are being offered, either private or group, with the group classes limited to two people to allow social distancing. Amano Café, a new coffee spot has opened at 172 West 4th Street at the corner of Jones Street. The name refers to the fact that the coffee is harvested and selected by hand. The beans come from Latin America and are roasted in New York. Baked goods are also available. Misha Nono is a US-based Bahraini fashion designer, and has opened a retail flagship store at 654 Hudson Street (at Gansevoort Street). She previously sold direct to consumer. On the window is emblazoned the logo: Empowered Women. Empower Women. A new Starbucks has opened at 678 Hudson Street (between 13th and 14th Streets) in the old Papyrus space. This is noteworthy only because recently many Starbucks in the city have closed. Death by Pizza is open at the corner spot at 44 9th Avenue at 14th Street. In addition to pizza, sandwiches, pasta and some side dishes are on offer. The eponymous pizza is topped with spicy Italian sausage, fresh mozzarella, ricotta, crushed red pepper, and basil. Ubreakifix, the electronics repair chain has replaced travel Mailboxes, etc. in a retail flagship store at 654 Hudson Street (at Gansevoort Street). She previously sold a retail flagship store at 654 Hudson Street (at Gansevoort Street). She previously sold direct to consumer. On the window is emblazoned the logo: Empowered Women. Empower Women. A new Starbucks has opened at 678 Hudson Street (between 13th and 14th Streets) in the old Papyrus space. This is noteworthy only because recently many Starbucks in the city have closed. Death by Pizza is open at the corner spot at 44 9th Avenue at 14th Street. In addition to pizza, sandwiches, pasta and some side dishes are on offer. The eponymous pizza is topped with spicy Italian sausage, fresh mozzarella, ricotta, crushed red pepper, and basil. Ubreakifix, the electronics repair chain has replaced travel

Closed/Closing
The Swedish candy store Sockerbit (89 Christopher Street between 7th Avenue and Bleecker Street) has closed. They featured a mind-blowing selection of licorice as well as other odd candies. Their products are still available online. We were very sad to hear that Fany Gerson will close her West Village paletas shop La Newyorkina (240 Sullivan Street near West 3rd Street) on January 10th. While she had expanded the offerings at her store, she still depended on a busy summer of paleta sales to sustain the business, and as she explained in an email to customers, this summer that did not happen due to the shutdown, and then the dearth of students and tourists once the shop was reopened. She had also been unable to come to an agreement with her landlord, something else she mentioned as a reason for the upcoming closure. Her paletas are still available for delivery, and she hopes to re-open at some point when the situation improves. Greek restaurant Voula at 9 Jones Street (between Bleecker and West 4th Streets) is now shuttered. A reader alerts us to the closure of longtime deli Bethel Gourmet Food at 79 Greenwich Avenue (between West 11th and Bank Streets). Another reader let us know that the news stand at Sheridan Square had also closed.

Pop-up
The Dame Supper Club pop-up which took over Abigail’s Kitchen (85 MacDougal Street just south of Bleecker Street) over the summer has morphed into Dame Deli and Bottle Shop for the winter. Fish and Chips and some other seafood offerings are still available on the weekends, and other provisions such as exotic fruits, pasta, herbs, beans, oil, rice, chocolates and condiments are available for purchase.

Moving/Other
The UPS Store (480 6th Avenue between 11th and 12th Streets), which has been doing a good business during the pandemic will be moving to larger quarters on the east side of 6th Avenue near 13th Street, where Greenwich Village Mail Center (formerly Mailboxes, etc.) used to be. I noticed that a number of people had posted positive comments on Nextdoor about La Peri Bakery at 104 West 14th Street near 6th Avenue. I have not been yet, but I looked at the menu and was surprised to see typical Turkish dishes such as Gozleme (savory stuffed crepes) and Simit (a Turkish bagel equivalent) that are not readily available in New York. Another Turkish establishment Gyroland, which is located around the corner at 519 6th Avenue between 13th and 4th Streets, has also gotten positive reviews, and both seem to be owned by the same folks. Loring Place, Dan Kluger’s farm-to-table restaurant at 21 West 8th Street (between MacDougal and 5th Avenue) has spun off a to-go pizza service called Washington Squares. It serves the thick crust grandma style pies from Loring Place as well as a few salads and soup, and cookies and a sundae for dessert. While Umami Burger closed a while ago, I noticed a sign on the window demanding $470,446.41 in rent for the period from 2/20/19 to 12/31/20. Famous Joe’s Pizza is still around, but a nearby building had a sign demanding $267,272.52 in rent from them for the period from 4/1/2020 to 12/31/2020.

Please keep writing to us – we love hearing from you and we can always use your help. We can be reached at wvnewsinout@gmail.com
Residents continued from page 1

insecurity as the pandemic pushes on, has been waxing and waning in my mind. I have moments of pure confidence, when I can see nothing but opportunity on the horizon, but as we go, that horizon gets pushed further into the future. New hardships appear, new regulation, new shut downs; cold weather both literally and figuratively.

I would like to say that I do support our politician’s decisions to shut down indoor dining for the short term. But in accordance with our cooperation, and the willingness of our industry to starve for the good of the city, I feel we are entitled to some longer term security granted by the same government that is asking us to take the short term loss.

A vigorous and diverse bar and restaurant industry is critical to the quality of life in our city. Collectively we employ nearly a million people. Our industry is responsible for about 9% of employment state wide. In 2018 our industry generated $51.6 billion dollars in sales. These numbers represent a significant financial contribution to New York. Mass scale closures, if the industry isn’t watched out for, are imminent. And solutions at the federal and state level have been insufficient. In a sense, the PPP loans we received turned us into an unemployment office, and it was an eight week solution for a problem that has continued on for nearly a year now.

I don’t have the answer, but maybe I can help to clarify a major part of the problem. The nature of restaurants in New York City is that the store, and the building owner, are in a symbiotic relationship. Rent accounts for 10% or more of our expenses. When our sales are disrupted by city mandate, our landlords are equally impacted. They also have financial obligations to meet. I feel like a workable solution has to involve the landlord-tenant relationship, and will provide relief for both parties simultaneously.

Besides that, it’s critical for the city to allow restaurants to use our outdoor seating for years to come with no new financial burden. We’ve invested our last dollars on constructing outdoor seating that keeps in mind safety, and the beauty of our neighborhood. We did that because we were led to believe that our energy and our investment would be honored by the city.

We will keep going. With little relief in sight, we will keep going. With no end to the pandemic, we will keep going. We’re here for the neighborhood. We’re here for our staff. We’re here for ourselves and the feeling of accomplishment that comes from working in the face of adversity. The question, “how long do you think you can continue,” can only be answered when it’s all done. That was how long. And it will be on our terms.”

A View from the Kitchen

By Isa Covo

2020 is over, but what problems started in this past year will not be over yet at the start of 2021. Trump still has not accepted his loss, after numerous ballots have been counted over and over with various methods yielding the same results. Whoever said, and apparently it was not Einstein, “Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results”, could have been describing this process. Now the President and his minions intend to put the Army in play to change the election by military intervention. This won’t happen either. It is illegal, but the President still will not relent. It is his obsession as the nation, which thankfully has a vaccine to combat the deadly virus that invaded us, and still causes, and will cause a great number of infections and deaths, waits for millions to be vaccinated, something that is still months away.

For many families this has been an incredibly sad holiday season, with so many people isolated, sick, or missing those who have died. Adding to that the severe unemployment, or for others, the fear of losing one’s livelihood, it is hard to feel festive.

As we eagerly wait for the 20th of January, when our new President who has a different personality than the one who preceded him, as well as a promising government, will be installed, I wish you all a good and hopeful year, and a return to a happier future.

Mediterranean-Inspired Bean Soup

A soup inspired by the Mediterranean region, it is usually served as a main dish but it can also be served as part of a selection of small appetizers with drinks before the main meal. In this case it is served at room temperature.

INGREDIENTS
1½ cup (6 oz) borlotti, or any other small or medium-sized dried beans
¾ cup, or more, of extra-virgin olive oil, or any other vegetable oil
1 small bunch of celery
2 medium leeks, white part only
1 medium onion
4 carrots
1 quart vegetable or chicken broth
1 potato
1 quart vegetable or chicken broth
6 cloves of garlic, or to taste, peeled
1 large bay leaf
1 rounded teaspoon smoked paprika
¾ teaspoon of Cayenne pepper, or to taste
1/8 teaspoon ground cloves
1 tablespoon or more of tomato paste
1 small bouquet of a variety of fresh herbs such as sage, rosemary, oregano, thyme, or any other mix
Salt and pepper as needed.

DIRECTIONS
1. Rinse and soak the beans overnight.
2. Prepare the vegetables: cut the celery into 1/2 inch chunks, slice the leeks into thin slices, chop the onion, scrub and slice the carrots into 2-inch chunks.
3. In a large saucepan heat the oil over medium heat and add the prepared vegetables; stir them occasionally, preferably with a wooden spoon until they brown lightly and become fragrant, about fifteen minutes.
4. Add the beans, and stir to mix with vegetables and the oil, then the broth that should cover the mixture by about an inch. Add water if necessary. Stir again, increase the heat to high and bring the mixture to the boil.
5. Reduce the heat to a very slow simmer and add the garlic cloves (they melt as the cook), and the spices. Cover the saucepan and simmer for about two hours, stirring the bean mixture occasionally to prevent it from sticking to the bottom. Add more liquid if the contents seem too dry.
6. Mix in the rest of the rest of the ingredients and continue to simmer another hour, or an hour and a half, until the beans are very tender, but still whole.
7. Since its flavors develop as it sits, this dish should be made a day or two before serving. Remove the bouquet and the bay leaf before serving.
8. Serve with toasted slices of French bread rubbed with garlic, or a couple of tablespoons of boiled rice.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings as a main dish, about a dozen as part of small plates.
Happy Holidays in a Pandemic

By Roger Paradiso

As the holiday shopping continues online at a feverish pace, the brick-and-mortar stores in the Village watch in envy. These are supposed to be the days they make over 50-75 percent of their revenue for the year.

The streets are deathly quiet except for weekends when some decent crowds appear. But once the sun goes down, the shoppers flee and another crowd comes on the scene. These are the ghosts of the Village past—the homeless and displaced artists gather on the frigid streets to celebrate our digital revolution.

Those of us who are more fortunate are asked by our leaders to stay home and watch our televisions instead of going to a movie or a performance. Streaming, the digital transmission of film, performance, and some news content, keeps us entertained within our family units. But it is not the friend of the old Village with its shops, theaters, clubs, and restaurants that struggle to survive in this pandemic and digital environment.

I call up Jamal, owner of Village Music World on Bleecker Street, who is at home waiting to commute to his “record” store. Record stores, which thrived in days of old, are competing with new ones online and “digital” streamers of music. Jamal tells me, “A lot of places on Bleecker are closing forever and it is sad to see. I have noticed some fast-food eateries making money on take-outs. Other regular restaurants are not doing well.”

The Village was the epicenter of art and culture in the 1960s. That romantic period continued until Vietnam exploded and Nixon imploded with Watergate. The 60s were replaced by the “Me Generation” of the 70s, aka the disco years. Drugs, sex, and whatever else you wanted to do were on full display in the Village clubs. Times were flush and cash was king. Queens and dance clubs owned the day and night. Mom-and-pops survived though, as did the bookstores, record stores and cafés. There was just a different crowd. There was a noticeable change in the 1990s, however, as artists, cafés, and clubs were slowly displaced by high rents.

And things started getting even more expensive in the Village in the 2000s. It was becoming “cheaper” to email friends, and social media was slowly becoming our new entertainment of convenience.

Nick, of Cinema Village (the oldest continuously running arthouse in Manhattan, dating back to the affordable year of 1964) is emailing with me. He is in trouble. He shocked me when he reversed his position of never selling the Cinema Village to possibly selling it, in order to save the Alpine in Bay Ridge, the oldest running movie house in NYC, and Cinemart in Forest Hills, a 97-year-old neighborhood movie house. “I have no choice. The city is killing me with its real estate taxes for these neighborhood movie houses in Queens and Brooklyn and the Cinema Village on East 12th Street.”

Nick is a victim of our new digital age. He should get some relief from the city but the city is broke, “they” say.

When we morphed into the digital age in the 21st century, life got faster and more expensive. We kept moving towards a planned gentrification, which is a polite way of referring to social displacement. The working-class residents, artists, and shops of the Village were being displaced. Many of us were spinning out of control, though life was still kind to some. We even elected a landlord for president—because he was a reality show celebrity. And also, because he was a businessman. How did that work out?

Jamal called me back when he got to work: “I saw some business the last few weeks but nothing like normal business during a holiday. I’m staying above water. The good news is the landlord called me back and reduced my rent from December to April. This is better than nothing.”

With customers staying home trying to keep their social distance during the pandemic, shop owners and restaurants are dying. The pandemic is also bringing about business restrictions such as little or no indoor dining. We understand the need to keep the virus under control but it is destroying restaurants, bars, and clubs with live music.

“We while we don’t know how many of the city’s 25,000 restaurants and nightlife establishments have officially shuttered because of COVID-19, we estimate the number is in the thousands. A recent report by the state’s comptroller estimated that one-third to one-half of the city’s restaurants and bars could permanently close during the next six-to-twelve months and this is why our industry needs support,” said Andrew Rigie of NYC Hospitality Alliance.

I visited Jamal of Village Music World the day before the city shut down. The mood in the Village and along Bleecker Street was dark. The governor and mayor had already made ominous statements about the virus. There were whispers of a lockdown. Really, the lockdown had already happened weeks before that day. Villagers had started staying home, afraid of the invading virus.

Standing in the empty record store that day in March, I’d asked Jamal how many customers he had. “None. Nobody on the street. What am I to do?” He could apply for relief, which he did. To date, the SBA has yet to respond to Jamal’s application sent in March.

Now, in December, I am still writing about the day the Village stood still. Some have estimated that dozens (if not over a hundred) of businesses in Greenwich Village could be destroyed by COVID.

Nick emails me back, “Banks are holding out on giving us loans for businesses remaining 100 percent on lockdown. We are facing bills of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. I can’t afford it anymore. And this is making room for corporations with money to pick up buildings with mom-and-pop operations in desperation, cheaply.”

Almost one year after the pandemic caused the lockdown, we are experiencing the second wave and the city will be shut down again. But wait—some good news, as two vaccines (or more) will save the country. Villagers are already being inoculated and it looks like we have finally found a match against the virus. And we have fired our celebrity president.

But life goes on for the weary mom-and-pops still surviving. “In order for small businesses to survive we need another stimulus package. It’s criminal that we are almost at Christmas with no sign of financial aid to the hundreds or thousands of unemployed hospitality employees or the landlords who house us,” said Tory of The Half Pint at West 3rd and Thompson Streets.

As we approach the holidays and another new year, I don’t know what to say to my friends in the small shops and restaurants. We need a Marshall Plan (not Trump’s version) to save our country. And though there is support from the Congress, there is no plan as yet.

As we go to print, the president (aka The Grinch) has threatened to veto the current relief bill unless there is $2,000 dollars per person provided. There are other disputed terms. The GOP has voted it down in the House, which has adjourned for the holiday. Will there be a relief bill before Biden takes office? Biden has said he will be making it a priority.

Until then, have a happy holiday. And to all, a better year in 2021.
Letters continued from page 2

by destroying another human being. What is the best way to pay for a terrible crime? How do we best celebrate the qualities Anthony Abruzzo was cherished for? I don’t think I can teach Colella about forgiveness, mercy or compassion. These are held up to us as qualities of the highest order. He is hard and cold as stone. The way he wrote that letter, especially calling the lawyer a shyster and saying the op-ed was abhorrent, doesn’t do any of us any good. It is to continue the cruelty of the crime.

I could quote the Bible, but that might not make any difference. In God’s name, I ask that Tommy Nelson be freed.

—Carol F. Yost
From the Daily News, December 9, 2020
Voice of the People Page

I write to praise Voicer Carol F. Yost for her recent letter and to praise the Daily News for leading with it. Ms. Yost, if you are not a professional writer, you should be. Unlike many of those The News awards a platform, Yost never resorts to name-calling or vitriol. Instead, she relies on reason and passionate persuasion. Perhaps, as we prepare for a new president, this letter can augur a new age of decency in how we debate our strongly held views, both in the nation and on the Voice of the People page. What do you say, Daily News?

—Craig Gordon

Controlled Demolition of World Trade Center?

We at Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth wish to respond to two letters from Barry Benepe regarding 9/11, one in your October issue (“Advertorial Issues”) and the second in November (“Goodbye Conspiracies!”).

First, we applaud WestView News publisher George Capsis for his courage and commitment to free speech in allowing this exchange of ideas to take place. We understand that the subject is a difficult one for many, particularly those who live in New York and who may have lost friends or family members in the terrible destruction of the World Trade Center 19 years ago. And we understand that the hostility some express about the evidence we present is more emotional than scientific. We’d like to direct Mr. Benepe’s attention to George Capsis for his courage and commitment to free speech in allowing this exchange of ideas to take place.

The U.S. government claims that airplane impacts and fires brought down the Twin Towers and that ordinary office fires brought down the Twin Towers, New York Fire Department Captain Philip Ruvolo, and many others. Molten metal, evidently iron, also poured from WTC 2 for seven minutes prior to the building’s destruction, as captured in numerous videos and photographs. Explosives and nano-thermite — but not fire followed by a gravitational collapse — also explain the many isolated ejections of debris from each of the towers as many as 60 floors below the “collapse” front as well as reports of explosions from 118 firefighters who were on the scene that day.

The destruction of Building 7, which we repeat was not hit by an airplane, is even more difficult for the official account to explain. Building 7 came down in absolute free fall for approximately 2.5 seconds, falling a distance of about eight stories unimpeded, meaning that the 40,000 tons of steel structure offered no resistance whatsoever.

NIST admitted that free fall occurred yet it claims the building suffered a progressive collapse. This violates the laws of physics. Each of the building’s 81 support columns would have had to fail at virtually the same instant to precipitate the symmetrical collapse we saw. This was confirmed by a four-year study published earlier this year by researchers at the University of Alaska Fairbanks, who concluded that fire could not have brought down Building 7.

Unfortunately, Mr. Benepe repeats the unfair charge that questioning the official account of the WTC destruction is disrespectful of the victims. In fact, many 9/11 families don’t believe we’ve been told the truth, and they continue to demand justice for their lost loved ones nearly two decades later. Do these families not deserve our respect?

What is needed is a rational evaluation of the evidence in the form of a new and independent investigation. We know that the government account is false. We know that NIST has produced reports that are fraudulent. If we value truth at all, we must be willing to learn what really happened, even if that truth is painful.

—Richard Gage, AIA, and Craig McKee

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A Long Strange Trip to the West Village and a 2021 Resolution

By Kieran Loughney

The neon-green down parka was more functional safety gear than fashion statement. Stuffed in my backpack with a Grateful Dead tape, a few changes of clothes, a toothbrush, Buck knife and road atlas, it would serve me on wind-blown highways and alert approaching drivers that I was on the berm, with thumb out, often aching for a ride.

At age 18, in May, 1974, I left my hometown of Scranton, Pennsylvania and spent two years hitchhiking in the western United States with a single aim in mind—adventure. I'd earn just enough money to stay fed and keep wandering. I lived on a commune in a redwood forest, with a fisherman’s family on the Oregon Coast, in a lakeside log cabin in the Rockies, in a townhouse in San Francisco, and in a fruit picker’s shack. I worked as a ranch hand, operated a carousel for a travelling carnival, pruned trees, picked fruit.

A yearning to return home never overtook me until December of my second year on the road. In a cabin near the Canadian border in central Washington I stoked a wood-burning stove, my only source of heat. I longed for a Christmas with family. Hitchhiking south, I made it to an on-ramp of the eastbound interstate. Scarce traffic and fierce weather forced a return to my humble abode. It would be spring when I took me until December of my second year on the road. In a cabin near the Canadian border in central Washington I stoked a wood-burning stove, my only source of heat. I longed for a Christmas with family. Hitchhiking south, I made it to an on-ramp of the eastbound interstate. Scarce traffic and fierce weather forced a return to my humble abode. It would be spring when I

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Local West Village Artist Supports Cure for AIDS

By Kambiz Shekdar, Ph.D.

Until it was shuttered by the pandemic, Carlos Abisaab worked as a waiter in West Village favorite Barbu. Finding himself out-of-work and bored, he created a family-friendly, LGBTQ-themed adult coloring book. The coloring book was launched on Amazon starting on World AIDS Day 2020 with 5% of proceeds going to Research Foundation to Cure AIDS (RFTCA). Now, WestView News is making it possible for everyone to join in on the quarantine fun with our very own coloring-in contest!

Carlos is using his pandemic-inspired talents to entertain people in good fun and to support good causes. In fact, he is already working on his second book as part of a series of coloring books each of which will be dedicated to a different cause. Carlos selected RFTCA as his first non-profit partner from now until National Youth HIV/AIDS Awareness day on April 10, 2021.

Artists have played a vital role in addressing HIV/AIDS ever since the infectious disease reared its head. For example, a collective of artists known as Gran Fury created the iconic image combining the use of the pink triangle with their “Silence = Death” motto, a powerful and infamous image used to great effect by the activist group ACT-UP. Avram Finkelstein and Brian Howard, two members of that collective, helped inform and participated in RFTCA’s #SHOUT-TOCUREAIDS campaign. And while a third of RFTCA’s board are scientists affiliated with The Rockefeller University, artists Dennis Ashbaugh, Sherry Vine and Alan Cumming also served among the founding board members.

George Capsis, publisher of WestView News, is proud to support such homegrown and local initiatives by offering the newspaper’s own coloring contest. To participate, simply color in the accompanying cartoon by Carlos featuring RFTCA’s logo and #FreeFromAIDS torch. Use pencils, crayons, ink or oil paints, feathers, eco-friendly glitter, mustard and ketchup or anything else imagination desires.

Finally, 1) Post your image to your own feed on Instagram; 2) Tag @RFTcureaids, @westviewnews and @colorificandtotallytacky; and 3) Make a donation of any amount to RFTCA at https://rftca.org/

GetInvolved/ and a donation of any amount to WestView News at http://westviewnews.org/. By posting your images, you grant RFTCA and WestView News permission to re-post and re-print your artwork. Readers who do not have the print copy of WestView News can download the image online (or better yet, you can also get your own print subscription while there).

WestView News will print all or a subset of qualifying images in an upcoming issue. A panel of judges from RFTCA and WestView News plus Carlos himself will select a grand prize-winner and runners-up. All winners will receive their own signed copies of Carlos’ book, “Carlos’ Colorific and Totally Tacky Coloring Book.” Of course, anyone can purchase their own copy of Carlo’s book on Amazon at https://www.amazon.com/Carlos-Colorific-Totally-Tacky-Coloring/dp/1636840442.

Thank you for participating. One thing is for sure, your artistic talents and creativity will be a great way to start off the New Year and raise much needed awareness and support to cure AIDS.

Rockefeller University alumnus and biotech inventor Kambiz Shekdar, Ph.D., is the founder and president of Research Foundation to Cure AIDS. Contact Kambiz at kambiz.shekdar@rftca.org.

Oxidative Phosphorylation: Life’s Energy Source

Abstracted from “A Scientists View of Almost Everything” by Mark M Green

Let’s see how the food we eat is converted to the energy we need to keep us walking, talking, thinking, sleeping and yes even eating and all else it means to be alive. Everything we eat and drink contains hydrogen atoms. All atoms, including hydrogen atoms, contain a positive part (+), the nucleus, and a negative part (-), the electrons. It’s just like a battery with its positive and negative ends. The positive and negative are linked, strongly attracted to each other. The negative electrons and positive nuclei stay close. You’re going to cause a lot of tension by pulling those oppositely charged entities apart, by pulling the electrons away from the nuclei. But this is exactly what is going on in the cells in your body.

Your body contains approximately 10 trillion cells, most of them about 1/10th the diameter of a human hair. Inside each of those trillions of cells, (+) is being pulled apart from (-), positive hydrogen nuclei are being pulled apart from negative electrons. The biochemical machinery of your body carries this out in a way that doesn’t make a great ruckus over it, but the job gets done. This is happening to most of the hydrogen atoms in what we eat and drink. It all happens in a part of the cell called the mitochondria. The electrons are taken away and sent to a place where oxygen is waiting, the same oxygen we take in with every breath.

The positive hydrogen nuclei, called protons, are forced elsewhere in the mitochondria and crowded together into a small space. The only way nature lets them out is for each proton to slide down a narrow channel, and as each one takes this ride it passes a miniscule machine made of proteins just like what your skin and hair are made of. Imagine how tiny the machine is—only a very small part of the already unimaginably small cell in your body. As each proton passes by this tiny machine, the machine turns. It’s an amazing dance, an incredible process that has been going on in life forms long before human beings appeared on earth. Each turn takes the machine 1/3 of the way around. When this tiny machine makes three of these turns, a full turn around, what could be called a dose, or a packet of energy is released into the cell, the very energy that keeps us alive and kicking, the very energy that we use for whatever is our purpose on this earth.

What happens to those protons after they finish turning the machine and arrive at the bottom of the channel? Waiting at the bottom is the oxygen that originally took those electrons away from the hydrogen in the food we consume. Each oxygen atom got two electrons and became doubly negative, 2(-). Because each proton has only one positive charge 1(+), two protons are necessary for each oxygen so that the charges are balanced and this makes a molecule with the formula H2O.

When you see your breath on that cold winter day, many of the hydrogen atoms in that water vapor originally came from that bowl of oatmeal, or whatever food and drink you favor. And that water you eject from your body with every breath may eventually end up in a cloud and maybe even be part of a rain storm that ends up in a river, maybe a river that flows over a water fall, maybe over Niagara Falls, where a torrential flow of raging water is rushing from a higher to a lower place. Engineers force the flow through channels causing machines to turn and make electricity.

A friend of mine summed it up when she heard the story, “we are all Niagara Falls.” Yes, I love that image, a trillion minute Niagara Falls in each of us. All those trillions of cells are each on their own like miniature versions of Niagara Falls, well sort of. Biochemists call it oxidative phosphorylation.
Depression continued from page 1

flux of Italian immigrants, but now I suspect it was started by the Germans who came in the 1820s; we still have some of their original buildings on the lower East Side. But let me tell you about apartment shopping during the Depression. My father was the first—and for a long time the only—Greek real estate broker working with restaurants and bars in New York. And being Greek, even in the Depression he managed to keep the family going.

But because he dealt in restaurants and bars, he worked nights right up to dawn; so we three brothers, John, George, and Paul saw him for a few minutes while he took his morning whiskey and, then, not again till the following morning.

My older brother John decided he was a writer and demanded a typewriter for Christmas. One of his first treatises was a resignation from the family, that meant I had to do all the running downstairs to get a quart of milk or loaf of Wonder Bread (both for 11 cents).

Since my father was never around, and my older brother had abdicated the family, my mother made me the substitute father. So, when she had to go to Macy's to buy a couch she took me along and asked my opinion, and I gave it to her. And whenever I looked at that couch I took pleasure—it was my decision. So I became an adult at age 10.

OK, but I was going to tell you about apartment shopping during the Depression. Every spring people would start thinking about moving. They would review the neighborhoods around them, debate the merits of each, and then take a walk to one just a little better than the one they were living in.

Every building had a metal shield hanging outside with the legend “Apartments Available.” And then, on a series of nail hooks, it would display the number of rooms available in these vacant apartments, “2, 3, 4, 5.” My mother would stop at a building she liked, where, on the left of the entrance door, there would be a very shiny brass plate with the legend “Super” inscribed in black letters, and a bell. She would have me ring the bell and, within minutes, the super would emerge from his basement apartment with a dangling bunch of keys and a “Yes, how can I help you.”

My mother always responded with, “Do you have three bedrooms on the top floor?”—the top floor because it was five flights up and, hence, cheaper. All the apartments we lived in on the Upper West Side were on the fifth floor, including the last and test at 550 Riverside Drive, just north of Grant’s Tomb and the Claremont Inn. But let us go back—the super would lead us up the five flights to the available apartment and open the door to the smell of fresh paint. The hall floor would be covered in paper to protect the newly shellacked floors and we would walk past the tiny bedrooms to the two big front rooms—the living and dining rooms. After the super told my mother that the rent was $65 he would ask, “What do you think?” My mother would pause and ask, “How many months concession?”

Now, I have not heard the phrase “how many months concession” in 80 years, but I am seeing it in articles about New York’s real estate depression. Today, prospective tenants are indeed asking, “How many months concession?” That means, “How many months free of rent do I get if I agree to sign this lease?”

Yes, it is hard to believe that after 78 years of rent control, which had been implemented at the end of WWI to control the rents on the very few available empty apartments—since none had been built since 1929—we are once again asking landlords for concessions. But there is more...

It is not only the Pandemic which has closed offices, restaurants, and libraries; the online world has made it very possible, and even mandatory, for preschoolers and grade scholars to stay home and just finger the keys.

I was shocked to read in the Times that a company on lower Broadway, faced with signing a new lease for an empty office (everybody having been sent home because of the pandemic), said No—it is becoming cheaper to let people work from home.

My grandson Teddy, sent home from his job working on computer security systems in Boston, and his sister, a third-year college student, are both continuing at home on their computers.

Some thirty-five years ago I started a business developing market strategies for European companies entering the US market; the only way I could communicate with them was with a teletype machine! (Young readers will have no idea about this machine—it was a massive typewriter on a stand, connected over telephone wires to a similar machine in Europe, and when they keyed our machine it would bang out the letters—sometimes at 300 in the morning.)

Sometime later, the fax machine was invented and a French client pleaded with me to get one because it would be so chic.

Today, we have our contributors’ meetings online instead of in my garden, and I get to know the personalities of our writers better by seeing their home-decorating preferences. At this point I should make some predictions as to what the future might look like, but I think we can assume that communications will get better and better, and that future phone conversations might take place over 50-inch 3D TV screens.

My hope is that our knowledge and intelligence—and yes, wisdom—will also improve somewhat, so that as we continue to proceed in the global electronic world we will have something worthwhile to say.

Vaccine continued from page 5

According to CNBC, some of the report-ed side effects include “local swelling, irritation, some pain, sense of fatigue, sometimes headache. In a percentage of patients, they had chills and low-grade fever.”

Dr. Moncef Slainou, who is leading the Trump administration’s vaccine development efforts, has defended the safety of the Pfizer and Moderna vaccines. Earlier this month he said, “significantly noticeable side effects—like the shots were reported in only between 10–15 percent of trial participants, potentially lasting up to a day and a half”.

These have been the most studied trials in history. “Operation Warp Speed” was the name given to a process in the USA which was entrusted with clearing all the bureaucracy of red tape and time. The science was left alone to develop and test these vaccines.

There were no short cuts in the science. After months of study, Google posts that makes several claims of serious negative health effects from the Pfizer-Biotech CO-VID-19 vaccine, including that six people died during late-stage trials. Six people did die during the Pfizer-Biotech vaccine trials, but only two of them were given the vaccine, the rest were given placebos. One of the vaccine recipients had a cardiac arrest 62 days after a second dose of the two-dose vaccination and died three days later. The other died from arteriosclerosis three days after a first dose of the vaccine. FDA briefings clarified that the deaths were not deemed to be related to the vaccine: “None of these deaths were assessed by the investigator as related to study intervention.” They explained, “All deaths represent events that occur in the general population of the age groups where they occurred, at a similar rate”.

The FDA briefing documents also show that it is true that there were four cases of Bell’s Palsy among those who received the vaccine. Bell’s Palsy is a sudden weakness or freezing of muscles on one side of the face, which in most cases is temporary. The briefing states that the frequency of Bell’s Palsy in the vaccine group is “consistent with the expected background rate in the general population,” adding there is “no clear basis upon which to conclude a causal relationship at this time.” The FDA said it would, however, recommend “surveillance” for cases of Bell’s Palsy as the vaccine is sent out to larger groups of people.

“For most people, Bell’s Palsy is temporary. Symptoms usually start to improve within a few weeks, with complete recovery in about six months. A small number of people continue to have some Bell’s Palsy symptoms for life. Rarely, according to the Mayo Clinic, Bell’s Palsy can recur.”

The vaccine has been given in Great Brit-ain for several weeks. Two recipients have developed severe allergic reactions which prompted treatment. Both have recovered.

There is also news that two people in Alaska have had allergic reactions and are recovering. Before you take the vaccine check with your doctor to make sure you do not have any medical reasons not to do so. If you have had allergic reactions to any vaccination, you should not take this vaccine. Right now, there is some thought that children under 16 years of age and pregnant women should not take it, but it has been deemed safe for the rest of us. Check with your doctor about your risks. If there is any doubt, take the vaccine in a hospital or clinic where you can be treated if a bad reaction occurs. For the greater population there will be minor side effects which will go away in a day or two.

As of December 18th, the FDA was aware of “roughly about five” allergic reactions in possible recipients of the Pfizer vaccine in different states, including Alaska, according to Dr. Peter Marks of the FDA. But “it’s difficult to talk about them with any kind of good certainty until we have more information about them. Because vaccines are so well tested, it’s technically much more dan-gerous, much riskier, to get the disease than it is to get the vaccine” (BuzzFeed News).

I would far rather have headache, muscle swelling, or a feeling of pain at the injection site than be in intensive care with a ventilator,” said Paul Duprex, Director of the Center for Vaccine Research at the University of Pittsburgh.

I am just a journalist, and WestView News is not a medical journal. We can only report what some have said about the vaccines, calling them the greatest and quickest vac-cines ever created. They will save millions of lives. You have to question why all these experts and government testing agencies around the world would say these are vac-cines you should take. Are they just looking to make money? Are they all mistaken? It does not seem plausible that all these people could be fraudulent given the downside of lawsuits and discredited reputations.

Moderna is charging between $32-$37 per dose for its vaccine and may offer a discount if it is bought in bulk. Pfizer’s, on the other hand, is more affordable. It is reported to be $20 per dose. “The U.S. has secured 100 million doses of the Pfizer vaccine, which is enough to vacci-nate 50 million people” (Health and Science, CNBC). The U.S. has also made a deal with Moderna for 200 million doses. Vaccines will continue to be in production until the demand worldwide is satisfied.

“The goal is to achieve herd immunity, ex-perts say; roughly 70 percent of the popula-tion needs to be vaccinated or have natural antibodies. That’s about 462 million doses for herd immunity and an estimated 660 million doses for everyone in our country. Both Pfizer’s and Moderna’s vaccines require two doses.”

The battle with COVID-19 will be over if we put forth the effort to not only get the vaccine, but also to continue practicing vigilance. Yes, we will need to continue wearing masks, keeping out of crowds, and washing our hands well into this coming summer. But things will start getting better and better shortly, and life may return to normal by summer’s end.

Vaccines to prevent the coronavirus dis-ease 2019 (COVID-19) are perhaps the best hope for ending the pandemic. While no vaccines are 100 percent effective, these are far better than not getting vaccinated.

“The benefits certainly outweigh the risks in healthy people.”
By Tom Lamia

I have spoken often in this monthly column about Maine, my home for the past six years. I have contrasted Maine characters and characteristics, with their counterparts in the West Village. Over time mental images of New York and the West Village have receded, while impressions of Maine have moved to the center. As this process has evolved, I have found that these monthly essays increasingly feature the impact of life on Maine and its people. The result has been more stories and observations about where I live now and fewer about the universe of my old home on Charles Street.

But, there is often a connecting thread in my thoughts, that finds its way into what I write, of ideas and forces that are common to both worlds.

For example, in recent years I have spoken proudly of admirable qualities often found in a solid Maine citizenry. A hardy character associated with Maine’s geography; the need to make the best of farming and likeability—all in a diminutive, fearless physical package.

Several of these columns have incorporated the stories of Maine politics and politicians who have stood out for their skills and courage on the national stage: Frances Perkins, Ed Muskie, George Mitchell, William Cohen, Angus King and Margaret Chase Smith. Each of these individuals set a high standard for integrity in public service.

The West Village can claim its own heroes in these matters: Alexander Hamilton is said to have died in a house on Jane Street the morning after being rowed back to New York following his mortal duel with Aaron Burr; Fiorello La Guardia, born in the Village, embodied in his life and political career the essence of New York character—ambition, confidence, progressive ideals and likeability—all in a diminutive, fearless physical package.

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Now, another Maine politician has a chance to join my list of stalwarts, one whose effort would gain my praise for political courage. I speak, of course, of Maine’s Senator Susan Collins, whose reputation for political courage was in tatters after she wrung her hands and gnashed her teeth repeatedly over whether or not to side with her party’s President on critical votes. In keeping the nation on tenterhooks while weighing her conscience against her future in politics, she managed to disappoint all aspects and earn a reputation for insincerity and indecisiveness. She has now the chance to redeem her reputation after her party leader abandoned her out of spite over her announced refusal to vote for yet another of his Supreme Court nominees (Barrett) before the November election. This was her reward for her efforts to curry his favor with votes against his impeachment and for his prior controversial Supreme Court nominee (Kavanaugh). It is also a chance to salvage her political party and its historical principles. She can take her text from her predecessor Margaret Chase Smith.

In 1950, in her second year in the U.S. Senate, Smith gave her “Declaration of Conscience” speech in the Senate. She did not mention Senator Joseph McCarthy, but spoke of her concern that “some members” were turning the Senate into “a forum of hate and character assassination.” She appealed for a return to “the right to independent thought” and to the principles of the Republican party, saying that the party should base its opposition to the Democrats on “proved cases” not “unproven charges.” Six Republican colleagues joined her; 35 remained silent. McCarthy reacted savagely, referring to Smith and her colleagues as “Snow White and the Six Dwarfs” and caused her to be removed from the Senate’s Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, to be replaced by new Senator Richard Nixon. McCarthy and his allies took every opportunity to smear Smith thereafter—until a day four years later when the Senate effectively ended McCarthy’s career by voting to censure him.

The parallels between what Margaret Chase Smith of Maine faced in confronting a powerful and feared Republican Senator and a bloc of Republican colleagues who would not stand up to his bullying and falsehoods, and the situation faced by Maine’s Senator Susan Collins are striking. Collins would have the support of a handful of Republican colleagues in the Senate, as Smith did, and she would no doubt be viciously attacked by a great number of Republicans in the Senate and elsewhere.

She has only to say publicly that Trump lost in a fair and free election and his efforts to enlist election officials to “overturn” the result are unconstitutional. Not so hard. She outpolled Trump in November by a large margin, so what can she now be afraid of? Mainers will appreciate such a demonstration of courage.
January News and Events

By Chandra/Jo Sgambaro

And now, it is 2021! Project NYC and the West 13th Street Alliance wish our neighborhood, our city, our country, and our planet a better year ahead. Let us join together in hoping for an end to the pandemic and a return to normal, or at least a “new normal,” manifesting lessons learned in 2020.

During 2020, our organization pivoted from in person to virtual community events and enjoyed many happy hours with neighbors near and far. We came together for some Community Sharing events, for workshops on hand and foot massage with Nina David, for a virtual program with Michele and the Ink Pad and Nina David, for a program with Lenox Health Greenwich Village, and Dr. Alex Hellinger, Executive Director of Partners in Therapy.

Mark your calendars for Ask the Experts on February 13 from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. with Alex Hellingwe, Executive Director of Lenox Health Greenwich Village, and Dr. Lonny Levy, Associate Chair of the Emergency Department. They will talk about COVID updates and take questions.

We look forward with great hope to a time in 2021 when we can be together in person again. In the meantime, stay safe, stay positive and take care of yourselves and one another.

To RSVP for these events, please email Wayn Kawadler at Wayn@TheProject-NYC.org. You will receive an email response with the Zoom link. Please also email Wayn with any questions about using Zoom.

JOIN OUR EMAIL LIST at w13streetalliance@gmail.com

Covering the tree beds with twigs on December 19 created a colorful display to protect the tulips for the winter.

Yoga for Arthritis and Chronic Pain classes are effective in the management of arthritic pain and related symptoms.

Live and Through a Screen with Nina Priya David on Wednesday, January 13 from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., is a free audio-visual concert featuring local and world-class singers and pianists. Singer/Director/ Yoga Teacher Nina Priya David has curated a program of classical and popular vocal music to take advantage of the abundant exposure, and the large footprint, by BKSK Architects LLP. BKSK specializes in design that is contemporary architecture inspired by traditional design theory, such as 24 Leonard, 25 Bond Street, The Hubert, and 77 Reade Street. The firm has received many design awards, including honors from the American Institute of Architects and multiple Palladio Awards.

The 601 Washington building’s design features a generous central courtyard, providing private garden entrances to the triplex townhouse units, as well as a large lobby. Townhouses span from cellar to second floor, with their own private gyms and internal elevators. A recent sale of downtown unit TKNHW, having ceiling heights from 10-6’ to 17’, sold for $19,942,500.

The units on the third through fifth floors are half-floor apartments with at least two exposures. The final four levels, 6-9, are two massive penthouse quadrangles that include outdoor terraces, rooftop soaking tubs, and views of the Hudson River.

With such a thin veneer of limestone, any abuse along the sidewalks could quickly cause unsightly damage, difficult to repair.

The meat packing industry of Manhattan developed around the Gansevoort Market for many years, but the demand for fresh products to serve butchers, grocers, restaurants and food processors meant that related businesses spread to nearby neighborhoods as well. Pat LaFrieda Meat Purveyors is one example.

Anthony LaFrieda learned the trade of butchery in Naples, Italy, before he emigrated to the U.S. in 1909. In 1922, Anthony opened his own butcher shop in Brooklyn, running the shop with his five sons, who also became butchers. In 1950, they opened a shop in New York City’s meatpacking district on West 14th Street.

In 1964, Anthony’s son Pat LaFrieda the first, and his son Pat LaFrieda the second (known today as Pat St.), only 18 years old, took full ownership of LaFrieda Meats and changed the name to Pat LaFrieda Meat Purveyors. As business grew, the shop moved locations to Little West 12th Street, then Bleecker Street, and then to an existing building at 129 Leroy Street, aka 601 Washington Street, in 1980.

During the 1980s on Leroy Street, Pat LaFrieda the third (Pat Jr.) began to learn the trade at age 12, showing the same passion and talent for butchery that his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father had before him. Working directly with restaurants, the family team created some of the first custom burger blends that have made them famous all over the country.

When the business outgrew the Leroy Street location in 2010, they moved their shop to NJ.

NOW: This block of Leroy Street is commemorated as “Pat LaFrieda Lane.”

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Our Way Out of This: I Think Not

By Robert Kroll

AUTHOR’S NOTE: This essay was written exclusively for the denizens of the West Village; that is not only because WestView News doesn’t circulate much beyond that boundary, but also because I wouldn’t entrust it much to those living west of the Hudson River, east of the Gowanus Canal, or north of 14th Street.

WE CAN TURN TO BOOKS, which enlighten, explicate, or discuss (if not answer) our questions. Artwork by Rose Fay.

Being on the precipice of a new year, I welcome another 365 days of the inexcusable weather catastrophe, the inexcusable political catastrophe, the inexcusable health catastrophe, and the pervasive and omnipresent inequality fiasco that exacerbates the others. There are a few other catastrophes and fiascos I could mention (don’t ask for the distinction between those two malefactors), but welcome to them also.

Suffice it to say we will not fully comprehend the enormity of these calamities, short or long-term as they are, by the end of this article, though that is my assignment, which I accept. Believe me, it’s a Herculean task, especially in 700 words or less—bear with me. By the end of this piece you will either be doing your happy dance, the one that celebrates a sudden revelation, or scratching your head in wonder. Never mind the outcome—I get paid the same either way.

We could easily try to meditate or contemplate, or visualize our way out of the calamities. Those are all good methods, easy on the back and all potentially great when you feel the rush of epiphany or discovery. “Eureka, I understand what’s happening.” Moments later, when you realize there’s not a 1% chance thing you can do with that understanding, you return to meditation, contemplation, or simple navel gazing.

Then we can turn to books. Books sometimes enlighten, explicate, or discuss (if not answer), our questions. There are two broad types of books that have been circulating widely from time immemorial that promise answers: the tell-all (the T-A) and the thumb-sucker (the T-S). There’s also a third type: “Everything you always wanted to know about…” I refuse to deal with this type because the authors never seem to provide. Dozens have been written to try to explain the machinations of the Trump presidency. Machiavelli’s Prince is one which was quite prescient. Others include Michael Cohen’s Disloyal: A Memoir, and Stephanie Winston Wolkoff’s Melania and Me: The Rise and Fall of My Friendship with the First Lady. The details of these delightful tomes may or may not be true, but they are often tasty, allegorical, salacious, and sexy. Any one of these T-As can be credible, but in inverse proportion to the anger or grievance of its author. When there are many T-As on the same topic, and “factual” agreement among them, their credibility rises in direct proportion to the number of them. Two T-As are twice as credible as one, but that’s a low bar. One hundred T-As that generally agree with each other are a dead cinch to be close to “true.” “True” only has a useful meaning when applied to compass directions; in general, no book on the global weather change or capitalist inequality could truly fit this category and no matter how well thought-out, will never be described as sexy. An insider book on global warming would have to be written by Mr. Carbon, who, as we know, doesn’t exist. And, if he did exist, he wouldn’t be that good a writer.

THE TELL-ALL

Inside of every thumb-sucker, T-S, is the product of the author’s thoughts. Although all men are created equal (which applies to all genders), not all humans are very good thinkers. If you are browsing at Barnes & Noble and happen to find a T-S by a good thinker, by all means snap it up; you are not likely to find it again. Such rarities as Thomas Paine’s Common Sense, the Madisonian and Hamiltonian Federalist Papers, Plato’s Republic, and the ultimate T-S, John Stuart Mills’ On Liberty are artifacts from the past. Thankfully, they are all still in print.

But even good ideas are fleeting and may become ephemeral, passing through history without collecting a neurological barnacle. For example, Thomas Snyder’s wonderful short book Twenty Lessons on Tyranny, a hit during the Trump years, will probably be removed from the Amazon top 100 more thought-provoking books, along with Gesell’s The Future is History: How Totalitarianism Reclaimed Russia as soon as Joseph Biden is sworn into office. Bottom line: keep reading but don’t expect books to provide the answers to life’s persistent questions.

Getting back to where this essay began—the near futility of figuring out what just happened to us and whether we should meditate, contemplate, or read our way out of it. My answer to the extremely optimist: all three are required but probably not sufficient. For the pessimist, fugetaboutit...

Robert Kroll is a co-op super, Japanese woodworker, ex-lawyer, and extant journalist.

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or welcoming back Sam Mercado's holiday mural at D'Agostino's,
and that the farmers continue to come in from the country to keep the Abingdon Square market going every Saturday.

All photos by Maggie Berkvist.

How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count the Compliments

By Ira Ellenthal

When I was running, or helping to run, such publications as The Daily News, U.S. News & World Report, The Atlantic and, prior to that, a dozen trade magazines, I received many compliments, most of which made me wary. Let's face it, when we have power, others tend to butter us up.

My power has been long gone, and the compliments went with it—until recently, when I wrote a book on the art of selling. Called The Last Book About Selling That You'll Ever Need, available on Amazon for $12.95, it debuted a few months ago and, $12.95, it debuted a few months ago and, ever since, the compliments have been flowing as freely as the tide—far less than a newspaper. The Village did, could prevent me from giving away my first book, also published nearly 40 years ago. It died, could prevent me from giving away

I had never heard of the newspaper, or George, for that matter, until recently. The fact is, I haven't been in Greenwich Village more than a dozen of times since attending New York University over six decades ago—even while serving as president and associate publisher of The Daily News. The Village did make an indelible impression on me: I almost rented my first apartment in the city, on Horatio Street, before backing out when my roommate-to-be was drafted; I once took a girlfriend to dinner at the Coach House and am still recovering from the trauma of paying the check; it was in Washington Square Park that I learned the apocryphal legend of Garibaldi and his sword.

But back to my book on selling and the man behind this publication. George became aware of it in an email from Penelope Garibaldi, a talented public relations pro and articulate spokesperson for the city’s Greek community. We met years ago when we were both pounding typewriter keys at a daily newspaper in Newburgh, NY. The following words are part of an email she wrote to George about my book: “Ira Ellenthal has written a dramatically original and essential book and I felt I had to share it with you. A Philhellene, he brings an artist's passion, personality, and imagination to the subject of sales. Aristotle would have approved. Ira makes selling an adventure and fills his readers in on its excitement and challenges—because selling’s never been a straight path, but a trip that challenges all an individual’s resources. While entertaining us with his storytelling skills, he loads his book with anecdotes, information, and some surprising new ideas and approaches. His book has won high praise from McDonald's famed marketing guru Larry Light, as well as from billionaire Carl Icahn. ‘It's a great read by a brilliant salesman, recommended to any individual who tunes into and is intrigued by the art of selling,” Icahn said.”

He should also know that I sent him a check for $24.00 for a one-year subscription to the paper. I know it should have been for two years—but, at my advanced age it would have been bad karma to do that. I responded similarly to the Motor Vehicle Bureau when offered a choice between a two-year and six-year license renewal.

Hey, these are perilous times and one can't be too careful.
Using Speech Recognition to Control Your Desktop and Programs

Years ago, I acquired a physical disability, that affected my fingers as well. Typing slowly with many errors becomes a nuisance and time consuming. It would be great if my computer allowed me to dictate to it like a digital secretary. Well, as of 2007 it can. With the debut of Windows Vista, Microsoft introduced Windows Speech Recognition.

Many of us today are familiar with voice recognition from our digital devices such as smartphones. But it seems that a lot of the public is unfamiliar with a very useful part of the Windows (TM) operating system called Windows Speech Recognition (WSR). Speech recognition focuses on the translation of audible speech to text, whereas voice recognition just seeks to identify an individual’s voice to perform various functions. In Windows 10 (also in Windows 7 and Windows 8) the Speech Recognition feature can be used to control the desktop, launch apps, and convert speech to text in word processing and other applications.

Windows Speech Recognition was primarily designed to help people with disabilities who couldn’t use a mouse or keyboard, as part of Microsoft’s accessibility features. I have a physical disability myself and have been using Windows Speech Recognition for years. But anyone can set up and use this feature to navigate Windows and dictate text. Once you have it set up and have gotten familiar with the program, you will find that you can get up to 95% accuracy with speech recognition. You’ll be using your Microsoft Word, Excel, and email hands-free in no time.

To use the software effectively you should first make sure you have the right hardware. Most mid-range tablets, laptops, and desktops will have the necessary processing and storage space to use the software optimally. Even some of the budget laptops will be able to harness the power of the software, just avoid opening many programs at once. I recommend a processor of 2.3 GHz or higher. For the sound card I recommend using an external USB sound card. This is because most tablets and laptops have a lot of internal noise (even some desktops do). I also recommend a noise-canceling headset with a mic that can plug into the external sound card.

To get the hardware and software set up properly, from your Windows desktop, go to Search on the taskbar. Type “Control Panel”. Next, click on “Ease of Access”. Next, click on “Speech Recognition”. When that opens, go through the steps to set up your microphone and take the short tutorial. I recommend doing some voice training at first, so the software understands your voice. After using the software for a while, you can go back and do a little more training so that it adapts to your voice better. Then go onto the Microsoft support site to get instructions on using specific commands to control your desktop, your web browser, dictate to your word processor or email app, etc. There will be times when the software will get on your nerves. At those times just close the software. Use your keyboard for a bit and then reopen the speech recognition software.

On a personal note, this article was created, edited and rewritten using the Windows speech recognition program. I also use speech recognition when I’m surfing the web and using either Microsoft Edge or Google Chrome. The software is also helpful for me when I’m writing e-mails. By the way, similar software is also available in other major operating systems such as Apple or Android.

Good luck with your hands-free speech recognition adventure. If you have any problems or questions call Windows support. If you have any type of physical restriction, call Windows disability support for in-depth support.

Asa Bacon is a 50-year-old bookkeeper who lives in Long Island, New York. He is a fan of real history, science fact and fiction. Mr. Bacon is on the Board of Directors of the New York Amateur Computer Club. He will be giving a presentation about speech recognition in January 2021. Call 516-655-6803 or go to NYACC.org for Zoom directions. Please email dave.metzger@gmail.com to receive details on accessing the Zoom meeting.

FOR MORE INFORMATION:
support.microsoft.com/en-us/windows/how-to-use-speech-recognition-in-windows
support.microsoft.com/en-us/windows/use-voice-recognition-in-windows-10
Karen’s Quirky Style
By Karen Rempel

When I was a little girl, I loved playing dress up. In Canada we had a show called Mr. Dressup which was on every weekday morning from the time my family got a television until the mid-90s. His puppet friends Casey and Finnegan were part of the fun, but the moment I liked best was when Mr. Dressup opened his magical Tickle Trunk and put on a costume and played make-believe. When I learned that my Scottish friends across the street, Karn and Stuart, had a dress up trunk, so tangentially close by, I wanted to go over and play at their house every day. Unfortunately, their mother wasn’t too keen on frequent visits, so it was a rare treat when I got to go over and talk my friends into playing dress up in the basement. This was taking dressing Barbie to the next level, being the glamorous doll I fantasized about! I remember a fur stole (probably moth-eaten), a gold brocade gown, and high heels that were of course much too big for me. But I loved wearing this ensemble, tottering around the underground room and preening in front of a standing mirror. I always wanted Stuart to dress up and be my date, but since he was only five years old he really wasn’t interested. Sadly, this set the tone for my love life for decades to come. Hetero Canadian guys just don’t enjoy getting dressed up—they prefer a nice plaid wool shirt and jeans.

After wearing the vintage ice blue Victor Costa dress for my column last month, I thought I should pay another visit to New York Vintage and see what they might have in store for me. Oh my God! NYV is a vast treasure trove of vintage goodies—rack after rack of the most exquisite designer garments, as well as hats, gloves, shoes and jewelry. I think my heart stopped for a moment in Joe Biden’s honor. So let’s start with Keith! I’ll call him this because he looked like a sexy amalgamation of Keith Richards and Mick Jagger, with shoulder-length wavy brown hair, tinged with salt, and a British accent that really ignited my spark plugs. A woman I met at the Biden gala invited me to a Wine and Design event near Rockefeller Center. I had the Ziggy Stardust haircut that you may recall from my early “Karen’s Quirky Style” columns, with carrots on top and teal at the back. I was wearing jeans, high black boots, and multi-colored bolero jacket, sampling a pinot noir, when Keith strolled over, and said, “You look like an interesting person to know.” I thought, “You look pretty interesting too,” in his black jeans, gray shirt, black leather jacket, and that hair! We chatted a bit, and the sparks were shooting in all directions. Emboldened by the wine I had sampled at half a dozen display rooms, I said “Should we go for a drink?” “Yes, darling!” “How about Bar SixtyFive?” I was reaching for the stars—the next incarnation of the Rainbow Room—the epitome of New York romance.

As we tried to find the elevator up to Bar SixtyFive, we seemed to go through one revolving door after another at Rockefeller Center—whirling and twirling! As I went through the sixth whirligig, I said, “Rockefeller Center is nothing but revolving doors!” I was disconcerted that he didn’t come out the other side laughing. But I shrugged it off. We finally found the elevator and learned that Bar SixtyFive was closed for a private event. “How about Otto at One Fifth?” Keith suggested. “Sure, I live near there.” He hailed a cab, and soon we were seated side by side in the dimly lit bar, sparkling wine glasses in hand again, drenched in the magic of New York. (To be continued next month.)

For more fun Philip Maier photos, see karenquirkystyle.com.

Catch and Release
By Karen Rempel

Many girls dream of their wedding day. Not me! I dreamed of twirling in glamorous gowns and going to glittering galas with arm candy men. Every day after school I swooned at the thought of being Ginger, alone with Gilligan on his island. I was born just before the Summer of Love, and my heart thirs ts for freedom, excitement, and finding out what’s around the next bend in the Alaskan Highway. This passion for discovery has whirled me on a football field full of merry-go-round romantic adventures.

In contrast, WestView News Publisher George Capsis was born in 1927, the year of the first talkie (The Jazz Singer) and of Charles Lindbergh’s historic flight across the Atlantic. His mom sent him to school with a quarter for lunch money, and he went to White Tower every day and got two burgers and a hot chocolate for fifteen cents. I bet Obama’s pajamas are the cat’s meow mine make me look like a pregnant sow the Former President is so neat and trim he must sleep in silk robes which bear justice to him my “lazing” gear is ancient and polyester I’d only have it if I were called to sequester clothes make the man, my mama always said if she could see me now in each tattered thread pajamas reminded me of donning old slippers I eraus my PJs like waiters glorify tippers my red jammin’s had been trusty for years that dependence leading to angst and tears I felt a breeze one night—curied the barguining rip even a president’s tailor couldn’t mend this bhp I adored my poly pajamas even more than I love hearsay but their bottom span was first to pop astring I blame the pandemic for aborting a national pajama party, for my conspicuous split—and my food frenzy so hearty!

HOME ON THE RANGE
By Roberta Curley

I bet Obama’s pajamas are the cat’s meow mine make me look like a pregnant sow the Former President is so neat and trim he must sleep in silk robes which bear justice to him my “lazing” gear is ancient and polyester I’d only have it if I were called to sequester clothes make the man, my mama always said if she could see me now in each tattered thread pajamas reminded me of donning old slippers I eraus my PJs like waiters glorify tippers my red jammin’s had been trusty for years that dependence leading to angst and tears I felt a breeze one night—curied the barguining rip even a president’s tailor couldn’t mend this bhp I adored my poly pajamas even more than I love hearsay but their bottom span was first to pop astring I blame the pandemic for aborting a national pajama party, for my conspicuous split—and my food frenzy so hearty!
Style on the Street: 2020 QuaranTeam All–Stars

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Feather fringe, half-moon party tote
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CYNTHIA ROWLEY
394 Bleecker
“Low Rider Sneaker”
CR x ITALEAU capsule collection.
Metallic scallop appliqués & color blocking, waterproof, stain-resistant, hand-stitched Italian leather
cynthiarowley.com

REISS
309-313 Bleecker
“Skylar”
Wool-blend fabrication, notch lapels and double-breasted silhouette
reiss.com

SCOTCH & SODA
317 Bleecker
“Mott super-slim chino”
Houndstooth trouser with an ultra-modern cuffed ankle length, mid-rise w/ welted back pockets
scotch-soda.com

MARINE LAYER
316 Bleecker
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marinelayer.com
City Winery Opens on Pier 57 Amidst Shutdown

By Brian J Pape, AIA

The new flagship location for City Winery, designed by Brooklyn-based Christofer Warnick Architecture, has opened on Pier 57 near West 15th Street. Unfortunately, the pandemic shutdown of indoor dining means it is mostly off-limits to the public, except for the main entry with a wine shop and the winery itself.

Raul Mesias, Director of Wine Sales at the City Winery reported, “As Manhattan’s only fully-functioning winemaking facility, this location offered the unique perk of wine purchased for the month of December; check the citywinery.com website for updates on hours, events, offerings, and whether the testing will continue in 2021. During the lockdown, wine sales provide the main revenue until dining and live events can return.”

The Pier 57 location of City Winery, at 32,000 square feet, is reportedly one of the largest dining spaces in Manhattan, with a total capacity of 900. The well-known restaurant and music venue on Varick Street was forced to close due to the Disney Corporation buying the entire block to build a new headquarters. But many elements of the old venue, such as repurposed oak wine barrels and heavy timber framing, have been used in the new space, with wine tasting bars with wines on tap, a pizza bar, and a coffee roasting station. A 350-seat concert hall and a 150-capacity loft performance space, as well as a rooftop pavilion restaurant, are planned. VIP skyboxes and balcony seating, plus a western glass-enclosed terrace, allow guests to view the Hudson River and Diller’s Little Island.

There are now many City Wineries across the country, a continuing collaboration between the architect and Michael Dorf, CEO & founder. Originally designed by Emil Praeger and constructed from 1950-54 for passenger ships, the Art Deco-style Pier 57 metal enclosure has stainless-steel signage reading “MARINE & AVIATION” and “PIER 57.” Called the “Superpier,” “The World’s Most Modern Pier” is an innovative structure, being fireproof, durable and immune to many of the problems that had historically plagued wooden waterfront construction.

Just below the main deck, three large concrete caissons serve as basement spaces, resting on the riverbed. The caissons were formed inside a dike pond near Haverstraw NY, and after completion were floated like a barge down the Hudson River to the site.

Pier 57 was listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 2004, in large part because of the engineering techniques that keep it standing. Pier 57 was vacated by the city in 2004, but then was temporarily utilized as a detention center during the 2004 Republican National Convention, when approximately 1200 anti-RNC protesters were arrested and sent there.

In 2009, the Hudson River Park Trust selected Youngwoo & Associates to redevelop the Pier 57 site. To comply with NRHP, original windows have been replaced with energy-efficient yet historically correct windows, and the light green paint and stainless steel Art Deco façade has been restored. The developers originally projected a spring 2017 re-opening for the site.

The revenue-generating Hudson River Park Pier 57, co-developed by RXR Realty, will soon also serve as offices for Google, plus indoor and outdoor public seating areas, an exhibit space and classroom operated by Hudson River Park’s science and education staff, and other cultural and learning centers, such as the River Project. The Pier 57 developer is obligated to provide a large ground floor interior public open space on the south side of the ground floor, currently referred to as the “Living Room.” On the roof will be a large landscaped public park with panoramic views of Manhattan, New Jersey and the New York Harbor.

Brian J. Pape is a LEED-AP “Green” architect consulting in private practice, serves on the Manhattan District 2 Community Board, is Co-chair of the American Institute of Architects NY Design for Aging Committee, and is a journalist, especially on architecture subjects.

The main entry has a wine shop and gift store, and acts as the main lobby for access to other areas, featuring this curving stair wall of backlit bottles. Credit: Brian J Pape, AIA.

The revenue-generating Hudson River Park Pier 57, co-developed by RXR Realty and Youngwoo & Associates, will feature the new flagship location for City Winery, new offices for Google, indoor and outdoor seating areas, and other public spaces. Credit: HRPT website.

Elements of the former venue on Varick Street, can be found in the new performance and dining space, with wine tasting bars, a pizza bar, and a coffee roasting station. The balcony fronts are made of repurposed oak wine barrels. Credit: Brian J Pape, AIA.

Inside the new main level performance and dining space, with wine tasting bars, a pizza bar, and a coffee roasting station, there are VIP skyboxes and balcony seating to allow guests to view the Hudson River and Diller’s Little Island while enjoying the music. Credit: Brian J Pape, AIA.
West Village Streets, By Any Other Name

By Brian J. Pape, AIA, LEED-AP

These Village streets, by any other name, would be just as charming. But since New York has a habit of changing names, some of our streets have been known by other names over the years.

Since colonial times, Villagers hired surveyors to lay out their streets and plot their properties, taking their cues from already-established routes, namely, Broadway, Greenwich Lane (now Greenwich Avenue), Skinner Road (now Christopher Street), and Hudson Street. The streets generally followed one another in an orderly fashion, with variations in block sizes and shapes resulting from adherence to some existing property lines.

Under English rule, this area was named Greenwich and contained the country estates of colonists, including Sir Peter Warren. With the Revolution, and early development of the Republic, large numbers of tradesmen created a village, with many summer homes, later year-round living to escape the noise and dangers of downtown Manhattan.

Through the Eighteen-Twenties, New York City was closing the gap between itself and Greenwich, with the portion of the Village west of Sixth Avenue as the primary area of development; to the east of it lay the prime residential neighborhood of the City in which stately town houses were erected.

Greenwich Village was saved from becoming an indistinguishable part of the metropolis for two main reasons. Firstly, its early street pattern detached it from the main avenues to the east. Secondly, many early families remained for generations, forming a permanence or preservation bloc.

(The Greenwich Village Historic District Designation Report of 1969 by the Landmark Preservation Commission provided this historic background.)

Greenwich Lane was obviously a major street in the early 1800's, originating at the river bank, directly east to Eighth Avenue near 14th Street, and then diagonally down to Fifth Avenue, near the "Manetta Waters" (Creek), where the future Washington Square would be plotted. Looking at the juncture of Fifth Avenue and Greenwich Lane, "Art Street" angles off to the north-east; today it is no longer there, replaced by more of the 1811 grid, and we would soon lose Greenwich Lane below Sixth Avenue.

Note that there is no Tenth, Eleventh or Thirteenth Avenue on the map yet, and Fifth to Ninth Avenues originate at Greenwich Lane, run north, and do not intrude further into the Village at this time. Individual structures are shown, mainly homes labeled with their owners' names, even when they sit in the middle of a street, destined for removal.

The central core of the Village was later saved from deterioration by a renaissance in 1916, when realtors and residents made a successful appeal to the City's Zoning Commission to set apart the central blocks of the Village for residential use, thereby establishing their concern for the future of the area and halting further erosion of its boundaries.

Now let's return to 14th Street, the northern boundary of the West Village.

The numbering of cross-town streets is part of the 1811 grid system that picks up at Houston Street further east, but Village streets south of Greenwich Lane are named, not numbered, except for this little corner above Greenwich Lane. West 13th Street will remain split by the future Jackson Square at Eighth Avenue.

West 12th Street is forever divorced from the other West 12th Street, and the relocated (see below) West 12th Street is four blocks south of the renamed (Little) West 12th Street; (Little) West 12th Street seems begging for a name change, but didn't get one. The old Greenwich Lane below it and west of 13th Street gets the colorful name Gansevoort Street, Dutch for the "White Fort" that was built out on the shoreline.

Below Greenwich Lane (Gansevoort), Horatio and Jane Streets keep their names. Then Cornelia Street (duplicate names with one further south) will be rebranded West 12th Street as it got connected to West 12th Street further east, making a bend at Greenwich Lane. Between Cornelia and Bank Streets, a Bethune Street will be added. Below Cornelia, Bank Street remains, but will be sundried in two at Hudson Street in order to create a playground on Bleecker Street.

Hammond Street, just south of Bank, will be renamed West 11th Street when it is connected to West 11th Street east of Greenwich Lane. Below Hammond is Henry Street, later renamed Perry Street. We'll return to Henry when we look at the southern half map. Meanwhile, let's look at the parallel streets between Hudson Street and Greenwich Lane.

Catharine Street, just west of Greenwich Lane, will become part of Waverly Place in the future, after Washington Square is created. Next, when West 4th Street is extended north, it will absorb William Street. And George Street, nearest Hudson Street, will later be connected to a series of streets to the east, and finally be labeled as Bleecker Street.

Hence, the confusion created by West 4th Street crossing West 11th and 12th Streets.

We return to Henry (later Perry) Street, just north of Charles Street, to look at the southern half map. When the Newgate Prison is abandoned, all the streets nearby will be extended to West Street, and West Street and Washington Street will be infilled and extended further north to 14th Street. Another later addition will be the block-long Charles Lane, an alleyway between Charles Street and Henry Street.

South of Charles Street is Amos Street. When it was later renamed West 10th Street as it was connected to West 10th Street further east, making a bend at Greenwich Lane, and West Fourth Street is extended north, absorbing William Street, it added to the confusion of numbered streets crossing one another.

We've reached Christopher Street, another major commerce area, leading from the shoreline at West Street and the Newgate Prison (#67), east to Greenwich Lane. When a marketplace replaces the prison, Christopher Street will be widened greatly for the market activities from Greenwich Street to West Street. Obviously, the plethora of piers and wharfs have not yet reached this area.

None of the other cross streets below Christopher Street extend all the way to Greenwich Lane, but end at the farm above Manetta Waters (Creek). This farm is where 8th Street and West 3rd Street will terminate at the future Sixth Avenue. (9th Street will also end at the future Sixth Avenue.) So, let's return to Greenwich Lane at Christopher Street and work our way around.

Just below Greenwich Lane where it meets Art Street is Amity Street, later renamed West 3rd Street to connect it to East 3rd Street. East 4th Street will need to be added to the area, becoming West 4th Street, and forming the southern border of Washington Square.

Below Amity is "David Street" which takes a turn north at Hancock Street and will later become part of Bleecker Street. When Seventh Avenue is later extended continued on page 31
By Keith Michael

We’ve slammed the door on 2020! Of course this presentation of the 15th Annual West Village Bird of the Year Awards, “The Millies,” will be broadcast on Zoom rather than from the traditional in-person location on the tourist-confounding corner of West 4th and West 12th Streets where my Bird #1, a rosy-hued House Finch, launched my NYC birding quest!

A little Zoom housekeeping: for the enjoyment of all, please turn off your videos and mute your mics. There will be ample opportunity for cheering at the end.

As a refresher, the criteria for inclusion in “The Millies”: birds must be seen in, above, or from the five boroughs of New York; voting is weighted toward those birds observed during Millie’s daily corgi-walks in the West Village; additional points may be lauded to those candidates actually seen by the award’s namesake. Miss Millie’s patronage includes the privilege of casting the tie-breaking vote (or even the privilege of disregarding these ground rules completely).

I promised Millie that this year’s awards ceremony would be a masked ball. It appears she took this quite seriously because she has arrived in a full ears-to-bum Pembroke Welsh Corgi ensemble. If this were a costume party, which I hate to tell her it isn’t, Millie would definitely win First Prize. On to the awards!

MY CORONA BIRDS. All in all, 2020 was a sobering year. This is a grateful shout-out to those 79 neighborhood species that I saw during lockdown. Each bird inspired me to walk to Hudson River Park every day to be reminded that the avian world was on its usual FAST FORWARD while our world was on PAUSE.

ACROBAT OF THE YEAR. After that near-downer, Millie is glaring at me to cheer things up. There were a record number of contenders for this Olympian prize. Clinging to tree trunks and hanging upside down are entry-level skills. Nuthatches up the game by climbing headfirst DOWN trees. Black-and-white Warblers embellish the basic repertoire with sartorial dazzle. But the surprise entry this year was a Least Bittern at the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge in Queens who stunned me with cantilevered gravity-defying dining.

JUST BECAUSE. Two Words: Bald Eagle.
JUST BECAUSE MILLIE LIKES THE PHOTO. American Oystercatchers.
COLOR MY WORLD. Birds’ sheer beauty attracts many people to watch them. This citation goes out to these one-two-punch blasts of color: Northern Cardinals for defining RED, Blue Jays for their radiant BLUE, Baltimore Orioles for their snazzy ORANGE, Yellow Warblers aptly named for their sunny YELLOW, and Monk Parakeets, famous from Brooklyn’s Green-Wood Cemetery, for their raucous GREEN.

URBAN PARENTING. As schools and playgrounds closed this year, human parenting was challenging. Many people told me they were inspired during those months by our urban birds raising their own kids in the wild, somehow surmounting the dangers of weather, traffic, and happenstance. Dozens of Black Duck and Mallard ducklings grew up swimming with the river tides. (Don’t tell Millie, but they were very cute.) Hundreds of birds raised families along our streets, but this special acknowledgement goes to the Canada Goose pair who nurtured four fluffy goslings to adulthood in Hudson River Park, entertaining scads of passersby with their daily traversing from the river to the grass. Ah, the photo ops.

NOT A BIRD. Millie hates this award. It’s likely not the prize itself she hates, but because this presentation usually falls midway through the ceremony she’s either bored or hungry. Today she’s protesting by getting a drink of water.

NEW BIRD OF THE YEAR: The Yellow-headed Blackbird vacationing in Queens.
Coyotes in the Bronx, Italian Wall Lizards in Brooklyn, and Bottle-nosed Dolphins seen from the beaches of Queens. But on December 7th a Humpbacked Whale was spotted in the Hudson River at 42nd Street and was eventually photographed frolicking around the Statue of Liberty before heading back out to sea. NYC's not only an avian wonderland!

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN DANCE. Sidewalk pigeons bust a move with head jive as they walk. But some notable birds focus our attention elsewhere. The Northern Water-thrush and Spotted Sandpiper (two birds I'd love to add to my West Village List) forage with a comical derriere rhumba. My "10" goes to the Yellow-crowned Night Heron in New Jersey that wiggled its butt, seemingly out of uncontainable excitement, as he got closer and closer to nabbing a Fiddler Crab for lunch. (Unfortunately, Millie is back and she disapproves, both of out-of-state awards and of admirable bums other than her own.) Millie's deciding vote goes to the exceptionally worthy Palm Warbler who displayed his tail-bobbing dance this spring on the green at Abingdon Square Park.

ANY OWL I SEE GETS AN AWARD. I swoon over owls. Their elusiveness, penetrating eyes, and nocturnal super-powers are catnip to me (if I were a cat). 2020 brought me sightings of Snowy, Saw-whet, Barred, Great Horned, and Long-eared Owls. 'Tis the Owl-iday season, once again, to find a few owls staring down at me and wondering, "Who are YOU?"

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE. Millie is alarmed that many birds I'm honoring are NOT ones she has seen. To balance that, this fall there were Chickadees and Tufted Titmice seemingly on every corner, a Great Horned Owl on Bethune Street (neither of us saw that superstar), and Cooper's and Red-tailed Hawks hanging out on Perry Street. But Millie votes for a snazzy bird she saw with me this spring on West 11th Street: a Rose-breasted Grosbeak.

NEW BIRD OF THE YEAR. This award was easy because, as was the case last year, there was only one new species added to my list: a glamorous Yellow-headed Blackbird strutting his stuff at Flushing Meadows Corona Park in Queens. This bird is aptly named, as it really is a black bird with a strikingly yellow head. All his friends are west of the Mississippi River. As with any vagrant, there is speculation about how he got waylaid thousands of miles from home.

BIRD OF THE YEAR 2020. It's time for this honored final proclamation. (Millie, wake up!) Whether due to climate change, reduced human activity because of COVID-19, or avian wherewithal, there have been many entertaining and unlikely birds to behold. The stories I could tell you about the top contenders: Golden Plover, Western Tanager, Nelson's Sparrow, Royal Terns, and so many more! But the birds that literally got my heart racing (because I traipsed to look for it six times before we were on the same patch of six-mile beach between Riis Park and Breezy Point) were a King Eider duck and his future Queen. In breeding plumage, the King grows a striking orange shield on his bill, and the Queen boasts a smirk as if to say, "What's all the fuss about?"

There we have it! Y'all can turn your Zoom video back on. Unmute yourself and let out a WHOOPING goodbye to 2020 as a grand year for seeing birds! Millie and I send you our hearty, healthy, and birdy wishes for 2021.

Visit keithmichaelny.com or follow @newyorkcitywild on Instagram.
I first met the photographer Edward Wallowitch on the campus of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois where I was studying theater under the tutelage of the great professor Alvin Krause. She had learned 'The Method' by working in Russia with the great master himself Constantin Stanislavsky, author of An Actor Prepares. This was in 1954 and there I performed as Snobby Price in Shaw's Major Barbara, as one of the Capulet's in Romeo and Juliet, and as the disturbed young man in Tea and Sympathy. In 1956 after studying in New York with Stella Adler, she set me up to be an apprentice under John Houseman at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival Theater in Connecticut where I appeared in King John and Measure for Measure. Back in the Village I returned more sophisticated about gay life, much of which I had learned about in Chicago where after school I hung out in many of the notorious wild gay men's bars in the Near North Side. With my father's help I rented an apartment on Christopher Street and began to frequent the late night Village gay bars like Lenny's Hideaway on Tenth Street, Mary's, and the Old Colony on Eighth Street, and the mixed straight and gay late night hot spot on MacDougal, the famous San Remo Tavern where one might meet Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac or Bob Dylan on a good night. Another favorite gay joint is the historic Julius Bar on Tenth Street, which is still there but barely holding on tight in these difficult COVID times. It was there that I again ran into Ed Wallowitch who told me he was now living with his older brother John at 8 Barrow Street. He invited me to meet him and a friend the next evening at Aldo's Restaurant that was on Bleecker Street next to the Village Apothecary on the corner of Tenth Street.

When I showed up at the elegant white table-clothed gay dinner place, he introduced me to his date who was Andy expertly played the Baby Grand piano and sang jovial songs and ballads he had written and performed in New York. Pushing his white hair off his forehead, the boyish Andy shyly asked me if I would like a Martini. A few nights later his older brother John at 8 Barrow Street. He invited me to meet him and a friend the next evening at Aldo's Restaurant that was on Bleecker Street next to the Village Apothecary on the corner of Tenth Street.

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The Market

This was the market, where, it seemed, any food could be bought. Hong might head to his favorite fowl stall. It was quite large, with baskets of live birds, as well as stacks of cages crowded with more birds. Hong took an aggressive stance at most stalls. The vendor held out a chicken to a woman in front of us. He actually manipulated the bird and I am sure the squawks were coming from him.

“That chicken is dead” Hong muttered to me and to Xiao, who always enjoyed these scenes. When the deal with the woman was done and the vendor held up a chicken to us, Hong shouted “Put that chicken down.” After an exchange of macho stares, the vendor opened the cage and dragged out a different bird, obviously alive, and Hong reached out and grabbed the chicken by its gullet and gave it a good squeeze. This was to make sure not too many stones had been forced down its throat to make it heavier. The cruel way the birds were treated meant many of them were dead on arrival. We finally got chickens which passed Hong’s test. Ankles strung together, they hung upside down, one over each of Xiao’s shoulders.

Pork came next. Back then, pigs were bred to be big and fat, and their flesh was reddish and solidly streaked with white fat. For Chinese, pork was and still is the ultimate meat. Xiao was loaded up with various cuts over which he threw an old bed sheet to keep flies away.

If it wasn’t a pork day, it could be mutton day, a very smelly stall, or seafood day, the most exciting of all for me. Various receptacles were laid out at the stall—tanks, basins and bowls. They would be hauled to the site daily, and filled with live fish and crustaceans. Executions were held on a big marble slab, constantly being hosed down by an assistant. The scene was bloody and turbulent with splashing water. As usual, Hong was rude as he food market blog

The streets turned from page 27 south to Houston, Hancock Street will disappear. Near Hancock is Macdougal Street, which will form the western border of the Washington Square.

Below David is “Houston Street” but it only runs from Broad Way to Bedford Street, where it became “Hamersley Street” to the river; later, Houston Street was widened, extended east of Broadway, and had its name substituted for Hamersley Street.

As we move west on Hamersley Street, and continue north from Houston and Hamersley Street, we see the familiar names of Clarkson, Leroy, Morton, Barrow, Downing and Carmine. Leroy Street will later bisect the Episcopal Cemetery, but as St Luke’s Place, and then Burton Street on the east will be renamed as Leroy Street also.

Just east of George Street and Burton Street, the little unnamed street below Jones will get the name Cornelia Street. North of Burton Street, we see a piece of Garden (?) Street, that will get renamed Morton, and we see a piece of Commerce Street that will be turned to meet Barrow. Barrow Street will later be extended all the way to Washington Square, but then have the last leg renamed Washington Place.

The next street north is Columbia Street, which later becomes Grove Street, extended to Waverley Place.

Today, without a map, it can be hard to find your way. The streets seemed a little more logical in 1810.

Brian J. Pape is a LEED-AP “Green” architect consulting in private practice, serves on the Manhattan District 2 Community Board, is Co-chair of the American Institute of Architects NY Design for Aging Committees, and is a journalist, especially on architecture subjects.

Joan’s Shanghai

Joan’s Shanghai is a memoir of a childhood in Shanghai in the ’30s and ’40s of the 20th century. I am primarily writing it for myself, extending it to my friends, and now to the many people who have shown themselves fascinated with this period in the past.

By Joan Klyhn

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I got a call from an elderly woman who wanted to subscribe to the paper but she had no computer, not even a checkbook, and wanted to know to whom and where she should mail her six dollar bills. I asked her her favorite column and she said “In and Out—it lets me see how my Village is changing.”

...I wish I had a way of continuing to give out free copies of WestView but I don’t. I want to keep producing the paper because it gives me a purpose for living—especially when I hear the occasional compliment “I love your paper.”

And again I wish a local Village millionaire would pay the printer every month but Tim our delivery chief has yet to find his door so it is up to you to subscribe and, if you can, make a donation.