

The Voice of the West Village

WestView News

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Robbery in Progress!



WESTVIEW CAPTURES THEFT IN ACTION. As *WestView* photographer Maggie Berkvist steadied her camera to photograph her dining companions in the outdoor shed of the Left Bank restaurant on Greenwich at Perry Street, four motorbikes roared up and demanded of the two white-shirted pedestrians their valuables and then roared off. The photo was given to the police to help trace the frightening thieves who raced away, presumably to their next theft encounter. For more photographs of the recent crime wave, see page 10. *Photo by Maggie Berkvist.*

West Village Houses Votes to Sustain Jane Jacobs' Vision

By Michael Soluri and Michael Markowitz, WVH tenant-shareholders and members of SPWVH

Jane Jacobs, the self-taught Greenwich Village activist mom who defeated Robert Moses' plan for a Cross Bronx-like expressway through Greenwich Village in the early 1960's, was the visionary behind the creation of West Village Houses

(WVH) in the early 1970's.

Now a free market co-op, WVH occupies forty-two 5-story walk-up buildings containing a mix of 1BR to 4BR apartments, on six sites bounded by Morton and Bank Streets, and Washington and West Streets. WVH reflects Jane Jacobs' vision: basic and affordable housing, including walk-ups and gardens for reasons of eco-

nomics and community.

In a fiercely contentious board election at the end of June, WVH shareholders voted overwhelmingly to support the Jacobs vision. They elected three practical-minded "Problem Solver" candidates to the seven-member board. Soundly defeated were a slate of three candidates who advocated tearing down some or all of WVH to "re-

develop" the complex, eliminating spacious communal gardens in favor of high-rise structures with elevators. This issue harkens back to Jane Jacobs' struggle with Robert Moses as depicted in her seminal book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*.

But the Jane Jacobs vs Robert Moses struggle at WVH is not over. (Stay tuned for more in a future edition of *WestView*.)



Primary Election

The primary for U.S. House and NY State Senate is August 23, 2022

SEE PAGE 6



Dylan Archivist

The Bob Dylan Center has the largest collection of material tracing the life and work of any living musician.

SEE PAGE 25



Camelot Revisited

Two new films by *WestView News'* Roger Paradiso are history lessons in faith, allegiance, and perseverance ...

SEE PAGE 20

WestView

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HAPPY 4TH OF JULY!



MIA SAYS: If you don't understand the ques-
tion you can't give an answer.
Photo by Joel Gordon.

WestViews

Correspondence, Commentary, Corrections

Bad Advertising?

To the Editor:

I object to two pieces—that I have been told are actually ads, and they were paid for—that appeared in the June *WestView News*.

The one on page 26 is written like an article, but there's no author's name. It turns out to be a fundraiser ("Be a cosponsor") for a film. It purports to be for 9/11 families, but no family member is mentioned. Who will benefit from this film that is being made? It promotes the conspiracy theory that the World Trade Center was felled by controlled demolition. That's been debunked, and I could contribute to the arguments to debunk it, but in order to justify fundraising for the film, it has to be clear that the 9/11 families, who are being cited as the beneficiaries, really are a part of this project. There is no indicator that they are. None of them is quoted or cited. Nor is it clear that anyone will be identified as having arranged for these "demolitions." The ad looks suspect. It's asking for money, but it's not clear exactly who will benefit.

The one on the back page is bizarre. It smears Dr. Fauci, and makes the outrageous claim that a "Fauci + Gates Center" is responsible "for Forced Vaccination & Sterilization of All Republicans and for making all non-aborted fetuses TRANS or GAY." The purpose of this "ad" is not clear, other than to make false accusations.

It seems to be anti-vax and anti-Democrat, and it seems to claim that anybody who is born these days is going to be trans or gay, and it is biased against people who really identify as trans or gay. It looks like a joke, but it clearly isn't. What's it doing on the back page of this paper? It's turning *WestView* into a scandal sheet.

WestView News must not be open to such nonsense. The paper needs money, but not so much that its integrity is compromised by scurrilous ads. They're horrible. As a contributor to the paper, I demand that *WestView* not be brought to new lows. They can seem to reflect on all of those who write for the paper.

Carol F. Yost

Help Restore Jane Laundromat— UPDATE!

Good news for patrons of Jane Laundromat, which has been temporarily closed due to a fire on May 4. Owner Justin Cheng is happy to report he's making progress with repairs. If all goes smoothly, he expects to reopen around mid-July. Justin looks forward to continuing to serve our community with the care and trustworthiness for which the family-owned business is known. In order to keep his commitment to come back as soon as possible, he is paying all repairs himself out of pocket before any insurance reimbursement; how-



JANE LAUNDROMAT plans to reopen Mid-July. Photo by Justin Cheng.

ever, if machines need to be replaced, the cost far exceeds the maximum insurance allows. Therefore, the small business still needs our help. Justin thanks everyone. Please help our local laundromat out by donating to their gofundme page: <https://www.gofundme.com/f/help-restore-jane-laundromat>

—Kathryn Adisman

Opening of Jefferson Market Library

By Corinne Neary, Head Librarian

Since May, Jefferson Market Library staff have been back inside the former courthouse, hard at work in preparation for our July 14th reopening date. And while you may be skeptical, as there have been a few delays and pushbacks during the past couple of years, this time, it's full steam ahead. On July 14th at 10:00 a.m. we'll have our official ribbon cutting ceremony, and we think you'll be surprised by what awaits inside!

There are improvements and updates throughout the building, with one of the most exciting being the newly expanded lobby space with previously covered beautiful stained glass windows. And, of course, there is the long-awaited entrance ramp, located in the rear of the building, along with a lovely landscaped area that will be perfect for outdoor activities. The library will now be fully accessible and convenient for all the strollers we can't wait to welcome

back for Toddler Time.

We know how anxious our neighbors are to get the library back, and we are taking the opportunity to celebrate the reopening with a series of in-person events: The Jefferson Market Library Jubilee.

Can't wait for opening day to get inside? Join us on Tuesday, July 12th, at 6:30 p.m. for *The Women's House of Detention: A Queer History of a Forgotten Prison* with author Hugh Ryan. On Wednesday, July 13th, at 1:00 p.m. we'll host a fun Walking Tour: Poets and Writers of Greenwich Village. On the afternoon of Thursday, July 14th, after our official reopening, we'll have interactive activities and giveaways for children and teens.

If you really want to get a full behind-the-scenes look at the building, join us on Friday, July 15th, from 5:00 p.m.–7:00 p.m. for our After-Hours Reopening Celebration with Live Music from Ryan El-Solh. And, for the grand finale, we are thrilled

to have Ada Calhoun (author of *St. Marks is Dead*) give a reading and signing of her new book, *Also A Poet: Frank O'Hara, My Father, and Me* at 3:00 p.m. on Sunday, July 17th, at 3:00 p.m.

One thing we want to make sure you know, as we get ready to reopen our doors for the first time since March 13, 2020: we can't wait to get back to what we love doing. The librarians and staff at Jefferson Market have spent the last two-plus years deployed at other branches in lower Manhattan, and while we've grown and learned, and made new friendships, Greenwich Village is our home! We're looking forward to opening day and beyond, when we'll be recommending books, hosting programs, and getting kids excited about reading. So, come by and say hello!

To register for any of our jubilee events, please visit our programming website: <https://www.nypl.org/events/calendar?location=39>.

Bringing Common Sense Back to Congress: Brian Robinson



"THE MOST IMPORTANT THING I can do for my daughter as a congressman is build a hospital." -Brian Robinson.

By Jason Curtis Anderson

For the first time in the history of New York City, you will be voting for a congressional district that begins at 14th Street and ends at the tip of downtown Manhattan. As many New Yorkers know too well, it's been a long couple of years since the beginning of COVID, and much of downtown still suffers from what can best be described as urban disorder. Whether it be the open-air drug use in Washington Square Park, or the chaos that is the West 4th subway station, downtown seems to have not quite yet awakened from the nightmares of 2020.

New York City needs leadership that truly understands the complexity of each of our neighborhoods and their various needs. Our residents need to once again feel safe, happy, and comfortable growing roots in their respective communities.

The suffering of downtown has carried on for far too long, and the people of downtown's new district 10 deserve better.

The right congressional candidate will play a critical role in the city's future, serving as the much-needed adult in the room when local levels of government fail to achieve their most basic duties. Federal oversight of government spending can be the key to everything from a much-needed new hospital to making sure our best homeless shelters have the support that they need. The homelessness crisis needs to be solved (not just warehoused), and if the city won't make sure homeless non-profits are doing their job, it must be done with federal oversight.

The need for common-sense leadership is now—yet unfortunately, not everyone understands the urgency of this moment. In a recent poll from NYC's Board of Elections, only 21% of registered voters actually vote, which explains why most people don't know the name of their local congressman.

Former Mayor de Blasio is one of the many candidates who has thrown his hat into our local congressional race, and not many people seem excited about him getting back into politics. Whether you're talking to a Democrat or a Republican, many New Yorkers believe de Blasio has done enough damage and we'd be better off with new leadership.

For many downtown residents it boils down to a single issue: de Blasio pushed for the closure of Rikers Island and insisted we build the largest jail the country has ever seen in Chinatown. An issue he pushed not for the betterment of the city as a whole, but so he could sell the land of Rikers Island and give a \$10B contract to build four new prisons to a developer that supported his first Mayoral election. Expecting downtown to remain the financial capital of the world while now doubling as a mega-jail on top of the current public safety crisis is an idea so insane that it sounds more like a plot from a horror movie than a vision of a better city. Let's hope voters remember this when it's time to cast their ballots.

Another candidate for D10 is a newcomer to local politics who doesn't come with all of the baggage and goes by the name of Brian Robinson. Brian is running as a common-sense Democrat who wants to see sanity restored to downtown politics.

Brian is a longtime resident of Tribeca, a small-business owner, and a fast-approaching public school parent who cares deeply about our city. His wife and daughter were recently followed into their building by a person with mental illness, and up to their apartment door despite repeated verbal attempts to stop him. It was only when he heard Brian's voice, that he decided it was not worth it to continue the pursuit. Many in the city, with particular emphasis on recent incidents in Chinatown, have not been as lucky. Brian has therefore

made it his mission to introduce federal legislation to assist with the increasingly problematic populations of the untreated mentally ill that roam our city's streets. Brian is also a champion of green space and will use federal funds to increase green space as downtown doesn't have enough parks. The unnecessary decimation of the East River Park was personal to him, as we all know that our shared green spaces are not only a place for our children to play but serve as the backyards to the majority of New Yorkers.

Since the demolition of St Vincent's Hospital, there is no hospital in between 14th Street and The Battery. If someone has a heart attack, every second could be the difference between life and death. Getting stuck in traffic trying to reach a hospital above 14th Street doesn't have to factor into the life expectancy of downtown New Yorkers. Innumerable lives will be saved with expedient access to emergency services with a triage center and 24-hour medical care.

He values and sees the beauty in historic preservation and knows it is as important as green space. We need to emphasize there are many in government positions in NYC right now who aim to take these things away. And in the spirit of Jane Jacobs, people need to fight for common sense things because the people who run our city will not. Much of

the public debate about zoning laws and historic preservation in NYC is often about how these things have ruined the city, but in many ways, they are actually what preserved it. Neighborhoods must be oriented to the way people live, not the other way around. If Robert Moses had had his way, the West Village would not be the West Village, and there would be a superhighway running through SOHO today.

2022 is a new era, which will require new ideas and new leadership. Brian's approach to all subjects will be rooted in common sense, on a case-by-case basis, and always with the future of the city in mind—including Brian's own daughter.

His plan will revitalize New York City, beginning with his focus on public safety. Personal safety is the bedrock upon which all human additional pursuits are built. With his vision for a compassionate, but sure-fire method of bringing oversight to the way mental illness is treated and the homeless are managed, everyone in NYC will be in a better place. We must put our more radical notions for criminal justice aside, for the common good of our communities, and for the betterment of the severely mentally ill. Brian's vision distinguishes him from the recycled platitudes and dissonance we are so bombarded with in modern-day politics.

Buying, Selling, Renting? Scotty is your trusted local source.



Please check out
westvillagebroker.com
for listings, buying tips,
local business support
and other important
information.

Don't forget to shop local
and support our wonderful
local small business owners
across downtown
Manhattan.

Scotty is a long time West Village resident, broker,
and neighborhood advocate and enthusiast.
Go to westvillagebroker.com for detailed info
on buying/selling/renting, and to support local.

Let's keep our mom and pop businesses alive!

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[@villagescotty](https://www.instagram.com/villagescotty)

COMPASS



Greenwich Village Area Candidates Primary Election August 23, 2022

The New York redistricting fiasco of 2022 should be decried for the failure that it is, but a silver lining in the form of several competitive races in lower Manhattan is a welcome outcome.

The following list is unofficial and in-

cludes information about known candidates from the two major parties. Due to the recent court decision regarding Congressional and State Senate districts, the candidates for those ballots were not finalized as of the *WestView News* deadline—

information is based on the best sources available. For further details and more up to date information visit Ballotpedia.org.

The primary for U.S. House of Representatives and NY State Senate is August 23, 2022.

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY CANDIDATES

2022 NY 10th District U.S. House Candidates

MONDAIRE JONES
jones.house.gov/



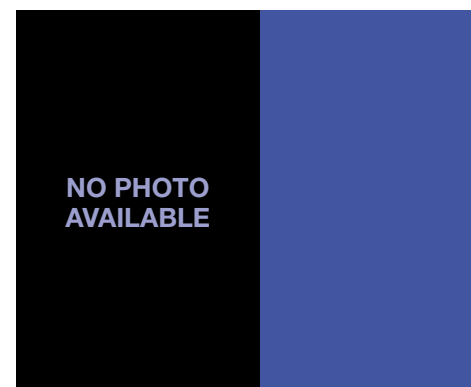
Mondaire Jones was born in Nyack, New York. Jones earned a bachelor's degree from Stanford University in 2009 and a J.D. from Harvard University Law School in 2013.[2] Jones' career experience includes working with the U.S. Department of Justice Office of Legal Policy, with Davis Polk & Wardwell LLP, and as an attorney with the Westchester County Law Department. Jones is a member of the U.S. House, representing New York's 17th Congressional District. He is running for re-election to the U.S. House to represent New York's 10th Congressional District.

BILL DE BLASIO
billdeblasio.com



Bill de Blasio was born in Manhattan and grew up in Cambridge, MA. He graduated from NYU and received a master's degree from Columbia. In 1989, de Blasio joined NYC mayoral candidate David Dinkins' campaign as a volunteer coordinator. After Dinkins was elected, de Blasio worked in City Hall as an aide. The following year, he managed Hillary Clinton's successful 2000 senatorial campaign. In 2001, de Blasio was elected to the NY City Council, where he represented District 39. He was elected public advocate in 2009. In 2013, de Blasio was elected as mayor of New York City.

PATRICK DOOLEY



Patrick Dooley was born in Port Jefferson, New York. He served in the U.S. Navy from 1985 to 1989. His career experience includes working as a director of business relations. Dooley has been affiliated with the IBEW AFL-CIO.

DANIEL GOLDMAN
dangoldmanforny.com/



Goldman served as lead counsel for the impeachment investigation of President Donald J. Trump for abusing his office for his personal interest regarding Ukraine. In that role, Goldman led depositions and questioned witnesses in public hearings, and testified before the House Judiciary Committee. Prior to that, Goldman served 10 years as an Assistant United States Attorney in the Southern District of New York working with Preet Bharara.

ELIZABETH HOLTZMAN



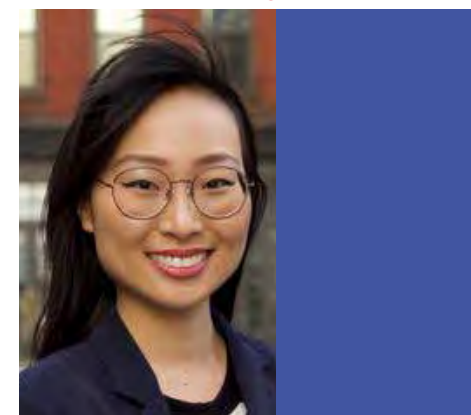
The youngest woman ever elected to Congress when she won a House seat in 1972 at age 31 Holtzman went on to serve as Brooklyn district attorney and New York City comptroller. Holtzman, who last served in Congress in 1981, said she is running because she has "the strong, proven record to take on the right wing, the forces of bigotry and racism, the forces of misogyny."

BRAD HOYLMAN



State Senator Brad Hoylman, chair of the Senate Judiciary Committee, represents New York's 27th State Senate District. Brad is a longtime grassroots activist, serving previously as a Democratic District Leader and three-term chair of Manhattan Community Board 2. He is the past president of the Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats and a former board member of Tenants & Neighbors and Citizen Action.

ELIZABETH KIM
elizabethkimforcongress.com



Raised in rural Georgia, Kim graduated Duke University in 2017. The daughter of Korean immigrants, Kim vows to fight to bridge the gap between where we are now and where we want to be, ought to be, and can be.

MAUD MARON
maudmaron.com/



Maud Maron was born in New York, New York. Maron graduated from Barnard College in 1993 and earned a J.D. from Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, Yeshiva University in 1998. Her career experience includes working as an Attorney with the Legal Aid Society. Maron co-founded FAIR and PLACE NYC

YUH-LINE NIOU
nioufornewyork.com/



Yuh-Line Niou is a progressive leader for low-income, immigrant, and working families. She immigrated to the U.S as an infant, when her parents came from Taiwan with all of their possessions in just six suitcases. A proud CUNY Baruch graduate, she was elected to represent New York's 65th Assembly District, becoming the first AAPI woman in the NYS Assembly and the first Asian-American to represent Chinatown in the State Legislature.

CARLINA RIVERA
carlinarivera.nyc/



Carlina Rivera was born and raised in NY-10 on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Growing up in Section 8 housing with a single mother who emigrated from Puerto Rico to Brooklyn, she has an intimate understanding of the issues everyday New Yorkers face. Rivera has been a New York City Council Member since 2018.

BRIAN ROBINSON
votebriannyc.com/



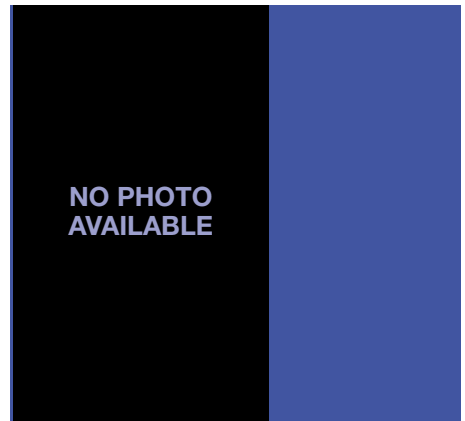
Brian Robinson was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey. He earned a bachelor's degree from Tulane University in 2005. Brian is a longtime resident of Tribeca, a small-business owner, and a fast-approaching public school parent who cares deeply about our city.

JO ANNE SIMON
joannesimon.com/



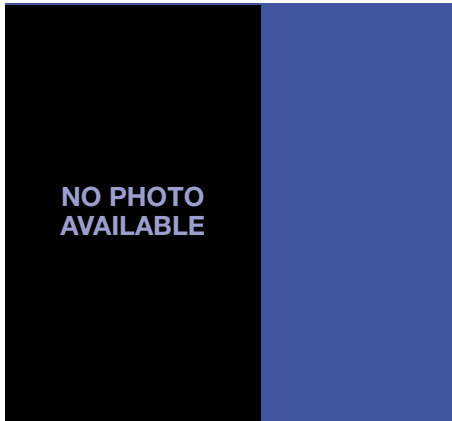
Simon was born in Yonkers. A first-generation college student, she earned a BA from Iona College. She later earned a Master of Arts degree from Gallaudet University, and a Juris Doctor from the Fordham University School of Law. She is a member of the New York State Assembly from the 52nd district since 2015.

YAN XIONG
yanxiongforsenate2022.com/



Xiong Yan is a Chinese-American human rights activist, military officer, and Protestant chaplain. He was a dissident involved in the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests. Yan studied at Peking University Law School. He came to the US as a political refugee in 1992, and later became a chaplain in U.S. Army, serving in Iraq.

DAVID YASSKY
davidyassky.com/



Yassky was the former Dean of Pace University School of Law. He was a member of the New York City Council from 2002 until 2009. In 2006, Yassky ran for U.S. Congress in Brooklyn. In 2010 Yassky was appointed chairman of the New York City Taxi and Limousine Commission.

NO INFO AVAILABLE

JOHN HERRON

JIMMY JIANG LI

IAN MEDINA
ianmedinaforamerica.com/

More than a dozen candidates are running in New York's 10th Congressional District Democratic primary on August 23, 2022. Candidates receiving significant media attention are U.S. Rep. Mondaire Jones, who was elected in 2020 to represent the 17th District and is running in the 10th after redistricting; former New York City Mayor Bill de Blasio; prosecutor Daniel Goldman; former U.S. Rep. Elizabeth Holtzman; state Assemblymember Yuh-Line Niou; New York City Council Member Carlina Rivera; and state Assemblymember Jo Anne Simon.

The *New York Times* wrote that the redrawn 10th District includes "some of New York's most politically engaged and diverse neighborhoods: Greenwich Village, Wall Street, Chinatown, Park Slope, Sunset Park and even parts of Borough Park, an ultra-Orthodox Jewish stronghold." The *Times* called the primary "a contest not so much of ideas—almost every major candidate has condemned threats to abortion rights and bemoaned the lack of strict limits on guns—as of brute force, blunt ambition and identity politics."

Axios called the district "a potential venue for Democrats to expose various internal rifts as candidates fight for a simple plurality of the vote, where the winner can advance with far less than 50%."

—Ballotpedia

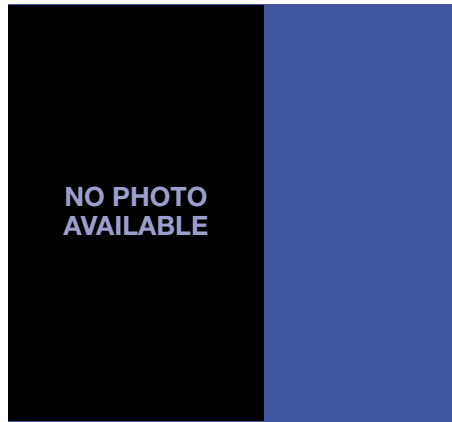
REPUBLICAN PRIMARY CANDIDATES

BENINE HAMDAN
beninehamdan.com/



Hamdan was born in Brooklyn, New York. She earned a bachelor's degree from St. John's University in 2016 and a master's degree from St. John's University in 2020. Her career experience includes working as a risk analyst.

MICHAEL RAGUSA



2022 NY
 State Senate
 Candidates

Notes From Aaway

Quislings, Sieges and Neutrality

By Tom Lamia

It didn't take the Republican Party long to find within its ranks of what used to be called "rock ribbed" loyalists a multitude of quislings. Not so rock ribbed it seems when it came to turning their backs on democracy, decency and political consistency. Seemingly out of the blue came volunteers willing to look the other way when Trump pointedly suggested that their future in politics might depend on it. What had been clear became cloudy and commitment to principle and the Constitution was replaced by commitment to (and fear of) Trump.

The Russian character is well known from centuries of historical literature. It is a character molded by the violence of war and territorial conquest. That character has been impressed on Europe through a series of confrontations and armed struggle, most recently in the Crimean War in the mid-19th Century and in World Wars I and II in the 20th Century. Russian novelists have dissected and explicated that character many times over. *War and Peace* and *Doctor Zhivago* deserve mention but they are but islands in a vast sea of brilliance. A singular aspect of that character is now seen in what has become the Siege of Ukraine, only this time (unlike at Sevastopol, Leningrad and Stalingrad) the Russians are on the other side; besiegers not besieged.

Finland resisted when Russia invaded in 1939, doing what Ukraine is now doing (and what Tecumseh did when America pushed westward into Native American lands); resisting nimbly, and bravely with astonishing tactical brilliance, sacrificing land and lives while sticking a wrench in the gears of the invaders. A peace was achieved in each case, but at the price of a lesson well taught—that armed resistance destroys lives and livelihoods. And that future neutrality without abject surrender is preferable to a valorous defeat.

These thoughts come to me in the back-



ALL IN FOR THE BESIEGED; will American character prevail? Photo by Susan Lamia.

wash of news and opinion overload that each day causes anxiety and outrage with no avenue for relief. In this daily flow of news historical comparisons are often used to simplify the message. They provide a context for the story as an aid to understanding. Historical comparisons can also be editorial dynamite where enlightenment and deception are at odds.

Take the Quisling example: Vidkun Quisling was a Norwegian politician enthroned as Prime Minister by the Nazis in WWII to do the bidding of Hitler's government. He was executed for treason by firing squad in Norway in 1945. The term 'quisling' became a synonym for traitor or turncoat. Quisling paid the price of eternal ignominy for his political expediency. When you change horses in midstream your new horse must not stumble before land is reached or you will pay a price. In every political lifetime there comes a moment for message clarification. If only clarification you will survive, but there is a limit. When only dishonesty or duplicity can explain the before and after messages, there will be a price. Not death by firing squad, but vengeance in some form. It may be an overstatement to describe MAGA Republicans as quislings and yet it is the word that comes to mind as I follow events.

The Russian character in literature and

war is one of indomitability and ruthlessness. Assuming this is accurate, is this praise or condemnation? Russian novels are full of moral crises for individual characters as well as for the Russian society in which the action takes place. Can it be acceptable for a culture to be both cruel and yet admirable for its ability to survive adversity? Russia's origin is European. It differs from other European countries in that it has explored, conquered and occupied enormous land areas and indigenous peoples to the east and north of its European origins over centuries pursuing a manifest destiny of its own. Under Tsars and Soviets it has conquered, explored, and settled or abandoned vast areas. It is less developed than most any European country, but still holds political, military and cultural power over many peoples. Its territorial expansion stretched eastward through a frozen wilderness of thousands of miles, ultimately crossing oceans and reaching, if not colonizing Alaska and our West Coast. The Russian story is not just one of serfdom and tyranny.

Count Leo Tolstoy is exemplary as an avatar of Russian character: military hero, stubborn genius, insufferable patriot, and brilliant novelist. I no longer remember the work of history that first brought to my attention Tolstoy and the siege of Sevastopol during the Crimean War, but the impres-

sion it made was sharp and lasting. Tolstoy's exploits at the siege of Sevastopol as a Lieutenant of Artillery is reminiscent of the Civil War service of our own young men of genius: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. and Walt Whitman. Tolstoy was a 26-year-old junior officer in the Russian Army defending Russian Sevastopol against a siege by the British and French over 11 months in 1854-55. The Russian defenders were without supplies or hope of rescue and suffered extraordinary losses and yet held their positions until an orderly and life-saving withdrawal could be negotiated. Tolstoy wrote of his experience during and immediately following the Russian surrender. *War and Peace* followed in serialized form in 1865-69.

Now the Russian shoe is on the other foot in Ukraine where it is Russia besieging Ukrainian cities with artillery and Ukraine under threat of investment and surrender. The scale of the destruction is such that pleas are being heard from allied nations for cease-fires, concessions and peace at any cost. To survive while seeking a negotiated peace Ukraine will need what Russia had at Sevastopol and, more recently, at Stalingrad. There is Russian character on each side so cruelty, violence, and stubborn resolve can be expected.

It is thought by many that neutrality could be a basis for stopping the war. The experience of Finland in 1939-1942 is suggested as a template for resolution of the war and a basis for future relations, with Ukraine remaining nominally independent and neutral. This is not likely; Finland and Sweden (another positive neutrality example) have applied for NATO membership, a status inconsistent with present or future neutrality if granted. Neutral status worked as a lever for peace with the Soviet Union when Stalin needed to clear his decks for a German invasion. Unlike Finland, Ukraine cannot expect any Russian deck clearing so long as sanctions can be tolerated and nuclear weapons remain a Russian option.

Below the Fold

By Siggy Raible

We live in unsettling and uncertain times, during which our world is confronted with existential threats to our life on this planet. We are battling an invisible enemy that has claimed the lives of over one million Americans and millions more worldwide, while also facing the invisible forces unleashed by the interactions of greenhouse gases that are threatening all life on our pale blue dot of a planet...our home, Earth.

At the same time, we are awash in violence both at home and abroad. I read my hometown paper daily and was wondering when the violence in Ukraine, which had been front page above-the-fold news for

three months and four days, would become an item mentioned below the fold. Well, it happened on Saturday, May 28, 2022. The war in Ukraine became a second-place horror story to the murder of twenty-one students and teachers in a small-town grade school in Texas.

It took one horror story to replace another as the top tragedy of the moment. The motto of my paper is "All the News That's Fit to Print." Well, I beg to differ. This news is not fit for human consumption.

The murderous rampage in Uvalde occurred over one hour; the war in Ukraine has been ongoing for more than one hun-

dred days, with no end in sight. (Actually, the war in Eastern Ukraine has been ongoing since 2014.)

The US is awash in automatic weapons built solely to kill other human beings. Ukraine is awash in every known weapon—including missiles, tanks, and armored personnel carriers. These weapons indiscriminately rain down on the civilian population; the death toll will never be fully known. The Russians, the aggressors, are also losing men in the unprovoked assault unleashed by its leader. How many Pushkins, Einsteins, or other great thinkers are we losing to these horrific events?

Nearly all the ailments that afflict our world, what we call existential threats—the changing climate, wars, the violence exhibited toward one another—are man-made. If we are the cause of our own destruction,

perhaps we are smart enough to find within ourselves the ability to amend what has crippled our psyche and in turn is destroying our home.

We cannot solve these problems if we continue to travel down the same road which led us to the present impasse. It is past time for people and the nations of the world to find solutions. We need more than prayers; we need action. For to continue with business as usual will certainly lead to a cataclysmic end.

So, let's hunker down and begin the arduous job of ridding ourselves of violence toward one another, and finding the common thread that binds us to each other. The thread that will allow us to find the solutions to the damages we have wrought to this place we call home, because there is no other home—there is no Planet B.



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This is Why We Need a Hospital to Replace the Great St. Vincent's Hospital

By Roger Paradiso

"I've got to sit down," said Maggie, her face taut with anxiety. It was "I have to sit down now." We were walking on Bleecker Street and, with half of her right lung excised by cancer and radiation, she could not walk another step, not another step. Yet there was no place to sit down.

"I eyed a shop across the street, and as we entered, I noted a bench-like display rack and asked if Maggie could sit. 'This is not a sitting shop,' the prissy clerk sneered. 'Go across the street, there is a bench.'"

—George Capsis, *West View News*, 1/1/2013

I'd asked George Capsis, the publisher of the best community paper in New York City, why it is important to build a hospital in the West Village to replace St. Vincent's.

People are afraid of hospitals and yet people want them. Hospitals like St. Vincent's are sacred places. They are where our children are born and our loved ones die. They are where we go when we have a health crisis. We ask the doctors to save us from pain or death. And many times, they do. There are miracles at hospitals that occur every day—without fanfare, except to the families who interact with the hospitals.

St. Vincent's was a different hospital for sure. It was a Catholic hospital started by the Sisters of Charity. It took in anyone regardless of race or creed. You could be a homeless person or a person of wealth. All were treated to the best care they could provide. It was a sacred place that served the West Village well. And it was taken away from us. And from the most vulnerable people.

"About a year ago, I started to get up and I felt dizzy, even nauseous, and I knew I could not stand. Maggie, after her lung cancer operation, was frail, and now I was

the patient and had to ask her to call 911.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the ambulance driver. From many visits with Maggie, I knew, only too well, the Beth Israel's facility at East 16th Street and First Avenue. So I thought I would try NYU (I was becoming an expert on emergency rooms).

"NYU's emergency room is tiny, with only 18 patient treatment positions—curtained-off receiving alcoves. They rolled me into one originally designed for one person, but already occupied by a plump self-indulgent man in great audible distress. 'I need a cell phone—somebody give me a cell phone.'

"A nice nurse confided that they often double, even triple the in-flow, with patients in the hallway (I recall him saying they had over 60 one night)."

—George Capsis, *WestView News*, 1/1/2014

Hospitals are holy places in our lives. They bring life and, other times, death. They are sacred places of healing. And yet we only think of them when we need them.

"My wife had a very hard-to-repeat Greek first name, 'Andromache,' which, understandably, in popular use, became Maggie. I did not like 'Maggie,' but the shortened Greek version of Andromache is an unattractive 'Machie,' so I never called her by name but merely directed my speech in her direction.

"As a young woman she was probably a heavy smoker; she developed lung cancer which lingered and slowly metastasized until late in our marriage. After the kids were gone it became a terminal cancer growth.

We didn't know it was terminal, and the doctor who was treating it did not tell us (evidently this is something they do). But they did direct that she go to Calvary Hos-

pital in the Bronx. We would say 'no' and they would say 'yes,' and this would go on and on until we were visited by a team of medical types. The head man of the team was very insistent that 'your wife' has to go to Calvary and that we were lucky they had an opening.

"Until the first day I went to see Maggie in Calvary Hospital, I had never visited the Bronx—never. So as my bus drove north, deeper and deeper into the heart of this, for me, very strange land of cheaply built shops and tenements, my heart sank. I had a premonition that this was not where a world-class hospital to cure cancer would be built, but would be a place where people would be allowed to die. I was about to visit an end-of-life hospice.

"The rooms were small and crowded; and all of the help attended the furniture of hospital, not the patients who were closed-eyed and silent, as was Maggie. She never knew when I visited—she never spoke to me—and yet I came and came again, not willing to accept that this was a dying place, not a hospital to cure.

"I became angry, very angry, because I felt they were not trying to save Maggie's life. I never found a doctor to talk to; indeed, I NEVER EVEN SAW A DOCTOR.

"Yes, I got very mad and wrote an e-mail to the director and demanded a meeting. When I arrived at the meeting with my son Doric, we found a room filled with medical types, even nurses in uniform, and I wondered why all these people were in this room to listen to what I had to say. I was just the husband of yet another dying patient. And they were all dying—all of them. Yet they listened respectfully as I allowed my rage to well forth at the image of my silent wife in a small room visited only

by the backs of cleaning ladies. Soon after, I got a telephone call—"Your wife is dead."

"Right after that, I found myself on a platform in front of the 160-year-old St. Vincent's Hospital that was about to be demolished, with a politician making a speech as to why the crowd should vote for him with no mention of the imminent hospital's destruction. I reached my hand up to grab his chin to point it up to the hospital as THE cause he should espouse when, suddenly, he turned abruptly and it looked like I was taking a swing at his jaw. Others alerted an 'attendant' to remove me from the platform. I gave the attendant's cheek a slap and he fell to the floor in tears.

"I was angry—angry that the warm familiar hospital to which I had taken my wife for treatment was going to be torn down to build luxury apartments and nobody was stopping it. I was angry because I'd had to travel for over an hour into the ugly nightmare of the Bronx.

"West Village folk gathered and made speeches and shouted, but nobody stopped the demolition. Making money, lots and lots of money, in this country, is always the 'right' thing to do.

"A mother and a father wrap their arms around a growing child when he or she is ill, just as a community hospital wraps its care around the patients of the neighborhood. And we can walk to its doors."

George Capsis, *West View News*, 6/23/2022

This is why we need to fight for another hospital to replace the great St. Vincent's Hospital. There will be petitions placed in stores in the Village after July 4th. Please sign them if you want a new hospital for the West Village, Tribeca and other parts of the Lower West Side.

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Mom & Pops Suffer Loss of St. Vincent's: Paper Works Part 2



BLOCK OF 7TH AVENUE, home to Jessie's & Paper Works, as seen today. Photo by Peter Gonzalez.

By Kathryn Adisman

Paper Works proprietor Adam Abi-Saab waited all summer for something to fill the void. He had an option to renew his lease for five years. Will a settlement be reached with the landlord?

The Week after Labor Day 2010 the landlord was willing to go down 20 percent, but the store lost more than 60 percent of its business after St. Vincent's closed. Paper Works will be forced to close at the end of September after 25 years. Adam speaks of "the disappointment for the community." More than 500 signed a petition to the landlord. Adam says, "It's not the landlord's fault. It's a consequence of the hospital closing." He calls it "playing a dirty trick" on the community. Adam predicts: "Lots of merchants will shut down and the neighborhood will look like a ghost town."

To make this decision was hard. He met his wife, Wafa, at the store in 1990 while she was a student nurse. They discovered they were related by marriage. She calls it "Destiny."

What will he do now? "I'll fix my head for a little while..."

Len, a high school librarian, expresses "tremendous sadness." —The store was "a touchstone, especially for single people, middle-aged or older, who live alone..."

Dicky, former doorman at The Vermeer, a self-described "loner," fits Len's description. Once a week, Dicky brings a rose for the store. After his surgery, Adam fetched him from NYU's hospital. "Adam calls me at home if I don't show up."

The Last Week Indignant Tea & Sympathy owner Nicky Perry storms in, vowing to write landlord.

Tom, the Birthday Boy, comes in with carrot cupcakes to share. "Did I miss Smokey?" The famous cat once scratched a customer who stepped on his paw and returned from St. Vincent's with a \$435 ER bill, recalls Susan, who split the annual vet fee with Adam. When the hospital staff found out it was Smokey, the bill got canceled!

"We're back!" a gaggle of nurses flock in: "We're here to say goodbye to you!" Nurse

Practitioner Patti, who was a student at St. Vincent's and worked there 33 years, describes it as "the loss of a loved one. We were a community beyond just the four walls." The store was a gift shop for the hospital.

Joanne, 35 years at St. Vincent's, says, "I got all my film developed here, bought cards for the last 25 years. These are our friends." Patricia, 19 years in the Reiss Pavilion, observes, "There are no more big card stores." The "variety" store—where K.B. fixed computers and blew up balloons—is extinct.

The Last Day Robert, grade school science teacher, Paper Works customer since the '90s, reacts like a man on Death Row who just got a stay of execution, relieved to hear the store will be open three more days!

"Even if I don't buy anything—I think all of us just want to be able to see them again... This is like our home base. Such a tragedy when we lost St. Vincent's. Trickle effect."

"It's the time we live in," says Adam. "In the giant stores, the relation between people is not the same." Mike returns from Duane Reade: \$7.99 for a roll of packing tape vs. \$2.99—Paper Work's prices were cheaper!

The left-over merchandise—thousands \$\$ in overstock—Adam is donating to the LGBTQ Center and Salvation Army. "Time to give something back! Give and take, give and take"—the compact a community store makes with its patrons.

There's a rally in two weeks Adam plans to attend. After he's closed?

"Of course!"

POSTSCRIPT After Paper Works closed, Sunday, Oct. 3, Smokey wandered over every day for a week and stood outside the shop, waiting for it to open. Finally, he gave up. Last seen at Jessie's, curled up on a shelf in back of the store. He looks depressed. Can't say I blame him.

Today Walgreen's box store Duane Reade, which absorbed four independents, itself is closed, leaving a block of empty storefronts. It looks like a ghost town. What Adam predicted came to pass.

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

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Why Not the SS United States as a Hospital Ship?



THE SS UNITED STATES is a retired ocean liner built in 1951 for the United States Lines. It could be a converted hybrid of entertainment attraction and hospital ship at one of the Hudson River Park piers, which fits the theme and history of the waterfront, while serving many needs. *Photo: SS United States Conservancy.*

By Brian J Pape, AIA

I'm sure many of our readers are familiar with the existence of hospital ships for years, so why not a hospital ship for the west side of lower Manhattan?

The SS United States is a retired ocean liner built in 1951 for the United States Lines. The ship is the largest ocean liner constructed entirely in the United States and the fastest ocean liner to cross the Atlantic in either direction. Designed by American naval architect William Francis Gibbs, he was inspired by the British liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, according to Wikipedia. Construction was a joint effort with the United States Navy and designed to be converted to a hospital ship or a troopship if required by the Navy. Extensive use of aluminum meant significant weight savings, and it had the most powerful steam turbines of any merchant marine vessel at the time, delivered to four 60,000 lb., 18-foot diameter manganese-bronze propellers. One of the four-bladed propellers was mounted at the entrance to the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum, but is now at Pier 76 in New York City, while another is mounted outside the American Merchant Marine Museum on the grounds of the United States Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, New York.

The SS United States maintained an uninterrupted schedule of transatlantic passenger service until 1969. The ship's fittings were later sold at auction by new owners, and hazardous wastes throughout the ship were removed, leaving it almost completely stripped by 1994.

Since 2009, a preservation group called the SS United States Conservancy had been raising funds to purchase the ship, and now to save the ship for a new use.

In March 2020, the commercial real estate firm RXR Realty of New York City announced its plans to repurpose the ocean liner as a permanently moored 600,000 sq. ft. hospitality and cultural space along Pier 57, at its original home port of New York. That plan seems dead in the water.

THE HOSPITAL OPTION

Repurposing the SS United States as a hybrid of entertainment attraction and hospital

ship at one of the Hudson River Park piers would serve many needs, foremost being the need for a full hospital in our area. A hospital ship at one of the Hudson River Park piers fits the theme and history of the waterfront, as evidenced by the numerous historic vessels permanently docked alongside their piers.

Although earlier estimates for the restoration as a luxury cruise ship was said to be "as much as \$700 million", repurposing the ship as a hybrid of entertainment attraction and hospital ship could be less, and could create a revenue stream to compensate the expense.

In any case, the high price for land alone for any building in the area would certainly exceed \$200 million, perhaps by a great deal more.

And just think of the fun destinations the defunct funnels can provide: observation towers for tourists, night clubs far from the functions below decks, and ventilation stacks for all the critical care units.

But Pier 57 is not the only possible berth. If that pier doesn't work out, Pier 40 has been looking for new uses for years, and has the advantage of vehicular ramps serving all levels, including the roof; a 'Plan B'.

(Pier 86, another former United States Lines passenger pier still exists, although the aircraft carrier USS Intrepid is permanently berthed at the pier.)

Then consider Pier 75 and 76, formerly the United States Lines Terminal. Recently redeveloped as a flat open space where the Police Tow Pound was housed, Pier 76 would allow ample space for ambulances and other vehicular access next to the hospital ship. Although it is further uptown at 34th Street and Javits Convention Center and Hudson Yards, it might be a potential 'Plan C'.

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

Maggie B's Quick Clicks

WEST VILLAGE CRIME WAVE?

... Six days after page one's 'robbery in progress' the cops were on the same Greenwich Street corner, chasing a suspected 'Culprit' And catching up with him inside "Left Bank."



Photos by Maggie Berkvist.

Then & Now:

West and Bank



By Brian J Pape, AIA, LEED-AP

THEN: Enoch Morgan's Sons Company originated in the West Village, literally on the banks of the Hudson River, in 1809. Although other factories grew up around this waterfront location over time, this one stood out prominently. In Moses King's *Handbook of New York City*, Second Edition, this seven-story loft building at 439 West Street, ca. 1869, at Bank Street (named for a bank building, not the river banks), did stand out among low-rise maritime buildings.

But of equal novelty, to my reading, is the fact that in his entire page of description of the company's product, not once does he actually tell the reader just what it was, so confident he was that everyone would know exactly what he was talking about!

King describes the packaging ("a tin-foil wrapper surrounded by a deep blue band"), and the power and merit of advertising ("grown until it is a household necessity in every part of the civilized world"), and trademark defense ("defended against infringement with such vigor that Sapolio cases stand as precedents"), and even the origin of the name ("the Indian name of this village was Sapokanikan" but the product name is "a manufactured word"), yet Sapolio is never defined. What I had to find in Wikipedia is that

"Sapolio was a brand of soap noted for its advertising....Bret Harte wrote jingles for the brand, and the sales force also included

King Camp Gillette, who went on to create the Gillette safety razor. Time magazine described Sapolio as "probably the world's best-advertised product" in its heyday. Sapolio was manufactured by Enoch Morgan's Sons Co. from 1869, and named by the family doctor."

"After decades of maintaining some of the best known advertising in the U.S., Sapolio's owners decided that their position was sufficiently insurmountable as to let them discontinue most advertising. Despite the brand's overwhelming market position, it was overtaken by competitors within a few years and disappeared from the market before World War II."

As an example of its ubiquity, in the 1905 novel, *The House of Mirth*, by Edith Wharton, a reference is made to "the mingled odour of sapolio and furniture-polish."

In 1997, Sapolio was bought by the Peruvian company Intradevco Industrial SA, which markets several cleaning products under the Sapolio name.

Although the history is not clear, King implies that the factory shown above was built for the company in 1869.

Text & Photo credit: King's Handbook of New York City, Second Edition, 1893, except as noted.

NOW: A bronze entrance plaque names the building "Riverbank 166 Bank Street"; not to be confused with a newer, bigger apart-

ment project in Hell's Kitchen, or Riverbank Apartment Corp. at 142-162 Bank St., which shows West Village Houses on their website.

The city records the addresses as 433-435 and 437-441 West Street, and 166-168 Bank Street.

According to a Streeteasy site, this location was converted to a 30-unit coop elevator building from a "Sapolia (sic) Soap Factory" in 1981.

One of the units for sale lists at \$3,199,000 for a 2,200 ft², seven-room, three-bed, two-baths, which averages \$1,454 per ft². What was once an isolated industrial area of the city, is now a sought after residential neighborhood, with expansive views of the Hudson River and its park, just south of the Meat Market District.

This handsome, if plain, red brick loft building retains its limestone trim and window proportions, except for three bays over the loading docks, despite being outside of any historic district. The main entrance has been moved from West Street over to the former loading dock location on Bank Street. The loading docks have been infilled, but the lintels and opening widths have been retained.

There is a reference on the realty site of a 1900 build date, and also 1920. There is an annex on the south side of the original building, which seems to match the floor lines and architectural materials of the

original, even the cornice line is continuous. This additional wing may account for the later dates referenced, because the photographic evidence shows the building in King's 1893 book has been preserved. Such is the depth of our historic neighborhood.

Photo Credit: Brian J. Pape, AIA, LEED-AP

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

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Washington Square Park's Unconventional Dance Icon



KANAMI KUSAJIMA DANCING in Washington Square Park. Photo Credit: Arseniy Yaesecheo.

By Sophia Astor

When Kanami Kusajima graduated from the SUNY Purchase Conservatory of Dance—one of the county's most prestigious dance education programs—we were in the throes of the COVID pandemic. With no classes or auditions to go to, she found the perfect place to make a name for herself: Washington Square Park.

"When I was in dance school, being in a dance company was the only goal I had,"

said the 25-year-old Kusajima, who hails from Japan. "Now, I have no interest in being in one. I would much rather connect with the energy of the park, and dance for the strangers around me."

For the past two years, Kusajima has been dancing in the park six days a week regardless of the weather. Each day, she begins her performance in the same way: she tapes a chunk of parchment paper onto the concrete, dips her hands and feet into a bowl of calligraphy ink, and uses her stained finger

to scribble on a small sign. "I dance for you" she writes alongside her Instagram handle (@lethairdown) and Venmo username so she can collect contributions. Then she gets up and starts dancing, leaping and twirling around her parchment paper for hours, letting her long black hair cover her face and the ink stain her skin and clothing. Kusajima appears almost hypnotized as she creates a movement painting, oblivious to the weather and crowds bustling around her.

She got the idea of using ink and parchment from a local street painter, known as Pinocchio, who she met during her early days in the park. "He moved away a while ago, but my work is still very inspired by him," explained Kusajima. "He used many different body parts to paint and came up with his art on the spot. I improvise too, and I use my ink and movements to paint my paper as I dance."

Kusajima's friends say her dancing goes beyond art. "She entertains people and makes them very happy," said Arseniy Yaesecheo, Kusajima's partner. "She is visually incredible, her movements are so dynamic that you can't stop watching." Others call her "the park healer," and say her dancing has a therapeutic effect. "Some people definitely think she looks crazy out here all the time," said Kotaro Irishio, a sometimes collaborator who plays guitar in the park, "but most people really appreciate how much peace and heart she brings."

Kusajima's unconventional performances

have garnered a lot of attention. She's been featured on posters for a New York City COVID recovery campaign, her paintings have been displayed in galleries, and she has been hired to dance for the clothing company Arc'teryx. But she always returns to the park.

"I chose street performance because it is accessible for all people," said Kusajima. "Even if it's snowing or raining and the park seems empty, I know there is at least someone who needs art and emotional healing. I need to be there even if there is only one person who needs me."



KANAMI KUSAJIMA MAKING HER SIGN before performing. Photo credit: Arseniy Yaesecheo.

Jerry Banu, the Mayor of Perry Street: A Remembrance

By Barbara Lorber

Jerry Banu, one of the founders of the Perry Street Block Association, and its president for many decades, lost his battle with pancreatic cancer on May 28, 2022.

A resident of his block for 47 years, Jerry was often called "the mayor of Perry Street." He was the creative force and producer of Plant It on Perry, where every spring and fall scores of residents gathered in front of his house to collect free plants or bulbs, compost, tools, and gardening advice to turn barren tree pits into giddy mini flowering gardens.

Jerry was the reason there are historic Bishops Crook lampposts from Perry Street's beginning at Greenwich Avenue all the way to West Street and the Hudson River. He ran the campaign, raised the funds from neighbors and neighborhood businesses to purchase the lampposts, and dealt with the city agencies.

Jerry dreamed up Perryphernalia, a block-long, day-long, block party/yard sale/flea market where some 70 residents and locals sold vintage goods and trea-

tures. Perryphernalia generated funding for Plant It on Perry and marked the unofficial opening day of spring for 22 years on Perry Street. Like so many things Jerry started and maintained, Perryphernalia became a community-building activity. It was homecoming for many past Perry Street residents who returned to their block to see old neighbors. It was a day when people sat on stoops, caught up with each other, and made new friends.

Gerald Banu was born in the Bronx on June 30, 1942, the first of two sons of Gizella Neuman Banu and Frank E. Banu. Jerry is survived by his wife Beatrice, his younger brother John, and, from both sides of the family, by five nieces and nephews, four grandnieces and nephews, one great grandnephew and one on the way, and one great grandniece.

Educated in the NYC public school system, Jerry was a graduate of Christopher Columbus High School in the Bronx, and CCNY with a degree in mechanical engineering.

Jerry had many roles, but one of his fa-



TYPICAL JERRY. Photo credit: Bea Banu.

vorites was "working property owner." He managed the house, did a great deal of the historic restoration work himself and most of the repairs, and dealt with all the business aspects of the place.

Beyond his general know-how, and encyclopedic knowledge of how to get things done at the grassroots level in this city, Jerry also knew just about everybody in the neighborhood; and just about everybody knew and liked him. From cops at the 6th Precinct, to firefighters at Squad 18, to sanitation guys who help keep Perry Street clean, to the mailman and shopkeepers, Jerry knew most by name and what was going on with their families.

On an essential level he did more. Much more. Just by being Jerry, he helped create community among the residents of Perry Street—an ephemeral but precious commodity in a big ever-changing city. It is a very different world and a very different West Village we live in now from what it was four decades ago, or even fifteen years ago. Seeing Jerry stride down the street, all 6'6" of him—stopping here to remove an ad taped to a lamppost, or there for a few minutes of conversation—somehow grounded these blocks in a comfortable and more caring time and place.

Shakespeare was right: we shall not look upon his like again.



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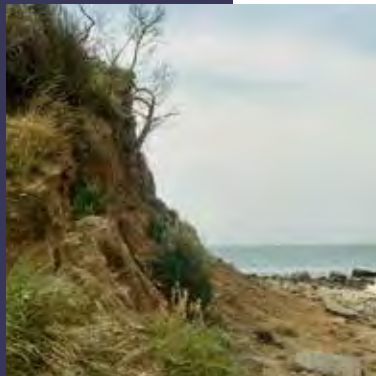
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- **MONTAUK** 34 South Euclid Ave near the Police Station
- **SAG HARBOR** 90 Main Street in front of the Sag Harbor Movie Theater
- **SOUTHAMPTON** The Hampton Jitney's main location at the OMNI, 395 County Road 39A, across from the Southampton Car Wash
- **WATER MILL** 760 Montauk Highway at the Hampton Jitney sign, just east of the Watermill Shoppes. Look for the glass enclosed bus shelter
- **WAINSCOTT** 364 Montauk Highway in front of La Capannina Pizzeria

EASTBOUND

- **AMAGANSETT** In front of the Amagansett School, across from the Round Tree Inn on Montauk Highway
- **BRIDGEHAMPTON** In front of the Bridgehampton Community House on Main Street
- **EAST HAMPTON** In front of the Hunting Inn/Palm Restaurant on Main Street
- **MONTAUK** On the Corner of S. Euclid Avenue & S. Embassy Street, near the Police Station at the Suffolk County Bus stop
- **SAG HARBOR** In front of the American Hotel on Main Street
- **SOUTHAMPTON** The Hampton Jitney's main location at the OMNI, 395 County Road 39A, across from the Southampton Car Wash
- **WAINSCOTT** On the corner before the Wainscott Post Office on Montauk Highway
- **WATER MILL** In front of the Water Mill Community House on Montauk Highway, across from the Water Mill shopping center

LIQUOR STORES & CIGAR LOUNGES

Herbert & Rist Wine & Liquor Shop | 63 Jobs Ln, Southampton
Bottle Hampton | 850 County Rd 39, Southampton
Sag Harbor Liquor Store | 52 Main St, Sag Harbor
Wainscott Main Wine & Spirits | 354 Montauk Hwy, Wainscott
Churchill Wines & Spirits | 2489 Main St, Bridgehampton
McNamara Liquors | 2102 Montauk Hwy, Bridgehampton
Besim's Fine Cigars | 30 Jagger Ln, Southampton
Park Place Wines & Liquors | 84 Park Pl, East Hampton
Amagansett Wine & Spirits | 203 Main St, Amagansett
Montauk Liquors & Wines Inc. | 29 The Plaza, Montauk
Water Mill Wine and Spirits | 760 Montauk Hwy, Water Mill
Race Lane Liquors | 21 Race Ln, East Hampton
The Wine Stand at Wölffer Estate | 3312 Montauk Hwy, Sagaponack

FOOD & DRINK

Pierre's | 2468 Main St, Bridgehampton
Le Charlot | 36 Main St #4811, Southampton
The Palm | 94 Main St Suite 1800, East Hampton
Cittanuova | 29 Newtown Ln, East Hampton
Nick & Toni's | 136 N Main St, East Hampton
Dopo Argento | 15 Main St, Southampton
The Montauket | 88 Firestone Rd, Montauk
Gosman's Restaurant | 500 W Lake Dr, Montauk
Montauk Brewing Company | 62 S Erie Ave, Montauk
Duck Walk Vineyard | 231 Montauk Hwy, Water Mill
Wölffer Estate Vineyard | 139 Sagg Rd, Sagaponack
Channing Daughters Winery | 1927 Scuttle Hole Rd, Bridgehampton
Topping Rose House | 1 Bridgehampton-Sag Harbor Turnpike, Bridgehampton
The Stephen Talkhouse | 161 Main St, Amagansett
Bobby Van's Steakhouse | 2393 Montauk Hwy, Bridgehampton
Lulu Kitchen & Bar | 126 Main St, Sag Harbor
Tutto il Giorno | 16 Main St, Sag Harbor
Lunch | 1980 Montauk Highway, Amagansett
La Parmigiana | 44-48 NY-27A, Southampton
Suki Zuki | 688 Montauk Highway, Water Mill

QUICK EATS & COFFEE

Golden Pear | 99 Main Street, Southampton
Citarella Gourmet Market | 20 Hampton Road, Southampton
Provisions | 7 Main Street, Sag Harbor
Hampton Coffee Company | 869 Montauk Highway
Tony's Meat Market of Montauk | 541 West Lake Drive, Montauk
Schmidt's Market & Produce | 120 North Sea Road, Southampton
Porco's Country Deli and Pizza | 926 Noyack Road, Southampton
Schiavoni's Market Inc. | 48 Main Street, Sag Harbor
La Capannina | 364 Montauk Highway, Wainscott,
John's Drive-In | 677 Montauk Highway, Montauk

TENNIS

Sportime Amagansett | 320 Abrahams Path, Amagansett
East Hampton Indoor Tennis | 174 Daniels Hole Road, East Hampton
East Hampton Tennis Club | 178 Montauk Highway, East Hampton
Future Stars Tennis Club | 1370A Majors Path, Southampton
Gotham Tennis Academy | 91 South Fulton Drive, Montauk

GOLF

Montauk Downs State Park | 50 South Fairview Avenue, Montauk
Poxabogue Golf Center | 3556 Montauk Highway, Sagaponack
Sag Harbor State Golf Course | Barcelona Point, Sag Harbor
Southampton Golf Range | 668 County Road 39, Southampton



RENTAL LISTING

Amagansett | \$150,000 June to Labor Day | 3 BD 3 BA .17 ACR
Bridgehampton | \$55,000 June-Labor Day | 3 BD 1.5 BA 0.4 ACR
Bridgehampton | \$66,000 June-Labor Day | 4 BD 2.5 BA 1.26 ACR
Bridgehampton | \$97,500 August-Labor Day | 5 BD 5.5 BA 0.5 ACR Pool
East Hampton | \$40,000 July | 5 BD 3 BA .34 ACR Pool
Sagaponack | \$55,000 July | 7 BD 4 BA 3 ACR Pool
Sag Harbor | \$40,000 July, \$45,000 August | 4 BD 3 BA .56 ACR Pool
Sag Harbor | \$80,000 June-Labor Day | 3 BD 2 BA 2 ACR
Southampton | \$18,000 June, 22,000 July | 5 BD 2 BA .43 ACR
Southampton Village | \$30,000 July | 2 BD 3 BA .26 ACR Pool
Southampton Village | \$55,000 July | 4 BD 5.5 BA .26 ACR Pool
Southampton Village | \$150,000 June-Labor Day | 4 BD 2.5 BA .6 ACR Pool
Southampton Village | \$160,000 July | 7 BD 6 BA .7 ACR Pool
Wainscott | \$20,000 June, \$50,000 August | 3 BD 3.5 BA 1.04 ACR Pool
Wainscott | \$35,000 August | 3 BD 2 BA .52 ACR Pool

SALES LISTING

51 Arbutus Rd | Southampton
\$4,495,000



7 BD | 6.5 BA | 6.5K FT² | 1 ACR | NEW CONSTRUCTION

IN and OUT

by *Caroline Benveniste*

This month the themes were Italian restaurants, gluten-free spots, speakeasies and new fun places on Greenwich Avenue. There is a lot of activity on Bleecker Street, including additional businesses from the east end of Long Island. Of the four closings we noticed, three are looking for new spaces in the neighborhood. Restaurants continue to vie for West Village real estate, so expect more openings in the near future.

Top Openings

NADAS—48 Greenwich Avenue between Perry and Charles Streets

NADAS, short for Colombian Rainbow EmpaNADAS, has opened in the small space that previously housed Oaxaca Taqueria, Rip's Malt Shop, and Biryani Kitchen. The owner, Carlos Santos, also owns a restaurant in Portchester with his mother, Olga Santos. Olga immigrated to the US from Colombia in 1999. In Colombia, she had cafe in Bogotá, but in the US she worked many different jobs including housecleaning and waitressing. In 2008 she was able to open Aqui Es Santa Fe, a restaurant and sangria bar serving modern Colombian cuisine. The restaurant is well regarded and scored a positive review in the *New York Times* in 2016. But 2020 was a difficult year for restaurants, and



NADAS' COLORFUL EMPANADAS. Photo by Caroline Benveniste.

her son Carlos started bringing their empanadas to hospital workers. Soon he was delivering the empanadas around the city, as well as shipping frozen empanadas across the US. This led to a gig at Smogasburg, but the empanadas were so popular that everyone was always asking where his store was. Finally he was lucky enough to hear about a location at 48 Greenwich Avenue before it officially hit the market. Fittingly, the restaurant started serving its rainbow empa-

nadas during pride month. They are naturally gluten free as the crust is made with corn. Some of the flavors/colors are spinach and cheese/green, beef/red, black bean/orange and guava and cheese/pink. Everything I tried was delicious, and I am looking forward to sampling all the different flavors.

HOLEY CREAM—Ice Cream and Donuts Greenwich Avenue



HOLEY CREAM'S DECADENT DONUTS. Photo by Caroline Benveniste.

I have always been upset at the lack of ice cream places in the neighborhood, so I was very excited to hear that Holey Cream had opened. The ice cream is very rich and creamy, and there are forty flavors to choose from. Elaborately decorated donuts are also available, as well as donut ice cream sandwiches, but I'll probably stick with the ice cream which I thoroughly enjoyed.

Also Open

DND Do Not Disturb (285 West 12th Street between West 4th Street and 8th Avenue), a new "speakeasy" has opened in the old Beatrice Inn space. The focus is on craft cocktails with a small food menu which features a smashburger and crispy tuna treats. The idea behind **Eat Offbeat** (Chelsea Market, 75 9th Avenue, main concourse) is to bring authentic dishes made by a team of refugee chefs to a wider audience. According to their website, the idea for Eat Offbeat came from Manal Kahi, who, coming from Lebanon, found the hummus selection in New York to be lacking, and so set out to make her own and then sell it. This expanded to more dishes from more places, and now Eat Offbeat has chefs from over half a dozen countries, including Iran, Iraq, Senegal and Sri Lanka. Eat Offbeat started as a catering company before finding a physical location at Chelsea Market. A new "Old School New York Italian" restaurant called **Arthur & Sons** has opened at 38 8th Avenue (between West 12th Street and Jane Street). The owner, Joe Isidori, trained at the Culinary Institute of America, and is the creator of **Black Tap Burger** (and the author of the book *Craft Burgers and Crazy Shakes from Black Tap*). He comes from a restaurant family, which "has been slinging Chicken Parm & Penne Alla Vodka since 1954." The menu features standard Italian dishes, such as Linguine with Clam Sauce, Shrimp Fra Diavolo, and a choice of five preparations for veal and chicken (Parmigiana, Milanese, Francese, Piccata and Marsala). West Villagers, have another new Italian option, **Mr. Capri** at 33 West 8th Street (between 5th and 6th Avenues). The location has hosted quite a few businesses in the last 5

years, the most recent one being **Yuco**, a Mexican restaurant, and before that **Ardyn** and **The Burger Joint**. Alessandro Passante, who also owns **Bocca Cucina and Bar** in the Gramercy area, opened this restaurant with his brother. They are both from Capri originally, hence the name. Also on 8th Street, and also Italian, **Serafina To-Go** has finally opened. It is a fast-casual version of the ubiquitous Serafina restaurants, and serves the brand's thin crust pizzas, pastas, paninis as well as wine and beer. The items can be purchased to go, with some limited seating available. Serafina is planning to open 7 more of their To-Go locations. If you are tired of waiting on long lines at **Murray's Bagels**, there are two new bagel options in the neighborhood. Brooklyn-based **Bagel Pub** has opened at 418 6th Avenue (West 9th Street) where **Lenwich** used to be. The bagels are supremely puffy and pillowy, and there is a large menu of breakfast items, sandwiches, paninis and more. **Modern Bread & Bagel** has opened at 139 West 14th Street (between 6th and 7th Avenues). All of its baked goods are kosher and gluten free. According to *New York Jewish Week*, Orly Gottesman, the owner, developed a line of gluten-free flours when her then boyfriend (now her husband) was diagnosed with Celiac disease in 2007. The flours use ancient grains such as millet and sorghum instead of wheat. She opened her first bagel store on the Upper West Side in 2019 which is extremely popular and often sells out of its bagels.

Closed

Margaux Bleecker Street (387 Bleecker Street near Perry Street) was one of the new generation of stores on Bleecker that had an online presence only, but eventually decided they wanted a bricks and mortar flagship. After 4 years, however, the location has shuttered. According to a sign on the door, "We will be leaving our beloved Bleecker Street as we begin the search for a new home for Margaux that can hold not just our growing collection, but our growing community, too." **New York Biltong** (22 Greenwich Avenue near West 10th Street) was a South African store selling biltong (a kind of meat jerky) and other South African groceries including meat pies, but recently the location has shuttered. The same owner ran a similar shop called **Jonty Jacob** at 114 Christopher (between Bleecker and Bedford Streets) previously. According to one of our contributors who spoke to the owners, both **Native Leather** and **Non-Imperialist Books** are planning to leave their locations on Carmine Street on June 30. Both are actively looking for new spaces in the neighborhood.

Coming Soon

A sign at **350 Bleecker Street** (at West 10th Street) promises "something dope coming soon". What is coming is **Wyld Blue**, a boutique that has its original location in Montauk. Wyld Blue will carry home décor items, childrens' clothes, women's fashion and jewelry, with some vintage items. Previously, **Slightly Alabama**, a men's clothing store, occupied the space. Custom jewelry spot **The Seven** will be opening this fall at 330 Bleecker Street. In the meantime, they are hosting a summer pop-up in Sag Harbor. **Justine's** (518 Hudson Street at West 10th Street) will be opening in a space that previously housed a Starbucks. The owner is Justine Rosenthal whose family owns **Rosenthal Wine Merchant** on the Upper East

continued on page 17



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A View From The Kitchen

By Isa Covo

We just left Spring, and behind it, an eventful half year, with the promise that it will be a long, and surely an eventful and suspenseful summer.

Some of the things that are happening are COVID-19 which we've been living with for over two years, and the 2020 election which was forcefully disputed, even negated by the former POTUS who was not re-elected, and whose displeasure created a campaign to nullify a lawful election and change the results. His efforts led to a tentative "coup," the first in American history. During all this Russia started a war with Ukraine, for no other reason than Mr. Putin's caprice.

In June, we were finally able to watch four hearings, and additional ones are pending, as more evidence is continuing to come to light. The sessions were carefully scripted and presented with videos and live interviews. They lacked, if I remember those after so many years, the spontaneity of the Watergate hearings but they were clear and concise.

In the fourth hearing, which took place the week of June 20th, there was testimony about the egregious tactics used by Trump to pressure elected officials to reverse the results of the election, including intimidation and allowing his followers to insult and terrorize officials and their families. Luckily, the elected officials refused to do it. Those tactics also destroyed the lives of a poll taker and her mother, two honest and lawful women who were falsely accused by the president of conspiracy.

Donald J. Trump never cared for the job of leading the country, he just loved the pomp and circumstance that went along with it.

Toroto (Cold yogurt-cucumber soup)

16 ounces whole milk Greek style yogurt
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
2 garlic cloves



Photo by Isa Covo.

2 small cucumbers
2 tablespoons mint leaves, or parsley, chopped
Salt
8 ice cubes

In the container of a blender, or a small food processor, place the garlic cloves, the oil and the vinegar and blend thoroughly. Put the yogurt in a serving bowl and add the contents of the blender; mix well. Peel and seed the cucumbers, then cut into half-inch dice and add to the yogurt. Chop the mint leaves and add them to the bowl. Season with salt and add the ice cubes. Mix well and let stand for five minutes in order for the ice to melt a little and dilute the yogurt so it becomes the consistency of a thick soup.

Serve in soup bowls.
Yield: 5 to 6 servings

Note: If Greek style yogurt is not available, wrap 6 cups of whole milk yogurt in a cheese-cloth, place in a sieve, and drain overnight.

In and Out *continued from page 16*

Side. According to their liquor license application, "Justine's is to be a restaurant for the benefit of the neighborhood and those who visit," and "we will begin with a menu that includes light dishes for the afternoon and early evening. We will then offer a choice of appetizers and entrees throughout the evening." The restaurant plans to use European specialty ingredients, as well as produce and dairy from local farms. A yet-to-be-named Italian restaurant will open at **239 West 4th Street** (between West 10th Street and Charles Street). While there are lots of good

Italian restaurants in the Village, what makes this interesting is that Brendan Sodikoff is involved. Sodikoff is based in Chicago where he is the head of Hogsalt Hospitality, and has become famous for the burger at Au Cheval which first opened in Chicago and later in New York. Sodikoff also operates steakhouse/supper club **4 Charles Prime Rib**. He was briefly associated with the restaurant on the rooftop of RH, but later he and RH parted ways. **Sankofa**, a new restaurant/café is coming to the old **Pain Quotidien** space at 205 Bleecker Street (6th Avenue). During the day, pastries and pizza slices will be available upstairs, and in the evening, an Italian

menu will be served downstairs. A Japanese omakase restaurant, **Shuuka**, will open at 357 Bleecker Street (between Charles and West 10th Streets). The owners also operate **Patisserie Fouet** on East 13th Street. Many mourned the closing of the famous speakeasy **Angels Share** this spring. However, the owner's daughter, Erina Yoshida, is planning to open a "speakeasy-style cocktail bar using traditional Japanese bartending techniques," in the basement of **45 Grove Street** (Bleecker Street) where there is currently a laundromat. Village denizen Sarah Jessica Parker has closed the 54th Street location of her shoe/accessory/fragrance store

SJP by Sarah Jessica Parker and is opening her new flagship at 385 Bleecker Street (at Perry Street). On her Instagram she referenced Carrie Bradshaw, her *Sex in the City* character, when posting about her new location: "Round the corner from the stoop of a gal I know well and a neighborhood we are thrilled to call home." Previously, **The Daily Edited** sold leather goods in that space.

What a busy month! Thanks to you we found out about many goings-on. But there is certainly more to come, and we can always use your help. Please us know what you're seeing at: wvnewsinout@gmail.com



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Our Family's First Year with Greenwich Village Little League (GVLL)



THE PLAYERS AND COACH OF THE ACE'S GREENWICH VILLAGE LITTLE LEAGUE TEAM get together for a team photo—and have some fun doing it! *Photography by Cortney Van Jahnke.*

By Anthony Paradiso

It's hot out—June in NYC and already in the high 90's. Fretting about whether I've properly applied sunscreen to my child, I'm sitting amongst a group of sweaty spectators on cement bleachers under the only shady patch in sight at Greenwich Village's JJ Walker Field. We've congregated to watch the AAA division GVLL play-off game between the Athletics and the Marlins. The winner will move on to the Championship. Yelling out reminders to drink water, clutching boxes of donuts to be devoured after the game by winners and losers alike, the tension in the stands is real. But here's the kicker, my kid Milo, he's not on the Athletics, or the Marlins—in fact he doesn't even play in the AAA division—but he is sitting right next to me cheering on the catcher and the shortstop on the Athletics, while rooting on the entirety of the Marlins batting line up—these are his new friends.

Milo and I yell for both teams to succeed and cringe when either team errors. He shouts encouragement to the Marlin's team manager, his friend Jack's mom. This Spring my son committed to learning a sport, a way to expend energy and pass time before dinner, and though he has become an accomplished student of America's Pastime,

my family experienced so much more.

Our introduction to GVLL began with Summer Ball 2021 pick up games for whomever shows up to Pier 40 on Tuesday and Wednesday nights roughly 5:30 to...until it gets dark. Loose “games,” with different aged kids of various skill level—coach pitch, as the sun sinks over the river, the kids motivate each other (and sometimes heckle lightheartedly), no pressure, barely keeping score, just seeing how many times they could make it up to bat.

Then, we played 2021 GVLL Fall Ball. Low-key pick up games/clinics on weekends, or you can try out for one of the Fall Travel teams, coached by professional coaches that have practice, organized games, and legit uniforms. By January, optional weekend winter workouts start at the P3 Indoor baseball facility at Pier 40 for anyone who signs up for Spring ball (no extra charge) until finally you're assigned a team and the Little League season starts in April.

We were lucky/crazy/naïve enough to sign up to play on a GVLL Spring travel team, as well as on a Minors division recreation team. Milo was both an “Ace” and a “Blue Jay” and he loved both in equal measure. Depending on what division your child falls into, or commitment your family wants to make—you could practice/play from two to four times a week. There

are also optional free skills clinics (batting, catching, pitching) all season at P3 as part of the program. Your child could be playing/practicing baseball literally five-six days a week, or simply two days a week.

My son has played soccer, tennis, gymnastics and more over the years, I have never experienced this kind of flexibility within an organization—it is truly awesome and character building to be able to let your child's appetite dictate their commitment. As Milo realized he could spend more and more time playing baseball – he took advantage of all the opportunities he could—and without my realizing it, my son, at 8 years old, had built a community filled with the kids who were learning alongside him, the coaches and teenagers who instructed him, and the parents and siblings who populated the sidelines.

When we finally began playing games this April, amazingly my husband and I were just along for the ride, Milo seemed to know everyone on his travel team—which just left us to hang with the parents while he was busy doing his thing, after those early introductions, and then the inevitable awkward reintroductions, I feel confident to say that I now count those families as friends. He approached his Minors team confident and excited to play with new kids and with the unfamiliar parent coaches.

He knew kids on the other Minors teams and loved battling them from the pitching mound and the batters box.

The catchment for GVLL runs from Canal Street to W59th Street, the Hudson River to Broadway/ Bowery. Your child may reside, or attend school, within those boundaries. From long days of double headers alongside families that we never would have otherwise crossed paths with, to volunteering for picture day and meeting the T Ballers coming up, and the Seniors moving on, GVLL is a big, diverse, lovely community connected around the notion that recreational sport—learning to win and lose, to try, and to develop one's skills—is a fun and worthwhile pursuit for children. I've met families from almost every school in Manhattan who live in varied neighborhoods, with a multitude of viewpoints our shared NYC experience. I've also met a family who lives a block away from me, we enjoy commiserating about our neighborhood's current events, and we now share pick up/drop off duties when possible. Suddenly, the big city feels a bit more small town.

From Opening Day, to league outings to the Brooklyn Cyclones, impromptu after game pizza parties, and a Mother's Day pot luck brunch just outside the third base line, our GVLL experience was a bright and meaningful addition to our lives—most importantly for my son who desperately needed more social practice, outlets, and opportunities after the isolation of COVID, and also in response to friends and classmates who relocated during that tumultuous time.

As the season wore on, I've enjoyed brainstorming ways I can be of service to this large volunteer organization. It feels good to invest in a community that has invested in my child—from the coaches who teach him, to parent team managers who “call him up” when other players are ill, to caretakers who watch him when I am late to pick up. It truly takes a village, no pun intended.

And now, I find myself cheering on an awesome, talented cohort of kind, unique, wonderful children—Mikey, Mason, Leo, Jack among many others—whom I have only known for a few months, making time in our family's schedule for their games, as well as my child's own. I never could've guessed that would happen. Mostly, I love that my son wants to prioritize supporting his friends—no matter how sticky hot, or rainy it might be. I truly couldn't have asked GVLL to teach him anything more valuable.

The Marlins won by the way. But after the game—both teams, siblings, and spectators alike enjoyed a rousing game of Pickle.

76 Years and Counting: How NY Greek American SC has Influenced the City's Hellenic Culture



GREEK AMERICAN HERMES SOCCER PLAYERS before World War Two. Credit: Nicholas Notaridis.



A NEW YORK GREEK AMERICAN SOCCER CLUB youth team poses for a picture. Photo credit: New York Greek American Soccer Club.

By Anastasia Kaliabakos

On March 5, 2022, the New York Greek American Soccer Club held its 76th Anniversary Dinner Dance at Laterna Estiatorio. I was fortunate enough to attend this event with my family as my pappou, Andreas Kaliabakos, and his friend Dimos Roubas were being honored for their commitment to the success of Greek Americans. Growing up, I have always been in awe of the athletic prowess of my pappou. For many years he has talked about his involvement in the Greek American Soccer Club, and being able to see pictures of him in his soccer prime within the pages of the dinner dance journal was surreal. I have always been interested in the history of Greek American as it has been a peripheral part of my life for so long; therefore, I set out to relay the history of this significant Greek organization so that a modern audience may grasp how large an effect it has had on the lives of New York City Greeks for generations.

The Greek American Athletic Association was the first and oldest athletic society in the U.S. It is uncertain when the group was founded, but is believed to have been at the

beginning of the 20th century. Initially, those involved engaged in track and field, weight lifting, and wrestling. Since there was no specific facility to practice in, the athletes would exercise in the basements of various Greek churches in New York. Additionally, another Greek athletic club called “Hermes” was popular at the same time. Three of the Hermes athletes participated in the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles: Ioannis Moralis, Ioannis Farmakidis, and Nikolaos Mastoridis. In 1935, the clubs joined forces so as to have one joint soccer team, known as “Greek American Hermes.” Unfortunately, all of the fun and games were put to a halt with the advent of the Second World War. A poignant story related by historian Christopher Soukas recounts December 7, 1941, when the team of Greek American Hermes learned of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Their soccer game was interrupted and the athletes departed from the site, knowing that the next day they would have to enlist for the army. This marks the moment when the society was temporarily dissolved.

After the end of the war the club re-appeared, in 1946, as “Greek American” only. At the beginning of 1946, there

had been an expatriate association known as S.E.N. (Sindesmos Ellinon Neofermenon) or the “Joining of Greek Newcomers.”

The S.E.N. organized events for young Greek men and women, including gatherings at Central Park to play soccer. It is said that Thomas Laris, a great lover of soccer from Smyrna and a member of S.E.N., formed what we know now as Greek American. He, along with Antony Antoniadis and Panos Kolimbaris, sought to bring Greek American to new heights and to find a place among the Greek community of New York.

Kolimbaris suggested getting help from *The Ethnikos Kirikas*, which was located on West 26th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues in Manhattan, and its publisher Vaso Vlavianos. The meeting at the *Kirikas* office took place during the summer of 1946 and was a success. The paper agreed to report on the activities of the Greek American soccer team and, in doing so, made Greek American an official aspect of Greek New York culture.

Thomas Laris became the first coach in the history of Greek American and Panos Kolimbaris was the first president. Matches were regularly scheduled at both Central Park and Van Cortlandt Park. The first championship matches started right away in the fall of 1946, to the enjoyment of players and Greek-American onlookers. Since then, Greek American has won four U.S. Open Championships: in 1967, 1968, 1969, and 1974. The club is one of only two teams to have ever won this tournament in three consecutive years. They have also won many other kinds of championships over the years. To this day, Greek American remains one of the most successful and longest continually operating teams in American soccer history.

According to the Greek American website, “The team currently plays in the 5th tier of the American soccer pyramid, under the USASA in the Cosmopolitan Soccer League. The club plays out of the Metropolitan Oval in Maspeth, Queens and has been a perennial contender in the league, winning five of the last eleven Eastern New York Championships.” Greek American is tremendously active to this day and has spearheaded the attempt to get young Greek-American boys involved in the community through soccer. It is important for clubs like Greek American to thrive, as they are what help us, as Greek-Americans, stay connected with one another—through a passion for sports and our Greek heritage.

I am beyond grateful to Mr. Nicholas Notaridis, a journalist and soccer historian, who so graciously helped me find all the information needed to write this article. I am so fortunate to be in a position where I can relay the history of such a monumental organization for Greeks in America to modern viewers who may not have heard the whole story before. If you are interested in becoming involved in NY Greek American SC, visit their website at greekamericansoccerny.com/.

This article was previously published by The National Herald.

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

The Queen of Camelot and The Quest for Camelot:

Two new films by *WestView News*' Roger Paradiso are history lessons in faith, allegiance, and perseverance ...



JACKIE AND JOHN KENNEDY with their children at Hyannis Port family home. Photo: courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum.

By Senator William Espero for DariaMagazine.com

I was born in November of 1960, the same month John F. Kennedy Jr. was born to Jacqueline and U.S. Senator John F. Kennedy. Two days after my birth, Senator Kennedy would defeat Richard Nixon and become the 35th president of the United States. As a tail-end member of the baby boomers, I didn't remember or capture the true essence of Camelot and the Kennedy administration as I was still in diapers. Ironically, fate would intervene and Richard Nixon would eventually be elected to the presidency in 1968 only to be forced out of office due to the Watergate scandal. This episode in history, I remember.

Director Roger Paradiso uses first hand interviews, old news clips, facts, and theories to assist in his version of the story of the Kennedy family. It's a tragic tale which has been told countless times over the decades, but foreign or unknown to many of our youth today. In *The Queen of Camelot*, the masterpiece of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis paints a story of dreams, love, fears, tragedy, survival, and resilience. Through Paradiso's lens, the Kennedy years and Camelot comparisons become more precise and focused.

The Queen of Camelot gave me an intriguing glimpse of the legend of Camelot at a time when television and its influence on politics was in its infancy. The childhood years of Jackie Bouvier are portrayed and displayed as her relationship with her

divorced parents and especially her problematic father depict how Jackie's life was shaped and influenced. The words of President Dwight D. Eisenhower speaking about the influence of the military industrial complex resonate today as countries and governments spend billions of dollars for offensive and defensive weapons.

The courtship and marriage of Jackie Bouvier, the Kennedy years in Washington DC, the beginning of the Camelot era, and a renaissance of culture and the arts in the White House depict a time of joy, happiness, and hope. It reminded me of the presidency of another iconic leader, Barack Obama.

Following the assassination of President Kennedy, Jackie's relationships with President Lyndon Johnson and her brother-in-law Robert Kennedy are uncovered and revealed. The Johnson policies of the Vietnam War clearly showed the opposing views between Jackie and the new president. Keeping the legacy of the late president alive drove Jackie Kennedy and Robert Kennedy to the point where Robert's fate would be sealed as he embarked on a journey to also become president of the United States.

Jackie's self-exile to Greece to protect her family and escape the American paparazzi, her return to New York City, and her efforts to memorialize John F. Kennedy show a motivated woman tested and challenged throughout her life. The love of her children guided Jackie O in all her decisions and actions.

A segment about the downfall of the

Soviet Union and Mikhail Gorbachev makes one reflect about the destructive and insane foray of Russia today. Are we now in a new dark age or is the ember and legend of Camelot still aglow in our souls and our youth today?

The Quest for Camelot ventures into the days after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy as the world was stunned and shocked at this deliberate act of terror. The film dives into the psyche and mind of Jacqueline Kennedy dealing with the loss of her husband and father to her children. Thoughts of confusion and suicide were not unexpected as the violent death of JFK was forever imprinted in her being.

Replays of the infamous Zapruder tape dissect the moments an assassin's bullet ended the life of an American hero. The video is chilling to watch. Thus, the beginning of conspiracy theories and whodunits as the world reeled from this horrific moment in Dallas.

The thoughts, dreams, and actions of Robert F. Kennedy, following the death of his beloved brother, show a man obsessed and on a mission. His disdain for President Lyndon Johnson is apparent as they differ on the Vietnam War and the direction it is going. Bobby Kennedy's affection for the poor, disenfranchised, and underrepresented is apparent. His understanding of minorities, migrant workers, and especially Black constituents places him ahead of his time as a pioneer and statesman.

The footage of a Senate Migratory Subcommittee hearing on farm workers, where Kennedy grilled and lambasted a

local sheriff for his treatment of striking workers, highlighted the abusive behavior of law enforcement prompting comparisons of some law enforcement today and their mistreatment of minorities.

A memorable speech by Martin Luther King Jr. accentuated the emotion and passion of the times. An era of assassinations and killings of high-profile figures foreshadowed what was to come.

Kennedy's stance on healthcare, the anti-war movement, and the treatment of Blacks reminds me of today's conversations still ongoing and current. His predictions about the Vietnam War parallel the nature of the Afghanistan War as an unwinnable situation. His work for civil rights and politics of hope are echoed today as we struggle to heal and overcome hate and divisiveness.

Paradiso tackles the issue of why Senator Robert Kennedy wanted to be president of the United States. His ambitious father certainly played a role, wanting to be a king-maker when his personal dreams were derailed. With a large family of successful, handsome children, the options were plentiful. Sadly, the family history of the Kennedy clan in politics is ripe with disaster and tragedy beginning with the death of the older brother Joe during World War II.

Finding the planners and killers of JFK also likely motivated Robert Kennedy to run for our country's highest office, according to Paradiso. The theory of a domestic plot that could have involved the CIA, the anti-Castro movement, or organized crime was firmly planted in RFK's mind.

Tragically and unfortunately, an unplanned walk to the back of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles ended Robert Kennedy's crusade. I was almost eight years old at the time, and I vaguely remember the image of a young teenager going to Bobby Kennedy's aid as he lay dying on the kitchen floor.

Incredible and fascinating footage, images, scenes, and interviews are artfully chronicled in *The Quest for Camelot* and *The Queen of Camelot*. The '60s were a time of transition and revolution similar to today. These powerful films are definitely a must-see for all, and particularly for those with an interest in advocacy, history, politics, and justice!

The Queen of Camelot and The Quest for Camelot are available to watch, on a pay-per-view basis, on global-cinema.online, a streaming channel for non-violent films. Prior to their world release, the two documentaries were awarded at the Global Nonviolent Film Festival.

Interview with John Hetland, Director of the Renaissance Street Singers

By Alden Roosevelt

One day I was ambling down the old historic Greenwich Village neighborhood sidewalk on Commerce Street with my family. The air was cool. The smell of Brazilian food was wafting down the street from Casa restaurant. The sound of birds chirping was in the air. We kept walking, as we were going to the Cherry Blossoms in Central Park uptown. I strolled steps further, when I heard singing. That was my new good friend John, a local musician. I noticed his passion for music. He kindly agreed to an interview after I first saw him that day. Our conversation is below:

ALDEN: My first question is: How long have you been performing Renaissance music in New York?

JOHN: I started in 1973, so that would be about 50 years.

ALDEN: Did you come from a family who encouraged your love of music, or disliked it?

JOHN: I've been into music since I was a little kid. There were four kids in our family when I was growing up, and my father started a small quartet in the car on road trips, so we could sing simple songs. We were always a treble quartet until the boys' voices changed, and then everything changed. We were a really good quartet, and I sang in church choirs for years.

ALDEN: I found while people walked by when you were performing, a lot of people stopped and a lot of people were captured by your music and really enjoyed it and just stopped and thought about it. What was your intention with your music, as in what were you intending for people to feel?

JOHN: Well, that's kind of what we're intending. I suppose the first urge of our part is that we love the music and we love to share it. Singing it on the street is a surprise and people aren't used to it, and they do react that way. Sometimes people have said we made their day, or they thought there were angels singing, and there have been a lot of reactions like that. That's exactly what we intended.

ALDEN: What got you into specifically the Renaissance music?

JOHN: When I graduated from college, I wanted to join some sort of singing group, and my brother heard about a group called The Renaissance Chorus, and I joined that and they sang Renaissance music... Renaissance sacred music to be specific, and that's how I started, and I just fell in love with it.

ALDEN: How did you end up singing specifically in the West Village?

JOHN: The West Village is our favorite place to sing. In fact, Commerce Street as well, we also like Hudson and Christopher Street where we sang last Sunday. We re-

ally like that, but we sing all over, mainly Manhattan. We have also done Brooklyn, and at one point we have been in all five Burroughs, but it's usually Manhattan and sometimes Brooklyn. Different places.

ALDEN: From fairly far away I thought your jacket had paint on and you were a painter too, but then you told my mother it was your lady friend's handiwork that she embroidered... is she inspired by the Renaissance too? Like those elaborate tapestries?

JOHN: I don't know if she's inspired by the Renaissance. She's a member of the Street Singers. She's not singing with us now because she's not well, but she loves to sew, and crochet, and she doesn't like me to wear things that are worn, so she has gone over all the worn parts of this rather old jacket and sewed little colorful things on them.

ALDEN: Very cool, when were you born?

JOHN: 1941.

ALDEN: Interesting. Where were you born?

JOHN: Muskegon, Michigan. I lived there for two years, then we moved to Wisconsin, then we lived in Oakland California for five to six years, and then I went to college, and moved to New York, and I've been in New York since 1965.

ALDEN: Who is your favorite artist in music?

JOHN: My favorite artist?!?

ALDEN: Yeah.

JOHN: I think it would be a group rather than an artist, and I think it would be Pomerium. That would be perhaps the ideal, as they also do sacred music a cappella. We are not the Pomerium of the Street, but we aspire to that. That's my favorite group.

ALDEN: How do you decide where to perform each time?

JOHN: Every Thursday we get together and decide where to perform next Sunday.

ALDEN: That's really cool and interesting. Now, I'm not sure if this question will be used in the interview, but it would be interesting for me to know what is your favorite octave?

JOHN: Well for me it would be the easiest octave to sing so that would probably be middle C to the C below it.

ALDEN: Do you play any instruments?

JOHN: When I was very young, about your age, I used to play the clarinet.

ALDEN: Wow, a lot of my friends play the clarinet. Now this is my last question. Do you like modern music?

JOHN: Oh, some of it.

ALDEN: Well, thank you for talking. Have a good day, bye!

*Here is the website of John Hetland's group,
The Renaissance Street Singers.
www.StreetSingers.org*



COMPASS

It's rare to find
someone who has lived
in the West Village
their whole life.

As a lifelong resident of Waverly Place, no one can express the value of living in the most coveted neighborhood in the city like I can. You know the magic of the village, and all it has to offer. You live in the greatest place in the city and need someone to appreciate it the same way you do!

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



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What's Your Favorite?

By Keith Michael

Summer Solstice. June 21st. Sunrise 5:25 am. Sunset 8:30 pm. The longest day of the year.

Last night, while walking in the rain on the beach at Fort Tilden, I thought about the question I'm often asked, "What's your favorite bird?" My facetious answer is, "The one I'm with!" But as I was holding up a broken umbrella against the wind, juggling my binoculars, covering my camera with a sodden windbreaker, wishing I had dressed for a cold evening, and trying not to think about the sandwich in my backpack that I was not eating while watching a technicolor summer solstice sunset, I also thought, "What other birds would I do this for?" Shorebirds have become my favorite birds, and of the many kinds of shorebirds that can be seen, my true favorite is the Piping Plover.

First of all, "What's a shorebird?" It's the generic name for a (usually) smaller bird with long legs that is often seen at the edges of water, running along a beach, or picking in the mud for tidbits of sustenance. A larger shorebird, the Bar-tailed Godwit, holds the long-distance migration record of any animal, flying from Siberia to Australia for eight days and nights non-stop! (Think about that when you're wondering whether to walk to the store or not.) Perhaps the "classic" shorebirds are Sanderlings. They are often seen on our beaches in great numbers, running continuously just out of the surf as the waves crash in front of them.

Last night, as a celebration of the longest day of the year, my destination was



A DASH OF WEEK-OLD PIPING PLOVER CHICK CUTENESS with a predatory Ghost Crab looming in the distance. *Photo by Keith Michael.*

the beach at Fort Tilden on the Rockaway peninsula in Queens, a #2 Train and Q35 bus journey away, to see nesting Piping Plovers and their chicks. Piping Plovers are among the smallest of shorebirds, sand-colored with a white chest and a single black necklace band. They make a faint piping sound, and to add to their allure they are critically endangered. Their choices of nesting real estate are the same beaches that humans flock to in the summer. They winter in the Bahamas or further south, and migrate north to hollow out indentations in the sand near the dunes to lay their clutches of four eggs. In the harsh summer sun they often have to cover their eggs, not to keep them warm but to shade them from hard-boiling! Everything is stacked against them: bad weather, high tides, humans playing beach ball, dogs running loose, seagulls looking for snacks, nearby orange-billed American Oystercatchers foraging to feed their own chicks, any number of four-legged critters that predate their nests, and, the most fearsome to me if I were a plover, the burrowing Ghost Crabs who share the same

beaches. Imagine a truck-sized behemoth with snapping claws, next door, whose only desire was to eat your kids every time you came out of your apartment.

With the help of protective fencing, informative signage, enclosures placed around known nests, a rotation of vigilant volunteers from the NYC Plover Project, diligent Gateway National Recreation Area park rangers, and somewhat more empathetic beach-goers, several pairs of Piping Plovers do manage to nest on that two mile stretch of beach at Fort Tilden. Against daunting odds, some eggs hatch, and if all goes well a few chicks will survive to follow their parents to the Bahamas for the winter! If you've read my articles over the years, you know that there was an ongoing tension when I mentioned the cuteness of Piping Plover chicks in the presence of my uber-cute Pembroke Welsh Corgi Millie who, sadly, is no longer available to disapprove.

The cliché description of a Piping Plover chick is "a cotton ball on toothpick legs." Unfortunately, there's little improvement on that. If you wanted to market a cute stuffed toy, you could do no better than

to model it after a Piping Plover chick. To further enhance their charm, the chicks are precocial. This means that despite being tiny and fluffy, hours after they hatch out of their eggs they are able to leave the nest on their own and feed themselves. When there is danger, parents do send out a "piping alarm" and the chicks either freeze in place or run to snuggle under Mom or Dad, inspiring remarkable photos of ten-legged plovers (two of Mom Plover's legs and two each of four little plovers.)

Last night, due to the forecast of 39 percent chance of rain (which I optimistically ignored), which turned out to be 100 percent rain where I was, the summer solstice sunset was a bust. And all the Piping Plovers were sheltering in place out of sight. But I DID see a new family of American Oystercatcher toddlers, maybe only hours old, also struggling to survive in a harsh world.

After a bus and a train and drying off at home, I was ready to go try again to see my (shh) favorite birds.

Visit keithmichaelnyc.com or follow @newyorkcitywild on Instagram.

Seeking Volunteers for the "I Want to Break Free" Campaign

By Kambiz Shekdar, Ph.D.

Freddie Mercury, the lead singer of the rock band Queen, died of AIDS. Shortly before his death, Freddie said: "You can do what you want with my music, but don't make me boring!"

A collaboration of scientists and artists has created a new animated video based on Freddie's hit song, "I want to break free." In it, a stickman representing generations of gay men hobbles along with pill-and-chain. The Cure enters, the pill is crushed, and he is set free from AIDS.

The music video is available on YouTube at youtube.com/shorts/I2uWtXzxS6A. I'm looking for a dozen or so volunteers who would like to lend their face to help bring



"I WANT TO BREAK FREE FROM AIDS" social media campaign. Photo courtesy of Research Foundation to Cure AIDS.



this message to life.

Your face will be superimposed onto the generic rainbow-faced stickman to create a customized video that will also feature your message and hope for the cure. If you're interested to help generations of gay men break free from AIDS to Freddie's tune, please email me at kambiz.shekdar@rftca.org.

Rockefeller University alumnus and biotech inventor Kambiz Shekdar, Ph.D., is the president of Research Foundation to Cure AIDS and Science & LGBTQ editor at WestView News. To support RFTCA, go to <https://rftca.org>

Whose Class Is it Anyway?

By Laurence C. Schwartz

When it came time to cover the Dance in my Introduction to the Arts class, I was determined to have some serious fun, hoping it would rub off on my students. The modicum of bodily grace I possessed was hard-earned through a rigid program of exercise during my salad days as a student actor. I had the perfect opportunity to physically demonstrate as well as elucidate. I rigorously prepared for the class. I would explore the art of the Dance within a contemporary context. I boned up on the Jitterbug, the Hand Jive, the Twist, the Boogie Woogie. I versed myself in terms like Arabesque, Jete, and Pirouette. I even studied the moves of John Travolta's Tony Manero, when he takes charge of the disco's dance floor in the film *Saturday Night Fever*. Then I reflected and took some notes on how Dance can be considered an agent of integration and socialization in the schema of our Democratic experiment.

I began class by discussing the founding of ballet during the Italian Renaissance and progressed to its efflorescence on the continent in the 18th century. Fast forward to my discussion of Elvis lighting a fire under the ass of America's youth, inspiring them to "a dance craze that scared a lot of parents and spooked a lot of their teachers. Now kids were merrily making public displays of bumping and grinding, letting an energy emerge from below their waists! Now the Dance in America embraced a sexuality it had never known before." The students were rapt. Then I said, "When an amateur undertakes a task better left to a professional, there can be dangerous consequences. When it comes to dance, you're looking at a supreme amateur." Then I moved away from my lectern to demonstrate ballet's first and second positions. As I attempted the remaining three positions with intentionally disastrous results, I murmured, "wow is this hard,

how do they do it? Is it a natural talent or the results of painstaking training? What do you guys think?" There were plenty of responses. "Now let's see how the masters do it," whereupon I screened some footage showing the likes of Baryshnikov and Nureyev in their prime. Before I dismissed class, I knew that I had opened some uncharted territory as to how the students would now think of the Dance.

The above is just one example among many from my thirty-plus year journey as a part-time college instructor that I chronicle in my recently published *Teaching on Borrowed Time, An Adjunct's Memoir* (Page Publishing). Adjuncts make up some 65% of undergraduate faculty. Adjuncts have no benefits, no job security, and are paid per course. And we are underpaid. I have taught 23 subjects at 20 different campuses. Despite the hardships, I feel fortunate because I have received many opportunities to shine and inspire my students to appreciate my passion for film, literature, art, opera.

I had a consummate freedom and autonomy in my approach to the material. I could spend as much time as I like describing Monet's use of sun and shadow, or the rich color scheme of Don Corleone's office. Teaching as an adjunct has allowed me to continue pursuing my first love, theatre. My memoir also covers my many experiences as an actor and stage director in the New York theatre scene. My memoir can certainly speak to anyone in education or theatre. Yet I hope it can inspire any of the lone wolves who stubbornly survive and thrive in professions that offer little in material rewards and job security, yet they continue to rise to the challenges and cultivate a spiritual nourishment that continues to grow.

Teaching on Borrowed Time, An Adjunct's Memoir is available online at [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com), Barnes & Noble Book-sellers, iTunes, Googleplay.

Village Diary: Brother Ben's Address

By Pago Habitans *

I was sitting in Washington Square one evening when a string of skateboarders whizzed by. They were mostly young people, but at the tail end was an unlikely older figure doing his best to keep up with the pack. It was, of course, my elusive friend Brother Ben.

He recognized me, executed an impressive U-turn, and came to a stop in front of me. Using one foot to flip the board up into his hands, he then sat down, heaved a sigh, and said, "I don't know how they do it." I asked him how long he'd been practicing skateboarding. "Oh, just since this morning," he replied.

There's nothing much about Brother Ben that surprises me. I never know when or where or in what circumstances he's going to turn up. He's a free spirit, an engaging personality, and he always has something intriguing to say about Village life. At the same time, I don't really know very much about him.

Now, however, as evening was fading into twilight, and I entertained thoughts of heading home, I found myself asking a question I'd been meaning to ask for some time: "Ben, where do you actually live?"

He thought for a moment and then said, "I could give you any number of addresses where I hang my hat from time to time, and I have had fixed abodes on occasion, but the reality is that I think of the whole Village as my home. If I had to pick one spot that might serve as a "home address," that would be designated best in terms of latitude and longitude."

My quizzical look prompted him to continue.

"I come from a long line of seafarers. Street addresses are serviceable, but they're a bit limiting and land-locked. You see, the surface of the earth is plotted out in a network of longitude and latitude measured in degrees, minutes, and seconds. Not everyone in the world has an address, let alone a home, but everyone on the planet can claim a latitudinal and longitudinal "address" for where they live, or, for that matter, wherever they are at any given time. For instance, I can tell you where you generally abide."

"Where?"

"Roughly 40 degrees North of the Equator and 74 degrees West of the Prime Meridian—more or less the stretch between Jefferson Market and Sheridan Square, just to keep it simple."

"Where do you call home, then, and please be more specific," I pleaded.

"I claim my home address as N 40° 43.9708' and W 74° 0.6098'." "And where is that on the Village map?" I asked.

"I will leave that for you to discover. You can find it clearly displayed along a prominent West Village promenade," he teased, and then offered the following hint: "If I had been there 400 years ago, I might have gotten to know the Leni Lenape people, our Village forebears, and I could have waved to Henry Hudson on his way upstream. It's also the spot where Robert Fulton launched the Clermont, the first commercial steamboat that led to advances in commerce and travel on rivers and oceans. And it's the place where transatlantic passenger ships and ferries to and from continental America, by which I mean New Jersey, connected Manhattan Island to the wider world."

With that pronouncement Brother Ben leapt to his feet and sailed away on his skateboard. At the same time, I headed west to look for Brother Ben's "address" somewhere in Hudson River Park.

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

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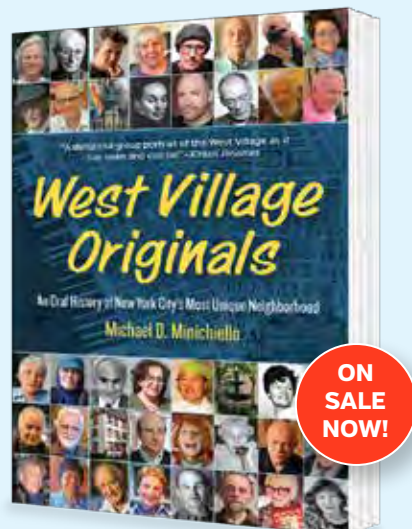
by Michael D. Minichiello

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

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



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Culture & Cuisine

The International Stretto Piano Festival

Celebrating PRIDE, Benefiting Ukraine Medical Care and Furthering the Cause of Hand Size Equality for Pianists

By Hannah Reimann

"At a time of chaos, beauty comes forward."

~Ben Casara, one of ten guest vocalists at the June 25th concert

The ninth and final day of the Second International Stretto Piano Festival, celebrated many things. First, as a premiere online gathering of over 30 solo and collaborative pianists from five continents playing only on pianos with narrower-than-standard-size piano keys, the festival is making its mark as a lightning bolt for change. Musicians may now know that they have a choice of key size and that key size does matter!

Stretto pianos are more about equality than music, but music is the driving force and the beautiful result. Any hand can be comfortable playing a piano and anyone can reach octaves, ninths and even tenths. All the pianos played for The Stretto Piano Festival have keys that are narrower than conventional ones and are comfortable for small and medium-sized hands. The uncanny solidarity and camaraderie crossing oceans and time zones is making a difference. Stretto Piano Concerts are now a year-round phenomenon with nonprofit status, a growing following and major fundraising effort.

Secondly, the PRIDE Cabaret on June 25th featured pianist extraordinaire and MC, Steve Sandberg with a stellar cast of ten vocalists. Sandberg hand-picked the local NYC talent for this event: Mary Foster Conklin, Eri Perez, Aimee Allen, Andrea Wolper, Jane Aquilina, Michelle Shocked, Ben Casara, Vicki Burns, Lauren Lee and Liz Rowell.

Each singer shared his or her heartfelt rendition of torch songs and ballads with tie-ins to the political changes we now face. In many cases, they simply entertained with full hearts and minds, reflecting on their life experiences, including those from the very first PRIDE parade, the AIDS crisis in the 1980s and, now, facing the new crises regarding *Roe vs. Wade* and gun laws. Interspersed between the songs were Sandberg's virtuosic solo renditions of his "World Jazz



PIANIST AND VOCALIST, HANNAH REIMANN, creator of the International Stretto Piano Festival and Stretto Piano Concerts after performing "Thaw," by Clemens Rating on June 18th, 2022 which she premiered in 2021, a one-movement piece about the transition from Winter to Spring. This piece was the inspiration for the festival. *Photo Credit: Morgen Purcell.*

Music." He plays everything from JS Bach to contemporary Jazz standards, improvising on all the selections; he is a veritable musical magician. There are always surprises and an uncanny feel of devotion as he follows the singers, matching and enhancing their tone and moods.

Lauren Lee created her own lyrics to Chick Corea's "Windows." Jane Aquilina's over-the-top version of "Que Sera Sera," Mary Foster Conklin's suggestion that we "live in the moment" with Andre Previn's "Just For Now," Andrea Wolper's touching "Why Aren't You Laughing?" (by Bobby Casanova) were just a few of the songs that added to the magic of the event.

Michelle Shocked closed the program with her quiet, a cappella *Ballad of Penny Evans*, in the voice of a Vietnam war veteran's 21-year-old widow, followed by an all-out jam with Sandberg. The steady roar of applause and cheers from the audience assured us that this was just the beginning of multi-genre events using great pianos, plus talent from NYC and abroad.

Among the 30+ soloists we were privileged to hear perform were acclaimed Swedish pianist and composer Roland Pöntinen (another Ukraine fundraiser on June 21), Stretto Festival Co-Artistic Director, Carol Leone's fantastic collaborative show of the music of Debussy with her colleagues in Dallas, Texas, and Chinese pianist Ran Feng, who recorded her concert in the USA and is now in Beijing. She wishes to bring Stretto Concerts to China, an exciting new development. There is much to celebrate.

All of the concerts remain online to experience for as little as \$5 in case you want to hear the recorded livestream of in-person concerts and a large variety of pre-recorded broadcasts including the two Ukraine fundraisers.

To make a tax-deductible donation towards our dedicated concert hall and year-round Stretto Piano Concerts: fundraising.fracturedatlas.org/stretto-piano-concerts

Learn more at strettopianoconcerts.org



FROM LEFT: Pianist and composer Steve Sandberg with vocalists Eri Perez, Aimee Allen, Mary Foster Conklin, Andrea Wolper, Jane Aquilina, Michelle Shocked, Ben Casara, Vicki Burns and Lauren Lee. Not pictured: Liz Rowell. *Photo by Jan Goldstoff.*

If Not for You—Mitch Blank's Gift to the Future: Preserving the Past



BOB DYLAN ARCHIVIST Mitch Blank in his West Village flat. Photo by Kieran Loughney.

By Kieran Loughney

The smallest of New York dwellings may contain the biggest of lives. They may even contain multitudes.

On meticulously stacked shelves, in neatly labelled binders and portfolios, framed on walls and displayed in glass cases in his fifth-floor walkup one-bedroom West Village flat, Mitch Blank's life's pursuit dazzles the viewer. Mitch has spent more than a half century following the paper trail, unearthing audio recordings, video tape, photos, and the humblest bits of what he terms "cultural detritus" to preserve the legacy of a Nobel, Pulitzer, and Presidential Medal of Freedom winning artist. "I'm a musical archeologist," he tells me as he guides me through his place. His Rosetta Stone, the intense focus of his quest, is the life and work of a skinny Jewish kid from northern Minnesota. That kid, one Robert Alan Zimmerman, dropped out of college to pursue his interest in folk, blues, country, and early rock & roll music. He rambled into New York town and stepped onto the stage of a coffee house in Greenwich Village, appearing under his freshly chosen alias—Bob Dylan.

My own life-long interest in Dylan's music took root in my teenage years. As a young man, like a rolling stone, I'd set out hitchhiking around the western U.S. and found myself living in a one-room fruit-picker's cabin on the Canadian border in Washington State. I'd spend evenings by a wood-burning stove listening to my only record—Bob Dylan's then newly-released *Basement Tapes*. The double album made a fine companion, with its comical stompers and enchanting melancholy ballads. These days, my record collection brims with every album by Dylan, and I must have any new record he releases. I've stopped counting the

times I've seen him in concert.

It seemed nearly predetermined when quite by accident I met the affable Mitch Blank on a West Village sidewalk some months ago. We'd both narrowly missed being hit by a speeding bike. I asked, "Did you see my rant about hazardous bikers in *WestView News*?" With a knowing nod, he said, "I read *WestView* all the time." And then, apropos of nothing seen but clearly the guidance of an invisible force of kindred spirits who often seem to coalesce in the West Village, he asked, "Do you like Bob Dylan?" I could only laugh and answer, "Nope, I love Bob Dylan." After a brief chat he handed me a business card identifying himself as an archivist for the Bob Dylan Center in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Blame it on a simple twist of fate.

A few weeks after our initial meeting, Mitch invited me to his place. "My father made a modest living with the US Postal Service," he revealed. His scruffy moustache barely camouflaged his ready smile as we sat in his dimly lit flat, a man living among history and choosing to honor it too. "I have pleasant childhood memories of working with my dad on his stamp and coin collections. It was what they now call quality time." Young Mitch began saving bottle caps and comic books. His fondness for collecting and his organizational skills led to a career as a photo and film researcher at The Getty Research Institute archive. His fascination with Greenwich Village's "great folk scare" in the 1960s and its burgeoning music scene ignited Mitch's sense of mission. He understood a cultural shift had occurred and wanted it properly chronicled for future generations. "We all breathed the same air, but that change only happened here. Future generations will want to know why." Mitch embedded with the musicians, club owners, and fellow collectors in the West Village and beyond. "Most only get to see the tip of the iceberg. This is all below the surface stuff," he explained.

A glance around Mitch's living room reveals faded handbills from long-defunct Village coffeehouses, locally published fanzines critiquing early Dylan performances, a program from the 1965 Newport Folk Festival when Dylan first "went electric," and a battered sign from Kettle of Fish, an early Dylan haunt. There are buttons, posters, photographs. A harmonica rack Dylan used on the legendary Rolling Thunder tour sits in a glass case. It thrilled me to witness my longtime passion played out in a neighbor's vision. Mitch jokes that one thing he'll never expect to find is a Bob Dylan business card. "That would be like seeing a unicorn on Bleecker Street," he tells me with a chuckle.

Mitch has maintained his friendships and contacts with musicians, industry folks, and other collectors. Because of his long association with the official Dylan archive, a new project would require Mitch's input. The Kaiser Family Foundation planned to buy Dylan's personal archive and build a center to house it in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Mitch would fly to Tulsa and meet with the family to decide if some of his own archive might be added to the center's. The Kaisers proved to be progressive, community-conscious, and (important for Mitch), politically enlightened.

In May, Mitch was invited to the grand opening of The Bob Dylan Center. He and his friend and fellow guest of the center, retired Chicago pharmacist Bill Pagel, shared adjoining hotel rooms. Pagel, also a collector, once bought baby Bobby's highchair. "I entered end-stage collecting," he admitted to me in a phone call from Tulsa. Pagel purchased not just one, but both of Dylan's childhood homes in Hibbing, Minnesota. The Bob Dylan Center has the largest collection of material tracing the life and work of any living



TREASURES FROM MUSICAL HISTORY in this West Village home will become officially archived at the Bob Dylan Center in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Photo by Annie Schlechter.

musician. The bulk of the archive came from Dylan himself. It turns out, Bob saved everything too. But among the display cases throughout the center are items bearing placards which read, "From the Mitch Blank Collection."

Mitch is quick to emphasize his love of our neighborhood and it's easy to understand his affection. Much of Manhattan races from its past to a future of pencil-thin cloud-piercing buildings, and streets starved for sunshine. We West Village residents prize our home's storied past, the tree-lined cobblestone streets, the historic brownstones from which writers like James Baldwin and Willa Cather, and musicians like Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie and Dylan himself, and artists and activists like John Reed and Jane Jacobs launched world-changing ideas. Mitch embodies this attitude. He knows the value in maintaining a clear view of the past to find our way forward. He has been systematically moving his collection "off-site" lately. "You've got to molt to grow new feathers," he tells me. Much of Mitch's collection will eventually be enshrined at the Tulsa archive, to be examined by future academics and Dylan enthusiasts.

Mitch Blank hasn't just preserved Dylan's legacy, but also our collective heritage. In doing so, he's earned his own place in West Village history. As Mitch could certainly tell you, in a song from my treasured *Basement Tapes*, Dylan sings: "Take care of all of your memories, for you cannot relive them."



A SMALL SAMPLE of West Villager Mitch Blank's massive collection of Dylanalia. Photo by Kieran Loughney.

My Barber and Myself and a Story about New York City

Mark M Green, abstracted from "A Scientist's View of Almost Everything"

For many decades Mr. Costa had a shop on the south side of 14th street between 8th and 9th avenues in Manhattan. It was one of those down-the-stairs shops with a low rent which allowed him to charge a low price for his haircuts. I went there as often as my wife threw me out of the house with accusations that I looked like a shaggy old dog.

We, his customers, all loved Mr. Costa and were privileged to learn of the changes in his life—his occasional trips to Spain to visit relatives he'd left behind and that terrible time when his wife died. Mr. Costa kept on in his formal old fashioned ways and we all counted on him as the never-ending source of our looking well-trimmed. So it was shocking when we learned that our barber was to become a victim of the transition of the "meat market" area (the blocks between 9th and the river, a bit north and south of 14th Street) to a trendy expensive playground for the wealthy.

We had seen the beginnings of the change as the prostitutes were increasingly disappearing from their early morning breakfasts at the North Village Deli on the southeast corner of 14th and 8th and certainly when Manolo Blahnik shoes at near to \$1,000 a pair were for sale only a block away. There could be little doubt that the tenants of the shops would be facing huge rent increases and inevitably this came true

for Mr. Costa. He told us he was ready for it after being on his feet for so many years, but we, his customers, were not.

What to do—walk around the neighborhood and discover that all barbers south of 14th street, within the recognized boundaries of Greenwich Village, charged a premium for what they considered the privilege of sitting in a chair possibly previously occupied by a celebrity. We walked north up to 23rd Street and as far east as 2nd Avenue and found other barbers only to discover how unique Mr. Costa's shop was, how special can become the relationship between the customer and his barber.

A solution was apparent. Would my wife cut my hair? Yes, she said, but we had to buy one of those electric hair clippers, the kind sold in both Canada and the United States under the trade name Oster with the remarkable logo on the device "MADE IN U.S.A." Now that's special. And it cost only the price of a few of Mr. Costa's haircuts. All this happened two years ago, the length of time it took to discover that not cleaning the cut hair from the device would jam it. So I took it apart the other day to spend a weekend rediscovering something personal about myself in addition to discovering that there are pockets of the USA and Canada, once treasured, which still exist—people answer the phone.

A life making a living without using one's hands, without being necessarily handy, the life of a professor, certainly has

wonderful aspects but leaves one feeling somewhat feeble for the "real" world. Each time I face a problem of the real world, like gluing a chair back to stability or getting a door to close properly (or so much else), I feel it a test, ridiculous or not, of something fundamental about my self-worth.

Early on a recent Saturday morning, I took out the instructions that came with the Oster Adjustable Clipper and set to work taking out two Phillips-head screws to release the two cutting blades. They came out easily enough exposing the hair that was jamming the motor, which could be cleared out with a little brush. However, no matter how many ways I tried, I could not put the clipper back together again.

So much of my self-worth was tied up in being successful in that mechanical task that by Sunday evening I was in a state of despair realizing I would have to call the 800 number given in the instructions – not available until Monday morning. Damn it, why couldn't I do this, what must be an easy task. The instructions were very straightforward—how could I be so inept? I knew for certain that there was something simple I was missing, evidence of my disconnection with the material world, a world I so much want to connect to, a connection involved with my feeling worthy, feeling like a man.

Monday morning arrived and as I dialed the 800 number I prepared myself for the expectation—pressing multiple buttons on the phone to finally end up with someone

from Manila, Singapore or Bangalore with a difficult-to-comprehend accent and instructions to send the clipper to a repair place in Minnesota. Someone did get on the phone with a heavy accent, at least to my New York City ear, but she was from Tennessee, not Asia. That was great but even better for my self-esteem, I learned from talking to her that the instructions included with the clipper were entirely wrong in not informing me that a pair of needle nose pliers was necessary for a specific part of the job and that then the same pliers were necessary to adjust an almost invisible plastic screw at the other end of the device.

The instructions for the device were ideally designed to undermine a physical-world-self-judging-person: yours truly. I write with great joy that I was able to fix the clipper, listen to the motor hum like a sewing machine and be resurrected as a handy man (what all men, admitted or not, want to be) knowing how to reach for the right tool and how to use it.

I had lost Mr. Costa but gained an experience that showed me that there still exists in North America, few and far between, yes, those old time ways where someone gets on the phone knowing how to help. And very important is that I did not fail, with all that could attend that failure, to fix my hair clipper. My wife tried it and it works. Hand me that lamp that needs re-wiring—how about replacing the car's head lamp—maybe even fix a farm machine?

A Wild Animal Cannot Be Caged:

Cuban Photographer Exhibiting in The West Village

By Graeme Napier

Gustavo Pérez Fernández is a photographer, poet, filmmaker, and wide-ranging visual artist. He was born and grew up Camagüey, in central Cuba, a city founded in 1514 by the Spanish, and now a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Pérez Fernández grew up during the 1960s and 1970s in Fidel Castro's Cuba, a world marked by censorship and restrictions on freedom of expression.

Having recently relocated to Florida, he is now in a position to show his work more widely, and more fully, than in his native Cuba. His photography has been exhibited in Cuba, but now also in Italy, Belgium, and Portugal. His images have graced the book covers of many writers and have been included in numerous literature and art journals. His work has been profiled in the prestigious German journal of photography *Schwarzweiss*. Many of his photographs can also be found in private collections in the United States, Germany, Italy, Ireland, Portugal, and Belgium. This is his first exhibition in New York: a photo-

portrait of Cuba in 2005.

In July 2005 Jorge Sanguinety, of the Association for the Study of the Cuban Economy, wrote:

"Castro's...regime developed not as an attempt to build a socialist society, but as a gigantic privatization process with one and only one owner: Castro himself...Under such conditions, the relevant analysis of the Cuban economy is to view it as a household with one decision maker...For Castro, the economy is a constraint, a necessary evil, and economic activity is nothing else but a residual of political decisions."

This analysis has important implications for the future of Cuba, politically and economically. As the country has become little more than a single plantation, a transition towards a more complex society, for instance, with a market economy and a democratic form of government, can be expected to be more difficult perhaps than many of the other socialist transitions. That is why I believe and insist on the need to prepare for the future, especially by increasing the general level of understanding

of the population about issues like this.

Pérez Fernández writes of his portraiture of Cuba in 2005: "After circumstances detained me in another life for quite some time, I am able to share these images. They are part of the spirit of an era, of a country: Cuba, 2005. Each photo aspires to tell a story, like a short film. Twenty photographs marked by irony, tenderness, helplessness; always with the wish that they could provide company for hope. And within them, the passion of someone whose vision's only claim, for years, was to search for that which he could not find. I am here. A wild animal cannot be caged."

There will be a month-long exhibition of photography at Revelation Gallery (224 Waverly Place), the art gallery of St. John's in the Village, the Episcopal Church on the corner of West 11th Street and Waverly Place. The exhibition is part of the church's month-long Julio Cubano (Cuban July) which also includes Cuban musical and literary events co-curated by St. John's and the Cuban Cultural Center of New York.

The opening reception of the exhibition



PÉREZ FERNÁNDEZ. Photo courtesy of Nick Roger.

is from 6:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m. on Tuesday, July 5th. The art is exhibited indoors; refreshments will be served outdoors. Face coverings should be worn indoors. Please bring proof of full vaccination.

Register for the opening reception here: www.photocubano.eventbrite.com

Learn more about Gustavo on Instagram: @perezfernandezgustavo.

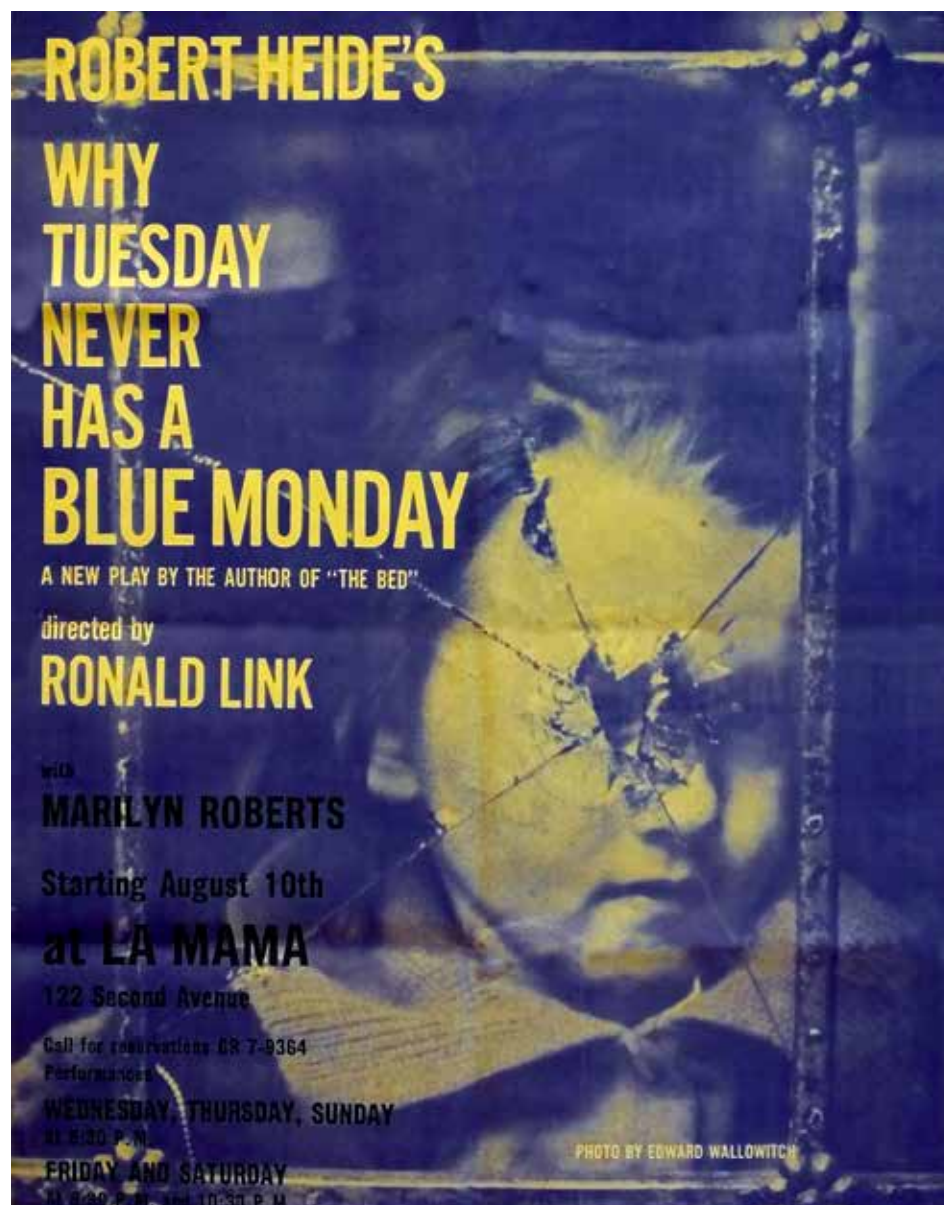
Blue Monday

By Robert Heide

Many years ago Lee Paton, first in America to present Eugene Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano* and *Jack with Salome Jens* at the Sullivan Street Theatre which she herself had created and also produced my first play *Hector*, about a retired college professor and her plaster dog, and my second play *West of the Moon* that featured two young men in an impromptu meeting in a doorway during a rainstorm, called me one night in a terrible state of anxiety. She was overwrought, had gained a lot of weight, and was in need of some kind of professional help. We first went to a doctor I knew named Karl Goldman, a psychology professor at NYU. In his apartment on the top floor at 123 Waverly Place, Karl had a salon where he collected interesting and sometimes disturbed young artists, playwrights, and poets. A father figure of sorts, Karl provided the beer, wine, and coffee and each week made a mammoth meatloaf for the hungry and broke. When Lee and I met with him one afternoon, he insisted that as creative, artistic individuals we might best relate to an existential type of therapy espoused by Rollo May in his case-study book *Existence*. That is how we both got to Robert Akeret, whose mentor was Rollo May.

Lee did better than I did with him. He seemed to be uncomfortable with men, but it might have been that I felt uncomfortable with him. He would say, "Your father still has his hands on your throat," and this was certainly true, as in our sessions I seemed to have difficulty finding words. Sessions were held in a penthouse apartment on the Upper West Side in a room filled with potted plants and trees. A beautiful blonde woman—his wife, Ann—would show me in. The doctor would already be seated across the room from where I would sit and squirm as he gazed into my mind with his penetrating eyes. A tall, handsome man, he had a warm, affirmative smile on his face when he greeted me. Later Lee married a dancer named Daniel Nagrin, and took up acting and painting. Some time after that I stopped seeing Dr. Akeret. He also published several successful books, including *Photoanalysis* which psychologically examined in detail ordinary family snapshots and the way people positioned themselves as they posed for the camera. In another of his books *Not By Words Alone*, he described a patient who was in love, dangerously, with a polar bear. Also in that book he confessed to the mistake of having an affair with a patient he called Mary Faye, a friend whom I had recommended to him. She was quite elegant and beautiful and thought they would be married, but he returned to his wife, and Mary Faye felt betrayed.

Dr. Akeret and his patient Mary Faye were the genesis and inspiration for an hour-long, two-character play I wrote *Why Tuesday Never Has a Blue Monday*—I picked



POSTER FOR LA MAMA production of Robert Heide's play *Why Tuesday Never Has a Blue Monday* has a photograph taken by Edward Wallowitch of a young girl looking through a bullet hole in a window. Poster courtesy of the author.

up the title from a movie magazine article about the actress Tuesday Weld. In my play the character of Lois West is an actress in the midst of a nervous breakdown, going through an identity crisis while appearing as Joan of Arc in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. She is experiencing difficulty differentiating between her stage role and her actual life. For the part of Lois West I immediately thought of Marilyn Roberts whom I had first seen onstage at the Actors Playhouse on Sheridan Square in a play by Gregory Rozakis entitled *The Class*. The play was about a hysterical actress in the Marilyn Monroe style and a method director modeled after Lee Strasberg who founded the Actors Studio. It was directed by my good friend Ron Link who had seen many therapists, been in and out of Payne Whitney a number of times, and was thor-

oughly familiar and in tune with the subject matter of *Blue Monday* which we sometimes called the play. In 1966 Link and Roberts had appeared together in a short play I did at La Mama on Second Avenue as part of a festival of new plays. It was entitled *Statue*—Link enacted an 'Everyman' character named 'Death.' Marilyn played the role of an innocent young girl—the script called for an innocent young boy—but Ronnie wanted Marilyn.

In 1966 also, Ellen Stewart produced *Blue Monday* at La Mama with Marilyn, a kind of blonde-goddess-Marilyn Monroe herself, playing out the neurotic scenes with gusto, and a tall handsome Patrick Sullivan as the doctor; Link directed it forcefully and the set was designed by Paul Hamlin with costumes by Ellen herself who had been a cloth-

ing designer for Saks Fifth Avenue before she opened her off-off Broadway theater. She created a billowing white dress but Ron wanted it to be in flaming-red; and that is what he got. The play received excellent reviews from the *Village Voice*, *Show Business* and other papers praising the two actors and Link's direction. Following its premiere at La Mama *Why Tuesday Never Has a Blue Monday* and my *Caffe Cino* hit *Moon* was presented at the National Catholic Theatre Conference in Washington DC presided over by the critic John Lahr where it received the National Catholic Theatre Award for 1971 and was published in an acting edition by Breakthrough Press under the aegis of *Show Business* critic Joyce Tretick. The play was recently re-created in a festival of East Village plays produced by Obie winner Peculiar Works Project. Of course some spectators were aghast when the character named Ellen West went down on all fours to play her favorite animal sex act with her therapist but not those who were familiar with Martin Essler's book *Theater of the Absurd*.

Marilyn Roberts, who always remained a good friend, was born in 1939 in San Francisco and in the course of her long career made several movies including *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *Heaven is Waiting*, *The Image* and *Boxing*, the latter a European experimental film from a play by the Danish theater artist Elsa Gress. She also appeared on many television shows including *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. After starring in *Why Tuesday Never Has a Blue Monday* Marilyn was invited to join Tom O'Horgan's La Mama Acting Troupe (which included Oscar winner Frederic Forrest, Mari-Claire Charba, Jacqueline Lynn Colton, Victor Lipari, and others) and was seen in plays by Adrienne Kennedy and as well in Rochelle Owens' avant garde wild madcap play *Futz*, about a farmer in love with his pig. Playing Mrs. Soots, Marilyn was joined in the movie version by Sally Kirkland—Oscar nom for *Anna*—riding an enormous pink bristle covered sow barebacked, and naked. Marilyn lived for many years in the Village at Westbeth in a big space overlooking the Hudson River. A beautiful lady with blue eyes and golden locks Marilyn passed away in January, 2021 at the age of 82 and she will always be remembered by those who admired, loved and adored her. A true gift to the world.

Robert Heide's plays including Blue Monday, Moon, The Bed, American Hamburger, Tropical Fever in Key West, Suburban Tremens and Crisis of Identity—the latter three starring the great award winning actress Regina David—are published in Robert Heide 25 Plays—Fast Books Press and available at Amazon.

NOTE: I recommended Marilyn Roberts for the prestigious Aker Award given periodically by Clayton Patterson, the ex officio 'mayor' of the East Village after having received one myself, as did my partner John Gilman. I also suggested La Mama Troupe actress Mari-Claire Charba, *Caffe Cino* historian Magie Dominic and Theater for the New City playwright Barbara Kahn for Aker Awards and all four women received them.

The Day the Earth Stood Still: A Classic Film with Contemporary Relevance



THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, Directed by Robert Wise, 1951. Courtesy of 20th Century Fox.

By Luke McGuire

“The threat of aggression by any group, anywhere, can no longer be tolerated. There must be security for all, or no one is secure,” says Klaatu, an alien being who has traveled to Earth to deliver an important message to humans about the consequences of their destructive nature. *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, directed by Robert Wise and released in 1951, is often described as a “cult-classic,” which expertly blends social commentary with the sci-fi genre. In the film, the alien Klaatu, who believes that the destructive tendencies of Earthlings will eventually come to harm his completely peaceful civilization, lands his spaceship in Washington, D.C. in the name of an alien society, with the intention of presenting a choice to the people of Earth: live in peace, or be destroyed. However, as soon as he exits his spaceship, he is met with police officers and military personnel who shoot him in the arm out of fear. Throughout the rest of the film, Klaatu, who has studied Earth’s affairs for some time, travels around Washington D.C. under a pseudonym, visiting landmarks such as the Lincoln Memorial and Arlington National Cemetery. He learns that all the people buried in Arlington were killed in wars. As the film ends and Klaatu returns to his ship, he delivers a speech to numerous scientists from around the world, in which he explains that his interplanetary civilization has achieved total peace while giving up no freedoms, except for “the freedom to act irresponsibly.” He concludes by saying, “your choice is simple:

join us and live in peace, or pursue your present course and face obliteration. We shall be waiting for your answer.”

The film is indeed a classic, brimming with the old-fashioned charm of an early sci-fi film, and is completely unburdened by the overwhelming visual effects of modern sci-fi films, which enables it to be more focused on its message. Upon its release, that message was intended for a society in the middle of the Cold War, but the film also imparts a broader moral theme about non-violence. The film doesn’t encourage us to create a utopia like the one Klaatu lives in, but rather to strive for it whenever and wherever we can. It acknowledges that humans have a propensity for destruction; in fact, when Klaatu tells us that we may “face obliteration,” he is referring to self-inflicted obliteration as well. The movie also promotes another message, one of humans being afraid of what they don’t know or understand. When Klaatu exits his spaceship at the beginning of the movie and is shot by the military, it is done out of fear. The film’s message is particularly relevant today. Across the world, senseless and destructive violence is often the result of a fear of others. Whether it is an international issue, such as the conflict between Russia and Ukraine, predicated upon one country’s fear of another’s affiliations, or domestic issues in the United States regarding immigration, the police, or countless others, we can still learn something from *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, which makes it a truly classic film.

Review of “Chains” at the Mint Theater Prequel to the Great Resignation

By Eric Uhlfelder

Jonathan Bank’s Mint Theater finally returned home to Theater Row after a long COVID-induced hiatus. And when I think of Mint productions, I’m reminded of the line Richard Harris spoke to Russell Crowe in *Gladiator*: “Let us talk together now, as men, very simply.”

The eloquent, understated qualities of Mint productions starts with its focus on lost plays that have quietly disappeared along with their authors.

British playwright Elizabeth Baker is far from a household name in London’s West End and even less so on or off Broadway. But in unearthing her first play, Bank has found a tale that’s remarkably timely given the great resignation that’s sweeping the land.

When Baker penned her story that takes place in suburban London during the first years of the 20th century, there was no pandemic, the First World War was still years away, labor unions hadn’t yet mustered any real power, and as had been the case for centuries, work meant survival.

However, the playwright reveals it takes but one pull of a thread to start revealing the discontent that lies beneath an ostensibly peaceful tapestry. That pull is the pending departure of an amicable lodger in a young couple’s home.

Charley (Jeremy Beck) and Lily Wilson (Laakan McHardy) appear as a loving contented couple. Their quiet, much appreciated lodger Freddy Tennant (Peterson Townsend) seems right at home. Then he announces he’s done with work, that he needs more and he’s heading off to Australia. Even before he realizes it, this awakens something in Charlie.

The conflict takes shape when Lily relays to her mother (Mrs. Massey played by Amelia White) that her husband is thinking of leaving her. Mrs. Massey’s response brings home the theme of the show, with which she and her own husband have long since come to terms: “Do you expect work to be pleasant? Does anybody ever like work?”

The idea is absurd . . . You don’t come into the world to have pleasure. We’ve got to do our duty, and the more cheerfully we can do it, the better for ourselves and everybody else.”

Don’t misunderstand. Charlie Wilson is no cad. He loves his wife. He still wants to be with her. But he needs a break. He goes to work every day. As a clerk, he’s bored stiff doing the same thing day in and day out. And Freddy Tennant’s decision to chuck it all induces a sympathetic response in Charlie.

Through various colorful characters, Baker gives voice to a full range of thoughts about life and work and responsibility, and to no surprise, few support Mr. Tennant’s decision. The most dismissive is the boisterously joyful Mr. Leslie who likes his life’s routine of making a living and merry making and mocks anyone who thinks otherwise, all while Charlie broods.

One who does understand this restlessness is Lily’s sister Maggie (Olivia Gilliatt). She marvels at Mr. Tennant’s spunk and when she learns that Charlie is also suffering from wanderlust, she’s thrilled that he may take off. This sequence of epiphanies makes her realize her pending marriage to a fitful man who’s passionately in love with her is not what she really wants.

The pleasure of this play is not that much gets resolved, but in Ms. Baker’s handling of how some respond to the age-old grief that contentment is hard to come by before one really has a chance to live . . . and maybe not even then. A talented cast and the pitch perfect design and direction of this production brings this all home.

We live in time where there’s a lot of noise, where just turning up the volume is often celebrated, perhaps covering our own discontent. But it’s just the opposite sentiment that sends me running back to the Mint Theater—thoughtful repose with words and ideas that matter and actors that can bring them compellingly to life.

Chains is at the Mint Theater, 410 West 42nd Street thru July 23.



ON STAGE: Laakan McHardy, Jeremy Beck, Avery Whitted and Peterson Townsend in a scene from Mint Theater’s American Premiere of *Chains* by Elizabeth Baker, directed by Jenn Thompson. Photo credit: Todd Cerveris.

The Playbook for GMO 2.0 is Going Exactly to Plan

By Max Goldberg

If you are eating “animal-free” dairy or meat products that taste nearly identical to a traditional animal product, you should be asking plenty of questions.

And more often than not, what you will discover is that these foods are anything but “natural.”

Aware of what consumers may find out and not wanting to make the same PR mistake twice, the GMO industry has intentionally introduced sophisticated and deceptive names such as synthetic biology, cultured meat, gene editing, precision fermentation and cellular-based seafood.

Further muddying the waters is that these companies have been funded not just by the likes of Bayer and BASF, but by Silicon Valley heavyweight investors who have bankrolled some of the largest technology companies in the world, giving these start-ups instant credibility and a certain degree of protection from criticism.

Even more, the organic community is being aggressively courted.

They are enlisting people like acclaimed farm-to-table chef Dan Barber and are purchasing booths at Natural Products Expo West, a show that most attendees believe is only for “natural” products. And



BRAVE ROBOT, A GMO SYNBIO DAIRY COMPANY, exhibited at the 2022 Natural Products Expo West trade show. *Photo credit:*

these booths are interspersed throughout the show, sharing aisles with USDA organic and natural product companies.

During ‘The State of Organic & Natural’ keynote presentation at this year’s Expo West, we were told that “The only way we are going to meet demand, as a planet, is through cultured meat.” Cultured meat is meat produced from cells, without having to raise or kill animals. This is synthetic biology.

As these GMO 2.0 companies have raised billions of dollars, with Silicon Valley salivating over the prospect of owning a piece of the patent-protected food supply, their marketing tactics have been an unmitigated success at manipulating the public.

“Companies call these things ‘synthetic biology’ and ‘fermentation technology,’ but these foods are all just GMOs,” said Mi-

chael Hansen, PhD, Senior Staff Scientist at *Consumer Reports*. “They are using terms people do not understand, so that people will not realize these are GMO ingredients.”

Moreover, the problems with synthetic biology are the same ones that we have had with traditional GMOs.

“These are often highly processed foods, which are associated with increased calorie intake and weight gain, according to a study from the National Institute of Health. And while these companies may be perceived as tech start-ups, the products they produce are designed to fit into an industrial food system, and society is clearly moving against this trend and toward a more agroecological-based food system. Additionally, they are introducing novel, genetically-engineered proteins into the food supply that will have unknown potential impacts on the human microbiome and the environment, and these companies are self-affirming GRAS status with the FDA, a voluntary process that is incredibly problematic and falls very, very short of protecting the consumer,” said Michael Hansen.

Max Goldberg is the founder of Organic Insider, the country's leading organic food industry newsletter.

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Style on the Street: *Flower Power*

By Karilyn Prisco



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LAURA



MIKE

 Follow us on Instagram @styleonthestreet_WestViewNews
Submit your favorite neighborhood fashion looks for a chance to be featured.

Photos by Karilyn Prisco

Finding Gaia in Gotham

By Lynn Pacifico

I follow the old religion, a spiritual practice that experiences divinity within nature and perceives nature as the sacred feminine or the Great Mother. For me, the main tenets are to live in harmony with natural laws, to respect all life, and to protect the earth.

"I have found the Goddess in myself and I love her fiercely." (Poet Ntozake Shange.)

When younger and studying nature and wilderness arts, I learned to look to the natural world to understand myself better and how to live a healthier, more balanced and vital life. But life has changed, and, no longer getting to the country often, I am reliant on finding the magic in nature in

downtown Manhattan where I live.

"There are more ions in the woods than in the field; more on a sunny day than on a cloudy day; and more where the ground has a high radioactive content. Plants are nature's most prolific source of negative ions for they conduct the negative energy of the earth into the air by ejecting it from the tips of their leaves." (Gunther B. Paulien, *The Divine Prescription and Science of Health and Healing*.)

According to the Gaia hypothesis, the earth will regulate itself if left alone. We call unmanicured nature wild, but wild implies out of control. A more accurate description is free. Both the ancients and our city fa-

thers set apart natural areas or fields for us to maintain our relationship with mother nature, but our two downtown fields, one built on by NYU, and JJ Walker Park, now covered in field turf for the exclusive use of league sports, are no longer available to Village residents.

Free nature carries more of mother's vital life force and that is exactly what we are lacking. Physics explains our world as a construct of electromagnetic energies that hold the physical in place. Our mother's alkalizing negative ions are more powerful and healing in the beauty and peace of free nature.

"The way we see the world shapes the way we treat it. If a mountain is a deity, not a pile of ore; if a forest is a sacred grove, not timber; if other species are biological kin, not resources; if the planet is our mother, not an opportuni-

ty—then we will treat each other with greater respect. Thus the challenge, to look at the world from a different perspective." (David Suzuki.)

Life is designed to commune regularly with nature's energetic grid. When visiting Hudson River Park, I relax on the grass lawn and listen to the birds and breezes. I have seen lost raccoons, many magnificent birds, and watched the antics of rat families. I was able to do this because I went late at night. (At the time, I had a large well-trained dog who kept me safe.)

Healing and energizing for us, our interactions with nature also stimulate its life-giving energies. At the start of this year's greening, the residents of the West Village were out in droves, looking for open, soft, sunny/shady spots to relax in. The most natural part of the river park is a lovely but

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Body & Soul

Summertime Is Here— It's Time For Gratitude!

By Dana Costantino

For so many of us, we look forward to the warmer weather, the opportunity to spend more time outside. As New York City dwellers, it is always such a joy to see the City streets come to life. People sitting at outdoor cafes talking and laughing over a meal or a drink. Seeing the parks full of people taking walks, exercising, having picnics and birthday parties. Kayaking on the Hudson River, taking a walk with your dog along the water.

We are so lucky to live on this Island of Manhattan. The Summer is a chance for us to get healthy. A time to exercise more, think about what we are eating, set intentions for the remaining seasons of the year, evaluate relationships be they friends, colleagues or family.

As we think about what we want to manifest and build as the second half of the year approaches, I suggest keeping a Gratitude Journal. Take a notebook, and each

day devote five minutes to writing down what you are thankful for that day, what you look forward to tomorrow, and what you want to improve on. Think about coming up with a daily mantra at the beginning of each day. Just a few words to set your day in a positive motion. When you sit down at the end of the day to write in your Gratitude Journal, think about how you applied your mantra throughout the day.


Creating a practice that builds positive energy in your day to day will help you to lean into your goals and dreams. It will also help you to discover new goals and dreams. We can all use positivity and the combination of Summer, The City and daily time for a Gratitude practice is a good way to get the ball rolling or to keep it rolling.

Cheers to Summer, cheers to smiles and cheers to positive self-discovery. I am grateful for the *WestView News* community and hope you all find the Summer to be a time of personal blooming.

Dana Costantino
Creative Productions Presents:

“Taurean Tags and the Phoenix Rises”

A Solo Fine Art Exhibition Featuring
AnnCharlotte Tavalacci



Village Works Gallery
90 E. 3rd St. NYC
8/19/22 5pm-10pm

Curated by Marissa Gouldsbury of
VAS Gallery and Designs

Reversing Ruptures

By Roberta Russell

After months of being blissed out by the thrill of romantic love, my boyfriend Manuel and I found ourselves on an emotional desert. I had rarely been apart from him since we met, but he could no longer stand to even look at me. I did not recognize him. Nothing we said to each other seemed to get through. We were frozen. A deadening pall had come over us.



Photo by Manuel Lopez and Roberta Russell.

My repeated attempts at restoring our blissful state failed. In the dead of night I found myself alone, sleeping on the couch, wondering, “How can this rupture have happened so quickly and irreversibly? Does he even know I am gone?”

At 1:30 a.m., EST, I texted a distress signal to my man-savvy friend, Kirston, in California. Repair in relationships takes more than an apology. I needed help.

“Manuel and I are still together, but we seem to have lost the joy.” Without delay, Kirston wrote back, “I hope the joy comes back—love has so many phases.” I shot back, “It feels more like a funeral than a phase.” Nevertheless, slightly more optimistic after the palliative exchange, the notion that this breach might be temporary gradually took hold. (Had I spoken to the wrong “friend,” our rupture might have been more damaging. I am careful to speak about my vulnerabilities to people whose hearts are in the right place.)

Manuel and I are still together and in

love again. I have become quite the analyst now. I am looking for real communication and a joint adventure fueled by love and curiosity, not fantasy.

Ruptures in relationships are crucial parts of transitioning to real love, without the reassuring illusions that fuel our bliss during the intoxicating dance of falling in love. Healing takes place in the repair of ruptures in love, and in therapy. It is through these processes that our life-giving feelings of attachment and belonging are strengthened. The fear of loss, because by now there is something very real to lose, motivates us to try to talk and listen before we fly away in self-righteous hurt. We name what is happening between us with patience and compassion. Listening to each other without interrupting and repeating back what we understood until we each feel heard has yielded miraculous results.

Often ruptures in relationships revolve around money, a subject that is even more taboo than sex. What are you buying? What are you selling? There is not an easy fix. It occurs over time. The remedy is guided by highly conscious and strong motivation.

I don't want to be put off. It pays to know what is happening.

Years ago, I made a few rules for myself regarding my quest for mutual love: if you find yourself spending time with someone, don't stay in a negative state, pay attention, be compassionate and kind. Move closer; otherwise, have the courage to move on.

Happily, Manuel and I are now thrilled to be on new territory.

www.mutualalliancetherapy.org
www.effectivepsychotherapy.org
www.rdlaing.org

Roberta Russell is the author of R.D. Laing & Me: Lessons in Love with R.D. Laing (Hillgarth Press, 1992), Report on Effective Psychotherapy: Legislative Testimony (Hillgarth Press, 1981, 1984, 1994), and Report on Permanent Weight Loss (Columbia Academic Commons, 2017).

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small grass and clover lawn next to the parkway. But, as well-cared for as it is, the only time it is quiet on the lawn is when the light is red and the traffic is stopped.

Where can I go nearby on a sunny day when, not only our neighbors, but the entire world is out ...all visiting here, to find a little quiet spot in nature? Every single

part of Hudson River Park can be saturated with people on a nice day.

I am asking those in positions of power to stop further building on open city-owned land downtown, and to please create more park where possible. We need more nature.

Lynn Pacifico is a fourth generation Villager, who loves nature, dogs, and New York City.

