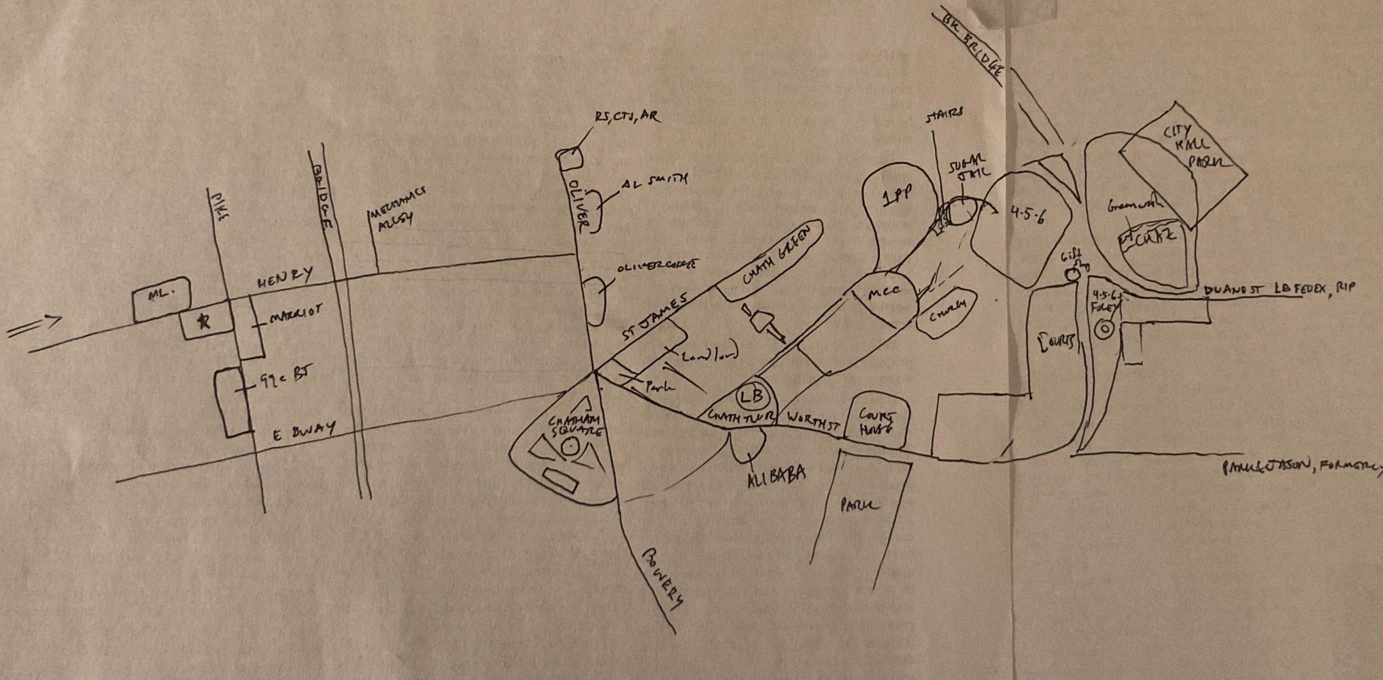
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1. HENRY RUTGERS

Henry Street and Rutgers Street are named for the same man. A sixth-generation descendent of New Amsterdam's elite dePayster family, and a distant, much older third cousin to both Presidents Roosevelt, Henry Rutgers (1745-1830) was a scion of the city's first brewing family, a lieutenant colonel in the American War of Independence, a State politician, and landowner of much of the area that today gets alternately called "Two Bridges," "Little Fuzhou," "Dimes Square," and most universally, "The Lower East Side."

When Rutgers was born, much of this area was his family's farmland. In fact, even in 1776, Division Street, which today is a relatively modest thoroughfare cutting across the neighborhood's grid, was the southernmost road in the area, with only farmland below it; his family would subdivide the farm into separate real estate properties over time, providing the groundwork for the neighborhood's grid as we know it today, and a hefty amount of cash for the Rutgers clan. By the time Henry Rutgers died in 1830, the city was of course much changed, not least thanks to his contributions of land and bonds to churches, primary schools, universities, graveyards, and military fortifications for the War of 1812 and beyond. He was a "permanent bachelor," and so an ideal agent for philanthropy: with no next of kin to keep afloat, Henry Rutgers closed out his strand of Dutch Mercantile wealth with ample elective expropriation.

Today, Henry Street is more readily associated with a later generation of patrician humanitarianism, through the Henry Street Settlement, founded by Nurse Lillian Wald in 1892. The Settlement continues to serve the Lower East Side's lower classes today, albeit with a larger footprint and a ballooning scope that includes health clinics, social work, senior programs, youth programs, legal counsel and job training. But all that is to the far east side of Henry, where it's more verdant and quiet, and closer to other monuments from the era of the Reformers and The New Deal, such as the Co-ops, the numerous Public Housing Authority projects (Vladeck, Smith, Rutgers, etc.) and East River Park. Our present walk begins a bit downstream from there, one block west of where Henry meets Rutgers, instead

at Henry and Pike, where the din of transit on the Manhattan Bridge's descent hits my window directly, almost perpendicular to my sixth-floor walk-up as it passes over Henry. On the occasion that I notice it anymore, if I'm feeling optimistic, I try to convince myself that it's not cars and trains but the crashing of ocean waves.

2. MORNINGS

Waking up has never been my strongest suit. I can't remember a time when I wasn't a snooze-hitting jumpstarter, blanching each day with the panic of running late, and staining it with the unquenchable strife of Catching Up. This problem found its peak five years ago now, when I took a job at an art gallery on the Upper East Side, when I still lived off the G Train in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn – a commute that likely no 20th Century Transit Authority predicted for a white-collar worker such as myself. This commute was a mess through 3 boroughs: first the northbound G from Nostrand in Brooklyn to Court Square in Queens, then entering Manhattan by transferring to either the E or M for one stop, or God forbid, the 7, which added 2 stairwell ascents and 2 extraneous stops in Astoria. If I took the more expedient E/M, this would be dampened by steady local service 6 to 77th Street; if I took the lengthier 7, this would be counterbalanced with express service two stops to 86th. Either way it worked out on any given day, it seemed that I somehow had been hosed. As for the G train, you might expect me to also bemoan the "G for Ghost Train," long notorious for its infrequent service and lesser cars per train. And to be sure, I had many evenings vivisected by a too-long wait for the G. But one joy I had while relying on this artery for my first six years in New York was observing the G Train's slow, gradual incarnation into something functional, and sometimes even more resilient than the rest of the MTA system. In my estimation, this is because its historical weakness has become an asset: it is the only line that doesn't run through Manhattan, which explains its historic negligence. But now, on the other hand, if there's a problem in Manhattan, it has a tendency to spill directly over into all lines – all except for the stubborn, solitary G.

After 3 years of trying, I accepted that no queue of audio content could make this daily commute, 2 hours round-trip, happily sustainable, and so when conditions proved favorable, I made the jump to the neighborhood at hand, joining the creative classes that have flocked to Chinatown in the past 15 or so years due to cheap rent and the ghosts of countercultures that no longer exist. I jumped into this building in particular, 105 Henry Street, or 19 Pike, depending on who you're asking, which was built in 1910, and from which my daily commute is reduced by at least half. If you go off of Google Maps, it's still a two-transfer journey: from the East Broadway F to the 6 at Broadway-Lafayette, and then to the express 4/5 at 14th (assuming the express is running, which it often isn't on weekends, and I work on Saturdays). But this commute, too, proved clumsy, fragile, and too compromised if I sleep in late – a decent bet – to feel like much of a real psychic improvement, even if the numbers are clearly better. So, after a fair amount of testing and experimentation, I have settled, over the past 3 years, into a route that Google will recommend only if drastic service changes disable everything else, since it entails too much walking: I walk from Henry and Pike to City Hall, from which an express 4/5 will get you to 86th Street in 4 brisk stops. The walk takes longer than the ride.

This route starts with historical slums and progresses, with property values and skyline, up a chain of municipal functions, which only begin to look stately at its terminal point. Prior to that, it's much of the necessary guts and grime that keeps City Hall's grandiloquence aloft: municipal industry, sanitation, the carceral state and its chief sentinels, the NYPD, all serve their functions along this route. Even if real estate's vision for Manhattan is a seamless portfolio of gleaming glass towers, so long as people are part of the city – and if vacant megatowers such as One Manhattan Plaza on Pike are any indication, they might not always be – the nuts and bolts of basic civic functionality will still need to go somewhere. That somewhere is here, beneath and around the Manhattan Bridge, which anchors the Lower East Side as one last still-lingering holdout of working-class community on the island.

3. MEYER LONDON

Descend the old stairs of 105 Henry, and upon hitting the street, your first sight across the way is an elementary school: P.S.2., The Meyer London School. It is a relatively recent building, but this public school has been on this block in various forms since 1810 – the second-ever public school in Manhattan.

Today, the school is our Voting Station. Last June, voting day coincided with 6th Grade Graduation, so 12 year olds in purple robes and hats flitted amongst the elderly ballot workers, and so a set of electoral possibilities were suffused – and maybe undercut – by a swarm of the generational potentialities of youth. We see a bit of each in the school's namesake: Meyer London, 1871-1926, was a Lower East Side lawyer and politician, and one of two members of the Socialist Party to ever be elected to United States Congress, after Wisconsin's Victor Leopold Berger. Both Congressmen were comrades to Eugene V. Debs, that most heralded figure of American Socialism, who led the nationwide Pullman Strike in 1894, and who once ran for US President on the Socialist line while imprisoned for sedition. But London's brief life speaks volumes to the radical history of the Lower East Side, and is primed for a thorough reconsideration.

A Jewish immigrant from Tsarist Lithuania, London moved to New York to join his father, Ephraim London, a Talmudic Scholar turned Printer turned Anarchist-leaning radical, whose weekly paper *Morgenstern* collated radical thought in the New World Capital. Meyer worked as a librarian, went to NYU Law at night, and then became a prominent civil lawyer working in defense of labor unions, tenants' rights, and various civil cases on behalf of the immigrant poor, often *pro bono*. His election to Congress in 1914 was a slap in the face of Tammany Hall, the traditional New York political machine, which had routinely run the district through ethnically targeted proxies. As the story goes, the vote was tight, and the neighborhood gathered in what we now call Straus Square late into the night, awaiting the Daily Forward to announce the victor; London's victory was announced on a bedsheet hung out the window of the Forward Building, to much celebration.

London had two terms in Congress before Tammany unseated him for a term. As a Congressman, he was caught in the unfortunate bind of expressing the US Socialist Party's policies on the national stage, while still recognizing the necessity of strategic concession to establishment politicians in the national context. In the end this won him few friends on either side. Nevertheless, he was a staunch opponent of US involvement in World War I, calling American militarism pointless, in a naïve appeal to Congress: "Unless we are determined to become a world power in the sense of competing with other nations by force of arms for the possession of markets and for the extensions of our colonial empire, we need no increase of the army and navy." How much weight to put on an "Unless!"

London also denounced the notorious Espionage Act of 1917 and Sedition Act of 1918, the laws which landed Debs in prison, and advocated for unemployment welfare, immigration reform, and racial equality at a time when these concepts still made him a lone voice in the wilderness of Washington. When he was fatally hit by a car at 2nd Avenue and 15th Street on Sunday, June 6, 1926, his last wishes were that the driver not be punished by the legal system, as "it is not his fault...he is a poor man." Or so Harry Rogoff's 1930 hagiography goes. London's body lay in state at the Jewish Daily Forward Building, and the *Times* reported that his funeral procession down East Broadway was estimated at 50,000 marchers; that "It seemed as if every organized labor body in the city was represented in the line, bakers, actors, necktie makers and every type of needle-worker carried signs of their union, and members of the Workmen's Circle, the Socialist Party and other parties in which Mr. London was associated marched in groups."

Today, the kids of PS2 are still the children of immigrants, although from China rather than Lithuania. In addition to being a voting center, the school offers free meals to kids and adults alike every weekday. Lately the line wraps the block, turning down Pike past an Epoch Times newspaper box, toward the Rutgers Houses Public Housing Projects, and just past them, the ominous luxury megatower of One Manhattan Plaza. What would all these people think of the life of Meyer London today?

4. UNDER THE BRIDGE

If I am being my best self in the morning, my commute includes eating a hard-boiled egg and a banana. The egg goes first, as I crack its shell on my corner's lamp post and shell it as I cross the twin avenues of Pike and Allen. The median between them has undergone substantial renovation to the north and to the south of Henry, some backed by the city and some by renegade citizens; but these two particular stretches remain dismal concrete, maloccluding slabs marking peaks and troughs where homeless men tend to post up for as long as they're allowed. Past here is the long, lonely stretch of Henry Street, which, to be honest, is the most dragging part of this walk. The noisy base of the Manhattan Bridge provides facilities for a lot of guts, nuts and bolts that we tend to tell ourselves are absent from the landscape of post-industrial, gentrified cities (because who else in a free market would choose to work there?) – but of course the heaps of road salt needs to be stored somewhere, city vehicles need to be repaired somewhere, and the Department of Sanitation needs office space somewhere. Somewhere, there needs to be a place for scrappers to sift through and store mechanical components that have been left on city streets. And somewhere, there needs to be a covered sidewalk for homeless drifters when it rains or is just too bright out; a long-disused Chinese market's rear entryway beneath the bridge provides one such opportunity. One man with long straight hair alternates between here and the Pike-Allen median at least once a week, and has done so for longer than I've lived here. Walking past each day, I observe his cycle of encampment and displacement, the odd toleration that the grocer's management grants him for a spell, until he inevitably calls the cops, at which point he moves back to the median, exposed for a couple days, until he decides to reassert himself beneath the bridge.

While the 1.5 blocks between the bridge and my window diffuses the sound enough that I can tell myself it's the crashing of ocean waves, the rumble and screech beneath the bridge is undeniable, at least to my ear; the stench, too, of grocers' waste at this junction is beyond description. The odd couch, chair, or appliance – once, I saw a purple V7 Dyson vacuum – appears here, perhaps dropped off or waiting to be picked up by the scrappers whose lot is just east of the bridge. Across from the grocer is a dingy shack

belonging to the Department of Sanitation which bears some charming homemade signage, evidently out of sight of the central Sanitation authorities. And at the western base of the bridge begins Mechanics' Alley, a two-block footpath that somehow remains officially unmapped by the city, even though DOT has put up fresh street signs acknowledging its existence. You see a lot of Law and Order being filmed right around here, and when that happens, you'll notice that the homeless man with long, straight hair has been booted to the Pike-Allen median.

5. HENRY TO OLIVER

Typically the rumble and screech of a train overhead lasts the length of my time under the bridge, which brings us from the inaccurately described portion of "Two Bridges" into the section that's actually between the two bridges. By here, at Market Street, my hard-boiled egg is usually long gone and I've likely finished my banana, so the peel goes in the waste bin at the northwest corner here – There's not another trash can until Oliver Street. In the summer, when the fish rot of the market is just too putrid, I hold off on peeling the banana until this point, by which market odors are supplanted by car exhaust. The span between Market and Oliver is all tenements, plus Sun Hing Lung, a lovely, affordable breakfast window offering simple Chinese rice rolls, helpful for hangovers; one sprawling private parking lot, and a former parking lot which is currently being converted into the block's first mid-size glass tower. On the green fence is the requisite rendering of the future construction, which has been replaced a few times due to scathing feedback left in sharpie and paint. My personal favorite was, in hot pink paint-marker: "C-. Revise."

The straight shot of Henry hits its endpoint at Oliver Street – a much older street, and the core of Henry Rutgers's contributions of land. On the northeast corner is The Mariner's Temple Baptist Church, initially built with Rutgers' money in 1795 as a place near the docks for the seamen to worship. A rare extant example of Greek Revival architecture in New York, the church today houses a predominantly black congregation; relatedly, the public school across the street – today called PS 001 the Alfred E.

Smith school, descendent of the very first New York Free School, whose initial site was donated by Henry Rutgers in 1809 – was among the earliest schools in the city to admit black students.

This was a few steps ahead of Henry Rutgers's own politics. He himself was a slave owner, at a time when New York had the second largest slave population among the 13 colonies. On the subject of freedmen, Rutgers believed that they should not remain in the colony, but be deported elsewhere. His father had a role in the crackdown on the New York Slave Rebellion in 1741, when a string of mysterious arsons stoked fears of a conspiracy between poor whites and black slaves in the minds of Manhattan's ruling classes. Eventually, authorities honed in on accused leaders of the plot – a slave named Caesar, and a barkeep named John Hughson, whose nearby tavern facilitated the fraternization of slaves and working-class whites before it was legal, let alone acceptable, and thus seemed a likely hotbed of the conspiracy. They were ultimately among the 100 executed for supposed participation in the plot. The blacks associated with the plot, including Caesar, were hanged and burned at the stake near Collect Pond, two blocks north of Foley Square today, in the shadow of the Manhattan Detention Center, better known as The Tombs. But Hughson himself was hanged and gibbeted on the borders of Rutgers's family property for passersby to see, his body left to rot as a warning to anyone who might be entertaining magical thinking. According to David Grim's 1813 map of New York as it existed between 1742 and 1744, Hughson's placement was at the waterfront of the Rutgers property, due south of what would eventually be Oliver Street. Henry Rutgers would be born a year later, Hughson's gallows still hanging.

Today, historians doubt the veracity of any legitimate uprising plot in 1741, but New York's seeds of overclass paranoia would inevitably continue to bear strange fruit throughout its history, up to and including the 20-year War on Terror.

But

If I am being my best self in the morning, I have prepared a thermos of coffee for myself at home, which I have started drinking around this intersection of Henry and Oliver. If I have not prepared coffee, but I'm not running so desperately late as to skip coffee altogether, I might treat myself to a coffee from Oliver Coffee, the skater-friendly coffee window whose owner also owns the nearby bar Mr. Fongs. named in honor of a real-life Chinatown real estate broker who made his reputation by opening up Chinatown to English-speaking renters. In doing so, Mr. Fong touched something of a third rail in the Chinese real estate community, who have historically tried to keep things in-house. But now he's memorialized by the bar. For a while I avoided Oliver Coffee, not out of a claim of ethical consumption, but because I kept running into a then-unamicable ex there in the mornings, when I'm still largely non-verbal. But that ex and I are on good terms now, and our morning routines don't sync up as often anymore, anyway. At Oliver Coffee I ask for a splash of whole milk, not for the flavor – I prefer coffee black – but because it brings the brew to a drinkable temperature for the route. Coffee takes about 20 minutes to hit, and the commute, if well-timed, takes just about 20 minutes from here.

In each case, whether or not I have bought any coffee, I turn up Oliver past the Mariner's Temple and, as one of many small rituals on this walk, read to myself a slogan on the church's signage: "FEAR KNOCKED, FAITH ANSWERED, NO ONE WAS THERE."

6. OLIVER STREET / ALFRED E. SMITH

The quiet, low-rise rowhouses on Oliver Street also commemorate a later, more palatable political visionary of the Lower East Side: Alfred E. Smith (1875-1944), for whom Public School 1, the city's first public school, is named today. The four-time Governor and two-time Presidential hopeful lived at 25 Oliver Street (to the left of Henry, if you're following our path) between 1907 and 1923, renting it from St. James Church around the corner, where he had been an altar boy. Smith was born on South Street, barely attended school, and worked at the nearby Fulton Fish Market, where he honed his charisma and charm, which led to modest success in amateur theater circles. He was the first politician from a working-class background to attain such prominence in New York state politics; later in life, he was fond

of saying that he and the Brooklyn Bridge "grew up together." Serving as the Lower East Side's State Assemblyman from 1908 to 1915, living at 25 Oliver Street, he was in office during the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire, and it was on the rising tide of worker power, organized labor, and progressivism that Al Smith became a household name. He was an anti-prohibitionist, jovially. When he ran for President in 1928, he was the first Catholic to do so. His loss to Herbert Hoover is in part ascribed to his Catholic faith, which elicited dazzling accusations that, if elected, he would literally hand over the US to the Pope, who would move the Vatican to Washington D.C., and annul all non-Catholic marriages, making every Protestant child illegitimate. On the campaign trail, Smith's train was met with Klansmen's burning crosses along its route. Playing to the nation's mistrust of city folk, Protestant ministers accused him of indulging "card-playing, cocktail drinking, poodle dogs, divorces, novels, stuffy rooms, evolution...nude art, prize-fighting, actors, greyhound racing, and modernism," as well as – perish the thought – dancing. Al Smith was also an early test case for national campaigning in the age of mass media: voters nationwide were leery of his New York accent – saying "first" as "foist" – and his campaign song, "The Sidewalks of New York," didn't fully land with rural voters.

Today, Smith's legacy is inextricable from that more notorious figure, Robert Moses, whose first forays in government were as Smith's aid when Smith was Governor. Both men's early careers were buoyed by the progressive penchant for big spending and public works – the East River Park has an amphitheater in it partly as an homage to Smith's own background with theater. Both men would also eventually resign to embattled conservatism. Moses was perhaps more hypocritical for doing so, as his career as the "master builder" was continuously propelled by Keynesian, New-Deal-style spending initiatives, whereas Smith would be iced out of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's court after challenging his initial Presidential run in the 1932 Democratic Primary, inaugurating his departure from political office, if not public life altogether. Smith eventually became one of the most ardent critics of the New Deal, even supporting Republican candidates against Roosevelt's reelection twice. As a testament to their historic friendship – and what a pair they must have cut, the bootstraps "Happy Warrior" of the Fifth Ward and the Yale-and-Oxford-educated trust fund bureaucrat – Moses made Smith the Honorary Night Keeper of the

Central Park Zoo when he renovated it in 1934; apparently Smith was given keys that granted him after-hours access to visit the animals, a privilege that he used amply. I imagine the tall Irishman, an old suit hanging wanly from his lanky frame, in the twilight of his political influence, standing among the tigers and summoning his legendary charisma for them.

7. CHATHAM SQUARE / THE EL / THE T LINE

~~So much for Al Smith, and the streets of old New York~~. Heading north on Oliver, you cross St. James street and its remaining slice of the first Jewish Cemetery in New York, which was established in 1683, and which at its peak took up multiple blocks in the rectilinear grid of Henry Rutgers's Lower East Side. This then gives way to Chatham Square, a baffling, multipolar intersection where 7 roads converge, including Oliver, St. James, Park Row, Worth, Mott, East Broadway, and Bowery, the last of which begins its legendary arc northward from this point. From 1878 to 1955, the Third Avenue Elevated Train line shaded that arc, canopying over what was then called "Five Points," New York's most notorious slum. The old, rickety train blocked light and quiet from the impoverished New Yorkers below, and some later would argue that it was the train that provided the conditions for the vice that lurked beneath. Its removal was instigated by Mayor Fiorello La Guardia and the Third Avenue Elevated Noise Abatement Committee (est. 1941), which the Times at the time curtly describes as "men in the real estate business." Publicly, they argued for the demolition of the El on moral grounds as well as quality of life; privately, they of course also knew that reduced noise would boost property values. At the time, removing the El was in step with the city's priority of slum clearance (more on that soon), and softened by La Guardia's assurance that a brand-new underground subway would soon be built by the newly consolidated subway authority to replace it.

We're still waiting on that subway today, though somewhat miraculously, the plan has never been fully canceled. In fact, in 2016, on the day before New Year's Eve, the first three stops of the new 2nd Avenue Subway opened, unfortunately on the Upper East Side, having broken the record for most expensive per-mile construction cost in the world, topping out at $6 billion, or $2 billion per stop. The

next phase, Phase 2, will extend northward from 96th Street to 125th, and although progress is slow-going, the MTA remains optimistic that it will take less than another 70 years. Phase 3 – perhaps a different question – would extend the line down to Houston, and Phase 4 would bring it to Chatham and down to Hanover Square, recreating the historical route of the El and leaving open the possibility of future extension into Brooklyn. So far, Phases 3 and 4 have not been allocated any funding.

For the foreseeable future, the 3 new stops are designated part of the Q line. Maybe in a hundred years, Phase 4 will be complete, at a budget of $2 trillion per station, or $1.58 million per 50 yards, and the line will achieve its destiny as the teal-colored "T Line." Maybe I will still be alive then, somehow, thanks to as-yet unimaginable advances in technology. Maybe I will still have the same job, and rent the same apartment, and still be commuting every day to 86th Street from Henry Street. And should I still be alive then, the T Line will be the perfect line for me.

8. PARK ROW

If Al Smith, mostly forgotten, is commemorated by a brick rowhouse on humble old Oliver Street, the leviathan legacy of urban planner Robert Moses (1888-1981) begins to unfurl itself on this walk starting at Chatham Square, starting with the eradication of the 3rd Avenue El, which he, as a lifelong champion of America's ascendant car culture, surely did not mourn too much. His impact in this walk resides in the form of two Title I Slum Clearance Projects, centered on Chatham Green and Chatham Towers, which cleared dense patchworks of tenements in the name of urban renewal and fused them into pseudo-Corbusian "superblocks," typical of Moses's approach to Title I projects. The Superblock structures a very different feeling of space than the rest of the walk so far. In preparing this text, I drew a map from memory of the route and all that might be mentioned along the way. Up til Chatham, the topography is clear: a straight line down Henry, turning perpendicularly onto Oliver. But from there things get vaguer, and the path splits into several distinct but interchangeable possibilities through the mess of City Center. In my drawing, buildings cease to be represented by squares abutting straight lines, and instead become tear-like blobs – a way, I suppose, of conveying my impression of not buildings but also

the sprawling campuses that surround them, whether they are parking lots, plazas, security fortifications, or alleys.

But even if the motive behind the superblock was a sense of free movement, later authorities have found ways to constrain these flows. The path that I will describe – the one that I've settled on – quite literally did not occur to me in the first year of this walk, because it involves passing through several NYPD and US Martial Services chokepoints on Park Row, which barely registers as a road due to its intense fortification. I thought to explore it one day, when my commute was not time-sensitive, and it turns out to make a good amount of sense.

Within living memory, though far before my own memories of New York, Park Row was a major thoroughfare connecting Wall Street to Chinatown. I can't imagine the impact this would have on car traffic. Much further back, in the 1800s, Park Row served as "Newspaper Row," with the headquarters of New York's numerous papers, including the *Times*, the *World*, the *Tribune* and the *Herald* forming one auguste branch of the old city center, a stone's throw from City Hall, the courthouses, and the rest. Park Row's present state is due, like many things, to the attacks of September 11, 2001, which prompted a total fortification of Lower Manhattan by NYPD and federal authorities, realizing or inventing newfound security vulnerabilities throughout the heart of capital, including on Park Row, which runs along so many important municipal buildings. Among them is One Police Plaza, the NYPD Headquarters, which is accessible by an overpass above Park Row; and so, naturally, the overpass would be an optimal target for a car bomb. This possibility has resulted in a massive space grab by the force, fortifying the street to the point that I, in 2019, couldn't see it as a navigable path. Car traffic has been banned since 2001; only recently were city buses allowed through, and later on pedestrian and cyclist pathways were added. But the area's overall effect is the same: Park Row, along with Pearl, are effectively free street parking for cops.

This fortification has drawn criticism from local residents, chiefly those from Chatham Green, whose entire west-facing length is contained by this occupation. They themselves have their own parking lot already, but all the barricades in front of them are certainly an eyesore, and likely an affront to the

dignity of Chatham Green's professional-class residents. This isn't Baghdad! This isn't Riker's! But even if they're been complaining for twenty years now, the NYPD doesn't seem to be hearing it. At least, that's what's suggested by this summer's installation of two shiny new NYPD kiosks in the middle of the street, with two sturdy boom-gates (one for autos, one for trucks and buses), for traffic going both ways between Chatham Green and Chatham Towers, before the USMS kiosks and K-9 Dog Training Pen. This investment seems to suggest that the end of our state of exception is far off yet. For once infrastructure is established, it's much harder to roll it back: as Moses was fond of saying, "Once you sink that first stake, they'll never make you pull it up."

9. CHATHAM, KIMLAU SQUARE, LIN ZEXU

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Back to Chatham Square, near the Jewish graveyard, near Oliver Street. Across from the commercial suites of Chatham Green, to which I mail my rent every month. Chatham Square itself is its own set of nesting dolls. Park Row itself was once called Chatham Street, named for William Pitt, the 1st Earl of Chatham and Secretary of State for the British Empire on the eve of the American Revolution. In its modern configuration, set in place by Title I in 1961, Chatham's perimeter is inset with three curved triangular planters, which I'm told were a major skate spot not so long ago, which area restaurant owners would pour hot grease on to make their surfaces too slippery for the skaters to use. These planters demarcate "Kimlau Square" within Chatham Square, commemorating Benjamin Kimlau (1918-1944), a Chinese-American World War II pilot who was shot down by the Japanese during a bombing campaign over Los Negros, an island adjacent to New Guinea. Kimlau is commemorated further by a great stone archway to the north of his Square, erected in 1961 by a Chinese-American war veteran association. The archway is rectilinear, and accents its bottom-shelf brutalism with a Chinese-looking pagoda roof. Flanked by the insignia of The American Legion, the arch is engraved on both sides, bilingually: "IN MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS OF CHINESE ANCESTRY WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN DEFENSE OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY."

In 2001, Kimlau Square became the first New York City Park to display historical signage in Chinese. That this memorial, among all the memorial sites throughout Manhattan's Chinatown, was granted this first, speaks to the generality that Kimlau's commemoration is meant to serve – the implication being that one man's biographical case could represent the entirety of Chinese New Yorkers' experience. Perhaps it's his devoted patriotism, expressed through carpet bombs dropped on a different East Asian empire in the Pacific, that made him so worthy an example of Chinese-American integration. But within Kimlau Square stands an entirely different memorial, which subtly puts pressure on the notion that Chinese immigrants are a unified, homogenous group – a notion already undercut by the diversities of classes and races that make use of the square's many old benches today.

Chatham Square's statue of Lin Zexu (1785-1850) was erected in 1997. In pose and attire, Lin appears an archetypal Chinese scholar-bureaucrat, patrician and stately. For a while, I thoughtlessly assumed it was one of those many statues of Confucius which seem to be found in all Chinatowns across America, like the one up Bowery at Division. Though my ignorance shouldn't be discounted – I'm an interloper here – it was still amusing to learn that both statues were designed by the same architect, T.C. Ho. It turns out that the compare-and-contrast of Lin to Confucius is very much the statue's point. Whereas the pedestal for the earlier Confucius statue (1984) was carved from Taiwanese green marble and financed primarily by Taiwan's Nationalist Government and their Cantonese-American compatriots, the Lin statue's base is carved from red granite from Fujian, and was commissioned by business leaders from more recent waves of immigrants, who hail more from the mainland, and chiefly from Fujian. That's where Lin Zexu hails from, too. He faces east, up East Broadway, which some people call "Fuzhou Street" – away from the traditional "Chinatown" developed by Cantonese immigrants earlier in the century, and toward the younger, less decorously exoticized Chinatown that this walk starts in. It's worth noting that, to his credit, Moses squashed a rival Title I proposal for this area that would have leaned harder into the Orientalist approach to Chinatown's development, rather than the modernist-international campuses that transpired: China Village, as conceived by bureaucrat Herman Stichman, aimed to "gather

in one building evidence of [China's] culture over the centuries," summarizing all of Chinese history in one building. Moses derided the plan as a "rickshaw ride," and "a slip of the Tong."

Engraved on Lin Zexu's pedestal is a striking credit: "PIONEER IN THE WAR AGAINST DRUGS." How many times have I passed this statue with a bag of some powder or another on me, or more likely yet, those same powders still in my body the morning after, when I'm late to work, with my store-bought coffee with whole milk, clearly not being my best self? How many times have I seen others drunk, or smoking weed, or shooting up at this very spot?

In addition to dating this statue to the 80s-90s context that it emerged from, Lin Zexu's caption points to one major chip on the Fujianese community leaders' shoulders: there is a stereotype that the main export of Fuzhou, traditionally a port city, is drug dealers. Lin Zexu is a helpful refutation of this trope, at least in broad strokes, because he was an instigator of the First Opium War. After his appeal to Queen Elizabeth to cease opium imports to China went unanswered, Lin cracked down hard, and in May 1839 seized at least 20,000 chests of opium from British traders, equivalent to 2 million British Pounds at the time, exiled the traders and their accomplices, and spectacularly destroyed all the opium over a 23-day stretch. Bringing it to the Humen shoreline, he had men dig pits in the sand, dump the opium, burn it by mixing in salt and lime, and mix it thoroughly with sea water. Eventually the mixture was flushed into the ocean. One man's attempt to steal some opium led to his decapitation on site. When word got back to England, they responded with ships, and the First Opium War began. China got washed, and Lin was blamed; he was banished to far-west Xinjiang, and was eventually rehabilitated, but not fully. In the twentieth-century, Lin's legacy was more overtly framed as part of China's ongoing struggle against Western Imperialism.

To situate the decolonial Opium Wars in continuity with the Reaganite "War On Drugs" is a bold historical leap to say the least, but then again nuance is not the currency of monuments. Behind the statue of Lin lies the length of Park Row, the numerous NYPD and USMS checkpoints, and eventually One Police Plaza; it's meant to have the winds of law and order at its back. Nevertheless, the spirit of old Five Points whirls around Lin Zexu. At least one person can usually be found nodding off at his feet, or in the

shade of the Kimlau Democracy Arch, when the NYPD barricades are more permissive. In October 2019, the Square was the site of a killing spree of 4 homeless men by another homeless man, who beat them to death in their sleep with a rusty piece of metal. Has Law & Order gotten on this one yet? One of the victims, Chuen Kwok, known to locals as "Uncle Kwok," was 83 years old. Temporary vigils appeared for the victims, and I saw a GoFundMe for a grave marker for Uncle Kwok, but one wonders when events that have occurred in Chatham Square, and the people who have actually known this place, might finally get formally commemorated within it. One wonders what that commemoration might look like. How do you build monuments to the invisible urban underclass?

10. THE KELLY & GRUZEN COMPLEX

Like any good civil servant, Lin Zexu has the entirety of the city center at his back. Our route takes us into the heart of it, down Park Row. Most of what's seen on this route has the handprint of Moses on it; but before it gets too municipal, too sinister, a pause in residential architecture, and a reminder of the awe that the name "Moses" conjured, prior to Robert Caro's shredding of his reputation. Two distinct complexes, middle-class housing designed as part of Title I, face Kimlau from across the square: first, Chatham Green, a wavy high-rise with exterior catwalks for hallways, adjoining some commercial suites to which I mail my rent checks, but which I've never entered; and then second, Chatham Towers, twin cast-concrete towers serrated with balconies, with ample public parking underneath. These developments were intended as affordable middle-class apartments for white collar workers – perhaps civil servants, or lawyers, who would find the proximity to their downtown offices convenient. Initially they were structured as limited equity co-ops, where one would buy shares in the co-op and then sell them back for about the same value, forestalling speculation. These guidelines lapsed for both developments in the '90's, and so they went full-market, but with a late start. Who lives there today? One *Times* piece on the Towers gives the impression that many of their representative residents are architects and architecture nerds.

Such nerds might know that the two Chatham developments were developed by the same firm, Kelly & Gruzen. From all that I've read, these works are considered unusual strokes of genius by a generally understated, mediocre firm. But they didn't stop there: Kelly & Gruzen are responsible for the bulk of City Center's Title I profile, including One Police Plaza, Murray Bergtraum High School, the US Attorney's Office for the Southern District of New York, and the Manhattan Correctional Center, one of 11 federal detention facilities in the nation, whose tenants have included John Gotti, El Chapo, the architect of the 1993 World Trade Center bombing known as "The Blind Sheikh," Paul Manafort, the creator of Silk Road, and Jeffrey Epstein. This concentration of jobs in one area by one firm was anomalous enough for architecture critic Paul Goldberg to dub the whole zone "Gruzen Country." That this prominent footprint is held by a firm with such a middling reputation seems to bring architecture nerds some consternation – but to me it seems true to the managerial nature of late capitalism, where it's often the second, third choice that ends up in the driver's seat. Kelly & Gruzen probably were really good at pitches and staying on budget and on managing deadlines – good enough to know their Corbusier from their Gropius, but never too high-minded to exceed the assignment, or refuse concessions.

11. LUTZ

One former resident of Chatham Towers was the artist Lutz Bacher (1943-2019), ~~an artist w~~hom I met through my job at the art gallery on the Upper East Side. She lived on a high floor of the eastern tower, 180 Park Row, and her apartment faced east, toward the river, overlooking Chatham Square and all of this walk so far. Due to the irregular placement of the tower in relation to the grid, the view from her concrete balcony made a skewed and vertiginous panorama of the Lower East Side. It is a remarkable view, a particularly compelling aquarium, or screensaver. Once I knew that she lived here, on my morning walk I would imagine her on her balcony, smoking in the morning light, though the balconies are too solid for me to have ever actually seen her from this vantage. I liked being one speck in the mandala before her, crossing Bowery from the Kimlau Arch to Worth Street, and passing Alibaba, the 24-hour deli whose gnarly hot bar was a staple for Lutz.

Lutz was a deeply private figure, and it's presumptuous of me to invoke her in writing like this. At the time of her death, she was still mostly mystery to me, someone who I helped with her art but who was only beginning to warm up to me personally. When she learned that I was moving to her neighborhood, she offered up some dusty decor – I understood that foisting unconventional home stylings on people was something she did with the people around her, and I idiotically failed to see that process through with her while she was still alive.

Lutz Bacher was a pseudonym, chosen at the outset of her career in the 70s, which gave the impression that she was a male German artist, and therefore important. She worked in the San Francisco Bay Area for most of her life, because her husband became a professor of astronomy at Berkeley, where he helped to discover pulsars, and was instrumental in the establishment of the University's Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence program, one of the first programmatic searches for alien life by officially sanctioned science. One morning, in 2010, he collapsed on their porch and was gone; Lutz herself would go in much the same way nearly 10 years later, on Duane Street, having passed through Foley Square, on her way to or back from the FedEx. By that point she had established a new life in New York, her career had had a belated rediscovery, and she got to spend the last ten years of her life living fully how she wanted to live, and working how she wanted to work. This involved a lot of walking, and looking, and associative thinking. It had something to do with how her path through the world collided with the paths of objects, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the presence of others, and recognizing in the objects' world-worn forms some profound, kaleidoscopic charge of history, trauma, desire, and magical thinking, that persists in objects – and maybe people? – despite the totalizing, homogenizing, high-gloss spectacle of our age. It then involved sharing that collision with people, often in the form of gifts, such as decor, or sometimes as exhibitions, which would then help attune others' eyes toward the Lutzian dimension of the world around them. I often think of that dimension in terms of exponents: the sweeping dilation from the specific to the transcendent, remaining inscrutable and mythic throughout, as in one show in San Francisco in 2012, which scattered navy blue stress balls across the gallery floor and juxtaposed them with serial framed pages from a handbook of amateur astronomical photography called *The Celestial*

Handbook. Lutz showed how the inadequacy of surface and language can nonetheless suggest profound personal depths: the universe in a stress ball; the universe in dust.

Lutz loved spy novels, and she was very tuned in to the fact that she lived among the courthouses, the Manhattan Correctional Center, and City Hall. El Chapo was her neighbor for a spell, and she relished it. Some of the city's more iconic perp walks, such as Trump lawyer Michael Cohen's, were directly visible from her living room window. The intuitive, associative thinking that she applied in her art on the one hand, was matched with its schizoid companion, conspiracy theories, on the other. Some of her earliest works centered on Lee Harvey Oswald and Jackie Kennedy, or rather the mania of individuals who were tasked with making sense of the world after the reality-shredding public mystery that was the JFK assassination. With "The Lee Harvey Oswald Interview" (1976), Lutz responded to an invitation to contribute to a book of interviews with San Francisco artists, by interviewing herself about what she knew about JFK's "lone nut," and what can never be known about him; with "Jackie and Me" (1989), she repurposed a paparazzo's delusional account of following a woman whom he thinks is Jackie O. It's this feeling of awe at the mystery, whether in the face of the cosmos, or Oswald, or a Trollz doll, that gets to the heart of Lutz's work, and to my appreciation of it.

12. MCC, ITS ALLEY, AND EPSTEIN

Lutz died in May, and Jeffrey Epstein died in August, bookending my summer of 2019 with reality-shattering changes on Park Row. "Lutz was on to the Epstein stuff," our mutual friend confirmed to me in the interval between their deaths; at the time, as part of our grief-talk, we joked that her death itself was a coverup, that she had gotten too close to the truth about Epstein – the kind of end that matches the enigma that was her life. When I'm not being my best self – and I rarely was my best self in the summer of 2019 – I'm often tempted to pour over murky associations such as these, grasping for lines between points. This summer was also my summer of *The Power Broker* Audiobook, which led to a dark triangular interest in Moses, Lutz, and Epstein, which I would rehearse daily on my walk to the train. In a

way, at the time, this felt like extending one strand of the project of Lutz. The caffeine usually kicks in during the stretch between Lutz's and MCC, heightening my powers of disgruntled association.

When Epstein died, I learned about it on my phone, on Twitter, while still mostly asleep. Shocked by the clumsiness with which the veil had been lifted, and right in my neighborhood not four hours prior, I decided to put on my running clothes and jog around the jail and its vicinity, to see what I could see. Nobody suspects a jogger to be sleuthing, I reasoned. And so I bolted down Henry, to Oliver, past Chatham, past Lutz's, past the NYPD and USMS kiosks, and to the Manhattan Correctional Center, on August 10, 2019. I circled it a couple times, eyed various alleys, noted the Warden's absent parking spot, and soon ran into an acquaintance who had also rushed to the scene. She was meeting up with her other truther friend, who told us to meet him down the way at NewYork-Presbyterian Lower Manhattan Hospital down on Gold Street, where he had just watched them load Epstein's body into an ambulance to take it to the coroner, an incident which itself sparked a lot of skepticism in the vein of body doubles, decoys, etc. We then took the 6 up to the coroner's office, and ended up visiting every Epstein site in the city that day: the mansion, of course, but also the apartment building on 66th Street where he kept apartments and offices, and Ghislaine Maxwell's house, each site a set piece in the puzzle of their shadowy finance and underage sex-trafficking ring. Overwhelmed by these events and still in my running clothes, I bolted home along the East River Park, telling myself that if I ran fast enough I could leave some of this behind me.

My ongoing interest in the Epstein case also has something to do with its continuity with my morning commute, from Park Row to the Upper East Side, where Epstein lived, and where his memorial service quietly took place around the corner from my office, at The Frank E. Campbell Funeral Chapel. The connection from Epstein to Moses, however tenuous, is how they each kept thorough dossiers of blackmail on public figures. While Epstein's vault of burned DVDs of dirt are in the news today (or at least in 2019), Moses's dossiers are recurringly mentioned in *The Power Broker.* Caro quotes City Hall mainstay Jack Lutsky on page 728: "Is there anyone who, sometime in his life, hasn't done *something* he is ashamed of? Well, you always had the feeling that Moses knew about that something, and that he had

the proof of it in those files of his. And that if he needed to, he would use it." Epstein's father, oddly for me, worked in Moses's Parks Department his entire life. When I am being a worse self, I imagine a traceable continuity of networks and strategies between Moses & Epstein, just waiting to be uncovered. When I am my best self, I remind myself that blackmail is just one one tool in the arsenal of power in modern America. It's structural. Right?

The Metropolitan Correctional Center, where Epstein was housed, is relatively nondescript from ground level, and I walked by it many times before consciously recognizing that *this* building was *that* jail. In the wake of Epstein's death, government officials emphasized the notoriously dismal conditions of the MCC, that it was chronically understaffed and underfunded, and that the jail's general dysfunction would explain why the cameras in and outside his cell weren't working, why he had been negligently taken off of suicide watch, had not been provided a cell-mate, was not being checked on hourly, etc. Its dysfunction is so extreme that just last month, the State Department announced that they were closing the facility "at least temporarily, until those issues have been resolved." My route to the train takes me down the MCC alley, the parking spaces for its staff, and its loading dock, where sometimes you can witness the arrival or transfer of an inmate. On a couple occasions they have seen me and shouted "Hi!" or "Good morning!" and I have said it back, though I have thought about saying much more. A lot of supply trucks pass through this alley, and this leads to a lot of mowed down rats, though not enough to keep them from biting the inmates at night. Often I clock a pancaked rat and register its progress each morning on my walk to the train, its becoming more pancaked, its becoming more leathery. It surprises me that they even let pedestrians through this alley anymore, given how secure everything else around there claims to be. But maybe they couldn't inconvenience the nuns of the St. Andrew Roman Catholic Church across the street, who walk through the alley each day and park their van there. It turns out that the alley has a name, Cardinal Hayes Place, named in honor of the Archbishop of New York during and after the Great Depression, Cardinal Patrick Joseph Hayes.

At the time of its opening in 1975, however, Kelly & Gruzen's Manhattan Correctional Center was considered a great leap forward in New York's prison design. The *Times* heaped praise on the

building at the time. It describes the room: "The rooms themselves are Spartan, but comfortable — there is excellent wood furniture (built by inmates of the Federal prison system) that resembles the simple wood furniture popularized by such places as the Workbench years ago. Unbreakable glass covers the windows, and the overall sense is as much that of a new college dormitory room as that of a prison cell." However, "The relaxed, dorm-like ambiance — there are even Eames chairs in the lounge areas — is merely skin-deep; underneath, the new prison is as secure as they come." The cast-concrete building is "a total success on the exterior[...]The facade is active enough to create a presence, but not so active as to overwhelm its important site." I wonder where those Eames chairs are today? The jail was so nice, according to this article, that it makes the connected US Attorney's office seem dismal and ill-conceived: "If the Correctional Center represents an advance in prison design, the United States Attorney's office represents a retreat in office design." Kelly & Gruzen couldn't win them all, I suppose. Those poor attorneys!

13. 1 POLICE PLAZA'S APPROACH

Exit the alley past the US Attorney's office, the Saint Andrew's garden, and one last US Marshals Service security kiosk, and the sky opens up to the east above One Police Plaza. This is St. Andrews Square, a grand red-brick promenade behind the church, the Dinkins Municipal Building, and 1PP. Fanning out to Foley Square to the east, St. Andrews Square features a couple of standalone kiosks that used to be an NYC Merchandise booth and a Mud Coffee, though neither has seemed active since 2019, and some garden furniture that often seems bereft, being a bit backstage from the dramas of the court houses. It's a bizarre and cold square, and by this point in my walk, if I have coffee, I am trying to guzzle it before the final descent into the subway, where ingestion was never really all that palatable, and which recent mask mandates have ruled out more firmly. If I had managed to prepare my own coffee at home, I'm definitely tweaking by this point.

The most dynamic aspect of St. Andrews Square is the barricades which protect 1PP and the US Attorney building, ebbing and flowing according to the day's perceived threat level. In 2020, during the

summer of protests, the barricades recombined from a regular, cellular grid into an intestinal maze, and you could see attorneys, NYPD leadership, and other bureaucrats winding tediously through their own security. Behind the barricades is the long procession to Police HQ – the "Police Plaza," I guess, though its appeal as a public space seemed dim, even before the NYPD closed it off from civilians. This is the top of the overpass that the NYPD fears will get car bombed, and for which Park Row is closed. At its mouth is a grand specimen of corporate, abstract sculpture, "5 in 1" by Tony Rosenthal, whose more famous local work is the Astor Place Cube. The sculpture is made up of five interlocking CorTen steel discs, painted bright red, and tucked behind 10 hypothetical-automobile-blocking planters. It has been in Police Plaza as long as there has been a Police Plaza, and shares Kelly & Gruzen's beguiling combination of mediocrity and charm. The discs and their pantomime of motion counterbalance the ominous cube fortress behind it. Eyeing it to my left as I pass through the plaza,the discs remind me of coins falling down from the sky. You can see it from City Hall, through the Dinkins building's central vaulted archway. You can puzzle over the fate of "5 in 1" if the NYPD's foretold Park Row Car Bomb were realized. It's not technically on the overpass, but at 75,000 pounds, under what conditions would it hold?

Whoever is in charge of laying out the barricades really has a creative streak, though. Past the main entrance to Police Plaza is a red brick stairwell that leads to a tree-covered garden path, I imagine intended as a scenic route to HQ. But since 2020, the entire stairwell has been clogged with barricades running the length of each step, which creates a striking image of barricades rising up toward the sky, in comically desperate paranoia. Just past this is another historical riddle, this time an artifact: the "Sugar House Prison Window," an intact window from a colonial sugar factory that was located on Duane and Rose streets. The historical plaque below the window identifies this sugar house as one of the sugar houses that the British army seized as a jailhouse from the Revolutionary War, where the British would imprison revolutionary actors, and where "sanitary conditions were frightful, and starvation was a constant threat, so its evil reputation was well earned, and its death toll unbelievably high.". Its ancient brick is inset to the cleaner modern bricks that make up Police Plaza, on the side of what seems like some kind of utility shed. What does it mean to display the former jail of your presumptive enemy at the city's

police headquarters? Is it an admonition, a window that is gibbeted like John Hughson on Oliver Street, at the edge of Rutgers' family property, or Epstein at MCC? Or a reminder of when the bad guys were in charge? Or a sentimental token of the sacred continuity of policing, harkening back to a simpler time? Regardless of its intent, the provenance of the window itself has come up against scrutiny: one historian claims that this specific Sugar House was never used as a jail, and in fact operated continuously throughout the Revolutionary War. According to him, the window is a token of historical revisionism, old touristic snake oil that this plaque consecrated in the years of Mayor John Lindsay.

14. DESCENT: CITY HALL

Snaking around the Dinkins Building's rear brings you to one final confluence, where Brooklyn Bridge foot traffic lets off into a modest plaza with a couple more green freestanding kiosks, this time operational. City Hall is straight ahead, across Centre Street, though if one wants to walk to there, this is not the route to do it. There are no crosswalks here – you'll have to snake up to Chambers Street for that – and concrete barricades between traffic lanes for bridge traffic makes jaywalking unappealing. My standard subway entrance is on this side of Centre, in the arcade at the the southern end of the Dinkins building, where grand columns and vaulted ceiling encircle an aptly magisterial stairway; my favorite view of this arcade is actually emerging into it at night, on my way home from work, when soft Victorian lamps play off the white tiles on the vaulted ceiling. This is an image of Gotham at its most Gotham.

Green iron gates span each of the arcade's column, and it's anyone's guess which ones will be closed on a given day, bound by the thick plastic zip-tie handcuffs that they use to detain protestors. Once, this past Spring, I was surprised to find, for the first time, that each and every gate was locked in this way. Two officers were standing nearby, and they told me the station was closed today, and that I had to walk to the Canal Street stop. I was late, as usual, but not too late to be uncaffeinated at this point, and so I became especially irritated at this. When I asked why, they said "it's the protestors' fault," despite 2021 being pathologically avoidant of the insurgent energies of 2020. Since the park across Centre was where New York's attempt at a City Hall Autonomous Zone was based last summer, this zone has been

especially policed, and an overreaction of preventive, even punitive measures, were still found everywhere. But who was actually protesting in April 2021? Later that day I realized it was the day that the jury of the Derek Chauvin George Floyd murder case was set to announce their verdict. To the cops who told me the station was closed, and to their supervisors, presumably, the closure of the station was something predictively merited by a future protest that never arrived. I seethed at how effective this simple blame game probably is at turning people's opinion away from "the protestors."

Irate at the notion that the NYPD could shut down not just any subway station, but the City Hall 4-5-6 Express Stop of all Stations, and blame it on a spectre of protest, I called their bluff and retraced my steps, past the small plaza with freestanding kiosks (where, in 2020, plainclothes officers would emerge and sét off fireworks to try and rile up the CHAZ), past the Sugar House window, and this time through the Dinkins building's central vaulted hallway, where I squeezed past numerous barricades and found that the subway entrance was still technically open through one last little gate. People who emerged at the station, similarly confused, were funnelling through that door. I did not have to walk all the way to the Canal stop.

The triangular greenspace outside the gates of City Hall Park was where the New York CHAZ began; for the two weeks or so that it was running, my walk to work, which had been suspended due to the Covid pandemic, became a walk to the CHAZ, where I participated in this rehash of the Occupy moment, for whatever it's worth, a moment that missed me the first time around. Once police had cleared the encampment, all of City Hall Park was closed off for rehabilitation for months. Only recently have we been returned the right to sit on the park benches, and the privilege to use the subway entry in this plaza, the only one at the station with an elevator. But while the barricades may be gone, New York City continues to innovate in crowd control, this time through horticulture: a strip of the triangular greenspace's has been replaced with a patch of wild-growth, native plants. This growth patch, while in keeping with 21st-century landscaping sustainability trends, is at the same time an obstruction: while protestors wouldn't think twice about trampling grass, a thicket of bushes and flowerbeds forestalls assembly, sealed with a kiss. Hostile architecture goes organic.

But that's a step too far on this walk; from Dinkins Municipal Building I descend into the Subway, and await my 4-stop trip to the Upper East Side.


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Fresh
Water
Grand
Division
Street
Orchard
Essex
Norfolk
Suffolk
Third
Street
J. Rutgers
Ship Yards
Cherry
Street
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Yards
Rutgers Street
Batavia L.
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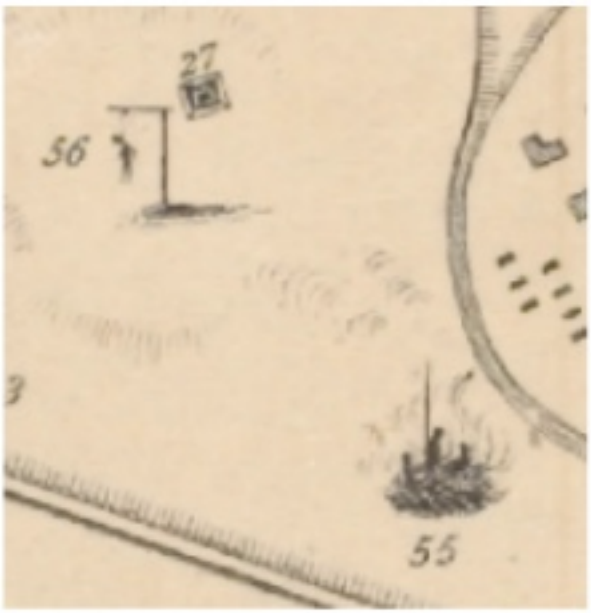
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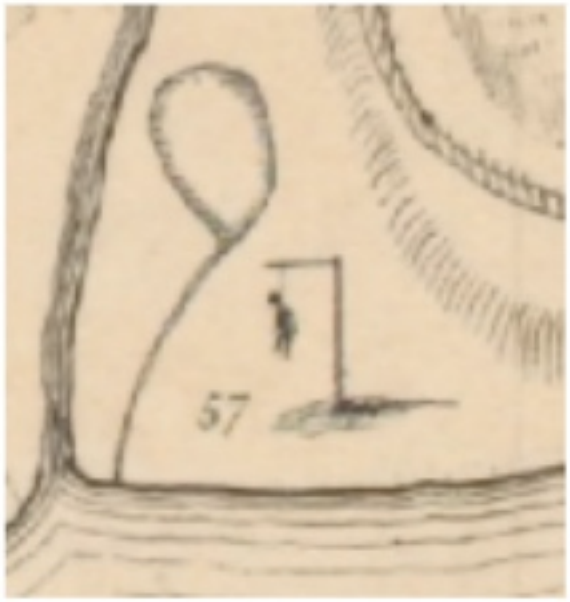
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Henry Street