There may be no more quotable piece of prose about New York City than E. B. White's 1949 essay, *Here Is New York*. White had been commissioned by Roger Angell (who was also White's stepson) to write a piece for *Holiday* magazine, and what he produced captured his love of the city in fairy tale styles. "New York is to the nation what the white church is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying the way is up," crooned White. But he ended his essay with the ominous threat of destruction that took on new resonance in the wake of the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks that leveled the World Trade Center. "A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of power," White intoned, "can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate millions." White proclaimed that while New York is not a "national capital or a state capital . . . it is by way of becoming a capital of the world."

White was born in 1889 in Mount Vernon, New York, and graduated from Cornell University in 1912, where he was the editor of the student newspaper. He joined *The New Yorker* magazine in 1925 and wrote for the columns "Talk of the Town" and, with his friend James Thurber, "News and Comment," from 1926-1948. In 1939, White left the city and moved to his beloved farm in Maine. While he continued to return to the city on a regular basis, it was from his home in North Brooklyn that he wrote two of the most famous children's books of the century, *Stuart Little* (1945) and *Charlotte's Web* (1952). Before his death in 1985, White was awarded a special Pulitzer Prize (1978) and the Presidential Medal of Freedom (1969), and was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters (1973).

On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy. It is this largeness that accounts for the presence within the city's walls of a considerable section of the popul-
lation: for the residents of Manhattan are to a large extent strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail. The capacity to make such dubious gifts is a mysterious quality of New York. It can destroy an individual, or it can fulfill him, depending a good deal on luck. No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky.

New York is the concrete art and commerce and sport and religion and entertainment and finance, bringing to a single compact area the glad- ister, the evangelist, the promoter, the actor, the trader and the merchant. It carries on its lapel the unexpungable odor of the long past, so that no matter where you sit in New York you feel the vibrations of great times and tall deeds, of queer people and events and undertakings. I am sitting at the moment in a stifling hotel room in a degree hotel, halfway down an air shaft, in midtown. No air moves in or out of the room, yet I am curiously affected by emanations from the immediate surroundings. I am twenty-two blocks from where Rudolph Valentino lay in state, eight blocks from where Nathan Hale was executed, five blocks from the publisher's office where Ernest Hemingway hit Max Eastman on the nose, four miles from where Walt Whitman sat sweating out editorials for the Brooklyn Eagle, thirty-four blocks from where Willa Cather lived in a room with a fireplace, twenty-three blocks from where Marceline used to clown on the boards of the Hippodrome, thirty-six blocks from the spot where the historian Joe Gould kicked a radio to pieces in full view of the public, thirteen blocks from where Harry Thaw shot Stanford White, five blocks from where I used to usher at the Metropolitan Opera and only a hundred and twelve blocks from the spot where Clarence Darrow the Elder was washed of his sins in the Church of the Epiphany (I could continue this list indefinitely); and for that matter I am probably occupying the very room that any number of exalted and some wise memorable characters sat in, some of them on hot, breathless afternoons, lonely and private and full of their own sense of emanations from without.

When I went down to lunch a few minutes ago I noticed that the man sitting next to me (about eighteen inches away along the wall) was Fred Stone. The eighteen inches were both the connection and the separation that New York provides for its inhabitants. My only connection with Fred Stone was that I saw him in The Wizard of Oz around the beginning of the century, but our wafer daily felt the same stimulus from being close to a man from Oz, and after Mr. Stone left the room the waiter told me that when he (the waiter) was a young man just arrived in this country and before he could understand
a word of English, he had taken his girl for their first theatre date to The Wizard of Oz. It was a wonderful show, the walter recalled—a man of straw, a man of tin. Wonderful! (And still only eighteen inches away.) "Mr. Stone is a very hearty eater," said the walter thoughtfully, content with this fragile participation in destiny, this link with Oz.

New York blends the gift of privacy with the excitement of participation; and better than most dense communities it succeeds in insulating the individual (if he wants it) and almost everybody wants or needs it) against all enormous and violent and wonderful events that are taking place every minute. Since I have been sitting in this misty air shaft, a good many rather splashy events have occurred in town. A man shot and killed his wife in a fit of jealousy. It caused no stir outside his block and got only small mention in the papers. I did not attend. Since my arrival, the greatest air show ever staged in all the world took place in town. I didn't attend and neither did most of the eight million other inhabitants, although they say there was quite a crowd. I didn't even hear any planes except a couple of westbound commercial airliners that habitually use this air shaft to fly over. The biggest ocean-going ships on the North Atlantic arrived and departed. I didn't notice them and neither did most other New Yorkers. I am told this is the greatest seaport in the world, with six hundred and fifty miles of water front, and ships calling here from many exotic lands, but the only boat I've happened to notice since my arrival was a small sloop tacking out of the East River before last on the ebb tide when I was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge. I heard the Queen Mary blow one midnight, though, and the sound carried the whole history of departure and longing and low. The Lions have been in convention. I've seen not one Lion. A friend of mine saw one and told me about him. (He was lame, and was wearing a belt.) At the ballgrounds and horse parks the greatest sporting spectacles have been enacted. I saw no ballplayer, no race horse. The governor came to town. I heard the siren scream, but that was all there was to that—an eighteen-inch margin again. A man was killed by a falling cornice. I was not a party to the tragedy, and again the inches counted heavily.

I mention these merely to show that New York is peculiarly constructed to absorb almost anything that comes along (whether a thousand-foot liner out of the East or a twenty-thousand-man convention out of the West) without inflicting the event upon its inhabitants so that even events, in a sense, optional, and the inhabitant is in the happy position of being able to choose his spectacle and so conserve his soul. In most metropolises, small and large, the choice is often not with the individual at all. He is thrown to the Lions.
The Lions are overwhelming; the event is unavoidable. A cornice falls, and it hits every citizen on the head, every last man in town. I sometimes think that the only event that hits every New Yorker on the head is the annual St. Patrick's Day parade, which is fairly penetrating—the Irish are a hard race to tune out, there are 500,000 of them in residence, and they have the police force right in the family.

The quality in New York that insulates its inhabitants from life may simply weaken them as individuals. Perhaps it is healthier to live in a community where, when a cornice falls, you feel the blow; where, when you pass by, you see at any rate his hat.

I am not defending New York in this regard. Many of its settlers are probably here merely to escape, not face, reality. But whatever it means, it is a rather rare gift, and I believe it has a positive effect on the creative capacities of New Yorkers—for creation is in part merely the business of forgetting the great and small distractions.

Although New York often imparts a feeling of great forlornness or forlornness, it seldom seems dead or unresourceful; and you always feel that either by shifting your location ten blocks or by reducing your fortune by five dollars you can experience rejuvenation. Many people who have no real independence of spirit depend on the city's tremendous variety and sources of excitement for spiritual sustenance and maintenance of morale. In the country there are a few chances of sudden rejuvenation—a shift is weather, perhaps, or something arriving in the mail. But in New York the chances are endless. I think that although many persons are here from some excess of spirit (which caused them to break away from their small towns), some, too, are here from a deficiency of spirit, who find in New York a protection, or an easy substitution.

There are roughly three New Yorks. There is, first, the New York of the man or woman who was born here, who takes the city for granted and accepts its size and its turbulence as natural and inevitable. Second, there is the New York of the commuter—the city that is divorced by locusts each day and spit out each night. Third, there is the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something. Of these three trembling cities the greatest is the last—the city of final destination, the city that is a goal. It is this third city that accounts for New York's high-strung disposition, its poetical deportment, its dedication to the arts, and its incomparable achievements. Commuters give the city its tidal restlessness; natives give it solidity and continuity; but the settlers give it passion. And
whether it is a former arriving from Italy to set up a small grocery store in a slum, or a young girl arriving from a small town in Mississippi to escape the indignity of being observed by her neighbors, or a boy arriving from the Corn Belt with a manuscript in his suitcase and a pain in his heart, it makes no difference: each embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love, each absorbs New York with the fresh eyes of an adventurer, each generates heat and light to dwarf the Consolidated Edison Company.

The commuter is the queenest bird of all. The suburban he inhabits has no essential vitality of its own and is a mere cloak where he comes at day's end to go to sleep. Except in rare cases, the man who lives in Mamaroneck or Little Neck or Tooeck, and works in New York, discovers nothing much about the city except the time of arrival and departure of trains and buses, and the path to a quick lunch. He is desk-bound, and has never,ady morning in the gloaming, stumbled suddenly on Belvedere Tower in the Park, seen the ramps rise sheer from the water of the pond, and the boys along the shore fishing for minnows, girls stretched out negligently on the shelves of the rocks; he has never come suddenly to anything at all in all New York as a listener, because he has had no time between trains. He has fished in Manhattan's wadiet and dug out coins, but he has never listened to Manhattan's breathing, never awakened to its morning, never dropped off to sleep in its night. About 400,000 men and women come charging onto the Island each week-day morning, out of the mouths of tubes and tunnels. Not many among them have ever spent a drowsy afternoon in the great rustling, shaken silence of the reading room of the Public Library, with the book elevator (like an old water wheel) spewing out books onto the trays. They tend their furnaces in Westchester and in Jersey, but have never seen the furnaces of the Bowery, the fires that burn in all drums on zero winter nights. They may work in the financial district downtown and never see the extravagant plantings of Rockefeller Center—the daffodils and grape hydrangeas and birches and the flags trimmed to the wind on a fine morning in spring. Or they may work in a midtown office and may let a whole year swing round without sighting Governors Island from the sea wall. The commuter dies with tremendous mileage to his credit, but he is no roar. His entrances and exits are more devious than those in a prairie-dog village, and he calmly plays bridge while buried in the mud at the bottom of the East River. The Long Island Rail Road alone carried forty million commuters last year; but many of them were the same fellow retracing his steps.

The terrain of New York is such that a resident sometimes travels further, in the end, than a commuter. Irving Berlin's Journey from Cherry Street in
A poem compresses much in a small space and adds music, thus heightening its meaning. The city is like poetry: it compresses all life, all races and breeds, into a small island and adds music and the accompaniment of internal engines. The island of Manhattan is without any doubt the greatest human concentrate on earth, the poem whose magic is comprehensible to millions of permanent residents but whose full meaning will always remain illusive.

At the foot of the tallest and pluniest offices lie the crummiest slums. The genteel mysteries housed in the Riverside Church are only a few blocks from the woodoo charms of Harlem. The merchant princes, riding to Wall Street in their limousines down the East River Drive pass within a few hundred yards of the gypsy kings; but the princes do not know they are passing kings, and the kings are not up yet anyway—they live a more leisurely life than the princes and get drunk more consistently.

New York is nothing like Paris; it is nothing like London; and it is not Spokane multiplied by sixty, or Detroit multiplied by four. It is by all odds the loveliest of cities. It ever managed to reach the highest point in the sky at the lowest moment of the depression. The Empire State Building shot twelve hundred and fifty feet into the air when it was madness to put out as much as six inches of new growth. (The building has a mooring mast that as dirigible has ever tied to it employs a man to flush toilets in slack times; it has been hit by an airplane in a fog, struck countless times by lightning, and been jumped off of by so many unhappy people that pedestrians instinctively quicken step when passing Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.)

Manhattan has been compelled to expand skyward because of the absence of any other direction in which to grow. This, more than any other thing, is responsible for its physical majesty. It is to the nation what the white church spire is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying that the way is up. The summer traveler swans in over Hell Gate Bridge and from the window of his sleeping car as it glides above the pigeon lofts and back yards of Queens looks southwest to where the morning light first strikes the steel peaks of Midtown, and he sees its upward thrust unmistakable: the great walls and towers rising, the smoke rising, the heat not yet rising, the hopes and ferment of so many awakening millions rising—this vigorous spear that presses heavenward.
It is a miracle that New York works at all. The whole thing is implausible. Every time the residents brush their teeth, millions of gallons of water must be drawn from the Catskills and the hills of Westchester. When a young man in Manhattan writes a letter to his girl in Brooklyn, the love message gets blown to her through a pneumatic tube—puff—just like that. The subterranean system of telephone cables, power lines, steam pipes, gas mains and sewer pipes is reason enough to abandon the island to the gods and the waterfowl. Every time an incision is made in the pavement, the noisy surgeons expose ganglia that are tangled beyond belief. By rights New York should have destroyed itself long ago, from panic or fire or rioting or failure of some vital supply line in its circulatory system or from some deep labyrinthine short circuit. Long ago the city should have experienced an insoluble traffic snarl at some impossible bottleneck. It should have perished of hunger when food lines failed for a few days. It should have been wiped out by a plague starting in its slums or carried in by ships' rats. It should have been overwhelmed by the sea that licks at it on every side. The workers in its myriad cells should have succumbed to nerves, from the fearful pall of smoke- fog that drifts over every few days from Jersey, blotting out all light at noon and leaving the high offices suspended, men gasping and depressed, and the sense of world's end. It should have been touched in the head by the August heat and gone off its rocker.

Mass hysteria is a terrible force, yet New Yorkers seem always to escape it by some tiny margin: they sit in stalled subways without claustrophobia, they extricate themselves from panic situations by some lucky wisecrack, they meet confusion and congestion with patience and grit—a sort of perpetual muddling through. Every facility is inadequate—the hospitals and schools and playgrounds are overcrowded, the express highways are feverish, the unpaved highways and bridges are bottlenecks: there is not enough air and not enough light, and there is usually either too much heat or too little. But the city makes up for its hazards and its deficiencies by supplying its citizens with massive doses of a supplementary vitamin—the sense of belonging to something unique, cosmopolitan, mighty and unparalleled.

To an outsider a stay in New York can be and often is a series of small embarrassments and discomforts and disappointments: not understanding the waiter, not being able to distinguish between a sucker joint and a friendly saloon, riding the wrong subway, being slapped down by a bus driver for asking an innocent question, enduring sleepless nights when the street noises fill the bedroom. Tourists make for New York, particularly in summertime...
...they swoon all over the Statue of Liberty (where many a resident of the town has never set foot), they invade the Automat, visit radio studios, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and they window shop. Mostly they have a pretty good time. But sometimes in New York you run across the disillusioned—a young couple who are obviously visitors, newlyweds perhaps, for whom the bright dream has vanished. The place has been too much for them; they sit languishing in a cheap restaurant over a speechless meal.

The oft-quoted thumbnail sketch of New York is, of course: "It's a wonderful place, but I'd hate to live there." I have the idea that people from villages and small towns, people accustomed to the convenience and thefriendliness of neighborhood over-the-fence living, are unaware that life in New York follows the neighborhood pattern. The city is literally a composite of tens of thousands of tiny neighborhood units. There are, of course, the big districts and big units: Chelsea and Murray Hill and Gramercy (which are residential units), Harlem (a racial unit), Greenwich Village (a unit dedicated to the arts and other matters), and there is Radio City (a commercial development). Peter Cooper Village (a housing unit), the Medical Center (a sickness unit) and many other sections each of which has some distinguishing characteristic. But the curious thing about New York is that each large geographical unit is composed of countless small neighborhoods. Each neighborhood is virtually self-sufficient. Usually it is no more than two or three blocks long and a couple of blocks wide. Each area is a city within a city within a city. Thus, no matter where you live in New York, you will find within a block or two a grocery store, a barbershop, a newsstand and shoe shine shack, an ice-cream-and-wood cellaret (where you write your order on a pad outside as you walk by), a dry cleaner, a laundry, a delicatessen (beer and sandwiches delivered at any hour to your door), a flower shop, an undertaker's parlor, a movie house, a radio-repair shop, a stationer, a haberdasher, a tailor, a drugstore, a garage, a teashop, a saloon, a hardware store, a liquor store, a shoe-repair shop. Every block or two, in most residential sections of New York, is a little main street. A car starts for work in the morning and before he has gone two hundred yards he has completed half a dozen missions; bought a paper, left a pair of shoes to be soled, picked up a pack of cigarettes, ordered a bottle of whiskey to be dispatched in the opposite direction against his home-coming, written a message to the unseen forces of the wood cellaret, and notified the dry cleaner that a pair of trousers awaits call. Homeward bound eight hours later, he buys a bunch of posy willows, a Manza bulb, a drink, a shine—all between the corner where he steps off the bus and his
apartment. So complete is each neighborhood, and so strong the sense of neighborhood, that many a New Yorker spends a lifetime within the confines of an area smaller than a country village. Let him walk two blocks from his corner and he is in a strange land and will feel uneasy till he gets back.

Storekeepers are particularly conscious of neighborhood boundary lines.

A woman friend of mine moved recently from one apartment to another, a distance of three blocks. When she turned up, the day after the move, at the same grocer’s that she had patronized for years, the proprietor was in ecstacy—almost in tears—at seeing her. “I was afraid,” he said, “now that you’ve moved away I wouldn’t be seeing you any more.” To him, away was three blocks, or about seven hundred and fifty feet.

I am, at the moment of writing this, living not as a neighborhood man in New York but as a transient, or vagrant, in from the country for a few days. Summertime is a good time to re-examine New York and to receive again the gift of privacy, the jewel of loneliness. In summer the city contains (except for tourists) only die-hards and authentic characters. No casual, sporty dwellers are around, only the real article. And the town has a somewhat relaxed air, and one can lie in a loincloth, gazing and remembering things.

I’ve been remembering what it felt like as a young man to live in the same town with giants. When I first arrived in New York my personal giants were a dozen or so columnists and critics and poets whose names appeared regularly in the papers. I burned with a low steady fever just because I was on the same island with Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Franklin P. Adams, Robert C. Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, Ring Lardner and Stephen Vincent Benét. I would hang around the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, thinking, “Somewhere in that building is the typewriter that ashy the cockroach jumps on at night.”

New York hardly gave me a living at that period, but it sustained me. I used to walk quickly past the house in West 37th Street between Sixth and Seventh where F. P. A. lived, and the block seemed to tremble under my feet—the way Park Avenue trembles when a train leaves Grand Central. This excitation (nearness of giants) is a continuing thing. The city is always full of young worshipful beginners—young actors, young aspiring poets, ballerinas, painters, reporters, singers—each depending on his own brand of tonic to stay alive, each with his own stable of giants.

New York provides not only a continuing excitation but also a spectacle that is continuing. I wander around, re-examining this spectacle, hoping that
I can put it on paper. It is Saturday, toward the end of the afternoon. I turn through West 46th Street. From the open windows of the drum and saxophone parlors come the listless sounds of musical instruction, monstrous insect noises in the brooding field of summer. The Cort Theater is disregarding its matinee audience. Suddenly the whole block is filled with the mighty voice of a street singer. He approaches, looking for an audience, a large, cheerful Negro with grand-opera contours, strolling with head thrown back, filling the canyon with uninhibited song. He carries a long cane as his sole prop, and is tidily but casually dressed—slacks, seersucker jacket, a book showing in his pocket.

This is perfect artistic timing: the audience from the Cort, where The Respectful Prostitute is playing, has just received a lesson in race relations and is in a mood to improve the condition of the black race as speedily as possible. Coins (mostly quarters) rattles to the street, and a few minutes of ministrations improves the condition of one Negro by about eight dollars. If he does as well as this at every performance, he has a living right there. New York is the city of opportunity, they say. Even the mounted cop, clumping along on his nag a few minutes later, scorn the gutter carefully for dropped siver, like a bird watching for split grain.

It is seven o'clock, and I re-examine an ex-speakeasy in East 53rd Street, with dinner in mind. A thin crowd, a summer-night buzz of fans interrupted by an occasional drink being shaken at the small bar. It is dark in here (the proprietor sees no reason for boosting his light bill just because liquor laws have changed). How dark, how pleasing; and how miraculously beautiful the murals showing Italian lake scenes—probably executed by a cousin of the owner. The owner himself mixes. The fans intone the prayer for cool salvation. From the next booth drifts the conversation of radio executives; from the green salad comes the little taste of garlic. Beside me, (eighteen inches again) a young intellectual is trying to persuade a girl to come live with him and be his love. She has her guard up, but he is extremely reasonable, careful not to overplay his hand. A combination of intellectual companionship and sexuality is what they have to offer each other, he feels. In the mirror over the bar I can see the ritual of the second drink. Then he has to go to the men's room and she has to go to the ladies' room, and when they return, the argument has lost its tone. And the song takes over again, and the heat and the relaxed air and the memory of so many good little dinners in so many good little illegal places, with the theme of love, the sound of ventilation, the brief medicinal illusion of gin.
Another hot night I stop off at the Goldmann Bros. concert in the Mall in Central Park. The people seated on the benches fanned out in front of the band shell are attentive, appreciative. In the trees the night wind stirs, bringing the leaves to life, endowing them with speech; the electric lights illuminate the green branches from the under side, translating them into a new language. Overhead a plane passes dreamily, its humming lights winking. On the bench directly in front of me a boy sits with his arm around his girl, they are proud of each other and are swathed in music. The courtesan steps forward for a solo, begins, "Drink to me only with thine eyes..." In the wide warm night the horn is startlingly pure and magical. Then from the North River another horn solo begins—the Queen Mary announcing her intentions. She is not on key; she is a half tone off. The trumpeter in the bandstand never looks up. The horns quarrel strangely, but no one minds having the intimation of tuned injected into the pledge of love, "I leave," says Mars. "And I will plead with mine," sighs the trumpeter. Along the asphalt paths strollers pass, to and fro; they behave considerably, respecting the musical atmosphere. Pupils are moving well. In the warm grass beyond the fence, forms wriggle in the shadows, and the skirts of the girls approaching on the Mall are ballooned by the breeze, and their bare shoulders catch the lamplight. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." It is a magical occasion, and it's all free.

On some ends in summer the town empties. I visit my office on a Saturday afternoon. No phone rings, no one feeds the hungry birds, no one disturbs the papers; it is a building of the dead, a time of awesome suspension. The whole city is honeycombed with abandoned cells—a jail that has been effectively beehive; occasionally from somewhere in the building a night bell rings, summoning the elevator—a special fire-alarm rings. This is the pic of loneliness in an office on a summer Saturday. I stand at the window and look down at the batteries and batteries of offices across the way, recalling how the thing looks in winter twilight, when everything is going full blast, every cell lighted, and how you can see to pantomime the puppets rumbling with their slips of paper (but you don't hear the rustle), see them pick up their phone (but you don't hear the ring), see the endless, ceaseless moving about of so many pieces of pieces of paper: New York, the capital of memo-randa in touch with Calcutta, in touch with Reykjavik, and always fooling with something.

In the café of the Lafayette, the regulars sit and talk. It is busy and peaceful. Nursing a drunk, I stare through the west windows at the Manufacturers Trust Company and at the red brick fronts on the north side of Nineteenth Street,
washing the red turning slowly to purple as the light dwindles. Brick build
ings have a way of turning color at the end of the day, the way a red rose
turns blush as it wilts. The café is a sanctuary. The waiters are ageless and
they change not. Nothing has been modernized. Notre Dame stands guard
in its travel pose. The coffee is strong and full of chicory, and good.

Walk the Bowery under the El at night and all two feet is a sort of cold
pelt. Touched for a dime, you try to drop the coin and not touch the hand,
because the hand is dirty, you try to avoid the glance, because the glance
accuses. This is not so much personal menace as universal—the cold menace
of unresolved human suffering and poverty and the advanced vages of the
disease alcoholism. On a summer night the drunks sleep in the open. The
sidewalk is a free bed, and there are no lice. Pedestrians step along and over
and around the still forms as though walking on a battlefield among the
dead-in doorways, on the steps of the savings banks, the burns lie sleeping t
off. Standing sentinel at each sleeper’s head is the empty bottle from which
he drained his release. Wedged in the crook of his arm is the paper bag
containing his things. The glib butcher on the night-seeing bus tells his pas
cengers that this is the “street of lost souls,” but the Bowery does not think
of itself as lost it meets its peculiar problem in its own way—plenty of gin
mills, plenty of flop-houses, plenty of indifference, and always, at the end of
the line,Bellevue.

A block, or two east and the atmosphere changes sharply. It is the slums are
poverty and bad housing, but with them the resounding sobriety and safety
of family life. I head east along Faison. All is cheerful and filthy and
crowded. Small shops over-overflow onto the side-walk, leaving only half the
normal width for passers-by. In the casual light from unshaded bulbs gleam
watermelons and lingerie. Families have fled the hot rooms upstairs and have
found relief on the pavement. They sit on orange crates, smoking, relaxed.
Congested. This is the nightly garden party of the east Lower East Side—and
on the whole they are more agreeable-looking hot-water groups than some
you see in bright canvas deck chairs on green lawns in country circumstances.
It is folly here with the smell of warm flesh and squashed fruit and fly
bitten flies in the gutter and cooking.

At the corner of Lewis, in the playground behind the wire fence, an open
air dance is going on—some sort of neighborhood affair, probably designed
to combat delinquency. Women push baby carriages in and out among the
dancers, as though to exhibit what dancing leads to at last. Overhead, like
juniors decorating a ballroom, stream the pains and bros from the pulley
lines. The music stops, and a beautiful Italian girl takes a brush from her
handbag and stands under the street lamp brushing her long blue-black hair
till it shines. The sip in the pained car watches solemnly.

The Consolidated Edison Company says there are eight million people in the
five boroughs of New York, and the company is in a position to know. Of
these eight million, two million are Jews—or one person in every four.
Among this two million who are Jewish are, of course, a great many
nationalities—Russian, German, Polish, Romanian, Austrian, a long list. The
Urban League of Greater New York estimates that the number of Negroes in
New York is about 700,000. Of these, about 500,000 live in Harlem, a district
that extends northward from 110th Street. The Negro population has in-
creased rapidly in the last few years. There are half again as many Negroes
in New York today as there were in 1900. There are about 200,000 Puerto
Ricans living in New York. There are half a million Irish, half a million
Germans. There are 900,000 Russians, 150,000 English, 400,000 Poles, and
there are quantities of Poles and Czechs and Swedes and Danes and Nor-
wegians and Latvians and Belgians and Welsh and Greeks, and even Dutch,
who have been here from way back. It is very hard to say how many Chinese
there are. Officially there are 32,000, but there are many Chinese who are in
New York illegally and who don't like census takers.

The collision and the intermingling of these millions of foreign-born peo-
ple representing so many races and creeds make New York a permanent
exhibit of the phenomenon of one world. The citizens of New York are
tolerant not only from disposition but from necessity: The city has to be
tolerant, otherwise it would explode in a radioactive cloud of hate and
racism and bigotry. If the people were to despise each other from the peace of
cosmopolitan intercourse, the town would blow up higher than a kite. In
New York noobs every race problem there is but the noticeable thing is
not the problem but the intangible curve. Harlem is a city in itself, and being
a city Harlem symbolizes segregation: yet Negro life in New York lacks the
more conspicuous elements of Jim Crowism. Negroes ride subways and buses
on terms of equality with whites, but they have not yet found that same
equality in hotels and restaurants. Professionally, Negroes are as well in the
theater, in music, in art and in literature, but in many fields of employment
the going is tough. The Jim Crow principle lives chiefly in the housing rules
and customs. Private owners of dwellings legally can, and do, exclude Neg-
roes. Under a recent city ordinance, however, apartment buildings that are
financed with public monies or that receive any tax exemption must accept
tenants without regard to race, color or religion.
To a New Yorker the city is both changeful and changing. In many respects it neither looks nor feels the way it did twenty-five years ago. The elevated railways have been pulled down, all but the Third Avenue. An old-timer walking up Sixth past the Jefferson Market Jail misses the railroad, misses its sound, its spotted shade, its little aerial stations, and the tremor of the thing. Broadway has changed in aspect. It used to have a discernible bony structure beneath its loud bright surface; but the signs are so enormous now, the buildings and shops and hotels have largely disappeared under the moon lights and letters and the frozen-custard façade. Broadway is a custard street with no frame supporting it. In Greenwich Village the light is thinning. Big apartments have come in, bordering the Square, and the bars are mirrored and chromed. But there are still in the Village the lingering traces of poesy, Mexican glass, hammered brass bath, kongs made of whisky bottles. First novels made of fresh memories—the old Village with its alleys and ratty one-room vans catering to the erratic needs of those whose hearts are young and gay.

Grand Central has become hokey-tonk, with its extradosional advertising displays and its tendency to adopt the tactics of a trampy broker. I practically lived in Grand Central Terminal at one period (it has all the conveniences and I had no other place to say) and the great hall seemed to me one of the more inspiring interiors in New York, until Latex and Coca-Cola got into the temple.

All over town the great mansions are in decline. Schoel's house facing the Hudson on Riverside is gone. Gould's house on Fifth Avenue is an antique shop. Morgan's house on Madison Avenue is a church administration office. What was once the Fallonstock house is now Eudemon House. Rich men nowadays don't live in houses: they live in the attics of great apartment buildings and plant trees on the setbacks, hundreds of feet above the street. There are fewer newspapers than there used to be, thanks somewhat to the late Frank Munsey. One misses the Globe, the Mail, the Herald, and to many a New Yorker life has never seemed the same since the World took the count.

Police now ride in radio proud cars instead of gumshoeing around the block swinging their sticks. A ride in the subway costs ten cents, and the seats are apt to be dark green instead of straw yellow. Men go to saloons to gaze at televised events instead of to think long thoughts. It is all very less confusing. Even parades have changed some. The last triumphal military procession in Manhattan simply filled the city with an ominous and terrible rumble of heavy tanks.
The slums are gradually giving way to the lofty housing projects—high in stature, high in purpose, low in rent. There are a couple of dozens of these new developments scattered around; each is a city in itself (one of them in the Bronx) accommodates twelve thousand families; sky scrawes hitherto untilled, lifting people far above the street, standardizing their sanitary life, giving them some place to sit other than an orange crate. Federal money state money, city money and private money have flowed into these projects. Banks and insurance companies are in back of some of them. Architects have turned the buildings slightly on their bases, to catch more light. In some of them, rents are as low as eight dollars a room. Thousands of new units are still needed and will eventually be built, but New York never quite catches up with itself, is sure in equilibrium. In flash times the population mushroom and the new dwellings sprout from the sod. Come bad times and the population scatters and the lots are abandoned and the landlaced writers and dies.

New York has changed in tempo and in temper during the years I have known it. There is greater tension, increased irritability. You encounter it in many places, in many faces. The normal frustrations of modern life are here multiplied and amplified—a single run of a downtown bus contains, for the driver, enough frustration and annoyance to carry him over the edge of sanity; the light that changes always an instant too soon, the passenger that hangs on the shut door, the truck that blocks the only opening, the coin that slips to the floor, the question asked at the wrong moment. There is greater tension and there is greater speed. Taxis roll faster than they rolled two years ago—and they were rolling fast then.Hackmen, used to drive with a vengeance, now they sometimes seem to drive with desperation, toward the ultimate stop. On the West Side Highway, approaching the city, the northeast is swept away in a trance—sort of flow of inexpressible motion, pressed from behind, heaved in on either side, a mere chip in a millrace.
The city has never been so uncomfortable, so crowded, so tense. Money has been plentiful and New York has responded. Restaurants are hard to get into; businessmen stand in line for a Schrafft's lunchroom as merely as one might used to stand in soup lines. (Prosperity quotas its head lines; the same is depression.) The lunch hour in Manhattan has been shoved ahead half an hour, to 12:00 or 12:30, in the hopes of beating the crowd to a table. Everyone is a little temperament quittine than he used to be. Apartments are feted with No Vacancy signs. There is standing-room only in Fifth Avenue stores, which once reserved a seat for every paying guest. The old double-deckers are disappearing—people don't ride just for the fun of it any more.
At certain hours on certain days it is almost impossible to find an empty taxi and there is a great deal of chasing around after them. You grab a handle and open the door, and find that some other citizen is entering from the other side. Doormen grow rich blowing their whistles for cabs, and some doormen belong to no war at all—merely wander about through the streets, opening cabs for people as they happen to find them. By comparison with other less hectic days, the city is uncomfortable and inconvenient; but New Yorkers temperamentally do not crave comfort and convenience—if they did they would live elsewhere.

The subllest change in New York is something people don't speak much about but that is in everyone's mind. The city, for the first time in its long history is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of granite can quickly end this island fantasy, layer the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. The intimation of mortality is part of New York now: in the sound of jets overhead, in the black headlines of the latest edition.

All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority: the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charge.

It used to be that the Statue of Liberty was the signpost that proclaimed New York and translated it for all the world. Today liberty shares the role with death. Along the East River, from the razed slaughterhouses of Meat Packing to the walls of the Wards Island, the New York Skyline is more repressive than ever. In its stride, New York takes on one more interior city, to shelter, this time, all governments, and to clear the slum called war.

New York is not a capital city—it is not a national capital or a state capital. But it is by way of becoming the capital of the world. The buildings, as conceived by architects, will be cigar boxes set on end. Traffic will flow through a new tunnel—under First Avenue. Forty-seventh Street will be widened and if my guess is any good, trucks will appear late at night to plant tall trees surreptitiously. Their roots to mingle with the intestines of the town. Once again the city will absorb, almost without showing any sign of it, a congress of visitors. It has already shown itself capable of shaming away the United Nations—a great many of the delegates have been around town during the
past couple of years, and the citizenry has hardly caught a glimpse of their coattails or their black Hamburgs.

This race—this race between the destroying planes and the struggling Parliament of Man—it sticks in all our heads. The city at last perfectly illustrates both the universal dilemma and the general solution, this rivalry in steel and stone is at once the perfect target and the perfect demonstration of nonviolence of racial brotherhood. This lofty target scraping the skies and meeting the destroying planes halfway, house of all people and all nations, capital of everything, housing the deliberations by which the planes are to be stayed and their errant forestalled.

A block or two west of the new City of Man in Turtle Bay there is an old willow tree that presides over an interior garden. It is a battered tree, long suffering and much climbed, held together by scars of wire and beloved of those who know it. In a way it symbolizes the city: life under difficulties, growth against odds, survival in the midst of concrete, and the steady reaching for the sun. Whenever I look at it nowadays, and feel the cold shadow of the planes, I think: "This must be saved, this particular thing, this very tree." If it were to go, all would go—this city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death.