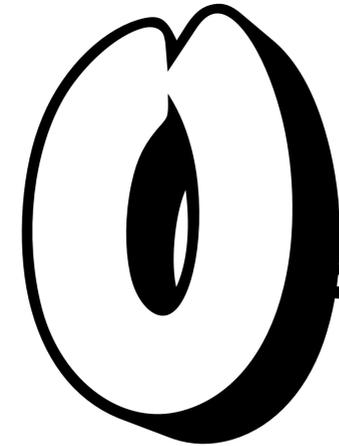
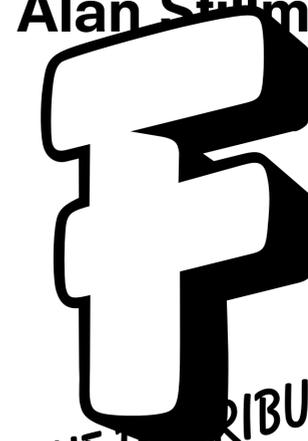


The New City Reader
A Newspaper Of Public Space



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The **New City Reader** is a newspaper on architecture, public space and the city, published as part of “The Last Newspaper,” an exhibition running at the New Museum of Contemporary Art from October 6, 2010–January 9, 2011. Conceived by executive editors Joseph Grima and Kazys Varnelis, the newspaper’s content centers on the spatial implications of epochal shifts in technology, economy and society today. The **New City Reader** will consist of one edition published over the course of the project, with a new section produced weekly from within the museum’s gallery space, each led by a different guest editorial team of architects, theorists and research groups. These sections will be available free at the New Museum and—in emulation of a practice common in the nineteenth-century American city and still popular in China and other parts of the world today—will be posted in public on walls throughout the city for collective reading.

Next week’s issue will be **REAL ESTATE**, guest edited by Mabel Wilson & Peter Tolkin (SideProjects).

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“The Last Newspaper” is curated by Richard Flood and Benjamin Godsill. For more information please visit newmuseum.org

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This project was made possible thanks to generous support from the New Museum of Contemporary Art, Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture, Planning, and Preservation, Joe and Nina Day, Anonymous Donors, and the Willametta K. Day Foundation. Special thanks to: Elian Stefa; Lisa Phillips, Director, the New Museum; Emily Colasacco, NYC DoT; Linco Printing.

The New York City **THE DISTRIBUTED KITCHEN**

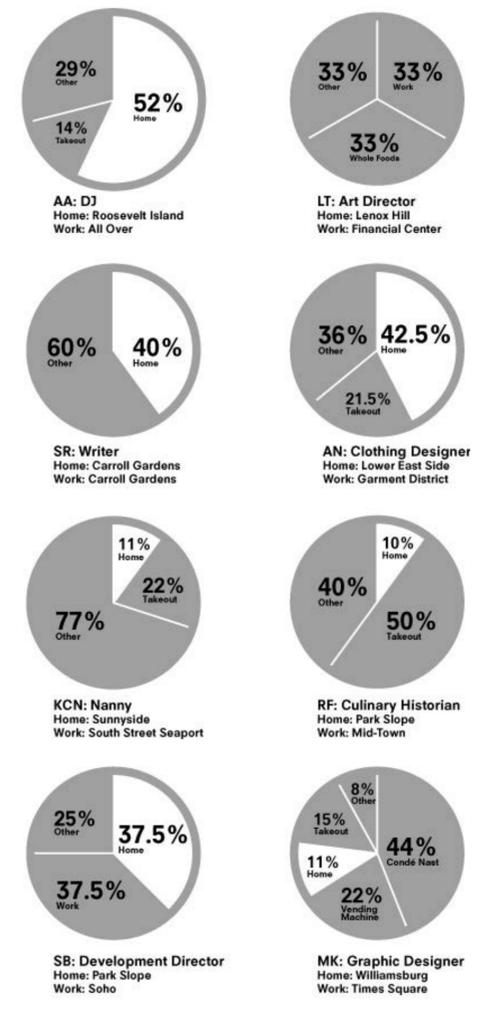
A Newspaper Of Public Space

City Reporter

Execution, including data collection and analysis, by Will Prince and Nicola Twilley
Graphics by Will Prince and Leigha Dennis

Although the kitchen occupies a central place in today's houses, flats and domestic imagination, much of what we eat is prepared and cooked elsewhere. Some tasks, such as baking your morning croissant, have been outsourced for centuries. Other services, such as pre-slicing your apple snack or flash-freezing your pre-made potpie, are more recent innovations. We asked eight New Yorkers to document their diet for a week, recording both what they ate and—more importantly—where it was made. The result is a map of the city as distributed kitchen, a public food preparation network tied together by intersecting individual stomachs.

Special thanks to our anonymous eaters.





CULINARY UNDERGROUND

by Sarah Rich

In 1965, Abel Wolman, a scientist and professor of sanitary engineering, published a groundbreaking article in *New Scientist*. The article, entitled “The Metabolism of Cities,” quantified the inputs and outputs of a hypothetical city of one million inhabitants in order to illustrate how municipal systems might handle their rising metabolic burn rates as cities grew and were confronted with a swelling demand for resources and a corresponding outflow of pollutants and waste.

“The metabolic cycle is not completed until the wastes and residues of daily life have been removed and disposed of with a minimum of nuisance and hazard,” he wrote, adding, “[Man has] daily evidence to tell him that his planet cannot assimilate without limit the untreated wastes of his civilization.”

Wolman examined the present condition of cities in 1965 and projected as far into the future as the year 2000, anticipating changes in water supply, agricultural needs, industrial practices and technological capabilities. At its root, the article was a call for administrative foresight. Wolman believed that urban metabolisms could only be controlled through policy decisions and city-run programs, but he also saw the potential for bureaucrats to react too slowly, leaving citizens to take charge of regulating their own collective metabolism.

“One must recall that when large-scale changes are contemplated, the whole spectrum of society is involved,” Wolman said. “Rarely do all forces march forward in step, particularly where public policy and scientific verity are not crystal clear. Competitive forces delay correctives until public opinion rises in wrath and pushes for action on an ad hoc and intuitive basis.”

Forty-five years later, as Wolman predicted, our cities are still operating relatively functional public systems, and our supply of food and water—despite increased pressure—remains reasonably abundant and safe.

But his other projection has also been borne out. Perhaps more than ever, urban residents are taking it upon themselves to fill the holes they perceive in city services or to establish altogether alternative systems that address needs more efficiently, more responsibly or simply with more flair. From hot-ticket, top-secret supper clubs to illegal compost piles decomposing in undisclosed locations, the urban underground is creating a metabolic rhythm of its own. As these unauthorized ventures fill the negative space between food safety regulations, health codes and zoning laws, they trace the limits of a city’s control and illuminate a free market of covert entrepreneurs.

BEADED CAMOFLAUAGE

In the Marigny district of New Orleans, adjacent to the Ninth Ward, there are no grocery stores. The old Robert Fresh Market has sat rotting since Hurricane Katrina, making this neighborhood a certifiable food desert. But the Marigny community is alive and well, and in the spirit of the city’s musical identity, neighborhood businesspeople are improvising.

At Mardi Gras Zone, a costume supply store for the city’s annual celebration, beads and masks have been moved to the mezzanine. On the main level of this store, food is the stock-in-trade. Racks stacked with crackers, potato chips, salad

dressings, canned soups, cereal and all manner of basic sustenance lie in the shadow of the items that previously kept this store afloat.

As its name suggests, the costume store is zoned for celebratory accessories, not food, and the owners are theoretically at risk of being shut down. But while supermarket executives play out turf wars in the wild west of post-Katrina New Orleans, Mardi Gras Zone continues to fly under the radar, feeding an entire community behind the mask of the city’s most famous party.

THE GREAT GIVEBACK

Nance Klehm likes to talk shit. She’ll talk shit about the failings of urban policymakers or the age-old systems that flush clean drinking water down our toilets by the gallon. Most of all though, Klehm likes to talk, literally, about shit.

It’s not an easy topic for most people. While wastefulness may meet with casual disapproval, waste itself—particularly human waste—is downright untouchable. Municipal systems are designed to bolster the walls of our comfort zones by swiftly ferrying unwanted material out of sight and out of mind, which of course is also largely in the interest of public health. But as cities grow and resources dwindle, Klehm argues that we need to start looking through the muddy currents of our waste stream for the potential gold they contain.

In 2008, dissatisfied with conventional urban sanitation methods, Klehm started a human waste composting service. She called it “Humble Pile.” For twenty months, she and a cohort of willing urbanites in Chicago used five-gallon buckets to collect their yellow and brown ore. By adding sawdust to each new layer of the pile, they created mini-composting toilets that emitted relatively little odor, and Klehm helped maintain fresh households by collecting the full buckets regularly.

Soon enough, Klehm accumulated 1,500 gallons of human night soil, which she composted in a secret location. By the time the decomposition was complete, the black gold tested free of coliform bacteria, meaning it would be a safe medium for growing vegetables. Everyone who lent their waste to Klehm’s renegade experiment had their goods returned in the form of nutrient-rich topsoil, delivered by bicycle in a hand-sewn yellow bag emblazoned with the words “The Great Giveback” in brown lettering.

Klehm wants to see cities close the loop on their citizens’ excrement, turning human waste into fertilizer for growing food. “Urban policy lacks the underpinning of true systematic thinking,” she says. “Cities understand their water systems, waste systems, industrial systems, food systems, education systems, etcetera, as independent systems that only peripherally interact with one another.”

Until she finds a way to overcome safety regulations, dispel fears about filth and disease and break down the cultural taboos around bodily functions, she’ll keep talking shit to anyone who will listen.

ILLEGAL CHEESE

A few decades ago, a clandestine exchange on an East Village street corner likely signaled the pulse of a destructive underground economy fueled largely by drugs. Today, these secretive hand-offs often feed a different sort of addict: the foodie early adopter.

One of the preferred dealers among this burgeoning clientele is Ronnie, a former investment banker who now hawks homemade grilled cheese sandwiches. Hungry office workers send him their orders by text message; he cooks their sandwiches in his apartment, located well outside the purview of city health inspectors, and before the sandwiches have time to get cold, he personally delivers them on his bike.

“This would almost only work in Manhattan,” he says.

“There are a few reasons: the population density, the myriad

bureaucratic and financial hurdles to opening up a legitimate place and the culture where people are obsessed with knowing about new trends before any of their friends.”

If the Department of Health could find his kitchen, Ronnie says, they’d shut him down—a fate that already befell Dr. Claw, a much-loved Brooklyn underground lobster roll dealer. Operating a legal food business out of a home requires permits and licensing, special kitchen equipment and food safety certificates, and Ronnie doesn’t plan to jump through the hoops. “For now, the underground nature is one of its big selling points. It’s not only a great grilled cheese, it’s also a fun experience.”

THE CAFFEINATED BOOZE DEFENSE

Vancouver, British Columbia, has a reputation for environmental awareness and progressive politics. It is, in fact, the birthplace of the term “ecological footprint.” So when Matthew Kemshaw, the Urban Agriculture Coordinator for the Vancouver Environmental Youth Alliance, decided to build compost piles in his organization’s community gardens, he didn’t encounter objection from local authorities—he ran into trouble with his neighborhood rodents.

The rats’ love of kitchen scraps rapidly proved problematic, but rather than give up on composting, Kemshaw devised a more innovative solution. “I’d heard that coffee grounds were less of a temptation than food waste,” he explains, “so I set up bins in the coffee shops I pass on my way to work, and I started collecting their grounds in my bike trailer.” To this aromatic blend he added beer mash donated from a local brewery and used cardboard boxes from regional food distributors. Six months later, he reports, “it turned into beautiful soil.”

While Kemshaw single-handedly relieves numerous local businesses of their byproducts, the city still does not offer a comprehensive pickup service for residents’ organic waste. Single-family homes can participate in curbside compost, but apartment dwellers—of whom there are many in Vancouver—are stuck between a worm bin and a garbage can.

Tantalizingly, about sixty miles south in Victoria, a renegade enterprise called Petal to Pedal runs a closed-loop service to help would-be composters live up to their potential, picking up kitchen waste by bicycle, turning it into compost in neighborhood yards and redistributing the soil to the original donors.

Top: The Great Giveback; photo by Nance Klehm



Taped-Up Toilet; photo by Nance Klehm

MEAT MARKET

by Geoff Manaugh and Nicola Twilley

Hundreds of tons of bushmeat—defined by the Bushmeat Crisis Task Force as “any wildlife species, including threatened and endangered, used for meat including: elephant; gorilla; chimpanzee and other primates; forest antelope (duikers); crocodile; porcupine; bush pig; cane rat; pangolin; monitor lizard; guinea fowl; etc.”—are smuggled each week through international airports such as Paris-Charles de Gaulle, Chicago O’Hare and New York’s JFK. The destination: local dinner plates.

In a July 2010 raid on an African antiques store located on Chicago’s west side, monkey heads and dead cane rats were seized by agents of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. “In a brown cardboard box labeled ‘Blue Brand Spread for Bread,’” the Chicago Tribune reported, “agents found 14 cane rats impaled on sticks, six monkey heads, numerous impaled mice and a pit-viper skull.” In the process, the raid uncovered just one hub of “a robust but underground business: illegally smuggling meat to Chicago residents hungry for a taste from their African homelands.”

In Paris, exotic and illegal culinary imports such as “smoked anteatr” have been popping up in neighborhood markets. In the city’s northerly 18th arrondissement, for instance, “every-one knows bushmeat is sold,” a local butcher named Hassan Kaouti explained to the “Huffington Post” earlier this year, “and they even know where to buy it.” One shop owner, identified as Madame Toukine, “receives special deliveries of crocodile and other bushmeat each weekend.”

The demand for bushmeat is not solely motivated by Prussian nostalgia; in fact, many of the seized delicacies are required for cultural and religious ceremonies. But while immigrant groups within the U.S. and Europe form complex underground meat distribution networks, back at its source, the bushmeat trade is enmeshed in its own ecosystem of pressing issues. These include the proliferation of illegal firearms, poaching in natural parks, native habitat loss, the extinction of already endangered species and even the potential seeds of a global pandemic.

In a 2010 report issued by the Wildlife Conservation Society, bushmeat imported as food was revealed to harbor a host of zoonotic diseases, including Ebola and simian foamy virus. This latter realization has rung alarm bells in the halls of the Centers for Disease Control, who now fear that the next AIDS might arrive on U.S. shores through these underground networks of unregulated meat exchange.

In many ways, these shadow meat economies provide an unsettling parallel to the diseased and dangerous state of the United States’ existing, FDA-approved industrial food system. Nonetheless, in bushmeat, the forces of global trade and the threat of a future outbreak unexpectedly align in the guise of culinary tradition and cultural continuity, turning food into a potential epidemiological vector that transmits from rainforest to plate.

IS THIS A BODEGA?

by Nicola Twilley

Last year, internet artist Jeff Sisson was living in a Williamsburg apartment above two different bodegas when it occurred to him to launch a project that would unite both his worlds—the virtual, global, online universe in which he works and the physical, hyperlocal bodegas that functioned as a sort of outsourced pantry for his tiny kitchen.

The Bodega List (<http://www.ilikenicethings.com/bodegas>) was launched in March 2009 with a simple goal: to create a home page for every single bodega in New York City. The project relies on crowd-sourced bodega verification to sort through a longer list of businesses with an off-premise liquor license, which Sisson mined by ZIP code from the State Liquor Authority.

Volunteers—no special qualifications, other than an internet connection, are necessary—click on the “Is This A Bodega?” button, which serves up a random business address from the list, accompanied by a Google Street View shot of the corresponding location. At the bottom of the page are three options: “This is a bodega,” “This is not a bodega” or “I’m not sure,” plus an optional box to record the name on the awning (which is not always the same as the registered business).

Answer, hit “save” and repeat—it’s strangely addictive. After a handful of easy calls, though, you’re likely to run into some of the liminal cases that make Sisson’s project so fascinating. “Just today,” he told me, “I came across this store at Mulberry and Prince. It seemed like more of an upscale grocery to me, and I skipped it. I wanted to leave it for someone else to decide.”

The Bodega List doesn’t offer volunteer verifiers a handy definition to help with those kinds of tough decisions, and according to Sisson, the omission is intentional: “I think of it like linguistics in a way, where one of the diagnostics is whether something sounds natural to the native speaker. Or it’s like what they say about pornography—you know it when you see it.”

Of course, in some cases, poor Google Street View image quality or address matching discrepancies will nudge a bodega over onto Sisson’s growing “I’m not sure” list. He’s planning to bike around the city soon to resolve these kinds of issues but is otherwise reluctant to intervene, preferring instead to watch as “the hive mind of the internet” arrives at a working consensus on exactly what qualifies as a bodega and what does not. Already, he has noticed certain sticking points, reporting that “bodegas in Queens cause a lot more doubt for people. They look a little more substantial, as though you’re more likely to go there to do your

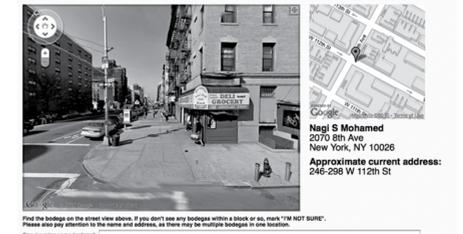
grocery shopping, whereas the Brooklyn bodega fits more easily within the deli/convenience store model.”

In any case, once a bodega has been verified, it is marked with a red dot on Sisson’s map and is given its own homepage. As the map grows—the outlines of Manhattan are already clearly visible—it will provide a fascinating visual representation of bodega density and distribution across the city. As Sisson described it, “It’s another way of seeing the city—like a different wavelength.” Intriguingly, this new perspective is not only crowdsourcing the very definition of a bodega, it is also presenting them as a linked, city-wide network, in direct contrast to most New Yorkers’ microfocus on the individual inventorial particularities of their local stores. They are all different, and yet Sisson reminds us that, on some level, they are also all the same.

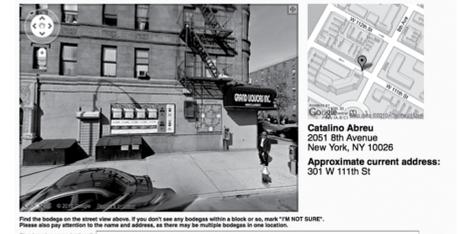
These contrasts—between the specific, grounded space of the bodega and the bird’s-eye view of the Internet, for example, and between the physical reality of buying milk, cigarettes or candy on the corner versus the abstraction of online experience—are at the heart of Sisson’s project. By giving each neighborhood bodega its own permalink—an equally specific virtual address to match its street location—The Bodega List throws into sharp relief the increasingly fluid boundary between our online and offline worlds.

After all, what happens to the lived experience of the bodega when someone sitting in front of their laptop in Sydney or Los Angeles—curiously, the sources of a sizeable minority of Sisson’s web visitors—can “tour” the bodegas of New York, hopping from Gowanus to Murray Hill via the South Bronx, a nonlinear, single-player adventure through the fabric of the everyday? What does a bodega—part neighborhood store cupboard, part streetscape décor and part intergenerational community hub—gain or lose in the translation from bricks and mortar to html?

And perhaps more importantly, what is the point? At my local bodega, 528 East Eleven Deli Corp. opinion was mixed as to The Bodega List’s utility. The owner, an older Hispanic man, seemed dubious, carefully disclaiming any responsibility for his bodega’s home page. His son, watching videos behind the counter, thought that it was pretty cool that the store had a homepage, but that it would be even cooler if you could order sandwiches online. A middle-aged woman buying a pack of American Spirits seemed genuinely excited about the idea, imagining that the owner could put his family’s pictures up online, with some back story or maybe a blog. And when I showed the homepage to a young woman in office clothes buying a quart of milk, she sighed before saying, “Well, why not?”



Save | or Skip



Save | or Skip

Screenshots of the bodega verification interface



Map showing the locations of all the businesses whose status as a bodega is in doubt (light gray) and all verified bodegas (dark gray) in NYC

While one would be hard-pressed to find a salad or casserole named after military weaponry, the French 75—a tongue-tingling concoction of champagne, gin, lemon juice and sugar—is an offering found on many a cocktail menu. It was, in fact, named in tribute to a 75-mm quick-firing gun used widely during World War I.

Commemorative cocktails are born out of an incredible



assortment of historical events, from monumental achievements and epic heroes to fleeting trends and otherwise insignificant peculiarities. The poetic bartenders (or publicists) who imagined the mixed drinks described below were commemorating, in liquid form, a host of special events, people, places and innovations. And, yes, even the occasional scandal.

The rather delightful result is that even the most news-averse barfly can keep up-to-date on current events, from union strikes to space travel, simply by sampling fresh additions to the cocktail menu.

THE FIRST JAPANESE DELEGATION

In David Wondrich's "Imbibe!," a fascinating portrait of the nineteenth-century bartender Jerry Thomas, Wondrich specifically calls out Thomas' recipe for the Japanese Cocktail as "a fine example of yet another Cocktail-naming gambit, the commemorative Cocktail." The story, as Wondrich tells it, began in 1860 when the first Japanese delegation to the United States ended their tour in New York. Of the many esteemed guests from Japan, one became more infamous than the others. Tommy, as he was commonly referred to in the American media, was an English-speaking member of the Japanese delegation whose fondness for both pretty women and booze formed the subject of several newspaper articles. Wondrich deduces that since Tommy and company were staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, just one block from the bar where Jerry Thomas was mixologist-in-residence, the bartender created a drink in their honor—or lack thereof.

Japanese Cocktail

(from Jerry Thomas' Bar-tender's Guide, as reprinted in David Wondrich's "Imbibe!")

- 1 Tablespoon Orgeat syrup
- 1/2 teaspoon Bogarts bitters
- 1 wine glass (2 ounces) brandy
- 1 or 2 pieces lemon peel

Fill a tumbler one-third with ice, and stir well with a spoon.

ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL SHUTDOWN

After what the New York Times referred to as "many wearisome days of fruitless squabbling," on May 3, 1926, roughly three million members of England's largest labor union, the Trades Union Congress (TUC), went on strike in support of British coal miners whose pay was being decreased despite increased working hours. The strike included workers in England's transportation and building trades; iron, steel and metal workers and workers in the paper and printing industries. A nationwide shutdown was only narrowly averted by the efforts of volunteer workers. The TUC finally called off the strike on May 12, 1926.

Above: Bartender in Catholic Sokol Club, Ambridge, Pennsylvania; Library of Congress Prints & Photographs Division, Washington, DC

Strike's Over Cocktail (from the "Savoy Cocktail Book")

According to the note attached to this recipe, Harry Craddock, the head bartender at the Savoy Hotel in London, created this cocktail on May 12, 1926, to commemorate the end of the General Strike in England.

- 1/4 Lemon or Lime Juice
- 1/4 Swedish Punch
- 1/2 Gin

Shake well, and strain into a cocktail glass.

MAN ON THE MOON

On July 25, 1969, a small article ran in the *New York Times* announcing the "Moonshot," a cocktail created by French champagne and cognac producers to commemorate the Apollo 11 flight. The publicist for the French producers—the Moonshot was unveiled not at a bar but at a press conference—pointed out that the drink is best served on the rocks, because, as he correctly noted, "the moon's surface is rock."

Moonshot

(from the *New York Times*, July 25, 1969)

- 3 ounces French Champagne
- 2 ounces cognac
- 3 ounces orange juice

Mix well, and serve over ice.

THE ELIOT SPITZER SCANDAL

While not a cocktail in the traditional sense, the "Client #9 Champagne Oyster Shooter" appeared on the menu of the Grand Central Oyster Bar on March 12, 2008, the same day that Eliot Spitzer announced his resignation as governor of New York. Spitzer was referred to as Client #9 in an FBI affidavit detailing the operations of the Emperor's Club, a high-end prostitution service that Spitzer frequented. When his scandalous assignments were leaked to the media, the Oyster Bar was there to commemorate it. The price for the champagne oyster shooter was jokingly listed at \$5,000 but actually only cost an easy-to-swallow \$7.95.

THE LAST NEWSMAN

by Greg Seider

- 1 3/4 oz Buffalo Trace bourbon
- 1/4 oz Compass Box Peet Monster Scotch
- 1 oz Dolin sweet vermouth
- 2 dash orange bitters
- 1 dash Angostura bitters

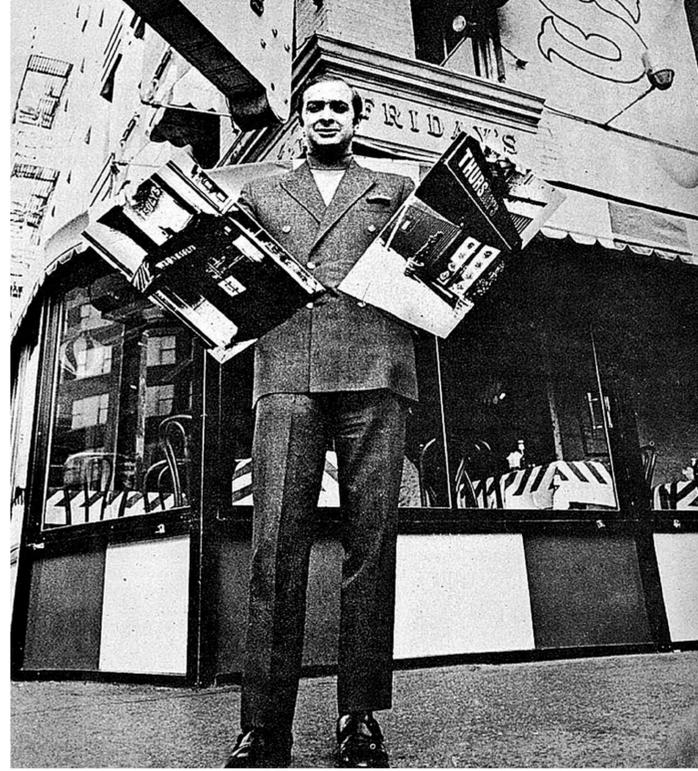
Stir, and serve on rocks in rocks glass with brandied cherry skewered garnish.

Greg Seider is a mixologist & owner of The Summit bar, where his "Ground to Glass" principle and rooftop garden ensure that every cocktail is ultra-seasonal and fresh. Seider created Minetta Tavern's much-lauded drink list, and before that, he made drinks for Mercer Kitchen, the Box and Lot 61.

In 1965, nearly seven years before anything resembling Houlihan's, Bannigan's, Chili's, Ruby Tuesday or Applebee's came into existence, Alan Stillman was a young man living in Yorkville who, in his own words, was "looking to meet girls." The bar/restaurant he founded, T.G.I. Friday's, began as the first neighborhood establishment to cater to both men and women alike—with the express motive to unite the two. Forty-five years later, Stillman's singles bar in Manhattan's Upper East Side has

Street, there's going to be great party run by three airline stewardesses." Then somebody else would say, "Well, I got a good one—it's going to be run by one of the baseball players at his apartment." You built up a cocktail list, and you bounced from one place to the other. The cocktail parties were wild, by the way. But there was no public place for people between, say,

A COCKTAIL PARTY IN THE STREETS—AN INTERVIEW WITH ALAN STILLMAN



twenty-three to thirty-seven years old to meet.

NCR What about other bars—places like P.J. Clarke's?

AS P.J. Clarke's was there—it had been in existence forever—but it wasn't a meeting place. It was a guys' beer-drinking hangout. There were very few women there. That was pretty typical of the New York bar scene at the time.

The other thing is that my timing was exquisite, because I opened T.G.I. Friday's the exact year the [birth control] pill was invented. I happened to hit the sexual revolution on the head, and the result was that, without really intending it, I became the founder of the first singles bar.

NCR Explain how you went about recreating that cocktail party atmosphere in a public space.

AS All I really did was throw sawdust on the floor and hang up fake Tiffany lamps. I painted the building blue, and I put the waiters in red and white striped soccer shirts. If you think that I knew what I was doing, you are dead wrong. I had no training in the restaurant business or interior design or architecture—I just have a feel for how to use all those things to create an experience.

At the time, T.G.I. Friday's was pretty sophisticated for a hamburger and french fry place—apparently, I invented the idea of serving burgers on a toasted English muffin—but the principle involved was to make people feel that they were going to someone's apartment for a cocktail party.

The food eventually played a larger role than I imagined it would, because a lot of the girls didn't have enough money to stretch from one pay check to the other, so I became the purveyor of free hamburgers at the end of the month.

It took off extraordinarily quickly. In the first six to nine months, T.G.I. Friday's got written up in *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Then Maxwell's Plum opened up across the street, which was another singles bar. It was really quite a phenomenon.

I believe that the first line in the history of bars, restaurants and discos may have been at T.G.I. Friday's. Inside of three months, we had to hire a doorman. One night I was tending bar, and he walked up to me and said, "Listen, there's a dozen people standing outside, and we have no tables and no room at the bar. What do you want me to do?" And I said, "Why don't you just tell them to wait, and when someone comes out, you'll let them in."

Next thing you know, I came out from behind the bar to get something, and I looked outside, and there were forty people standing in line. The next week we ended up buying velvet ropes. There was no such thing like that anywhere else. You would either have a reservation at a fancy restaurant, or you would just go into a bar or diner—nobody would wait in line for food and drink.

NCR What else did you have to introduce or change in those early months?

metamorphosed almost beyond recognition, fathering a landscape of casual dining franchises that redefined the American idea of the restaurant. For the *New City Reader*, Stillman told us how to create a cocktail party in public, the origins of the door line and his inadvertent stint as hamburger provider to broke airline stewardesses.

New City Reader What's the story behind T.G.I. Friday's?

Alan Stillman I lived on 63rd Street between First and York. Easy access to the 59th Street Bridge meant you could get out of New York quickly, so in that two or three block neighborhood, there was a pile of airline stewardesses—and for whatever reason, there was also a whole bunch of models. Basically, a lot of single people all lived between 60th and 65th and between York Avenue and 3rd Avenue. It seemed to me that the best way to meet girls was to open up a bar.

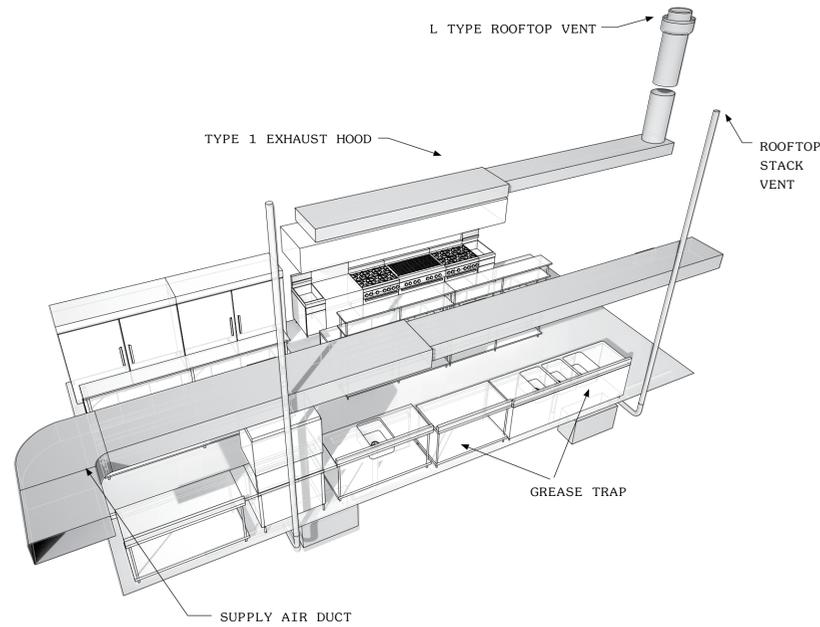
NCR Where were those people hanging out before you opened your bar?

AS At the time, it was all cocktail parties. What would happen is that on Wednesday and Thursday, you'd start collecting information—things like, "On Friday night at 8 o'clock at 415 East 63rd

INVISIBLE FORCES

Text by Nicola Twilley
 Drawings by Will Prince
 Data supplied by Marion Emmanuelle

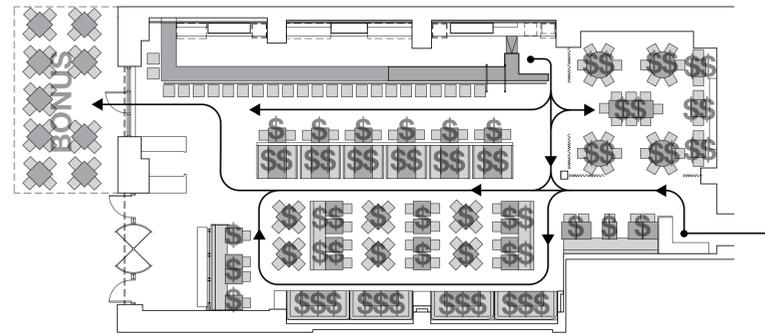
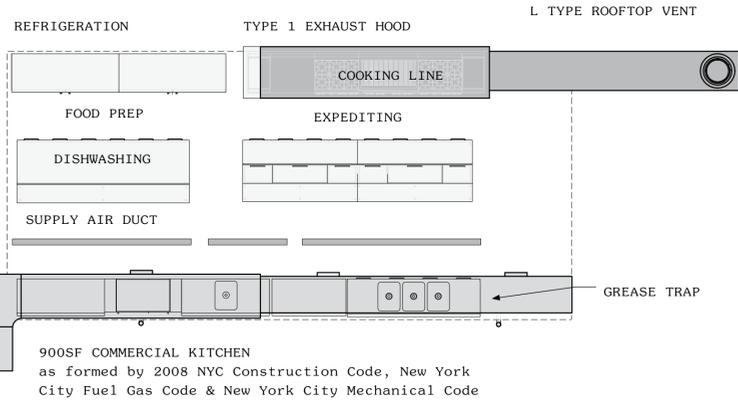
Invisible forces shape New York's restaurant landscape. Behind the scenes, convoluted yet unforgiving health codes determine the design of kitchens, storage and other back-of-house areas. Meanwhile, the front-of-house reflects an unwritten economic logic. Fashions in décor and lighting are secondary to the financial flows and server use-paths that influence restaurant floor plans. These drawings reveal the hidden information encoded in our dining environments.



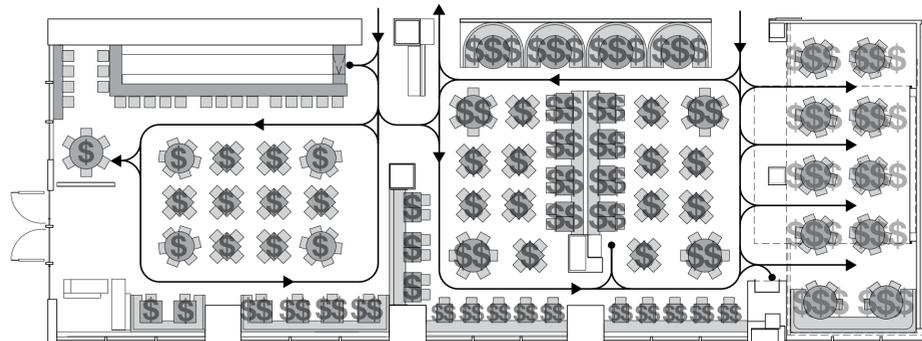
DUCT SYSTEM
 The duct system is essentially a series of ducts that run from the kitchen and lead directly to the exterior of the building, for the purpose of removing smoke and grease-laden vapors from the cooking space. There are many rules that govern the installation and maintenance of ventilation ducts, commonly called black iron.

GREASE REMOVAL DEVICES
 Grease removal devices can take many forms, including grease filters and residue traps in grease ducts. There are a multitude of laws that regulate the clearances, cleanouts and termination locations of grease ducts, many of which can be found again in Section 506 in Chapter 5 of the Mechanical Code.

EXHAUST SYSTEM
 All commercial cooking equipment that, through their use, produces smoke or grease-laden vapors must be accompanied with an independent exhaust system. A Type I hood serves cooking appliances that produce grease or smoke, such as griddles, fryers, boilers, ovens, ranges and wok ranges. The inside lower-edge of a canopy-type commercial cooking hood must extend a horizontal distance of at least 6 inches beyond the cooking surface edge on all open sides. Vertically, the front lower lip of the hood must be no more than 4 feet above the cooking surface.



BRASSERIE
 Examples: Schiller's, Double Crown, Peels, Delicatessen
 Features: large bar area, reservations not needed, private dining
 Size: 4800SF capacity 180 places



HIGH END DINING
 Examples: Gramercy Tavern, Nobu 57, Balthazar
 Features: private dining, reservations only, bar area for walk-ins
 Size: 7500SF capacity 200 places (reservations) 110 (walk in)

CONEY ISLAND, MICHIGAN



by Irene Hwang

For an outsider driving around metropolitan Detroit, it must be puzzling to see the frequent signs for "Coney Island." Coney Island, Mega Coney Island, The Original Coney Island, National Coney Island, Uptown Coney Island, Los Angeles Coney Island, Mykonos Coney Island—and the list goes on. For most of us, there is only one Coney Island, and it's situated on a peninsula in southern Brooklyn; yet ask any Michigander about Coney Island's location, and they'll likely direct you somewhere around the corner.

The founding of Coney Island, Michigan, reads like a fable: in the early 1900s, Constantine "Gust" Keros emigrated from Greece to Detroit and started his first restaurant at the corner of Lafayette and Michigan in 1917. Since one of his first acts in America had been to eat a hot dog, Gust named his restaurant "American Coney Island," and there served up his incarnation of a chili hot dog, henceforth known as the Coney Island. Over the next century, Gust's "unique" success story was replayed countless times. In Jackson, George Torodoff of Macedonia founded his Original Coney Island in 1914. In Flint, Simeon O. "Sam" Brayan from Albania invented his original Coney chili topping, and decades later, Angelo's Original Coney Island continues to serve up the same "authentic" recipe from generations past.

Composed of a grilled Vienna style hot dog in a soft white bun and topped with bean-less meat chili, raw onions and yellow mustard, the very anatomy of the Coney dog ensured its success and proliferation: Greek immigrant family builds its very own American dream through the re-engineering of a re-invented German bratwurst and Spanish "guiso" (stew). It was impossible for this story to fail. The happy ending wasn't just built on the hopes of Gust and his family but rather on the aspirations and desires of everyone. Immigration, hot dogs and the American dream comprised an intoxicating recipe that transformed an entire region.

A year after Gust founded American Coney Island, his brother William opened up Lafayette Coney Island right next

door. Due to the curiosity of twinned Coney Islands on the same street corner, the restaurants became a destination for both out-of-town visitors and die-hard locals interested in experiencing the best Coney Island. In Michigan, one's position in the American Coney versus Lafayette Coney debate is as defining and impassioned as one's football team, and whether it's the secret sauce recipe or the placement of the onions, there is no shortage of criteria for judging perfection and authenticity. In this contested space of hot dogs, it's not factual precision that is at stake, it's one's sense of community. For a Lafayette loyalist such as Ralph, whose father took him to the same counter when he was a kid, trying an American Coney would be a profound betrayal and rejection of not only his family, but of himself.

The story of the Midwestern Coney Island is one of identity theft. What began as baptism by hot dog on the fast track to acceptance is now an essential component of both individual identity and belonging. Neither German nor Greek nor Albanian nor Macedonian, the Coney Island, Michigan, restaurant constitutes a spatial framework that is infinitely robust because it is infinitely American: it can absorb everyone from everywhere into its space, from any nation or any corner. So potent is this combination of identity-making that many locals are surprised to learn that there aren't Coney Islands everywhere. At one point, Ralph asked, "Wasn't the first Coney in New Jersey?"

In this teeming landscape of Coney Islands, where a multitude of establishments have laid claim to the supreme stripe of authenticity, the possibility of actually identifying the singular original would signal the demise of the Coney metropolis. The very existence of this hot dog urbanism—its buildings, its avenues, its residents—rests on a perpetual cycle of assertion and participation. Whether the first Coney Island originated in the Balkans or was the genius of a humble Greek shepherd, the actual recipe of its construction is thankfully locked in safes across Michigan. If the debate were to end with a winner declared, Michigan would again return to a world where there is indeed only one Coney Island and become, somehow, less American.



American and Lafayette Coney Island hot dogs



ISLAUS%

SIGNS AND WHISPERS

The streets of New York are talking to us. From billboards and traffic signals to storefronts and graffiti, we are surrounded by messages—an urban ecology of information.

Chicken Signage: A Typology



A. Sidewalk Shelter



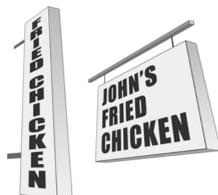
B. Marquee



C. Light Box



D. Architectural Artifice



E. Projecting Signs



F. Vinyl Banners



G. Neon

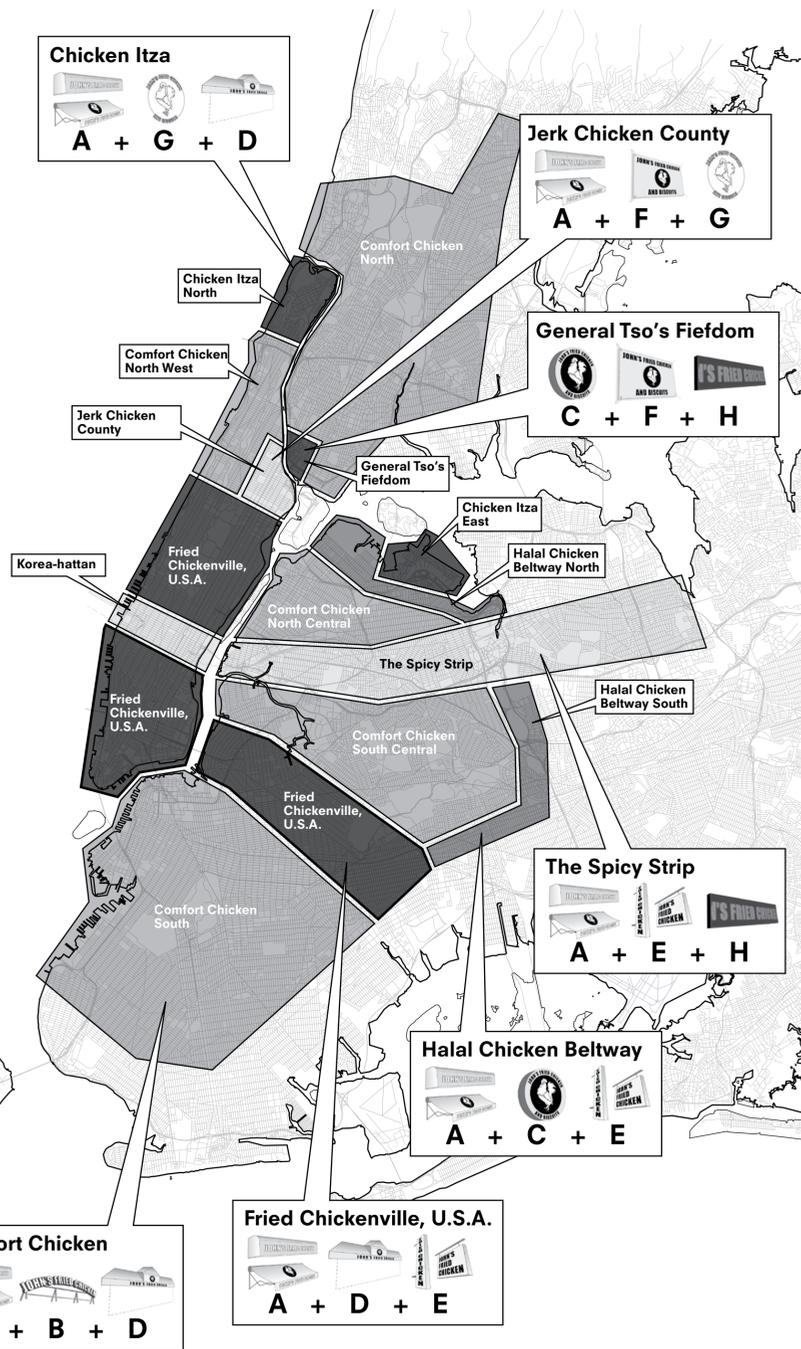


H. Electronic Messaging

EL POLLO LOCAL

Concept development, maps, drawings and signage analysis by Evan Allen
Initial concept, data mining and story by Nicola Twilley

The urban fried chicken is a migratory bird. Restaurants and fast-food outlets around the city ornament their facades with neon lights and vinyl letters, announcing the global origins of their crispy-coated cuisine to passersby. Our imaginary atlas of New York chicken geography draws on these street-level annotations, redistricting neighborhoods according to their dominant regional cooking style and associated signage, in order to offer an alternative way of understanding and navigating the chicken city.



ALCOHOLIC ECOLOGY

Map drawn by Evan Allen, based on data gathered by Naa Oyo A. Kwate and Ilan H. Meyer and originally presented in the *American Journal of Public Health*.
Story by Nicola Twilley

Naa Oyo Kwate's research maps the urban environment in terms of its impact on health, with a particular focus on individual and neighborhood inequality. In one of her studies, Kwate, an Associate Professor in the Department of Human Ecology at Rutgers University, mapped the distribution of fast-food restaurants across all five boroughs of New York City, discovering that "the percentage of black residents in a neighborhood was by far the biggest predictor of fast-food density."

Although it is a commonly held assumption that you find more fast-food restaurants in black neighborhoods because they are frequently also lower-income neighborhoods—and thus fast-food's target market—Kwate found that "income really had no relationship" to fast-food exposure. Instead, the equation is simple: "For low- and middle-income groups, the more black people there are, the more fast-food there is, and the more white people there are, the less fast-food there is."

The map reproduced here is drawn from another of Kwate's studies, this time investigating how alcohol advertising in Central Harlem affects drinking behavior. Several other researchers have shown that there is a disproportionate amount of advertising in predominantly black neighborhoods compared to predominantly white neighborhoods. Kwate's study not only revealed that an astonishing twenty-five percent of the outdoor advertising space in Central Harlem was dedicated to selling alcohol, but also concluded that exposure to these ads increased black women's chances of being a problem drinker by up to thirteen percent. That, as she puts it, is "a really big deal."

What's more, Kwate noted, "apart from the density of liquor exposure, the messages and themes that also appeared in the advertising were themselves a kind of toxic exposure. A lot of them drew upon and reproduced stereotypes of black people—that black men are sexual studs and that black women are sexually licentious and available." Additionally, she was disturbed to see "in a poor neighborhood, a lot of messages saying that you can use alcohol as a means to achieve social mobility."

Having mapped toxic exposures within the built environment and demonstrated its negative impact, Kwate's current study aims to go one step further, to launch what she calls a "counter-marketing campaign."

Her ambitious five-year study, funded by a National Institutes of Health Innovator Award, began with a fleet of researchers armed with bike-mounted cameras, riding around the city and collecting data, "not just on the numbers of things, like how many fast-food restaurants and alcohol ads are on every street, but also the way things look and the message they send by the way they're constructed and maintained." She's currently combing through the footage and returning to neighborhoods on foot to track a range of environmental factors, from how many businesses are embedded with bullet-proof glass to "what kinds of ideas and issues are present in both standard outdoor media and also 'home-made' ads—the sorts of flyers you might see posted up for jobs."

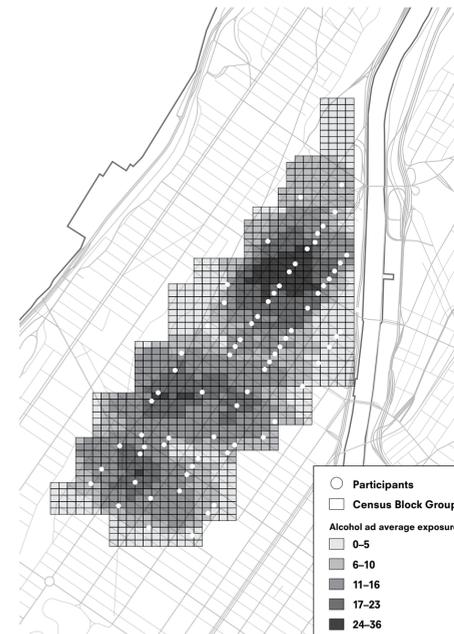
Next, Kwate will correlate the ways in which these characteristics of the built environment and exposure to negative imagery affect individual health by measuring biological markers such as immune function in neighborhood residents. Finally, she plans to buy outdoor advertising space, using it to disseminate stark facts about racism and inequality. She will then measure her participants' health pre- and post-exposure in order to evaluate the impact of her own intervention.

The idea, Kwate explains, is to "play off the finding that, in some instances, African-Americans, particularly those of lower income, who deny experiences of racism actually have worse health than those who report it." Rather than provide an uplifting message, she hopes her ads will sensitize residents to the pervasive inequalities embedded in their streets and storefronts. Although this counter-marketing campaign is a few years away,



Kwate offers an example of the kind of message she might want to communicate in a bus shelter ad: "Normally, this ad space has liquor in it."

That said, Kwate is adamant that better regulation would be a more effective and tenable design intervention than simply changing the message. Buying ad space, she notes, "costs a lot of dough," but more importantly, "at the end of the day, it's just still an exhortation to people to change their individual behavior." Raising consciousness about calorie counts and sugary sodas is important, she says, but, "there's more to this than a simple individual choice—the norms of your neighborhood and the prevalence of certain options shape what you imagine food or dining out could be in the first place."



* OVERHEAD AT A REAL ICE CREAM TRUCK IN NYC (PROT OVERHEARDINNEWYORK.COM)

Store Name

Your Turkey Day HQ

Coupon effective thru Month Day, Year

XX% OFF

product photo

product var. #1 quantity
product var. #2 quantity
product var. #3 quantity
product var. #4 quantity

XX PER LB.

ALL NATURAL

4 LBS. FOR X

product photo

product photo

product description
family pack

product description

X^{XX}

FRESH

product photo

product description
sold in a 5lb. chub for X.XX ea.

X^{XX}

8 CT. PACKAGE

product photo

product description

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
selected varieties Limit 2 total

4 FOR X

product photo

product description
selected varieties Limit 4 total

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
quantities

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
quantities

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
quantities

96 oz.

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
quantities

4 lbs.

SAVINGS COUPON Effective thru Month Day, Year

product photo

X^{XX}

product var. #1 quantity
product var. #2 quantity
product var. #3 quantity

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
quantities

6 big rolls

X^{XX}

product photo

product description
quantities

12 double rolls

Some of the items may not be available at all the stores or maybe prohibited by local ordinance or store restrictions.

Store Name

Slogan/Saying/Aphorism

Something seasonal like "Monster Savings," "Your Turkey Headquarters," etc.

product photo

MANAGERS CHOICE! OR OTHER MEANINGLESS DESCRIPTOR

product photo

product photo

ONLY X^{XX} ea.

product photo

ONLY X^{XX} ea.

product photo

product photo

Must buy an excessively large quantity in order to avoid paying full price.

SOMETHING FOR A PENNY? ONLY AT THIS STORE

product photo

product photo

product description
quantity
select varieties

product photo

product description
quantity

product photo

product description
quantity
select varieties

product photo

product description
quantity
select varieties

product photo

product description
quantity
select varieties

Blurb about our Preferred Savings Card. Everyone must have one, there are so many benefits.

X^{XX} lb.

Save up to X.XX lb.

product description
quantity
select varieties

X^{XX} lb.

Save up to X.XX lb.

product description
quantity
sold in the bag

X\$ X for X

product description
quantity
select varieties,
frozen

X\$ X for X

product description
quantity
fresh from some orchard somewhere

X^{XX}

Save up to X.XX

product description
quantity
selected varieties

X^{XX} ea.

product var. #1
product var. #2
product var. #3
select varieties

X\$ X for X

product description
quantity
select varieties,
where available

Must buy 4 in a single transaction, greater or lesser quantities must pay full price.

X^{XX}

Save up to XX

X^{XX}

Save up to XX

X^{XX}

Save up to XX

X\$ X for X

Save up to XX

X^{XX}

ea. Save up to XX

X^{XX}

ea. Save up to X.XX

X^{XX} lb.

Save up to X.XX

X^{XX}

Save up to X.XX

BUY ONE GET ONE FREE

Save up to X.XX

X^{XX}

Save up to X.XX

Complimentary All-Purpose Grocery Discount Flyer Template courtesy PARK \ Will Prince & Krista Ninivaggi

3 DAY SALE

month day thru
month day

store coupon valid xx/xx/xx -xx/xx/xx

product photo **X**XX
product description
quantity
select varieties

store coupon valid xx/xx/xx -xx/xx/xx

product photo **X**XX
product description
quantity
select varieties

store coupon valid xx/xx/xx -xx/xx/xx

product photo **X**XX
product description
quantity
select varieties

store coupon valid xx/xx/xx -xx/xx/xx

product photo **X**XX
product description
quantity
select varieties

store coupon valid xx/xx/xx -xx/xx/xx

product photo **X**XX
product description
quantity
select varieties

meat

product photo

product photo

product description
quantity
select varieties

XXX

product description
quantity
select varieties

XXX

product photo

XXX
product description
quantity
select varieties

seafood

product photo

product photo

natural meat

product photo

XXX
product description
quantity
select varieties

product description
quantity
select varieties

XXX

product description
quantity
select varieties

XXX

product photo

XXX
product description
quantity
select varieties

packaged meat

product photo

product photo

deli meat

product photo

product photo

product description
quantity
select varieties

XXX

product photo

XXX
product description
quantity
select varieties

ONLINE ORDER
PICK UP
NOW AVAILABLE

YOUR AD HERE
CALL XXX-XXX-XXXX

All-purpose grocery discount flyer templates provided by New City Reader editors Will Prince, Krista Ninivaggi & Nicola Twilley. Suitable for distribution in-store, as insert or via home delivery. Standard typographic and layout elements should be selected from available options as appropriate to match brand aesthetic and consumer demographic. Recommended for print use only on 50 lb. bright white newsprint stock, black or spot color only, no coating. Not responsible for any inaccuracies or typographical errors. For taxonomical and display purposes only; use at own risk. Effective 11/12/2010 until further notice.

