

WRESTLING *with*

W M O S E S

How Jane Jacobs Took On New York's

Master Builder and Transformed the American City

Anthony Flint

RANDOM HOUSE
NEW YORK





THREE

The Battle of Washington Square Park

Jane Jacobs left the offices of *Architectural Forum*, took the elevator to the lobby of Rockefeller Center, and pulled out her bicycle for the ride home to Greenwich Village. She pedaled across Forty-second Street and all the bustle of midtown Manhattan, past the Empire State Building and the big Macy's department store at Herald Square, her handbag in a basket on the front handlebars. As she entered Chelsea, below Twenty-third Street, and then the Village, the buildings became lower, and the streets went from smooth pavement to rough cobblestones. She dismounted at Hudson Street and walked the bike up to No. 555.

Flipping through the mail, she came across an envelope that read, "Save Washington Square Park." She'd read in the newspaper that the park was under threat. The parks commissioner, Robert Moses, planned to put a roadway through it, cutting it in half—and Moses had a reputation for getting things done.

The letter inside, from a citizens' committee to save Washington Square Park, described the proposal. In its current form, Fifth Avenue, New York's grand boulevard, stretched from Harlem all the way to Washington Square Park, but then ended abruptly at the park's signature arch.

OPPOSITE: Robert Moses sought to extend Fifth Avenue with this roadway through Washington Square Park. *New York City Parks Photo Archive*

A carriageway there allowed city buses to turn around and swing back up Fifth Avenue, which was a two-way street in those days. The Moses proposal was to extend Fifth Avenue straight through the park, Jane read. It would punch through to the south side and continue on into lower Manhattan as Fifth Avenue South.

The Fifth Avenue extension was a critical piece of Moses's larger vision for Greenwich Village, one of a dozen areas in the city he had targeted for urban renewal—essentially wiping out sections of the old, cluttered neighborhood and putting in new, modern construction and wider streets. As chairman of the mayor's Committee on Slum Clearance—a position he held simultaneously with that of parks commissioner—Moses was in the process of razing ten city blocks between the park and Houston Street to the south.

That area was a typical Greenwich Village neighborhood of five- and six-story buildings predominantly housing immigrants and low-income families, warehouses, and struggling manufacturers such as hatmakers. After World War II, the area had become threadbare and unkempt, with shabby building fronts and deteriorating interior conditions. Moses had designated it as a blighted slum, initiating an urban renewal plan that called for massive demolition to make room for giant towers containing some four thousand apartments, including rooms that could be rented for a low rate of \$65 a month. The buildings, known as superblocks, would be set in open space, obliterating the existing network of small streets. In the first phase of the project, in which Moses would build a new housing complex called Washington Square Village, 130 buildings would be smashed by wrecking balls, and 150 families would have to pack up their belongings, leave their homes, and either apply for the new housing if they could afford it or find new places to live on their own.

The roadway through Washington Square Park would be not only a new gateway to Washington Square Village but part of Moses's larger effort to replace the crazy quilt of streets in the area, which had their origins in the days of Dutch and English settlement, to accommodate the automobile age. An extended Fifth Avenue would speed the flow of traffic in the area all the way to yet another roadway Moses had proposed: the Lower Manhattan Expressway, a crosstown highway that would provide speedy east-west travel between the Hudson and the East rivers. It all worked together as a package: a modern road network and massive redevelopment. The project was all the more important because its success

would signal to other neighborhoods the way of the future. Washington Square Park was in the way.

Jacobs, who had researched urban renewal for her articles in *Amerika* magazine, knew there was federal muscle behind the Moses plans. The federal Housing Act of 1949 provided millions in federal funding, as a kind of Marshall Plan for cities, and the superblocks of regimented housing towers were already replacing old neighborhoods in New York City—from Harlem to the Lower East Side—and in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis as well. Now Washington Square Park was being drawn into the transformation.

Like her Greenwich Village neighbors, Jacobs loved the park. It was, as Henry James had put it, a place of "established repose," an oasis amid the concrete, bricks, and asphalt of the city. Ten years earlier, she had lived just a block west of the park, at 82 Washington Place, a stately apartment building that had been home to Richard Wright and Willa Cather, who described the park's charms in "Coming, Aphrodite!": the fountain gave off "a mist of rainbow water . . . Plump robins were hopping about on the soil; the grass was newly cut and blindingly green. Looking up the Avenue through the Arch, one could see the young poplars with their bright, sticky leaves." In those days, Jacobs would emerge from the big building and look to the right and see the comforting sight of the trees and the fountain and the statue of Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian national hero. After she moved a few blocks over to 555 Hudson Street and started her family with Robert, she began to appreciate the park as a mother. Through the early 1950s, she brought her sons to the play areas or strolled around with them under the dappled canopy of trees.

As Jacobs knew from her research on the area for articles for *Amerika*, many before her had been fiercely protective of the space. In the late nineteenth century, a group of residents in the homes around the park fought off a proposal to locate a sizable armory there. Later, the neighbors rose up in rebellion when the city had the audacity to propose an iron fence around its perimeter.

Though it had its formal elements, like the arch and the neat rows of homes with their identical stoops on the north side, Washington Square Park was never just a showpiece, meant to be seen but not touched. The people of Greenwich Village liked its worn-in, comfortable character. It needed no dressing up, as it was a place steeped in history. Henry James, Edith Wharton, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, Stephen Crane, and

Willa Cather were drawn there. Then the artists Willem de Kooning, Edward Hopper, and Jackson Pollock frequented its grounds, and later the beat writer Jack Kerouac and the folksingers Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and Peter, Paul, and Mary. A young man named Ed Koch, later the mayor of New York, would come down to strum a guitar by the fountain. Home to protests, marches, riots, and demonstrations, the park had come to symbolize free speech, political empowerment, and civil disobedience. Downtown businessmen marched through it, clamoring for new silver and gold currency standards; women held a solemn vigil there after the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire killed 145 workers in 1911. It was a park where New Yorkers both turned their faces to the sunshine and looked inward to their conscience.

Some of New York's most august institutions were located all around the park—Macy's and Brooks Brothers, social clubs like the Century Association, opera and theater that was the precursor to Broadway, the *New York Times* before it moved to Times Square, grand mansions and town homes before there was such a thing as the Upper East Side, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Whitney Museum before they were moved uptown. The incubation of one of the world's great cities occurred within a walk of this park.

But most of all, Washington Square Park was a place to be outside and to run around amid green grass and trees, in the middle of a city that could feel very paved and gray. In the 1950s, hundreds of thousands of Americans were leaving cities for the suburbs, preferring a house with a backyard, a place to throw a football or set up a swing set. But for most city dwellers, their only backyard, the only place they could let their kids be outside, was the neighborhood park. For anyone within walking distance in Greenwich Village, Washington Square Park was that place. It was the model for Central Park—the basic idea that people living all around a big park should be able to walk to it and stroll around a green space in the city, as a matter of public health and sanity—and as such, as vital a piece of urban infrastructure as any bridge or expressway.

Now one man was threatening it all—the history, the stewardship, the respite—and Jacobs was furious. She talked it over with her husband, who was equally dismayed at how the roadway would split the park down the middle. Moses had promised there would be extensive new landscaping on either side of the roadway, but there was no getting around the fact that green space and playgrounds would be replaced with the harsh for-

mality of bituminous stone curbing. Bob's sense for design, as a trained architect, led him to believe the park would become wasted, unused, or derelict space. Nobody would want to go there to be beside a highway. "Moses' temple to urination," he remarked, and Jane laughed.

Not content to merely send in the form letter the save-the-park committee had provided, Jacobs wrote a note in longhand dated June 1, 1955, to Mayor Robert Wagner and the Manhattan borough president, Hulan Jack:

I have heard with alarm and almost with disbelief, the plans to run a sunken highway through the center of Washington Square. My husband and I are among the citizens who truly believe in New York—to the extent that we have bought a home in the heart of the city and remodeled it with a lot of hard work (transforming it from a slum property) and are raising our three children here. It is very discouraging to do our best to make the city more habitable, and then to learn that the city itself is thinking up schemes to make it uninhabitable. I have learned of the alternate plan of the Washington Square Park Committee to close the park to all vehicular traffic. Now that is the plan that the city officials, if they believe in New York as a decent place to live and not just to rush through, should be for. I hope you will do your best to save Washington Square from the highway.

Respectfully,
Jane Jacobs
(Mrs. R. H. Jacobs Jr.)

Jacobs also filled out the form letter for the Washington Square Park Committee, checking off her opposition to a four-lane roadway and supporting closing the park to all traffic except for a bus turnaround. In that moment, Jacobs began her journey not just as a writer about cities or as a mother of young kids, but as a New York City activist.

For such a contested piece of real estate, Washington Square Park is simple—almost ordinary—in appearance. It is dotted by buttonwood and elm trees with muscular, drooping branches and peeling bark, including an English elm in the northwest corner believed to be the oldest in

New York City. Benches bend along the gentle curve of the walkways. The arch, a sturdy structure reminiscent of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, was added in the middle of the northern border to honor George Washington's centennial as the nation's first president. A fountain, built in 1856, was in a quirk of the layout set slightly off to the side, rather than being directly in line with the terminus of Fifth Avenue. Around the fountain were playgrounds and walkways, places to let a dog run around, and spots for musicians and street performers. But it had no special gardens like the Tuileries in Paris, no uncommon flowers or plants. The playgrounds were unremarkable. Still, the park felt comfortable and safe. It was cozy and well framed, lined with brownstones, town houses, churches, and university buildings. Arriving at the base of Fifth Avenue was "as if the wine of life had been poured for you, in advance, into some pleasant old punch bowl," wrote Henry James, author of the nineteenth-century novel that invokes the park's name.

A casual observer might think the whole area was carefully planned. Its basic parameters were the result of intentional urban design, based on the London residential square model from the eighteenth century. But Washington Square Park has a tumultuous history that suggests a kind of accidental public space.

It started, like everything in Manhattan, as a pristine natural area. Before the Dutch arrived, there were peat bogs, pine barrens, eelgrass meadows, and estuaries. Washington Square Park was a mushy bowl between the jagged hills of northern Manhattan and the bedrock close to the surface around modern-day Wall Street. A trout stream ran through it—called Minetta Creek, a snaking waterway through the reeds and cattails—and still does to this day, under the streets, nurturing the greenery above. The Lenape people, the Native American tribe that inhabited New York, hunted waterfowl even as the first fur traders from the Dutch West India Company settled on the southernmost tip of the island. Only after African slaves started arriving did the city begin its inexorable march northward, as farmland was needed to sustain the colony of New Amsterdam. The homes built in what is now Greenwich Village, referred to by the Dutch as Noortwyck, were first abandoned due to conflicts with the Lenape, but reclaimed when the Dutch freed numerous slaves and gave them land for farming and for raising livestock. Although the Dutch and then the English would later take the land away from them, freed African

slaves were the vanguard that led to the permanent settlement of Greenwich Village all around Washington Square Park.

After the British took over in 1664, and renamed the city in honor of the Duke of York, the center of commerce remained in lower Manhattan, but English military officers built large homes to the north, in the countryside that reminded them of Greenwich, England. The name stuck, and the area was the city's first pastoral retreat. Wealthy Americans took over after the Revolutionary War, settling into country estates amid the fields and fresh breezes. The spot that became Washington Square Park remained undeveloped, but it wasn't a park from the beginning. It was a graveyard.

At the end of the eighteenth century, the city was in the grip of a yellow fever epidemic, and officials needed a place to bury the poor people dying monthly by the dozens. When the site of Washington Square Park was designated as a burial ground, surrounding estate owners, including Alexander Hamilton, tried to fight off the proposal. Despite their protests, the public cemetery was established in 1801 and adorned with a fence, trees, and other plantings. It is believed that some twenty thousand bodies remain under the park, and bones and skeleton-filled underground chambers have periodically turned up during construction and utility excavations.

The area was also used as a public gallows—leading the big English elm at the northwestern corner to be called the "hanging elm," though no records exist of an execution from its limbs—and a dueling ground. It would have remained as such were it not for Philip Hone, a wealthy military hero from the War of 1812 who became mayor of New York in 1826. Hone sought to model the area after the successful squares of London's West End, around which property values had soared. He launched a campaign for a military parade ground at the site, winning approval in time for a fiftieth anniversary celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, when the square was officially renamed in honor of George Washington. Afterward, Hone expanded the park from about six acres to its current size of ten. Upscale residential development reminiscent of London and Philadelphia, which was already building neat lines of Greek Revival redbrick homes around places like Rittenhouse Square, started going up all around Washington Square Park.

From 1830 to the turn of the century, the neighborhood around the

park was the most desirable in New York; this was where the Taylors, Griswolds, and Johnstons all flocked, aristocratic families that had lineage going back to the *Mayflower*. Later, it was the Vanderbilts and Astors, whose lavish parties and costume balls prompted Mark Twain to call the materialistic post-Civil War era the "Gilded Age." All the while, a community of the arts and letters grew up around the square. Edgar Allan Poe had an apartment nearby and read "The Raven" in a rich benefactor's parlor; Winslow Homer bathed canvases in brooding darkness and glowing light in a studio around the corner.

In 1870, under the direction of Tammany Hall's leader, William "Boss" Tweed, the city embarked on a major campaign to overhaul all its existing parks, after a building spree that included Bryant Park behind the New York Public Library, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and the 843-acre Central Park designed by the landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted. Smaller, older public spaces deserved a face-lift, City Hall decreed, and a Viennese landscape designer named Ignatz Anton Pilat was commissioned to give Washington Square Park new gardens and gaslight lampposts. Pilat, who replaced straight lined walkways with Olmsted's signature curves, trying to evoke the expansive countryside in the middle of the city, also added the carriageway that would be the precursor to Moses's road.

Though the park was by this time no longer officially a parade ground, military officials in the National Guard still sought to make a piece of the park their own. In 1878, they proposed the construction of an armory—the giant storage facilities for weaponry and supplies and mustering places for soldiers that were going up in cities all across the country. Wealthy residents including Thomas Eggleston and Samuel Ruggles, who was instrumental in creating Gramercy Park a few blocks to the east, successfully petitioned against the plan. Ruggles formed the first citizen-based organization to keep the city's park safe from development, the Public Parks Protective Association, and in 1878 the New York state legislature passed a law keeping Washington Square Park for use "in perpetuity for the public as a public park, and for no other purpose or use whatsoever." The tradition of stewardship began.

The park got its signature arch at the end of the nineteenth century. City officials were planning the centennial of George Washington's presidency, and William Rhinelanders Stewart, a neighborhood resident and a scion of one of New York's Knickerbocker families, led a fund-raising campaign to build an arch in honor of the founding father. McKim, Mead

& White, the Beaux Arts architects of Columbia University's campus and Pennsylvania Station, designed a classical Roman monument of bright Tuckahoe marble seventy-seven feet high, bathed in electric light, with intricate inlaid panels in the vaulting underside of the arch, two statues of Washington topped by elaborate medallions on each soaring column, and an eagle set in the middle of its sturdy and ornamented cornice. Positioned at the foot of Fifth Avenue exactly in the middle of the north side of the park, the arch reflected the grandeur of London and Paris and was instantly a postcard image of New York and Greenwich Village.

The monumental city, however, was also the city of the desperately poor, and Washington Square Park was no exception. Despite the grand designs and the staggering wealth of the estate owners all around, the park was never the exclusive front yard for the well-off. Nor was it ever gated off as a private space, as Gramercy Park would become. Starting early in the nineteenth century, tramps and prostitutes were as common a sight there as promenading swells. Its central location also made it a popular spot for agitated New Yorkers of all kinds to hold protests, vigils, and demonstrations. In 1834, stonecutters unhappy with New York University's decision to use prison labor for the marble fixtures for its campus buildings fanned out around the park smashing windows and marble mantels. Fifteen years later it was the Astor Place Opera House riot, pitting English against Irish. Then came the draft riots of 1863, when predominantly Irish laborers roamed the streets around the park, cutting telegraph lines and beating and killing black men. Suffragettes and veterans of the Spanish-American War marched through. There was no such thing as trespassing there. It was a place to which people of all classes and political persuasions came to express themselves.

At the turn of the twentieth century, Greenwich Village became a magnet for rebellious artists, painters, writers, and social commentators. Walt Whitman and the newspaper pioneer Horace Greeley were in the vanguard, hanging out at the nearby beer hall Pfaff's. Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, the journalist Lincoln Steffens, Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, and an invasion of artists and intellectuals followed, crowding into flats in three- and four-story redbrick buildings, setting up studios around the square, playing chess in clubs, reading poetry at cafés and bars like the Brevoort and the Golden Swan, and dining at restaurants reminiscent of the Left Bank in Paris—the Pepper Pot, Polly's, the Red Lion, the Russian Tea Room, and Samovar. Intellectuals banded together

and started theater houses for the plays of Eugene O'Neill, another Village resident, and ran bookstores out of ground-floor space filled with both James Joyce and local literary journals produced a few blocks away. Poetry readings, the tango, player pianos, fashion shows, masquerade balls, and lectures and symposia filled the days and nights of Greenwich Village around Washington Square Park—a rival in many ways to Paris before and after World War I, as a capital of culture and new thinking.

Let's settle down in Washington Square,
We'll find a nice old studio, there.

...

We'll be democratic, dear,
When we settle in our attic, dear,
In Washington Square.

So went the 1920 Cole Porter song "Washington Square." The park became the leading character in poems, short stories, paintings, plays, and films. "Nobody questions your morals, and nobody asks for the rent. There's no one to pry if we're tight, you and I, or demand how our evenings are spent," wrote the dashing Harvard-trained writer and poet Jack Reed, whose associates included Walter Lippmann and Lincoln Steffens. Sympathetic landlords put up with missed payments by the struggling artists and writers; one boardinghouse on the south side of the square was home to so many it was dubbed the House of Genius.

The Village continued its spirit of rebellion through the Roaring Twenties and Prohibition and was, naturally, the site of several infamous speakeasies. In the Great Depression, the liberal political leanings of Greenwich Village lurched toward radicalism. Independent journals like the *Masses* began publishing there, supporting workers and antiwar sentiment, drawing the attention of federal investigators for communist sympathies. Meanwhile, contemporary artistic movements including abstract expressionism were flourishing; the painters Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Edward Hopper began their march to fame. The Whitney Museum of American Art on Eighth Street gave the art a place to be viewed; the theaters and cafés let people hear new plays and poems. Soon there were more artists than immigrants in Greenwich Village, painting, fashioning stained glass, or sculpting clay and marble.

At the same time the starving artists were doubling up in cold-water

flats, upper-middle-class families and professionals flocked to the neighborhood, and real estate boomed around Washington Square Park. High-rise apartment towers began going up at the base of Fifth Avenue, towering over the north side of the park. New subway lines were being built nearby. New York University moved ahead relentlessly with plans for massive new campus buildings lining the square. And Greenwich Village became a tourist attraction, with busloads of visitors coming to gawk at the crazy, creative lifestyle of the bohemians and soak up the atmosphere at the jazz clubs and Left Bank—caliber restaurants.

Into the 1950s, as the beat writer Jack Kerouac, the poet Allen Ginsberg, the jazz musicians Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk, and folksingers like David Sear all came to inhabit the cafés and clubs and studios and apartments of Greenwich Village, Washington Square Park shed the formality of the Henry James era and became a comfortable old living room, like the inner chambers of cafés on MacDougal Street. The street furniture got vandalized, the lawns turned brown, and the fountain basin leaked.

As an urban historian, Jane Jacobs appreciated the extraordinary evolution from cemetery, gallows, and dueling ground to a setting for Victorian promenades and classic Beaux Arts monumentality, to an outdoor rendezvous for Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, and Bob Dylan, and on into the age of Aquarius. Hoop dresses to black jeans: that was the power of a place that was unplanned and organic. It was everything that was proper and respectable and aristocratic about New York City life—and at the same time it represented rebellion against the establishment, authority, and order.

The man from Oxford and Yale didn't quite see it that way. This park needed a shave and a haircut, and to find a steady job. It needed to knock it off with the poetry readings and start serving a practical function for the city again—as a crossroads for the modern city.

The space that the residents of Greenwich Village viewed as comfortable and unpretentious was to Moses another city park that had fallen into disrepair. The plantings had withered, and the benches were broken or sagging. Moses cited this decline as a rationale for major changes. Like so much of the city, Washington Square Park needed to be upgraded and modernized. Sketching out his plans on yellow legal pads, Moses, as

parks commissioner, first proposed a complete redesign in 1935, allowing vehicles to go around a new, oval-shaped layout in a giant traffic circle. The four corners of the park were to be rounded off, shrinking the ten acres of open space; the fountain was to be torn up and replaced by a central strip of gardens and pools.

The development around the park after the turn of the century had spawned several neighborhood groups—the Greenwich Village Association, the Washington Square Association, and the Fifth Avenue Association (the latter two having merged in 1926 to form the Joint Committee for the Saving of Washington Square)—which pleaded for building preservation and zoning changes that would slow down the large-scale development. In reaction to Moses's 1935 redesign, they consolidated their efforts into the single Save Washington Square Park Committee.

Moses quickly recognized he needed to deal with the neighborhood opposition, just as he had done with the Long Island estate owners attempting to block his parkways there. His strategy was similar: portraying the opponents as not-in-my-backyard elitists, standing in the way of progress. But he took his tactics one step further—threatening to withhold all improvements if the Greenwich Village residents would not cooperate. He declined an invitation to appear before the Greenwich Village Association to explain his plans, instead dashing off a sarcastic letter to the group:

You will be glad to hear that the reconstruction of Washington Square Park is going to be left to posterity, and that contrary to what appears to be prevailing local opinion, we have not decided on any drastic changes—although we have been studying the future of this square from every point of view. We plan only to restore and improve the square now, without changing its present base character and design. There are all sorts of people around Washington Square, and they are full of ideas. There is no other section in the city where there are so many ideas per person, and where ideas are so tenaciously maintained. Reconciling points of views . . . is too much for me. The filling in of Orchard Beach in the Bronx, the development of Jones Beach or of Marine Park in Brooklyn, and the building of the Triborough and Henry Hudson bridges, are child's play in comparison.

In 1939, Moses returned with a new plan, essentially the same proposal for a one-way roadway around the park, snipping off all four corners and adding a lily pond in a long strip in the center. Henry Curran, a resident and former deputy mayor, said that the oval Moses was proposing to replace the rectangle of Washington Square Park looked like a "bathmat." The name stuck, much to the parks commissioner's dismay. In the face of growing opposition, Moses again warned the residents that if his scheme did not go through, Washington Square Park would sink to the bottom of the city's list for improvements of any kind. The neighborhood would lose out on millions in New Deal funding and labor that would go someplace else.

The threat had an immediate effect. John W. Morgan, president of the Washington Square Association, initially opposed the "bathmat" scheme, but others in the organization supported it as an acceptable trade-off for badly needed upgrades—and for redeveloping the area south of the park, which by the 1930s had become tawdry. The group grudgingly supported Moses's vision, by one vote. But a faction splintered off and collected thousands of signatures against it. Outraged by what they viewed as a cave-in, the members of the Volunteer Committee for the Improvement of Washington Square Park argued that the park would be turned into a speedway, endangering students and mothers with children.

A group of New York University students protested any changes to the layout of the park, claiming that pedestrian safety would be threatened. They were also worried about university tradition: the statue of the Italian patriot Garibaldi was the site for hazing freshmen and sophomores. The students and the Greenwich Village residents who remained opposed to Moses combined to create a powerful lobbying force directed at the Board of Estimate, New York's powerful governing body of the time, which needed to approve the redesign. One member of the board, the Manhattan borough president, Stanley Isaacs, who had tangled with Moses over the Brooklyn-Battery Bridge, announced that there was insufficient neighborhood support, and the bathmat plan was put on the shelf.

With the onset of World War II, many of Moses's public works ground to a halt, and the master builder backed off on the Village and its park—but not before taking several parting shots, which clearly reflected an impatience with not getting his way.

"It seems a shame you should suffer because of some stuffy, arrogant

and selfish people living around the square," he told eleven-year-old Naomi Landy of Perry Street, one of the "Children of Greenwich Village" who wrote an open letter to city newspapers pleading for playground improvements.

The trouble is that our plans were blocked by stupid and selfish people in the neighborhood who don't want to give you a place to play, but insist on keeping Washington Square as it was years ago, with lawns and grass and the kind of landscaping which goes with big estates or small villages. These people want the square to be quiet and artistic, and they object to the noise of children playing and to other activities which we proposed.

Under these circumstances we moved our . . . men and material to other crowded parts of the city where playgrounds are badly needed and . . . people welcome them and don't put obstacles in our way.

His comments had a ring of truth. The residents were effectively claiming ownership of a public space, and they did seem to oppose change of any kind. While Washington Square Park was on the back burner, Moses crafted a new approach. Once he had a plan, he rarely let it go. After the war he returned his focus to the area with the urban renewal plans for south of the park, holding secret meetings with top New York University officials for redevelopment under urban renewal. He also kept up the criticism of residents who sought to keep the neighborhood just the way it was, like an artillery commander softening up the invasion landing. Moses demonstrated both his annoyance at not getting his way and a rhetorical flair for beating down the opposition.

He wrote to a distinguished resident who called for historic preservation in 1950:

I realize that in the process of rebuilding south of Washington Square there would be cries of anguish from those who are honestly convinced that the Sistine Madonna was painted in the basement of one of the old buildings there not presently occupied by a cabaret or speakeasy, that Michelangelo's David was fashioned in a garret in the same neighborhood, that Poe's Raven, Don Marquis' Archie the Cockroach, and Malory's Morte D'Arthur were penned

in barber shops, spaghetti works and shoeshine parlors in the purlieu of Greenwich Village, and that anyone who lays hands on these sacred landmarks will be executed if he has not already been struck down by a bolt from heaven.

Transforming Washington Square Park was an endurance test, and Moses was confident he would outlast the naysayers, as he had many times before. The urban renewal plans south of the park were moving ahead, and Moses promised the development teams that the new development would have a Fifth Avenue address. The developers, after all, were the ones who would make his urban renewal vision a reality.

His final chess move appeared on the front pages in 1952: the carriage-way would be replaced with a north-south roadway of four lanes, two in each direction. The fountain would be eliminated. A roller rink would be installed on one side of the roadway and a new playground on the other. The model was Riverside Park, a long strip of green that ran along the Hudson on the West Side and was elegantly integrated with the off-ramps and free-flowing traffic lanes of the West Side Highway. Once and for all, traffic would be able to get through Washington Square Park. Fifth Avenue would be the address of the model new metropolis spawned by urban renewal, and resistance would be shown to be futile.

When Jane Jacobs had moved from the State Department to her new job at *Architectural Forum* in 1952, she had no particular plans to get involved in neighborhood politics. She was busy with her job, and with raising her two sons and, later, her infant daughter, Mary. But after she received the flyer from the Committee to Save Washington Square Park and wrote the mayor and the Manhattan borough president, she looked again at the letter for the name of the person organizing the opposition. It was a woman named Shirley Hayes, and Jacobs dashed off a note to her as well. "Thanks for your good work," Jacobs wrote on the lower left side of a form to join the committee. "I've written the mayor and the borough president each, the attached letter. Please keep me informed of any other effective action that can be taken."

Hayes, a mother of four who lived on East Eleventh Street, a short walk from Washington Square Park, welcomed Jacobs to the fight. Jacobs was impressed as she learned more about the woman who was so energet-

ically organizing the neighborhood, typing up letters, recruiting volunteers, and scheduling evening meetings. Born in 1912 in Chicago and trained as a painter and an actress, Shirley Zak Hayes moved to New York to pursue her dream of making it on Broadway. A handsome blonde with a Marilyn Monroe hairstyle, Hayes met her husband, James, when both appeared in a production of *Hamlet*. They married, James took a job in advertising, and the couple chose to live in Greenwich Village and raise their four sons there. As a mother, Hayes grew to love the Village and Washington Square Park. She became increasingly upset at the big apartment buildings going up all over, and equally dismayed by Moses's urban renewal project south of Washington Square. The park roadway plan, she was convinced, would destroy the neighborhood for good. "There is no justification for sacrificing this famous park and Greenwich Village's residential neighborhood to either Mr. Moses' commitments . . . or to this piecemeal and destructive approach to solving the city's impossible traffic patterns," she said. "A few women got together to say no, no, no."

After the Moses proposal of 1952, Hayes founded the Washington Square Park Committee, a combination of three dozen community groups, church groups, and parent-teacher organizations from local schools. She befriended another concerned mother and neighborhood activist, Edith Lyons, and together they launched a grassroots effort to give a voice to a neighborhood they believed was under siege.

A prolific letter writer and an aggressive coalition builder, Hayes identified the most influential officials at City Hall and pressed them to listen to the views of the neighborhood. Her relentless pleas earned her a position on the Manhattan borough president's Greenwich Village Community Planning Board, and in that position she demanded that the board come up with alternative plans for the park. At the same time, Hayes sought out as many residents, shopkeepers, and clergymen as she could find to join the effort. She wrote to her Greenwich Village neighbor Eleanor Roosevelt in 1953. She wrote to the Reverend Rosco Thornton Foust, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Sister Corona at St. Joseph's, and the rabbi at the Village Temple, imploring them to mention park meetings in their sermons. She deployed neighbors to stand on corners and make traffic counts, so she had her own documentation of the number of vehicles passing through the neighborhood, instead of relying on the data compiled by Moses's traffic engineers. She circulated peti-

tions against the roadway plan and within a matter of weeks had four thousand signatures. She wrote dozens of letters to newspaper reporters. The correspondence piled high at the offices of the Manhattan borough president, occupied in 1952 by Robert Wagner, soon to be mayor. Moses, sensing that Hayes could lead an uprising, wrote to her personally in 1953, assuring her that her views were being considered.

From the day the Moses plan appeared in the newspapers, Hayes did not limit her fight to derailing the proposal. She was not interested in negotiating for a less harmful roadway. She sought no less than to block any roadway, and any car traffic whatsoever, through the park. There would be no deals and no compromise. Jacobs took note of this tactic as she waded into the Washington Square Park battle herself.

Her early involvement, following her letters to City Hall and the note to Hayes in 1955, was more as a foot soldier than a leader. The first time she was mentioned in a newspaper article it was inaccurately, as Mrs. James Jacobs. Jacobs helped drop off petitions at stores around her house and struck up conversations with shopkeepers and customers about goings-on in the neighborhood. Jacobs also went to local rallies and her first meetings of the Board of Estimate, the governing body that had the final say on any changes to Washington Square Park. She soon realized that to be effective, citizen activism required a more concerted effort—something akin to a full-time job. Merely following the twists and turns of the roadway battle was difficult, as seemingly definitive action at City Hall was followed by new Moses maneuvers that kept the plan alive.

The Greenwich Village residents had secured a victory in May 1952, when the Manhattan borough president, Robert Wagner, ordered the roadway plan withdrawn for further study. Then, in 1954, the City Planning Commission approved the next steps for urban renewal south of the park, making Moses more determined than ever to create a grand gateway through the park leading to the huge new campus of housing. In 1955, Moses made what he viewed as a major concession: submerging the four-lane roadway and building a pedestrian overpass across it. Depressing the roadway, he thought, might make it less objectionable, without building a full-blown tunnel, an idea promoted by Anthony Dapolito, a neighborhood baker who would later become known as the mayor of Greenwich Village. Boring beneath the surface was a common strategy for moving traffic through urban environments, and one that had already been used

in New York near Grand Central Station. But it would be expensive to dig under the park and build a platform of public space above. A gentle dip and a pedestrian overpass were as far as Moses was willing to go.

The neighborhood lashed out against the submerged-roadway plan, calling it no better than the original four-lane proposal. By 1957, Hayes and Lyons were flooding City Hall with thousands of notes from residents in opposition to any new roadway and any car traffic through the park. Wagner's successor as borough president, Hulan Jack, who initially teamed up with Moses to promote the submerged-roadway plan, backed off, and proposed a more diminutive, thirty-six-foot-wide, two-lane roadway.

Though Jack was a useful ally, he was clearly getting too soft with the residents, Moses thought. In a condescending letter that he began with the salutation "Dear Hulan," Moses described the plan as "ridiculously narrow" and totally unworkable. He made it clear that no more compromises were to be made with the rabble-rousers. Four lanes, forty-eight feet wide, with a mall in the middle to be planted with trees, submerged if necessary but otherwise on the surface. No more modifications.

Determined not to let the neighborhood get the upper hand, Moses did his best to keep the residents off balance, delaying key hearings until the last minute, then quickly scheduling them in the hope of minimizing attendance. After twenty years of trying to redesign Washington Square Park, he had lost his patience, and he pushed harder than ever to deliver on his promise for a continuous Fifth Avenue. Shirley Hayes and Edith Lyons had marshaled an impressive effort, but the plan, thanks to Moses, was still under active consideration by the city. It would not die easily. Greenwich Village needed to step up its efforts to defeat it.

The turning point came in 1958, when Raymond S. Rubinow, an eccentric consultant who lived not on Washington Square but on Gramercy Park several blocks away, volunteered his services. Rubinow, a friend of Jacobs's, had just started a career helping businesses like Sears and Welch's grape juice create foundations to fund social and civic causes. An economist—his Russian-born father was credited with establishing the concept of social security—Rubinow had become obsessed with preserving New York City's old neighborhoods and historic buildings, and devoted himself to such causes as saving Carnegie Hall from the wrecking ball. He took control of the organization that Hayes had built, and one of his first moves was to give Jacobs a greater role, as a strategist and additional liaison to the community and the media. After consulting with her,



Growing up in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Jane Butzner became known for her sharp wit and her fearless challenging of teachers, both belied by the gentle mien on display in this early photograph. *Courtesy of Jim Jacobs*



Jane and Robert Jacobs camping at Montauk. Jane met Bob at a party in 1944; they would marry only weeks later. *John J. Burns Library, Boston College*



When Jacobs lived on Hudson Street in the 1960s, Greenwich Village was a bustling place. Today the neighborhood has become one of the most desirable—and pricey—areas in any city in the United States. *Anthony Flint*

he changed the name of the community group to the Joint Emergency Committee to Close Washington Square to Traffic.

“We weren’t trying to embrace all kinds of points of view about the Village, all kinds of political groups, all kinds of anything. We were trying to collect and concentrate on this issue, the people who felt as we did on that issue,” Jacobs recalled later. “In order to dramatize this and clarify this, a name like that was necessary—not something like ‘The Such-and-Such Association’ . . . that’s the reason Greenwich Village developed these strange and wonderful names, like ‘The Committee to Get the Clock Started on the Jefferson Market Courthouse.’ People knew what they were getting into. They weren’t getting into ideology. They were getting into a particular thing . . . [We joined] people who believed in a particular thing and might disagree enormously on other things.”

Though Hayes had attracted a wide range of activists to the cause, Rubinow and Jacobs sought to bring in even more firepower. They persuaded Eleanor Roosevelt to join the emergency committee, as well as the anthropologist Margaret Mead, who also lived in the Village. Jacobs asked her new friend the *Fortune* editor William “Holly” Whyte, author of the recently published book *The Organization Man*, to join, along with a respected local pastor, a prominent New York University law professor, and the publisher of the new alternative newspaper the *Village Voice*.

In the emergency committee’s early strategy sessions, Jacobs stressed the importance of breaking down the effort into specific and manageable tasks. She realized that Moses was in a stronger position; he had been implementing his vision for urban renewal citywide for several years and was backed by powerful developers who hoped to get rich while reversing the city’s economic decline. Construction of Washington Square Village, south of the park, was under way, and Moses would use this as a further argument for the highway. The developers there, he proclaimed, “were formally, officially, and reliably promised under the Slum Clearance Act a Fifth Avenue address, and access for the large new population in multiple dwellings replacing warehouses.”

Jacobs advocated changing the terms of the debate away from the broader picture that Moses was painting. The emergency committee’s best argument was that Washington Square was a park, and a park was no place for highways. Building on Hayes’s strategy of accepting no compromise, Jacobs took the position that whatever adjacent development was under way, the park should remain a park, and no vehicles should be al-

lowed. There should be no negotiation, she argued, and no acceptance of a slightly less harmful roadway, like Hulan Jack's proposal to reduce the number of lanes from four to two. If the roadway was built, and it connected to the Lower Manhattan Expressway, it would no doubt eventually be widened. Only killing the Washington Square roadway outright would put a stop to Moses's grander plans.

It would take discipline, Jacobs said. The neighbors must resist the temptation to negotiate or compromise, to accept trade-offs and scraps of concessions. It would also take a stepped-up public-relations campaign, and for that Jacobs helped recruit Lewis Mumford, the architectural critic at the *New Yorker*, whom Jacobs had befriended after her speech criticizing modern planning techniques at Harvard.

Years earlier, Mumford had critiqued Moses's plan for redesigning Washington Square as "absurd" and "a process of mere sausage grinding." In 1958, he furnished a statement to the emergency committee that was turned into a press release. "The attack on Washington Square by the Park Department is a piece of unqualified vandalism," Mumford said. "The real reason for putting through this callow traffic plan has been admitted by Mr. Moses himself: it is to give the commercial benefit of the name 'Fifth Avenue' to the group of property owners who are rehabilitating the area south of Washington Square, largely at public expense. The cause itself is unworthy and the method used by Mr. Moses is extravagant. To satisfy a group of realtors and investors, he is as ready to change the character of Fifth Avenue as he is to further deface and degrade Washington Square." He went on to condemn Moses's "insolent contempt" for common sense and good civic judgment. "Washington Square . . . has a claim to our historic respect: a respect that Mr. Moses seems chronically unable to accord any human handiwork except his own. [It] was originally used as a potter's field for paupers; it might now prove to be a good place to bury Mr. Moses' poverty-stricken and moribund ideas on city planning."

Mumford's suggestion that the Washington Square roadway was primarily to serve real estate developers had resonance. The foundation of urban renewal was to bring in the private sector—and in the case of the project south of Washington Square, a nonprofit, New York University, as well—to revitalize cities. Moses got no direct financial benefit from his relationship with the developers, but Mumford put him on the defensive

by adding to the contention that the whole project was an insider deal. Moses hit back with a press release of his own.

"The public was told that this area was not substandard, that we were ruthlessly evicting small business firms which could not go elsewhere, that we were illegally substituting high-rental for low-rental residence, that our project was a 'steal,' 'giveaway,' [and the] 'sacrifice of perfectly good buildings,'" Moses said. "The critics failed to understand that Title I [the urban renewal program] aimed solely at the elimination of the slums and substandard areas. It did not prescribe the pattern of redevelopment, leaving this to local initiative."

Without private developers and New York University, the old warehouses would continue to be a fire hazard, Moses argued. "Who will clear out the rest of this junk?"

But Mumford's challenge prompted others who argued that urban renewal was no justification for destroying the park with a roadway. Within days, other prominent New Yorkers weighed in. Eleanor Roosevelt, an early skeptic of Moses's plans, devoted her "My Day" column in the *New York Post* to the controversy: "I consider it would be far better to close the square to traffic and make people drive around it . . . than to accept the reasons given by Robert Moses . . . to ruin the atmosphere of the square." Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, argued that "little parks and squares, especially those possessing a holdover of the flavor and charm of the past, are good for the nerves, and perhaps for the soul. Let us give sober thought to the preservation of Washington Square Park as an island of quietness in this hectic city."

And then there was Charles Abrams, a Columbia University professor and Greenwich Village resident who bore some resemblance to Moses, in terms of both his strong intellect and his patrician upbringing. Nothing less than the power of the people to maintain healthy city neighborhoods was at stake, Abrams argued. "Rebellion is brewing in America," he said at a crowded neighborhood meeting in July 1958. "The American city is the battleground for the preservation of [economic and cultural] diversity, and Greenwich Village should be its Bunker Hill . . . In the battle of Washington Square, even Moses is yielding, and when Moses yields, God must be near at hand." Abrams turned the speech into an essay for the *Village Voice* titled "Washington Square and the Revolt of the Urbs."

The high-profile support was encouraging. This was beginning to look

like a fight that could be won. But Jacobs knew not to be overconfident. Employing her journalistic skills, she learned as much as she could about Moses, to better understand her foe. He seemed to control every function of city government from his lair on Randall's Island. He had years of practice battling neighborhoods and opponents, from Long Island to Spuyten Duyvil. To prevail, the neighbors would need a sophisticated strategy. In the evening strategy sessions of the emergency committee, Jacobs assumed the role of a war-room impresario in a modern-day political campaign and urged a three-pronged effort: continued grassroots organizing designed to draw in more allies, more pressure on local politicians, and a stepped-up campaign to gain attention in the media.

Greenwich Village in the late 1950s was fertile ground for bringing politicians into the cause—those in danger of being voted out, and newcomers trying to break in. Jacobs surveyed the political landscape with this in mind. A number of Greenwich Village residents were plunging into politics hoping to give the neighborhoods more of a voice at City Hall, and to change a government that did not seem to be listening. An ambitious young woman, Carol Greitzer, had befriended Jacobs and parlayed community frustrations into a job as a city councillor. "We were doing our own planning, and that really hadn't ever been done before," Greitzer said. "It was an exciting time."

Edward Koch, who later served as mayor of New York, began his career as well in those days, as a member of the Village Independent Democrats—an organization founded during Adlai Stevenson's 1956 presidential campaign to bolster liberal and progressive causes, and to support candidates against leaders still in power from the Tammany Hall political machine. Koch sought to shift politics away from patronage and political favors to true representation of ordinary citizens. Jacobs saw that men like Koch were seeking to make a name for themselves, beholden to no one in power, and eager to join a neighborhood cause that could give them publicity.

The politicians already in power required different treatment. Hulan Jack, the Manhattan borough president, seemed to be hearing the voices of opposition in the neighborhood, but was still clinging to the idea of some kind of new roadway through the park. A new champion was needed. One night as Jacobs drifted off to sleep, her husband woke her with the idea to tie closing the park to traffic to the upcoming election. The state assemblyman Bill Passannante was in a tight race against a Republican

challenger, who opposed the roadway through the park. Passannante, Bob Jacobs said, could be encouraged to go a step further, by calling for stations at the park's perimeter blocking everything but bus and emergency vehicles. If he agreed, he would get the support of the emergency committee's sizable voting bloc; if he didn't, those votes would go to his opponent. Passannante very quickly became the first elected official to back the idea of closing off the park to car traffic. Jacobs also encouraged the neighborhood activists to appeal to a handsome young Republican running for Congress: John V. Lindsay, whose Democratic opponent quickly joined him in opposing the park roadway plan.

Jacobs and the other committee leaders continued to meet privately with the politicians, persuading them that the roadway battle was a central issue among voters. But Jacobs became even more convinced that one tool was more important than anything else to keep the public pressure turned up high on the Board of Estimate, the City Planning Commission, the mayor's office, and all the officials either elected or running for office: the media. A journalist herself, Jane Jacobs knew a few things about getting attention.

The 1950s was a time of change for newspapers in New York City. The number of newspapers had decreased from earlier in the century, but there was still the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *World-Telegram and Sun*, the *Journal American*, the *Daily News*, and the *New York Post*, and competition for stories was fierce. Jacobs knew that reporters feared getting scooped, and would be less likely to ignore a well-timed press release—especially one issued over the weekend, traditionally slow news days—if the neighborhood group could establish itself as credible and newsworthy. Using competition as leverage was the only way to counter the reporters' dependence on officialdom for information, a dependence that made them wary of printing critical comments about planners and commissioners. Nowhere was this more true than with Moses, who continued to have friends in high places at the biggest media outlets and froze out writers who strayed.

Not content with publicity in newspapers like the *New York Times*, which covered the battle thoroughly but always quoted Moses at length, Jacobs sought out different venues that would give greater voice to the neighborhood's sense of outrage. For this there was the *Village Voice*, which had been established in 1955 by Dan Wolf, Ed Fancher, and the novelist Norman Mailer as an alternative city newspaper that emphasized

arts and culture—but also took on local and political issues with more of an edge and an opinion. The *Voice* dedicated itself to hard-charging reporting and criticism, ultimately winning three Pulitzer prizes, but it also covered neighborhood issues, paying special attention to the point of view of ordinary citizens.

The *Voice* journalist and Greenwich Village resident Mary Perot Nichols covered every hearing and rally on Washington Square Park—and later urban renewal in the West Village and the Lower Manhattan Expressway as well. Jacobs and Nichols became close friends over the course of the Washington Square Park battle, and Jacobs made sure the budding journalist had access to inside information. A good relationship with someone in the newspaper business was critical, Jacobs knew. Nichols's news stories and a *Voice* editorial made for a stirring defense of both community activism and the value of public space. "It is our view that any serious tampering with Washington Square Park will mark the beginning of the end of Greenwich Village as a community. Greenwich Village will become another characterless place," Wolf wrote on the editorial page. "Washington Square Park is a symbol of unity in diversity. Within a block of the arch are luxury apartments, cold-water flats, nineteenth-century mansions, a university, and a nest of small businesses. It brings together Villagers of enormously varied tastes and backgrounds. At best, it helps people appreciate the wonderful complexity of New York. At worst, it reminds them of the distance they have to cover in their relations with other people." When a Moses aide grumbled that the "awful bunch of artists" in Greenwich Village were a nuisance and couldn't agree to get anything done, Wolf proudly proclaimed that he hoped "there are thousands of nuisances like that within a stone's throw of this office."

While the *Voice* dedicated its pages to the fight, other media had to be drawn in. What the newspapers needed were good pictures, and Jacobs launched what would become a signature tactic: putting children front and center. They were the ones who used the playgrounds and ran around the park, after all. Jacobs deployed kids—dozens of "little elves," as she called them—to put up posters and ask for signatures on petitions. Young people, she soon realized, were irresistible to newspaper photographers; they were the perfect photo opportunity. There was precedent for a child becoming a symbol in a park battle. In 1956, residents near Central Park battled Moses over his plan to expand a parking lot for Tavern on the Green at Sixty-seventh Street. Mothers rolled strollers to the site and de-

fiantly blocked the parks commissioner's bulldozers, and the image of a "little soldier"—a toddler refusing to cede her ground for construction work—became an enduring icon. Moses ultimately backed down, and Jacobs recognized a winning tactic when she saw one.

"She would bring the three children to the square on weekends to collect petitions demanding that the highway plan be canceled and the park permanently closed to traffic," recalled Ned Jacobs, Jane's son, who was seven years old in the spring of 1958. "This was during the beatnik era, and my brother and I were outfitted with little sandwich boards that proclaimed 'Save the Square!' That always got a laugh because people knew that 'squares' would never be an endangered species—even in the Village. These were also the dying days of McCarthyism. People were afraid—even in the Village—to sign petitions for fear they'd get on some list that would cost them their careers. But I would go up to them and ask, 'Will you help save our park?' Their hearts would melt, and they would sign. Years later, Jane recalled that we children always collected the most signatures."

Getting officials and the media to see battles through the eyes of children would continue throughout Jacobs's career. One day when she was shopping for long underwear at Macy's for her sons, Ned and Jim, the clerk asked whether it was for hunting or for fishing. "It's for picketing," she replied.

The tactics began to work. On June 25, 1958, responding to the residents' opposition, the city agreed to close Washington Square Park to traffic on a temporary basis while the roadway matter was put to further study. The next day, the *New York Daily Mirror* published a photograph of Mary Jacobs, three and a half, and Bonnie Redlich, four, holding up a ribbon that had been symbolically tied as a "reverse ribbon cutting." The caption read: "Fit to Be Tied."

The success of the neighborhood's media campaign did not go unnoticed by Moses. His riposte was to suggest that perhaps the emergency committee should be allowed to win—and be responsible when the area was hopelessly knotted by traffic jams. "There is something to be said . . . for letting unreasonable opposition have its way; find out by experience that it doesn't work. How can you choke off all traffic in Washington Square? It is preposterous."

The City Planning Commission continued to deliberate on what to do with the park while the vehicles were temporarily blocked and in July 1958 voted in favor of Hulan Jack's narrower road. Moses stepped up the rhetoric, vowing that his scheme would ultimately triumph "when drummed-up local hysteria subsides, mudslinging ends and common sense and goodwill prevail."

But by the fall of that year, with local campaigns in full swing, the emergency committee made a critical move: appealing to Carmine De Sapio, New York's secretary of state, Democratic leader, and de facto head of the Tammany machine. He was exactly the kind of old-school pol that Rubinow, Koch, and Greitzer and the rest of the Village Independent Democrats were determined to drive out of New York City government. But he was also a Greenwich Village resident. If he could be convinced to stand up against the roadway plan, it would have real influence. The New York University law professor on the emergency committee, Norman Redlich, was chosen as the envoy, and found a receptive audience in the Democratic party boss. De Sapio let it be known that the Board of Estimate should schedule a hearing, and that he planned to furnish some rare public testimony. Before he addressed the board, he was presented with a scroll listing some thirty thousand people who had signed in opposition to the roadway plan. Dozens of residents appeared outside City Hall wearing green "Save the Square" buttons and twirling parasols with "Parks Are for People" printed on them; among the crowd were Jane Jacobs, Shirley Hayes, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Wearing his trademark dark glasses, which reflected the flashes of newspaper cameras, De Sapio asserted that Greenwich Village, as well as Washington Square Park, represented "one of the city's most priceless possessions and as such it belongs to every one of our 8,000,000 fellow New Yorkers . . . To change the character of this beloved central symbol of the Village would be, ultimately, to eradicate the essential character of this unique community."

Having worked with the influential De Sapio over the years, Moses knew that he had been checkmated. A month after the hearing, Hulan Jack, taking his cue from De Sapio, gave up on his two-lane roadway plan. The Board of Estimate directed the traffic commissioner to close the park to all but buses and emergency vehicles.

After so many fits and starts, this was the end of Moses's roadway plan—no Fifth Avenue address for his housing towers south of the park,

no free flow of traffic. That fall, Moses addressed the Board of Estimate, in a desperate move for reconsideration. It was galling, the way he had let this get away from him. "There is nobody against this," he said. "Nobody, nobody, nobody but a bunch of, a bunch of mothers." Jacobs watched, both amazed and satisfied, as he turned and walked to a waiting car.

The party to celebrate the victory took place on Saturday, November 1, 1958, at the base of the Washington Square arch. The carnival atmosphere brewed in the late morning with placards, children, "Square Warriors," balloons, and throngs of people. The event had an official name—the "grand closing" of the park to traffic. The members of the emergency committee set up a ribbon tying—as opposed to a ribbon cutting—as the big photo opportunity for the press. De Sapio, Hulan Jack, Bill Passannante, and Ray Rubinow all proudly held the green strip of fabric and smiled for the cameras. Jacobs stayed in the background.

Pink parasols bearing the slogan "Parks Are for People" and green buttons that proclaimed "Save the Square" were out again in force. Jacobs watched as reporters scribbled notes and photographers snapped away. Speakers read messages of congratulations that had been sent from New York's governor, Averell Harriman, Mayor Wagner, and Lewis Mumford. "I will do my utmost to see that this road is never opened again," said Passannante. "Look up the avenue. Any traffic jam? Any cars begging to come through the park? I see only people."

Just after noon, Stanley Tankel, a resident of West Eleventh Street, drove a battered old minibus festooned with a banner that read "Last Car Through the Park" under the arch and out toward Fifth Avenue.

About seven months later, the neighbors held another celebration, a masquerade ball attended by a thousand people, with more politicians and newspaper publishers and local artists. At midnight, someone held a lighter to a life-size cardboard car that had been assembled by a theater group, and the vehicle burned to mark the triumph over Robert Moses. Jacobs and all of Greenwich Village, it seemed, partied into the night.

The celebrations may have been premature, as the ban on car traffic was still intended to be temporary; the city considered it an experiment. But the weeks and months following the closing went better than anyone in the neighborhood could have hoped. As Passannante had observed on the day of the ribbon tying, the knotted traffic that Moses predicted never

materialized. Because the New York City street grid in the area was so extensive, drivers had lots of options. The network absorbed the traffic flow. The experiment at Washington Square Park would become a principle of modern-day traffic engineering—that speeds are seemingly slower as drivers make their way through a traditional street grid, but they often get to destinations faster compared with a crowded, single express route. Some rethink the need to traverse the area by car, and find alternative transportation, like mass transit.

Moses did not accept defeat gracefully. In 1959, he refused to agree to close the park to vehicular traffic unless all the streets around the park were widened to eighty feet and all the corners of the greensward rounded off so, as Moses argued, traffic could navigate through the area better. But he had lost his influence on the matter of the park, and the city was in no mood to continue the battle with new proposals. The buses from the Fifth Avenue Coach Company continued to make their turnaround just past the arch.

Within two years, the buses would also be gone. Jacobs, by that time, had returned to her writing and played a less active role in this stage of the fight. But Shirley Hayes and Ed Koch, representing the increasingly powerful Village Independent Democrats, continued to press for the elimination of all motorized vehicles in Washington Square Park. A new parks commissioner, Newbold Morris, submitted to the pressure and urged the head of the transit authority to reroute the bus turnaround. With Mayor Wagner's blessing, Washington Square Park was permanently sealed off from all traffic, including buses, a few weeks before the assassination of John F. Kennedy in November 1963. One and a half acres of park were reclaimed, once the paved roadway areas were no longer necessary. This time, Koch and Hayes symbolically escorted a last bus out of the park.

The victory for the bunch of mothers was complete. Moses had been trying to fix Washington Square Park since 1935, and a quarter century later he was forced to give up. The achievement was infectious as neighborhoods across the city found a new voice in development, public works projects, and especially parks. Central Park became an important battleground. A year after the ribbon-tying ceremony at the Washington Square arch, Joseph Papp, head of the New York Shakespeare Festival, took on Moses over permitting for free performances there. New Yorkers assumed a new sense of ownership over public space.

For Washington Square Park, the aftermath of the road closing was mixed. The cozy brownstones remained on the north side, but the towers and parks of Washington Square Village—absent the grand gateway of an extended Fifth Avenue through the park—forever changed the character of the park's southern border. The street Moses wanted to become Fifth Avenue South was renamed La Guardia Place; a statue of the mayor, walking mid-stride, was erected in 1994, in front of shops in a low-slung building between two housing towers. New York University moved ahead with an aggressive plan for new campus buildings south of the park, most notably Bobst Library, situated at the spot where the Moses roadway would have emerged from the park. Built despite intense neighborhood opposition, the rust-colored modernist box by Philip Johnson casts shadows over the southern portion of Washington Square.

The park itself flourished and would become the outdoor headquarters for folksinging and the emerging 1960s counterculture, a staging ground for anti-Vietnam War protests, and a place to catch Bob Dylan on a Saturday afternoon playing his guitar at the fountain. For Jacobs, it was a perfect example of an unplanned and organic public space. The fountain basin with its outer stone rim, she wrote in 1961, is "a circular arena, a theater in the round . . . with complete confusion as to who are spectators and who are the show. Everybody is both, although some are more so: guitar players, singers, crowds of darting children, impromptu dancers, sunbathers, conversers, show-offs, photographers, tourists, and mixed in with them all a bewildering sprinkling of absorbed readers—not there for lack of choice, because quiet benches to the east are half-deserted."

The residents around the park continued to see themselves as stewards of the space; a new generation of mothers lobbied for better playground equipment and demanded action against the drug sellers and junkies that began to take over in the 1970s. Today, Washington Square Park is run by a privately funded conservancy, like Central Park's. Parents with strollers navigate through musicians, jugglers, and chess players. The town houses rival those on Fifth Avenue as desirable real estate, and nearby are hot spots in the city's restaurant scene, like Mario Batali's Babbo.

Contention over the space has not ended. In 2005, the city proposed yet another redesign—including plans for a uniform iron fence to line the entire park, and the relocation of the fountain so it lines up with the arch. Area residents are against the \$16 million overhaul, claiming it would

make the park too formal. They cite Jane Jacobs at every opportunity. The place has become indelibly associated with her; the memorial for her after she died was held in front of the arch.

For Moses, the battle of Washington Square Park served as a worrying portent of things to come. He was particularly concerned that it would embolden the neighborhood forces to oppose all forms of progress for New York. It was also an embarrassing personal defeat, coming around the same time as the Manhattantown scandal—which involved private developers on the Upper West Side who were supposed to clear old tenement buildings but continued to operate them and collect high rents. Moses had handed off responsibility for the redevelopment as he had done in all his Title I projects, and only a handful of underlings were implicated in the profiteering. But the first negative editorials about Moses and urban renewal appeared in the major New York papers. The coverage of Washington Square Park had further chipped away at the Moses mystique, and in many ways more powerfully. Moses was the man in charge of parks and of designing the optimal layouts for the city's streets and buildings; for the first time, the notion was planted in the public consciousness that his plans might not always be best for the city.

After the Washington Square Park battle, Moses resigned as parks commissioner. During his tenure, he had more than doubled the green space of New York City, to nearly 35,000 acres, and added 658 playgrounds, 17 miles of beach, zoos, recreation centers, and ball fields. Washington Square Park was one of the very few projects left unfinished when he left the job.

Jacobs, meanwhile, grew more confident. Moses had come into her neighborhood and been turned back. And there was something larger at stake: ordinary citizens could see that they could challenge the top-down planning that Moses represented, not just in New York but in cities across the country. The Washington Square Park battle informed her emerging critique of contemporary planning. Her articles on Harlem and Philadelphia for *Architectural Forum*, and her speech in 1956 at Harvard, were leading to the same conclusion: the very things that made cities great were being systematically destroyed by people who didn't understand how cities functioned and who didn't know them intimately.

Throughout 1958, as the Washington Square Park battle was building

to its crescendo, Jacobs began to put the essence of this argument into print. Her work at *Architectural Forum* and her involvement with the emergency committee had begun to attract notice. William H. "Holly" Whyte, the *Fortune* editor, commissioned her to write the essay "Downtown Is for People," which appeared in the April 1958 issue of the magazine. Shortly thereafter, the article was published as part of a compilation called *The Exploding Metropolis*, published by Anchor Books, a new soft-cover enterprise co-edited by Nathan Glazer and Jason Epstein, respectively the famous Harvard sociologist and the man who would go on to found the *New York Review of Books*.

Then the moment came that would be the turning point in her life and career. Recognized as an emerging writer about urban planning, she was invited to a conference on urban design criticism put on by the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation. At a break for a reception outside the ivy-covered conference hall, Jacobs—a lone woman in the group, except for the male experts' spouses, in a calf-length dress and black heels and carrying a handbag—mingled with the leading theorists and practitioners of the day: Lewis Mumford, Ian McHarg, Louis Kahn, I. M. Pei, and Kevin Lynch. She also chatted with Chadbourne Gilpatric of the Rockefeller Foundation. Gilpatric followed up on the conversation by asking Jacobs if she had a larger project in mind, perhaps based on "Downtown Is for People." Yes, she said, she did.

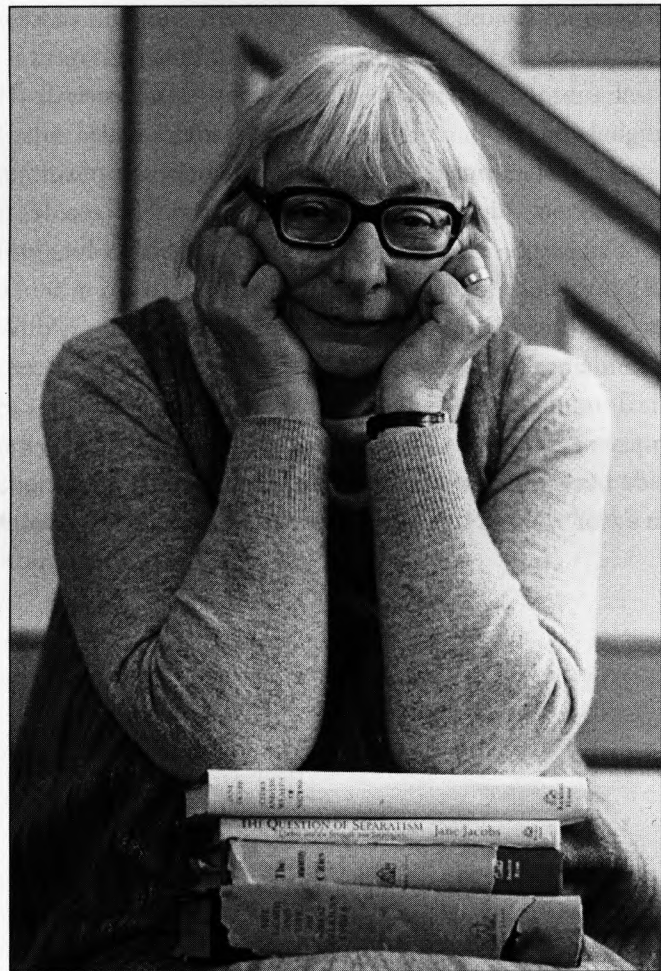
"What I would like to do is to create for the reader another image of the city, not drawn from mine or anyone else's imagination or wishes but, so far as this is possible, from real life," she wrote to him in the summer of 1958. Gilpatric arranged for a \$2,000 grant to get her started on a longer treatise on cities. Jason Epstein, who had gone from Anchor Books to Random House as an editor at large, successfully argued that a manuscript from Jane Jacobs about cities and city planning would make a great book. The publishing house agreed to a deal, and Jacobs received a \$1,500 advance. The check arrived not long after the ribbon-tying ceremony at Washington Square Park, in November.

The men who believed in Jacobs had no doubt she would deliver on her promises. "You sort of fell in love with Jane when you met her," Epstein would later say. "She was exuberant, original, strong-minded—and a very kind woman."

And so as the 1950s came to a close, the strategy sessions for the emer-

gency committee gave way to mornings and nights pecking away at a new typewriter—a Remington—on the second floor of 555 Hudson Street. The Washington Square Park experience was fresh in her mind, and it had been invigorating. Community organizing could make a difference. Yet she was about to discover that her words, in tandem with activism, could be more powerful still. She had defeated Moses in the trenches of New York City neighborhood politics. Now she was on the verge of publishing a book that would revolutionize urban planning, and turn the tide on Moses and all the other modernist master builders, as an act of intellectual radicalism.





EPILOGUE

Separate Ways

Happy to have left the rancor of New York behind, Jane Jacobs settled into a cozy redbrick house in a quiet neighborhood on the west side of Toronto in the late summer of 1968. She continued to collect newspaper clippings on the denouement of the Lower Manhattan Expressway battle. She had made a deal with the prosecutor to disentangle herself from charges from the Seward Park High School meeting, pleading guilty to a single charge of disorderly conduct and agreeing to pay \$150 in damages to the stenotype owner—though Jacobs maintained she never touched the machine and never saw it damaged. But she had moved on. It would be many years before she would set foot back in New York.

While Jacobs started her new life in Toronto, her fight against the Lower Manhattan Expressway inspired a series of citizen rebellions against highway construction in city neighborhoods across the United States. These “freeway revolts” were led by residents, and sometimes environmental organizations, that pressured politicians to quit building interstates in thickly settled areas, using many of the same tactics that Jacobs had in her campaigns, including filing lawsuits and harnessing the power of the media. In Boston, Governor Francis Sargent abandoned plans for a highway known as the Inner Belt, a bypass for the north-south

OPPOSITE: Jane Jacobs after she moved to Toronto, with her books. *Maggie Steber*

interstate through downtown that would have run through the heart of several densely populated neighborhoods, and an additional spur known as the Southwest Expressway; the funds for the roadways were diverted to expanding the public transit system. In San Francisco, the freeway revolt not only killed the freeway proposals through the city center but galvanized community groups determined to have a say in all public works and development projects from then on. By 1971, highway construction was being stopped in its tracks in Baltimore, Milwaukee, New Orleans, and Philadelphia. In the years that followed, I-291 and Route 7 in Connecticut, three routes designed by Moses himself in Portland, Oregon, the Somerset Highway in Princeton, New Jersey, and other roadway proposals in Seattle, Detroit, Memphis, Washington, D.C., and Baltimore were all abandoned. A new breed of politicians staked their careers on siding with the anti-freeway movement.

Jacobs herself helped lead a similar rebellion not long after arriving in Toronto. City planners there were promoting a downtown bypass called the Spadina Expressway, which would have run straight through her neighborhood. Like Moses, the officials in Toronto were committed to the project—the first stage had already been rushed into construction—but they seemed to listen, somehow more genuinely than Moses and his colleagues had, to Jacobs and the other neighbors who objected. Jacobs's reputation may have had something to do with this; city officials knew that this was a woman capable of stopping a highway. Spadina was dropped in 1971, and shortly thereafter Jacobs helped plant grass and shrubs on the flattened earth that had been cleared for the roadway.

In New York, the neighborhoods in the path of the Lower Manhattan Expressway flourished. At the corner of Chrystie and Broome streets at Sara Delano Roosevelt Park, deep underground, the eighty-foot foundation for the project was all that remained. Through the 1980s, all along Broome Street, one of the most remarkable urban success stories of the twentieth century began to take shape: SoHo, with its bistros, art galleries, designer shops, and unfinished loft space that over the years would sell for \$1,800 a square foot. No new highway would be built in Manhattan after 1968, not even Westway, a proposal to submerge the West Side Highway along the Hudson River from midtown to lower Manhattan, with open space and residential and commercial development on its surface.

Beginning in the 1980s, the movement that Jacobs had set in motion

with her victory over Lomex went a step further. Not satisfied with stopping construction of new freeways, planners and community activists sought to tear down the most intrusive roadways that had been pushed through in the Moses era. Boston replaced the Central Artery, a hulking elevated structure through the heart of downtown based on the Lomex model, with the \$16 billion Big Dig—a mile-long tunnel with thirty acres of green space and civic buildings on top. While the project itself went over budget and had structural problems, real estate values have soared since its completion in 2007, as downtown neighborhoods split apart by the highway were reunited. Other cities have dismantled inner-city expressways without replacing them at all. The Embarcadero viaduct along the waterfront in San Francisco, damaged in the 1989 earthquake, was hauled away to make way for a surface boulevard with a trolley line. Portland, Oregon, erased a freeway through its downtown. Milwaukee, Denver, Baltimore, and Buffalo all dismantled major city roadways. In Seattle, the People's Waterfront Coalition, led by a young activist named Cary Moon who said she modeled herself after Jacobs, has for years campaigned to tear down the Alaskan Way Viaduct along that city's waterfront—a double-decked structure at the base of a steep hill that is also in danger of collapsing in an earthquake—and replace it with a surface boulevard with transit. And in New York, neighborhood groups have clamored for the demolition of two Moses roadways—the Bruckner and Sheridan expressways—to be replaced by parks, a simple surface road with bike paths and sidewalks, affordable housing, and eco-friendly businesses.

Jacobs's then-radical argument against the Lower Manhattan Expressway—that building new highways just invites more traffic that quickly fills the lanes to capacity—is now widely accepted, and known as the phenomenon of "induced demand." Transportation planning in the United States is slowly but surely coming around to this view—that the country has built enough new highways, not only in cities but in the countryside. More politicians are seeking to shift federal funding to transit, streetcars, and high-speed rail, for a more balanced transportation system. Light-rail systems are now being expanded in some unlikely places: Dallas, Phoenix, Minneapolis, and Denver.

Even in Los Angeles, Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa has given up on bumper-to-bumper freeways and started exploring whether well-designed surface boulevards could handle both local traffic and commuters. In

other places, a more dramatic step has signaled the end of the automobile era in cities. London's mayor, Ken Livingstone, imposed a \$16 charge for private cars entering the city center, enforced by a system of transponders and cameras; city officials say chronic gridlock is a thing of the past. New York's mayor, Michael Bloomberg, proposed a similar plan, to charge drivers \$9 to enter Manhattan below Eighty-sixth Street.

In Toronto, Jacobs was finally able to complete the book delayed by her citizen activism in New York, *The Economy of Cities*. "I resent," Jane said, "the time I've had to spend on these civic battles. The new book was begun two years later than it should have been because of [the Lower Manhattan Expressway] and the urban renewal fight in [the] West Village. It's a terrible imposition when the city threatens its citizens in such a way that they can't finish their work."

The Economy of Cities was published in 1969 as the Lomex plan was being shelved. The books that followed—*Cities and the Wealth of Nations* (1984), *Systems of Survival* (1992), *The Nature of Economies* (2000), the last a conversation over coffee by five fictional characters—all focused on how cities function as economies. Jacobs had begun to see links between the order of the natural world and man-made systems, and how dynamic order emerged spontaneously from many individual decisions. Her belief that planning required flexibility and a light touch was bolstered by a growing fascination with chaos theory and fractals, and a theory of systems that put a premium on diversity over uniformity. She pursued these sophisticated ideas while remaining outside any kind of traditional academic setting.

Jacobs returned to the United States to plug the new books, right up to her last—the foreboding *Dark Age Ahead* (2004), a prediction that North American culture would deteriorate and implode, in part brought on by a burst housing bubble. She also wrote a book on the Quebec secession movement and, finally, chronicled the life of her great-aunt Hannah Breece, who taught on the islands off the Alaskan coast, in *A Schoolteacher in Old Alaska*. None of the books were blockbusters like *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, and Jacobs began to chafe when the questions inexorably led back to her days among the bohemians in Greenwich Village, fighting the New York battles—as if she were a rock singer constantly being asked to play an old hit.

Yet the book's influence was undeniable for a new generation of citizen activists, students—who viewed her as a kind of folk hero—and city planners. Activists in cities across the United States modeled themselves after Jacobs, acting as watchdogs over local government and demanding to be heard on everything from street-corner wastebaskets to the shadows cast by proposed skyscrapers. *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* became a standard text at colleges and universities, architecture and planning schools, and a generation of planners, architects, and elected officials based their careers on the principles of urbanism Jacobs set forth in the book.

A roommate at Yale gave Alexander Garvin, a prominent planner and designer in New York City today, a copy of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* around Christmastime in 1961. "It changed my life," he said. "There's nobody that I know in the business of cities who hasn't been inspired by her," said Susan Zielinski, a transportation planner. "It was not only us kindred spirits. She held up at every level, including among a lot of people at Harvard who she challenged."

The Harvard professor James Stockard recalled how he got a call from a young man who had gone through the Loeb Fellowship at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, saying the mayor of Salt Lake City wanted him to be chief planner. He was worried, as he had no formal training in urban planning. "Do you own a copy of *Death and Life*?" Stockard asked him, and the answer was yes. "That's all you need to know."

Though the planning profession balked initially, the Jacobs principles are now the foundation of its professional guidelines. The American Planning Association, or APA, the earlier version of which recoiled at Jacobs, now has as its goals "safe, attractive, and healthy neighborhoods, affordable housing, and accessible, efficient, and environmentally friendly transportation." Urban renewal and top-down redevelopment schemes are viewed as the shameful past; the APA's motto is "making great communities happen." The Congress for the New Urbanism, a group of architects and planners who argue for traditional town planning and compact, mixed-use neighborhoods, often cites Jacobs as an inspiration for the group's efforts to reform zoning and combat sprawl. The principles of the related "smart growth" movement echo Jacobs's call to redevelop buildings and establish lively, transit-accessible, and pedestrian-friendly places. Developers, as well, have embraced the Jacobs principles with a vengeance, as any glance at an issue of *Urban Land* magazine, a publication of the Urban

Land Institute, will attest. Even corporate home builders are beginning to shift from single-family-home subdivisions to more urban environments; Toll Brothers has turned to projects in Manhattan and Hoboken, New Jersey, and other builders, such as Pulte Homes, have thrown investments into denser developments.

The business of development in the United States has changed completely as a result of Jacobs's work. Builders and local government officials alike defer to the concerns of the neighborhood, involving the community in every step of the process. They offer "community benefit agreements," including parks, affordable housing, day-care centers, and other amenities. They live in fear of being viewed as riding roughshod over citizens.

In the 1990s, planners at municipal housing authorities and at the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development came around to Jacobs's view that big public housing projects weren't working. Some, like the Robert Taylor complex in Chicago and Pruitt-Igoe in St. Louis, have been torn down and replaced by Greenwich Village-style streetscapes of smaller individual homes with front porches. Cities are revisiting the landscapes of 1950s- and 1960s-style urban renewal and working on plans to fill in windswept plazas with more activity. The Jacobs theory promoting "eyes on the street"—the creation of safe, active neighborhoods with plenty of opportunities for people to monitor goings-on—has become not only a standard in urban design but accepted practice in crime fighting and community policing. Historic preservation and "adaptive reuse"—turning old buildings such as factories into condominiums or office space—became a bedrock policy in American cities. Everything from the design of workplaces to social media—the online networks of Facebook, YouTube, and open-source software—owes a debt to Jacobs and her original analysis of how decentralized, diverse, and ground-up systems function best.

Robert Moses, meanwhile, has been inexorably cast in the role of villain. After losing the Lomex battle, he was relegated to the sidelines in New York City politics and planning, retaining only the title of consultant for the new Metropolitan Transportation Authority. His urban renewal, highway, and housing programs had failed to stem the decline of the city, which veered into bankruptcy. In 1975, Mayor Abraham Beame,

stared down by banks who refused to lend the city any more money, had to ask the federal government for a bailout; President Gerald Ford rebuffed the request, prompting the infamous New York *Daily News* headline "Ford to City: Drop Dead." The arson fires raged in the South Bronx. While the suburbs boomed, New York City's poor, immigrants, and people of color faced crumbling services and rising crime as the last vestiges of a once-thriving manufacturing economy disappeared. This was the fate of the city that Moses so desperately sought to avoid.

At a ceremony at Lincoln Center for the opening of Fordham University's Manhattan campus in 1970, Moses, then eighty-one, was honored with a bust plaque engraved with the words "Robert Moses: Friend of Fordham, Master Builder." His eyes welled up in tears. But the glory days were over. The biography that would destroy his reputation was in the works. Robert A. Caro, a young reporter on the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*, had become curious about Moses after covering the 1964 World's Fair and began researching a book on him. The resulting project took Caro seven years to complete.

The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York was a devastating prosecutorial brief, detailing an obsession with power, ruthless evictions of the poor and people of color, manipulations of the legal and legislative process, misuse of eminent domain, cronyism, patronage, corruption, and insider contractor and developer deals. Coming out in 1974, right at the time of Watergate, *The Power Broker* inspired legions of journalists and politicians to root out backroom deals and secret financial negotiations. Robert Moses became the classic case study for the abuse of power.

Jane Jacobs was an important source for the book, but she is not mentioned once in its pages. Though there was an entire chapter on Jacobs in the original manuscript, it had to be cut, along with others on the New York Port Authority and the City Planning Commission and detail on the departure of the Brooklyn Dodgers, because the doorstep-size book had grown too large by hundreds of pages.

Not until the publisher sent Jacobs the bound page proofs of *The Power Broker* did she realize the full weight of the nemesis she had battled.

"Bob is reading one of them while I am reading the other. We lie in bed at night, propped up under the reading light with our twin volumes and Jimmy says the sight is hilarious," she wrote to her mother.

Well, we always knew Moses was an awful man, doing awful things, but even so this book is a shocking revelation. He was much worse than we had even imagined. I am beginning to think he was not quite sane. The things he did—the corruption, the brutality, the sheer seizure and misuse of power—make Watergate seem rather tame. I think the big difference is, the press did not expose Moses, in fact (particularly the *New York Times*) aided and abetted him in every way, so that he got away with his outrages and kept building upon them further for thirty years before there was any public exposure of what his victims, of course, knew only too well . . .

Exposure is the only defense of the people against such tyranny and lawlessness. I wonder whether it teaches any lessons for the future. Doubtful, but I hope so.

Moses, of course, was unable to stop the publication of *The Power Broker*, and instead issued rebuttals of selected charges. It was obvious, he said, that his opponents were coming out of the woodwork to vilify him. In a response to Caro, Moses seems to have Jacobs in mind: “The current fiction is that any overnight ersatz bagel and lox and boardwalk merchant, any down-to-earth commentator or barfly, any busy housewife who gets her expertise from newspaper, television, radio, and telephone is ipso facto endowed to plan in detail a huge metropolitan arterial complex good for a century,” he said. “Anyone in public works is bound to be a target for charges of arbitrary administration and power broking leveled by critics who never had responsibility for building anything . . . I raise my stein to the builder who can remove ghettos without moving people as I hail the chef who can make omelets without breaking eggs.”

After the failure of the Lomex project, his demotion, and the publication of *The Power Broker*, Moses spent his final years in virtual exile. He and his second wife maintained the residence at Gracie Terrace in Manhattan, but spent much more time in Babylon. Their Long Island home was close to Robert Moses State Park and to the harbor on Great South Bay, where there is a clear view of the Robert Moses Causeway leading to Fire Island. To be closer to the ocean, Moses rented cottages at Oak Beach and Gilgo Beach nearby.

“He loved it down here,” a neighbor said. “He could see his bridge and his park from here. He was still alive and had something to remember.”

On the afternoon of July 28, 1981, at the cottage at Gilgo Beach, Moses felt chest pains and was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital in West Islip, Long Island. He died of heart failure the next day, at the age of ninety-two. Remarkably, the man who had spent hundreds of millions of dollars on public construction projects in New York State had less than \$50,000 in assets when he died. His pursuit of power and eagerness to get things clearly did not include the goal of building his own personal wealth.

For a man so determined to see things go his way, Moses would be appalled that his approach to urban planning is now seen as the model of how not to build a city. His entire career, built on energy, ambition, and single-minded pursuit of power, has been repudiated. Since his death, American cities have spent most of their time trying to correct the mistakes of the Moses era; even his great triumph, Lincoln Center, is today undergoing a much-needed rehabilitation in order to better accommodate pedestrians.

In recent years, however, the Moses legacy has been reconsidered. It was Herbert Kaufman, a political science scholar, who in 1975 first suggested that the Caro critique was overblown, though his claim garnered little attention. Alex Krieger, a professor at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, lectured in 2000 that while history has taken a dim view of Moses's tactics, cities everywhere are in need of reliable infrastructure—and with citizens continually blocking cities' efforts, it was difficult to get even the most necessary projects passed. In 2006, the *New York Times* architecture critic Nicolai Ouroussoff suggested that the planning profession had become obsessed with fine-grained, tree-lined blocks, at the expense of the things that actually make cities function. “Today, the pendulum of opinion has swung so far in favor of Ms. Jacobs that it has distorted the public's understanding of urban planning. As we mourn her death, we may want to mourn a bit for Mr. Moses as well,” he wrote. Moses's vision, he said, however flawed, represented “an America that still believed a healthy government would provide the infrastructure—roads, parks, bridges—that binds us into a nation. Ms. Jacobs, at her best, was fighting to preserve the more delicate bonds that tie us to a community. A city, to survive and flourish, needs both perspectives.”

Among government, business, and civic leaders in New York who have been frustrated by what they see as paralysis, there has even been talk of the need for a new Robert Moses, to supply basic infrastructure and the

big projects needed to propel the city as a competitive economic center for the twenty-first century. Projects on the scale of those of Moses could not take place today, as the kind of thoughtful citizen involvement Jacobs envisioned has evolved into mere NIMBYism—the protest of “not in my backyard.” Citizen opposition now brings even modest projects to a grinding halt. The proposed rehabilitation of an abandoned factory building, a housing complex on a vacant parcel, the development of a parking lot near a transit station, the slightest modification of a structure deemed historically significant—all evaporate before the all-powerful neighborhood residents, who seek conditions to stay exactly as they are and reward politicians who agree with them. To some, New York risks becoming a city preserved and unchanged, as if under glass. In Boston, Mayor Thomas Menino complained that citizen veto power had made some neighborhoods go “BANANAs—build absolutely nothing anywhere near anything.”

In the winter of 2007, Columbia University, the Museum of the City of New York, and the Queens Museum of Art put on Robert Moses and the Modern City, a series of exhibits reevaluating the Moses legacy. The basis for the exhibits was to remind visitors of Moses’s less sinister motivations—his determination to save the city, and his dedication to its health. Contributing scholars went so far as to say that the Cross Bronx Expressway wasn’t so devastating, and couldn’t be blamed for being the direct cause of the decline of the South Bronx.

* The retrospective on Moses’s efforts in public housing also underscored something that Jacobs never fully addressed: gentrification. Her prescription for “unslumming” run-down areas and the improvements in the West Village were not easily duplicated on a broad scale, and in many cases what she called “oversuccess”—or gentrification—took over. Her goal was to incorporate affordable housing into existing neighborhoods, without warehousing the poor in giant towers, but urban neighborhoods have become so wildly popular that only the wealthy—and predominantly white—can afford to live there. Parts of New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco have become every bit as exclusive as wealthy suburban enclaves, if not more so. Cafés and art galleries have replaced hardware stores and Laundromats.

The gentrification saga repeats itself over and over: first come artists seeking undiscovered and affordable digs, then architects and designers, then the young professionals, and then the celebrities and retiring baby

boomers. When the Jacobses paid \$7,000 for 555 Hudson Street in 1947, they were pioneers helping to save a neighborhood from being designated a slum. Today, the process has been honed by young urbanites and savvy developers, who transform forlorn blocks into ritzy enclaves seemingly in a matter of weeks. In contrast to the bagpiper or the friendly shopkeeper in Jacobs’s time, today fashion designers, actors, supermodels, and NFL quarterbacks prowl the streets of Greenwich Village.

Jacobs anticipated gentrification in her efforts to build the West Village Houses, a project that presaged today’s neighborhood-based community development approach. The “windbreaks” against rapidly rising real estate values she envisioned are today embodied in policies such as “inclusionary zoning,” where local governments require that new residential development be 10 or 15 percent affordable. Another innovation is the community land trust, where a nonprofit organization buys land and sells homes based only on the cost of the structure, exclusive of the plots they sit on; buyers are restricted from making a big profit if they sell, which has the effect of keeping the affordability perpetual. If Jacobs were building the West Village Houses today, chances are she would have tried to make the project a community land trust.

Jacobs was convinced the city was the best possible place for people to live, and in many ways gentrification proved her right. She argued that the problem was a matter of supply and demand—that there weren’t enough urban neighborhoods, and if they were as ubiquitous as suburban sprawl, they wouldn’t be such a precious commodity, and prices would come down.

On this point, Moses and Jacobs actually agreed: cities needed to be flooded with as much new housing as possible, made available to the broadest range of incomes as possible. They disagreed on the form that housing should take, but Moses was, in the end, trying to rebuild the city so more people could live and work there. He appreciated the mix of uses that Jacobs advocated, and spoke harshly of the “dormitories” of the suburbs. Some of his housing projects—Kips Bay, Chatham Towers, Lenox Terrace, even, some would say, Washington Square Village—have endured today as successful urban places. His beaches, parks, and public pools remain important elements of what makes New York City livable. His methods, and the failures of the worst towers-in-the-park redevelopments, have overshadowed the legacy of effective city building.

Moses was, as well, a product of his time. Many other cities were en-

gaged just as enthusiastically—and in some cases more destructively—in urban renewal and highway building. After World War II, accommodating the car seemed like the sensible course for urban planners everywhere. The environmental and energy challenges of the twenty-first century are very different. Had Moses been in charge of building the world's greatest transit system, he would be cheered today no matter how many people he had uprooted.

Toward the end of her life, Jacobs was constantly asked to accept honorary degrees, but always refused—even after forty-five minutes of urging and cajoling by the president of Harvard. She did accept the Thomas Jefferson Foundation Medal in Architecture, awarded at the University of Virginia, in 1996. “I accepted it because it wasn’t an honorary degree, so it’s not a credential,” she said. Her father, the first in the family to attend college, was a UVA alumnus. At the reception, Jane and Bob were photographed sitting on a bench, with a cane at their side.

Bob died of lung cancer a year later at the age of seventy-nine. Without her lifelong partner, Jacobs lived alone in Toronto, agreeing to the occasional interview but never authorizing a biography.

In her last years in Toronto, Jacobs tended to her garden and found more time to enjoy cooking and baking, delighting in such concoctions as a loaf of bread in the shape of a turkey, adventurous entrées such as wild boar, and crab-apple, pecan, and pumpkin pies. She cultivated sweet peas and tomato plants in the backyard and watched as the crocuses poked up in the spring, alongside her mail-house orders of bulbs and herbs, with black squirrels racing all around. She began to compost the needles of Christmas trees—hers and her neighbors’—after learning of the practice from her daughter, Mary, who had moved to British Columbia. Jacobs’s son Jim, an inventor and physicist, married and settled in Toronto. Her second son, Ned, married and moved to Vancouver, where he is an activist in urban redevelopment like his mother, and a musician.

Jacobs had removed some interior walls on the first floor of the Toronto house so the living room, dining room, and kitchen formed one big space, just as at 555 Hudson Street. The walls, lined with books, were painted in the bright colors of the early 1970s; she kept a Native American breastplate by the bay window, and the dining room tablecloth was an aboriginal print, with a big globe-shaped paper chandelier overhead. Fam-

ily photographs and drawings by her daughter were all around. A stranger watching her emerge from the front porch of the ivy-covered brick row house would see just another retiree on her way to the farmers’ market.

She was selective in her public appearances, but always drew big crowds. At a forum held by Boston College Law School in 2000, Jacobs took questions from the audience, some of whom spoke with such care and awe to suggest they were addressing the pope. “I know a lot of planners and people who I challenged did take it personally as if I were just having fun kicking them,” she said when asked about her battles. Cities on the whole, she added, were “doing much, much better. Cities are beginning to heal themselves . . . [to] get back their old pizzazz.” The audience hung on every word.

Those gathered at Boston College, where Jacobs’s papers are archived, had good reason to pay attention to what she said about how cities work. Through the 1980s and 1990s, America had rediscovered the charm and utility of its cities. Young professionals and retiring baby boomers had flocked to urban neighborhoods, enjoying the density and activity and mix of amenities that Jacobs espoused. As the twentieth century came to a close, cities across the country sought to replicate Greenwich Village and SoHo in old districts of warehouses and brownstones, from LoDo in Denver to Belltown in Seattle to the Mission in San Francisco and the South End in Boston.

City living is increasingly recognized for its health benefits, another idea that Jacobs introduced. When city officials balked at the lack of elevators in the West Village Houses, Jacobs responded by suggesting that it was great exercise to use the stairs. One resident said walking up five flights every day kept her seventy-seven-year-old husband fit and trim and “great in bed.” Studies have shown that urban dwellers who walk or bike and take transit, instead of sitting behind the wheel of a car for every errand and commute to work, aren’t as heavy as their suburban counterparts.

The value of local businesses and a local economy, a bedrock theme in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, is also at a premium. The local food movement emphasizes the availability of locally produced food that does not travel thousands of miles to big supermarkets and restaurants. “Locavore” was the word of the year for the *New Oxford American Dictionary* in 2007, and many cities have “buy local” programs supporting small, family-run businesses in their downtowns to help them compete

against suburban shopping malls and chain stores. As gasoline prices increase, the notion of a self-contained neighborhood, with the needs of life within a few blocks, has grown in appeal.

Cities are also increasingly seen as an answer to the challenge of climate change. They are dense and have transit; if their buildings can become more energy efficient, they represent the potential for the greenest form of human settlement, and compared with suburban sprawl can help reduce greenhouse gas emissions. Manhattanites, on a per capita basis, consume less energy than anywhere else in the country. In the context of the planetary emergency cited by Al Gore in *An Inconvenient Truth*, cities play a major role—and Jacobs provided the owner's manual for how they function best.

On April 25, 2006, Jacobs was taken to a Toronto hospital after suffering what appeared to be a stroke. She died two weeks shy of turning ninety, having struggled with health problems all the previous year.

After that sad spring day in Toronto, with Jacobs no longer able to veto them, the honors came bursting forth. Some of them would surely have made her chuckle. At the Silverleaf Tavern on Thirty-eighth Street in Manhattan, bartenders christened a drink called the Jane Jacobs—a blend of Hendrick's gin, elder-flower syrup, a dash of orange bitters, and sparkling wine. On May 24, 2006, a dozen women gathered under the arch at Washington Square Park in a knitting circle in her honor, and every year on the anniversary of her death others gather at the White Horse Tavern to celebrate her work on behalf of the West Village. At the Congress for the New Urbanism's annual convention in 2006, two thousand people gathered for a moment of silence in her memory.

New York City's mayor, Michael Bloomberg, proclaimed June 28, 2006, as Jane Jacobs Day. In Toronto, organizers started the annual Jane Jacobs Walk through the most cozy, tight-knit neighborhoods of the city. The American Planning Association issued the National Planning Excellence Award for Innovation in Neighborhood Planning in honor of Jane Jacobs. The Jane Jacobs Medal, awarded by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Municipal Art Society, recognizes "visionary work in building a more diverse, dynamic and equitable city through creative uses of the urban environment . . . whose accomplishments represent Jacobsean principles and practices in action in New York City." The first recipients were the organizers of a farmers' market and an effort to recycle waste from waste transfer stations in the Bronx.

The local community board in Greenwich Village accepted petitions to call the stretch of Hudson Street from Eleventh Street to Perry Street Jane Jacobs Way, and to rename Bleecker Playground Jane Jacobs Park. While the street sign was uncontroversial, the latter proposal has met resistance from some modern-day mothers—in perhaps an even better preservation of her legacy—who worry that children will be confused if the name is changed.

The girl from Scranton stood up to Moses and challenged the status quo. Now virtually all those engaged in city building follow her rules. Her triumphs are engraved in the protocols followed by developers, city officials, and advocacy and grassroots organizations, and copies of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* sit on the shelves of the planning offices at city halls across the country.

The morning after Jane Jacobs died, the owner of the Art of Cooking, the housewares store occupying 555 Hudson Street in Greenwich Village, went to unlock the door and open for business. She found bouquets of lilies and daisies at the doorstep, and an unsigned note: "From this house, in 1961, a housewife changed the world."

- 46 When Jones Beach: Robert Moses, "Hordes from the City," *Saturday Evening Post*, Oct. 31, 1931.
- 48 notice and replace them: Caro, *Power Broker*, p. 602.
- 48 The achievements: "Moses and His Parks," *New York Times*, Sept. 13, 1934.
- 50 He had a lively private correspondence: Moses, *Public Works*.
- 51 "Cities are created": *Ibid.*, p. 308.
- 52 "You can draw any kind": Caro, *Power Broker*, p. 849.
- 54 New York over the next twelve years: Hilary Ballon, "Robert Moses and Urban Renewal," in Ballon and Jackson, *Robert Moses and the Modern City*.
- 55 He instructed a staffer: *Ibid.*
- 55 "Five minutes from Wall Street": "Robert Moses and the Superblock Solution," part of Robert Moses and the Modern City, exhibit at Columbia University, Jan.–May 2007, Hilary Ballon and Kenneth T. Jackson, curators.
- 57 the *Bob*: Caro, *Power Broker*, p. 159.
- 57 In the meeting: *Brooklyn Dodgers: The Ghosts of Flatbush*, HBO documentary series, 2007.

Three: The Battle of Washington Square Park

- 63 the fountain gave off: Willa Cather, *Coming, Aphrodite!* (New York: Penguin, 1999).
- 65 "Moses' temple to urination": Jane Jacobs, interview with Leticia Kent, oral history project for the Greenwich Village Historical Society, Jane Jacobs Papers, MS02-13, John J. Burns Library, Boston College.
- 65 "I have heard with alarm": Jacobs to Wagner and Jack, June 1, 1955, Shirley Hayes Papers, box 4, folder 5, New-York Historical Society.
- 66 Before the Dutch arrived: Nick Paumgarten, "The Mannhatta Project," *New Yorker*, Oct. 1, 2007.
- 66 Only after African slaves: Emily Kies Folpe, *It Happened on Washington Square* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002).
- 67 Despite their protests: *Ibid.*, p. 64.
- 70 Poetry readings: Luther S. Harris, *Around Washington Square* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2003), p. 180.
- 70 Independent journals: Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation, www.gvshp.org/.
- 72 "You will be glad to hear": Folpe, *It Happened on Washington Square*, p. 282.
- 73 "It seems a shame": "Moses Scores Foes on Washington Square," *New York Times*, June 11, 1940, p. 27.
- 74 "I realize that in the process": Moses to Charles C. Burlingham, Jan. 17, 1950, La Guardia and Wagner Archives, box 99, La Guardia Community College/CUNY, as cited in Harris, *Around Washington Square*, p. 244.
- 75 "Thanks for your good work": Jacobs to Hayes, tear-off campaign petition to the Washington Square Park Committee, April 30, 1955, Hayes Papers, box 4, folder 11.

- 76 "There is no justification": Shirley Hayes, "You Can Help Save Washington Square Park," flyer, Hayes Papers, box 3, folder 3.
- 76 "A few women got together": Douglas Martin, "Shirley Hayes, 89; Won Victory over Road," *New York Times*, May 11, 2002.
- 77 Her early involvement: Robert Fishman, "Revolt of the Urbs," in Hilary Ballon and Kenneth T. Jackson, eds., *Robert Moses and the Modern City* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2007).
- 77 Jacobs helped drop off: "De Sapio Supports Study on Village," *New York Times*, Dec. 20, 1957, p. 29.
- 79 "We weren't trying to embrace": Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 79 The developers there: *Village Voice*, Jan. 1, 1958.
- 80 Years earlier: Lewis Mumford, "The Sky Line: The Dead Past and the Dead Present," *New Yorker*, March 23, 1940.
- 80 "The attack on Washington Square": "Lewis Mumford, City Planning Expert and Author Urges Washington Square Park Closed to Traffic," press release issued by the Joint Emergency Committee to Close Washington Square to Traffic, March 1958, Hayes Papers, box 5, folder 1.
- 81 "The public was told": Robert Moses, *Public Works: A Dangerous Trade* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1970), p. 454.
- 81 "I consider it would be far better": Eleanor Roosevelt, "My Day," *New York Post*, March 23, 1958.
- 81 "little parks and squares": Norman Vincent Peale, letter to the editor, *New York Times*, April 17, 1958, p. 30.
- 81 "Rebellion is brewing": "Village Seen as Bunker Hill of City," *Villager*, July 3, 1958.
- 81 Abrams turned the speech: Charles Abrams, "Washington Square and the Revolt of the Urbs," *Village Voice*, July 2, 1958.
- 82 "We were doing our own planning": Carol Greitzer, interview with author, Sept. 2007.
- 83 Passannante, Bob Jacobs said: Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 84 "It is our view": Dan Wolf, "The Park," *Village Voice*, Nov. 9, 1955.
- 84 When a Moses aide: Dan Wolf, "Those People Down There," *Village Voice*, May 30, 1956.
- 84 Jacobs deployed kids: Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 85 "She would bring the three children": Jane Jacobs tribute, DVD by Liza Bear, June 2006.
- 85 One day when she was shopping: "Jane and Ned Jacobs," photographic feature in *Esquire*, July 1965.
- 85 "There is something to be said": Clayton Knowles, "Moses Hints at Advance to Rear in Battle of Washington Square," *New York Times*, May 19, 1958, p. 27.
- 86 Moses stepped up the rhetoric: Charles G. Bennett, "2-Lane Roadway in 'Village' Gains," *New York Times*, July 17, 1958, p. 29.
- 86 Wearing his trademark dark glasses: Charles G. Bennett, "'Village' Protesters Led by De Sapio," *New York Times*, Sept. 19, 1958, p. 1.

- 87 That fall, Moses addressed the Board of Estimate: Jane Jacobs, interview with James Howard Kunstler, *Metropolis*, Sept. 6, 2000.
- 87 Pink parasols: "Crowd Hails Square Ribbon Tying," *Villager*, Nov. 6, 1958.
- 89 The fountain basin: Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (New York: Random House, 1961), p. 105.
- 89 The residents around the park: Angela Taylor, "Little Ones Get Hurt, Older Ones Are Bored," *New York Times*, Oct. 10, 1966, p. 70.
- 91 "What I would like to do": Jacobs to Gilpatric, Rockefeller Foundation, July 1, 1958, Jane Jacobs Papers, MS1995-29, box 13, folder 13, John J. Burns Library, Boston College.
- 91 "You sort of fell in love": "Jane Jacobs," *Asbury Park Press*, April 27, 2007.

Four: Urban Renewal in Greenwich Village

- 97 There was Mr. Slube: Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (New York: Random House, 1961), p. 50.
- 98 "These real estate grabbers": Eric Larrabee, "In Print: Jane Jacobs," *Horizon* 4, no. 6 (July 1962), p. 50.
- 98 "Be patient": Priscilla Chapman, "Survey of the City's Neighborhoods: The West Village," *New York Herald Tribune*, July 30, 1963.
- 99 Jacobs was paging through: John Sibley, "Two Blighted Downtown Areas Are Chosen for Urban Renewal," *New York Times*, Feb. 21, 1961, p. 37.
- 101 "He is a strong man": "James Felt, Former Chairman of City Planning Agency, Dies," *New York Times*, March 5, 1971.
- 101 Everything had its place: Christopher Klemek, "Urbanism as Reform: Modernist Planning and the Crisis of Urban Liberalism in Europe and North America, 1945-1975" (Ph.D. diss., University of Pennsylvania, 2004), chap. 4.
- 102 "When those needs": Peter B. Flint, "J. Clarence Davies Jr. Dies at 64; Realty Executive and Civic Leader," *New York Times*, Feb. 3, 1977, p. 36.
- 102 When Moses saw: Robert Caro, *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York* (New York: Knopf, 1974).
- 103 "I thought he would be ours": Ibid.
- 103 As Jacobs tucked him into bed: Jane Jacobs, interview with Leticia Kent, oral history project for the Greenwich Village Historical Society, Jane Jacobs Papers, MS02-13, John J. Burns Library, Boston College.
- 103 Also in 1960: Photo caption, 1960, Jacobs Papers.
- 104 Jane went to the White Horse Tavern: Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 104 Prior to the meeting: Sam Pope Brewer, "Angry 'Villagers' to Fight Project," *New York Times*, Feb. 27, 1961, p. 29.
- 105 "It always began": Albert Amateau, "Jane Jacobs Comes Back to the Village She Saved," *Villager*, May 12, 2004.
- 105 The study: Jane Jacobs tribute, DVD by Liza Bear, June 2006.
- 105 "The aim of the committee": Brewer, "Angry 'Villagers' to Fight Project," p. 29.

- 106 "The scythe of progress": Charles Grutzner, "Stevens Expands Lincoln Sq. Plans," *New York Times*, Oct. 27, 1956.
- 106 "We cannot rebuild": Videotape of Lincoln Center dedication ceremony, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 107 "The bulldozer approach": "Wagner Opposes 'Village' Change," *New York Times*, Aug. 18, 1961, p. 23.
- 107 The city had: Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 108 The Committee to Save the West Village: Ibid.
- 108 On many nights: Alice Alexiou, *Jane Jacobs: Urban Visionary* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 2006), p. 102.
- 108 Leaflets could be dropped off: Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 109 "We understood": Ibid.
- 109 Eisner confirmed: Amateau, "Jane Jacobs Comes Back to the Village She Saved."
- 109 "I urge you to vote": Sam Pope Brewer, "'Villagers' Seek to Halt Renewal," *New York Times*, March 4, 1961, p. 11.
- 110 "They brought this proposal": Ibid.
- 110 "We couldn't go two steps": Priscilla Chapman, "City Critic in Favor of Old Neighborhoods," *New York Herald Tribune*, March 4, 1961.
- 110 A *New York Times* reporter: John Sibley, "'Village' Housing a Complex Issue," *New York Times*, March 23, 1961, p. 35.
- 111 It was standard practice: Jane Jacobs, interview with James Howard Kunstler, *Metropolis*, March 2001.
- 111 When the SoHo housing project: Sam Pope Brewer, "Project Foe Hits 'Village' Group," *New York Times*, March 14, 1961, p. 26.
- 112 She told reporters: Ibid.
- 112 In March 1961: Sam Pope Brewer, "Citizens Housing Group Backs 'Village' Urban Renewal Study," *New York Times*, March 28, 1961, p. 33.
- 112 The commentators included: "Civic Groups Score 'Village' Project," *New York Times*, March 28, 1961, p. 40.
- 113 "I think it should be": Mayor Wagner Papers, as cited in Klemek, "Urbanism as Reform," chap. 4.
- 113 They wore slogans: Walter D. Litell, "Embattled Villagers Defend Home," *New York Herald Tribune*, March 28, 1961.
- 113 An Associated Press photographer: Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 113 "People who get marked": Jacobs, *Death and Life of Great American Cities*, p. 5.
- 113 "We are prepared": Richard J. H. Johnston, "'Village' Group Wins Court Stay," *New York Times*, March 28, 1961, p. 34.
- 114 Wagner laughed: Ibid.
- 114 After the hearing: John Sibley, "New Housing Idea to Get Test Here," *New York Times*, May 23, 1961.
- 114 At a hearing in May: John Sibley, "Planners Hailed on New Approach," *New York Times*, May 25, 1961, p. 37.

- 162 In the summer of 1965: Ada Louise Huxtable, "Lindsay Surveys City from Copter," *New York Times*, July 24, 1965, p. 8.
- 162 Lindsay called Wagner's lame-duck endorsement: Martin G. Berck, "Leave Expressway Question to Next Mayor—Lindsay," *New York Herald Tribune*, July 23, 1965.
- 163 "We would appreciate photos": Moses to Charles Moerdler (buildings commissioner), Dec. 29, 1966, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 163 He urged the city transportation chief: "Moses' Prediction Angers Opponents of Manhattan Expressway," *New York Times*, June 28, 1964, p. 41.
- 163 made available to reporters: Moses to Arthur Palmer (transportation administrator), Sept. 28, 1966, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 164 "That area is our neighbor": Lelyveld, "Decision Pending on Expressway," p. 71.
- 165 The 139 iron-front buildings: Joyce Wadler, "Public Lives: A Polite Defender of SoHo's Cast-Iron Past," *New York Times*, May 29, 1998.
- 165 Gayle's practical approach: Jacobs to Gayle, Nov. 15, 1993, courtesy of Carol Gayle.
- 165 "dubious historical and artistic value": Moses to Palmer, Feb. 7, 1966, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 166 "One of the principal reasons": Madigan-Hyland Inc., "Need for the Lower Manhattan Expressway," 1965, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives, 1012-4A.
- 166 "What is now little more": Excerpts from opening statement of Charles F. Preusse on behalf of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, Dec. 22, 1964, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 166 *This Urgent Need: This Urgent Need*, 1964, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 167 "Traffic is usually self-generating": Semple, "Little Italy Wins Stunning Victory over Big Highway."
- 167 threatened a citywide work stoppage: "Building Trades Picketers at City Hall," *Village Voice*, June 10, 1965.
- 168 a possible solution: Steven V. Roberts, "City Considering Proposal for 80-Foot Elevated Lower Manhattan Skyway," *New York Times*, Sept. 28, 1966, p. 37.
- 168 "a complete betrayal": Edith Evans Asbury, "'Villagers' Protest 'Secret' Road Plan," *New York Times*, March 15, 1967, p. 44.
- 169 "probably the most dramatic breakthrough": Ronald Maiorana, "Lindsay Lists Details of Cross-Town Road Plan," *New York Times*, Oct. 3, 1967, p. 37.
- 169 "The underground idea": Ibid.
- 170 "The in-out, over-and-under proposal": Ada Louise Huxtable, "Where It Goes Nobody Knows," *New York Times*, Feb. 2, 1969, p. D32.

- 170 "The citizenry never wins": Clayton Knowles, "More Road Study Asked by Sutton," *New York Times*, March 29, 1967, p. 51.
- 170 It was critical: Mike Pearl, "Jane Jacobs Charges a 'Gag' Attempt," *New York Post*, April 18, 1968.
- 172 "I hate the government": Jane Jacobs and the Future of New York, exhibition at the Municipal Art Society, New York, 2007–2008.
- 172 heard about it just in time: Frances Goldman, interview with author, April 15, 2007.
- 173 At the microphone: Leticia Kent, "Persecution of the City Performed by Its Inmates," *Village Voice*, April 18, 1968.
- 173 time to give the "errand boys": Jacobs, interview with Kent.
- 174 The terrified stenotypist: Jacobs to Bess Butzner, April 11, 1968, as cited in Max Allen, ed., *Ideas That Matter* (Toronto: Ginger Press, 1997).
- 174 "I have been arrested again!": Ibid.
- 175 The events of the evening: Richard Severo, "Mrs. Jacobs's Protest Results in Riot Charge," *New York Times*, April 18, 1968, p. 49.
- 175 "If this is how": Ibid.
- 175 Jacobs was laughingly being accused: Peter Blake, "About Mayor Lindsay, Jane Jacobs, and Peter Bogardus," *New York*, May 1968.
- 176 "As you know, Jane was arrested": Invitation by the West Village Committee, Jacobs Papers.
- 176 "By joining together": Cooper Square Community Development Committee and Businessmen's Association, press release, May 10, 1968, Jacobs Papers.
- 177 project was dead "for all time": Maurice Carroll, "Mayor Drops Plans for Express Roads," *New York Times*, July 17, 1969, p. 1.
- 177 In August 1970 he sent a package: Moses to Reuben Maury of the New York *Daily News*, Aug. 31, 1970, Metropolitan Transportation Authority Special Archives.
- 178 "It is clear that the people": Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, statement, June 3, 1973, State of New York Executive Chamber, as cited in Ballon and Jackson, *Robert Moses and the Modern City*, p. 241.

Epilogue: Separate Ways

- 181 She had made a deal: *Village Voice*, Oct. 3, 1968.
- 183 And in New York: "Hunts Point Campaign Comes to Manhattan," *Hunts Point Express*, Nov. 26, 2007.
- 183 Even in Los Angeles: Steve Hymon, "L.A. Officials Do a 180 in Traffic Planning," *Los Angeles Times*, Feb. 25, 2008.
- 184 "I resent": Susan Brownmiller, "Jane Jacobs, Civic Battler," *Vogue*, May 1969.
- 185 A roommate at Yale: David Dunlap, "All in the Planning, and Worth Preserving," *New York Times*, April 27, 2006.

- 185 "There's nobody that I know": Susan Zielinski, interview with author, Feb. 2008.
- 185 Harvard professor James Stockard: James Stockard, interview with author, Oct. 1, 2008.
- 185 The American Planning Association: American Planning Association Web site, www.planning.org.
- 186 Everything from the design: David Brooks, "A Defining Moment," *New York Times*, March 4, 2008.
- 187 Though there was an entire chapter: Norman Oder, "The Missing Jane Jacobs Chapter in *The Power Broker*," Atlantic Yards Report, Oct. 9, 2007, <http://atlanticyardsreport.blogspot.com/2007/10/missing-jane-jacobs-chapter-in-power.html>.
- 187 "Bob is reading one of them": Jacobs to her mother, June 12, 1974, as cited in Max Allen, ed., *Ideas That Matter* (Toronto: Ginger Press, 1997).
- 188 "The current fiction": David Dunlap, "Scrutinizing the Legacy of Robert Moses," *New York Times*, May 11, 1987 p. B1.
- 188 "He loved it down here": Carol Paquette, "Showcasing the Career of Robert Moses," *New York Times*, Oct. 1, 1995.
- 189 It was Herbert Kaufman: Herbert Kaufman, "Robert Moses: Charismatic Bureaucrat," *Political Science Quarterly* 90, no. 3 (Autumn 1975), pp. 521-38.
- 189 "Today, the pendulum of opinion": Nicolai Ouroussoff, "Outgrowing Jane Jacobs and Her New York," *New York Times*, April 30, 2006.
- 190 "BANANAS": Anthony Flint, "Menino Urges Business Leaders to Become More Involved," *Boston Globe*, Feb. 4, 1999, p. 24.
- 192 "I accepted it because": Jane Jacobs, caption in Allen, *Ideas That Matter*, p. 150.
- 192 Without her lifelong partner: Mark Feeney, "City Sage," *Boston Globe*, Nov. 14, 1993.
- 192 Jacobs had removed some interior walls: Jane Jacobs, interview with James Howard Kunstler, *Metropolis*, March 2001.
- 193 "I know a lot of planners": "Jane Jacobs and the New Urban Ecology," Boston College, Nov. 18, 2000, transcript, Jane Jacobs Papers, MS02-13, box 9, folder 2, John J. Burns Library, Boston College.
- 193 One resident said: Albert Amateau, "Jane Jacobs Comes Back to the Village She Saved," *Villager*, May 12, 2004.
- 194 On May 24, 2006: Patrick Arden, "Knitters Protest Park Project Knotted Up in Court," *Metro*, May 24, 2006.
- 194 The Jane Jacobs Medal: Rockefeller Foundation, www.rockfound.org.
- 195 While the street sign: "Let the Jane Jacobs Tributes Continue," Gothamist, gothamist.com, June 9, 2006.
- 195 "From this house": Dunlap, "All in the Planning, and Worth Preserving."

INDEX

Page numbers in *italics* refer to photographs.

A

- Abrams, Charles, 81, 112
- abstract expressionism, 70
- Action Group for Better Architecture, 130
- Adirondacks, 36, 39, 42
- Affiliated Young Democrats, 151
- affirmative action, 127
- Alaska, 13, 184
- Alaskan Way Viaduct (Seattle), 183
- Alinsky, Saul, 16, 132
- America Illustrated (Amerika Illiustrirovannoye)*, 15, 16, 63
- American Girl*, 12
- American Institute of Architects, 160-61
- American Planning Association (APA), 125, 185, 194
- American Society of Planning Officials, 125-26
- Ammann, Othmar, 46, 47
- Anchor Books, 91
- Anderson, Martin, 127
- anti-Semitism, 36, 37
- apartments:
high-rise, 22-23, 71
- luxury, 98, 103, 120, 133
- West Village Houses, 131-35, 191, 193
see also housing projects
- Arbus, Diane, 127
- Architectural Forum*, 18-20, 22-24, 61, 75, 90, 91, 151
- Conference on Urban Design and, 24, 26
- Philadelphia urban renewal in, 19-20, 90
- architecture, 12, 18, 21-25, 50, 152-53
- art deco, 32, 47
- cast-iron, 153, 165
- of Jones Beach bathhouses, 45, 55
- modernism in, 21-22, 24, 25, 53-54, 56, 96, 123
- of West Village Houses, 133, 134
- art deco, 32, 47
- Artists Against the Expressway, 157
- Associated Fur Manufacturers, 144
- Associated Press, 113
- Astor Place Opera House riot, 69
- automobiles, *see* cars