

Fivey

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF THE 52ND STREET PROJECT

OUR
HELL'S
KITCHEN



Smart Partners is the one-on-one educational tutoring/mentoring program of The 52nd Street Project. *Fivey* is the program's literary magazine.

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FROM HELL'S KITCHEN

by Julie Feldman-Abe, Editor

The 52nd Street Project kids and their neighbors know the people, streets and places in Hell's Kitchen better than anyone. Their work for this *Fivey* was a chance to share what they know and dig a little deeper into the stories that make up this fantastic community. These pages are filled with poems, essays, interviews and personal profiles of the people and businesses that make up their Hell's Kitchen. You're invited to add your favorite Hell's Kitchen story on page 47. My favorite thing about Hell's Kitchen? Hearing voices call out "hello" as I walk through the city streets to and from work.

My favorite thing about Hell's Kitchen? Hearing voices call out "hello" as I walk through the city streets to and from work.

These days, Hell's Kitchen is undergoing big changes. While new businesses and buildings are beautifying the neighborhood, rents are increasing, threatening the homes of low-

income renters and long-time residents. This *Fivey's* authors are powerful testimony to the valuable contribution these families are making to the neighborhood.

In the words of Smart Partner Mayleen Cancel, "Long live Hell's Kitchen!"
Happy Reading!



WENDY STUBERGER

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A WALKING TOUR OF MY HELL'S KITCHEN

by Osage Ashley-Lewis

Hell's Kitchen has no official boundaries. Different people have claimed that it is as large as from 23rd Street to 60th Street, between Eighth Avenue and the Hudson River. All I know is that somewhere inside those boundaries is my Hell's Kitchen: my stores, schools, parks, video arcades, theaters and a certain pig named Fiona. Follow me and I'll take you through it.

Over there, on 50th Street and Ninth Avenue is the famous -- the infamous -- vet hospital where they produced movies like "The Toxic Avenger," "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes," and "The Toxic Avenger Returns." All these small independent films were later made into TV shows, but they took them off the air.

These are my three elementary schools: Holy Cross on 43rd Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, Midtown West on 48th Street between

Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and P.S. 51 on 45th Street between Tenth and Eleventh. Holy Cross is one of the worst schools in the world. I think that if you go to Catholic school you have to start at a young age, so that as you get older you get used to the strictness. I was just there for third grade. After third grade, I transferred, because it was too horrible.

Down on 48th Street is my elementary school, Midtown West. I spent two years there, from fourth grade to fifth grade. Nothing really exciting happened there, but I graduated to go on to middle school.

When I left my first school, P.S. 51 (I stayed there from pre-K to second grade), there was a big party over at that park with the Spanish name -- Ramon Aponte Park. It was a really good park, where a bunch of kids were always playing. It used to be really nice, but now... When I used to go to Midtown West, we



Fiona and Osage



JULIE FELDMAN-ABE

would also go over to the park after school. We would play "Manhunt," and we would play "Bulldog," this game where you run across the basketball court without anybody tagging you. That was in the old days, but now... it's just a park. Just another place.

If you're not a Hell's Kitchen resident, you don't know this store: it's called the Ninth Avenue Winery now, but for the longest time it was known as Buster Brown's Shoe Store. I bought my first pair of shoes here -- well, my Dad bought my first pair of shoes here, and it was a novelty because it was the first shoe store I ever went to in Hell's Kitchen. If you were a Hell's Kitchen resident, you'd always know that this place was Buster Brown's Shoe Store. But they didn't have that much business. It was an old shoe store.

Over there is Rudy's Bar & Grill. There used to be a statue of a giant pig in front of it. Then the pig moved to the Ninth Avenue Bistro, but now it's back at Rudy's. I call it Fiona, after a girl in elementary school whom I didn't like because she was a racist "pig." After New Year's Eve and Super Bowl day, there's always a smell of beer and vomit all over the sidewalk.

Down there on 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue, there used to be a lot of prostitution and

showgirls and stuff like that. But now there are a lot of lights and movie theaters. They rebuilt that area for the 21st century. They call it "E Walk" -- Entertainment Walk. I think that specific area is better now than before, but the whole Times Square in general was better before than now. They used to have a bunch of video game arcades that were gritty and, I would even say, savage. But all the games in there are violent: there are car games where you can crash into people. So it went with the mood -- it was better that way. But now it's all high tech, which I like, and everything and everybody is happy, which is a good thing, because everybody should be happy. But on the other hand, you have to be in the mood with your surroundings-- to be inside the games as well. Now I personally go to the video game arcade to beat people, not just to have fun. That's how good I am.

Up on 47th Street is Hell's Kitchen Park: the best name, but the worst park. You're raised in Hell's Kitchen Park, but afterward you go to May Matthews park on 45th Street. Its nicer and has better equipment and older kids play there. It's kind of a coming-of-age park... I love Hell's Kitchen!



~~CLINTON~~

A SURVEY OF FAVORITE NAMES FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD by Lorraine Calderon

LEAST FAVORITE	FAVORITES
8 CLINTON	9 HELL'S KITCHEN
4 HELL'S KITCHEN	5 MIDTOWN
2 MIDTOWN	0 CLINTON

LIZ BELL

I chose to write about different people's opinions on what they call the neighborhood. Before I started interviewing people, I had a strong opinion about calling my neighborhood Midtown. I liked Midtown because it described how we were always in the middle of everything. Our school is in the middle of two blocks. The neighborhood is in the middle of the island. Being in the middle is fun because you can start here and go anywhere.

I interviewed 14 different people -- some were adults from The 52nd Street Project, some were family members, some were children from school, and some were teachers from the day care center where my mom works. These were the results:

While I was interviewing people, I noticed "Hell's Kitchen" was chosen best. Nine people chose "Hell's Kitchen" as their favorite name. My smart partner says, "I like the name Hell's Kitchen because it's the old name for the neighborhood and it has character. I don't like the name Midtown West because it doesn't sound like a neighborhood, it sounds more like a location." Lisa, a friend of my mother, said, "I chose Hell's Kitchen because it's kinda phat how each neighborhood gets its own name, and no one

else relates to Hell's Kitchen." My cousin Ivana says, "I like Hell's Kitchen because it's hot."

Four people said Hell's Kitchen was a bad name. As my dad says, "My least favorite is Hell's Kitchen because the name says it all. That's what this neighborhood is -- Hell, for example drugs, crime, etc...."

Five people chose Midtown. As my mom says, "I chose Midtown because we are in the middle of all of Manhattan's attractions." Julie, Director of Education at The 52nd Street Project, doesn't like Midtown West, "because it sounds like real estate."

No one chose Clinton as their favorite. In fact, eight people out of fourteen chose Clinton as their least favorite. To me it sounds boring; the name gives no life to Hell's Kitchen. Four others personally didn't like the name Clinton because of the President. They don't like him and they feel he should not be privileged to have this neighborhood named after him.

In conclusion, I would like to say that no matter how much you have a strong opinion on something, you never really know until you talk to people what you really feel or think. When I started, I liked Midtown. Now that I'm done, I like Hell's Kitchen because we grew up in a place where everything is hell, and we have survived.

WHAT'S in a NAME?

by Yazzy Troche

My name is Yazzy Troche. I'm 14 years old and I've lived in Hell's Kitchen all my life. Hell's Kitchen is a neighborhood on the West Side of Manhattan, from about 34th street to 57th street. Actually, this neighborhood has several names: some people call it Midtown, some people call it Hell's Kitchen, and some people, as well as some maps, call this area Clinton. Clinton is the "official" name of this neighborhood, but everyone I know calls it Hell's Kitchen. I was interested in finding out more about the origin of the nickname "Hell's Kitchen" -- there are lots of different stories, and lots of opinions about why the name stuck.

To get some answers, I went to meet with James R. McManus, the District Leader of the McManus Midtown Democratic Association. Founded in 1882 by Mr. McManus' great-uncle, "The McManus," as it is known, helps inform people about Democratic candidates for public office and important issues, helps register people to vote and shows them how to cast a vote, and helps get out the vote around election time. They also help people in the community who have complaints about something in the neighborhood.

Like me, Mr. McManus has lived in this neighborhood his whole life. He even went to the same elementary school as I did-- Sacred Heart. I asked Mr. McManus if he knew any stories about how this neighborhood got the name Hell's Kitchen. Here's what he told me: "There are many different scenarios

of how Hell's Kitchen got its name. One of them is that two cops were walking along and one of them said, 'This neighborhood is hot as hell,' and the other cop said, 'Hell's Kitchen -- the hottest room in the house.' And there's another nicer story that there was a German restaurant called Heil's Kitchen -- "heil" in German means "hi" -- and so the Americans who lived in this neighborhood had a hard time pronouncing "heil" so they called it Hell's Kitchen. Then another story is that the area had a reputation of having very tough people on Tenth Avenue, and the newspapers picked up on it and called it Hell's Kitchen. So there's really no official story of how the area received its name. It's a name that caught on. The media picked up on it and people in the neighborhood picked up on it, and instead of calling it Clinton, which is the official name of the neighborhood, people called it Hell's Kitchen."

I was also interested in finding out Mr. McManus' opinion about the name Hell's Kitchen, and what he thought about why some people want to get everyone to call it Clinton again instead. Here's what he had to say: "Some people feel that Hell's Kitchen is not a proper name for the

This neighborhood is hot as hell

JULIE FELDMAN-ABE



area, but that's just a few. Most of our newcomers love to write home and say they're living in Hell's Kitchen - then their mothers and fathers get all upset. When I was young, some older people got insulted when you said you live in Hell's Kitchen, but other people weren't bothered. So you always have different minds, and that's the delightful thing about human beings -- we don't all have to think alike, that's the

wonderful thing about America."

It feels like I'm living in a small town because everybody knows each other and everything is so convenient.

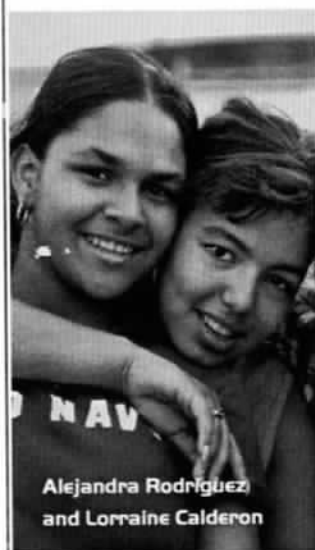
Since he has lived here for so long, I wondered if Mr. McManus thought the neighborhood had changed much since he was my age. "It really hasn't changed that much," he told me. "The people have changed, but we've always been a very mixed group." When he was growing up here, the area was mostly populated by Irish, Polish, German, Italian, and Belgian people, mostly recent immigrants. Now

the population is mostly African-American, Spanish -- and Latin-American, Arab, and Southeast Asian.

When I asked my friends and family what they knew about the name of the neighborhood, I was told several different stories. One story was that this

neighborhood was full of different gangs, and that it was so dangerous that people called it Hell's Kitchen. Another story is about a discussion between two cops in New York, one a rookie and one a veteran member of the force. As they stood watching a riot on 39th Street the rookie said, "This place is Hell itself," and the veteran responded, "Hell is a mild climate." (This story sounds a lot like the one Mr. McManus tells.) Some people thought it was named after a section of London where the immigrants from England came from. Others think it was named after a local restaurant owned by a German named Heil. (This also sounds like Mr. McManus' story!)

My family members and friends don't find anything wrong with calling the neighborhood Hell's Kitchen. They feel that the neighborhood has had that name for years, so why change it now? I don't think there is anything wrong with the name Hell's Kitchen, but it doesn't describe the neighborhood as people thought it did when the name first caught on. I enjoy living in the neighborhood. It feels like I'm living in a small town because everybody knows each other and everything is so convenient. I have learned a lot about different people and different cultures. And I'm proud to call Hell's Kitchen my home.



Alejandra Rodriguez
and Lorraine Calderon



Johnathan Roldan
and Steven Vasquez

MATTHEW SUSSMAN



JAYME ROSADO

THE HELL'S KITCHEN MURAL

by Adrian Zambrano

I was walking down the street
I made a funky beat

I looked at the wall
There was a big colored wall

And it had good drawings like
skeletons, devils and
metal pots
To see it go, my heart rots

Hell's Kitchen means to me
Is that I could see
Colors that are so bright
They are still bright in the night

I see when they painted it, half colors
And half without colors
It was just brown

I felt like killing the painters, down to
the ground

Everybody liked it, it made the
neighborhood great
And now it's not there anymore and I'm
not feeling great

Hell's Kitchen means to me
Is that I could see
Colors that are so bright
They are still bright in the night



Jeffrey Zambrano stands in front of the adored mural on 52nd Street before it was painted over.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

IN HELL'S KITCHEN
by Mayleen Cancel

December 31st was the last day of the year .1999, not only in the world but also in Hell's Kitchen, New York City. The day started very early for many people. Most families began their morning preparing a special dinner, and last minute shopping. There were many special courses on the menu for the unique night of New Year's Eve. Some of the courses were lasagna, *pernil*, turkey, rice with pigeon peas, potato salad, and much more.

The countdown was taking place in Richie Santiago's apartment for my family and many other residents of Clinton Manor. The decorations were unbelievable, everything was silver and electric blue. There was a smoke machine and fluorescent lights. The hallways were decorated with Christmas lights. The confetti was ready to be thrown.

The Hell's Kitchen neighborhood was quiet early in

the day. There were cops on each corner. I asked in a polite way why they were here, and one officer said, "We're here for protection, to make sure the party stays under control." Another officer said, "I'm just here to make sure no one gets Millennium bug fright." As the time got closer to midnight, the more intense the Hell's Kitchen streets got. All 8th Avenue streets were blocked off, and there wasn't a single soul on the 10th Avenue streets. Everyone was close to their family with confetti in one hand, and a champagne bottle in another hand. Some people had a flashlight in the other hand instead of a champagne bottle. Most of the stores closed very early, the elevators shut down.

I asked numerous people what they thought was going to happen when the clock struck twelve. My little brother Jeremy said, "There's gonna be a big blackout, that's why they shut down the elevators, so no one gets stuck." Vionel Ortiz said, "I turned off my computer just to be on the safe side." My mother said, "Just have a good time, don't worry," meanwhile she was filling bottles with water. Frankie Ventura thought the world was going to end, or there was going to be a blackout. All the teenagers went to Peter Ventura's apartment, sat around and reminisced, like it was our last conversation.

It was time, 11:59, the countdown began. This was going to change Hell's Kitchen forever. As I looked around the room and saw everyone together, I thought to myself how close the people in this neighborhood are. Of course there were difficulties, but they put it past them. Everyone thought at that moment about people from the past, the present, and the future in Hell's Kitchen, New York City. For this day was the marking of the Millennium, new experiences bad and good. Three, two, one — the year 2000 has begun! The tears fell to the ground, people exchanged hugs and kisses, the floor was covered with confetti, the champagne tops flew. The party began as everyone let out a gasp of relief.

Long Live Hell's Kitchen!

Mayleen Cancel
with Vionel Ortiz



JOHN SHEEHY



GEORGE BABIAX

ALL ABOUT THE 52ND STREET PROJECT

by Alejandra Rodriguez

The 52nd Street Project is the place to be. It is where the Hell's Kitchen kids hang out. At the Project, we do homework, go on trips, and write and perform plays.

My most memorable trip with the 52nd Street Project was when I was doing "Playmaking." It had been the first time that I went away from home, and the first time I wrote a play. The Playmaking class I was in went to Tyler Hill, Pennsylvania. It was really fun because at that time it was snowing, and we got to play in the snow. The play I wrote was about a giraffe and a tree. The giraffe would chase the tree to eat its leaves. Once the giraffe tasted the leaves, he thought they were disgusting, but the tree made the giraffe eat them all, and plant it again. In the end, they became friends. After my trip, I started thinking, "How

did The 52nd Street Project get started?" I decided to talk to the Executive Director, Carol Ochs. I asked her some questions, and here's what I learned:

The 52nd Street Project was made 19 years ago by Willie Reale, when he taught kids about acting. He didn't like the teaching he did, so instead, he just wrote a play for them. It was a big success and that was how The 52nd Street Project got started.

The Project had an office at the P.A.L. building until the director decided that he didn't want any programming in the building that was independent and not under their control. The P.A.L. could not support any outside activities, so they asked the Project to leave. After that, the Project moved to an office on 42nd Street which was small. The 52nd Street Project stayed in that office for about three years. The 52nd Street Project found a new, bigger, and better place

on the corner of 52nd and 10th, and they have been there for four years.

In 1985, the Project began the "One-on-Ones". One-on-Ones is simply about one adult actor and a kid actor on stage in a play that was written for them. The person who writes and directs the play is an assigned director or the actor himself or herself. The One-on-Ones kids go to Block Island, Rhode Island or Tyler Hill, Pennsylvania to practice their plays with the adult actors. After the trip, they get to perform their plays back in New York City at The Ensemble Studio Theater, in Hell's Kitchen.

The next thing the Project came up with was "Playmaking." Playmaking is an eight-week course that teaches the kids how to write a play. Then the kids go away for three days to Tyler Hill or Kent, Connecticut and write their plays. It is performed by two adult actors when they return to the city.

After the Playmaking, the Project decided to make a homework and learning program for kids who needed help after school. The education program is called Smart Partners. A Smart Partner is a person who is assigned to a Smart Partner kid, and they

meet once a week for tutoring. The person who is in charge of Smart Partners is the Director of Education Julie Feldman-Abe, who works at The 52nd Street Project.

I had a good time interviewing Carol, the Executive Director. She has been with the Project for nine years. Carol began to work for them when she went to see a Project play, and she asked if she could be on the board. She became the Executive Director because the first Executive Director left and asked Carol if she wanted the job. Carol accepted, and before she knew it, she became the boss. Carol also told me that this is the only 52nd Street Project in New York City, but there are also Projects in Los Angeles, Portland, Oregon, New Haven, Boston, London, and also North Adams/Williamstown Theater Festival.

I did this article to find out what The 52nd Street Project was really all about and how it got started. Now that I know what it's about, it's exciting to be a part of an organization that teaches you how to perform and write plays, and at the same time be creative.



JULIE FELDMAN-ABE/LOGO BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN



GEORGE BABAK

WHEN I WAS COMING HOME

by Johnathan Roldan

FROM THE
52ND STREET
PROJECT

When I was going home from The 52nd Street Project with my cousin and aunt, there was this guy standing next to us on 51st Street. He was dressed all in white. We were waiting for the light to change so we could cross to 747 (the building where we live.) Then there was this other guy riding his black mountain bike, coming down the block from 9th Avenue. Then the guy on the bike hit the guy that was standing at the corner on his shoulder.

It looked like he did it on purpose (maybe he was drunk or something). After he hit him, he kept riding and then turned back. The guy that was standing on the corner had been drinking a can of beer. Then the guy on the bike took the can of beer away from the guy. Then the guy on the bike took out a knife and the guy that was standing at the corner started running and the guy on the bike chased him. The guy on the bike said, "Give me that beer; you don't need that beer," and the guy on the bike took the can of beer and threw it on the floor.

The guy on the bike had a big black bag, which may mean he was a messenger. The guy on the bike had on jeans. The guy on the bike pulled out a switch blade knife. I ran to the other side of my cousin and I ran up the stairs to 747. Then the guy that was standing on the corner ran between two parked cars. And the guy on the bike jumped on a parked car across the street. My cousin video-recorded the whole thing while we were standing there. He had been recording before that at the Project.

I thought it was stupid that that happened. I don't think the guy on the bike should have hit the guy on the corner. If the guy on the corner had gotten stabbed, it would have been a sad story. But as it was, it was a funny story.

Then the guy on the bike hit the guy that was standing at the corner on his shoulder.

GEORGE BABIAK



TODAY IS AN ORIGHT DAY

by Michael Feliciano

Today is an "oright" day, not too sunny
not too cold just a little

bit breezy

People are wearing jackets and big
puffy coats this is a

winter with cold days breezy days and
hot days

Today there was wet snow felt just like
rain and not that

cold

Right now outside looks calm and nat-
ural and no traffic no

cars rushing to get places probably
some but not that you

could tell

The birds still flying and coming down
for any piece of

food you drop

on the ground

This world is an all right world but you
won't see that much

garbage on the floor cause every cor-
ner you go to there will

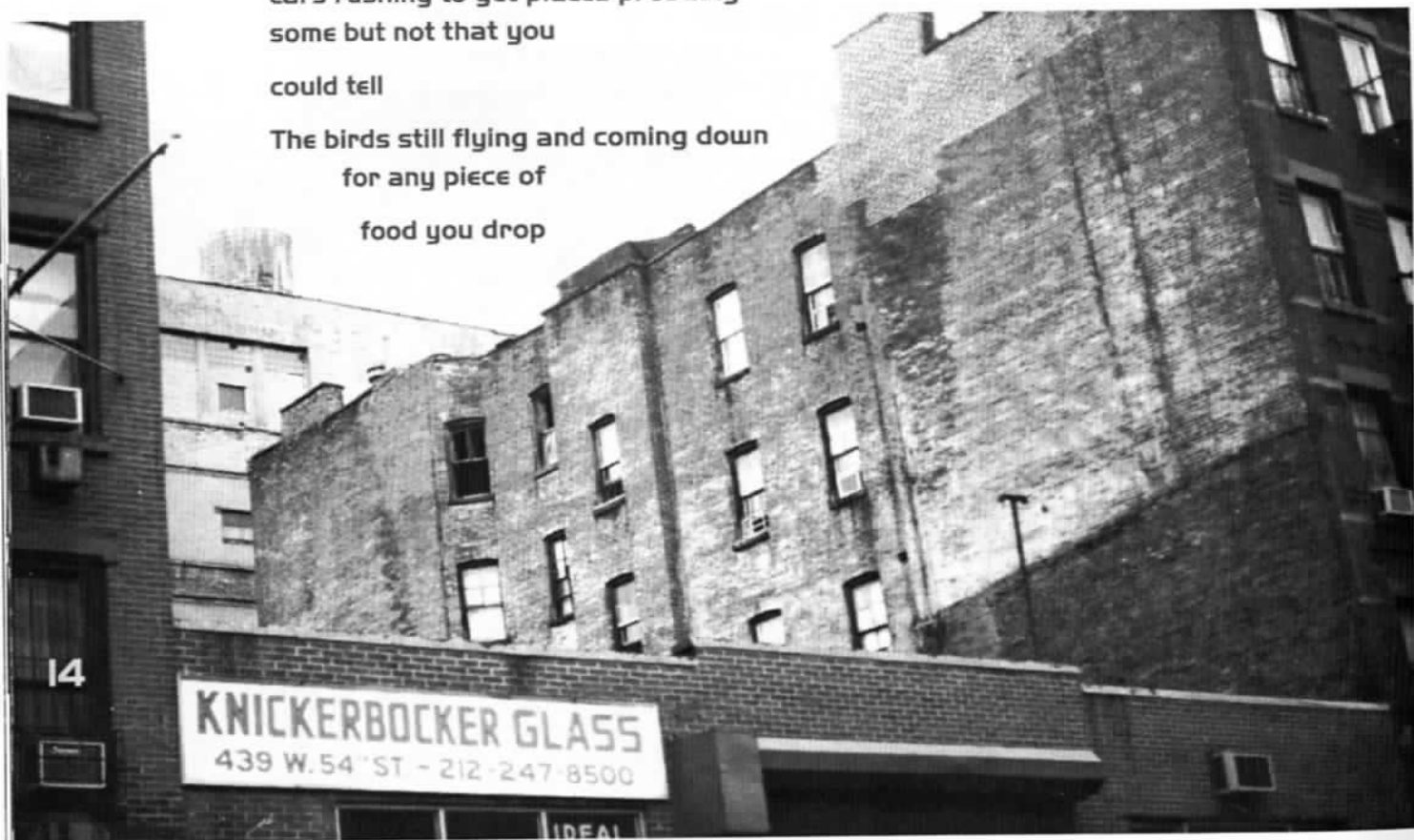
be a garbage can

I wasn't going for George Bush but I
hope he does some

good for this society

Today is an oright day not too sunny
not too cold just the

Way I like it



TRAIN TRACKS

by Kathy Taveras

I walk past you
Every day.
And I have learned
That you feel like me.

Walked on, abused.
Train Tracks—
We are so different,
But a lot alike.

JAVI/VA ROSADO/TRACKS/TRESS / JULIE FELDMAN/ABE ©

THE CITY OF MADNESS

by Kathy Taveras

The city of madness-
I feel as if I was held hostage
From this torment.
Sometimes I'm scared to cross
This street of madness.

And I pray that the Lord above
Will save me from these seas of blood.
And I sit in this lonely world
Scared to death.

You might not believe it,
But sometimes I'm scared to sleep
In this town called Hell's Kitchen.
I wonder what's going to happen
Tomorrow.

THE DANCE OF THE TREE

by Kathy Taveras

A tree on a windy day
Moves its hair left to right.

Her long fingers
Dance on the shore of the grass
As her jewelries
Of color run up her fingers.

Her drops of sadness run down
Her face in the silvery moonlight.

The tree dances in its dress of diamonds.

As if she was going to a ball
But sadly not.





THE PIGEON EGG

by
Justin
Aponte,
Isaac
Trujillo
and
Michael
Feliciano

Michael Feliciano,
Justin Aponte and
Matthew Gonzalez

Day One:

One day we (Justin and Michael) were walking around, and Justin said, "There is an egg up there." And Michael said, "No, there is not, stop fooling around." And so we went up there, next to the Park West High School on top of this wooden

tunnel. When we were climbing up, Justin's shoe lace got stuck, and he said, "Oh, I'm not gonna make it, tell my dog Remy I love him." He was just playing, and then we saw this pigeon that looked like a seagull had attacked it, and there was blood gushing. And then Justin said, "I was just playing

around the eggs." So Michael said, "Stop playing around." So we left.

Day Two:

We went to the store. Justin's mom wanted him to walk Remy, so then we went to P.S. 111 to play some basketball while Remy was tied up to the gate. When we got tired of playing basketball, we decided to leave. On the way out, Michael saw Isaac while Justin went to his mom to get his keys. And Michael said, "I'll be at 'Lilly Gifts' with Isaac." So Justin went to get Michael while Isaac was buying a Juyier bike, and then we decided to tell Isaac about the dead bird. So we went to Park West and climbed up, and Isaac saw the dead bird. Justin walked ahead and he saw something that flew quickly, and he looked where it came from. He saw two eggs in a nest. Then Isaac got down to join Michael, and Michael was so excited that he told Justin to throw down the egg, and Justin said to Michael, "Are you crazy?" Justin turned around, put it in his glove, and then dropped it. Isaac caught it and showed the egg and if it wasn't for him we wouldn't have an egg. Then we left.

5 P.M. the same day:

Justin's mother had said earlier to him that he

could bring his two friends to his house. So Michael, Justin, and Isaac went to the house to chill. They were watching a TV show called "Cat Dog" while eating a snack. Michael said to Justin that he would like to take the egg home for one day, but Justin was a little nervous because he didn't want Michael to take it. It was 6:55 P.M. and Michael said, "I have to leave in 5 minutes." Justin asked Michael if he could stay longer, but Michael said no, he had to go home. Justin was on the phone with his mom, and Michael said, "I'm leaving with Isaac. I'm taking the egg with me." Justin said, "I don't care anymore. Just take it."

When Michael got home, he made a little nest for the egg, and kept an eye on it. When Michael heard the phone ring, it was Justin saying his name was Blue Jay. They were having a conversation about how they were going to take care of the egg, and Justin said to make sure the egg was warm. When Michael hung up, he ran to the room to go check on the egg and accidentally cracked it in his hand. Yolk started to squirt out and he went to the garbage and threw it away. Michael called Justin and told him about it, and they were both sad. Then Michael called Isaac and told him about it, and all three started crying with serious tears.



MY FATHER, JULIO ROSADO

by Jaymaree Rosado



I decided to interview my father, Julio Rosado, because I look up to him as a role model. I was excited to interview him because I would learn things about him that I didn't know.

I want people to know that my father has lived in Hell's Kitchen all his life, which is forty-five years! While growing up in Hell's Kitchen he said there were a lot of white people and Latino people fighting. Now, he says it's better because people get along and there are a lot of other nationalities living here, which is good. Some other good things he noticed about the neighborhood were that Clinton Park has been remodeled and there are new buildings. The things that haven't changed are the Sacred Heart Church and P.S.17, the school.

My mom and dad actually met at P.S.17 when he was fifteen and she was sixteen. My dad's favorite memory about my mother is her eyes. I wasn't surprised because that is my favorite memory also. She had big beautiful, brown eyes and every time she looked at somebody, they were like diamonds shining.

When my dad was sixteen, he was arrested for stealing a bike. That was the age he started getting into trouble. My dad said he wanted to be cool so that's why he stole the bike, and started to use and sell drugs.

My dad said that in jail it wasn't fun, it wasn't nice, but it taught him a lesson. It made him mature, and taught him to do the right thing.

After jail, my dad had to find a job. My dad's worst job was in New Jersey. It was a factory where they gold-plated things using acids which set off fumes. My dad worked in this place because he needed money.

Now he works in Wards Island, a place where people sleep and get help with their problems. He is a case manager. He said he likes helping people because he knows it stops them from using drugs.

My dad wants everyone to know that he is a straight up guy, he's honest, he loves his kids very much, and some day he pictures us with him in a big house.

SACRED HEART VS. P.S. III

by Shevonne Hernandez

Hi, I'm Shevonne. I'm thirteen years old and I just graduated the eighth grade at Sacred Heart School. I go to The 52nd Street Project, and I live in Hell's Kitchen. In this article, I will be discussing Sacred Heart School and P.S. 111. Sacred Heart (by the way, it is a Catholic school) is on 52nd Street and 10th Avenue. P.S. 111 (by the way, P.S. stands for "public school") is on 53rd Street and 10th Avenue. Those are the two main schools surrounding The 52nd Street Project. I am going to compare and contrast Sacred Heart School and P.S. 111.

I gathered most of the information by interviewing students, staff members, and just people in the street. I picked about 30 people at random from all varieties of ages. I attempted asking people these

questions by telling them I am writing for a *Fivey* magazine and I want to know what they think of these two schools. What do they disapprove of or approve of in the schools? Many people liked some aspects of P.S. 111 and some aspects of Sacred Heart. The questions that I interviewed people with are:

What do you like about Sacred Heart? P.S.111?

What do you learn at Sacred Heart? P.S.111?

Which school is safer?

(For parents) Why did you choose the school for your child?

The answers to these questions are as follows:

Many people answered the first question by saying what they like about Sacred Heart is that it has discipline over the children, it teaches religion, and you get a good education from being at Sacred

JULIE FELDMAN-ABE





KATHERINE FREEDMAN

Heart School. Many people said that P.S. 111 is a good school, but it would be better by having more discipline and more teachers that are more qualified to be teachers. Some people from P.S. 111 answered by saying that they like the parties and the lunch food.

Many people from Sacred Heart said that they learned discipline, and the basics to succeed in high school, college, and life. It teaches you to be on time so that you don't have to stay in detention, because in the real world you can't be late to work when you have a real job. Many people from P.S. 111 answered that they learned math and science, and that they learned how to be in high school because they change classes already -- it's not a whole new world for them as it is for the Sacred Heart kids.

The majority of people I interviewed said that Sacred Heart may not have a security guard, but since it is a small school, they have more control over the children. People did say that P.S. 111 was safer because it has a security guard. In my point of view, when I attended P.S. 111, there were fights going on and the security guards did nothing, and that didn't make me feel any safer in that school.

Many parents said that the reason they chose

Sacred Heart was because they either graduated from Sacred Heart and wanted their children to go to that school, or it was recommended to them. They heard that their children would get a good education and the discipline that they needed. Some parents sent their children to P.S. 111 because they either didn't have the money to pay tuition or they weren't satisfied with Sacred Heart School's principal, Brother Dunbar.

Many people said that Sacred Heart is a low-budget school. What they mean is that even though students who go there pay for tuition, the surroundings are cheap compared to P.S. 111. P.S. 111's gym is much larger, they can actually perform experiments in the classroom, and in Sacred Heart we can barely run in our gym, we have no space for physical education. But in my opinion, even though we learn in a low-budget environment, the point is you get a good education. I feel that P.S. 111 does not have a good education. It may teach you the basics, but you will learn more at Sacred Heart School. Yeah, I know P.S. 111 has all the parties, you can cut, and you can get away with a lot of things, but without an education you can't get anywhere or anything in life. Education is the key!

MIDTOWN MOSAIC

by Jeremy Butler

My class made the mosaic called Mid-town Garden that is on the side of P.S.111's garden wall. This is what happened, step by step. First, our teacher, Miss Martinez, told us that we were going to do a mosaic project with an artist named Vicky. We had to be on our best behavior next Tuesday, because Vicky was coming and our teacher wanted us to make a good impression. When Vicky came, she brought a projector and she showed us pictures of mosaics made by famous artists. We asked her questions like, "Have you ever met anyone famous, made famous art, or have you ever sold art in a gallery?" She said that she has met famous artists, but that she doesn't sell her art because she wants to keep it.

Then she gave us black construction paper and folded it in half and put white paper in it to make a journal. The journals were so that we could keep track of what we did and how we made the mosaic. She said it was important to do your own drawing and not to copy.

Next, she taught us to make a sunflower. You start with a circle in the center and you start at one edge and then do triangles all over and then a stem. She taught us to make the color in the middle with yellow and orange cray-pas (oil) and to mix the colors on the paper with your thumb to blend them in. You can make black dots for the sunflower seeds. When you rub the colors all over, it mixes. It is cool. Your fingers

turn that color, but it washes off with regular soap.

The next week, she taught us how to make tulips, ladybugs, caterpillars and daffodils, and how to make a collage. One time she brought a tulip and put it in a glass, and then there were pieces of colored paper. We would draw the shapes for petals and stems and leaves on the back of different colored paper. Then we would cut out the shapes and paste them onto



JOHN SHEEHY

white paper to make a collage of the tulip. She hung up the drawings and the collages, and she stapled them up like a mosaic on the bulletin board.

Then she blew them up so that they were huge, and she put them on three big pieces of paper. She taped them on the floor of the basement and then put a big net over it. And then we had to break all of the tiles up because they come in sheets of 100. The tiles had to be water-proof so that when it rained and

snowed the tile would not get messed up. So Vicky got tiles like they use in swimming pools. Each tile cost 5 cents, but the red cost at least 20 cents, and so Vicky only bought one or two boxes of red.

And then we started gluing tiles on. We started at the bottom and worked our way up. She put three lines to mark how much we had done. At the first line, we got a mini-party. At the second line we had another mini-party, and at the third line (the finish) we got a big party.

When the mosaic was done, Vicky and her husband, my teacher and her boyfriend picked it up. But some tiles came off and so they had to paste them back on. They came off because we were trying not to waste the special glue, but we didn't use enough. They had to re-paste them and some still came off when they put it up. And they

put them back, but some of them are crooked. Actually, a lot of them are crooked because the whole thing was done by hand. For the bottom, where the whole thing is green, we could have put whole sheets down and put paste around, but we didn't because Vicky said that she wanted it to all look like it was made by hand. It would have made it faster if we used the whole sheets.

No one else in school ever made a mosaic like that before, and I never did anything special like that before.

And when we reached the end, at the party there was a plaque that said Midtown Garden on it. They hung it up under the title. At the party, there were doves in a cage and they let them loose to fly away. I think the mosaic is beautiful. It is cool because no one else in school ever made a mosaic like that before, and I never did anything special like that before. It was fun doing it.



JAVIYA ROSADO

PLAYING BALL IN THE HEAT

AND OTHER THINGS TO DO AT P.A.L.
by Johnathan Roldan

The Police Athletic League (P.A.L.) has been around for 86 years. I interviewed the Center's Director, and his name is Anthony N. Armando. The P.A.L. is going to be moved to another building. There is going to be an indoor tennis court. It is on 52nd Street between 10th and 11th Ave. When I go there, I play basketball and pool. They also have a weight room. The most interesting thing that I did was to play on the basketball team when I went there one day. It was just a fun game. A lot kids were playing (about 10 on each team). It was fun because we won. I made a 3-point shot from the three-point line, and that was why the team that I was on won.

P.A.L. is called Police Athletic League because Captain Sweeney, who was captain of the Police Department, started it. He saw these kids outside and thought that the kids had nothing to do. Then he brought them together and they played sports together. Today P.A.L. is into education and sports. He said, "You can be a member from age two to the age of one hundred and twenty-five years."

If you want to get a job in P.A.L. you have to be in school. You work ten hours a week. You have to have at least a 70 average in school. If you get below a 70 average they do not throw you out, they help you.

MY HELL'S KITCHEN GRANDMA

by Tanika Parson

When Julie asked me to write an article about something interesting in Hell's Kitchen, the first thing that came to mind was my grandma. My grandma has lived in Hell's Kitchen for eighteen years, and has probably seen a lot of changes in the neighborhood during that time. She is also the reason I live here, because four years ago, when I was ten, she had walking pneumonia, so me and my mother moved here to take care of her. Helping her made me feel better, so I am glad I am here, even though I miss my old neighborhood in Harlem.

Tanika: How long have you lived here?

Grandma: I've lived here for 18 years.

Tanika: Has Hell's Kitchen changed since you moved here?

Grandma: Yes.

Tanika: How?

Grandma: It was dirtier back then. There were a lot of messed up buildings and broken up streets.

Tanika: Were there a lot of gangs when you moved here?

Grandma: No, there is more gang-related activity now than there was 18 years ago.

Tanika: Were you ever hurt by any gangs?

Grandma: No, but I tripped on the sidewalk once when I was trying to cross the street.

Tanika: Is that why your legs are hurting now?

Grandma: Yes. I hurt my knee really badly.

Tanika: Where do you like to hang out around here?

Grandma: On 48th Street, at the Spanish restaurant with my friend.

Tanika: You mean Ms. Rodriguez?

Grandma: Yep, that's her.

Tanika: Did you ever go to school around here when you were young?

Grandma: No.

Tanika: Then where did you go to school?

Grandma: I grew up in Brooklyn. But I went to school in Harlem on 126th Street at an old Catholic school. It's not there anymore.

Tanika: What's there now?

Grandma: It's an empty lot.

Tanika: Why did you move to Hell's Kitchen?

Grandma: Because it was quieter than Brooklyn.

Tanika: Do you like Brooklyn or Hell's Kitchen better?

Grandma: I like Hell's Kitchen better because stores are much closer.

Tanika: Are you glad that me and my mother moved here?

Grandma: Yes. You helped me out when I was sick.

Tanika: So if people wanted to live here, what would you tell them about Hell's Kitchen?

Grandma: I would say that it is a nice place to live because you have everything you need around you.

Tanika: Anything else?

Grandma: No.

JULIE FELDMAN-ABE





OSCAR PADILLA (2)

THE DAY IN HELL

by Matthew Gonzalez and Justin Aponte

If all the computers go off on New Year's Eve, then the scoreboards of all the sports teams will be wrong. And all the games will be erased. Then the Knicks would be arguing that they beat San Antonio and soon Patrick Ewing and David Robinson would call the cable company, MSG, to find the videotape of the game. But the computers that pull up the games would think it was another year, and would only have tapes of the really old games from fifty years ago. So Patrick and David would go to the library to look up the score.

The library's lights would be off like all the lights around the world, so they wouldn't be able

to read the old newspapers. Then Patrick would say, "I know, let's light a match and we'll be able to see." So he does, but the paper catches on fire and they run out onto the street with David's sneakers all lit up. The firemen can't help because their bells won't work, so they don't know that there's a fire. But from down the street, Matthew Gonzalez comes looking for heat for his apartment. He tells Patrick and David to come with him. When they are on their way to Matt's house, they spot a burglary in progress in the Merlin Store at 51st Street and 10th Avenue. Then they try to go in and be like heroes, but when they step into the store they see that the

robbers have shotguns. So they say, "Bye!" When they get out of the store, they see a whole gang of police and Mayor Giuliani coming out of the Montel Williams studio. There they see a whole gang of homeless people yelling at the Mayor. One homeless man, Jeremy, who is the leader, says, "You have taken away our shelters and put our children in foster care, we're going to give you a piece of our mind!" Then one of the homeless people hits the Mayor over the head with a stick. Then the SWAT team comes with automatics and yells, "If all you homeless people don't back up, we'll start shooting." Then the homeless people all back up, except for Jeremy who says, "Mayor Giuliani put us through some tough times, and I'm not backing down that easy." The police fire. The homeless people see Jeremy down and they charge the SWAT team like the Giants taking on the Jets on December 5th, when the Giants knocked Keyshawn Johnson's helmet off like he was a bad habit.

Then David asks, "What about me?" The homeless people see the fire on his foot and start running, and the police start shooting because they think that they are being charged again. Then Matthew, Patrick, and David run away. Matthew says, "I wish Martin Luther King was still alive, because then he could solve this." They agree. They run into the Montel Williams studio to hide from all the nonsense. They go deeper and deeper into the studio, when Matthew hears a voice .

Patrick says, "What in the mother of God is Montel doing there?" Montel jumps out, surprised, and says,

They run into the Montel Williams studio to hide from all the nonsense.

"What are you guys doing here? Aren't you supposed to be at your game... and who is this little kid?" Then Matthew says, "Well, you don't have to be rude, I was looking for heat and I saw David's feet on fire, and

Patrick running like a horse. And I figured that these fools could help me. No offense, Patrick and David." Then Montel says, "Well, you know that Patrick's team, also known as the Knicks, won the game. They were ahead by four points with five seconds left when the lights went out." And David says, "Oh no!"



THE TENTH AVENUE DINER

by Ariel Duran

Part I: The Restaurant

On the first Thursday of my spring break I got up in the morning, came to The 52nd Street Project, and got ready to do an interview on the Tenth Avenue Diner. When I got there, I interviewed the waitress named Vivian. She's the one with the long, red, curly hair.

After I interviewed the nice waitress, I found out these interesting facts. Here they go, hope you enjoy! I asked Vivian if the restaurant had any secret recipes. She said it had lots of exotic Greek foods, because it was a Greek restaurant. But she could not tell me the ingredients because they were a secret.

I asked Vivian some questions about the history of the Tenth Avenue Diner. She told me that they had two previous owners that were both Greek. I asked Vivian if this diner has had any other names. She responded that the diner has had one other name. The name of the diner used to be St. Clare's Restaurant. She said that the name of the diner came from the first owner, but the second owner changed it.

Part II: Vivian the Waitress

Vivian was very nice and helpful to me. I asked Vivian what her favorite dish was. She said it was chicken and rice with beans because she is Puerto Rican and



JEREMY BUTLER

we like that food the most. (By the way, I am also Puerto Rican). Vivian has worked in the Tenth Avenue Diner for fifteen years. She likes her diner job because she gets lots of tips. The thing Vivian doesn't like about being a waitress is that she has to work late nights and weekends. She even has to work holidays!

Vivian's favorite memory from working at the diner was when the kids from P.S.111 invited her to see their play. But her strangest memory was when some German man came into the diner and ordered a "plate of wieners." Vivian didn't know what he meant, but every time she asked him, he repeated that he wanted a "plate of wieners." Finally, she asked, "What do you mean?" one last time, and he replied, "I think they are called 'hot dogs?'" and she just laughed!

Vivian said that she would stay at the Tenth Avenue Diner, even if she could have any other job in the world. Everybody is nice to her, and everybody loves her. All the students in the nearby school like her, and she feels special there.

JAYLYZA ROSADO



Part III: My Experience as a Waitress

After my interview, I got to work in the diner. My mother was very nervous about me working there. I told her, "Do not worry, I know what I am doing." But in the diner I almost dropped a coffee cup!

My "second-boss" Vivian told me not to sit down on the first day. (The first boss is a man I did not get to meet). If you are wondering why she told me not to sit down on the first day, it is because I would not get tips. I was on my feet, so I made \$6.00 in tips

all together. Most of it came from these really nice guys -- some of them were young, some were old, but one of them was making fun of Vivian because I was working faster than she was! Some lady even gave me 50 cents! All of my customers were very polite, and said good luck. That was my whole experience of working in The Tenth Avenue Diner. How do you think you would do working as a waiter or waitress in a diner?



THE FOOD NETWORK

by Joel Lind

It all started when Kurt Mueller (my Smart Partner) and I (Joel Lind) went down to the Food Network at 52nd Street and 11th Avenue. This studio was used by VH1 before the Food Network. We were looking for Emeril Lagasse. He's a food lover and a chef, and he has restaurants in Louisiana. He also has a cable cooking show on Channel 51, better known as the Food Network. When we came in, we saw the security guard, and a woman who we didn't know yet called Joanne. When we asked about an interview with Emeril, she said, "I don't think we could get an interview with him because he only comes in once a week and he's really busy." I was cool and calm. Then I started talking with her about the *Fivey* magazine and got her number... so we could come in another day to investigate the studio.

A week passed. We came back and met up with Joanne. She gave us a tour of the whole company.

First, we saw the props, then the kitchen. It was an enormous kitchen with a whole bunch of chef-a-roonies working for money. Then there was the meat poster. It had the different kinds of meat that you could eat off a cow, or a pig, or a wild boar (just kidding.) We learned that the extra food from the studio goes to the homeless or to the cameramen.

Next, we went down to the set to spy on the show "Sweet Dreams." The show was about cakes and various kinds of desserts. As of this moment (August 3, 2000) Sweet Dreams is not airing. I still want to know when Sweet Dreams will air. When I sat down behind the cameraman on the set of Sweet Dreams, there was a whole bunch of humongous cameras in the way so I couldn't see anything at all. The set was very tiny and it was supposed to look like a kitchen and a dining area and a pastry shop. The cakes in the background weren't real -- they were big imitation foam core

It was an enormous kitchen with a whole bunch of chef-a-roonies working for money.

cakes with frosting that looked like paint.

After that, we went to the editing room and control room. The editing room was the place where they scratched out mistakes from the show and where they put the show together that would later be shown on TV. In the control room, the director tells the stage manager to tell the chef what to do on the set while the show is recording. The chef was a female who's

into desserts, because if she wasn't she wouldn't have that show. The experience that I had while I was over there was somewhat normal. I was just sitting down as if I was in my own home watching TV. Because I was blocked off from the cameramen and stage manager and the set, I focused on the host. Other than that, it was very cool.

ADAM'S 99 CENT PLUS STORE

by Octavia Rodriguez

From the outside of Adam's store, you see balloons, and it says Adam's 99 Cent Plus Store on the yellow awning. The inside of the store has Pokémon cards, candy, cookies, potato chips, and juices.

Adam's store has good prices because he sells soda cans for 50 cents, when they're supposed to be 75 cents, or 80 cents. He also sells a lot of things for 99 cents. He helps people that need stuff for lower prices. People in the neighborhood love the store because he has the best prices.

Adam told me he is from Yemen, when I asked him

about himself. He went to school in his country. The food from his country is different than what we eat. Like, he eats lunch foods for breakfast. Here we eat eggs, Cheerios, Pop Tarts, and all that kind of stuff, but Adam eats fava beans, bread, and coffee. Lunch is lamb, soup, and vegetables. For dinner, he eats mixed rice.

Clothes in his country are also different from ours. In Yemen, they wear red and white scarves, long dresses for girls, and pants.

There are all kinds of names in Yemen -- like Adam, Karima, and Abdul. Lots of people have the name Mohammad.

Adam thinks that Hell's Kitchen is a great neighborhood. It became a great neighborhood, and he has been here 14 years.

Adam is funny and jokes around with the kids in Sacred Heart and P.S.111, but he is joking around in a nice way. I had fun in the interview with Adam.



MICHAEL FELICIANO

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by Marsci Mysak

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JANIZA ROSADO (7)

One of the best things about living in Hell's Kitchen is the H&H Bagel Factory, located on 46th and 12th Avenue. Since I grew up eating H&H bagels, they became my favorite. Living a block away allows me to get the bagels fresh and hot, and my personal favorites are plain, everything, sesame, and of course, onion. They also have poppy, garlic, salt, egg, pumpemickel, whole wheat, whole wheat sesame, and cinnamon-raisin. On many weekends, my family and I enjoy the heavenly-made bagels.

H&H Bagels is a family-run business, which was established twenty-five years ago. Since the first H&H Bagel Factory was successful, they opened another one on 80th and Broadway. They can also deliver around the world.

After doing some research on H&H's history, my Smart Partner (Valerie Walsh) and I interviewed the manager, Marvin Torres, of the 46th Street H&H Bagel Shop. We found out that they make about 9,500 bagels a day. We later discovered that the most popular bagel is the plain bagel, which was kind

of a surprise. We also learned that a hard part of the job is in the summer when it is too hot to work over the giant ovens.

Then we decided to stop talking about bagels and start talking about BIALYS! "What is a Bialy?" we asked, and the manager told us, "It's like a regular bagel, but it's made without sugar, and the only flavor is onion." The manager told us that the Bialy is less popular than a bagel "because it doesn't have all the flavors that a bagel has." We also noticed that the Bialy is much flatter than a normal bagel.

We decided to ask the manager a few personal questions. We were curious about whether he ate the bagels that he and his company make. "Of course," he replied excitedly. We asked if he ever had to work a 24-hour day, but the most he ever worked was 12 or 13 hours. "Are there ever bagel emergencies?" we asked, and after thinking it over, he replied, "Once a year maybe. Trucks leaving late in the mornings, and missing the early deliveries." That's it?!?!? Then for our final question, we asked, "Have you ever heard of The 52nd Street Project?" And he replied "No."

THE HELL'S KITCHEN RESTAURANT

by Thomas Santoni

On June 16, 2000, I had an interview with the general manager, Jerry Sheets, of The Hell's Kitchen Restaurant, which is between 46th and 47th Streets on 9th Avenue. Jerry is also a dancer, and used to be a waiter at one of the owner's other restaurants. He spoke of his chef, and the type of food she prepares for their customers. The chef's name is Sue Torres. Ms. Torres was raised in Long Island. Her family heritage is a mix of Puerto Rican and Italian. She studied cooking at the Culinary Institute of America and she also studied in Mexico. According to the general manager, she is an up-and-coming chef.

The general manager's favorite dish is the duck empanada, which consists of duck wrapped in a corn masa. It's served with a fig mole, which is a chocolate sauce with a fig (a fig is a Mediterranean tree, or its fruit), and with chili malata, which is a sweet, dry chili. The general manager recommends this dish and also all of the chef's food.

Their food is expensive. Their clientele consists of

neighborhood people and theater people. This restaurant is starting to become a very popular place to eat at. The strategy for being successful is the delicious food and good service, which the general manager guarantees by helping the restaurant to run smoothly. John Dempsey,

John Dempsey chose the neighborhood because it is "up and coming." The name of the restaurant is copyrighted.

the owner of The Hell's Kitchen Restaurant, owns two other restaurants in Hell's Kitchen, which are The Vinyl Diner on 54th Street and 9th Avenue, and The Reunion Restaurant on 57th Street and 8th Avenue. John Dempsey chose the neighborhood of Hell's Kitchen because it is "up and coming."

The name of the restaurant is copyrighted. I recommend The Hell's Kitchen Restaurant to the people of Hell's Kitchen.

JULIE FELDMAN-ABE



39th ST
 BAKERY CUPCAKE CAFE
 CUPCAKE CAFE



LIZ BELL

THE WONDERFUL CUPCAKE CAFE

by Noel Polanco

Part I: The First Impression

My first impression of The Cupcake Cafe bakery was tremendous. I mean, I've been to this neighborhood so many times and I've never witnessed this outstanding store. It's located right next to the Port Authority on 39th Street and 9th Avenue. While I was about to enter the store, I witnessed the most beautiful things I've ever seen. There were blueberry pies, apple pies, pumpkin pies, brownies, quiche, and baked bread. I mean, if you are looking for baked goods, they've got it.

When I entered, I saw doughnuts -- chocolate doughnuts. They had nice homemade cakes for birthdays, and Mother's Day. The decorations were so lovely. They had nice icing flowers on the cakes. They had corn muffins and raisin muffins.

Now, to describe the atmosphere. It was very clean. They had a screen to keep the drooling bugs out. They also had a screen to keep a cool breeze in the cafe. The music was very classical, 40's-like kind of music. The wall was divided into two parts: the top was violet purple, the bottom was marble.

Next, we ordered. My friend Jack (a great Homework Helper) ordered quiche. I ordered the most delicious waffles I've ever tasted. If you think Eggo waffles are good, you haven't tasted anything yet. I tasted some of Jack's

spinach quiche and it wasn't that bad, considering I hate spinach.

I literally had to save myself from falling. It was so good.

To tell you the truth, you really have to see it yourself. The waitress was very polite. She asked if I wanted some strawberries on my waffles and I said, "Yes, please." Man, the strawberries were so good and fresh -- not too soft, not too hard, just perfect.

There were a lot of people coming in and out of the bakery store and no one really had to wait that long. It was very fast-paced.

The last thing I did was eat a chocolate cupcake. And my words exactly, "It was superb." I literally had to save myself from falling. It was so good. The frosting of the cupcake was not sweet. It had a nice but-tery taste. (Don't worry, kids, you'll learn to love it.) It was so good, I had to take a couple of cupcakes for my mom. She loved them.

I'll say it again, do yourself a favor and come down for yourself. I promise you -- no, I guarantee you, that they make the best cupcakes.

Part II: The Interview

I interviewed Mike Warren and he told me that he has been the co-owner of the bakery with his wife for about 13 years. They started with the 9th Avenue Festival (which I have attended every year for the past 9 years) selling strawberry shortcake and cheesecake, none of which they sell now. The store is on a common corner in an old-fashioned neighborhood and a lot of people pass by. People say Hell's Kitchen is a bad neighborhood, but Mike says he loves it. Mike said to me that the bakery was the first store he owned, but he and his wife met when they were working at the bakery, The Well Bred Loaf. I asked him if, when he was my age, he knew he was going to own a bakery, and he said no. Actually, he wanted to be a foreign

correspondent but never pursued it. He told me, "You are a better reporter than I ever was."

For young'uns wanting to start their own business, Mike says, "You have to have been in the business before starting the business." Kids, don't go running to an adult, I'll tell you what he means... Don't expect to be an owner right away. First start small, get some experience, then work your way up to bigger and better things. Advice in general? Well, he says, "You just have to be lucky, whatever makes up luck." But he had to be smart too. He said (which I find fascinating) that they tend to hire professional artists instead of bakers, and that's why the flowers on the cakes are so beautiful. He went on to say that the person that came up with the idea for flower decora-



NOEL POLANCO

tions, in his own words, was "my ingenious wife."

Mike Warren was so nice to let Jack and I go to the back to see someone ice a cake. When we went, we saw cups with icing in them that they use for painting. They had so many different colors. When I first saw them, I said to myself, "What is this, a paint shop?"

The painters were applying frosting on the cakes, quick and easy. How quick? Well, let's just say four flowers, two seconds, per cupcake. If that's not quick, then what is?

Oh, something else interesting about the baked goods.... Mike told me that when they first started, they wanted to re-invent the donut (and boy did they ever!) They make their food from scratch, and that to me is so cool and unique. He told me the most impor-

tant thing in preparing baked goods is "the quality of the ingredients. No shortcuts, it's butter all the way, and when in doubt, make it richer!" They usually put sixteen pounds of butter in their batch (Whoa, that's a lot of fat!).

I'll say it again, do yourself a favor and come down to the Cupcake Cafe. I promise you -- no, I guarantee you -- that they make the best cupcakes and donuts. It's true. It's true.

ABOUT MCDONALD'S

by Akeem Frazier

I wanted to write about McDonald's because no one in the Project ever had, and because I like the food. I went to the McDonald's on 50th and 9th to investigate the food, the place, and to interview anyone who worked there.

When I went to McDonald's there were seventeen people; sixteen were sitting, and one was on line. First thing I did -- I ordered. I ordered two double

cheeseburgers, big fries, and a medium iced tea. The food came out fast. It took about two minutes. I always take out the pickles from the cheeseburger because they're nasty. I don't like the taste. I ate one of the hamburgers, and it was hot, good, and fresh. The fries were cold and salty. I didn't like the salt. The iced tea was cold and good. I liked the food. I looked around to

see if the customers liked the food. 'Cause they were eating it, I thought they liked it.

It was dirty next to the bathroom. On the floor I saw tissues, boxes, and pieces of bread. I thought that was nasty.

While I was there, a guy asked a lady who works there, "How do you close the bathroom door?" because he didn't know how. She went in with him. I thought it was weird to see a man and a woman in the bathroom. She came out twenty seconds later.

I walked up to the cash register person and asked if I could speak to the manager. She was nice. Her name was Miriam. I sat and talked to her. She said, "I love everything about McDonald's -- the people who come in, the customers, and the people I work with, the crew. I also love the food." I asked her, "Who comes in at night?" She said, "At night it's different people from the day." I said, "Was there ever a robbery?" She said, "Yes, in the middle of the night when no one was here, three stores right in a row." I was surprised because it was never on the news. I asked her another question, "Why are there empty spots on the wall?" She said, "Those are for the future items." I think they're going to come out with a new special. I asked her, "Will the dollar menu stay?" because not that many people were buying from it. She said, "It's being decided." I wish it would stay. I thanked her.

It was fun to interview the manager. It was fun eating a hamburger.

I felt happy about writing a *Fivey* article about McDonald's.



JACQUE REINOLD



Adrian
Zambrano
with
Frankie
Ventura

THE 52ND STREET

JULIE FELDMAN-ABE

ICE CREAM TRUCKS

by Frankie Ventura and Jason Bula

There are two different ice cream trucks that come to the front of 540 West 52nd Street, and in front of P.S. 111. One of the ice cream truck's top is blue, and the ice cream man is Spanish and young. The "blue guy" doesn't have as many ice cream choices. He only has vanilla cones with sprinkles, chocolate cones, Super Star ice creams, shakes, Tweetie and Pokémon ice creams, and ice cream sandwiches. But all the ice creams cost over \$1.50.


The other ice cream truck has a red top, and an older Spanish man drives it. He is very friendly. One day Frankie only had a quarter, but he wanted a slushie, which costs 50 cents. Frankie said, "I'll pay you back tomorrow, I promise." But he said, "Just take it!" He has a lot of ice cream: Italian ices, slushies, cones, Pokémon, Tweetie, Mario from Super Mario Brothers, Warheads, Godzilla ice creams, Super Star ice creams, regular ice cream

sandwiches, King Bar ice cream sandwiches with chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla centers, milkshakes, and popsicles. Name any ice cream, and he has it. Most of his ice creams are only 50 cents. His most expensive choice is the Banana Decker -- which is banana and vanilla ice cream with chocolate syrup and a cherry on top. They cost about \$2.50, but it's worth it, because they're really good, and big!

The "red guy" has a lot of ice cream and they cost less money, so we like to buy from him. Frankie likes to buy slushies. His favorite flavors are Sprite and cherry. They are 50 cents, 75 cents, or one dollar for the different sizes. They are ices and juice or soda, and Frankie likes to crush them with his straw, and then drink them. The "blue guy" doesn't even HAVE slushies! Jason likes to get a vanilla shake the best, and it costs \$1.00. He buys his shakes from the red guy, too.

THE MEN WHO MADE

by Steven Vasquez



For the last eight years, while I attended P.S. 111, I have been curious about the store on the corner of the playground. I knew it was a music store from the outside, but I wanted to know the full story. So my Smart Partner and I went to check it out...

The first things I noticed when I went into the store were many boxes, and I was curious what was inside of them. They were full of Latin music CD's and cassettes, which they sell wholesale. "Wholesale" means they do not sell to individual

customers, but only to stores.

—There was this weird gate in the front of the store, which we had to go through to get closer to the boxes. The UPS guy let us in and then pointed to the guy we needed to interview. His name was José. He discussed with us the store. We heard a lot of interesting stuff. I was really into it. He was telling us how long the store had been there, and that it used to be an armory. I was curious about the fact that weapons used to be stored next to the school because that is dangerous.

THE MUSIC STORE



STEVEN VASQUEZ

He was telling us about the most popular artists in the store, which were Marc Anthony and Alex Bueno. My Smart Partner Edelen and I were curious about the wall painting outside. There were two people in it who had trumpets and drums, who were the owners of the store. Their names were Juan and Nelson. The store is called J and N Distributors. I asked him why it was next to the school and he said, "No reason." I asked him who designed the mural outside and he said, "Tito." I remembered seeing the name "Tito" on the bottom of the painting, and when I went outside,

Juan and Nelson's names were painted on one side.

Also on the mural were several quotes, one of which was in Spanish, and it said, "Drugs are sadness and pain, music gives you something better." And then I noticed, and pointed out to Edelen, that there was another quotation on the other side of the building, which was in English. It said, "Music invites life."

The last thing I asked José was "How many CD's do you see in a year?" At first, he started to laugh, and then he said, "A lot." After, I told him, "Thank you, goodbye, have a nice day."



WE CAN

by Oscar Padilla



OSCAR PADILLA

When I used to pass by We Can, I always thought a homeless person would knock me off my bike. So when I went to Clinton Park right across the street, I always stayed in the street on the other side of the cars. But when I heard what it really was, I started to feel more comfortable about it. This is how We Can started: Guy Polhemus, the founder, made a bet with his friend, and the loser had to work at a soup kitchen to feed the homeless for three or four Sundays. Well, Guy lost and had to work at the soup kitchen handing out tickets to get meals.

It was a very cold day. As he was handing out meal tickets, he saw a man crying and asked why he was sad. The man had at least \$25 in cans, and every store he went to turned him down because no one wanted to redeem his cans.

(To "redeem cans" means to turn in cans and get five cents for each.) Guy realized how hard working these people were, but they still had all these cans around them that they couldn't redeem.

People think that the homeless are going to make a big mess around the streets looking for cans. But Guy explained to me that there are two different kinds of homeless people -- scavengers and redeemers. Scavengers are the ones who make a big mess looking for stuff in the garbage that they can use. And redeemers are the ones who clean the messes of the scavengers while looking for cans. The redeemers want to be able to keep coming back to get the cans people throw away, so they don't want to upset the people who live in the neighborhood by leaving behind a mess. Guy wanted to help the redeemers get money for the cans they collect, so that they

could buy food. So one day he decided to go with them to a store to see what the problem was with the stores not taking the cans.

Every store owner turned him down except for one who said, "If I am the only store that would take the cans, I would have homeless people from here around the corner and I don't have any space." But the law is that the store owners have to give back a nickel for every can people return. And the beverage companies are supposed to pay seven cents for each can the store returns. But the companies refused to pick up their cans from the stores. So the stores didn't want to take the cans because then they would be overflowing with cans.

So one day, Guy found out that one of the homeless people that he knew froze to death with \$25 in cans around him because no store wanted to redeem them. Then Guy decided to act homeless for a week, to see how it felt to live in the streets, but he only lasted one and a half to two days because it was too hard. After that is when he just had to make this redemption center so the homeless people could give their cans, and get a nickel for each without a problem. But there was one little obstacle. He needed to find a place, so he went around riding his bike looking for one. When he explained to the people that owned those pieces of property why he

wanted it, they said they didn't want any bums around digging in their trash. So finally he found a place on the corner of 52nd Street and 11th

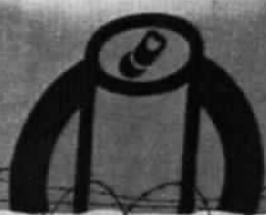
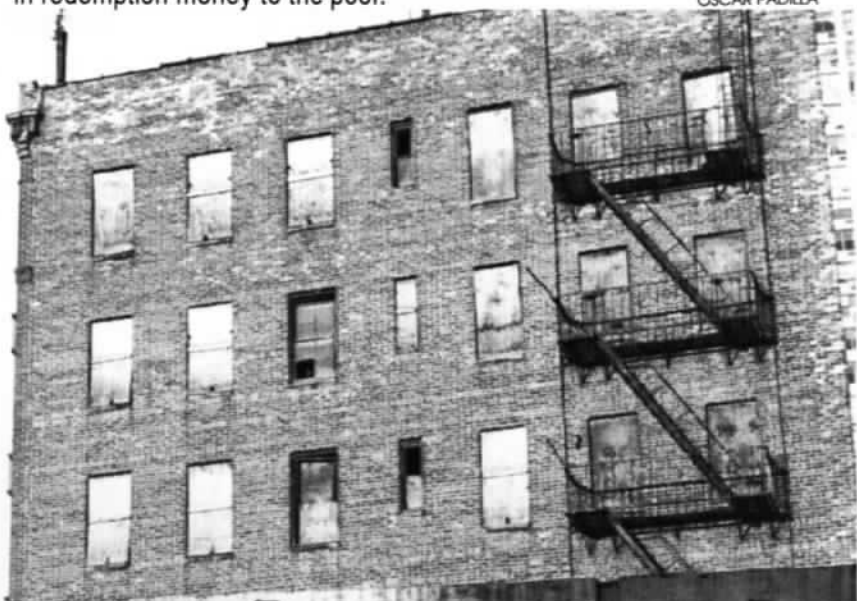
Avenue where he could make a redemption center, but his savings was only \$7,000 and the place was \$22,000 a month. So Guy said "Forget it," and left. Two weeks later the guy called back and said, "How does FREE sound?" When Guy heard this, he was confused and grateful at the same time.

When Guy finally opened, from word of mouth within an hour he had homeless people lined up around the block. The

first day he handed out \$280 in nickels. Over the past 12 years We Can has paid out \$27 million in redemption money to the poor.

One of the homeless people that he knew froze to death with \$25 in cans around him because no store wanted to redeem them

OSCAR PADILLA



**Help the poor and homeless
...help themselves
Join our Collection Network**

It has redeemed over half a billion bottles and cans. We Can got the Environmental Protection Agency Quality Award in 1996 for helping clean up the planet because the homeless help clean up the streets and separate cans from the trash and then they get redeemed and recycled. Not only does We Can help the homeless get money for the cans they collect, but they also help with medical care and shelter.

We Can is helping the environment, the neighborhood, and the homeless people by picking up the cans around our streets. But We Can still has one problem — the soda companies are not picking up the cans. Because if everybody that drank a can that was sold, redeemed it for a nickel, then the

companies would lose about \$400 million dollars a year. So they don't pick the cans up. Guy is trying

If the soda companies break a law by not picking up the cans and paying seven cents to the storeowners, someone should sue them, or they should go to jail.

to get the soda companies to follow the law. The beverage companies are breaking the law, but the Mayor, and the judges aren't doing anything about it. But if someone killed someone, or robbed a store, something would happen — they would go to jail, be convicted of murder, stay there for life. So it's really the same thing, only nothing that bad is happening. If the soda companies break a law by not picking up the cans and

paying seven cents to the storeowners, someone should sue them, or they should go to jail.



BROCCOLI IS TREES

By Johnathan Roldan

Broccoli is trees

I started calling broccoli trees when I first saw it

I was like 12 years old

In a Chinese restaurant called Happy Joy

By myself

Ordering food



JAYSUANN ROSADO

BLUE

by Britney Castro

Blue is my favorite color

'Cause it can mean love

Blue can also be a lover

'Cause you feel like in a blue cloud

Blue is an eye

Like some people's eyes are blue

Blue can also be a cry

Like Sonny's sour candy, Cry Baby

Blue is my fish

A real shiny blue fish

Blue can also be a dish

A dish surrounded and centered with light blue flowers

Blue is the (Hell's Kitchen's) sky

Bright in the morning

Blue can also be night

Dark blue with white stars

SANTERIA IN HELL'S KITCHEN

by Vionel Ortiz



Hell's Kitchen. That's what I'm supposed to be writing about -- its history and how many people believe in witchcraft, or "Santeria." Julie has been hounding me about writing this report. I finally decided to write it.

A lot of women in Hell's Kitchen believe in Santeria. They believe that they have the ability to make things happen by "casting spells," or by praying to saints or gods. Yet, there are some people who have their doubts about the whole thing.

In my opinion, I believe in it. It might sound very

unreal, but my mother is a witch, and a lot of women in my life are. I can't really give you facts proving that she is, but just some of the experiences that I've been through. Like for instance, my mother has the ability to always make the afternoon sunny when it was predicted to be a rainy day. My aunt has very strong "powers" also. She's really into witchcraft, and when she doesn't want someone to talk, she takes a pig's tongue and ties it. Then she throws it into the river to keep someone's silence. By doing weird things like this,



JULIE FELDMAN-ABE

You pray and ask them to give you help, or to give you guidance. You can find a lot of things like "potions", and "saint statues" in La Botanica. La Botanica is a store where they sell all types of things, like bath soaps that are made to give you luck or to make you healthier. They sell candles with pictures of saints on them, and incense.

"Ouija" is a game that is played by many people who believe in the dead and Santeria. It's all about trust. You have to trust the person you're playing with, and trust that they are not moving it. I've played and have asked many questions that only I would know, and somehow the Ouija always seemed to be able to answer it. The game has been around for many years, and it has been known to leave a spirit that follows you once you have played.

If you find my article to be boring or untrue, that's probably because I wrote it in an hour. But truthfully, what I've written about is true, and it's all experiences that I've been through. I suggest playing that game "Ouija" with someone you trust, and finding out for yourself. Or you can go to Botanica and ask questions. I'm just stating what I know.

she got her son cleared of charges of killing someone.

Santeria is wishing things on people, good or bad. My mother prays to saints like "La Caridad de Cobre," "Cango," "El Indio," and "Santa Barbara." There are many more saints than these.

A lot of women in Hell's Kitchen believe in Santeria.



TERRI ZIT



SUMMERS IN LUQUILLO, PUERTO RICO

by Marilyn Sanchez

JULIE FELDMAN-ABE

Puerto Rico:

Ever since I was a baby, I've gone to Puerto Rico. I go to Puerto Rico for half the summer and half the winter every year. Luquillo, my neighborhood, is so different from Hell's Kitchen. My neighborhood Luquillo is fun. I like my neighborhood. When it rains, the kids and I play and think it's normal. We walk the dogs and eat ice cream like it's nothing. We like the rain in Luquillo. It always smells like it just finished raining. In my neighborhood Luquillo, the kids like to play football, street hockey, basketball, baseball and soccer in the streets - when it's raining and also when it's not raining.

When the kids run and play, the mothers gather up in one house and they play Scrabble, Backgammon,

Monopoly, and they smoke and talk, and drink iced tea. When the mothers and kids are doing something, the fathers farm. They feed the animals and groom them. Sometimes, when the kids are doing nothing, they help their fathers. They feed the cows, horses, and sometimes the dogs. The kids have something to do when they are with their fathers farming. Working on the farm helps you learn more from the people you love and need.

In Puerto Rico, you can let the dogs go. If the dog is trained to go outside, it will come back to you. In Hell's Kitchen, "Dog go free, dog get lost, dog die, dog go bye bye!!!"

Hell's Kitchen:

I've gone to Luquillo since I was a baby, but I've lived in Hell's Kitchen for 11 years. When it rains, the people run away, hide under their umbrellas, and run into buildings in Hell's Kitchen. It is only water! People take showers and baths in water! They drink water, so why do they run away from it? While in Luquillo it smells like rain and it smells good, in Hell's Kitchen it smells like garbage. Don't worry, I don't hate Hell's Kitchen. I can find some good things that you can't find in Puerto Rico, like chips (the ones that I like are cheese doodles and Doritos), Ben and Jerry's, chocolate bars, and Sprite (soda). I know that my friends and family live here. So that is why I like it better sometimes.

H.K./ECUADOR

by Gloria Trejo

I've lived in Hell's Kitchen all my life since I was born. On 50th Street, I like my community because it's peaceful and safe. In Hell's Kitchen, there's a lot to do. There are movies, restaurants, arcades, etc. But I don't like it as much as I like Ecuador. In Ecuador, there might not have been as many things to do as here; but I have a lot because

in Ecuador I have my family and friends, and when we go out we have so much fun.

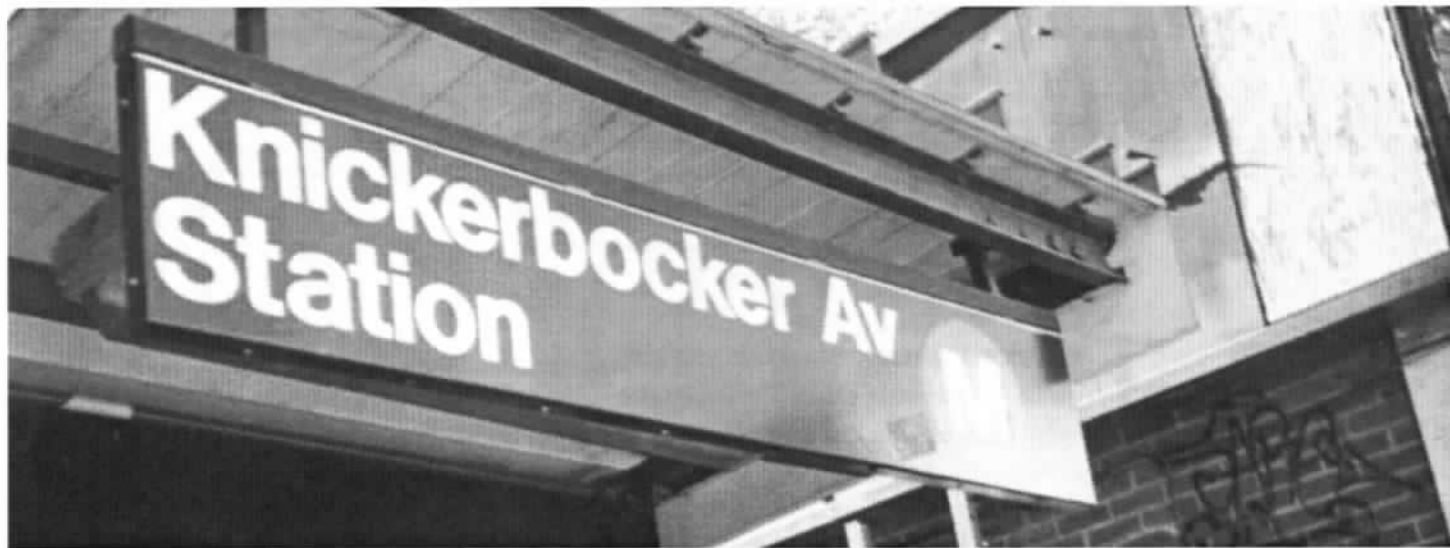
I also like Ecuador more than Hell's Kitchen because here I have an apartment, and I don't like it that much. I don't have any privacy because I can't have my own room. But in Ecuador, we own a big house of two floors. Each one of us has our own room and our privacy, and also we have more freedom to go out 'till late, without getting in trouble. That is what I love of Ecuador and not Hell's Kitchen.

COMPARING HELL'S KITCHEN AND BUSHWICK

by Marlene Moran

I used to live in Hell's Kitchen, Midtown. Now I live in Brooklyn and I miss Hell's Kitchen a lot. All my friends live there, and now I can't hang around with them anymore. It's hard to forget my favorite neighborhood. In Hell's Kitchen, the park and my school were across the street from my old building.

My favorite place to eat, Mickey D's, was two blocks away from 540. The coolest deli was on the corner and everything was close to me. Now I can't see my baby cousin Bryan anymore because he lives back in Hell's Kitchen and I don't. Now I can't take him down to the park or hang around the front of the building.



And my most favorite place in half of the world is The 52nd Street Project; I used to go almost every afternoon to do my homework and get help if I had a problem at home.

I have lived ten months in Bushwick, Brooklyn and it's totally different. It's kind of hard to make friends because they have their own little cliques or little groups to hang around with. In Hell's Kitchen, I have my own cliques, and they're not little—they're HUGE. There is this girl that lives across from where I live. It seems to me that she doesn't like me by the way she looks at me. Like two days ago, I was going to the store and she was rolling her eyes at me, though I really don't care what she does or thinks of me.

They have a big variety of foods in Brooklyn like Puerto Rican, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Venezuelan, and more. There is a lot of South American food that my Smart Partner Beth loves, but I still love Mickey D's.

Something that is common between Hell's Kitchen and Bushwick is the smoking weed in the streets. In both places, they smoke it in front of kids and throw it anywhere, which I think is bad for the little kids that play in the streets.

Maybe my feelings for Bushwick will change. I'm going to get a job this summer, so I might meet people. My cousin Lady and I will sit on the front steps and talk, and eat ices, and look at the cuties.

THE 9TH AVENUE ANNUAL FOOD FESTIVAL

by Isaac Trujillo

This is Isaac Trujillo reporting on this year's 9th Avenue Annual Food Festival. The 9th Avenue Annual Food Festival is a fair where you can taste different kinds of food from different countries from Hell's Kitchen's restaurants. My opinion is that it was boring because it was raining all day on Saturday and some on Sunday. But I could tell you that a lot of people went on the second day. Not all the stores were there because it was raining. I think last year's fair was better.

Hey, I still went because this only happens once a year. The 9th Avenue

Annual Food Festival is from 37th Street through 57th Street on 9th Avenue. There were some performances like the break dancing show, and the country western singers. They have all kinds of food there like Italian, Greek, Spanish, Argentine, and other ethnic cuisines. This festival is for two days of the weekend, from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. I think that the zeppoles were the most popular food to eat because everyone was buying them. Now for the shish kebobs-- they



In the Big Chair
at the Festival



The 52nd Street Project