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LYOTARDS\_PANTS

## THE · ONGOING · ADVENTURES

NEW YORK CITY, PART ONE

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**12:58 pm** It's a bit late, but here is the first part of my "I visited  
**7/9/06** NYC" update.

**3 comments** I arrived at the bus station with an hour to spare.  
**Leave a comment** Unfortunately, I was missing my passport. After speaking to customer service, I decided not to even try to cross the border and instead took the subway home.



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Three hours of searching, one found passport, and after no sleep I was off on the 6:30 bus to NYC. The bus trip was surreal - like being asleep but not being asleep. More like being suspended in a large block of jello. I could think, but moving was against the rules. I read an entire book about lighthouse keepers on the bus between attempts to sleep.

At six pm we arrived in the manhattan port authority bus terminal. A peculiar place, with none of the warmth of a train station. The brick is black, it is deep underground even when you are high above the street, and I was suddenly very afraid of pick pockets. After being unable to call either Kai or Dory, I left the station, walked up broadway to times square, and over to the NY public library. Being close to a library made me feel safe and at home, even though it was closed. They were showing a film (or about to show one) in regent park, adjacent to the library. The film was "MASH", so I did not consider sticking around to watch. However, it was great to see so many people out for free events - this is a New York reality just about every day (free concerts, films, in parks all over the city are very common). After finally being able to get through to Dory I found out that the plan was to go to the Jose Gonzales show, which she had already told Kai (who had departed and arrived 6 hrs earlier), but that she actually couldn't make it, but that I could meet Kai there at least. Actually, I met Kai on a random street (Bowery), on my way to the concert. Meeting someone you know randomly on the street in NY was quite a pleasant shock. We decided not to go see Jose, but instead Jesse Harris, because his show was free and I had wanted to see him for several years. However, since I am unprepared, I had not written down the address for Jesse's show. Internet Cafe's being impossible to find, we resorted to asking people at Starbucks if we could google it and find the address. After one disgruntly old man's refusal, we found a nice Dutch guy who let us google with his machine. Note to self: bringing laptops on vacation might be a good plan after all. After the long walk to 152 Ludlow, we found the Living Room and saw two sets, Jesse's and someone who played before him. The sets were free with a 1 drink minimum per set (the most enjoyable 6\$ pints I've ever had). After the show we took the subway to the hostel we had booked for the night, set up our things and decided to go walking. Our Hostel was at 103rd and Central Park, and kai wanted to see some jazz, so we ended up walking north into Harlem to about 122nd street. However, after speaking with a very nice man from whom I bought very cool sunglasses, his concern gave me the sense that this wasn't a place for two tourists to be in what was becoming the middle of the night. So, we subways home and went to sleep.

In the morning, the plan was to breakfast with Dory at her place in Brooklyn. However, since we are idiots we didn't call her before we left, so she thought

we weren't coming and we had to wait half an hour for her after we arrived an hour late. Dory's place was amazing, with a fire escape balcony, high ceilings, and a rooftop with amazing views of brooklyn and manhattan. Dory's plans for the day included a concert in Battery park (free, but tickets sold out), so Kai and I resolved to take the staten island ferry, see the lower east side of manhattan, ground zero, and then find a place to watch Germany beat Italy in their semi final match. We realized after arriving at the terminal that if we took the staten island ferry, we'd have no time to find a place to watch the game, so that was delayed. We succeeded, however, on the second 2 accounts, but then after finding a great bar in little italy where there were supporters for both italy and germany, Germany failed to hold out their side of the bargain when Leman was finally beaten in the 118th minute. Kai was very sad, but it was hard for me to be sad when everyone in little Italy was so happy. So, we tried to take the Staten island ferry again but realized that if we did we'd be very late back at Dory's for the 4th of july rooftop fireworks party.

After picking up a six of brooklyn lager at the convinience store (how convinient!), we found our way back to Dory's apartment, and up onto the roof for some of the most spectacular views and fireworks I've ever seen. The show was replicated in 3 places, which emphasized its determinateness and the falsity of the appearance of free play. It was a very strange way to experience the show, but certainly not a bad one. Being on the rooftop, seeing so many others on their respective rooftops, it reminded me of illusions of turn of the century Paris and visions of rooftops stretching for miles.

photos: [http://www.photo.net/photodb/folder?folder\\_id=619823](http://www.photo.net/photodb/folder?folder_id=619823)

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CURRENT MUSIC: [John Rae and the River](#)

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On July 9th, 2006 06:25 pm (UTC), [\(Anonymous\)](#) commented:  
May I borrow your book about lighthouse keepers?

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On July 9th, 2006 06:25 pm (UTC), [malcolml](#) commented:  
oops, that was me.



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On July 9th, 2006 11:22 pm (UTC), [lyotards\\_pants](#) replied:  
I actually lent it to Dory, but I'm going to try to get her to post it to me when she's done with it because I think Dad would enjoy it alot.



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