

If I am abroad, people always ask if I live in Manhattan. If you live in a different neighborhood in New York City, you are an outsider. "New York" means Manhattan.

You're always totally in competition with Magic Mountain of Manhattan. In the case of Long Island City, it's always been a kind of second-citizen problem. Some time ago, it was an independant village, a ferry ride away across the East River. The home and studio of T.M. and his wife, Irena Hochman, is situated in Long Island City, Queens, where private homes, factories and warehouses coexist in an unpretentious neighborhood with a breathtaking view of the mid-Manhattan skyline. T.M. said he was looking for a place outside Manhattan to land or park himself and his wife. Irena is a very successful art dealer who organizes exhibitions and buys and sells old, modern and contemporary paintings and sculptures for museums and private collectors. One of these collectors, for example, purchased an Alselm Kiefer painting from Irena, paying the highest price in history for a Kiefer, \$1.75 million. Irena represents the last works of Piet Mondrian for the estate of Harry Holtzman. Recently, she collaborated with 92 world-renowned artists for the Faret Tachikawa Art Project, which is creating a "new century" for city and public art in Japan. Irena runs her private office on Madison Avenue and 82nd Street across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

T.M. moved to New York City via Paris from Cracow, his home city, on May 4, 1970. He was 27. He remembers, like it was yesterday, his special journey in the middle of the night by a yellow taxi from JFK Airport across low-income suburban housing in Queens to the majestic Manhattan island over the East River 59th Street bridge. He went to the run-down Nassau Hotel, where the nightly rate was \$7 per day for a crummy room without air conditioning, at 58th Street and Park Avenue, one block from Piet Mondrian's last studio where he left on his easel *Victory Boogie Woogie*, and 5 blocks from the Museum of Modern Art and the Seagram Building, the architectural black icon of modernity. For a split second I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, whether I would simply vanish or make it BIG in New York.

From 1979-1980 T.M. was a part of PS1 Institute for Contemporary Art, formerly the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, where he received from the city a large studio for work and exhibitions as part of an international studio program. PS1 has helped settle artists into the local community and, by its location in Long Island City, has impelled T.M. to look for a place to live and work outside Manhattan. PS1 also has been a catalyst for urban revitalization in Long Island City.

Long Island City is a small ethnic neighborhood on the very edge of the East River where T.M. and I.H.'s little building stands out like an ugly, yellow brick flower in the jungle of warehouses and low-income and other ugly, suburban, cheap private houses that refer to American Venturi's ugly aesthetics. Long Island City is a little town where it is a pleasure to observe destruction and disorder, making us recover beauty and inspiration. All of these cause us to find order in chaos.

I'm sitting across the densely compressed Midtown Manhattan panoramic view and I see an extensive array of past and present landmark buildings. It is a good overview for a critical reflection of 20th century architecture.