

MANHATTAN VALLEY



Kevin Zucker

Manhattan Valley

In 1985 I was going to UMBC, studying music. I got a degree in Music and Visual Art and I also did sculptures and paintings.

The sculpture was a mobile that you could play. I was inspired by Alexander Calder and my work in Eurhythmics. I took my first Eurhythmics class in 1983. I asked my teacher, Bob Abramson, "Does that mean I will have to move around in front of the class?" and he said, "Yes."

I was so petrified that it took me 2 years to get up to New York's upper west side.

Manhattan school on Claremont and 122nd. Looking out the window you could see the elevated subway lines because of the valley around 125th St.

That was the same neighborhood I had lived in for my seven years in New York. I lived, for the OSG days, at 10 W 95th Street, just off of Central Park. **Manhattan Valley** is a neighborhood on the [Upper West Side](#) of [Manhattan](#) in [New York City](#), bounded by West [110th Street](#) to the north, [Central Park West](#) to the east, West [96th Street](#) to the south, and [Broadway](#) to the west.^[1] It was formerly known as the Bloomingdale District, a name still in occasional use. That part of central park above 96th street is very deep and low, with a stream at the bottom. Willow trees lined the banks. I loved to sit on their branches overhanging the water. The sounds of the city above were

muffled in the distance. It was a different world. I would go there to get my nature fix. I wrote two unpublished books out of that experience. One is on Ancient Greek music and the other one carries the story through the middle ages up to the Renaissance. I was never satisfied with the books, because they do not exemplify their art. They are too dry and intellectual.

I see Dr. Bob at the chalkboard and the black window frames against the white walls (a favorite of NY Landlords for some reason) with the subway trains trundling back and forth in the distance. We were up on a hill "Morningside Heights." You may remember the Morningside game project. That was my friend Prados, who lived at 105th and then moved to 98th in the same building with the Sullivanians, which was a sort of cult that my teacher also belonged to. Bob lived at 92nd at Broadway. I had many lunches with him at the burger joint beneath his building. He was the only person I ever knew who owned a Citroen, which he bought in France and had shipped over here. The French have different ways, and that is why we love them!

Note: Street details are so important in NY The Sullivanians were on 98th Street and it was my friend Jay Nelson who lived on 106th.