

Intersection of Broadway & 64th Street

By Chris Hirschhorn

I confess that I am an addict. I am addicted to classical music and ballet. When I began college, my brothers and sisters were in lower grades, so Saturday nights we all were doing our homework. Sunday was a day of church, long walks and yummy dinners prepared by daddy.

I seemed to think and work best with a background of low volume and dramatic music. Some music was too disruptive and so I couldn't listen while churning out my homework. However, Colonel Robert R. McCormick's "Chicago Theater of the Air," a Saturday night offering, sounded perfect for me. This dramatic music left an indelible mark on my soul. So on Saturday nights, I faithfully listened to this operatic music. Somehow, this music helped me to think straight.

Eventually, it came to pass that NYC gathered enough property to build Lincoln Center which houses my favorite places at that time: the Metropolitan Opera House, the David Koch Theater, and Avery Fisher Hall.

As luck would have it, I bought a studio apartment opposite Lincoln Center at the intersection of Broadway and 64th Street from a friend. What a coup! Not only was my second home and office opposite Lincoln Center but the area was adjacent to Central Park, where I loved to walk cross the Park to 5th Avenue with its several museums. Further, in this Park, I'd often see my husband's Baruch College buddy and cartoonist, Mort Gerberg, play baseball on one of his magazine's teams.

Several of the people in my building worked at Lincoln Center. I was quite friendly with Michael Byers who at that time was a principal dancer of the NYC Ballet. Michael and I were both on the governing committee for our building and I'd view Michael do his pirouettes on the side streets as we'd wend our way home from Fifth Avenue toward Broadway after a building committee meeting.

On one occasion, dear Michael invited me to view his newly created ballet. I sat in his chair (the chair was marked: BYERS) while he performed his ballet for his ballet instructor and fellow dancers. Those were wonderful days. I often think back to when I knew performers at the Intersection of 64th Street and Broadway.