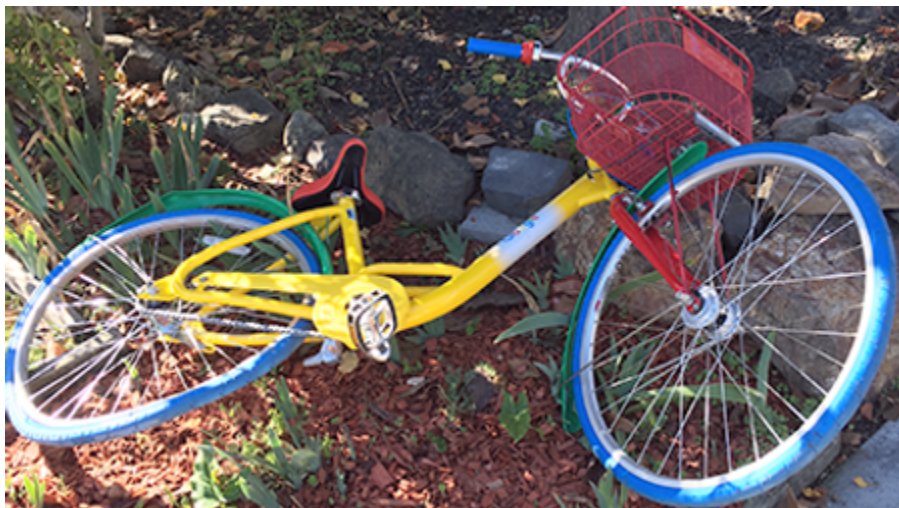


All that Glitters is not Gentrification by Anne Cheilek

When the big G blew into town, the boldest of the old levittown ranchers sprouted pillars, poor-man's porticos. "Pretty inside" signs soon gave way to demo crews, months of hammer and tonging. Before you could say uppity scum we were knee-deep in omakase cocktails and stingy-brim toppers. The hottest fiber-to-the-frontage laid, streets repaved. Last laundromat closed up for coffee, fair-trade. Some apparitions were hard to understand. The corporate candy-colored bikes thrown down all over town, kick-stands a-prop, riders raptured. Most curious of all, the sudden craze for white poodles. Here a Blanca, there a Beau, facsimile Snowballs behind every palisade. When the spoor of the new breed began to bud all over the virgin pavements, some wag, an old-timer no doubt, stalked the walks by night, doggedly spray-painting every turd a shiny gold.





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