

The Hotel Albert

23 East 10th Street, NYC



Hotel Albert c. 1907

Photograph obtained from The Museum of the City of New York

A History

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April 2011

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INTRODUCTION

The co-op apartment complex known today as “The Albert Apartment Corporation” began life as the Albert Apartment House, an early apartment building adjoining a hotel called the Hotel St. Stephen. By 1887, the apartment building had been converted into a second hotel, the Hotel Albert, and by the end of the 1890s the two hotels had become one institution. The Albert was not just any hotel: Over the course of a century – from the 1880s through the 1970s – the Albert played a significant role in New York’s cultural life, housing guests ranging from Robert Louis Stevenson, Hart Crane and Thomas Wolfe to The Mamas & The Papas and the Mothers of Invention, with many, many more in between. The list of famous residents easily puts the Albert in the same league as such better-known hotels as the Chelsea or the Algonquin, but – perhaps because it stopped being a hotel several decades ago – its history has been forgotten. The following account is meant to retrieve and chronicle that history.

The report is based on research in primary and secondary sources conducted in 2009-2011. While it appears exhaustive, there are no doubt other references to the Hotel Albert (and the Hotel St. Stephen) to be found – the transient nature of a hotel’s population guarantees that thousands of people will have visited at one time or another.

Today’s Albert Apartment Corp. consists of four buildings. The original Albert Apartment House, which became the core of the Hotel Albert (today known as “Building C”), still stands, largely intact, at the southeast corner of University Place and East 11th Street. It was built in 1881-82 to designs by Henry Hardenbergh, a prominent American architect who also designed such major institutions as the Plaza Hotel and the Dakota apartments. Sometime in the 1890s, the adjoining Hotel St. Stephen (46-52 East 11th – “Building D”) was incorporated into the Albert; unfortunately, the St. Stephen lost its original facade in the 1920s. The 12-story extension to the Albert (“Building B”) on University Place was added in 1903-04, and the shorter extension (“Building A”) on the northeast corner of University Place and East 10th Street in 1922-24; both survive largely intact. The Albert was converted into an apartment building complex in the 1970s.

In its earliest years, the Albert attracted a respectable clientele, and many professional societies held meetings there. It soon became known, however, for artists and writers, and eventually also for political radicals. After World War II, the hotel fell on hard times and gradually decayed, but it was also in those years that the Albert became a haven to musicians.

Writers who have stayed at the Albert (or St. Stephen) include Robert Louis Stevenson (1887 – he posed for sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens in his room in the St. Stephen), Hart Crane (1919 ff – he worked on “The Bridge” there) and Thomas Wolfe (1924 ff – he made the Albert the model for the Hotel Leopold in his novel *Of Time and the River*). A number of African-American literary figures stayed there in the 1950s including Chester Himes, Richard Wright, Charles Wright, and later Leroi Jones/Amiri Baraka. Other writers who stayed include Carol Bergè, Louise Bogan, Samuel R. Delany, Diane di Prima, Horton Foote, Caroline Gordon, A.P. Herbert, William Dean Howells, Alfred

Kazin, Weldon Kees, Robert Lowell, Robert McAlmon, Anaïs Nin, Aileen Pippett, Lynn Riggs, Aram Saroyan, and Allen Tate. Mark Twain lectured at the Albert in 1901, and Walt Whitman is said to have been sighted there.

Visual artists who spent time at the Albert include painter Albert Pinkham Ryder (brother of the hotel's manager – his famous painting, "The Race Track," was inspired by an event at the Albert), photographer Keith Carter, sculptors Philip Guston and Steve Urry, Abstract-Expressionist Bradley Walker Tomlin, and figures associated with Andy Warhol. Jackson Pollock attended dinners at the Albert.

Political radicals stayed at the Albert as early as 1906 (Ivan Ivanovich Norodny, chief executive commissioner of the Russian Military Revolutionary Party). Guests included Wolfe Lindenfeld (a suspect in the Wall Street bombing of 1921) and John J. Huber (an FBI agent who infiltrated the American Communist Party – 1949). John Thomas Scopes (though not self-defined as a political radical) stayed at the Albert in 1925 in search of supporters for his upcoming "monkey trial" in Tennessee. John Gages, editor of the *Daily Worker*, held a rally there in 1958.

In the post-World War II years, the eccentric Joseph Brody presided over the Albert French Restaurant (patrons included Rocky Graziano and Lynda Bird Johnson). Brody maintained seven press agents to plant stories about his restaurant in the gossip columns. He hung art on the walls, and sponsored a poetry contest and a sidewalk flower show. Brody also offered his patrons a free bus tour of the Village, first on a "train" and then a larger bus – both decoratively painted by Salvador Dalí.

Most recently, the Albert became home to musicians. It was at the Albert that The Mamas & The Papas' wrote their hit, "California Dreamin'," Lovin' Spoonful wrote "Do You Believe in Magic," and Tim Buckley wrote "Bussin' Fly." Other musicians who spent time at the Albert include the Mothers of Invention, Jim Morrison, Carly Simon, Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Jerry Edmonton, Barry Goldberg, Gary Higgins, Howlin' Wolf, The Cockettes, Jonathan Richman, Otis Smith, and Don Stevenson. Many of them used the Albert's basement for rehearsals and impromptu jam sessions – as Lillian Roxon, author of *The Rock Encyclopedia*, wrote, "The basement became a shrine; and no musician feels he's a musician unless he's stayed at the Albert and rehearsed among the pools of water and the cockroaches."¹

Today the Albert is a well-established residential cooperative apartment complex – the pools of water and cockroaches are long gone. But it still bears witness to the remarkable history of a Greenwich Village – and New York City – institution.

PART I: Construction History

The former Hotel Albert consists of three buildings erected respectively in 1881-82, 1903, and 1922-23, plus a neighboring fourth building, built 1875-76 – the former Hotel St. Stephen – that merged into the Albert c. 1895. The Hotel St. Stephen, at 50 East 11th Street,² was built in 1875-76 for Albert S. Rosenbaum, as a combination and alteration of three earlier row houses. Rosenbaum built the adjoining Albert Apartment House³ at the corner of East 11th Street and University Place in 1881-82, converting it to a hotel –the Hotel Albert – by 1887. The adjoining buildings on University Place and East 10th Street were built as new wings for the Hotel Albert.

Hotel St. Stephen, 50 East 11th Street



Undated image, c. 1880.

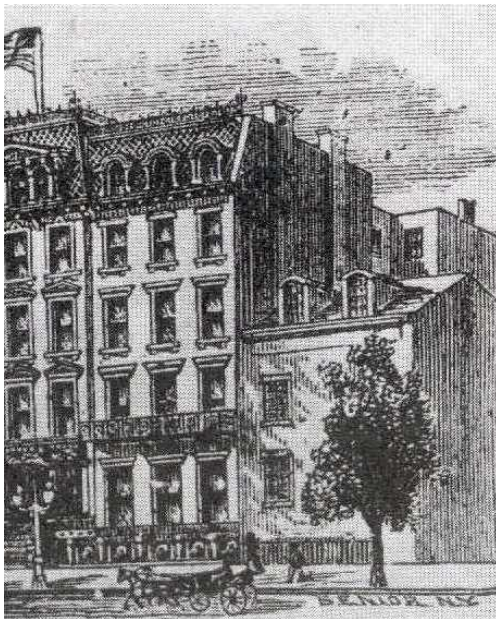
The five-story building at 46-52 East 11th Street, now incorporated into the Albert, was originally the Hotel St. Stephen. It was built in 1875-76 by Albert S. Rosenbaum. As described in 1894 in his *New York Times* obituary:

Albert S. Rosenbaum, a retired tobacco merchant and proprietor of the Hotels Albert and Stephen [sic], 42 and 48 East Eleventh Street respectively, died at his residence, 5 East Seventy-third Street, at 3:30 A.M. yesterday. Mr. Rosenbaum was sixty-three years old, and was one of the wealthiest Hebrews in this country. He was born in Cassel, Germany, and came to this country when eighteen years old.

He settled in California, and by dint of great business tact, shrewdness, and industry rapidly accumulated money, which he invested advantageously in San Francisco real estate. The tobacco firm of which he was President is at 165 Water Street. Several years ago Mr. Rosenbaum came to this city to take charge of his interests, and since then he had lived here.

He was a prominent Director of the Manhattan Loan and Trust Company and of a number of other financial institutions, as well as of the Third Avenue Surface Railroad Company and other surface railroad companies of this city and vicinity. He leaves a wife, four daughters, two of whom are married, and one son. His death was due to heart disease.⁴

Rosenbaum had acquired the site in 1868⁵. In 1875, he hired architect James Irving Howard⁶ to alter and enlarge the three existing two-and-a-half-story structures into one five-story hotel.⁷ In 1879, Rosenbaum acquired the two-story house just west of the St. Stephen, and in 1880 built an expansion on the site, designed by architect Henry Fernbach, matching the design of the original.⁸



Left: original three-bays next to central portion. Right: three bays extended to six on the site of the house.

Albert Apartment House, southeast corner of 11th Street and University Place,
later Hotel Albert



Photograph obtained from The New-York Historical Society

The Albert Apartment House at the south-east corner of University Place and East 11th Street, which became the core of the Hotel Albert, was built by Rosenbaum in 1881-82 as “French flats”.

Rosenbaum made an initial application to the New York Buildings Department in 1881 (New Building application 470 of 1881)⁹ for a \$100,000, seven-story building with a front of iron, brick and stone, tin roof and galvanized iron cornice, to be used as “French flats,” with steam heat (though the *Real Estate Record and Guide* described the proposed building as a “family hotel”¹⁰). The architect was identified as Henry Fernbach,¹¹ architect, that same year, for the extension that connected the Hotel St. Stephen to the proposed new building he was initially meant to design. This plan was abandoned. Rosenbaum filed a new application later that same year (July 18th – New Building application 780 of 1881) with a new plan, designed by Henry J. Hardenbergh, architect of the Plaza Hotel and the Dakota apartments (among others). This project, also for “French Flats” and still seven stories tall, was for a larger building on a larger lot (the original plan called for 75 feet in the front, the new plan for frontage of 94 feet), to cost \$200,000, but with a façade just of brick. The new building would hold 24 families. Construction began July 27 1881, and was completed December 21, 1882.

Apartment houses or “French flats”¹² – so called because of their popularity in Paris – became an acceptable middle-class alternative to row houses in the years after the Civil War. Many were designed by prominent architects. Hardenbergh designed at least two others: the Dakota Apartments, 1880-84, at Central Park West and West 72nd Street on the Upper West Side, and the Van Corlear (no longer standing), 1878-79, on Seventh Avenue between West 55th and 56th Streets in Midtown.¹³

As early as 1887, however, Rosenbaum decided to convert the Albert Apartment House to hotel use; the Hotel Albert begins to appear in city directories that year. Five years later, in 1891, Rosenbaum hired architect Albert Wagner (German-born architect of, among other things, the Puck Building on Houston at Lafayette St) to design a \$15,000 extension to the building – extending its width by 26 feet, and adding one story, the extension to be “occupied by the entrance to the hotel” and described as “an open arched portico to be built over entrance to hotel” (Alteration application 1479 of 1891). The extension was constructed from August 1891 to January 1892. Perhaps Rosenbaum felt that a public hotel needed a more prominent entrance than a private apartment house. Whereas the building was originally described as “seven stories,” it now became described in the press (though not always) as “eight stories.”¹⁴



Hotel Albert office (registration area) circa 1895

The hotel was initially managed by William Ryder, the first and then still current manager of the adjoining Hotel St. Stephen (see below for Ryder at the St. Stephen). By 1892, the Albert was being managed by H.C. Ferguson.¹⁵ Ferguson was succeeded by I. D. Crawford in 1894.¹⁶ Following Rosenbaum’s death that same year, his estate brought in a new manager, Louis Frenkel (whose name, “L. Frenkel,” appears in many of the ads placed for the hotel in those years). From Frenkel’s *New York Times* obituary:

Despondent because of business reverses, Louis Frenkel, 60 years old, formerly manager of the old Gilsey House, and for many years a well-known hotel man and restaurateur in this city, shot and killed himself late yesterday afternoon in a secluded spot on the brow of Lookout Hill in Prospect Park, Brooklyn....

For eight years past the dead man had been associated with Frederick Schwartze in the restaurant and café business. Under the firm name of Schwartze & Frenkel, they ran the bowling alleys and café at Franklin Avenue and Fulton Street, which

was formerly the headquarters of the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club, and at one time was owned by Charles Ebbets. Four months ago Frankel [sic] and his partner opened the Montague Grill at 200 Montague Street, Brooklyn, of which Frenkel acted as manager.

Friends of the dead man said last night that his business reverses began about fifteen years ago, when he gave up the management of the Hotel Albert, at University Place and Eleventh Street, Manhattan, which he had managed successfully for fourteen years, to take over the management of the Old Gilsey House, at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway....¹⁷

Addition to the Albert in the middle of the block on University Place



Photograph obtained from The Museum of the City of New York

Rosenbaum's estate maintained control of the Hotel Albert long after his death in 1894. In 1903, the estate planned a 12-story extension on University Place, to designs by architects Buchman & Fox. From a January 1903 article in the *American Architect and Building News*:

Buchman & Fox...are preparing plans for a twelve-story fireproof addition...to the Hotel Albert, to be built on the northeast corner of University Pl. and 10th St. Plans will be completed by February 1st.¹⁸

The *Real Estate Record and Guide* listed the addition as a proposed alteration in March 1903:

12-sty and attic extension...to 8-sty and basement brk and stone hotel; cost, \$150,000; estate A.S. Rosenbaum... ar'ts Buchman & Fox....¹⁹

Construction didn't begin, however, until almost a year later, March 1904, and was still underway in August 1904. As described in the *Real Estate Record and Guide* in that month:

The Hotel Albert annex, northeast corner [sic] of University place and 10th street, has made great progress lately. The steel skeleton is finished, fireproofing is done, and the exterior walls are up through 9 stories.... The first two stories are of Indiana limestone, while those above are of red pressed brick with trim of limestone. The design is pleasing and the building is a decided architectural improvement in University place. Much remains to be done, however, as the interior is still in a rough stage.

Its eventual completion is confirmed by a number of ads referring to the "New Hotel Albert" that appeared in 1906-07. In 1918, the *New York Times* described the Albert as consisting

...of a seven-story structure on the immediate corner...and an adjoining twelve-story building...at 67 University Place.²⁰

Buchman & Fox was a very active firm, designing such commercial buildings as the old Bonwit Teller department store at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, the annex to the New York Times on West 43rd Street, and apartment buildings and town houses. Construction of the addition to the hotel was complicated by

...difficult foundation work, because of quicksands encountered in building an extension to this hotel.²¹

In 1910, the *New York Times* announced plans for remodeling the interior of the Albert:

Hotel Albert to be Remodeled.

Extensive improvements, aggregating \$50,000, are to be made to the Hotel Albert, University Place and Eleventh Street. The architects, Sommerfield [sic – correct spelling is "Sommerfeld"] & Steckler, are now preparing plans for entirely remodeling and redecorating the interior. The first floor will be improved by larger office room and larger dining rooms. Work will began at once, and will be finished in May. The Hotel Albert has for years been one of the best-known hostelrys in the lower section of New York.²²

Second addition to the Albert, corner of East 10th Street



HOTEL ALBERT ADDITION, UNIVERSITY PLACE AND 10TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
Sagomon, Ross & Briggs and William L. Bottomley, Associate Architects



LOBBY, HOTEL ALBERT ADDITION, UNIVERSITY PLACE AND 10TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING, Plate 63.
Built by O'Connell-Brown Corp.; plastering contractors—Foley, Keller & Krieger, Inc.; metal furring, lathing, and corner bead—Williams & Adams; wood trim furnished by Harmon Industrial Corp.

Sagomon, Ross & Briggs and William L. Bottomley, Associate Architects.

Hotel Albert Lobby 1924 - after the East 10th Street addition

Photographs obtained from Cornell University

Rosenbaum bought the lots on the northeast corner of University Place and East 10th Street in 1890, but never built there.²³ The Rosenbaum estate built the second addition to the Hotel Albert only in 1922-24, to designs by William L. Bottomley working with the firm of Sugarman & Hess. It was first proposed to the Buildings Department as an alteration (Alteration application 320 of 1922), but ultimately undertaken as a new building (New Building application 138 of 1922). Construction was noted in the *New York Times*:

The popular Hotel Albert, which is a landmark of lower University Place, at the southeast corner of Eleventh Street, is building a large addition, covering the long vacant plot on the adjoining Tenth Street corner. With its completion the hotel will occupy all the easterly block front between Tenth and Eleventh Streets...²⁴

A Certificate of Occupancy (No. 7742 of 1924) was issued for the new building in 1924. Bottomley, who studied at the American Academy in Rome and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, designed a number of urban residences as well as country houses, and edited the two-volume “Great Georgian houses of America” – which no doubt explains the neo-Georgian detailing on this part of the Albert. Sugarman & Hess were apartment building specialists (though they also designed many loft buildings in the garment district).

Hotel Albert-St. Stephen, and the demise of the St. Stephen

In 1895, an alteration application described the Albert as two hotels, one seven stories tall and one five stories tall. The *Real Estate Record and Guide* described the alteration, designed by architects DeLemos & Cordes, as “a hall for the purpose of connecting the Hotels Albert and St. Stephen.”²⁵

In 1896 and 1897, the two hotels advertised as one:

Hotel Albert-St. Stephen, 11th St., Cor. Of University Place, One Block West of Broadway.

Most centrally located, near large stores and theatres. Large airy rooms at reasonable prices. Restaurant offers best value in New York City.

Special attention to ladies traveling alone.

L. & E. Frenkel.²⁶



A letter of introduction to the manager of the Hotel Albert for a woman traveling alone (front and back)

In 1920-21, the Rosenbaum estate converted the St. Stephen from residential to factory use (Alteration application 1997 of 1920), to plans by architects Keeler and Fernald; the conversion unfortunately destroyed the hotel's original facade. The alteration was noted in the *Times*:

Further downtown, the Hotel St. Stephens [sic], at 46 to 52 East Eleventh Street, a landmark of the University Place section, has been leased by the estate of A.S. Rosenberg [sic] to the Bonar, Phelps Company, manufacturers of straw hats, which plans to convert the hotel into a high-grade mercantile structure. It is a six-story building, on a plot 81 by 95, adjoining the Hotel Albert, at the southeast corner of University Place and Eleventh Street, leased last year to a company controlled by Sheriff David H. Knott and others. It was used as an annex to the Albert until a few years ago. The leasing company, which is now located at 43 East Tenth Street, takes the property for twenty years, and will pay an aggregate rental of about \$300,000.²⁷



The Hotel St. Stephen after its conversion to manufacturing use
Photograph obtained from the Office for Metropolitan History

A 1927 *Times* article noted that the building's tenants included Bashwitz Bros., "one of the largest clothing manufacturers in this country," whose move out that year to the new Garment District was regarded as the first important relocation of the garment industry from the east side to the west side.²⁸ Delight Sweets, Inc. was a tenant in 1937.²⁹

By 1978, the Hotel St. Stephen had returned to residential use, merged once again into the Albert.

PART II: Descriptions of the Hotel St. Stephen Prior to its Incorporation into the Hotel Albert

William Ryder became the hotel's first manager in 1876, in partnership with J.L. Jones, according to Ryder's obituary (see below, p.30). In 1878, the Hotel St. Stephen appears for the first time in city directories, which also give Ryder's address as the St. Stephen.³⁰ In 1879, the *Brooklyn Eagle* mentions J.L. Jones as representing the St. Stephen at a convention of "hotel men." In 1883, the hotel's clerk was J.Q.A. Stone; according to the *New York Daily Tribune*:

J.Q.A. Stone, the clerk at the St. Stephen Hotel in West Eleventh-st., who was reported as missing on Sunday, was at his post in the hotel yesterday. He said that he missed his mother, whom he had gone to meet in the morning, and then went out to Newark, where he was taken suddenly ill. He sent word to the hotel as soon as possible and his message reached there only a short time after the case had been reported to the police.³¹

An 1886 publication by the New York Stock Exchange Historical Review described the St. Stephen as a "first-class hotel":

Hotel St. Stephen, European Plan, W.D. Ryder, Proprietor, Nos. 46 to 52 East Eleventh Street, between Broadway and University Place. – The growth and development of the metropolis is well illustrated by the increased number of first-class hotels. Prominent among the leading houses which maintain an excellent reputation is the Hotel St. Stephen, which is located at Nos. 46 to 52 East Eleventh Street. This house is owned by Mr. W.D. Ryder, and has been under his management for the past nine years. The building is of the most modern construction, and is built in the most substantial manner. The interior arrangements are perfect. The rooms are large, airy, and are marvels of upholstery, fine furniture and decorative art. Throughout the house every arrangement for convenience and comfort is at hand. All that modern genius and inventive skill can devise for the comfort, safety and entertainment of guests are utilized in the Hotel St. Stephen. Mr. Ryder possesses a thorough practical knowledge of the business. There is nothing that the guests of his house might desire or wish that has not been anticipated. He has spared neither talent nor expense to make the St. Stephen a model of elegance and completeness. He at once commands the admiration and kindest wishes of all the traveling public whose good fortune it may be to come under his roof. He was born in Massachusetts, and has been a resident of this city for many years. He is a genial, liberal and enterprising gentleman, and is one of the most popular bonifaces in the city. Under able management the Hotel St. Stephen has won its way into the front rank of our leading hotels.³²

An 1887 description:

Only four blocks n. of Washington Square, is the Hotel St. Stephen, on 11th st., and a few rods e. of this, at the corner of Broadway, is the St. Denis. Comfortable rooms can be had at each place for \$1 or \$1.50 a day, and I recommend them as lodgings for those who feel oppressed by the heavy respectability of the Brevoort. Their restaurants are rather gilt-edged, as to style and prices, but several other satisfactory ones, of less elegance and lower rates, may be found near by....³³

A description in 1891 by a traveler who stayed at the St. Stephen in 1890:

I had been recommended by a passenger to go to the Hotel St. Stephen, 46 to 52, East Eleventh Street, New York, whence I drove in a cab perhaps a mile and a half, for which the cabman wanted 2 dollars (equal to 8s. 4d.); he got 1 1/2, which was half-a-dollar too much. Passengers should drive to their hotel, and then ask the proper fare before paying. New York has many large hotels - this is comparatively a small one. All the waiters are coloured men, and this seems pretty general throughout America.

I stayed over the 30th (Sunday) in New York, by which I secured a quiet day and an opportunity to attend Divine service. In my bedroom was a coil of stout Manilla rope screwed into the floor, near a window, so that an escape might be secured in the event of fire. The towels provided are a kind of compromise between a duster and a pocket handkerchief - rather disappointing to one accustomed to his "tub."³⁴

The reference to "coloured men" is indicative of the state of race relations in New York in that year. On the other hand, the St. Stephen apparently accepted some African-Americans as guests, more than half a century before hotel segregation faded from the city's life. From an article in the *New York Tribune* in 1889:

The story published yesterday that two women, guests at the Hotel St. Stephen, left the hotel on Tuesday last because three colored clergymen, who were delegates to the conference of the Methodist Book Concern, were entertained at that hotel, is said to be untrue. The Rev. Dr. C.H. Payne, secretary of the Methodist Board of Education, was seen at the Hotel St. Stephen yesterday, and said that the Rev. Drs. Edward W.S. Peck, of Washington; A.E.P. Albert, of New-Orleans, and Isaiah B. Scott, of Texas, the three colored clergymen referred to, were all guests at the hotel from Tuesday until Thursday last, and, as far as he knew, there was no dissatisfaction on that account among the other guests.

W.D. Ryder, proprietor of the Hotel St. Stephen, was seen last night, and denied that any of his guests had made complaint or left the hotel owing to the visit of the colored clergymen referred to. He said: "There is not a word of truth in the story, and if any Episcopal clergyman did write the letter which was quoted yesterday, he must have been misinformed. During the visit of these gentlemen several

Methodist and Presbyterian ministers visited them, and no guests left my house during that time whose visits would not have terminated on those days in any case, and neither I nor my clerks received any complaints whatever.”³⁵

An 1891 description of the St. Stephen:

Hotel St. Stephen, European Plan, W.D. Ryder, Proprietor, Nos. 46 to 52 E. Eleventh Street between Broadway and University Place - The advantages which are readily seen and recognized in the European plan have induced many of our leading hotel men to adopt it, and one of its most popular exponents in New York is the Hotel St. Stephen, conducted under the enterprising proprietorship of Mr. W.D. Ryder, at Nos. 46 to 52 E. Eleventh Street, between Broadway and University Place. This house was opened to the public by the present proprietor in 1876, and is architecturally an ornament to the city, while being constructed with due regard to the comfort, convenience and safety of guests. It is five stories in height, 100 x 100 feet in dimensions, and contains one hundred and twenty rooms. In location the Hotel St. Stephen is directly central to the best business sections of the city, and near to theaters, churches, railway depots and steamboat landings, and is just the place for wealthy visitors and tourists to make a home while in the city. Guests will find here every convenience and all modern improvements that art and science have invested or that good taste and ample capital can supply, while the furnishings of the house are superb, its arrangements are admirable for the entertainment of guests, and its cuisine and services are unsurpassed. It is one of the best appointed hotels in a city noted for its superior hotel accommodations, and ranks in excellence of fare with any in the country. Conducted strictly on the European plan, there is associated with the Hotel St. Stephen one of the best restaurants in the city, the culinary department being presided over by an expert and accomplished chef. To tourists and travelers who desire the luxuries as well as the comforts of life, we could recommend Hotel St. Stephen. Rates for rooms are \$1.00 per day and upward, and prices generally are eminently fair and equitable. The proprietor, Mr. Ryder, is ably assisted by Mr. Edgar V. Hart as manager, who has been with the house from the start and is deservedly popular with its patrons. Mr. Ryder is a Massachusetts man by birth, a resident of this city for the past twenty-seven years, and enjoys the confidence and esteem of a large, influential and permanent list of patrons.³⁶

An 1893 advertisement for the hotel still shows Ryder as the proprietor:

Hotel St. Stephen,
European Plan,
50 East 11th Street, bet. Broadway and University Place
Broadway or University Place Cars
Rooms \$1.00 per day and upwards.
W.D. Ryder, Propr.³⁷

By 1894, at the time of Rosenbaum's death, Rosenbaum's obituary described him as the

...proprietor of the Hotels Albert and Stephen, 42 and 48 East 11th Street,
respectively....

That same year, Ryder was replaced by Louis Frenkel, manager of the adjoining Hotel Albert, as shown in an ad:

Hotel St. Stephen, 46-52 East 11th St., near University Place.

A quiet, homelike hotel. European plan. Rooms one dollar per day and upwards.

Restaurant charges very reasonable. New management. LOUIS FRENKEL

PART III: The Early Years Up To World War I – Descriptions and Visitors

During the 1890s, the Albert published an illustrated brochure describing the hotel's facilities:³⁸

The Cafe



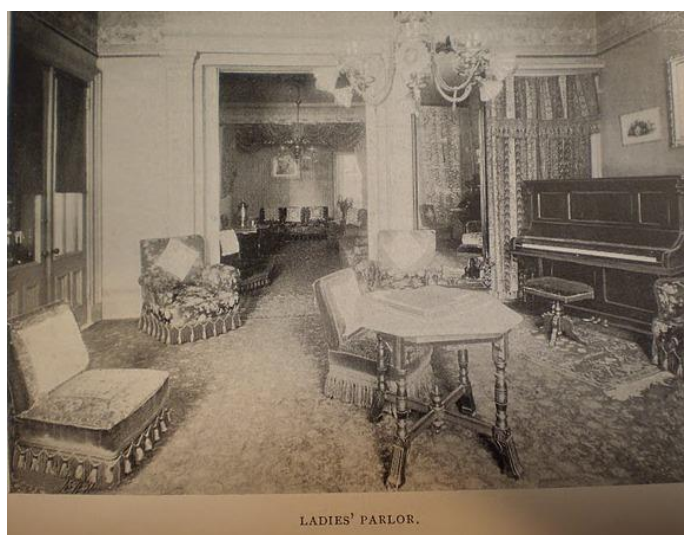
Leading off the office come two cozy, well-furnished rooms used as a café and bar. These rooms have become quite popular with the business men of the neighborhood, who find it very convenient to take their luncheon and dinners in them. The wines, liquors and beers served at the bar are of the best quality.

The Dining Rooms



The Dining Rooms are located on the first floor; they are easy of access from any part of the house, are light, airy, and decorated in tones pleasing to the eye. The present proprietors of the Hotel have made this department a special feature under their management, and they claim, without exaggeration, that they offer the very best value for the money of any first-class hotel in the city. The cooking and service are both of the best, while the prices are quite reasonable. Particular attention is called to the table d' hote dinner at this Hotel, served from 5 to 8 P.M., for seventy five cents, wine included. The remarkable increase in the business of this one branch of the Hotel alone shows how the efforts of the management are appreciated.

The Parlors



Leading from the dining rooms we find a very handsome marble passageway, brilliantly lighted by electricity, which connects the Hotel Albert with the large four-story building adjoining, formerly known as Hotel St. Stephen. This building was added to the Hotel Albert by the present proprietors to accommodate their rapidly growing business. To the left of this passageway are two commodious parlors, furnished in home-like style, where the lady guests of the house meet in the evening and spend a social hour or two. The management particularly pride themselves on the unrivaled reputation the Hotel Albert has earned for itself among ladies who come to New York on business or on a shopping expedition unaccompanied by their husbands or other members of their families. The care exercised by the management in the selection of their guests gives such ladies a feeling of security which they highly appreciate.

The Rooms



All the rooms in the Hotel Albert will be found clean, comfortable, and in good order. The prices range from \$1.00 a day upwards for each person. Rooms with private baths, \$2.00 a day upwards for each person. Special rates to parties or families who wish to make long stays.

How to Reach the Hotel

From the Grand Central Station by the Lexington Avenue and Broadway cable cars; from the Desbrosses Street Ferry of the Pennsylvania Railroad by horsecar to Broadway, then transfer to Broadway cable car; from the Twenty-third Street Ferry of the Pennsylvania Railroad by horsecar to Fourteenth Street and University Place; from the Baltimore & Ohio Ferry, foot of Whitehall Street, direct by Broadway cable car to Broadway and Eleventh Street.

The description is followed by many pages of advertisements.

In 1906, the magazine *Modern Housekeeping* approvingly described the restaurant facilities of the Hotel Albert, which it recommended especially to women travelers:³⁹

In early spring a visit to the shops of New York City is of great profit as well as pleasure to the woman of average means, as bargains, not only may be found in short lengths of material suitable for waists, skirts and even a whole gown – but the change from the quiet of home life to the alert bustle of street and shop characteristic of our metropolis is beneficial to even a nerve-tired woman. Just where to “put up” is often asked by the woman who perhaps is making this shopping tour alone. She wants to be near the shops, theatres, and other places of interest; and not feel she must be loaded down with luggage, but feel free to come and go in a plain gown, should she choose.

To ladies we would say that at the Hotel Albert, corner of 11th Street and University Place, right near Broadway, they will find a hotel just suited to their needs. They will find polite clerks and attendants, cleanliness and quiet, with pleasant parlors and writing-rooms, together with a home-like air that will make their visit one of great pleasure.

Below we give a luncheon and dinner menu served during the writer's stay at this hotel, and she can vouch for the well-cooked and well served food. This hotel was for years the abiding place of Robert Louis Stevenson, and his rooms may be seen as when he last occupied them.

If a lady happens to be making a visit alone all that will be necessary to insure perfect comfort and attention is to say to the chief clerk: "I am alone," and she will be well looked after, her parcels and mail sent to her room, with a table in a quiet corner of the dining-room placed at her option.

Luncheon

40 cents

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1906

Choice of -

Chicken with Rice Consomme Spaghetti

Choice of -

Fried Smelts, Tartar Sauce

Irish Stew with Vegetables

Liver Sausage and Fried Cabbage

Fricasee Rockaway Oysters on Toast

Roast Prime Ribs of Beef, Dish Gravy

Roast Loin of Pork, Apple Sauce

Choice of -

Creamed White Turnips or String Beans

Mashed Potatoes or Boiled Potatoes

Choice of -

Bread and Butter Pudding, Cream Sauce

Cheese Cake Apple Pie

Edam Cheese with Hard Crackers

Dinner

75 cents

Blue Points

Olives

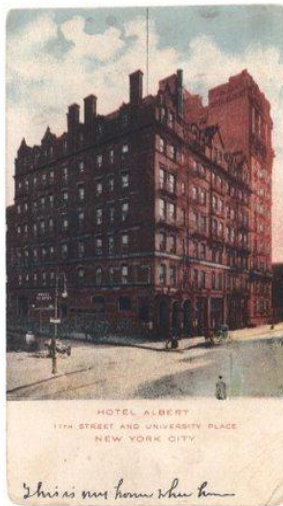
Mongole Consomme' with Rice

Broiled Bluefish Maitre d'Hotel

Chicken Saute Marengo

and

Rice Croquettes, Currant Jelly
 Mashed Potatoes Boiled Potatoes
 Cauliflower
 Roast Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus or
 Baked Sugar Cured Ham, Champagne Sauce
 Chicory Salad
 Ice Cream Cake
 Neufchatel Cheese, Saltine Crackers
 Coffee



*Postcard from a “lady” on a “shopping tour” as described by “Modern Housekeeping”
 Postmarked March 18, 1910*

In the same issue, the Hotel Albert placed a short advertisement, entitled “The New Hotel Albert” (a reference to the new building), including a photograph, and the following information:

300 Modern Rooms at from \$1.00 per day up. European Plan. 100 Rooms with private bath at from \$2.00 per day up. Ladies traveling alone will find every convenience and comfort at this hotel.

Similar ads appeared in other magazines of the time:

American Education

The New Hotel Albert
 New York City

The only absolutely fire-proof hotel below 23d Street. A moderate priced house with all conveniences, including telephone in each room.

Rooms range from \$1 per day up. 100 rooms with private bath \$2 per day up.

Club breakfasts and meals at fixed prices, make the Hotel Albert the best hotel value in New York City. Illustrated Guide of the metropolis sent free.⁴⁰

*New England Magazine*⁴¹

New Hotel Albert
Cor. 11th St. & University Place
New York

...One Block West of Broadway...

The only absolutely fire-proof hotel below 23rd St. Most centrally located, yet quiet. Convenient to both the wholesale district and the large department stores. Rooms from \$1.00 per day up. 100 rooms with private bath from \$2.00 per day up. All modern conveniences, including Long Distance Phone in each room. Club Breakfasts and meals at fixed prices. Send for Guide of New York City.

L. Frenkel, Proprietor



One of the Hotel Albert restaurants circa 1907

Photograph obtained from The Museum of the City of New York



Hotel Albert, Newsstand, University Place and 11th Street, c.1900

Photograph obtained from The Museum of the City of New York

As a respectable hotel, the Albert attracted a respectable clientele, including a variety of associations:

- American Library Association, 1899

From the *Library Journal*:

Visit to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington Libraries

Various opinions have appeared in print as to the A.L.A. conference held at Chautauqua last July. For myself I found it the most stimulating of the 13 A.L.A. conferences which I have attended....

After the trip down the river to New York, and a half day spent according to individual preference, we began work Wednesday afternoon, April 26, by visiting the stores of Macmillan Co., D. Appleton, Longmans, Green, Dodd, Mead & Co., Charles Scribner's, and G. P. Putnam, and by attending a sale at Bangs' auction-rooms. In the evening the school was at home in the Hotel Albert to the 39 former students resident in New York and vicinity. A large number responded to the invitation.⁴²

- Anti-Saloon League, 1901

From *The Syracuse Journal*:

The New York State Anti-Saloon league has declared in favor of local option in election districts on the question of licenses, against Sunday opening of salons, and for a continuation of the society's work in prosecuting violations of the liquor tax law. These declarations are in accordance with the framing of the league's policy...which will be pursued at the coming session of the Legislature. The executive committee had a meeting recently at the Hotel Albert in New York City.⁴³

- New York Educational Council, 1902

From *The School Journal*:

The New York Educational Council will meet in law room No. 1, New York University, Washington square, Saturday, November 15, 1902, at 10:30 a.m. After the meeting the usual lunch at Hotel Albert.⁴⁴

- New York Latin Club, 1902

An address before the New York Latin Club by Professor M.H. Morgan of Harvard University, delivered Nov 22 1902 at The Hotel Albert. Entitled: Miscelliones.

- New York Classical Club, 1900, 1901

From *Classical Weekly*:

The first meeting was held on Saturday, November 24, 1900, at the Hotel Albert, at the corner of University Place and Eleventh Street. Professor Gonzalez Lodge was the speaker. According to *The Latin Leaflet*, No. 10 (dated December 1900), Professor Lodge addressed the Club informally on the attitude of the Latin Grammar maker toward the practical problems of the secondary Latin teacher. His main point was that a Latin Grammar is or should be made for the Latin teacher and not for the pupil, and that upon the teacher rested very largely the burden of interpretation. Professor Harkness, to whom Dr. Lodge had gracefully referred as "the Nestor of Latin grammarians", on being requested to speak, replied in a very happy and winning style, skillfully emphasizing the need of keeping in full view the practical needs of the pupils. The writer of this notice (unsigned) had at the out- set described Professors Harkness and Lodge as "the two opposite poles of the Latin grammatical battery in this country". Professor Lodge's address was never published. The second meeting was held at the Hotel Albert, on Saturday, February 25, 1901. Professor E. G. Sihler, of New York University, spoke on Ideals and Experiences, or School, College, and University. According to The

Latin Leaflet, No. 19 (March 4, 1901), his chief point was that Latin should be taught not only *legendo* but also and most emphatically *scribendo et dicendo*, in support of which view he quoted Quintilian's famous passage containing this advice.⁴⁵

- Chemistry Teachers' Club, 1902

From *Science*:

At a meeting of chemistry teachers held at the Hotel Albert, N. Y., March 20, the Chemistry Teachers' Club was organized. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: A. C. Hale, President; R. H. Fuller, Vice-President; A. L. Arey, Treasurer; M. D. Sohon (Peter Cooper High School), Secretary.⁴⁶

- New York Branch of the Norwich Pharmacal [sic] Company, 1917, Sales Convention

From *The National Druggist*:

Twenty-five salesmen, representing the New York Branch of the Norwich Pharmacal [sic] Company, assembled at the Hotel Albert, New York City, on September 8th, for their annual sales convention. These men cover Greater New York and the Atlantic States to the Gulf. The convention was presided over by Branch Manager Currens and addresses were made by..... Several of the sales staff also delivered addresses and participated in the general discussions. A feature of the convention was an exposition of the analytical and physiological work of the scientific staff, illustrated by apparatus and animals from the laboratories.⁴⁷

- Greater New York Esperanto Society, 1919

From *Amerika Esperantisto*:

The New York barco, or Esperanto supper, is held on the THIRD FRIDAY of every month (6:30 P.M.), Hotel Albert, Cor. 11th St and University Place.⁴⁸

- Otsego County farmers

From *The Otsego Farmer*:

County Agent Harlo P. Beals of the Otsego county Farm Bureau announces final plans for the study trip to market terminals and the movement of produce in New York City to be made by a hundred or more farmers from up state on March 6th, 7th and 8th. A large group of growers plans to go on special coaches the day before to attend the trip in New York City. Several county groups have indicated a lively interest in the matter and when the group finally assembles at the Hotel Albert it

is certain to take a number of the big buses to carry them about on the heavy schedule which has been arranged through the local Farm Bureau. Word has just been received that in addition to watching the arrival and handling of milk and close contact with actual auction sales and produce movement on the piers in lower New York, a number of interesting side trips have been arranged such as a visit to an ocean steamer or the navy yard and special sight seeing trips at the close of the first day with a lecturer in each bus. Two evenings have been left open and special help will be given to anyone desiring assistance in selecting an evening of entertainment. This is to avoid heart failure on the part of those desiring to choose one show from a list of forty.⁴⁹

Various respectable individuals also lived or stayed at the Hotel Albert in these early years:

- Rev. Charles Henry Payne

From the *Biographical Directory of the State of New York*, 1900:

Payne, Charles Henry - Methodist Episcopalian Clergyman, 150 Fifth avenue, New York City; residence Hotel Albert. Born in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 24, 1930. Educated at Wesleyan University and at Concord (N.H.) Biblical Institute. Degrees of D.D. from Dickinson College in 1971 and LL.D. from Ohio State University in 1875. (Married Mary E. Gardiner of Wickford, R.I., 1887.) Held various pastorates in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio and Pennsylvania until 1876; president of Ohio Wesleyan University, 1876-88. Corresponding secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopalian Church since 1888. Delegate to Methodist Ecumenical Conference held in London, England, in 1881, and to the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892 and 1896. Has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia and the Holy Land. Author of several religious works.⁵⁰

- Charles T. Congdon

From *The School Journal*:

Charles T. Congdon, the "Paul Potter" of the Boston Courier, and editorial writer for twenty-five years on the *New York Tribune*, died January 18 at Hotel Albert, New York, aged sixty-eight.⁵¹

From *The Critic*:

Charles Tabor Congdon, a well-known journalist, died on Sunday last at the Hotel Albert, his home for the past six years, after only a few days' confinement to his room, though he had been in a decline for several months. Mr. Congdon was a native of New Bedford, Mass. (April 7, 1821), and was attached at different times to various New England journals. A connection with the editorial department of

the *New York Tribune*, begun in 1857, was maintained for twenty-five years, his resignation having been accepted in 1882. His name appears on the title-pages of two volumes – “Tribune Essays” (1869) and “Reminiscences of a Journalist” (1880).⁵²

- Miss Annie S. Peck, A.M.

From “School at Athens Fellows and Students 1882-1908,” *American Journal of Archaeology*:

Miss ANNIE S. PECK, 1885-86, A.B. (University of Michigan, 1878), A.M. (University of Michigan, 1881), Professor of Latin in Purdue University (1881-83), Teacher of Latin in Smith College (1886-87), Lecturer on Archaeology, etc., 1887-, Hotel Albert, New York City.⁵³

The World-Famous Mountain Climber, Lecturer, and Writer, Official Delegate of the United States to the International Congress of Alpinists, 1900, Presents the Following Lectures....

Miss Peck may be addressed at Hotel Albert, New York.⁵⁴

- Miss H.D. Fellowes

From *Parish Year Books of Grace Church in New York*:

“Secretary and Treasurer of The Women’s Missionary Society (connected to Grace Church)” in 1898-99.⁵⁵

- Miss Clara H. Whitmore

From *Directory of the Chapters, Officers and Members*:

Member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.⁵⁶

Even in this early part of its history, however, the Albert attracted unusual guests. A fire broke out in the hotel on January 4, 1915, and provoked an unusual article in the *Times* entitled “Fought Flames to Music”:

Pianist in Pajamas Played to Reassure Guests at Hotel Albert Fire.

Firemen fought a blaze in the cellar of the Hotel Albert, University Place and Eleventh Street, early yesterday morning to the tune of “Tipperary,” played with much earnestness on a piano by a man in pajamas. Several hundred guests, hearing the tune, kept their composure and a panic was avoided.⁵⁷

PART IV: The Early Years Up To World War I – Resident Writers and Artists

Albert Pinkham Ryder



*Albert Pinkham Ryder: The Race Track
Inspired by an event at the Hotel Albert*

The details of Ryder's connection to the Hotel Albert are not entirely clear. Some relatively recent accounts have claimed that his brother built the hotel and named it for him. In fact, the hotel was built by Albert S. Rosenbaum, who most likely named it for himself, but Ryder's brother did indeed manage the Albert for Rosenbaum, and had been the owner and manager of the adjoining Hotel St. Stephen since 1876.

In his 1898 obituary, the *New York Times* described William Ryder as follows:

The death of William Davis Ryder, who was for nearly twenty years the proprietor of the Hotel St. Stephen, in Eleventh Street near University Place, occurred at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening at his home, 16 East Twelfth Street. A few years ago his health broke down, but he managed to recuperate. Last October an attack of kidney trouble forced him again to take to his bed, which he never afterward left.

Mr. Ryder was born in January, 1837, at Yarmouth Port, Mass., and not long afterward he went with his parents to New Bedford, Mass., where he was reared and educated. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion Mr. Ryder, with J.L. Jones, then both in business in Boston, joined the Army of the Potomac, in partnership as sutiers [sic] remaining with the army through the war. They then came to this city together and opened, at Broadway and Howard Street, a restaurant under the firm name of Jones & Ryder. This restaurant, which was at that time the largest in the city, and much patronized by prominent New Yorkers, lasted till 1876, when the partners left it and purchased the Hotel St. Stephen. A year or two later Mr. Ryder bought out Mr. Jones's interest in the hostelry and continued to run it alone until about three years ago, when he sold it and retired

from business. He also opened the Hotel Albert and managed that for its owner. The Pacific Bank is another institution in which Mr. Ryder was interested financially. He married Miss Albertine Burt of New Bedford, Mass. She survives him, as does a daughter, Miss Gertrude H. Ryder. Mr. Ryder belonged to the Hotel Men's Association. He will be buried at New Bedford, Mass., to-morrow.⁵⁸

One contemporary account, by a reporter seeking unsuccessfully to interview Albert Ryder, suggests that the painter lived at the Hotel Albert at some point:

Upon consulting my diary for March 11, 1911, I find the following staccatic references to my ineffectual attempts to meet [Albert] Ryder....

"Ryder was charmed at the idea of meeting a friend of Mr. Fearon's, but wished a few days in which to arrange for it. Mr. Fearon explained that the artist lived in great disorder, and probably wished to fix up his room a bit. Two days later a messenger reported that Ryder was no longer at home. 'Probably ambling around the country roads in New Jersey,' explained Mr. Fearon, 'taking advantage of the springlike weather.' Two days later than that the messenger reported finding Ryder at home, but the room appalling. Floor piled high with ashes and all kinds of debris. 'You know more than once,' said Mr. Fearon, 'the Board of Health has got after him. Once when Ryder was ill the Reillys, who live on the floor below, managed to get in and gave the place a thoroughly good housecleaning, but that is the only such event on record.'

"Last Saturday Ryder called on Fearon and said that he would appoint a day soon for the interview. Mr. King said last night that he had called once on Ryder and Ryder had given him one of his rooms. 'You know his brother owns the Hotel Albert. He named the hotel after Ryder.'

"Called at the Hotel Albert to-day. Mr. Ryder not at home. Clerk said Mr. Ryder was a traveling salesman. Didn't think he had ever owned that hotel. A Mr. Rosenbaum had owned the Hotel Albert for years."

I think it was Ernest Lawson who finally put me au courant, told me the sort Ryder was, the simplicity of his character and the style of life. As soon as I learned the facts I gave up the idea of an article, as I did not wish to assist in starting a pilgrimage of busybodies and idlers to the retreat of the aged and picturesque painter....⁵⁹

Ryder took his meals at the Hotel Albert, and it was an episode at the restaurant that inspired one of his most famous paintings, "The Race Track." In Ryder's own words (which suggest that his brother ran the hotel but that Ryder himself did not live there at the time – but since Ryder refers only to "my brother's hotel," it could conceivably have been the St. Stephen):

In the month of May, the Brooklyn Handicap was run, and the Dwyer brothers had entered their celebrated horse Hanover to win the race. The day before the race I dropped into my brother's hotel and had a little chat with this waiter, and he told me that he had saved up \$500 and that he had placed every penny of it on Hanover winning this race. The next day the race was run, and, as racegoers will probably remember, Hanover came in third. I was immediately reminded that my friend the waiter had lost all his money. That dwelt in my mind, as for some reason it impressed me very much, so much so that I went around to my brother's hotel for breakfast the next morning and was shocked to find my waiter friend had shot himself the evening before. This fact formed a cloud over my mind that I could not throw off, and "The Race Track" is the result.⁶⁰

In 1928, the Cleveland Museum of Art, which had acquired the painting, published an article about it in the museum's Bulletin, elaborating on the story:

In his most famous canvas, "The Race Track," better called "Death on a Pale Horse," recently added to the J. H. Wade Collection, Albert Pinkham Ryder deals with the eternal problem of death, not in any mood of morbid curiosity, but instead with an inevitability which has in it the character of the subject matter itself....

The actual experience which called forth this picture has been described by Ryder himself in a short account of some three hundred words, almost the only bit of sustained writing which he ever attempted. His brother was the proprietor of a small hotel in New York, the Hotel Albert. The artist was accustomed to take his dinners there, and many times he was served by a waiter who attracted him by his unusual competence and intelligence. This waiter was interested in horse racing, and mentioned one time that betting on the races was an easy way to make money; Ryder advised against it. Later he heard that the man had bet his entire savings, five hundred dollars, on the horse, Hanover, entered in the Brooklyn Handicap, a horse then much talked about from the Dwyer brothers' stables. The morning after the race, Ryder read of the result: Hanover had come in third. He was overcome with immediate forebodings, and went around to his brother's hotel to find that the waiter had shot himself the night before. The whole affair moved him immensely; and this painting, "Death on a Pale Horse," is a direct result of his emotional excitement. It is a commentary too on his point of view. Shocked as he was by the tragedy, in his intelligence he was not so wholly concerned with the event itself as with the circling reflections which it aroused.

The canvas, in accordance with Ryder's mood, is one of highly romantic and expressionistic character. Around the track rides Death, a phantom figure upon a phantom horse. Every line gives speed; and the opposing rhythm of the scythe, as it repeats the line of the curving edge of the track, suggests the relentless returning of the course upon itself. These lines give an effect of immensity as well, accentuated by the depths of a ghost-like evening sky, its livid clouds outlined against weird patches of deep blue. A blasted tree, stripped of branches and

foliage, stands starkly at one side; and from a stagnant pool in the foreground glides a serpent, “that which runneth quicker than death itself.” Mysterious shadows fall here and there over the canvas, and the greyed and brownish greens of the color scheme give an effect that is at the same time haunting and poignant.

Ryder lived in a world apart; he was a recluse, a mystic, content to exist in a tiny studio amid inextricable disorder. It did not matter to him whether the room was filled with a number less accumulation of boxes of Quaker Oats or other things; that was only where his body stayed while his mind ranged through endless spaces of imagination. He might take a simple idea; but when he was through with it, he had left it enriched with a fullness of reflection which makes of it a profound philosophy. That is why Ryder stands in his chosen field as the greatest American Romanticist; and that is why the newly acquired canvas, “Death on a Pale Horse,” can be fairly called, without exaggeration, one of the greatest canvases ever painted in America.⁶¹

Robert Louis Stevenson



*Augustus St. Gaudens, bronze medallion of Robert Louis Stevenson
Posed for in Stevenson's rooms at the Hotel St. Stephen*

Robert Louis Stevenson visited New York in 1887 and stayed at the Hotel St. Stephen, where he received visitors. Among them was American sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens, for whom Stevenson posed.

As described in *The American Art Journal* in 1972:

Back in New York in 1887 he [St. Gaudens] welcomed the opportunity to do a portrait of the poet Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson had come to the United States for treatment of his tuberculosis, and a mutual friend, the painter Will H. Low, arranged for Saint-Gaudens to meet him. Thus Saint-Gaudens began the sketches with Stevenson propped up in bed. The first completed portrait in 1889, a rectangular version, was inscribed with the poem Stevenson dedicated to Will Low from his “Underwoods” collection. This portrait was adapted to a circular medallion (originally three feet in diameter and later reduced in size) which was

so successful that Saint-Gaudens had it copied for resale many times. After Stevenson's death, Saint-Gaudens executed the memorial tablet for St. Giles' Church in Edinburgh (unveiled 1905). The circular version (Fig. 14), which he preferred, is quite an improvement over the earlier rectangular one (Fig. 15) which overemphasized the bedding. The three heavy blocks of inscription also detracted from the portrait. By reworking the inscription so that it flows down the edge in an arc, and by cutting off the bed, the sculptor regained the emphasis on the subject and improved the total effect. However, he returned to the longitudinal arrangement in the St. Giles Memorial; a much larger bas-relief which included an inscription with over one thousand letters. This length was awkward to say the least, but in keeping with the elogia often encountered in church memorials.⁶²

Another writer describes the meeting of the two men in Stevenson's rooms at the St. Stephen (which the writer conflates with the Albert):

In 1887, while [Stevenson's play] *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* played the Broadway stage, they met in Stevenson's room at the Hotel Albert in New York. The sculptor found the writer "astonishingly young, not a bit like an invalid . . . and a bully fellow." The writer saw before him a face "like an Italian Cinquecento medallion." They took to each other quickly and exchanged ideas during the numerous sittings. Saint-Gaudens complained that he had "never had time to do a nude statue," and Stevenson, quoting Emerson, dubbed him the "God-like sculptor."⁶³

There has been similar confusion over whether Stevenson stayed at the Albert or at the adjoining St. Stephen. Many writers say it was the Albert. One wrote about Stevenson's stay at the hotel:

The success of the play increased the number of the autograph hunters and the curious who laid siege to the Albert Hotel.⁶⁴

And it is known that after Stevenson's death, his widow spent time at the Albert, as reported in the *New York Times* in 1898, though by that year the St Stephen had been incorporated into the Albert so she might have been in either building:

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of the novelist, who has been ill at the Hotel Albert, University Place and Eleventh Street, was reported as greatly improved yesterday. Mrs. Stevenson came to New York about a month ago. She has several friends here, and intended spending a few weeks with them before going to London to assist Sidney Colvin in getting out a book on the life and work of her husband.⁶⁵

St. Gaudens himself called it the Albert, in his reminiscences, as augmented by his son Homer, in which St. Gaudens describes their meetings in Stevenson's rooms at the Albert:

It is singular how one will forget important things. I was about to overlook my experience with Robert Louis Stevenson, which took place in the autumn of 1887. Shortly before this time my friend, Mr. Wells, a man of infinite taste and judgment, great learning and delightful conversation, as well as a keen lover and appreciator of music, drew my attention to the *New Arabian nights*, by a young author just making himself known. I am, unfortunately, very little of a reader, but my introduction to these stories set me aflame as have few things in literature. So when I subsequently found that my friend, Mr. Low, knew Stevenson quite well, I told him that, if Stevenson ever crossed to this side of the water, I should consider it an honor if he would allow me to make his portrait. It was but a few weeks after this that Stevenson arrived in America on his way to the Adirondacks. He accepted my offer at once, and I began the medallion at his rooms in the Hotel Albert in Eleventh Street, not far from where I lived in Washington Place. All I had the time to do from him then was the head, which I modeled in five sittings of two or three hours each. These were given me in the morning, while he, as was his custom, lay in bed propped up with pillows, and either read or was read to by Mrs. Stevenson.

I can remember some few things as to my personal impressions of him. He said that he believed “*Olala*” to be his best story, or that he fancied it the best, and that George Meredith was the greatest English litterateur of the time. Also he told me of his pet-liking for his own study of Robert Burns. He gave me a complete set of his own works, in some of which he placed a line or two. In “*Virginibus Puerisque*,” he wrote, “Read the essay on Burns. I think it is a good thing.” Thus the modest man!

Again at the end of one of the sittings, as I was about to go out, he rose from his bed and we chatted concerning some commercial arrangement he had his mind on. He asked my advice. I gave it, such as it was, parenthetically observing, “Oh, well, everything is right and everything is wrong.”

While I was speaking, he had entered a little closet to wash his hands. He came out wiping them.

“Yes, yes, that is true, that is true,” he said continuing to rub his fingers. “Yes, everything is right and everything is wrong.”

I also recall his saying, “The man who has not seen the dawn every day of his life has not lived.” And again, in speaking of crossing the ocean and traveling by sea, he referred to its charm and danger and added, “The man who has not taken his life in his hands at some time or other, has not lived.”

In connection with this vein in his personality, I remember visiting him one evening when he lay on his bed in the half-gloom, the lamp being in another room. I sat on the bed’s edge, barely able to discern his figure in the dimness. He talked in the monotonous tone one frequently assumes when in the twilight,

speaking of his keen admiration for Lawrence, Governor of India. Then I first realized his reverence for men of action, men of affairs, soldiers, and administrators. Moreover, he said with great feeling that his chief desire in the world was the power to knock down a man who might insult him, and that perhaps the most trying episode in his life was one in which he had a conversation with a man which, had it taken a certain direction, would have left no alternative but one of personal altercation in which he himself could present but a pitiable figure. This impressed me as being the most feeling thing he ever said to me.

St. Gaudens' son, Homer, wrote of the medallion's popularity, and the various versions that existed of it:

The medallion of Stevenson was probably one of the most popular works my father created, and as the demand for it continued without interruption, Saint-Gaudens remodeled it in a number of forms, culminating in the large relief placed, in memory of the author, on the wall of St. Giles Church, Edinburgh, Scotland. First my father made the original head, slightly smaller than life-size. Then he designed an oblong composition which showed Stevenson propped up in bed, his manuscript before him, a cigarette in his hand, and which bore some of his verses beginning, "Youth now flees on feathered foot." Next followed a round variation, three feet in diameter, representing the whole bed, with the poem composed in a different form, and a winged Pegasus added. After that appeared other small replicas of the round and the oblong forms, with the drapery and verses once more altered. And finally two arrangements of the big relief were created in which the bed gave place to a couch, the blanket to a rug, and, in deference to the site in a church, the cigarette to a quill pen, and the poem to a prayer.

Despite the confusion about the identity of the hotel at which Stevenson stayed, evidence irrefutably points to the St. Stephen. An account in 1915 called "On the Trail of Stevenson" clearly indicates that the hotel in question was the St. Stephen:

On April 16, 1888, Stevenson left Saranac Lake, considerably helped in health, and returned to New York City. His presence in the metropolis was confided only to a few people; and much of his time was spent in bed, not because of illness, but merely because this habit contributed to his seclusion. Saint-Gaudens, moreover, was sketching him in bed for the medallion.

At this time, Louis lived for two weeks at the Hotel St. Stephen's, in East Eleventh Street, near University Place. This hotel was not unnoted in its day: it was, for instance, the residing-place of Mrs. Jefferson Davis for several years after the Civil War. After Stevenson's time, it became incorporated with the Hotel Albert, which stands immediately adjacent to it, at the corner of University Place. At a still later period, the building of the Hotel St. Stephen's was abandoned. It is still standing; but it has been vacant for several years, and its deserted and decadent aspect is of little interest to the literary pilgrim. No one now resident at

the Hotel Albert was there in 1888, and no record of Stevenson's stay has been retained in the archives of the office.

I have talked with several people who called upon R.L.S. at the Hotel St. Stephen's. Mr. John S. Phillips and Mr. Oliver Herford have both transmitted the impression of a certain incongruity between his habit of sitting up in bed and the energy and vigour of his personality. Louis spent nearly an entire afternoon on a bench in Washington Square conversing with Mark Twain; and New Yorkers who desire to trace his very footsteps may also be informed, on the authority of Mr. Herford, that Stevenson frequented the old Cafe Martin, at the corner of University Place and Ninth Street.⁶⁶

The description in this account of the vacant Hotel St. Stephen, in 1915, jibes with that building's history.

Another account, in 1922, by Stevenson's American publisher S.S. McClure, publisher of McClure's Magazine and a member of the Stevenson Society, who actually visited Stevenson in his hotel decades earlier:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is going to be a terribly scattered talk but I will do my best. I want to explain that my relations with Mr. Stevenson were, at first entirely in connection with my business, just casual and incidental. In 1887 I was struggling with my newspaper syndicate and I had a most beloved rival and enemy, Mr. Irving Bacheller. In the spring of 1887 I heard that he was going abroad to get material from English writers, and consequently I, too, sailed for England, and under an assumed name. Before I sailed, Charles De Kay, brother-in-law of Richard Watson Gilder, told me about a very remarkable story of adventure, "Kidnapped," that had been published in England. I read the book and was greatly delighted with it, and as soon as I got to London in February, 1887, I wrote to Stevenson at Bournemouth. I never got an answer. But late in the summer of that same year a young man came into my office in New York and said he was Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, and that Stevenson had mislaid my letter and so had never been able to answer it. Stevenson was then at the Hotel St. Stephen on West Eleventh Street, New York.

Mrs. McClure and I called upon him, accordingly. He received us in bed, very much in the attitude of the Saint-Gaudens medallion: he looked frail but not sick. The thing about his appearance that most struck me was the unusual width of his brow, and the fact that his eyes were so very far apart. He wore his hair long.

Well, there is the Stevenson as he is seen in all his pictures, and as those of you who have seen him know him. I got from him at that time some stories that had already been published in England, and some wonderful essays, unequalled in some respects in our language.⁶⁷

McClure wrote a similar version of the meeting in his autobiography, published in 1915:

...But late in the summer of that year, a young man came into my office in the Tribune Building, in New York, asked to see me, and introduced himself as Lloyd Osbourne. He said he was the stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that Mr. Stevenson had received a letter from me which he had never been able to answer because he had mislaid it and did not remember the address; but that Stevenson was in New York, at the Hotel St. Stephen on Eleventh Street, and would be glad to see me.

Mrs. McClure and I called upon Stevenson, accordingly, and were taken to his room, where he received us in bed, very much in the attitude of the St. Gaudens medallion, for which he was then posing. We had a pleasant call, but there was nothing very unusual about it. Stevenson, though he was in bed, did not seem ill; he looked frail but not sick. The thing about his appearance that most struck me was the unusual width of his brow, and the fact that his eyes were very far apart. He wore his hair long. Stevenson was already a famous man; the publication of “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” had made him so.⁶⁸

But the final proof is in Stevenson’s letter, of 1887, which is dated “Hotel St. Stephen, New York”:

To Sidney Colvin [24 September 1887 – Hotel St. Stephen, New York]

My dear S.C., Your delightful letter has just come, and finds me in a New York hotel, waiting the arrival of a sculptor (St Gaudens) who is making a medallion of yours truly and who is (to boot) one of the handsomest and nicest fellows I have often seen. I caught a cold on the Banks; fog is not for me; nearly died of interviewers and visitors, during twenty-four hours in New York....

- here I was interrupted by the arrival of my sculptor – I withdraw calling him handsome; he is not quite that, his eyes are too near together; he is only remarkable looking, and like an Italian *cinque-cento* medallion; I have begged him to make a medallion of himself and give me a copy – I will not take up the sentence in which I am wandering so long; but begin fresh....⁶⁹

A number of other writers stayed in the Albert during the years leading up to the First World War:

Harry James Smith (1911)

The writer and playwright wrote a letter from the Albert describing his progress on “The Countess and Patrick”:

To the Same [Miss Evelyn Gill Klahr]
Hotel Albert, New York
7 October, 1911

...Only a brief hour ago I put - as I think - the very last final finishing touches to "The Countess and Patrick." I've been here for a week, working hard on the incorporation of a new idea; and, oh, I do think I've been successful, and the comedy just looks to me (at this moment - which of course won't endure long) the sweetest, truest, most humorous thing I've ever done. I'm simply in love with it.⁷⁰

William Dean Howells (1896)

The prominent American novelist stayed at the Albert in 1896:

In 1896, after looking for another convenient summer escape, Howells found a twelve-room house in Far Rockaway, Long Island.... "When Elinor and I came to think seriously of the country we found ourselves too old and timid to face its loneliness," he explained to Aurelia....By October, after a new round of "nervous fever," they had moved into the Hotel Albert in New York City and left the Far Rockaway house to renters.⁷¹

Kate Douglas Smith Wiggin (1890s)

Howells's friend Kate Wiggin, the author of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, writes in *My Garden of Memory: An Autobiography* that she stayed at the Albert in the 1890s:

Soon after this first visit to an English country house, I set sail for America, November, 1890, on the Red Star Line from Antwerp. On arriving in New York, I went at once to the Hotel Albert, University Place and Eleventh Street, and secured a tiny sitting room and bedroom at a reasonable price, although my income did not promise much food when my rent was paid. I chose that hotel because it was filled with my literary friends - the Howellses, Frank Stocktons, [Thomas] Janviers; also Mr. Franklin Sargent, of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and his mother, who was all that any stranger-mother could be to me, and Heaven knows I needed one, with my own dear one in San Francisco!⁷² (p. 214)

The autobiography also includes letters datelined "Hotel Albert, New York City."⁷³

Franklin Sargent (1890s)

Franklin Sargent, mentioned by Kate Wiggin as a friend also resident at the Albert, founded the Lyceum Theatre School which later became the New York School of Acting (1885) and then the American Academy of Dramatic Arts (1892).⁷⁴

Frank Stockton (1890s)

Frank Stockton, mentioned by Kate Wiggin as a friend also resident at the Albert, was a writer and humorist. He was particularly well-known for a series of fairy-tales, most famous of which was “The Lady or the Tiger.”

Thomas Allibone Janvier (1890s)

The writer Thomas Janvier, mentioned by Kate Wiggin as a friend also resident at the Albert, was the author of, among other works, *In Old New York* (1894), a series of stories about the early years of the city.⁷⁵ In Chapter 8, “Greenwich Village,” after recounting stories of the neighborhood’s early years, he writes:

Greenwich Village always has been to me the most attractive portion of New York. It has ... positive individuality, ...age, ...picturesqueness....⁷⁶

Presumably he got to know the neighborhood while living at the Albert.

Walt Whitman

It is unclear whether Walt Whitman ever set foot in the Hotel Albert, but the following claim has been made:

An American publisher remembered in old age “a large-boned old man in a sombrero” shuffling into the Hotel Albert (the anecdote is Ford Madox Ford’s, and is therefore suspect). “I am Walt Whitman,” said the old man, “if you’ll lend me a dollar you’ll be helping immortality to stumble on.” (The dollar would have been equally useful upstairs in the hotel, where Ryder hovered over his visions: American culture has the eerie habit of passing itself, in narrow corridors, ghostlike.)⁷⁷

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens)

Though there is no indication that Twain ever stayed at the Albert, he did visit Stevenson while Stevenson was staying at the St. Stephen, and could conceivably have visited the writer in his rooms, as others did:

Mora’s illustration work includes this vignette of the popular authors Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894, with his “habitual” cigarette) and Mark Twain (a.k.a. Samuel L. Clemens, 1835-1910, wearing his customary white suit) seated on a bench in Washington Square Park in September of 1887. At the time of their meeting, Twain was living in Hartford, Connecticut; he took the train to New York to meet the frail Stevenson, who was staying at the Hotel St. Stephen, not far from Washington Square, en route to a tuberculosis sanitarium in Saranac Lake, New York. The two men settled comfortably into a sunny part of the northwest corner of the park and spent the next five hours telling stories to one

another, “regardless of wives, lunch and doctors, from 10 a.m....until 3 in the afternoon. [The] next day the doctor informed Mrs. Stevenson that R.L.S. seemed like another man.”⁷⁸

Twain also lectured at a teachers’ association meeting in the Albert:

MARK TWAIN ON TRAINING THAT PAYS
Speaks at the Supper of the Male Teachers’ Association

The regular monthly supper of the Male teachers’ Association of the City of New York was held at the Hotel Albert, East Eleventh Street and University Place, last evening. About 150 teachers from all the boroughs were present.... Mr. Clemens was then introduced, his subject being, “Training That Pays.” In part, he said:

“We cannot all agree. That is most fortunate. If we could all agree life would be too dull. I believe if we did all agree I would take my departure before my appointed time, that is if I had the courage to do so. I do agree in part with what Mr. Skinner has said. In fact, more than I usually agree with other people. I believe that there are no private citizens in a republic. Every man is an official; above all, he is a policeman. He does not need to wear a helmet and brass buttons, but his duty is to look after the enforcement of the laws.

“If patriotism had been taught in the schools years ago the country would not be in the position it is in to-day. Mr. Skinner is better satisfied with the present conditions than I am. I would teach patriotism in the schools, and teach it this way: I would throw out the old maxim, ‘My country, right or wrong,’ &c., and instead I would say, ‘My country when she is right.’

“I would not take my patriotism from my neighbor or from Congress. I should teach the children in the schools that there are certain ideals, and one of them is that all men are created free and equal. Another that the proper government is that which exists by the consent of the governed. If Mr. Skinner and I had to take care of the public schools I would raise up a lot of patriots who would get into trouble with his.

“I should also teach the rising patriot that if he ever became the Government of the United States and made a promise that he should keep it. I will not go any further into politics as I would get excited, and I don’t like to get excited. I prefer to remain calm. I have been a teacher all my life, and never got a cent for teaching.”

The speaker then cited some incidents from his boyhood life which, he said, he had later incorporated in his books. The fence whitewashing incident in “Tom Sawyer,” he said, brought him in \$4,000 in the end, when he never expected to get anything for teaching the other boys how to whitewash way back in 1849.

“I have a benevolent faculty,” continued the speaker. “It does not always show, but it is there. We have had some millionaires who gave money to colleges. Now we have Mr. Carnegie building sixty-five new libraries. There is an educator for you on a large scale. I was going to do it myself, but when I found out it would cost over five millions I changed my mind, as I was afraid it would bankrupt me.

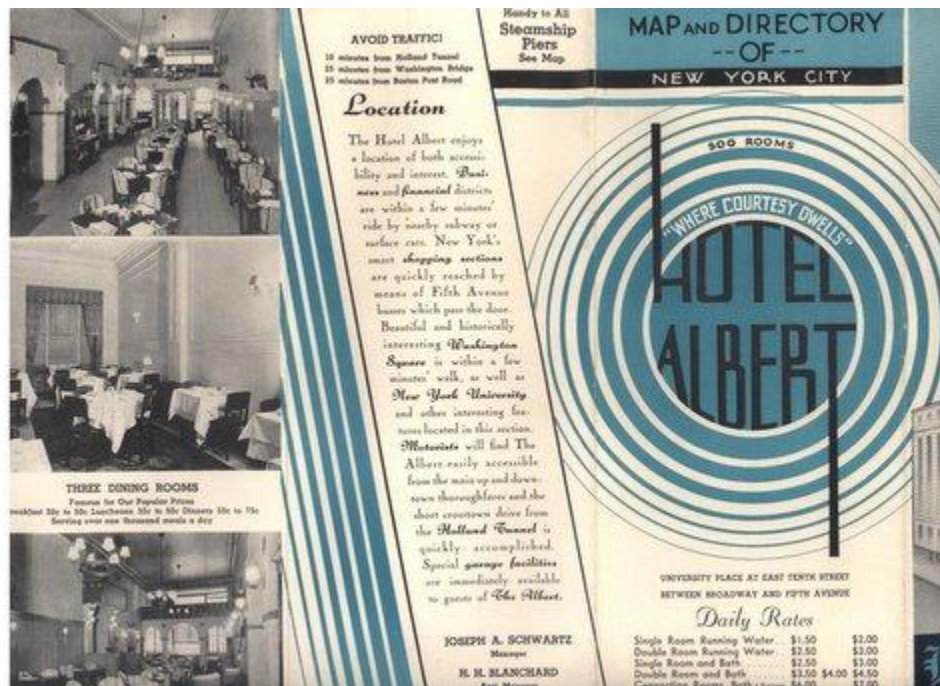
“When I found out Mr. Carnegie was going to do it, I told him he could have my ideas gratis. I said to him, ‘Are the books that are going to be put into the new libraries on a high moral plane?’ If they are not, I told him he had better build the libraries and I would write the books. With the wealth I would get out of writing the books, I could build libraries and then he could write books.

I am glad that Mr. Carnegie has done this magnificent thing, and as the newspapers have suggested, I hope that other rich men will follow his example and continue to do so until it becomes a habit they cannot break.”⁷⁹

PART V: From the 1920s Through World War II and Just Afterwards

The Albert remained a respectable hotel during this period. Years later, a writer recalled his boyhood stay at the Albert in 1937:

The first time I saw the Statue of Liberty – which was conceived 100 years ago this month – was in 1937 when, in new calf gloves and shorts and the little beanie that proper small boys always wore in New York then, I was escorted around town by an aunt from plush-lawned Fieldston in her limousine driven by an affable but monosyllabic chauffeur named Harvey. We went to the Aquarium, the Planetarium, Radio City, the Metropolitan Museum and the Automat, and we stayed at the Albert Hotel, which was in those days a place where you could go down in the elevator by yourself and order breakfast and encounter aged ladies who quizzed you on the Bible (“What is the shortest verse in the Bible?” Answer: “Jesus wept”).⁸⁰



Hotel Albert brochure dated 1936

Respectable organizations which met in the Albert's rooms:

- A group of skeptical scientists, 1929

From the *New York Times*:

John Armstrong Chaloner, author of the famous “Who’s Looney Now,” phrase, has left ...for New York to demonstrate “a piece of magic.” He will attempt to demonstrate before a group of scientists, according to information given out here,

how he turns his snow white hair to rich brown by gazing at the panel of a walnut wardrobe. While traveling, it was said, he will carry a small walnut slab to perform his sartorial activities. Mr. Chaloner does not attempt to explain his “piece of magic” but announces that he will give \$1,000 to anyone who will offer the explanation. The demonstration he said will take place in the Albert Hotel.⁸¹

- Photo League, 1948

From the *New York Times*:

Members of the Photo League have become amateur plumbers, electricians, carpenters, masons and painters overnight to bring to realization the dream of years – a photographic center. Recently they leased 2,600 feet of space in the basement of the Albert Hotel, on Tenth Street, but they were faced with the problem of building their quarters without funds to hire professional help. Those with any experience among the members offered to coach others, and now volunteers contribute evenings and week-ends, spending spare hours in laying the cinder-block walls, setting up doors, installing electrical appliances, painting and other chores.⁸²

Members of the photo league at the time included, among others, Paul Strand, Sid Grossman, Walter Rosenblum, Arthur Leipzig, Nancy Newhall, Barbara Morgan, Ruth Orkin and Berenice Abbott.⁸³

- Finishing School for Dogs, 1950

From the *New York Times*:



Dogs are going to have to learn manners down in Greenwich Village, where a school has just been opened for the purpose of developing canine dignity. For nine weeks, one night a week, these dogs and the children who chaperone them will attend class in what was once the ballroom of the Albert Hotel, University Place and Eleventh Street. There, at a total cost of \$3 – and this includes dog diplomas – dog, leash and boy will be welded into a civilized unit....⁸⁴

- Puppet shows, 1958

From the *New York Times*:

2:30 P.M.: Two puppet shows, “Puss ‘n’ Boots” and “Ghosts ‘n’ Goblins,” will be presented by Lea and Gia Wallace at the Albert Hotel....⁸⁵
Respectable individuals staying at the Albert:

- Salesman Hu Woodward, 1921

From the *New York Times*:

If you want the best man money can buy to represent you in Chicago calling on manufacturers, jobbers and large department stores, call Hu Woodward, care Hotel Albert, on Monday only. He knows the business.⁸⁶

- Flying explorers Bert Hinkler and Captain Robert H. McIntosh, 1932

From the *New York Times*:

While the export division of the American aeronautical industry has at times been described as small, our manufacturers are surely and steadily taking key positions in the markets of the world.... Another indication of growing interest abroad is the arrival in town of Squadron Leader Bert Hinkler, who flew the South Atlantic solo in a Puss Moth, and Captain Robert H. McIntosh, who in January completed a 30,000-mile air survey of Africa. These two well-known flying explorers are seeking [a] long-distance plane, preferably a Bellanca, for a series of flights the nature of which they are not ready to divulge except that the first leg is likely to be a non-stop hop from New York to Ireland or London. With all their experience with planes and engines abroad they have come here for their equipment. While in New York they are stopping at the Albert Hotel.⁸⁷

- Investment banking salesman Samuel Lewis Lemmon, 1954

From the *New York Times*:

Samuel Lewis Lemmon of the Albert Hotel, a member of the sales force in the New York office of the investment banking company of Coburn & Middlebrook of Hartford, Conn., died Wednesday... His age was 80.⁸⁸

- Hungarian weight-lifting champion Sandor Gere, 1956

From the *New York Times*:

Sandor Gere, a Hungarian weight-lifting champion now staying at the Albert Hotel, said yesterday: “I am glad to begin a free life here.”⁸⁹

PART VI: From the 1920s Through World War II and Afterward: Writers, Artists and Radicals

Even while the Albert maintained its respectable clientele, it was becoming a magnet for writers and artists and, later, political radicals.

WRITERS

Hart Crane (1919 through the 1920s)

Hart Crane lived at the Albert while working on “The Bridge,” his famous paean to the Brooklyn Bridge. The following are excerpts from *The Broken Tower: The Life of Hart Crane*, by Paul Mariani:

...with November [1919] and the onset of colder weather, Crane was at last forced to abandon his unheated apartment and find a furnished room at the Hotel Albert on University Place and 11th Street.⁹⁰

The blessed break came in late May [1923], when he was offered not one but two jobs: one with *Machinery*, a trade journal; the other with J. Walter Thompson, who ... told him to report to the agency’s statistical department at 244 Madison Avenue. As soon as an opening occurred in the copywriting department, he was assured, he would be reassigned there. His salary would be thirty-five dollars a week, fifteen dollars less than he’d made at Patno’s, take it or leave it. Broke, and having long worn out his welcome with the Munsons, Crane accepted the position. The first thing he did was take a room at the Hotel Albert on 11th Street.⁹¹

Next came a job. Cowley, employed as a copywriter for Sweet’s Catalogue Service off Times Square, found Crane work there writing scientific catalogues. The pay would be forty dollars a week, ten less than Crane’s last job, and he would have to sweat to get down the scientific jargon, but at least he could hold up his head again. As soon as he collected his first paycheck, he moved out of Jimmy Light’s apartment and into the Hotel Albert until he could find something for himself.⁹²

On March 9th [1926] Crane returned to New York for the first time in six weeks. Once again he stayed at the Hotel Albert... [working on The Bridge].⁹³

On October 28th [1926] Crane reached New York and booked into the Hotel Albert. Then he wired his mother to let her know he was safe and back on U.S. soil.⁹⁴

Since his drunken antics in Mexico had been reported in New York, and because he’d not yet recovered from his father’s death. Crane holed up at the Hotel Albert, his old familiar. [date unclear]⁹⁵

Howard Hinton (1920)

Hinton was a journalist and author, who died at the Albert, age 86, in 1920:

Howard Hinton, "H.H." of the old Home Journal, who died on Wednesday at the Hotel Albert, was perhaps the last link since the death of H.M. Alden of what may be termed the classical period of American literature. Contemporary of N.P. Willis, William Cullen Bryant, George Ripley and other well known American men of letters associated with The Home Journal, Mr. Hinton was recognized among his associates as its delicately directing spirit.

Always adverse to publicity his articles were usually unsigned and his only attempt toward recognition was to append his initials occasionally to some discussion of American politics, a review of a new novel by Zola, or a new volume of short stories by De Maupassant. Essentially a poet and philosopher, Mr. Hinton was for a time a journalist... George Ripley once described him as one who, while he professed none of the Christian virtues, possessed them all.⁹⁶

Caroline Gordon (1925-26)

Gordon, a friend of Hart Crane's, was a novelist and critic; she married Allen Tate, poet and essayist, in 1925.

Caroline started a new novel and worked on it when Allen [Tate] was not using his typewriter. After Hart Crane bought a new typewriter, he gave Caroline his old one.... Caroline's brother Morris paid her way to Washington for a visit, and Allen, missing her, said he was living on cornmeal and rice and would probably have scurvy if Caroline stayed away very long... When Caroline came back from Washington, Allen met her in New York City, where they reveled in the luxury of the Albert Hotel and took hot baths. "Of course we drank a little and saw a few people...but the hot baths were the brightest lights."⁹⁷

Thomas Wolfe (1920s)

In the same years that Hart Crane was staying at the Albert, so was novelist Thomas Wolfe, who had taken a job teaching at nearby New York University. According to one biographer:

Impressed by Wolfe's credentials, which included strong recommendations from Professors Lowes and Baker, and charmed by the ingenuous candor of his letter, Watt offered him appointment as instructor in English, at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year, and Wolfe promptly accepted. Badly dressed in his new but ill-fitting suit and overcoat, which together cost him only \$69.50, he showed up in New York during the first week in February, rented a room at the inexpensive residential Hotel Albert, on University Place between 10th and 11th

streets, just a few blocks north of the university, and met his first classes on February 6. ... he was lonely in New York. Of course he was constantly meeting students and fellow residents in the Hotel Albert, but he had few friends.⁹⁸

On first moving in, in 1924, he wrote in a letter:

The world is mine, and I, at present, own a very small but gratifying portion of it - Room 2220, at the hotel Albert.⁹⁹

The Albert appears in Wolfe's notebooks several times. On one page is a list of "People I Know in New York" which includes "Margaret (Hotel Albert)."¹⁰⁰ In his extensive notes for "The October Fair," an unfinished work, he includes a reference to "the Hotel Albert People."¹⁰¹ The most extended reference in his notebooks describes "Christmas at the Hotel Albert":

The cheap Christmas tree trembling with tinsel & colored lights – the painted and powdered and bravely smiling hags – (forever and forever and forever binding up and taking down their hair, like the hospital waitresses – contrary – the husky Irish and Italian women leaning from windows as the trains thunder past).¹⁰²

Wolfe then wrote about the Albert at great length in his novel, *Of Time and the River*, in which he called it the Hotel Leopold. His description of the hotel as comprised of three buildings, a shorter one on either side of a tall one, clearly refers to the Albert. From Chapter 18 (a lengthy selection):

The Hotel Leopold, where he now lived, was situated on a short and grimy street about two blocks from the university, northward, in the direction of Union Square.

The Leopold, although one of the city's smaller hotels, was not a single building, but a congeries of buildings, which covered an entire block. The central, and main building of the system, was a structure of twelve storeys, of that anomalous stone and brick construction which seems to have enjoyed a vogue in the early nineteen hundreds. To the left was a building twenty or thirty years old, known as "the old annex." It was eight storeys high, of old red brick, and the street floor was occupied by shops and a restaurant. To the right was a building of six storeys, which was known as "the new annex." This building, more simple in design than the others, was constructed of basal stone of the rough, porous, light-hued kind which was predominant in many of the new architectures throughout the nation. The building, neat, compact, and for the most part unadorned by useless ornament, somehow gave the effect of having been stamped out, with a million others of its kind, by a gigantic biscuit cutter of such buildings - and hence to speak, now or in what way it was hard to say, yet instantly apparent, the mechanic spirit of a "newer" or more "modern" scheme - the scheme of "the 'twenties," of 1922 or 1924.

It was hard to know why one found fault with the building, but somehow it left one without joy. In many obvious ways this would be apparent at once, not only to the architect, but to the layman - it was superior to its companion structures. Although not a building which combined simple grace with use - as the old colonial structures of New England do - it was at least a building lacking in the clumsy and meaningless adornment which disfigured the surface of its two companions. Moreover, the rough, porous-looking brick had a look of lean and homely integrity: it was hard to know why one disliked the building and yet one did - the other two, with all their confusing and unreasoning decoration, were the warmer, better, and more cheerful places.

What was it? It was almost impossible to define the quality of "the new annex" or its depressing effect upon the spectator, yet its quality was unmistakable. It belonged, somehow, to a new and accursed substance which had come into the structure of life - a substance barren, sterile, and inhuman - designed not for the use of man, but for the blind proliferations of the man-swarm, to accommodate the greatest number in the smallest space - to shelter, house, turn out, take in, all the nameless, faceless, mindless man-swarm atoms of the earth.

The transient population of the Leopold, comparatively, was small. The great tidal fluctuation of brief visitors - business men, salesmen, newly wedded couples on their honeymoons, people from small towns out for a spree or a week or two of bright-light gayety - which swarmed in unceasing movements in and out of the city, had scarcely touched the life of the Leopold. The hotel, set in a quarter of the city that was a little remote from the great business and pleasure districts, depended largely for its custom on the patronage of a "permanent" clientele. It was, in short, the kind of place often referred to as "a quiet family hotel" - a phrase which the management of the Leopold made use of in advertising the merits of their establishment, on the hotel stationery.

But that phrase, with its soothing connotations of a tranquil, felicitous and gentle domesticity, was misleading. For the Leopold was decidedly not "quiet" and although it contained within its cell-like rooms almost every other kind of life, of "family life" there was almost none and what there was, so desolate and barren, that one felt himself to be looking at the museum relics of what had once been a family rather than at the living and organic reality. And because of this, one felt constantly about the Leopold the spirit of defeat - either of lives still searching, restless and unfound, or of lives which, in the worst sense of the world, had fallen upon evil days.

And curiously, in spite of the hotel's pious assurance of its "quiet family life," its boast of permanency, there hovered about the place continually, indefinitely but certainly, a feeling of naked insecurity, a terrifying transience - not the frank transiency of the great tourist hotels with their constant daily flux of changing faces - but the horrible transiency of lives held here for a period in the illusion of a brief and barren permanence, of lives either on the wing or on the wane.

Here, for example, among the three or four hundred beings who inhabited the motley structure of these conjoined walls, were a number of young people who had only recently come from smaller places and were still stunned and bewildered by the terrific impact of the city upon their lives, or who, after a year or two of such bewilderment, were just beginning to orient themselves, to adjust their lives to the city's furious tempo, and to look around with a bolder and more knowing calculation for some kind of residence a little closer to their true desires.

To young people of this sort, the Leopold had offered, when they first came to the city, its spurious promise of warm asylum. Many of them had landed here - or rather popped in here like frightened rabbits - after their first terrified immersion in the man-swarm fury of the city's life, and the feeling of desolation, houseless naked loneliness, bewilderment, and scrambling, scuttling terror which the sudden impact of that ruthless, sudden revelation had aroused in them.

For this reason, those barren walls, those terrible, hive-like cells of the Hotel Leopold were not without a glory of their own. For in those cell-like rooms there could be held all of the hope, hunger, passion, bitter loneliness and earth-devouring fury that a room could hold, or that this world can know, or that this little racked and riven vessel of desire, this twisted tenement of man's bitter brevity, can endure.

Here, in these desolate walls, on many a night long past and desperately accomplished, many a young man had paced the confines of his little cell like a maddened animal, had beat his knuckles bloody on the stamped-out walls, had lashed about him, a creature baffled and infuriated by the million illusions of warmth, love, security and joy which the terrific city offered him and which, tantalus-like, slipped from his fingers like a fume of painted smoke the instant that he tried to get his grasp upon it.

Again, if the Hotel Leopold had housed all of the hope, joy, fury, passion, anguish, and devouring hunger that the earth can know, and that the wild and bitter tenement of youth can hold, it also housed within its walls all of the barren and hopeless bitterness of a desolate old age. For here - unloved, friendless, and unwanted, shunted off into the dreary asylum of hotel life - there lived many old people who hated life, and yet who were afraid to die.

Most of them were old people with a pension, or a small income, which was just meagrely sufficient to their slender needs. Some of them, widowed, withered, childless, and alone were drearily wearing out the end of their lives here in a barren solitude. Some had sons and daughters, married, living in the city, who came dutifully to stamp the dreary tedium of waning Sunday afternoons with the stale counterfeits of filial devotion.

The rest of the time the old people stayed in their rooms and washed their stockings out and did embroidery, or descended to the little restaurant to eat, or sat together in one corner of the white-tiled lobby and talked.

Why could they never make it come to life? Why was no great vine growing from the hearts of all these old and dying people? Why were their flesh, their sagging, pouch-like jowls and faces, so dry, dead, and juiceless, their weary old eyes so dull and lustreless, their tones so nasal, tedious and metallic? Why was it that they seemed never to have known any of the pain, joy, passion, evil, glory of a dark and living past? Why was it that their lives, on which now the strange dark radiance of million-visaged time was shining, seemed to have gained neither wisdom, mystery nor passion from the great accumulation of the buried past - to have been composed, in fact, of an infinite procession of dreary moments and little mean adventures, each forgotten, lost, and buried, as day by day the gray sand of their lives ran out its numberless grains of barren tedium.

This, indeed, seemed to be the truth about them: as they sat together in one corner of the lobby talking, all their conversation seemed made up of dreary dialogs such as these:

”How do you do, Mrs. Grey? I didn’t see you in the restaurant tonight.”

”No-” the old woman spoke triumphantly, proudly conscious of a sensational adventure - “I ate out tonight at a new place that my son-in-law told me about! - Oh! I had the most dee-licious meal - a won-derful meal - all any one could eat and only sixty cents. First I had a dish of nice fruit salad - and then I had a bowl of soup.....

The chapter continues in this vein.

Robert McAlmon (1920s)

[Writer and publisher McAlmon] asked me to come right over to the Albert Hotel, which had once been the elysium of penurious artists and writers.¹⁰³

Lynn Riggs (1920s)

By November 14, 1927, Riggs had returned to the Hotel Albert in New York City and had almost completed the first act of yet another play, *Rancour*. Saying that he was “pleased with it, and excited as hell,” and that it was a good theatrical study, he asked Clark to use his influence to get him another cash advance from French....¹⁰⁴

Louise Bogan (1936)

Lacking the money to pay her September rent, since, in their renewed quarrel, Holden had continued to ignore his obligation, Bogan was served with an eviction notice in the middle of the month. The eviction itself took place a few days later. Though the statuesque and sharp tongued poet told the sheriff and his men “to get the hell out,” she was unable to stop the removal of her furniture, piece by piece, out of the apartment and onto the side walk. This unlikely spectacle awakened her common sense, and she telephoned for a van, had her things put in storage, and registered herself and Maidie at the nearby Hotel Albert on Tenth Street and University Place, where their dark room had a view of a factory building with one floor devoted to shoemaking and the other to the folding and packing of children’s sewing sets.

Much to her amazement, Bogan found herself taking the eviction in stride. The new room wasn’t so terrible, after all; it had long windows reaching down to the floor and she had always wanted to live in a room with long windows reaching down to the floor. The worst that could happen – getting thrown out into the street – had happened, and that wasn’t so terrible either.¹⁰⁵

Weldon Kees (1939)

Critic, novelist, filmmaker, jazz musician, painter, and, above all, poet, Weldon Kees performed, practiced, and published with the best of his generation of artists—the so-called middle generation, which included Robert Lowell, Elizabeth Bishop, and John Berryman.

Ann was making her first trip to New York. Kees, who had visited the city with his father in 1931, wanted to meet people he had only known through letters or from their work in books and little magazines. He especially wanted to meet them without feeling he needed to apologize for living in Denver, something he had experienced after meeting Laughlin’s plane in February, when the editor came to Colorado to ski.

In New York [1939], the Keeses stayed at the Hotel Albert, a fine old establishment at the corner of University Place and Tenth Street, where Hart Crane had once lived in a furnished room between 1919 and 1920. From this location, they could easily walk to the secondhand bookstores on Fourth Avenue, to the subway station underneath Union Square, and to Greenwich Village....¹⁰⁶

Once again the Keeses checked into the Hotel Albert. They stayed from September 27 to October 18 and sent letters to their friends in the West, reporting on whom they met, what parties they attended, and what gossip they heard....¹⁰⁷

After getting off the train in Pennsylvania Station, Kees stayed in New York for a week and called on friends and editors.... From his room at the Hotel Albert, he wrote Ann and Getty about the things that concerned him....¹⁰⁸

On his first day in the city, Kees found the Hotel Albert mobbed with soldiers. There were no vacancies, and even if there had been, the genteel bohemia of Hart Crane's Village could hardly be relived in wartime New York.¹⁰⁹

Thomas Beer (c.1938-40)

Writer Thomas Beer spent his last years at the Albert. As described in his obituary in the *New York Times*, Beer was a

...biographer, novelist and short-story writer, whose literary resurrection of American life at the end of the last century, "The Mauve Decade," was widely read.... To many readers Mr. Beer was best known for his series of salty short stories in The Saturday Evening Post about the Van Ecks, farmer aristocrats, and the small-town Egg family, earthy but civilized folk. By others he will be remembered as the biographer of Stephen Crane and Mark Hanna and the author of the novel "Sandoval."¹¹⁰

Alfred Kazin (c.1940)

By 1940, when writer and literary critic Alfred Kazin (author of *Walker in the City* and others) stayed at the Albert, conditions weren't as nice as they had been earlier. He wrote about his stay there:

Before Asya and I were married, we decided to keep a daily record of our lives. Of course we won't keep it up. I do need a notebook-journal-record of some sort, and this may be it. Asya is like nothing I ever anticipated or even hoped for. She's priceless.

"Neue Liebe, Neues Leben." – Goethe

Living in a miserable room on University Place, The Hotel Albert. I heard once that the hotel was owned by the painter Albert Ryder's brother, who named it after him. Perhaps this is why I let myself come here. But the spirit of Albert Pinkham Ryder is not here now. I pray for a little rest here, and want to be quietly alone, so glad to be out of Isaac Rosenfeld's apartment in Barrow Street, when I lived there with Mary Lou.¹¹¹

In 1986, Kazin mentioned the Albert in an article he wrote in the *New York Times*:

America between the Civil War and the "Great War" was to become my favorite period for study. When I eventually discovered Lewis Mumford's "The Brown Decades," a prime book on the subject, with its loving portraits of Emily Dickinson; John Augustus Roebling, the creator of Brooklyn Bridge; the painter

Albert Pinkham Ryder – in those days you could still see on University Place the Hotel Albert, named after the mystical painter by his brother – I was hooked for life.¹¹²

Horton Foote (c.1944)

The playwright recalled his time at the Albert:

When I went back to New York City in early winter I took a room at the Albert Hotel in the Village near Valerie Bettis and Bernardo Segall. They were married then and I was working on a play I called *In My Beginning*, which Valerie wanted to do. I spent almost every evening with them, talking about theater and dance on and on until late at night. I met many interesting people at their apartment.¹¹³

ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, ACTORS

Silvestre Revueltas (1930s)

The Spanish composer:

The composer left Mexico on 12 June, spending a week in New York after passing through Monterrey, Laredo, Nashville, and Roanoke with two traveling companions (Revueltas 1989, 55). Revueltas's mood seems to have been at a low ebb; certainly any news from Spain at this point would have been bleak (on 19 June Nationalist forces succeeded in occupying Bilbao) and a sense of hopelessness regarding the whole venture emerges in his letters to Angelucha. On 21 June he wrote from New York's Hotel Albert: "Pienso en mi pequeña obra, obra de amor y de fe, tan pequeña ante...este gran dolor humano." [Footnote 14 translation: "I think of my slight work, of love and faith, so small before....this great human suffering."¹¹⁴

Keith Carter (c.1940)

The American photographer:

Keith Carter is about to embark on another international teaching trip, this time to Italy and Norway. The renowned photographer has lectured everywhere from Mexico and Ecuador to Scotland and Belgium. But at the beginning and the end of each journey there is always Beaumont, TX, a small city (population 90,000) about 30 miles west of the Louisiana border, where he has lived and worked for more than 50 years and where, he says, "I will always stay."

...After college, it was time to leave Texas. The aspiring photographer sold his motorcycle for the bus fare to New York City, where he devoured the photographs on display in galleries and museums while living in a room at the Albert hotel in the Village. He cites photographers such as French primitivist

Eugene Atget, Alfred Stieglitz, and Paul Strand as major influences. "I'd never heard of Strand until I went to New York, but I saw his work, and also August Sanders', whose portraits were magnificent."¹¹⁵

Robert Lowell (1941)

The American poet:

On Sunday, March 31 [1940], Cal [Robert Lowell] and Jean moved to the Hotel Albert in the Village. That night each visited their own friends, but by the time Jean returned to the hotel she was very drunk. "Cal got back unfortunately before I did and was furious," she wrote Hightower, "and justly and unjustly [so] and oh God, Ma, I'm insane." Then Cal had slammed the door and left. Well, there was a bottle of rum in the room and she would sit up with it till four in the morning. "Say a novena for me," she added.¹¹⁶

When Cal [Robert Lowell] and Jean reached Greenwich Village, they booked into the Hotel Albert on University place and 10th for a week.... [1941]¹¹⁷

Sibyl Stitzer (1930s-40s)

Minor theatrical figure:

...had long lived at the Albert Hotel.

As a young woman Miss Stitzer traveled about the country, giving dramatic readings. She had minor parts in several silent movies. More than a quarter of a century ago she assumed her post with the Bureau of Internal Revenue at the Custom House. She was known for her collection of rare books and art objects.¹¹⁸

Jackson Pollock (1940s)

There is no indication that Pollock ever stayed at the Albert, but he did attend dinners there (and see below, p.64):

During this winter [1944-45] of print-making, besides Hayter and the Surrealist Andre' Masson, who was working at the Atelier and whose work was close in spirit to Pollock's, Jackson saw a lot of his old friend Reuben Kadish. Rube worked with him pulling proofs at night when it was quiet. Afterwards, sometimes with Hayter and others, they would drink – usually beer – at neighborhood bars including the Cedar Street Tavern and the Hotel Albert.¹¹⁹

At the opening [1948] – surrounded by a few close friends and relatives – Jackson was tense. As soon as the group left the gallery and went to the Hotel Albert for a small dinner party, John Little bought him a double bourbon, hoping it would relax him. It didn't. Jackson had a second stiff drink and then a third. Before

anyone could stop him, he grabbed the new hat of Alma Pollock, the wife of his brother Jay, and destroyed it.¹²⁰

POLITICAL RADICALS

Revolutionary figures often found their way to the Albert, from as early as 1906.

Ivan Ivanovich Norodny (1906)

Seeks Help From America: Chief of Russian Military Revolutionary Party in New York

The World today says: - Ivan Ivanovich Norodny, chief executive commissioner of the Russian Military Revolutionary Party, is here to establish headquarters in American for the revolution. He comes to solicit one million signatures to a petition to the Czar praying for liberty, justice and amnesty. He comes upon a mission of education: to disavow the bloody acts of Terrorists... "I come to solicit names," said he last night, while seated in his rooms in the new Hotel Albert.¹²¹

Maxim Gorky (1906)

The Albert must have had a reputation for such guests, because earlier that same year it was rumored that Russian author and revolutionary Maxim Gorky might be staying at the hotel:

Maxim Gorky was to have been the guest of honor yesterday at a luncheon at the Aldine Club, 111 Fifth Avenue. The luncheon was held without the Russian author. He sent his regrets five days ago. Gorky is said to be living at the Hotel Albert, Twelfth Street [sic] and University Place. This the hotel proprietor denies.¹²²

Wolfe Lindenfeld (1921)

Connected to the investigation of the 1921 explosion on Wall Street:

William J. Burns, Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice...said that Wolfe Lindenfeld, the suspect arrested in Warsaw in connection with the Wall Street bomb explosion "was not implicated in the plot except that he knew about it.

"Lindenfeld is one of these fellows who believes in revolution by pacific methods, not by direct action. There is no question that he was the representative of the Soviet Government in this country at the time of the explosion." ... Mr. Burns said that after the war Lindenfeld was a spy for the Burns Detective Agency, and that he was familiar with all the prominent radicals in this country.

[His lawyer said:] “..the last time I heard from him he said he was stopping at the Hotel Albert, University Place and Eleventh Street.... He was reported to have told ...friends of information acquired in this country regarding the persons responsible for the explosion.... He also was reported to have declared that he had obtained credentials that would admit him as a delegate to the Third Internationale in Moscow and that he expected to meet the bomb plotters at the convention and point them out to United States Government agents who would meet him there.”¹²³

John Thomas Scopes (1925)

Scopes – the Dayton, Tennessee school teacher whose attempt to teach evolution, subsequent trial (the “Scopes monkey trial”), and defense by Clarence Darrow, were portrayed in the film *Inherit the Wind* – came to New York in 1925 in advance of the trial searching for supporters, and met Darrow for the first time. Speaking to reporters, he said:

“...I’ll be glad to get back to Dayton. They are all my friends down there, in spite of everything.” To another he said: “It’s got to be a jury trial, and it’s pretty hard in Tennessee to find twelve men who wouldn’t want to convict me.” Scopes prudently reserved comment on skyscrapers, flappers, and Mayor John F. Hylan. He finally fled to the sanctuary of the Hotel Albert, north of Washington Square.¹²⁴

John J. Huber (1949)

FBI agent who infiltrated the American Communist Party:

Even while Russia was a wartime ally of the United States, the Communist “high command” was laying plans for widespread industrial sabotage in case of an East-West war, a Senate committee revealed yesterday. Testimony, given in closed session by John J. Huber, who said he had spent nine years in the Communist Party as an FBI agent, was released by Senator McCarran (D., Nev.). McCarran is chairman of a Senate Judiciary subcommittee which has been studying legislation designed to bar subversive allies from the U.S. and deport those already here. Huber also testified that, despite general belief to the contrary, the Communist Party counts more than one million members and sympathizers in this country and their number is growing.... [Huber] attended a secret meeting at the Albert Hotel in New York November 15, 1945, where he heard a party official impartially curse Trotskyites, the “old leadership” of the party and FBI undercover agents.¹²⁵

Harvey Matusow (1950s)

Informant for the FBI:

In 1950, he was living with an African-American divorcee and took a job with a Harlem collection agency. The party accused him of “white chauvinism” and

demoted him. In a fit of pique, Matusow went to the New York office of the FBI in late March and said he was a disillusioned Communist who wanted to be an undercover informant. He was paid \$75 a month to cover expenses and named several hundred persons he knew in the party. Assistant Attorney General William F. Tomkins later said that corroboration had been found for 90 percent of those he named.

In the summer of 1950, Matusow met Craig Vincent at a party affair at the Hotel Albert in New York City. Vincent operated a dude ranch for comrades in the mountains of New Mexico and was recruiting guests. Matusow was invited and went in July.¹²⁶

Elia Katz (1971)

A description of the author's experience in America's communes:

We had a better idea – yes. If you want to know about the USA then read *Life* and look at the pictures. If you want to write a book, then go to a hotel and do it. So that is what we did.

We spent the next week in New York, at the Hotel Albert on 10th Street, in various attempts to create the national commune experience on dark blind tape, humming, glossy, out of our mouths onto the tape. Rateyes would talk, then I would talk, stupidly, fervently, creating American sunshine, American landscapes, mountains, trees, rivers, American men and women, parties, adventures, adding, adding, always adding, data and data, stolen from pamphlets and magazines, made up – like maniacs in deepest dreamy dreamland - to make a mental America, a place that was poured from out of ourselves, taped, given existence. Ours.

The room was green, small and comfortable like the inside of an unopened gift. the furniture was painted with light green-flecked paint, the beds were covered with beige poplin spreads, all stained, ripped, soft, moist, and the hotel smelled like a hospital and had signed photos of rock and roll bands that have stayed there and failed, some long ago, some recently (determined from the hairstyles of the groups - before the Beatles, after the Beatles) all preserved above the front desk, over the mailboxes, the way some delicatessens have their pix of comedians. To this place we brought our new pound of grass, five hundred dollars' worth of cocaine, our wholesale-bought tape recorders and blank cassettes, and we made every effort, every effort. Our idea was to finish this book in a week, hold it for a couple of months, bring it back to the publisher and get the rest of the advance. Isn't that grotesque? We interviewed each other. I was us and Rateyes was the young hippie chick; Rateyes was us and I was the guru; I was us and Rateyes was an ex-Green Beret in the Berkeley Hills, teaching his commune how to shoot guns.¹²⁷

John Gates (1958)

Editor of the Daily Worker:

John Gates, for ten years editor of *The Daily Worker*, announced yesterday his resignation from the Communist Party. At the same time he quit his editorship. His action further fragments the much-splintered American Communist party. The resignation of many supporters of Mr. Gates, including most of the remaining members of *The Daily Worker's* staff, is expected soon.... He told reporters at the Albert Hotel that the first thing he was going to do was "to rejoin the American people" and "find out what Americans are thinking about."¹²⁸

Farrell Dobbs (1960)

Presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers party:

Farrell Dobbs, Presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers party said here yesterday that both major parties had a "hostile foreign policy" that pointed toward nuclear disaster. He proposed his American Trotskyite slate as an alternative for independent voters, especially young people... The party is on the ballot in five states and is trying to get on in fifteen others, including New York. Mr. Dobbs and his running mate, Mrs. Myra Tanner Weiss, appeared at a press conference at the Commodore Hotel and later at a rally at the Albert Hotel.¹²⁹

Progressive Labor party (1965)

New party founded at the Albert:

A new party of "revolutionary socialism" was formally founded here yesterday under the name of the Progressive Labor party. The party, an outgrowth of the Progressive Labor Movement, was officially formed at the end of a four-day convention at the Albert Hotel, 23 East 10th Street.¹³⁰

Pro-Chinese Reds in U.S. Hold Confab. The Harlem headquarters of the Progressive Labor Movement maintained an official silence Friday on reports that a new U.S. Communist party is being founded at a closed-door convention here. The New York Times reported Thursday that a new party, committed to the Red Chinese "hard" line, is being sponsored by the PLM, whose top leaders have often been connected with leftist causes. A spokesman at the Harlem headquarters said no information would be given out until some time Sunday afternoon. He confirmed, however, that leaders of the movement are attending a conference at the Hotel Albert.¹³¹

Mary Heaton Vorse

Before we listed the house for rent we had a renter. It was Mary Heaton Vorse, an old radical, a writer for women's magazines and of novels about the labor movement. She also had a great capacity for drink. When she walked into the kitchen she said the house reminded her of her own in Provincetown. She spoke in a slow honey-tinged New England voice. She said so deliberately that we missed it, "Yes, it is right." Then she asked if we could move her from the Hotel Albert. When? Now.¹³²

People's Radio Foundation

As described in *The Afro-American*:

New York Items:

The People's Radio Foundation, Inc., which seeks to buy and set up a radio station for broadcasting programs that never get through the sponsors, has moved to the Hotel Albert. Dean Dixon is one of the sponsors, along with Howard Fast and Margaret Halsey. About \$100,000 is needed, and half of that amount has already been subscribed. You can buy a share for \$100. Programs will stress interracial unity and the brotherhood of man.¹³³

Charles S. Johnson (1938)

The Albert's appeal to radicals might have included its policy – continued from the days of the St. Stephen – of not refusing entrance to the hotel on racial grounds. In 1938, the *Amsterdam News* reported that Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Johnson, of Fisk University,

...are residing at Hotel Albert, 65 University place, where they have an apartment. Dr. Johnson, head of the department of social sciences at Fisk, is one of the co-directors of the Institute of Race Relations at N.Y.U.¹³⁴

PART VII: 1950s and 1960s – Writers, Artists, Actors and Descriptions of the Hotel

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WRITERS

The Hotel Albert was patronized by a number of well-known African-American writers. In 1943, the *Amsterdam News* ran an article about the Albert entitled “No Jim Crow In This Hotel,” though the account suggested some confusion about the hotel’s policy on the part of its employees:

There’s another downtown hotel to which Negroes can go. It’s the Hotel Albert, 65 University Place, an old fashioned lower middle-class hotel with old ladies and gentlemen wandering in and out with their knitting and pet dogs. And the manager, a Mr. Ring, says it’s the policy of the hotel not to discriminate. The statement was made after a Negro student at the Workers School had been told there were no rooms, but a white student was rented one. ...[After a protest by a delegation from the Workers School which] pointed out to [the manager] that the New York Civil Rights Law reads: “All persons within the jurisdiction of this state shall be entitled to the full and equal accommodations....” Mr. Ring said he was aware of the civil rights act and that there was no discrimination in his hotel. Negro students from New York University often stay there, he said. But there were no vacancies in the hotel at present. Another young white woman from Philadelphia who had rented a room that morning offered to relinquish it in favor of Miss Smith. The manager expressed a willingness to accept this arrangement and Miss Smith moved in. And it was hoped that more Negroes will follow her example.

Chester Himes (1950s)

Himes listed his addresses as:

Mr. Chester Himes, 39, rue de la Harpe, Paris, and the Albert Hotel, 10th Street and University Place, Manhattan.¹³⁵

An acquaintance (John Alfred Williams) wrote:

With some writers you get the feeling that you are interrupting their work, that they wish you to be gone, out of their homes, out of their lives. I’ve never had that feeling with Himes; he has always made me feel welcome, whether it was in the Albert, in the Quarter in Paris (I repaid the hospitality that night by falling asleep in front of the fire and holding up dinner), or in the Alicante.¹³⁶

Williams also described the Albert generally:

...the Albert Hotel, an establishment that defies description, for it is not merely a hotel, but an apartment that caters to all kinds of people.¹³⁷

Another account, of Himes visiting a friend at the Albert:

But there was in his stillness at times a feeling that he could be dangerous. Himes is usually depicted in biographies as an explosive, violent man who beat up women. In all the years I knew him I only saw him lose his temper one time and he did not become violent. We were living in an apartment in the Albert Hotel on Tenth Street just above Washington Square. Chester and his wife, Lesley, were visiting. They had been out shopping for groceries and other things that they couldn't purchase in Spain, where they lived. Chester was carrying a huge bag of oranges and when he entered our kitchen the bag suddenly split. He was outraged as oranges scattered all over the linoleum-clad floor. He began yelling at Lesley, blaming her for the breaking bag. After a second or two we all began to pick up oranges and the whole scene was over. Chester was in a good humor once more, laughing and joking.¹³⁸

1954-55:

At the Albert Hotel in Greenwich Village, again utterly disillusioned with New York, he [Chester Himes] wrote Malartic: "After having been away from new York for a couple of years it seems like a sort of second-rate place, perhaps not so much second-rate as robot-matic."¹³⁹

1955:

Himes returned to New York in early February 1955, taking up residence at the Albert Hotel in Greenwich Village. His story "Spanish Gin" was turning into a novel.¹⁴⁰

Richard Wright (1949)

One brief mention of Wright at the Albert:

Wright left for New York on August 20, 1949, aboard the Queen Mary, but only stayed long enough at the Albert Hotel to take care of some business and to sign the contracts with Chenal, who joined Himes there.¹⁴¹

Charles Wright (1960s)

Charles Wright seems to have been attracted to the Albert because of its association with Chester Himes:

I was living in the Chelsea district of New York when I read Charles Wright's *The Wig*. As someone who was looking for something fresh, something that broke the model of the monotonous predictable conventional novel, I found it to be an exciting read. My friend Steve Cannon, who was later to write the Wig-influenced *Groove Bang* and *Jive Around*, read it too. Steve and I located Charles

Wright and visited him at the Albert Hotel, a hotel made famous by Chester Himes having resided there at one time.¹⁴²

Leroi Jones/Amiri Baraka (1960s)

Jones mentions the Albert in *The Autobiography of Leroi Jones*:

Vashti came up to New York to live. She had a girlfriend she stayed with up on the West Side (who became part of a group of middle-class black women who came to the aid of Betty Shabazz, Malcolm's widow). But soon we had arranged something. I'd meet her different places, occasionally she even stayed at the old Albert Hotel on University Place. She began to meet the various people in the Black Arts and go in and out of the watering holes of our downtown world.¹⁴³

OTHER WRITERS

Carol Bergè and Aileen Pippett (1959)

From the autobiography of Bergè, novelist and editor who opened a small gallery on Fourth Avenue:

The 10th St. area was the hub of the active Abstract Expressionists. Next to my gallery was the Tenth Street Coffee house, owned by Ed Kaplan and Mickey Ruskin. I'd met Ed at the Hotel Albert, where I briefly had a rooftop room next to the writer Aileen Pippett, who was companionable and very encouraging to my writing.¹⁴⁴

Pippett was the author of *The Moth and the Star: A Biography of Virginia Woolf*, published in 1955 – so possibly written while Pippett was living at the Albert.

Aram Saroyan (1960s)

From his memoir:

When we got back to New York that fall, we started going through a series of changes that eventually led to our having our first child, Strawberry. We stayed in New York's crazed Albert Hotel for a few weeks, in a tiny room with no view, no ventilation, but a kitchenette that allowed us to get back on our diet.¹⁴⁵

Diane di Prima (1967)

The poet, who spent time with Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary, wrote a book of poetry named for the Albert.

The next year [1967] brought a summer of many urban riots. My family and I were back in Manhattan for a brief time, ensconced in the Hotel Albert on

University Avenue [sic]. This was a time of multiple causes and petitions: Allen [Ginsberg] and I worked together on many of them. There was some sense, I think on both our parts, that we could rely on the other in such endeavors. We shared an ethos in some odd way. It was inherited and familial: Allen's was Jewish and socialist, and mine Italian and anarchist, but when it was time to act, we mostly tended to see eye to eye.¹⁴⁶

Anne Waldman described di Prima in residence at the hotel:

I had met Diane [di Prima] earlier at the Albert Hotel in New York, when I was seventeen. She was in situ with child, shrines, library, magical accoutrements, an entourage that made me even more curious about her work.¹⁴⁷

Anaïs Nin (1960s)

From her recollections:

...arrived in Manhattan early in the morning of Friday, March 17, and checked into the Albert Hotel, Thomas Wolfe's old haunt, a hotel in 1967 still closely affiliated with New York University, full of students, all-night saxophones, bathroom down the hall....¹⁴⁸

From a letter to Nin from Henry Miller:

I think we must go south. And Spring is almost here – it will be marvelous now. Wonder even whether I should come back to N.Y. first. ... I'd probably need my valise & laundry at the Albert Hotel... – Henry¹⁴⁹

A.P. Herbert (1960s?)

From a biography of the humorist, novelist and playwright:

Squire booked in at the Albert Hotel, 42 East 11th Street, denounced by APT a week later as 'cheap, God-forsaken, and miserable' because he could not be served with early-morning tea. For a further week it was the base from which he and Squire sallied forth....¹⁵⁰

Samuel R. Delany (1960s-70s)

When asked by an interviewer about how literary critic and writer Delany "first become interested in literary theory, semiotics, and the like?" he answered:

...I was living in the Albert Hotel, back in New York City, when, sometime late in 1972, I settled down on the orange, threadbare bedspread, to read Lévi-Strauss's *Tristes Tropiques*. By that time I'd read one or two desultory pieces by Barthes. I'd still never heard the names Derrida or Lacan. I'd read a handful of

essays by Lévi-Strauss (such as the often reprinted study of the Oedipus myth), but though I'd heard of "Structuralism," I had no sense of it as a school or movement. But that afternoon, on the 10th floor of the Albert Hotel in 1972, is where I date my serious reading in structuralism, semiotics, and theory from.¹⁵¹

In 1971:

In the Albert Hotel, where I was living, another project intervened – a film called *The Orchid*, produced by Barbara Wise, which I wrote, directed, and edited on an old "chatterbox" editing machine that was moved into my tenth floor hotel room. The eleven days of filming took place in February. The editing went on up through April and into May of '72.¹⁵²

SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, ACTORS

Winfred Young (various)

Winfred Young, a retired actor and brother of Mary Young, Hollywood actress, died Thursday in St. Vincent's Hospital. His age was 86. Mr. Young, who was born in New York, lived at the Albert Hotel. As a boy soprano he sang on the Keith vaudeville circuit, and later was a member of the John Craig Company in repertory in Boston.

Bradley Walker Tomlin (1952)

One of the New York School of Abstract Expressionist artists:

Upon release from the hospital, went to Albert Hotel in Greenwich Village....¹⁵³

Philip Guston (1950s – with a cameo by Jackson Pollock)

The daughter of the New York School Abstract Expressionist recalls:

Jackson Pollock and my father had been friends since the late 1920's, when they had both been expelled from Los Angeles Manual Arts High School for distributing satirical pamphlets. Pollock was a frightening figure to me, in serious decline during the last three years before his death in 1956. On one occasion, he terrified my mother and me by barging into our room at the Albert Hotel, raving drunk and belligerent, looking for my father.¹⁵⁴

Steve Urry (1960s)

A description of how Urry, a Chicago sculptor, got his "sprawling, organic, aluminum" works to an exhibit in New York City:

Only the threat of living in the streets can persuade us to stay any longer in that black apartment, so we register at the Albert hotel in the Village before going to the gallery.¹⁵⁵

Andy Warhol (1960s)

Warhol girls:

Since Flesh opened, Jackie and Candy [“drag queens”] had been renting a room together at the Hotel Albert, where a lot of Warhol people stayed.¹⁵⁶

Candy Darling was around much more after Glamour, Glory, and Gold, and she and Jackie started coming by Max’s a lot – they weren’t getting ignored and put upstairs any longer. In November when the Stones’ album *Their Satanic Majesties Request* was just out, Candy and I [Warhol] were in the back room at the round table together, and when “In the Citadel” came on the juke box, she said, “Oh, listen. This is the song Mick wrote for me and my girl friend Taffy. Listen to the words!” Taffy was another drag queen around town, but I hadn’t met her yet. Candy didn’t care one bit about rock and roll – her mind was always back in the thirties and forties and the cinema fifties – so it was really strange to hear her use her Kim Novak voice to talk about rock lyrics. Since I could never understand a thing over those really loud sound systems, I asked her what the words were saying.

“Here it comes now!! Listen! ‘Candy and Taffy / Hope you both are well / Please come see me / In the Citadel.’ Did you hear it? We met them in the Hotel Albert.” The Albert was a cheap hotel down on 10th Street and Fifth Avenue. “We were on the floor above them and we dangled a bunch of grapes down on a string outside their window. You see, the Citadel is New York and the song is a message to us - Taffy and me.”

“Then how come you didn’t say hello to Mick that night at Salvation?”
“I was too embarrassed,” Candy said, “because I can’t tell those Stones apart. Which one is Mick?”¹⁵⁷

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ALBERT IN THE 1950s and 1960S

A number of accounts of the Albert in these years describe the hotel’s generally dreadful conditions.

Steve Nelson

With the severe postwar shortage in housing thwarting our efforts to find a place of our own, we remained trapped in the Albert Hotel. The beds were impossible, and neither Josie nor Bobby could sleep. During the day Margaret waged a secret

campaign to get us thrown out of the place by allowing the kids to run screaming through the halls.¹⁵⁸

Eddie St. Pierre

It was 1969...we were booked into the Albert Hotel, another West Village institution frequented by transients, doorway negotiators and their clients. The dust on the window sills was an inch thick and bugs, including cockroaches, were having a ball.¹⁵⁹

Maureen Orth

The Village Voice writer:

In New York, the Cockettes stayed at the Hotel Albert on Eleventh Street in the East Village. Some remember it as a nice place, but they were probably high. At the time, Orth described it as a place where “on a good day the hallways smell somewhere between old socks and vomit.” Pristine Condition claimed that “the roaches are putting together a road show of Hello, Dolly!” But you could score cheap heroin at the Albert, and some took advantage.¹⁶⁰

***New York Times* article recalling the 1960s**

Pam Carlo...is one of methadone's elder stateswomen. She is 54 years old, the last 28 on methadone. Even after all those years, she still feels like a specimen under glass.... “When I found heroin, I thought it was what I was searching for my whole life,” she said.... A weekend thing evolved into a daily habit. She enrolled at Cornell University Medical College, she said, and met a doctor who was addicted to morphine. She moved in with him. She gave him sex; he gave her morphine. A year and a half short of graduation, she nodded out during a lab and collapsed onto a cadaver. She was suspended for using drugs. Furious, she sank into the shadows of the East Village, where her life became the unthinkable. Desperate to support her habit, she turned \$10 tricks on the “day shift.” She was a streetwalker for four years. She got just about anything you could get, including syphilis and jaw cancer. She shrank to 80 pounds and was less in demand. Homeless, she bought a sign at Woolworth's that read, “Bathroom Out of Order.” At night, she trooped to the Albert Hotel in the West Village and affixed the sign to the door of a hallway bathroom. She arranged her fur coat in the bathtub, wiggled in and went to sleep. The next night, she selected a different bathroom. She did this for six months....¹⁶¹

Samuel R. Delany (1960s)

The literary critic and writer wrote often about his stays at the Albert. From *Flight from Nevèrjón*:¹⁶²

I came back to New York and moved into the Albert Hotel on West Tenth Street. A year or so later, so did the Cockettes – taking over most of the eighth floor, so that now the whole hotel, always colorful, for years a haven for rock groups, ragamuffins, and the generally outrageous, stumbled up new crags of chaos, with invasions of Hell’s Angels and admiring cross-dressers from several states – Divine’s and Holly Woodlawn’s visits were the talk of a month – and student leaders of Gay Liberation university groups from Jersey trooping through all day. I came down from my tenth floor room to visit Link (now playing Madame Gin Sling in ‘Pearls over Shanghai’) in their suite a few times, said hello to Scrumbley, took Link and his visiting brother out to dinner at the Cedar Tavern across University Place from the Hotel.

Over Rose Marie’s Hand Laundry within the high walls of the Albert... again and again I found myself sharing the elevator with one and another six-foot-two, football shouldered, teak-black prostitutes in miniskirts, with mouths red as a Christmas ornament, some of whom, an operation or so ago, had been men; and some of whom had not. During that period I lost what till then I’d often suspected was genetically ineradicable in the human brain (after all, it might have been a species survival factor...): I stopped wondering what the sex of the person standing next to me had once been. Saturday and Sunday mornings – after Friday and Saturday nights – the same elevator’s floor would be awash in urine, on which floated handfuls of glitter. And once, on the elevator wall, someone wrote in lipstick:

For Good HEAD
Do NOT call Patti:
515-4136
I am TIRED!

In a letter to friends, he recalled:

Sometime c.1980 (?), when you and Pep were just coming to the end of your own Herculean labors, I wrote you not a letter, but a kind of essay / memoir that began, I believe, with a description of the old Cedar Street Bar, and went on to describe my various encounters with the Albert Hotel, from its unused French Restaurant and back building laundry (Rose Marie’s Hand Laundry) to its final “renovation” into its current incarnation: a set of luxury apartments. A day or two after I sent this little gem off to you guys, I remember, I sent another letter saying that, somehow in the course of things, I’d got the hotel on the wrong street. I’d put its front entrance on 11th Street, rather than on 10th Street.¹⁶³

PART VIII: The Albert French Restaurant

A long-term tenant (although how long isn't entirely clear) was the Albert French Restaurant, 42 East 11th Street, run by Joseph Brody from about 1946 to 1968.¹⁶⁴ That year, Kwei Chu, who began working for Brody c.1960 and became head chef by 1965, took over the restaurant and ran it until May 31, 1971, when he closed it. According to Chu, after leaving the restaurant, Brody disappeared.¹⁶⁵

Joseph Brody



From The Villager March 19, 1959

One account calls Brody a French refugee, while another calls him a Czech refugee. Kwei Chu believes he was an immigrant from Hungary. A source purportedly published in 1959 reads:

Joseph Brody, a French refugee, bought the ALBERT FRENCH RESTAURANT in 1946 and, reversing the usual trend, turned it into an American restaurant, specializing in steak. His slogan is "All the steak you can eat for \$2.35"¹⁶⁶

Brody was described as an eccentric:

Asked if it was true [in 1960] that he was a "wealthy and legendary eccentric," as an aide had described him, Mr. Brody said, "I'm not wealthy, but I'm crazy."¹⁶⁷

In 1967 he placed this ad in the *New York Times*:

OVERPRIVELEGED, SEMI-RETIRED
GENIUS

- willing to make available his services for \$15,000. Will instruct in restaurant management, buying, advertising, PR and Finances

BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

JOE BRODY

GENIUS IN RESIDENCE

ALBERT FRENCH RESTAURANT

42 East 11th Street, New York, N.Y.

Phone: GR 3-7775¹⁶⁸

Brody was famous for having seven press agents (see below), who saw that items about his restaurant got into many newspapers. According to one story in 1958:

Joe Brady [sic] of Albert's French Restaurant reports he was buying some records at a music shop when he heard a Frenchman's voice protest: "But certainly zere is such a song. Eet is very populaire. Everybody knows eet!"

The clerk turned toward Brady helplessly. "This fella's asking for an album called Off the Icing - and there's no such recording!"

Well, between the three of them, the mystery was soon untangled. The album the Frenchman wanted was - Of Thee I Sing.¹⁶⁹

Brody refused to give in to what he described as demands for bribes from City agencies. As described in an account in the *New York Times* in 1962:

Joseph Brody, general manager of the Albert French restaurant, 42 East 11th Street, said he had told the District Attorney "every business man in New York City must pay graft - you can't operate a restaurant or a bar if you don't."

Mr. Brody testified last Feb. 26 at a closed hearing before the authority, listing grievances dating back to 1953. During the summer he picketed the authority's office, calling for an investigation.

He said that in September, while picketing, he was served with a subpoena ordering him to appear at the District Attorney's office for questioning. Mr. Brody added that he testified Sept. 14 and supplied the District Attorney with pictures as evidence of graft.¹⁷⁰

As described in an account the following year in *Life* magazine:

In all the history of man it has been a simple truth that corruption ends when action by an aroused citizenry begins. It is, therefore, at least encouraging to consider that in New York a few - a very few - restaurant owners did not wait for the governor to act, nor for the district attorney to act, but were brave enough or rash enough or angry enough to defend their rights as citizens by themselves. Joe

Brody, Czech-born proprietor of the Albert French restaurant in Greenwich Village, is one of them.

When an S.L.A. investigator put the arm on him for a \$500 bribe, Brody threw him bodily out the front door and into the street. He went further. Not too long ago he picketed the S.L. A. headquarters wearing a sandwich board which carried this legend: THE S.L.A. IS CROOKED AND CORRUPT. ARE YOU CROOKED AND CORRUPT? THE S.L.A. HAS A JOB FOR YOU!

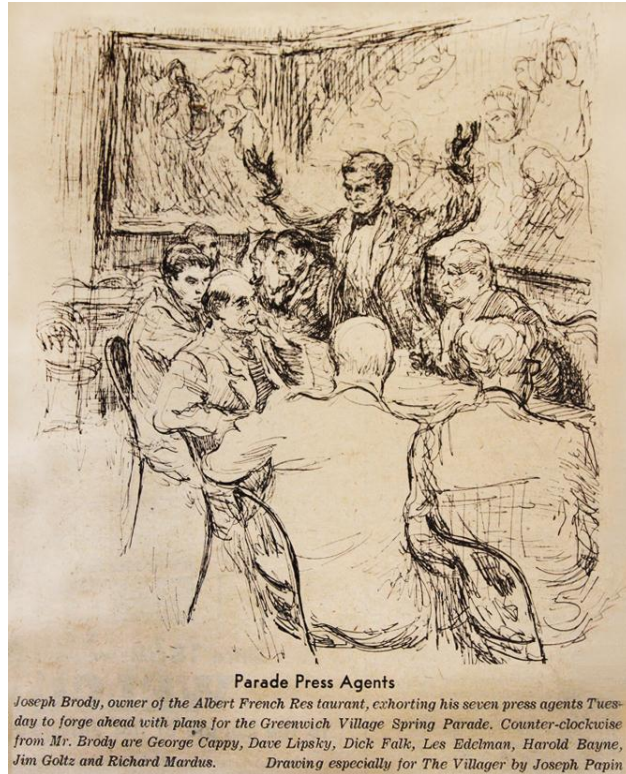
Brody estimates that his stubbornness has cost him \$14,000 in attorneys' fees. "It is worth it," he says. "I had rather spend my entire life savings than pay one penny as a bribe. This is America. It shouldn't happen here."



PUBLIC PROTEST. Joseph Brody, who owns Greenwich Village cafe, was so angered at demands for bribes that he picketed S.L.A. with these sandwich-board signs.

From Life Magazine, April 5, 1963

Brody's Press Agents



From The Villager February 26, 1959

Brody was famous for his press agents, as in a clip from 1959:

The Albert French restaurant's Joe Brody (he of the seven press agents) bedded with a leg ailment the past 10 days.¹⁷¹

Newsweek in 1959 mentioned them:

The Albert French Restaurant in New York, for example, pays seven press agents \$50 a week to get its name mentioned in the gossip columns.¹⁷²

Brody's press agents got around. In 1959:

The senior class of journalism at Fairleigh Dickinson College, Rutherford, N.J., will be lectured to by Lester Edelman, one of the Albert French restaurant's seven press agents, next Tuesday.¹⁷³

Relations between Brody and his agents were not always amicable. In 1960, Brody appeared in Walter Winchell's gossip column:

Albert French Restaurant boss Joe Brody has a shiner given by one of his press-agents.¹⁷⁴

Restaurant Staff

Brody' staff could be as interesting as Brody himself:

Marie Charlier:

Marie Charlier, part-time hatcheck girl at the Albert French restaurant. She is 67 and works just to keep occupied. In Montreal she's landlord of three buildings.¹⁷⁵

Rusty Dore:

One of the waiters at the Albert French restaurant is Rusty Dore, a musical comedy actor who toured recently with "Bells Are Ringing" but likes to eat between shows.¹⁷⁶

Unnamed applicant for a waiter's job:

This actually happened. Joe Brody advertised for waiters for his Albert French Restaurant. One fellow showed up and said he'd just gotten off the boat from Algeria. When Joe asked what kind of job he held there he replied: "I was a terrorist."¹⁷⁷

Kwei Chu:

An immigrant from China, Chu began working for Brody about 1960, first as a sous-chef, rising to be head chef by 1965. Chu recalls Brody as a stubborn, excitable man with a quick temper; he says Brody taught him how to deal with the State Liquor Authority and various New York City agencies. He recalls that when Brody turned the restaurant over to him, he insisted that Chu buy out the remaining staff for \$2,000 apiece. Today, with a son, Chu runs Jo's Restaurant on Elizabeth Street; one of the rooms there is called the Albert, and hanging on the walls are a dozen cartoons that once hung in the Albert French Restaurant.¹⁷⁸

The food

Despite the word "French" in its name, the restaurant served standard American fare. Brody at some point changed the format to "all you can eat," with a choice of just six entrees.¹⁷⁹

As advertised in *Playbill* in 1968:

Complete dinner inc. all the sirloin steak, fried shrimp or ham steak you can eat for a fantastic \$3.25; incl SIDEWALK CAFE & Free Guided Village bus tour.
Bar L.D. OR 3-3890¹⁸⁰



Ad placed in The Villager

As early as 1959, the restaurant was one of a very few in New York City to offer a sidewalk café. Two accounts from the *New York Times* that year:

The sidewalk pavilion at the Albert French restaurant, 42 East Eleventh Street, is open from noon until 10 P.M. A multi-colored canopy shades the marble-topped tables, which are enclosed by an iron railing.¹⁸¹

And:

There are eight sidewalk cafes here, according to the Department of Licenses. Outdoor cafes have been operated for many years by the Sulgrave Hotel at Park Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, the St. Moritz Hotel on Central Park South, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Albert French restaurant, both in Greenwich Village.¹⁸²

Ambience

The restaurant courted a typically “Village” reputation:



Young men with a strange glint in their eyes and wearing berets serve the tables at Albert’s French restaurant.... A brochure they offer describes the village as place “where the quaint rubs shoulders with the avant garde...where bearded poets still sip wine at a sidewalk cafe...and artists turn a city park into an open air gallery with music.”¹⁸³

Even traditional events got a different coloration:

The first Santa Claus of the season has taken up a station outside the Albert French restaurant in Greenwich Village, and his beard is green. It’s not exactly traditional, but it’s probably appropriately hip for that neighborhood....¹⁸⁴

And the restaurant even offered its own ghost for Halloween:

On Halloween in the United States ghosts take over in traditional style; yet on the morning after, they have all vanished mysteriously - except those in New York’s Greenwich Village!

There, according to scores of inhabitants, haunting is a full-time business. “The Village,” explains one gentleman, who has long been studying the appearance of ghosts in the area, “because of its many old structures and colorful history, is the obvious locale for spirits of the past.”....

The ghost of artist Albert Ryder, too, is declared to return every Halloween to the Albert French restaurant on East 11th Street, where many years ago he had painted several murals.

Again this year, Ryder - or rather his ghostly counterpart - will be called upon to answer questions about his work on famous murals. Long John, an Indian medium, will try to interrogate Ryder and get the answers.¹⁸⁵

Art and Poetry

Brody exhibited art on his restaurant walls, by a variety of artists. A dozen cartoons hung on the walls, the work of artists including Bill Steig, Hoff, Ted Key, Larry Reynolds, John Day, Derso and Kelen. Other works hanging on the walls:

Princess Wawacha:

Greenwich Village art experts have tabbed 71-year-old Indian Princess Wawacha, whose paintings can be seen at the Albert French restaurant, as “another Grandma Moses.”¹⁸⁶

A celebrity incognito:

The name Doris Sirod is signed to a couple of paintings on view at the Albert French restaurant, and although the eating place is located in Greenwich Village, you can be sure that painter isn't one of the traditional artists of the Bohemian garrets. Sirod is, of course, Doris spelled backwards, and that's the name Doris Duke uses on some of her masterpieces....¹⁸⁷

The restaurant hosted the first Greenwich Village Sidewalk Flower Show in 1959:

Flowers grown indoors and outdoors for the first annual Greenwich Village Sidewalk Flower Show will be set up on the south and east pavilions of the Albert French Restaurant, 42 East Eleventh Street. Visitors will be welcome from 12 noon to 9 P.M. tomorrow through May 3. There is no admission charge. Special sections will be devoted to roses, suspended and hanging blooms, kitchen orchids, cacti, miniature dahlias, azaleas and wild flowers. Literature on garden care and plant histories will be provided free by exhibitors. Events scheduled during the show include the election of a queen and the display of several new blooms to be named after Village landmarks.¹⁸⁸

And the restaurant hosted an annual poetry contest:

Albert French Restaurant announces
its famous annual
POETRY CONTEST
FIRST PRIZE \$200.00
AND MANY OTHER CASH PRIZES
NOW EVEN POETS CAN MAKE MONEY
Come all you scops, you would be minnesingers or you can even “list in
numbers”
NO HOLDS, BARD

No box tops needed, not even a reasonable facsimile of poetry needed. Just get your entries in by September 26th and confine yourself to 3 minutes reading time...or less.

ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY SATURDAY, SEPT. 26

FINAL JUDGING BY BROADWAY STARS

MONDAY, SEPT. 28TH - 11 A.M.

The finalists will be judged with 3 minute readings by a panel of Broadway Stars

Sponsored by Albert French Restaurant

42 East 11th Street, N.Y.C.¹⁸⁹

Patrons

Some were well-known celebrities:

Rocky Graziano (in Earl Wilson's gossip column):

Rocky Graziano ate three steaks at the Albert French restaurant and said, "I'd make a comeback, if my timing was as good as my appetite." That's earl, brother.¹⁹⁰

Lynda Bird Johnson (in Dorothy Kilgallen's column, January 9, 1965):

Lynda Bird Johnson paid her second visit to the Albert French restaurant the other night, escorted by her handsome young beau, who isn't readily identified by New Yorkers. They ate heartily, and it's an "all you can eat for \$2.95" place, which indicates he's on a budget....¹⁹¹

Her first visit (mentioned in Earl Wilson's column) appears to have been in December 1964:

Lynda Bird Johnson downed two steaks at the all-you-can-eat Albert French restaurant in the Village.¹⁹²

But others were there by virtue of Brody's charitable instincts:

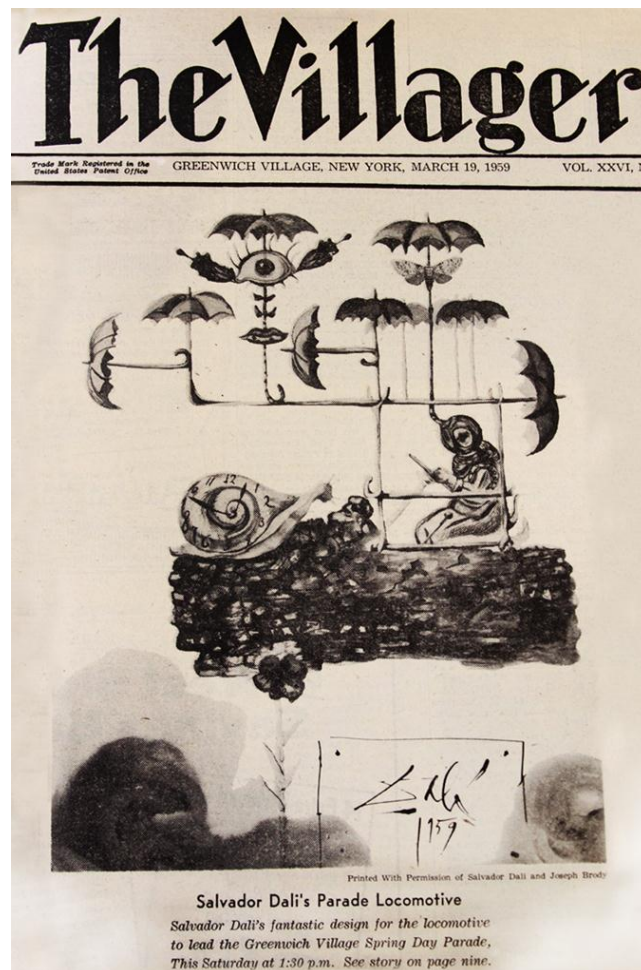
[The Livingston School for Girls] - "with an enrollment of 101 hard-core juvenile delinquents, girls that regular schools cannot handle."

Ten girls go twice a month to Albert's French restaurant, whose owner, Joseph Brody, invites groups for free steak or lobster dinner. The girls learn table manners and they began to see that they are acceptable enough to be waited on in a restaurant, like other girls.¹⁹³

The bus/train tour of Greenwich Village

One of Brody's more unusual ploys to bring in customers was a free tour of Greenwich Village, a service he began offering in March 1959.¹⁹⁴ The tour was conducted first on a "train" and then a "bus," both designed for the purpose by Salvador Dalí. Each was called the "Loconik."

The Loconik first appeared on Saturday afternoon, March 21st, 1959, at 1:30 p.m., leading the Greenwich Village Spring Day Parade – its appearance there sponsored by Joseph Brody.



From The Villager, March 19, 1959

William H. Honan of *The Villager*, a co-sponsor of the parade, interviewed Dalí, in his room at the St. Regis Hotel, on the Loconik, in advance of its appearance:



From The Villager, March 19, 1959

Salvador Dalí's two-pronged waxed moustache was immediately recognizable. He is a short, rather stocky man with long, black hair.... [Dalí's] room was cluttered. On the left, as we entered, there was a tray of oil tubes and an easel supporting a fresh canvas on which several delicate blue and yellow butterflies had been painted. To the right: a desk piled with photographs, and a small table jammed with, among other things, a huge snail shell with a light inside.... We sat down in a circle....

"We're delighted with your contribution to the parade," I started, "but we're not quite clear about its exact meaning or purpose."

Dalí's face lit up. I couldn't have said anything more flattering.

"Confusion! Dalí creates confusion!" he exclaimed. "And if you're not any clearer after we talk, call me tomorrow and I'll offer you more obscurity."

Accepting him at his word, I asked if he would kindly confuse me about the umbrellas on his locomotive.

"Dalí all the time creates the contrary of everything," he said. "The umbrellas mean pleasure.... The umbrella is the skeleton on the outside," he said, "like a lobster...and the umbrellas should have water coming out of them, instead of falling on them."

Mr. Mardus [the parade coordinator] interrupted here to note the great cost of creating umbrellas that would rain themselves instead of just conventionally resist rain. Couldn't Dalí use soap bubbles instead? he suggested.

"Soap boobles?" repeated the master. "Yes, Dalí is also a diplomat. We shall have soap boobles. Inside Dalí's locomotive, it is snowing!" But he warned us that if the locomotive were not built according to this design in all other respects, he would not ride on it during the parade.

Mr. Mardus explained that a crew of men were working night and day to build the locomotive on schedule for the parade this Saturday. “The more the builders suffer,” Dalí replied, “the better Dalí’s locomotive will be. It is not easy to build this rhythm of confusion which is poetry....”

The more we scratched our heads, the more enthusiastic Dalí became. He told us that the chassis of the locomotive was to be made of real coal because coal is “man’s subconscious” and also the “source of all energy.” He had wanted to build the locomotive ten stories high. He had wanted it to “breathe” like an animal. Any nation that can send a rocket into space, he said, can certainly build his locomotive.....

I realized I hadn’t asked about the great eye or the lips on the locomotive.... He listened to my question about the eyes and lips, paused a moment, and said, “Dalí’s locomotive has sex appeal!”

....We reported [to Brody] on the conversation with Dalí. “The man is fabulous, really fabulous,” said Brody. Incidentally, “what are you spending on all this? I asked. Brody smiled painfully. “Back in September,” he said, “when I conceived of the idea, I planned to spend \$4,000. Now Dalí’s locomotive will cost \$16,000.... But Dalí is charging me nothing,” Brody added. “He’s doing it for the community. He loves The Village. So do I. I’ve made my fortune there. I want to give something back to the people.”¹⁹⁵



*The original “Loconik,” at a “Save The Village” demonstration at city Hall
From The New York Times, February 18, 1960, p. 25.*

Once the parade was over, Brody began using it for his free tours of the Village for patrons of his restaurant – featuring it in his ads.



Ad placed in *The Villager*

Never one to miss a public relations opportunity, Brody turned the need to select an itinerary for the tour into a public contest:

\$25 For Best ‘Loconik’ Route

The Albert French Restaurant, 12 E. 11th St., is offering a prize of \$25 to the person suggesting the best route through the Village for the free sightseeing train, the “loconik” created by Salvador Dalí. The “loconik” pulls two coaches (designed [unlike Dalí’s locomotive] by Russell Patterson and Dean Cornwell) on daily tours, from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. It sports a fantastic array of ten black umbrellas, two huge blue eyes, a pair of red lips, two butterflies, two small clocks and an anthracite body. The contest deadline is Saturday, August 15. Entries should be addressed to Joe Brody, Albert French Restaurant, 42 E. 11th St. The tours must leave from, and return to, the restaurant.¹⁹⁶

In July of the same year, columnist Dorothy Kilgallen wrote:

Summer visitors to Gotham are fascinated by the most amusing free attraction in Greenwich Village – the motorized train designed by Salvador Dali and run by the Albert French Restaurant as a promotion gimmick. Lines form every day to board the sightseeing car.¹⁹⁷

The tours were noticed in articles and guidebooks about the Village:

Then take the tiny sightseeing bus which leaves from Albert's French Restaurant at 11th Street and University Place, for a free tour of the village.¹⁹⁸

If you want to see Greenwich Village without walking, take the tour sponsored by Albert French Restaurant, 42 East Eleventh Street. It's fun and you'll see everything from Washington Arch to the coffee houses.¹⁹⁹

New York - (UPI) - Free tours of Greenwich Village, the colorful bohemian district which has spawned many artists and literary figures since the turn of the century, are offered to guests by the Albert French Restaurant. Buses leave regularly daily from the restaurant, one of the oldest landmarks in the Village.²⁰⁰

Consumer Reports did not find the service entirely reliable:

... for instance, I know from personal experience that the Greenwich Village tour conducted by the Albert French restaurant and listed in the book runs or does not run according to the momentary whim of the restaurant's proprietor.²⁰¹

Not long after he introduced the tour service, Brody found himself in trouble with City authorities:

Train in 'Village' Faces Bumpy Ride

A Salvador Dalí sight-seeing train that tours Greenwich Village daily may find its track bumpy with litigation in the future. The Village restaurateur who owns the train – and advertises on it – promised as much yesterday after a court appearance. He said he would take his difficulties with the policy to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

Joseph Brody, owner of the Albert French Restaurant at 42 East Eleventh Street, appeared in Manhattan Arrest Court to answer three summonses issued for operating the vehicle without benefit of hack or sight-seeing license. The summonses were issued on July 24 against the train's driver, Chester Collins, 50 years old, of 31 West Seventy-first Street.

Mr. Brody said afterward that so far he had received a total of twenty-two tickets for assorted violations involving the multi-colored vehicle, had ignored them all and would continue to ignore them. He maintained that the train was operated as a community service. He makes no charge for riding tourists and residents around some of the Village's most interesting streets.

In asking for a postponement, Mr. Brody told Magistrate Samuel J. Ohringer that he was trying to obtain Joseph N. Welch of Boston as counsel. Mr. Welch, who recently added to his fame in the Senate's McCarthy hearings with a role as a

judge in the motion picture “Anatomy of a Murder,” is now in Europe. Judge Ohringer agreeably put the trial over to Nov. 6.

The train made its entrance on the Village scene last March when it led the Greenwich Village Spring Parade. The locomotive was designed by Salvador Dalí and the two cars by Russell Patterson and Dean Cornwell.

Mr. Brody said the train cost him \$16,000 and the upkeep amounted to \$12,000 a year. The liability insurance alone, he said, costs \$1,500. The train is similar to those that tour fairs and amusement parks.

The train starts its tour each day at University Place near Eleventh Street and visits Eleventh, Gay, Grove, Bleecker and Eighth Streets and Sheridan and Washington Squares. It starts at 1 P.M. and gets in about seven trips before halting at 7 P.M. On weekdays two cars are used, on week-ends three.

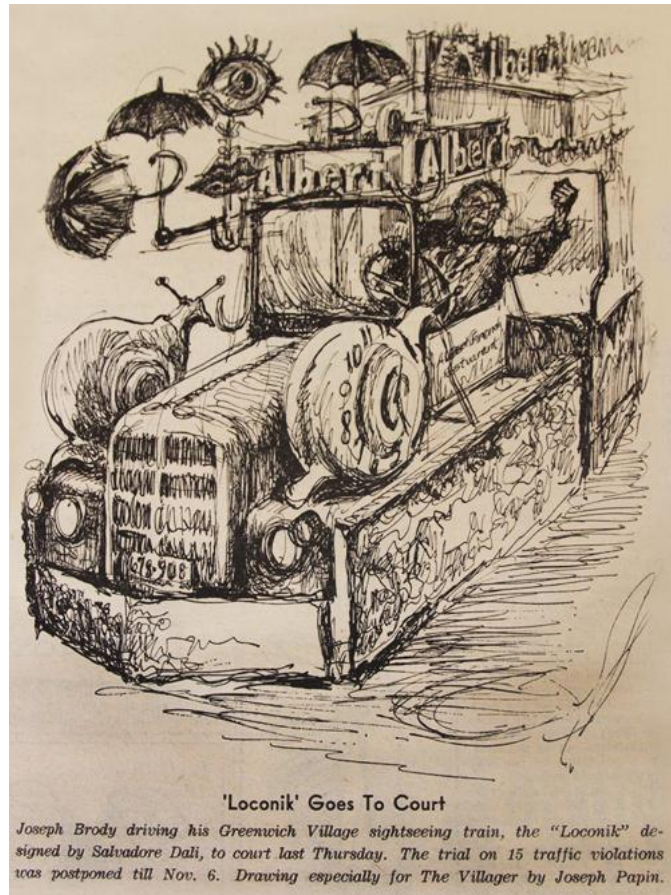
To the two main Village newspapers Mr. Brody is a legendary figure who boasts of employing six press agents.

For a man with such a solid sense of public relations, Mr. Brody yesterday offered to make the ultimate sacrifice

“To make a public service to the community is not a crime,” he said in a heavy French accent. “But if they want I’ll even take the advertising off the cars.”²⁰²

When Brody was unable to engage Joseph Welch – Senator Joe McCarthy’s nemesis in the infamous Army-McCarthy trials, famous for his challenge to the senator: “Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last? Have you left no sense of decency?” – he simply hired, instead, McCarthy’s own counsel, Roy Cohn.

Roy M. Cohn, the late Senator McCarthy’s chief assistant, has been retained by Joseph Brody, proprietor of the Albert French Restaurant, to represent Mr. Brody in the “Loconik” trial scheduled for the Manhattan Arrest Court on Nov. 6.... Mr. Cohn told Mr. Brody that he was interested in the case because of his feeling about Greenwich Village. “The Village is the best part of the five boroughs,” Mr. Cohn said. “I’d like to do what I can to help.”²⁰³



Cartoon from The Villager, October 8, 1959

The trial was put off again until November 20th. As reported in *The Villager*, “Mr. Brody believes that the Nov. 20 hearing will be a ‘showdown.’”

Cohn’s help was successful – Brody won his showdown:

Village restaurateur Joseph Brody won the celebrated “Loconik Trial” at the City Magistrate’s Court last Friday. Supported by Village civic leaders, the legal talents of Roy M. Cohn and Louis H. Solomon, and a group of actors from “An Enemy of the People” sporting signs reading “Loconik brings business to the city but ‘gets the business’ from city cops” – Mr. Brody arrived at the 151st St. courthouse aboard his Salvadore [sic] Dali sightseeing train.

...The basic question in the case was whether or not a free sightseeing train could be operated without a special sightseeing franchise and license. Representing Mr. Brody, Mr. Cohn told Magistrate Edward J. Chapman, “If Mr. Brody’s Loconik needs a special license than I need a special license to drive a friend in my private car up to see the Empire State Building.” Mr. Cohn added that there were a number of people in the courtroom who could testify that Mr. Brody operated the train as a public service. He said Mr. Brody had not derived any profit from the tours.

The Magistrate replied: “I don’t think Mr. Brody is doing this for the good of the people of Greenwich Village. Of course, I don’t blame him. But suppose ten other fellas tried to do what Mr. Brody is doing. Then we’d have a problem.”

Magistrate Chapman added, “The administrative code should be changed to cover such a situation, but as it is I don’t think I can find Mr. Brody guilty of anything. Case dismissed.”

...“My business is my hobby,” said Mr. Brody... “But they expect a businessman to be as corrupt as they are. They don’t understand a man who sincerely wants to do something for his community – with no strings attached.” He said that the Loconik would continue its hourly rounds of the Village as usual. He had removed all advertising from the train and he said that rides would continue to be “free and without obligation.”²⁰⁴

In October 1960, Brody retired the original Loconik in order to replace it with a larger version, also designed by Dalí. From a catalog for a Dalí exhibition called *Dalí: Mass Culture*:

October: He designs a bus for Joe Brody of the Albert French restaurant, which is extended to enable it to take 15 more passengers on its route through Greenwich Village. The original is donated to the zoo in the Bronx, where it is stored in a garage.²⁰⁵

As described in *The Villager*:

High noon tomorrow marks the final journey for Salvador Dalí’s “Loconick” [sic]. This hourly sight-seeing vehicle will make its last run from Albert’s French Restaurant, 40 E. 11th St. – to be replaced by a larger vehicle.

This unique three-car rubber-tired “train” which has a top speed of seven miles per hour was designed by Mr. Dalí and built at a cost of \$25,000 at the request of Joe Brody, a Village enthusiast, who operated and ran the tour free of charge to anyone visiting the Village.

A larger, more efficient and streamlined vehicle will take over the free tours as the Loconik leaves. Shaped like a huge chunk of coal with a two-foot eye and a score of umbrellas atop, and two snails alongside, the device has been accepted by New York City as a gift for children visiting the Bronx Zoo.²⁰⁶

The Bronx Zoo, however, apparently didn’t highly value the Dalí design:

A vehicle designed by Salvador Dalí to resemble a ton of coal was donated yesterday, not to a museum, but to the Bronx Zoo, where it will be kept in a garage, not a cage.

The vehicle, an industrial tractor in deep disguise, has been used for more than a year to pull a two-car sightseeing train through the streets of Greenwich Village – a service provided without charge by Joseph Brody, a restaurateur.

Zoo officials received the gift with a nice blend of vehicular gratitude and esthetic distaste.

Standing in front of Mr. Brody's restaurant at 42 East Eleventh Street, Gordon Cuyler said: "We'll have to paint it. I can't guarantee to keep the Salvador Dalí design. We have a sign painter at the zoo, and it may be that he'll put some insignia on the side."

At the zoo, Charles Driscoll, superintendent of operations, said the surrealist coveyance [sic] would go into the shop for the winter, where it would be made to conform to the zoo's fleet of former World's Fair tour trains.

Beginning next April, it will haul zoo visitors from the Boston Road entrance to the fountain circle.

In a fourteen-mile ride from Greenwich Village to the zoo, the little train showed a remarkable sensitivity to wrinkles in the roadbed. Having no springs, it registered manhole covers with teeth-rattling fidelity. Even at the mad pace of twelve miles an hour, Mr. Brody repeatedly shouted out appeals to the driver to have a care.

He explained that the functions heretofore performed by the train would henceforth be fulfilled by a bright red school bus that pulled up at his door before the trip to the zoo began. Rides in the bus will also be free.²⁰⁷

A detailed description of the tour's itinerary appeared in a 1963 article in the *New Pittsburgh Courier* about the annual Washing Square art exhibit in Greenwich Village:

Free Sightseeing

For those who would add a wider view of the colorful – and cultural – pageant, the Village offers free sightseeing on board the famous red touring bus which departs hourly from 42 East 11 Street.

This unique bus ride plays "dean of liberal education" to a vast student body of intrigued New Yorkers and out-of-towners, showing guests a little of everything there is to be seen.

At a leisurely pace, the big red bus reviews majestic Washington Arch . . . sidewalk book stalls always attended by dreamers, and collectors stalking rare editions . . . multi-windowed coffee shops with 19th century charm intact . . . converted mews where the wealthy once stabled carriage horses.

Intricate as old-world lace, the pattern of streets confuses. You get the impression you're involved in some exotic fable – that what you see now might never be found on a return trip.

Picturesque

With a carefully executed turn of the wheel, the necker-chiefed driver in his Frenchy beret introduces you to the off-Broadway theaters, picturesque little restaurants dishing up cuisine of every nation, antiques and statuary and costume shops. But perhaps the Village is most fascinating as a shrine to the artists it once housed.

Theodore Dreiser lived here, Tony Sarg and Mark Twain too. Franklin P. Adams called the Village "home" – as did O. Henry Sinclair Lewis, Washington Irving, Emily Post, Willa Cather, S. J. Perelman, Maurice Evans and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Several of Ryder's murals, painted in the oldest Village landmark, The Albert French Restaurant, can still be seen there today.

Like a modern magic carpet, the touring bus covers all this hallowed ground. And as it goes its rounds, not only riders but “outsiders” get a cultural treat.

Prize Paintings

Riding royally inside 14-karat gold frames on the outsides of the Greenwich Village bus are prize paintings from former Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibits!

The chance to have their prize work seen a thousand times a day all year long on this mobile art gallery is just one of the many rewards sought by struggling artists of the Village.²⁰⁸

Albert French Restaurant and the Theater

In 1961, the Albert French Restaurant backed at least one theatrical production, off-site:

“The Seven at Dawn” will open April 17 at the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Avenue South, under the auspices of Mordecai Siegal, Connie Simon and the Albert French Restaurant. The drama emanates from Leonid Andreyev’s story, “The Seven Who Were Hanged,” which was dramatized by Louis A. Lippa, assistant treasurer to Circle in the Square. The director is Joseph Beruh, co-sponsor of “Leave It to Jane.”²⁰⁹

Perhaps inspired by this production, an “Albert Theatre” opened the following year, in the Hotel Albert, and mounted at least one play. As advertised in the *New York Times*:



As reviewed in the *Village Voice*:

Off Off-B'way: ARETE (review by Richard Sharp)

A play by Arthur Kahn, presented by Jay Stanwyck at the Albert Theatre (in the Hotel Albert, 23 East 10th Street). Directed by Joe Regan, Jr. What's the real inside dope on Byron's last days in Greece? In "Arete" at the Albert Theatre in the Hotel Albert, Arthur Kahn tells all; and – after three acts, 13 scenes, 2 1/2 hours – I for one have no doubt that Mr. Kahn was there. But I didn't know much more about those days when I came out than when I went in.²¹⁰

PART IX: 1960s Musicians²¹¹

The Hotel Albert became home to any number of rock musicians in the 1960s. This is the only part of the Albert's history that has been written about to any extent, chronicled in May 1968 an article in *The Eye* magazine by Lillian Roxon, author of *Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopedia*. Roxon, a music journalist of the 1960s, has been called the "Mother of Rock." Her article about the Hotel Albert called it the "New York home to rock's greatest." It opens:

It is the best of hotels, it is the worst of hotels; its prices are ridiculously high, its prices are astonishingly low; its corridors are filled to the brim with life, its corridors are perpetual reminders of death; staying there is the wildest, most exhilarating, dizzying, around-the-clock trip of all time; staying there is the most wretched, lonely terrifying, around-the-clock bummer of all eternity.

So much for New York's Hotel Albert, whose distinction is *not* that it has housed some of the most influential rock personalities of our time (after all, so has Holiday Inn), but that it has affected them so deeply (in a way no impersonal Holiday Inn could ever hope to) that American popular music would probably never have been what it is today without it.

Roxon lists dozens of musicians who stayed at the Albert:

...the Paul Butterfield Blues Band got itself together under its roof;... Steve Gillette wrote his Sunshine Company hit there ("Back on the Street Again"), but was able to finish his other songs only after he moved out, which, in itself, is influence of a sort. The Canned Heat jammed with the Cream in one of the Albert's grimy rooms, the Hand People jammed with the Gurus, a score of total unknowns jammed with each other to make history in some future year.

....

Think of any hotel story and then realize that at the Albert, it probably happened to the Butterfield Blues Band or the Mamas and the Papas, the Canned Heat, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Mothers of Invention, Spanky and Our Gang, Salvation, Kaleidoscope, the Clear Light, the Byrds, the Blues Magoos, the Sopwith Camel, Tim Buckley, Muddy Waters, Steve Gillette, Baby Huey and the Baby Sitters, Lothar and the Hand People, to name, as they say, but a few.

And she closes:

It is hard to say *what* it is about the Albert. There is no room service. There is no coffee shop. You know already there is no lobby. The maid service is negligible and the main reason the residents don't care about the ban on visitors is that most of the time they are ashamed to bring people back to their rooms anyway.

Still, go there sometime, say, on a Saturday afternoon about five when the musicians are finally awake and shout and the groupie chicks in their trendy gear are running messages between the floors.

I was wondering what the Albert had and now I know. It's the only hotel in the world that is a twenty-four-hour Be-In. Some of the being isn't always what you want but then, what is? And remember, if you meet Joe Butler's ghost on the stairs, don't be surprised. You expected maybe after all this he should haunt the Caribe Hilton?²¹²

From a different perspective, Kwei Chu, Brody's chief chef and successor, remembers the "loud music" coming from the basement, but recalls that when representatives from the restaurant went downstairs and asked "the kids" to stop, they always did. According to Chu, the kids slept in the basement, on the roof, in the hallways, or on the street; they had no money.²¹³

The musicians who stayed at the Albert are listed here in alphabetical order. The descriptions speak for themselves.

Tim Buckley

From Lillian Roxon's article in *Eye*:

Tim Buckley wrote the song "Good-bye and Hello" there and almost half the album of the same name.

....

Most musicians, initially, are attracted by the prices: \$20 a week for a room without bath, \$30 with, is what they start at. Tim Buckley found himself paying \$70 a week by the time he was through – exactly what it cost him per month in California. "Expensive," he said, "but the best place I ever lived."

....

Tim Buckley says he watched the whirling of a snowflake down an airshaft and thought that the movement could be used in orchestration. Has he used it yet? No, but he will one of these days. Has he ever written a song about the Albert? No, but he has written a lot of songs with the Albert about him, surrounding him.

From *Blue melody: Tim Buckley Remembered*:

Tim and I piled our guitars into the rear of a Volkswagen panel truck Herb had rented for us, and drove coast-to-coast to New York with Johnny Sider. Johnny

was a first-class drummer. He was also an intelligent, happy go-lucky guy with an extraordinary memory and marvelous sense of humour.

We stayed at the Albert Hotel, in Room 1268, as I recall, but Johnny insisted years later that it was Room 1216. I have a good memory, but because of Johnny's exceptional memory, I'll go with him - 1216. The Albert was a famous - or infamous - home away from home for some of the most popular and influential rock musicians of the era - Frank Zappa and his band, the Mamas & the Papas, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Butterfield Blues Band, Spanky and Our Gang, the Byrds, the Doors, and dozens of others. The graffiti on the seventh floor corridor wall said, "Jim Morrison is sex, but Ray Manzarek is love."

...Louise Dula, drummer and leader of an all-woman rock band called the Bittersweet, remembered meeting Tim.

"I didn't know who Tim Buckley was when I got to the Albert," she wrote to me, "although I had seen his picture on the wall and thought, 'Cute guy.' One day I was waiting for the elevator to come down. When I pushed the button my purse strap got tangled up in my beaded necklace. The necklace broke and the beads scattered all over the floor. I was down on my hands and knees like a fool, trying to catch them. The elevator door opened, and I looked up - to see this beautiful face looking down at me and smiling. From the angle I saw him at, being down on the floor looking up, the elevator light seemed to form a halo around his curly hair. I remember thinking to myself, 'My God, it's an angel!' He bent down and started helping me gather up all my beads, saying funny things about how cute I looked crawling around on the floor.

"The next day at the front desk there was an envelope for me. Inside was a really pretty necklace with a note from Tim that said,

'To replace what was broken,
I thought you'd like this small token'

I couldn't believe he would do something that nice for a stranger. He won my heart for life....²¹⁴

One night in New York, Tim and I dropped Owsley acid, zipped back to the Albert Hotel (rushing on LSD as the elevator ascended), and spent the night writing "Bussin' Fly," one of Tim's best-loved Happy Sad songs. He strummed and sang. I played guitar. The walls and curtains breathed. Glistening orange velvet lining in open guitar cases undulated like red-orange seawaves. (Elsewhere, Beckett has said this was an old song carried over from earlier days. Not so. A line or two may have been carried over, but the total song was born that night in the Albert.)²¹⁵

The Clear Light

From Lillian Roxon's article in *Eye*:

...the sheer pain and loneliness of living seven cramped into two of its small rooms in a strange city welded the Clear Light into the solid group it had never quite been in its airy, carefree, spacious California house....

Cliff de Young says that after the now-infamous night when the Clear Light were fired from the Scene East because the organist told the audience it was cold and unfeeling, each member of the group came back to those two grim rooms at the Albert and wrote, unbeknownst to the others, a song or poem about the coldness of New York. Cliff wrote his, about a city with no eyes, on the fire escape of a hotel that also had no eyes.

If the Albert had been a better place, it might have counteracted something of the trauma of that evening. But it is no place to be when things go wrong. It is another great irony that, apart from the basement, no special concessions have been made to the musicians who have brought it so much life.

Jerry Edmonton

From *Great Rock Drummers of the Sixties*:

Jerry took the Ludwig set to New York in 1965 to record the Sparrow tracks for Columbia, only to have them stolen from the group's station wagon in front of the Albert Hotel in Manhattan.²¹⁶

Barry Goldberg and Mike Bloomfield (plus general comment)

From "Goldberg: '60s Survivor Still Rockin' the Blues," *Los Angeles Times*:

In 1965, when [guitarist Mike] Bloomfield, then a member of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, went to play at the Newport Folk Festival, he invited Goldberg along. It was there that Goldberg met Bob Dylan, beginning an association that would last through the years....

After Newport, Goldberg went to New York, where he and half the musicians in the city lived at the famed Albert Hotel. "It was such an incredible time," Goldberg said. "There was this whole musical renaissance happening. I remember going into the Cafe au Go Go when Hendrix was in this group called Jimmy James & the Blue Flames. Even then, everybody knew how amazing he was."²¹⁷

From "World's Greatest Rock Organist," *Los Angeles Times*:

Next, Goldberg had a gig at the Cafe Au GoGo backing John Hammond with a young guitarist named Jimmy Jones on guitar. The guitarist later changed his name to Jimi Hendrix. “Then Michael came up and said, ‘How’d you like to start a perfect band?’ “The perfect band was the Electric Flag and they began recruiting members. One of the first was Buddy Miles, a dynamic drummer and singer whom Goldberg had seen backing singer Wilson Pickett. He and Bloomfield invited him to their room in the Albert Hotel and talked to him about the proposed band. During the conversation he dozed off and they amused themselves for the rest of the evening by dropping cookies into the open mouth of this huge, slumbering creature.²¹⁸

From *Michael Bloomfield: If You Love These Blues*:

Paul was a despot, as far as the money was concerned. And I remember when Paul’s despotism as far as the money stopped. We went to Electra one day. We were sitting around the hotel - we always stayed at these rotten hotels, the Albert Hotel and stuff - we were sitting around thinking, and I said, “Paul, y’know, I bet we have some money at Elektra from the Bugter album.”²¹⁹

Our original thought on the drummer was Billy Mundi from the Mothers of Invention. And then we walked into this theater, and the whole theater was rocking to this massive drum beat. We were just mesmerized. It was Buddy Miles, who was Wilson Pickett’s drummer. So after he got off the stage, Michael and I went up to him and starting talking to him. We invited him back to our room at the Albert Hotel for further conversation.

We bought a box of Oreo cookies, and we kept giving Buddy Oreo cookies and telling him about all the beautiful young girls in San Francisco. Our plan was that he could be the star of San Francisco and have anything he wanted - which is basically what happened. And Buddy said, “Okay, count me in.” He left Pickett, and Pickett was pissed off. We heard that he was looking for us for a long time, for stealing his drummer.²²⁰

Mike [Bloomfield] and I were in New York, at the Albert Hotel. We were doing sessions with Mitch Ryder. And Mike said to me, “Will you help me get a band together? I want an American music band - everything in American music from Stax to Phil Spector to Motown.” And, of course, blues. He wanted to cover the whole spectrum of American music. I thought it was a great concept.²²¹

From Lillian Roxon’s article in *Eye*:

Mike Bloomfield thinks it’s an excellent hotel, the friendliest and nicest in town. “I don’t stay there anymore because it’s too dirty,” he says, but he is ready, at the drop of a hat, to recommend it as an absolutely essential part of the experience of living.

Gary Higgins

From “The Meter; The Legend of Red Hash,” *Chicago Reader*

Gary Higgins’s first and only LP came out in 1973 – and by then he was already in prison.....

Red Hash is still Higgins’s only release, and his career as a professional musician was essentially over even before it came out – he was serving time in a maximum-security prison on drug charges. A native of rural Sharon, Connecticut, he formed his first band, Random Concept, in 1963. Three years later the group – which included singer Simeon Coxe, who’d go on to form the legendary Silver Apples – moved to New York City and took up residence at the Hotel Albert, alongside lodgers like Tiny Tim, the Lovin’ Spoonful, and the Blues Magoos. Random Concept got work, but their schedule was grueling – they often played six sets a night – and they were unused to the demands and excesses of the big city. “We were kinda homesick,” says Higgins. “So we decided to go back to our roots and regroup. It probably wasn’t the best business decision, but it’s where all our heads were at.”²²²

Howlin’ Wolf

From *Moanin’ at Midnight: The Life and Times of Howlin’ Wolf*:

Wolf was walking toward New York City’s hippie hotspot in late 1966, the Cafe’ A-Go-Go [sic], when Jerry Rappaport, sixteen years old, introduced himself. Wolf asked if he was heading into the club to hear him play, and Rappaport said he couldn’t afford a ticket. Wolf told him to follow him in. The teenager spent hours backstage with the Wolf and his band, and they invited him back to the Albert Hotel in Greenwich Village, where they and other bluesmen usually stayed. Rappaport hung out with them whenever they played New York City after that. He also became close to Muddy Waters and his band, but he came to consider himself Wolf’s de facto valet. When Wolf was in town, the teenage would head to the hotel in the morning and get Wolf a bottle of rye. “I saw that man drink rye all day long but I never saw him get drunk,” Rappaport said. They’d listen to one of Wolf’s favorite groups, the Clara Ward Singers, on Wolf’s portable Victrola, and Wolf would play guitar and talk music for hours. “He’d sit there with his nylon stocking on his head and a True cigarette hanging out of his lip and play acoustic blues all day long. One of the first things he asked me to do was to find him a copy of the Robert Johnson record ‘Kind of the Delta Blues Singers.’

...Today Rappaport is a highly regarded record producer. When he won a Grammy Award in 2004 for co-producing Martin Scorsese Presents the Blues: A Musical Journey, one of the first people he thanked in his acceptance speech was the Wolf.²²³

Lovin' Spoonful (and general)

From Lillian Roxon's article in *Eye*:

Joe Butler of the Spoonful, who loves it and is shamelessly sentimental about it, stayed there long after he could well afford to stay elsewhere. Its very squalor played a big role in his life and that of the other three in the group. "It inspired us because it made us frightened of poverty," he said.

Those were the days when the hurricane eye of the rock scene had not yet started its subtle shift away from London back to the United States and when not being English was the kiss of death to young musicians.

Two of those kissed-by-death musicians, young, penniless, unable to find work that paid anything like real money around the Village, had taken a dank eight-by-ten room at the Albert mainly to store their instruments. It had the single bed in it which, when divided into springs and a mattress, provided a place to sleep for two.

Every day at midday the two others in his group would arrive and the four would play in that small room until late into the night.

....

At this stage, thankfully, because there are so many versions and no one is really interested anymore in the "real" one, legend takes over. And there is not a teenybopper anywhere in America, or possibly the world (is there?), who does not know that the four were the then still-unknown Lovin' Spoonful, that the noise of their rehearsals drove the neighbors to complain, that Miss Feldman bounded up to investigate, that the boys told her without rehearsals they would not be able to find work and money to settle the already overdue rent, and that, after some discussion, it was agreed the four could practice anywhere – the basement even – so long as they did not disturb the neighbors.

For the benefit of the very few who don't know, the basement became a rehearsal room, the Lovin' Spoonful a top group as a result of the long hours spent there, and America, thanks to the Spoonful and others they inspired, once more a potent force in the field of popular music.

Joe Butler walked around, regarding it all with a sweet tenderness. "They were very good to us here," he said....

Obituary, December 16, 2002:

Now, it was the early 1960s and Doherty and Mr. Yanovsky were hanging out in the basement of New York's Albert Hotel singing their songs. Doherty said the place was a dump but it was a dump where dreams came true.

"I remember Zalman came in one day and sang Do You Believe in Magic and I thought it was nice. I didn't see him again until the song was a hit," he said with a laugh.

Doherty said there was no way he could have known that The Lovin' Spoonful's first single would hit No. 9 on the Hot 100. He just thought it was a catchy little song.

"You can't tell if something is going to be a hit, but you can tell if something is a good song," he said.

"Do You Believe in Magic" was just one of the hit tunes created in the hotel in the city's lower east side.

"Here we were, in a hotel, in a basement with the ceiling caving in and what was coming out of there was gold. They were mining for gold down there," Doherty said.²²⁴

As recounted in Lillian Roxon's *Rock Encyclopedia*:

There had been an attempt to change all this but they had failed. And the Spoonful, with all their talent, weren't that good, weren't clicking or jelling. The story goes – and it's such a legend now that everyone has forgotten what's true – that they were at the Night Owl and terrible, and that Joe Marra, the owner, told them to go away and practice. Zally and Joe had a room at the Albert Hotel then, mainly to store equipment. When they rehearsed there, there were complaints. So Miss Feldman, the assistant manager, suggested the basement. And that was it. The group made it. The basement became a shrine; and no musician feels he's a musician unless he's stayed at the Albert and rehearsed among the pools of water and the cockroaches. The Albert became the hotel and the Spoonful became the group that eventually turned the hurricane eye of rock away from Liverpool and London to New York and Los Angeles (and later San Francisco).²²⁵

As recounted in *Turn! Turn! Turn!: The '60s Folk-Rock Revolution* by Richie Unterberger:

"1963 was the year that the Halifax Three broke up, the Journeymen broke up, the Big Three broke up, everybody broke up," says Doherty. "It seemed that everybody came off the road after the Kennedy assassination, and folk music was sort of over. Zal and I wound up playing as two-thirds of a surf trio, just

instrumental stuff. By the time we got back to New York, Cass had broken up with the Big Three (a group that had also included two folk-rockers in the making, Tim Rose and James Hendricks). Everybody was sort of bivouacked at the Albert Hotel” – famous for harboring on-the-way-up and down-and-out musicians throughout the 1960s.²²⁶

It would not be until well into 1965 that Sebastian and Yanovsky’s group, the Lovin’ Spoonful, would begin to release records. Before that, they’d have to do their rock ‘n’ roll apprenticeship in rehearsals in the dank Albert Hotel basement, as well as gigs in Village clubs.²²⁷

“When we were looking for the rhythm section,” says Erik Jacobsen, who was heavily involved with the group as its producer-in-waiting, “Joe Butler was playing drums in the Sellouts, who were managed by Herbie Cohen [also manager of the Modern Folk Quartet, Judy Hensek, and Fred Neil). We had a drummer that we jammed [with], and he was good, but we were I guess [going through] the same kind of thing as when they got Ringo in the Beatles. You know, ‘we need a guy, a little more energy, a little more extroverted, a little more appealing, who could sing as well.’ Because we wanted to do harmony. So they went over to see Joe, and I think they were not that hot on him, generally speaking. Zally and Joe almost never got along.”

But Butler soon convinced them both how badly he wanted to be in the group, and - quite literally - just how much rock ‘n’ roll blood he was willing to spill for his chance. Continues Jacobsen, “We had Joe come over to the Albert Hotel, set up in the upstairs ballroom for the rehearsal, and he came in. They were playing some kind of hard-hitting tune. He broke the drumstick, right toward the end of the song. He was playing on a cracked cymbal, a big cymbal with all the little holes and metal rivets for them, which are very sharp on the top. He started hitting it with his hand, keeping beat, and the final chorus, his rivets were just slicing into his hand. Blood started to fly. The guys were like, ‘Whoa-oh? Stop, stop!’ He had proved his mettle big-time by continuing under such painful circumstances. I guess they decided, ‘This guy’s okay.’ “

Taking its name from lyrics in a song by bluesman Mississippi John Hurt (whom Sebastian had worked with in the Village), the Lovin’ Spoonful spent much of early 1965 playing at the Night owl Cafe. The Night Owl, a narrow room of about 75 by 20 feet with a stage so small that Butler had to play on the floor, was the Spoonful’s equivalent to the Byrds’ residency at Ciro’s, giving the musicians time to refine their sound and develop material as they lobbied labels for a recording contract. When they weren’t at the Night owl, they were rehearsing at the Albert Hotel, where they lived in a single room that also included all their instruments, dodging the rent by having their friend Denny Doherty sweet-talk the female bookkeeper.²²⁸

Since fending off the Spoonful's bill collection at the Albert hotel, Denny Doherty had decamped to the Virgin Islands with John and Michelle Phillips.²²⁹

From *Echoes Of The Sixties* by Marti Smiley Childs, Jeff March:

The four members of the Spoonful, along with Cass Elliot and Denny Doherty, all roomed that icy winter at the rickety Albert Hotel, where they rehearsed in the basement. "We lived on tuna fish and ice cream....."²³⁰

John Sebastian recently confirmed that "Do You Believe in Magic" was indeed composed at the Hotel Albert.²³¹

The Mamas & The Papas

As remembered by Michelle Phillips:

Michelle PHILLIPS remembers 1963 as a year of bone-chill and profound homesickness. The Long Beach native, then 19, had married John Phillips in late 1962 and the two had shuttled off to New York to seek fame with their folk group, the New Frontiersmen. "We were staying at the Albert Hotel, near Washington Square. It was a fleabag. I had never seen snow before, I had never been to the East Coast. I was miserable."

One blustery day, the couple were strolling by the marble spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral. "I wanted to go in just to see what it looked like, but John wouldn't go with me," Michelle recalled. "He had been sent off to a parochial school when he was 7 and, well, he just had very strong negative feelings about the church. So I went in alone."

That random moment took on new meaning a few weeks later. It was the middle of the night when John, guitar in hand, woke his wife up.

"He undoubtedly had taken a few bennies. I wanted to go back to sleep, but he said I would thank him someday if I got up and worked on it with him." A few years later, with the Phillipses singing as half of the Mamas & the Papas, that late-night sketch of a song became the evocative pop masterpiece "California Dreamin'."

All the leaves are brown
And the sky is gray
I've been for a walk
On a winter's day
I'd be safe and warm
If I was in L.A.
California dreamin'
On such a winter's day . . .

“He had the lyrics for those first eight bars that night,” said Michelle Phillips, the only surviving member of the Mamas & the Papas. “I added the next few lines about the church. He hated it. Just hated it. But he didn’t have anything better.” That portion of the song – “Stopped in to church / I passed along the way / Well, I got down on my knees / And I began to pray” – has an interesting history. Not everyone hears the same lyrics, and that includes the people who sang it.

“We were on the road after the song was a hit and I was doing a sound check with Cass [Elliot], and I sang the lyric. She looked at me and said, ‘Wait, what did you say? I thought the lyric was ‘I pretend to pray.’ That’s how she had been singing it all along!”²³²

Michelle Phillips recently confirmed that *California Dreamin’* was indeed written at the Hotel Albert. She also recalls that she cooked her first meal for John Phillips at the hotel.²³³

As recalled by Denny Doherty:

As Doherty tells it, it goes like this: Cass loved Denny who loved Michelle who loved (mostly) John.

It was Cass who first met Denny in New York’s Hotel Albert and saw the musical future after hearing The Beatles. And it was John who was the musical genius who never truly cottoned to Cass.

Still, the four worked musically, bringing a lyrical lilt to folk - until their feuds exploded and they broke up.²³⁴

Moby Grape (and general)

As recounted in *Roadwork: Rock & Roll Turned Inside Out* by Tom Wright, Susan Van Hecke, in which an entire chapter is devoted to the Hotel Albert:

Chapter Sixteen: The Albert

New York City’s Albert Hotel was a secret. Muddy Waters could tell you about it. Bob Dylan could tell you about it. The Moby Grape could make a mini-series on it. It was at University Place and 11th, pretty big, just a short walk from Washington Square Park, about thirty blocks from classy hotels and about ten blocks from the really shitty ones. The Albert was about fifty years past her prime; at one time posh, when I got there it was rundown and cheap. It had roughly twenty floors and didn’t really look that bad from the outside, all granite and stone. It was the seedy characters wandering the sidewalk that gave it away.

Bob Dylan used to practice there, but when I lived there in 1968, after I'd road-managed The Who's first headlining U.S. tour, it was folk rock singer Tim Hardin in the basement. But mostly it was Moby Grape, the psychedelic rockers from California. They'd play nonstop from ten at night 'til eight in the morning. I'd fall asleep on the tenth floor and could hear them through my pillow. They were so good you couldn't sleep, though their god-awful records belied this. They would take a riff and just keep playing and varying it from within, stretching it, expanding it. By the time they got to the recording studio, though, they'd have been up for so many days that they forgot what was good about the song. At the Albert, nobody cared what their records sounded like, because at night, if you got real quiet at your place and lay down, you could hear them in the basement. And nine times out of ten it'd be great, and sometimes it would be the greatest music you'd ever heard. Seriously.

Moby Grape eventually got the ol heave-ho from the basement. One morning around 4 AM, as the all-night rehearsal jam in the bowels of the building was still going strong - and sounding great - the Pakistani desk clerk showed up, stopping one of the Grape's hour-long song jams in mid-flight. Incensed, Skip Spence, the Grape's frontman, yanked off his guitar and chased the tiny refugee gripping a flashlight back up the dark wooden staircase to the lobby. On the way, Spence slowed down long enough to smash the glass on a firebox that held an extinguisher and an ax.

Unlike Moon, Spence chose the axe, ripping it from its mooring with his right hand, which was now bleeding profusely, and continued the chase. Just as he reached the lobby, the crazed, stoned longhair clutching a shiny axe dripping with blood ran right into a neighborhood beat cop who'd happened by as the terrified desk clerk fled the building. Spence left in handcuffs after a gaggle of squad cars screeched to a halt in the front of the Albert, the cops expecting a pile of dead bodies. I never heard or saw Moby Grape again.

Since the Albert was in the gray area, it was hard to book. No wandering family of tourists would ever just stroll by, and it was too expensive for bums and people who were actually broke for real. So the management let rooms to selected renegades - certain musicians, hookers (if they were beautiful and discreet), drug salesmen, artists, gangsters. It was a long process to get in. I moved in with Geoff, the Blues Magoos drummer. It'd taken a month of cajoling, but we finally got the "presidential suite": three bedrooms, a sitting room, kitchen, two bathrooms, a banquet room, plus a living room with a fireplace for \$700 a month. We moved in and repainted everything, had the whole place recarpeted.

The Who were off touring the U.K. yet again. For the time being, I was stuck in New York, getting some work as a fashion and rock photographer. At the Albert, I built a massive darkroom in the master bedroom and bathroom, and put in a fifteen-foot stainless steel sink that'd come out of a restaurant resale place. I wood-paneled the other bathroom with used oak flooring until it looked like an

uptown outhouse right in the middle of Manhattan. The big living room with the fireplace became my photo studio. I fogged the huge windows with white spray paint, so from ten in the morning 'til early afternoon I had natural studio light - that soft, Paris skylight feel.

Since the Blues Magoos were booked for a bunch of college dates in New England, I didn't feel comfortable leaving all my stuff alone at the Albert. Geoff said he knew a session drummer who'd stay in the fixed-up suite for sixty bucks and a case of beer. Problem solved.

I returned to New York to find my apartment broken into, furniture ripped up, radios, record players, and telephone all gone. Twenty guitars were smashed, and what hadn't been destroyed had been stolen. Everything I owned was gone.²³⁵

From *Unknown Legends Of Rock 'N' Roll: Psychedelic Unknowns, Mad Geniuses, Punk* by Richie Unterberger:

It seems that Spence [in 1968], after a gig at New York's Fillmore East, went off with a woman - sometimes described as a witch of sorts - who fed him some particularly potent acid. Spence flipped out, and took a fire axe to the Albert hotel in search of Moby Grape drummer Don Stevenson (whom he thought was possessed by Satan), breaking down the door to the room Stevenson shared with Grape guitarist Jerry Miller. Finding it empty, he went into the studio, where producer David Rubinson disarmed him. The incident culminated in Spence being committed to New York's notorious mental institution, Bellevue Hospital, for six months.²³⁶

Mothers Of Invention

From *Necessity Is: The Early Years Of Frank Zappa & The Mothers Of Invention*, by Billy James:

Although drug usage by the Mothers members was minimal at best, indulgence in sexual promiscuity was another matter altogether. The sixties as well as being notorious for its mind altering chemicals, was also a period of sexual liberation and experimentation. And it was the whole language and subculture of being in a band - groupies, getting the crabs, the clap, etc. - that became the subtext to many of Zappa's songs. So rather than singing about getting high, the Mothers more often than not sung about getting laid - the more lurid and lewd the suggestiveness the better.....

Don Preston recalls one of his encounters. "While we were staying at the Albert hotel, I was in my hotel room; a room trying to look respectable but failing with its worn carpet and old cigarette-burned furniture. I had just taken a shower and was drying myself when there was a knock on my door. 'Fuck it,' I said and went over and opened the door wide only to behold a totally beautiful girl standing

there wearing a light turtleneck sweater and a very short mini skirt. She looked me up and down and said, ‘Well, aren’t you going to invite me in?’ She came in and I wrapped the towel around myself. She then introduced herself to me and we proceeded to make passionate love for several hours. She told me she was an interior decorator, but had been a Vogue fashion model during her teens. We lived together for six months. She was a beautiful soul that I regret separating from.”²³⁷

Jim Morrison

From *Jim Morrison: Life, Death, Legend*, by Stephen Davis:

Between sets [1967], an unusually attentive Andy Warhol was whispering to Jim and cajoling in his passive-aggressive manner, still trying to get Jim to get naked on camera. Warhol lackey Eric Emerson found girls to spend the night with Jim at the Albert Hotel, on Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue.²³⁸

Jonathan Richman

From the *Eugene Weekly*, Eugene Ore:

Jonathan Richman is a rock and roll god. Maybe he’s not on the level of say, an Iggy Pop or a Lou Reed (one of Richman’s early influences). But he definitely sits nicely with the likes of Tom Verlaine, Bob Mould and even a less volatile Mark E. Smith. And although Richman has tailored a highly acclaimed solo career, his fame blossomed from one fateful record from 1976, *The Modern Lovers*.

According to a self-penned 1983 press biography, Richman’s impetus for starting his own band came when he first heard the music of *The Velvet Underground*. The story continues that when Richman was 18, he left home for New York to hang with the Velvets. After a brief, transient affair on the couch of the band’s manager, Steve Sesnick, Richman relocated to the notorious Hotel Albert, where he first hashed out some early versions of *Modern Lovers* classics such as “Roadrunner” and “Pablo Picasso.” Jaded with his lack of success at getting anything solid going musically, Richman returned to Boston, where he connected with his old friend John Felice, who was 15 at the time, and *The Modern Lovers* name was coined. Soon after, Richman and Felice picked up drummer David Robinson and keyboard player Jerry Harrison.²³⁹

From a transcript of an NPR interview by Liane Hansen with Richman:

HANSEN: As a songwriter, Jonathan Richman takes the experiences of his own life and distills them into lyrics that are both direct and full of childlike wonder. On “I, Jonathan,” his new CD on Rounder, he sings a romantic ode to twilight in Boston, songs about love, parties and a tribute to the prime minstrels of 1960s Bohemia.

HANSEN: Jonathan Richman doesn't like to explain his songs, and he's known to clam up during an interview. But bring the conversation around to his favorite 1960s rock group – there's no stopping him; because deep down, Jonathan Richman loves to tell a good story.

RICHMAN: See, I was 18 years old and I'd just moved to New York. I wanted to be near the rock group, The Velvet Underground, and I wanted to be that – near that whole New York scene. I – I'd – had already been auditioning at local coffee houses and they weren't interested – maybe because, like, I couldn't play or sing or anything. That might have had something to do with it.

So I moved into the cockroach-infested Hotel Albert where rents were cheap and it was rich in musical heritage. The Lovin' Spoonful at one time practiced in their basement, Lothar and the Hand People practiced in their basement – so I practiced in their basement. And I wanted an audience, see, because – some people don't like attention. I'm not one of them. Me and attention, we get along pretty good.

So I just went up to the roof and there was a bunch of people walking down eight stories below so I did 30 minutes' worth of material for them. Well, they started gathering and I was real excited because I was thinking 'all right!' And I felt like a big rock star then, you see, because people were starting to crowd the sidewalks. When I knew that my spectacle had gone somewhat awry is when I saw the presence of law enforcement officers down in the street, and the manager of my hotel.

I could see her down there, pointing at me and shaking her head no. (Laughing) This was not a good sign. So I figured I'd better wrap it up. So I did one more number for the throngs, you know, and I figured that my little spectacle should end, so I went down back to my room. And I knew that something was brewing. I knew that I wasn't just going to get off the hook. Like, in other words, I knew there was going to be trouble with the hotel management for my little spectacle. So I didn't want to wait around for them to get me, so I went right down to the manager's office and figured I would discuss it with them.

She said, 'You! You! Out of here!' And I said, 'But, but – but wait,' and she said, 'You! Who do you think you are? Donovan? You think you're the Strolling Minstrel and you think...' She – like, she was beside herself, you know. And I said, 'But wait a minute, Loretta. I didn't do it on purpose. I just...'

What! People thought you were going to jump! I said, 'Was I that bad?' I said, 'Look, I won't do it again. I didn't know it was, like, that big a mistake. I thought they liked it.' And because I was only 18 and probably all pathetic and everything, she let me stay, and that was the story of my spectacle at the top of the Hotel Albert in the fall of 1969.²⁴⁰

John Sebastian

Letter from Sebastian to the *Acoustic Guitar*:

Thanks for the article on David Grisman and me [“Keepin’ Satisfied”]. But don’t get me in trouble with the Van Heusens. I wasn’t “good friends with [Van Heusen’s] daughter.” I was friends with the daughter of a Coca Cola ad executive who threw parties that Mr. Van Heusen and Mr. Cahn attended, and they would always end up playing at these parties. This all happened in Halesite, Long Island, near where we lived in Huntington. There ya go. And, while I’ve got you, I wonder if any of your readers has ever spotted a 1961-ish Gibson J-45, obviously refinished with mahogany stain and lacquer. It’s pictured on page 76 of Douglas R Gilbert’s book, *Forever Young: Photographs of Bob Dylan*. It was stolen in front of the Albert Hotel in ‘65, and it’s on all the early Lovin’ Spoonful hits. I guess we all have at least one that got away-and that’s mine.²⁴¹

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Woodstock, New York

Otis Smith

From his 2008 obituary:

All Night Worker Otis Smith passes gently into the good night

Smith went on to pair up with Lloyd Baskins, forming the All Night Workers, which found national success with its 1965 recording “Don’t Put All Your Eggs In One Basket,” a tune that was paired with “Why Don’t You Smile?,” co-written by friends Reed and John Cale. However, the band’s popular single couldn’t stop it from splitting up in 1968, by which point Smith had moved to New York City’s Albert Hotel, a somewhat famed hangout for a variety of musicians at the time. After achieving limited success in that circuit, Smith was recruited to play percussion with Bob Dylan’s band in Los Angeles in 1979. Because Dylan was experimenting with a variety of bands, Smith wasn’t selected to be a permanent part of Dylan’s lineup.²⁴²

Spanky and Our Gang

From Lillian Roxon’s article in *Eye*:

Those people arguing with the desk clerk who won’t let them go up are not on their way to see a fashion buyer from Idaho. They were invited to dinner up there by Spanky. In the end, in desperation, Spanky and her guests sit in the nonlobby on that hard little bench eating the artichoke hearts she has considerately brought down from her room with her.

(Listen, by then Spanky had a record in the top 10, but with a nice lack of snobbishness, the Albert doesn't play favorites with its freaks.)...

Spanky liked the Albert because there were parties every night, and because it was within walking distance of the Bitter End where she was singing, so she saved on cab fares. But, of course, it was another thing when all these teenybopper magazine kids came up there to interview her after "Sunday" made it on the charts, and found her using saucepan lids for ashtrays because this is one commodity, in addition to others, the management does not provide.

"You should have seen their faces. They weren't ready for the Albert, those kids." She chuckles at the memory.

Don Stevenson

From a review in *Billboard*, 1998:

Later in the chapter, Unterberger writes that Barrett's U.S. drug abuse counterpart was Moby Grape guitarist Skip Spence. After a gig at New York's Fillmore East, the author notes, Spence flipped out on LSD, carried a fire ax to the Albert Hotel in search of drummer Don Stevenson (who he thought was possessed by Satan), and was then committed to Bellevue Hospital. Unfortunately, he's continued to suffer serious mental illnesses.²⁴³

Carly Simon and Joni Mitchell

From *Girls Like Us: Carole King, Joni Mitchell, And Carly Simon – And The Journey ...*, by Sheila Weller:

Manhattan was both a magical and a daunting place for a Pentels-and-guitar-case-toting young woman to enter, alone, in the spring of 1967. Downtown had its own ecosystem. The folk scene on MacDougal, to which Joni immediately introduced herself, was centered on the Night Owl (where James Taylor and Danny Kortchmar's Flying Machine had been the house band until James went to London and Danny to Laurel Canyon) and the Cafe Au Go Go (where the Blues Project - "the Jewish Beatles," from Queens and Long Island - held forth), with all the musicians piling into the Dugout around the corner after sets. English rock stars stayed at the Albert Hotel on Fourth Avenue [sic], while beatnik expatriates thrust back on the city holed up at the Chelsea on Twenty-third Street.²⁴⁴

...Joni, James, and Carly flew back to the States in November and lived together at New York's funky Albert Hotel and the glitzy Plaza Hotel...²⁴⁵

James Taylor

From *Billboard*, 1998:

Then I dropped out of school. I had some emotional difficulties. It actually was probably typical adolescent stuff, but the people around me put me into a mental hospital called McLean for nine months. That was my exit from the family agenda, as I perceived it. I did get a high school diploma, but it was from the school at McLean, the Arlington School. I never went to college; it's funny that my father was such an academician and none of his children-not one of us-went to college. When I split from McLean, I went to Boston and then to New York to hook up with Kootch, who was in a band called the King Bees. I lived on Columbus and 84th, and then my friend since my teens, the bassist Zack Wiesner, he and I lived in the Albert Hotel on University Place and 11th Street in Greenwich Village, on a floor that was burned out except for two rooms.

We lived at the Albert for three months, rehearsed in the basement of the Albert, and we all became a house band at the Night Owl Cafe for eight to nine months as the Flying Machine. That was really the only job we had. We tried to get a manager for a while, but I don't think he was that interested in us; he just did it as a favor to the people who were producing our record.

[Question: What was the origin of the awful "James Taylor And The Original Flying Machine" LP that was released in 1971 after the success of "Sweet Baby James"?]

It was the doing of Chip Taylor.... He and a partner came down and hear us, and they signed us to a contract.²⁴⁶

From *Fire and rain: the James Taylor story* by Ian Halperin:

Taylor rented a room on Columbus Avenue and Eighty-Fourth Street in Manhattan and joined his longtime musical buddy Danny "Kootch" Korchmar, who had been living in the Village playing guitar in a band called the King Bees. After a couple of the band's members had a huge fallout, the King Bees broke up. Kootch decided to form a new band, and he wanted James to be the frontman. Taylor got very excited at the prospect of singing lead vocals; the two spent hours huddling in a cafe working out the logistics and details. Kootch was so happy Taylor had joined him that he even proposed to name the group after him.

"Let's call it Stringbean [one of Taylor's nicknames] or the James Taylor Group," Kootch said, as Taylor listened attentively. "We'll get some local gigs and start recording our music. Then if things go well we'll buy a van and hit the road."

Kootch and Taylor finally settled on calling the band the Flying Machine. They recruited Vineyard alumni Joel O'Brien on drums and Zach Wiesner on bass.

Taylor and Wiesner moved in together to a tiny room with little sunlight at the dilapidated Albert Hotel on University Place and Eleventh Street. This was one of the seedier hotels in the Village, frequented regularly by junkies and prostitutes. A fire a year earlier had charred a good part of it, but its owners refused to close the hotel and rented rooms on the floors that were not gutted.

One of the prostitutes who hung out at the Albert called herself Flo. Between tricks, she used to bum cigarettes from Taylor. Flo was a teenage runaway from Buffalo who came to New York wanting to be a model but wound up turning tricks after failing to find work and falling into the Village's drug subculture. She was stabbed to death in 1973 by a former boyfriend.

"There were lots of weird people constantly hanging out at the Albert," said Bradlee Dixon, who once worked late shifts at the Albert. "We had an eclectic mix of clients, from hookers to Mafia types to artists. It was wild and we just pretended not to notice what was really going down in the hotel. I vaguely remember Mr. Taylor, but after he became famous I recognized him when I saw him on TV. He was always polite, and I remember that he dressed like a hippie. I also remember him because Flo was a regular client of ours and I saw them on a couple of occasions smoking outside of the hotel. I always remained good friends with Flo and we used to go out occasionally for drinks. When she died, I thought to myself that the only time she seemed happy was when she hung out with artist types like Mr. Taylor. I remember that she thought he was a really nice kid and she admired him immensely."

At Kootch's insistence, the Flying Machine rehearsed relentlessly in the basement of the Albert. The music was distorted because they didn't have a proper sound system; still, after only a few weeks the band began to play in a polished fashion. The combination of talent, circumstance, and American dream inspired Taylor and his band mates to get gigs in the Village. They developed a repertoire of folk-rock songs, took their lumps, and then looked for patrons, managers, and record companies to support and promote them. They were ready for their first gig.²⁴⁷

PART X: End of an Era

Later ownership

The Albert remained in use as a hotel into the mid-1970s. In 1958, it was owned by Sol Henkind, Irving Weissman and Samuel Adler, who also owned the Martha Washington and President hotels in Manhattan and the Pierrepont Hotel in Brooklyn.²⁴⁸

By 1972, it was described in the *Times* as a welfare hotel, and considered both dangerous and an eye-sore:

... the Albert Hotel, at 23 East 10th Street, where 28 single welfare recipients live, had five arrests, three of them on narcotics charges.²⁴⁹

The Greenwich Village neighborhood considered the hotel a serious problem. As described in the *Times* in 1976:

Fresh Start for Villager with a Past: The Albert²⁵⁰

... [The Hotel Albert] became, to its neighbors, a plague on the community. Villagers grew so incensed over the Albert's lowbrow condition that they protested to their community planning board and even asked some builders to buy the Albert and clean it up.

... In 1974, according to Sgt. Robert L. Crowley of the Sixth Precinct, 141 crimes were reported in the Albert, including 58 burglaries, 13 robberies, three rapes and a homicide. In addition, he said that some Albert residents burglarized and robbed many Villagers and intimidated them by hanging out in front of the hotel. Ed Burnett, president of the East Tenth Street Association, said: "The Albert was a cancer on the Village for years. We pressured Miller [the owner] to upgrade the hotel's clientele, but there was no improvement. The only possible solution was to get the thing sold."

Purchase and Conversion by the Elghanayan Brothers

In 1975, the Elghanayans – a family of real-estate developers – expressed interest in buying and renovating the Albert:

...It was not surprising, then, that many Villagers were ecstatic last summer when they heard that the Elghanayans, three enterprising Iranian brothers, were planning to renovate the Albert and clear it of its tenants. They plan to convert the Albert's 410 rooms into 17 studios, renting for about \$275 each; 90 one-bedroom units, renting for \$375; 40 two-bedroom units, renting for \$450; and seven three-bedroom units, renting for \$550. They estimate the job's costs at \$1.5

million for structure and land, \$2.8 million for renovation work and \$1 million for financial carrying charges.

Conversion plans were complicated, however, by the issue of tenants' rights:

Before committing themselves to the project, the Elghanayans wanted Mr. Miller to clear the Albert. Early last September, about 350 of the Albert's rooms were occupied. By Oct. 1, Mr. Miller had reduced the number to about 100 and by Nov. 1 to about 35.

Many tenants said that in clearing the hotel, Mr. Miller had cut their heat, failed to fix lighting fixtures and elevators, locked people out of their rooms, raised rents arbitrarily and banged on doors to threaten people that the hotel was closing the next day. All of these alleged tactics are illegal. Mr. Miller denies any wrongdoing. He says that he was able to empty the hotel so quickly because many tenants were his friends, because he helped them find other places and because he paid some tenants to move.

The issue of tenant relocation divided the neighborhood:

This divided the Village into warring camps. There were those who supported the tenants' right to stay above all else and there were those who wanted the Albert emptied to speed its renovation....

It eventually became obvious to the Elghanayans that several people – a few of whom are over 80 – just did not want to leave. With this in mind, they arrived at a new plan – they would clear and renovate two of the Albert's buildings and get all the tenants who refused to leave to move into the middle building. The middle building would remain a hotel until the two wing buildings were renovated. Then it, too, would be redone.

Village residents are pleased with the compromise, confident that the Elghanayans will run a respectable hotel and will preserve the Albert's architectural integrity in renovating it. But neither the remaining tenants nor the Elghanayans are completely happy....

Lena Goldwasser, a frail, 80-year-old rent-control tenant who has lived in the Albert from 1948, said: "Where would I be without the protection of the law? How can someone my age move? Where would I go? Where else can I afford?"

The conversion proceeded, and today the Albert is a coop apartment house complex.

CONCLUSION

The Hotel Albert has had a long and varied history, from early apartment house – designed by society architect Henry Hardenbergh – to respectable hotel for ladies traveling alone and organizational meetings, to literary and arts figures, to political radicals, to musicians of the 1960s.

The list of major works composed in whole or in part at – or inspired by – the Albert would include at least the following (in alphabetical order), and probably a great many more:

Tim Buckley, “Bussin’ Fly”
Hart Crane, “The Bridge”
Salvador Dalí, Alfred French Restaurant tour-bus/train
Samuel R. Delany, *The Orchid*
Diane Di Prima, *Hotel Albert: Poems*
Horton Foote, *In My Beginning*
Chester Himes, “Spanish Gin”
Elia Katz, *Armed Love: Inside America’s Communes*
Lovin’ Spoonful, “Do You Believe in Magic”
The Mamas & The Papas, “California Dreamin’”
Jonathan Richman, “Roadrunner” and “Pablo Picasso”
Lynn Riggs, *Rancour*
Albert Pinkham Ryder, “The Race Track”
Augustus St. Gaudens, bronze medallion of Robert Louis Stevenson
Harry James Smitt, “The Countess and Patrick”
Thomas Wolfe, “Of Time and the River”

Though the Albert no longer accepts paying guests, its current residents are proud of their home’s remarkable role in the cultural history of New York. They intend to preserve its memory.

END NOTES

¹ Lillian Roxon, *Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopedia* (Grossett & Dunlap), p.306. The story is repeated in Robert Milliken, *Lillian Roxon: Mother of Rock*, pp. 288-289.

² When it opened in 1876, its address was 32 Eleventh Street – the houses on Eleventh Street were renumbered soon thereafter.

³ A number of newspaper articles in the early 1880s, both in the *New York Times* and in the *New York Tribune*, refer to the building either as the “Albert apartment house” or the “Albert Apartment House.” *New York Times*: June 20, 1884, p. 5; March 25, 1887, p. 2; April 30, 1888, p.2; *New York Tribune*: June 22, 1884, p. 11

⁴ “Death of Albert S. Rosenbaum,” *New York Times*, February 18, 1894, p.7

⁵ New York County Register's Office, Liber Deeds, Liber 1062 Page 269, Liber 1059 Page 639, and Liber 1076 Page 525; the transaction involved a referee and defendants.

⁶ Howard maintained a practice in New York between 1867 and 1882. In 1876, his office was at 82 Fifth Avenue. Source: Architects in Practice, New York City - 1840-1900; Dennis Steadman Francis for the Committee for the Preservation of Architectural Records.

⁷ New York City, Buildings Department, Alteration Application 1043 of 1875, as recorded in the Department's Alteration Docket Book for that year. Work commenced October 27, 1875, and was completed on April 26, 1876.

⁸ *Real Estate Record and Guide*, Vol. 25, No. 624, February 28, 1880, p. 212.

⁹ The building department records for the Hotel Albert, unfortunately, are missing – they exist neither at the Buildings Department Manhattan office nor at the Municipal Archives. All New Building and Alteration applications discussed in this report are based on entries in the Buildings Department's Docket Books, on microfilm at the Municipal Archives.

¹⁰ *Real Estate Record and Guide*, vol. 27, no. 686, May 7, 1881, p. 481.

¹¹ Rosenbaum's obituary called him the country's “richest Hebrew” (this was the 19th century, and that phrase was perhaps considered polite language). Henry Fernbach was one of the country's first Jewish architects. At some point, Rosenbaum switched from Fernbach to Hardenbergh – it would be interesting to know why, but likely impossible to find out.

¹² “Apartment house” in this context, as distinct from “tenement,” is meant to describe a multiple dwelling intended for middle-class residents. Tenements were built in New York City as early as the 1820s, while the first “apartment houses” or “French flats” were built starting in the 1870s. For a history of the early apartment house, see Elizabeth Collins Cromley, *Alone Together: A History of New York's Early Apartments* (Cornell University Press, 1990).

¹³ For more on the Van Corlear, built for the same developer as the Dakota, see Christopher Gray, “Streetscapes/Seventh Avenue and 55th Street; An Unusual Design Is Improved, And a Landmark Is Born,” *New York Times*, December 17, 2006.

¹⁴ The details of this addition are unclear – the docket book's description is very brief, and the application itself is missing.

¹⁵ Ad in the *Evening Telegram*, September 26, 1892, p. 5.

¹⁶ *Evening Telegram*, December 15, 1894, p.1.

¹⁷ “L. Frankel a Suicide; Well-Known Hotel Man Despondent Over Recent Reverses,” *New York Times*, November 18, 1913 p.20.

¹⁸ *American Architect and Building News*, January 17, 1903, p. X.

¹⁹ *Real Estate Record and Builders' Guide*, vol. 71, no. 1828, March 28, 1903, p. 621.

²⁰ *New York Times*, July 7, 1918, p.30.

²¹ *The Engineering index*, Volume 4, by John Butler Johnson, Henry Harrison Supplee, Johannes H. Cuntz, Charles Buxton Going, Association of Engineering Societies (U.S.). The article appeared in the *Engineering Record*, March 11, 1905.

²² “The Real Estate Field,” *New York Times*, April 2, 1910, p.15.

²³ *Real Estate Record and Builders' Guide*, Vol. 45, No. 1138, January 4, 1890, p. 5. Rosenbaum bought an irregular parcel with “three and four-story dwellings.”

²⁴ *New York Times*, April 29, 1923, p. RE2.

²⁵ *Real Estate Record and Builders' Guide*, Vol. 56, No. 1450, December 28, 1895, p. 927.

²⁶ *The Morning Record* (Meriden, Conn.), September 17, 1896, p.7.

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- ²⁷ "Old Hotel St. Stephens, on East Eleventh Street, Will be Altered for Business Use," *New York Times*, May 19, 1920, p.25.
- ²⁸ *New York Times*, August 11, 1927, p.37.
- ²⁹ *New York Times*, November 1, 1937, p.37.
- ³⁰ Trow's Directory.
- ³¹ "Not Missing Long," *New York Daily Tribune*, November 6, 1883, p.8.
- ³² New York Stock Exchange Historical Review, *New York Stock Exchange: Banks, Bankers, Business Houses, and Moneyed Institutions*, Historical publishing Company, 1886, p.144.
- ³³ Karl Kron, *Ten Thousand Miles On A Bicycle*, 1887, p.611.
- ³⁴ C. Dowsett, *Start in Life. A Journey Across America, Fruit Farming in California*, 1891, p.21.
- ³⁵ "No Trouble About Colored Clergymen," *New York Tribune*, February 18, 1889, p.2.
- ³⁶ *History And Commerce Of New York*, American Publishing and Engraving Co., second edition, 1891, p.103.
- ³⁷ *Fall River Line Journal*, New York and Boston, October 2, 1893, p.3.
- ³⁸ A copy is held at the main library of Columbia University: *Hotel Albert: Eleventh Street and University Place, New York*. New York: L. & E. Frenkel, [189-?]
- ³⁹ *Modern Housekeeping*, 1906, p.608.
- ⁴⁰ *American Education*, Volume 10, Issue 6, 1907, by the Boston University School of Education.
- ⁴¹ *New England Magazine: An Illustrated Monthly*, Volume 33, by the Making of America Project; unpaginated, Sept 1905 - February 1906.
- ⁴² *Library Journal*, Volume 24, by Richard Rogers Bowker, Charles Ammi Cutter, Library Association – 1899.
- ⁴³ "League Against Sunday Selling," *The Syracuse Journal*, November 30, 1901, p. 7.
- ⁴⁴ *The School Journal*, Volume 65, 1902, p.492.
- ⁴⁵ *Classical Weekly*, Vol. XIX, No. 14, Whole No. 517 (1926).
- ⁴⁶ *Science*, New Series, Vol. 15, No. 379 (Apr. 4, 1902), published by American Association for the Advancement of Science; p.557.
- ⁴⁷ *The National Druggist*, Volume 47, Oct 1917, p. 405.
- ⁴⁸ *Amerika Esperantisto* - Official Organ of The Esperanto Association of North America, Inc., "a propaganda organization for the furtherance of the study and use of the International Auxiliary Language, Esperanto." March 1919.
- ⁴⁹ "Market Study trip for Potato Growers and Dairymen," *The Otsego Farmer*, March 1, 1929, p.1.
- ⁵⁰ *Biographical Directory of the State of New York*, 1900, Biographical Directory Co., New York, p.361.
- ⁵¹ *The School Journal*, Volume 65, Volume 3, edited by William Henry Hills (1902), p. 27.
- ⁵² *The Critic*, Volume 15, Number 369, January 24, 1891, p.50.
- ⁵³ "School At Athens Fellows And Students 1882-1908," *American Journal of Archaeology*, Second Series [Vol. XII], 1908, p.153.
- ⁵⁴ Elizabeth Fagg Olds, *Women of the Four Winds*, 1900, p.37. Reproduction of a flyer.
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