

New York City Is Going, Going, Gone

By Phyllis Chesler

They say never sweat the small stuff. OK. Here's some of the "big stuff." I admit, it also gets to me.

My very blue city seems poised to elect a pro-Jihadist Jew-hater and Hamas supporter; many Jews are apparently poised to vote him into office.

Any criticism of his ties to terror-supporting imams are promptly rejected as "Islamophobic." Neat trick that. He actually claims that 9/11 led to the persecution of Muslims. But most of all, the man has no experience in terms of running a city. Nada. But he could pass for an actor in one of the Qatari-funded anti-American films of his mother, Mira Nair. And he's a proud socialist/communist.



What a guy.

And Curtis Sliwa refuses to drop out. If Mamdani wins, even Sliwa's cats will leave his apartment.

The Middle East Ceasefire is not even a Ceasefire, or rather,

Hamas has violated it by shooting at both Israeli soldiers and their Gazan clan rival; by refusing to disarm; by failing to return the Israeli corpses—and by still commanding 60% of the terror tunnels. How long will Israel have to wait before it's "allowed" to defend itself from future 10/7s? The idea of Turkish or Qatari troops on the ground in Gaza is more a nightmare than a realistic solution for the real estate deals underway. The hotels, villas, golf clubs, and casinos on the Gazan Mediterranean.

Putin is now threatening to use nuclear weapons in Ukraine. Not to be outdone, America has announced our nuclear readiness idling in nearby waters. Photos of Syria look worse than those taken in Gaza. Genocides are being perpetrated right now in Sudan—and in China. Refugees from Afghanistan are still languishing in Qatar, and Malta's promise to take them has turned to dust—and let's not forget how Biden allowed American troops to withdraw from the airport in Kabul and in Bagram, leaving the most westernized and vulnerable Afghans behind. Islamists in Europe are bringing Europe down. Pushback there is also called "Islamophobic."

Closer to home: We have Insurrection in many American cities and on many levels. Political assassinations and attempted assassinations are fully upon us. Students are shooting down teachers and all figures of authority—as well as other students. The internet is filled with hate and pornography (hatred of women). The vulgarity of many "influencers" as well as their stupidity is beyond belief. This is true of both men and women.

American citizens may soon be without food stamps. Excellent, long-term federal employees have been furloughed without pay. (This is a civil war launched by Democrats over Obama Care and resisted by Republicans but it's being played out on the backs of civilians.) Long time employees in America who are not violent but who are "illegal" are living in terror of being picked up by ICE and deported. Cities like Portland and

Chicago are on fire. True, President Trump has closed the southern border (YAY!) and has gotten Qatar to lean on Hamas to release 20 Israeli hostages who are but barely alive. (YAY!) The price is very high—America is now committed to protecting Qatar from Iran as if Qatar is a NATO ally.

The price has also been too high for Israel but that is another subject.

I could go on but really—why bother? It's the "small stuff" that really gets you, given what the larger picture is like.

I'm talking about the microstructure, not the macrostructure—my city's infrastructure. The so-called "small" stuff that amounts to perpetual irritation, miscommunication, the normalizing of incompetence far beyond belief.

For a moment (well alright, for a few seconds), let's forget about Jihadi Zohran who's poised to take down my once fair city ever so much further.

Aside from the steady, almost constant scream of police, ambulance, and fire truck sirens; apart from the sounds of heavy construction and the often ear-splitting nearby conversations of totally friendly construction workers; separate from the loud noise from cars, which pass as "music"; not counting the steady sounds of traffic, horns blaring, drivers yelling—yes apart from all this, there is the failing infrastructure.

I wrote before about the trains fraught with violent and hallucinating madmen, the monumental delays caused by fire and track emergencies, and by unnamed "incidents"—there are the daily stabbings, rapes (all better under Police Commissioner Tisch)—and the incredibly bumpy unpaved streets as well as the visual nightmare of decades-long scaffolding—wait for it, there is also the matter of chain drugstores.

If you are unlucky enough to have had a well-meaning doctor

who prescribed refills on all your essential medications at a chain drugstore—Woe! Here's what can happen. Even if you've informed them that you have a new doctor and a new pharmacy, they nevertheless keep on automatically refilling the meds that originally arrived long ago. Greed plus incompetence will do it every time. Even if you've tried to explain this to the drug store employees, repeatedly—greed knows no limits. This makes it impossible to have your new drug store ever fill your prescriptions.

Bear with me now. And so today, I called two old drugstores and their pharmacists, both of whom swore that they had stopped refilling any of my prescriptions. Aha! That left only the chain store formerly known as Duane Reade, now known also as Walgreens. They used to reside right across the street. Then they moved nine blocks away—and then again—moved 12 blocks away. (Who knows why.) Today, I sent my aide there to pick my meds up and found that one Duane Reade was closed for renovation and that they had sent all their prescriptions to another Duane Reade at another location. When she got there—guess what? It was closed for the lunch hour.

Over the years—oh, have I tried to call and call but you get only a phone robot and a very long wait, during which time you usually get disconnected.

Then there are the delayed food deliveries, which are sometimes incorrect. You get lower quality food for much higher prices, which now include the tax, the tip, and the delivery service.

All rich people's problems, are they? Well, at least working class and middle-class problems, yes? And yet, this "small" stuff can take hours to untangle. It can easily ruin your day. The bigger stuff, in terms of the health care system—well, that's what led to my considering to write a book titled "How to Save Your Own Life in a Hospital." And I live in a city and in a country where health care is far, far better than

anything in Sudan or Afghanistan, or anywhere in Africa, right? I am not even getting into the insurance-coverage maze which requires Ariadne's golden thread to navigate.

Then there are the scammer emails and the non-stop emails, which offer special deals, breaking news podcasts, articles, political requests, funding demands, ads for everything that you do not need and cannot afford.

I try to lead a quiet life. I have to in order to read and to write, to think, and to dream.

I think that I am ready to move to a small village where one can hear the birds sing at dawn and again at dusk, see the ocean and a mountain (as one can in Haifa or in Delphi), and have a view of some very green grass...oh, wait a minute. One has to be very wealthy in order to have all this at one's window.

How much more dysfunctional will the city get if Mamdani and his minions actually win City Hall—where can I go then? Where can we all go?

P.S. At the end of the day, the final drugstore insisted that they, too, had never filled the RX but that they would do so while someone waited. I chose this path of least resistance. Who knows what will happen next...

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