

Park Avenue, Deserted by Day, Looted by Night.

by Phyllis Chesler



Hello Dear People!

I've been missing in action because I'm finishing a book. What else can a writer do during a quarantine?

Where are all our leaders? They are all missing in action. Why can't the Mayor organize a massive police force armed with tranquilizer guns? I've been calling for this for more than fifty years.

Ambulance sirens still sound their alarms as they race past my window. Yesterday, the helicopters hovered horrifically overhead as coordinated criminal gangs looted both high end luxury shops and more vulnerable mom-and-pop shops; members of ANTIFA and the Revolutionary American Communists torched cop cars and whatever else they could find to damage and destroy,

including living beings; peaceful protesters, heartbroken and enraged, marched and marched.

Last night I was told that marchers stood outside Gracie Mansion on the Upper East Side calling for De Blasio's resignation. Wish they could have stayed right there until the Mayor agreed to resign.

So now, not only are people stressed out because of the Wuhan Virus and the quarantine and financial problem—they are out there in droves potentially infecting each other with a second deadly dose of China's toxic gift. Really smart. Really safe. And now we get to live under a curfew.

What next? Tent cities? Long, permanent bread lines? Terrified senior citizens?