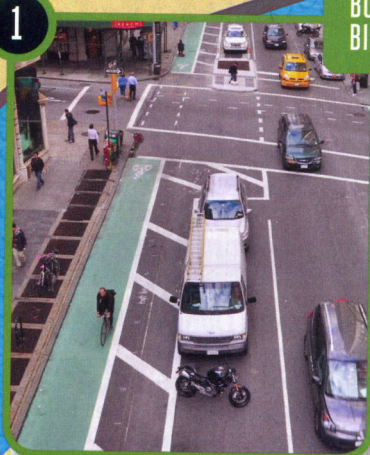


THE BRIGHTEST

1

BUFFERED BIKE LANES



2



UNION SQUARE BEFORE



UNION SQUARE AFTER

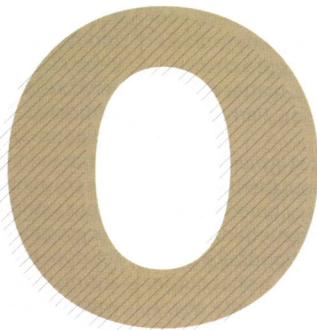
17TH STREET

JANETTE SADIK-KHAN

URBAN REENGINEER

THE NEW CITY OF THE FUTURE

BY LISA TADDEO



ONCE THERE WAS a man so in love with the road that he held meetings in his limousine. Ribbons of asphalt snaking like moon rays into the horizon made him think of the future, of the forward movement of luxury and dominion. But even more than this man loved the road, he cherished what the road connoted. Speed. Efficiency. Action. Getting from a start point to an end point like a time traveler, with no thought at all to the deterrents along the

way. Way, what way? There is only *arrival*. ¶ This man, who was not the governor or the mayor or the president, built a city on biblical muscle, for here was a mortal who passed policy like a prophet.

Red tape became dead tape in the fury of his creation. For forty long years—from the 1920s to the 1960s—he could not be stopped. Beet-faced officials and pleading villagers came to the base of his ziggurat, holding notices and petitions. Don't raze our homes, begged the villagers, and the officials stomped their wing-tipped feet in indignation. But not a single hair bristled on

the prophet's neck. He knew best, but more relevantly he held the keys to the coffers, so he simply figured out a way around the masses. He built right through the wails of their protestation, he tore down their tenements and shot highways through their towns and bridges over their rivers and drove tunnels down deep below their stomping feet. He upended and reassembled their