

# New York Magic

If New York can be a cruel, cold, hard, destructive, demanding and merciless city, at this time of year it is seductively beautiful. An affluent fairyland, it gives the lie to poverty and need and defeat; a thousand towers shower diamonds in the sky. The trees so carefully planted by city planners are like multi-colored sparklers tossed along Sixth Avenue. Wreaths and bells sway across streets in older neighborhoods, as in small towns. A million corporate light years away, Park Avenue is touched expensively and elegantly with electric frost. The invisible barricades that fence off the five boroughs melt and momentarily the metropolis is at peace.

In New York, in the Christmas season, the miracles are free, and they cost a king's ransom. City Hall issues pink slips as luxury shops are jammed. The Park Avenue memorial trees march up to the edge of Harlem and stop. The city has never been lovelier, with a glamour that is all visual and surface dazzle, an enchantment that delights the eye and lifts the heart, for the moment, at least. It is stone and steel, gift-wrapped. In another week the magic will be gone. But for the moment, the magic is enough.