

By Martin Melosi
Fresh Kills

Fresh.

Kills.

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Dutch for “stream.”

Staten Island?

Forgotten Borough. Staten Island Ferry. The Mob. Dom DeLillo. The Dump.

Not just. Also salt marsh, then landfill, then crime scene & cemetery, then park.

Salt marsh?

Lenape Indians; Dutch, French, & English salt hay farmers. Hay for horses.

Three centuries later: biggest landfill in the world!

Robert Moses, Holy Moses! Barges and tugboats forever.

Egg cartons, beer bottles, newspapers, dogfood cans, stale pizza.

O’Dwyer, Impellitteri, Wagner, Lindsay, Beame, Koch, Dinkins, Giuliani,

Bloomberg. De Blasio.

Staten Island secession? A Dream.

Crime Scene and Cemetery?

9/11 to Nine-One-One. So many dead.

1.4 million tons of rubble and remains shipped to Staten Island.

Crime scene; hallowed ground; memorial.

A park?

Freshkills Park—ecological regeneration!

Maybe. Maybe Not.

Staten Islanders just want to forget. Can’t forget.

Overwhelming Consumption?

Still.

Zero Waste?

Never.

Whose Problem Now?

Who Knows?

New sink or old? New stink or old?

Recycling? Reuse? Waste prevention? Incineration?

Exporting to who knows where?

Rocket to the sun. The *Mobro* barge anyone?

Fresh Kills? Never again.

Site and Symbol. Forever.