

Green Havens Amid Water and Stone

The city's hidden gardens are shady nooks in unexpected corners

By JONATHAN LEE

I CAN'T GET the walkway down, and as they come closer to the 7th Avenue station, they look up at the ornate stone archway above the entrance to the park. I am on the verge of a response that nearly everyone along the Grand Canal in Venice, including most of the staff of the park, would give me: the archway is the entrance to the park. But I am not sure that is the case. I am not sure that is the case. I am not sure that is the case.

Most of the time, the gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.

The gardens are hidden in the shadows of the city's buildings. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone. They are not the kind of gardens that you would expect to find in a city of water and stone.



The Accademia, the private garden of a popular museum, and, below, a man relaxing in the public Giardino Reale.



A photograph of a man sitting on a bench in a public garden.

A photograph of a man sitting on a bench in a public garden.