

**SUMMER SURVIVAL KIT  
FOR RECESSION CASUALTIES AND  
INFLATION VICTIMS**

40 CENTS

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# New York



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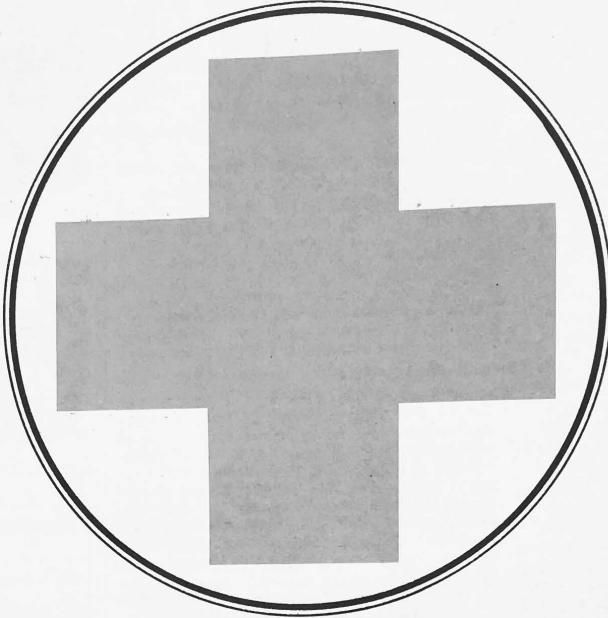
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## **MY SUMMER SURVIVAL PROBLEM AND YOURS**

By Jane O'Reilly

**"...This is a summer when drastic accommodations are being made. The point is, the accommodations are worth making..."**

The money has gone back to the people who own it, leaving the rest of us scared, mad, and faced with a basic problem: A real problem. Last year's question—How is society going to survive?—seems a luxurious intellectual diversion. The question now is: How am I going to make enough, save enough, pinch back enough to survive the summer?

Surly summer. People who thought they were getting somewhere, achieving their private happiness goal of \$15,000 or even \$25,000 a year, all of a sudden find they can't afford to go to the movies. Signs of stress are all over the place.

- Unemployment is up 43 per cent from last year.
- One hundred résumés a day are pouring into executive placement firms; last year it was 20 or 30 a day.
- The YMCA ran a Youthmobile and a Jobmobile program last summer for \$160,000: 12 trucks spreading games, activities, counseling services, and hope through the city. This year they are trying to operate on \$3,500.
- Six-month waiting lists for home burglar alarm installation.
- The Parks Department and the Mayor's Urban Action Task Force programs are operating virtually on love and will power alone.
- Summer rentals in the Hamptons are going begging. People are choosing—or being forced—to stay in town and test their theory about how lovely New York is in the sum-

mer: the street life, the openness of the people, the girls in their summer fragility—the things they yearned for last year from the safety of the beach.

But surly times aren't unrelievedly hard times. The final nut hasn't yet dropped off the last bolt that holds together the social engine. That nut goes when income drops so hopelessly below outgo that personal happiness is impossible no matter what accommodations are made. This is certainly a summer when drastic accommodations are being made. The point is, the accommodations are worth making. People are abandoning the high-rent game in Manhattan and learning to live in Staten Island and outer Queens. Wives are going back to work, happily leaving their husbands to discover that taking care of the kids is a fairly pleasant relief. A man who has been thinking about getting out of the stock market for 10 years has finally decided, now that the money has turned to lead in a kind of reverse alchemy, to open a ski shop in Vermont. Families with two or three phones are cutting back to one; last year's necessity is this year's absurdity.

Economic realities are bringing on a confrontation with the other realities. Upward striving through spending is not only ridiculous, it is also impossible. Until now a New Yorker's vision of a decent middle-class life has been ever enlarging, ever acquiring. But now that they don't even have to go on following their friends—they are hurting, too—they have a chance to stop fooling them-

There are so many things for kids to do in New York that cost little or nothing that we have to be more than a little arbitrary in listing them. Here, we've tried to concentrate on summer-long activities and continuing programs—things kids are likely to want to do more than once, if they do them at all. Some programs were chancy as we went to press. Others may run into problems. So always call ahead to confirm dates, times and places.

### **Swimming**

There are 19 outdoor pools in New York run by the Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration (the good old Parks Department, hereafter to be referred to as PRCA): nine in Manhattan, four in Brooklyn, two in the Bronx, two in Queens, and two in Staten Island. All are open daily through Labor Day from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Weekdays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. children 14 and under get in free, but adults can't get in at all. After 1 p.m. and all day on weekends and holidays the admission charge is 35 cents for adults, 15 cents for children. Children under 6 must come with a guardian. During the weekday free periods, the lifeguards give free swimming lessons.

### **Tennis**

Now through August 28, PRCA is running tennis clinics in each borough for children aged 9 to 16 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10-12. The lessons are free, the courts are free during lesson hours (otherwise a junior permit, which costs \$3.50, is necessary) and rackets and balls can be borrowed (no charge). Call your PRCA borough office for exact locations.

### **Arts and Crafts**

PRCA is running 31 play camps, for children 6 to 12, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday through

## **Women and Children First**



July and August. Arts and crafts programs, games, swimming, bus trips. Call the recreation office of the PRCA in your borough for the nearest one.

### **Story Telling**

PRCA's story-telling program runs through July and August, every Saturday at 11 a.m. at the Hans Christian Andersen Statue just west of the sailboat lagoon off Fifth Avenue at 70th Street. Authors often read their own stories.

The New York Public Library's children's staff visits parks and playgrounds for story telling around the city all summer and every Wednesday morning at 11 a.m., at the Hans Christian Andersen Statue. There are daily reading-aloud sessions at branch libraries and frequent children's film programs. Call 790-6445 for information.

The Brooklyn Public Library has puppet shows, creative dramatics, story telling and arts and crafts programs. Call 789-1212, ext. 820, for information.

### **Physical Fitness Program**

Sponsored by A&P and Quaker Oats, under the

supervision of the Amateur Athletic Union, 30 recreation areas will run a Pentathlon from now through August 4. Any child can go and try. It is not a competition but a self-testing program: push-ups, sit-ups, walk-run, broad jump, and ball throw. Everyone gets a free flying saucer and a physical fitness chart for 26 weeks of home testing and charting of progress—then he can come back and try again. Call 734-1002 for locations.

### **Nature Study**

The education department of the Bronx Zoo is giving courses for children grade 1 to grade 9 (not all together) in animal care, field studies, environment, conservation, evolution. There is a \$2 registration fee (not to mention carfare to Fordham Road and Southern Boulevard) but this is the kind of experience that can change lives. Call 933-1500 for information.

### **Fishing**

Anyone can do it, but everyone over 15 should have a New York State license to fish in the city's fresh waters. Licenses are available at many sporting

goods stores (\$3.25) or call 581-5950. The state stocks city lakes with sunfish, white perch, catfish, small-mouth bass, and bluegills, among others. Bait? Try worms, bread crusts, old Howard Samuels buttons, you name it. Here are some spots:

**Bronx:** Van Cortlandt Park Lake, Twin Lakes in Bronx Park.

**Brooklyn:** Prospect Park Lake.

**Manhattan:** Central Park's 72nd Street lake and the Harlem Meer at 110th Street near Fifth Avenue.

**Queens:** Alley Pond Park, Baisley Pond Park Lake, Brookville Park, Meadow Lake in Flushing Meadow Park, Kissena Park Lake, Springfield Park.

**Staten Island:** Clove Lakes Park, Willowbrook Park Lake, Wolfe's Pond Park.

### **Tournaments**

There are 200 PRCA play centers in the city, and skelly play-offs (does any non-New Yorker know what skelly is?) will be running at many of them until July 17. Children can enter any time until then. To find out where, call 734-1002. From July 17 until July 31 there will be sector finals, with prizes to the best in each sector: first prize is a plaque and a \$25 bond; second prize, a medal and a transistor radio; third prize, a medal and a ticket to a Mets game. The whole thing is underwritten by the Yoo-Hoo beverage people. Cheers.

Punch ball, softball, and Frisbee tournaments will be going on all summer. Call 734-1002 for information. The Wham-O Corporation, the General Motors of the Frisbee market, is underwriting the Frisbee tournament. The statewide Frisbee championship will be held in Central Park on August 1, the sports event of the decade.

## Genteel Pleasures and Cheap Thrills

We're rich in music (see next page). Our beaches have sun and sand (page 26). The pleasures of our parks are unexpectedly diverse (page 54). The vitality of the Lower East Side, and the bargains to be had there, would probably be more highly prized if that exotic neighborhood were harder to get to (page 36). Our deep waters aren't exactly teeming with tarpon, but what's wrong with fishing for striped bass at our prices (page 30)? We will not linger here on the incredible treasures in our museums and galleries, most of which are free, but our Underground Gourmet has burrowed even deeper to find places most of us can afford for a meal before or after (page 50). For those willing and able to spend more—but not all that much more—Gael Greene has packed some first-rate picnic baskets (page 42). And . . . we have only begun. Consider:

### Movies

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings over the next six weeks 75 cents will buy admission to a good movie at Earl Hall on the Columbia campus at 117th Street and Broadway. The series kicks off on July 8 with *Citizen Kane* and ends with *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* on August 13. Seances begin at 8:30 p.m. Young filmmakers will be showing short works five nights a week for free in parks all over town. Call 734-1002 for times and places.

### Radio

Yes, radio! Catch a radio production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, with Fay Compton as Mrs. Alving. It's on Station WRVR (106.7 on FM), and it's part of a series of BBC "World Theatre" radio productions the station will be broadcasting three times a week (Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays). Check newspaper listings or the station at 749-5400.

### Free Baseball

Always on Sunday and sometimes on Saturday there are great amateur league games in the

Bronx (Crotona Park), Brooklyn (Red Hook Park), and Manhattan (Central Park). Many of the players are Puerto Rican and other talented Latin types. They play to win: the New York City champion gets to travel to Puerto Rico or South America, and the action in the audience can be as exciting as the games. For exact locations and times call the appropriate branch of the PRCA: Bronx: Michael O'Connell at 828-3200; Brooklyn: Mr. Krein at 768-2300; Manhattan: Betty Peters at 349-6890.

### Block Parties and Street Fairs

This is the city where people are said to live and die without anyone noticing? There are so many block parties going on this summer that it is impossible to list all. Most of the best are annual affairs and advertise themselves by word of mouth around the neighborhood and posters in the butcher store. But because various permits are required you may be able to track them down through the Department of Commerce and Industry (the number is 759-7770, but they're not very helpful on the phone) or your local police precinct. For starters:

July 10-19: the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel between 114th and 116th Streets on Pleasant Avenue in East Harlem. Italian soul food, games and things.

July 18: there will be a Japanese Bon Dance—a Buddhist festival—at Riverside Mall, 103rd Street and Riverside Drive at 7:30 p.m. Dancing, costumes, etc.

### Broadway (et al) in the Streets

"We have no money this year! Nothing! Zero!" a worried worker in the Mayor's Urban Action

Task Force says. Forgivable overstatement. On a slim budget, the task force has lined up 11 variety shows for its "Broadway in the Streets" program this summer—singers, dancers, musicians, recruited from the theatre and nightclubs. Shows are usually on Sundays, from 4 to 6 p.m. Call Christine Conrad, 935-1444, for who, where, and when. "Movies in the Streets," another task force program, will be all over town again with free movies—some good (*Bullitt*, *Born Free*), some not bad (*Flim Flam Man*), some indescribable (*The Sword of Ali Baba*, *Camelot*). Call Paul Dorphley, 566-0082, for times and places. Starting July 6, the "Jazzmobile" rolls again this summer, thanks to the Chemical Bank and the Pepsi-Cola people. Call 866-4900 for information about the 80 different concerts planned through early September.

### Spectator City

The New York City Convention and Visitors Bureau (90 East 42nd Street, New York 10017; 687-1300) produces lots of folders and lists and schedules that might come in handy. They have one newsletter titled "Twenty Free Things to Do in New York City." Most of the things amount to walking around a lot, which is all right; that's one of the main things to do here. It is possible to structure your strolling through the Friends of Central Park (861-9696). They charge \$1 for adults, 50 cents for students, and they wander around at the oddest times. The jaunt they have in mind for August 16 (August 29 if it comes up rain) sounds unusually promising. "Insomniacs' Bicycle Tour," they call it, and it's a five-mile bike roll down Fifth Avenue from the Plaza Hotel to Battery Park at 2:30 a.m., guided by Harold Breen, a landscape architect. It will cost \$1 (for the tree fund), and Pedal Pusher (328 East 66th Street, 879-0740) will stay open to rent bikes and breakfast baskets (reserve your bike at least three days in advance).



## "...In a weird way the recession is liberating a lot of people..."

selves. In a weird way, the recession is turning out to be liberating for a lot of people, and in liberation there is hope.

Despite the atmospheric sourness, there are signs of vitality. In my building, for example. I live in a 60-unit, rent-controlled, West Side apartment building with worried, middle-aged, diehard West Siders, old people on fixed incomes, and some semi-professional freaks, frauds and journalists. Counting the superintendent, the doormen, the repairmen, deliverymen, and the babysitters, we represent New York's middle class. And since this is the West Side, where people notice the jumble they live in, I can include as part of our perspective the parks, the old peoples' home up the street, and the narcotics-addiction treatment center around the corner on one of the "worst blocks." From here it looks as if things could get a lot worse, but there is a chance they might get a little better.

We started building a community out of catastrophe when they changed the price on the laundry-room washing machines from 25 cents to 35 cents. That was the kind of issue we could really—as they say in the movement—relate to. Four women who had all been silently trying to get in ahead of their turn suddenly came together and decided that ten cents more was too much and we would boycott the driers.

We checked out the roof for drying racks and found a nice place: red tiles, glints off the river, views of the tarpaper shacks that pass for penthouses over here. And a garden. Imagine the formal patterns of the Chenonceaux gardens laid out in oil drums, milk cartons, baby bathtubs and the bottom of a steamer truck—all painted laundry-room green and filled with dirt. That is what is on top of my roof. A mini Land of Canaan, complete with little sticks and seed packets; basil, chervil, beets, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes.

"And the desert shall bloom and there shall be a recession garden," spaketh a man coming out from behind the water tower carrying a garden hose. "I'm Tom. From 6D. Have a beer." We had a beer, and a couple of weeks later, when Tom, a 35-year-old newly-penniless novelist, found a job taking care of other people's gardens, we formed a garden cooperative. The garden eventually attracted others in the building and now we sit up there in the evenings, on our surrogate verandah, complaining about the state of the nation and exchanging survival strategies.

Tom planted a garden because on Tuesday, May 26, he lost all his money. On Friday, his legal ties to the financial community were officially severed . . . being on margin is being on margin. For four days he grieved—that is to say, drank. On June 1, he sublet his \$65-a-month apartment for \$165 to a couple who were being evicted from their \$325-a-month apartment. His friend in 6D had put his money in Treasury bonds six months before and had gone to Colorado to wait it out, leaving Tom to water the plants in exchange for no rent. "I decided to go back to the land. Actually, I brought the land from New Jersey in laundry bags."

Until May 26 Tom had planned to spend the summer as he had spent the winter: in the peaceful company of his own resources, beer, and the novel he has been working on for two years. Instead, in June—the day we met him—he was living on spinach and looking for a job. Spinach interested him more. "It's an amazing substance, really remarkable. I buy ten pounds at a time in Yorkville, 15



### Music for a Song

Never mind Salzburg. The summertime Mozart right here in New York is also looking very good: a four-week splurge at Philharmonic Hall beginning August 3, with such nobles as Alexander Schneider, Julius Rudel and Michael Tilson Thomas involved. Tickets are \$4.50, but you can't get a better composer for the money.

There is plenty of free music around, hither and yon. Right at Lincoln Center, for example, there is something almost every night during July and August at the Damrosch Park bandshell, ranging from Goldman Band concerts (on Wednesday and Friday nights) to the La Puma Opera Workshop (July 6 at 7 p.m.). If La Puma still has its octogenarian diva Olive Middleton doing the lead roles, it's something not to miss. The troupe will also be at Central Park Mall on Fridays during July and Wednesdays during August, all at 7 p.m. For programs call MO 3-2710. The Goldman people are also at Central Park Mall on Sundays and Thursdays and the Music Grove at Prospect Park on Saturdays; at Damrosch, alas, gas masks are *de rigueur* when the nearby incinerators are operating. One of the most interesting musical organizations from the hinterlands will be in the New York area for three weeks beginning July 19—Pittsburgh's American Waterways Wind Symphony. It's a group of some 25 young musicians, playing hard programs of mostly new music from the deck of a barge. The tour stops at Battery Park on July 29 at noon.

Meanwhile, the Metropolitan Opera is winding up its free open-in-concert series in the city parks this week and next, and the Philharmonic runs its series from July 21 to August 18 (call TR 4-2400 for dates and locations), with splendid programs all the way. For a little money, there is some good jazz on Thursday nights at 7:30 at the Museum of Modern Art (get there early or plan to spend the evening on one foot), and many more than one jazz-rock-pop program at Central Park's Wollman Rink thanks to the people at Schaefer Beer (how can anyone drink anything else?).

—Alan Rich

**"...Spinach is an amazing substance, really remarkable. It tastes terrible, but if you put it in sauce, it might be taken for meat..."**

cents a pound. Then I can it. It tastes terrible, but if you put enough in a sauce—I've got a red, a brown and a white sauce—people think it might be meat. They don't mind spinach as much as they mind my homemade wine. Or my breakfasts: molasses, wheat germ and spinach run through a blender. It's kind of a challenge, living on \$3 a day. I've got enough spinach for three months, but I've got to get a job in case life doesn't triumph over soot in the garden. It's too bad all my English clothes were stolen. People don't seem to be hiring emaciated novelists."

People aren't hiring anybody. Employment agencies are running columns of ads headlined **EDITORIAL STAFF, COPY WRITER, FILM COMPANY, MEDIA**—the \$150-to-\$200-a-week kind of jobs aimed at the present glut of unemployed talent. Applicants arrive by the dozens, wait for hours, and

are then told that the job they came about is "closed," but there are jobs in "other" fields. There are little problems of description, like the job called "Food Marketing & Advertising" that turned out to be a job working as a clean-up girl in a test kitchen. Companies are banking résumés as though they were a hedge against inflation.

Mr. William Brennan, of Brennan Associates, a management-recruiting firm on Park Avenue, says: "This is the worst time I've ever seen. We used to get 20 or 30 résumés a day, now we are getting 100. The big companies are overstuffed and they are laying off executives. A lot of these men are over 45; the chances of their finding something comparable are almost zero. I've got a man who was earning \$80,000 a year—he's been looking for seven months."

## **On the Beach: A Critical Guide to Local Sand and Surf**

New York City has eight beaches run by the Parks Department and accessible by subway, bus and ferry. Some are ugly, some pretty, and all on a hot summer day seem to have more people than grains of sand.

Orchard Beach, part of New York's largest park—2,118-acre Pelham Bay Park in the Bronx—has swimming in Long Island Sound and, officially, the cleanest air in the city. Take the No. 6 Lexington Avenue-Pelham Bay train to Pelham Bay Park; special No. 12 buses run from the subway to Orchard Beach in the summer. At other times the No. 12 City Island-Fordham bus will drop you off a short walk from the beach.

Of the two Brooklyn beaches, Coney Island Beach is best avoided. Apartment buildings and amusement park rides loom high; it is hard to avoid the piles of refuse on the beach, and the water is unappetizing. To get there, if you insist, take the IND (F or D train) or BMT—the N, B, QB (weekends only) or QJ (weekdays) train to Stillwell Avenue.

Farther along the same shore, but entirely different, is small Manhattan Beach, screened by a semicircle of plane trees which shade playing fields, playgrounds and six clay tennis courts (Parks Department tennis permit required). Take the D train to Sheepshead Bay and the No. 1 Manhattan Beach bus to the beach. Better yet, walk there from the subway over the footbridge which spans Sheepshead Bay

with its fleet of fishing boats and enjoy the gardens and tree-lined streets of the neighborhood.

Manhattan Beach looks across Jamaica Bay to the 10-mile Rockaway Peninsula in Queens which encompasses an array of beaches. Rockaway Beach stretches seven and a half miles from Beach Third Street to Beach 149th Street, and too much of it is depressingly like Coney Island without its pop glamour. Barracks-like rows of tiny gray bungalows and vast apartment complexes line the beach; there is an amusement park at Beach 98th Street. Rockaway does have surf, however, and surfing is allowed between Beach Ninth and Beach 119th Street from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. Take the HH (or at certain hours the A) train to any stop between Beach 90th-Holland and Rockaway Park or

between Beach 17th and Sea Girt.

The best section of Rockaway is at the far western end in the pleasant and well-kept community of Neponsit. To find it, get off the Q35 bus (see below) when it turns at Beach 147th Street, and walk down the street to the beach.

Riis Park has less beach but far more park than Rockaway: 236 acres span the peninsula, with ballfields, deck games, four playgrounds and an 18-hole pitch-and-putt golf course (\$1 a round; \$1 for clubs and balls). The low wooden jetties which divide the beach into 14 "bays" also serve as informal social divisions. Bay 1—the easternmost—is open all day for surfers; homosexuals congregate at 2 and 3, singles at 4, blacks at 5, and so on. Take the No. 3 Seventh Avenue Express to Flatbush Avenue and the Q35 bus to the park.

Next to Riis Park is Fort Tilden, whose beach is available exclusively to reservists and active or retired military personnel and their dependents at \$5 per person a season, with a maximum charge of \$20 a family. Call Fort Hamilton, TE 6-4100, ext. 245, for more information.

Controversial Breezy Point at the western end of the peninsula has 400 acres of undeveloped public beach land which can only be reached by braving the intimidating guards and PRIVATE signs of the Breezy Point Cooperative, an association of the owners of 3,000 or so summer bungalows. The city originally had plans to develop Breezy Point as a park in conjunction with Riis Park and, hopefully, Fort Tilden. Now it looks as if the federal government may include it in the proposed Gateway National Recreation Area at the en-



Meanwhile, the prices of everything, even newspapers, are going up. Men stop looking for something "challenging" or "interesting" and start hoping for "anything." One alternative is to stop thinking about what they have been doing and start thinking about what they can do—might even want to do. "I advise them to buy into smaller companies," says Mr. Brennan, "or to get into a new field. Not a franchise food chain or something skittish, but to use their knowledge in a new way—a lot of technical people are being hired as advisers by Wall Street firms, or becoming manufacturers' representatives, working out of their homes. And a lot of men are going through a re-evaluation of what they really want and then going into teaching or library work." These are the men who talked about wanting to get off the merry-go-round, to find some sanity in life, and lo! the recession. Instant willpower! If their wives can keep their cool, something good might come out of it.

It is logical for a penniless novelist like Tom to become a gardener. But consider George and Peggy, from 14B. They both are 45 years old, have two kids in college, and

until this spring they had a combined income of about \$35,000, his from advertising, hers from television. "As far as we can tell, the networks aren't going to have any shows this fall. At least no one we know is working," she says. She took her first unemployment check to fabric bargain wonderland, the 14th Street Fabric Store. "I thought I would start making my own clothes. I'm certainly not going to buy those \$90 outfits they whip up out of reinforced wrapping paper," she says. She bought enough material to cover her entire apartment, and, having nothing better to do, she did. The couple in 14A asked her to cover their chairs for a fee. Word spread. Now she is booked through October. Meanwhile George got bored one day and helped the superintendent put a fence around the roof. So 14A asked them to build some bookshelves. Now they are busy through September, and they spend every weekend at the night doorman's house in Staten Island. Using his band saw. Until this summer, night doormen might have lived in the woodwork, for all George and Peggy knew. They are happy. Their children think their parents are groovy—really . . . real, getting into the commune scene. The gen-



trance to New York harbor. The Army is not about to give up Fort Tilden. And the Cooperative still claims that part of the beach the city says it owns is theirs.

The Staten Island beach closest to Manhattan is ugly South Beach. A busy highway, Seaside Boulevard, runs beside it; there are few trees, the water is a blackish-red, and at the north end, polluted. It's only safe to swim south of Slater Boulevard. The sole cheerful note is that the pollution boundary has been moved north, increasing the cleared area of South Beach. Take the Staten Island ferry; a No. 2 or No. 104 bus, which meets the ferry, will take you to the beach. Or take the BMT local to 95th Street in Brooklyn, then the R7 bus to the beach, a way of avoiding four miles of Staten Island weekend traffic.

Farther down the shore, off Hylan Boulevard, is Great Kills Park, the best of the Staten Island beaches and part of the Gateway proposal. The result of a landfill project completed years ago, it is now a two-mile-long expanse of swamp grass harboring pheasants and other wild fowl. Beyond the last parking lot, an incredibly rutted dirt road takes you out on a spit of land which shelters Great Kills Harbor with its yacht clubs, lively sailboats and multitudes of fishermen. There are threats that a sports stadium and a shore parkway are to be built in the park, but so far the place retains the gusty wilderness essential to a good beach. You can take the No. 103 bus from the ferry or the R7 to Staats Circle, and then the No. 103 bus to get there, but I think a car is preferable.

Wolfe's Pond Park, at Holton and Cornelius Avenues, near the southern end of Staten Island, is small, woodsy, with a narrow strip of beach and too many picnic tables, but it is the least crowded of the Staten Island beaches. Take the No. 103 bus, or go by car.

If you have a car and the time, you can of course reach much better beaches. I made it to the incomparable Jones Beach in an hour from uptown Manhattan on a sunny Thursday afternoon; I've also spent two hours in a traffic jam of cars all apparently bound for Jones Beach one warm Saturday. Jones Beach State Park has facilities too numerous to detail—deck games, paddle tennis, Ping Pong, roller skating, a swimming pool which is lit up at night, dancing, and a theatre. If you're driving, take the Northern or Southern

## "...They got away free from the hospital with their last baby by shouting at the cashier, 'What boy? Our baby is a girl!'"

eration gap closed one night around a copy of the *Whole Earth Catalogue*.

Not everybody in the building has discovered a road to self-renewal and survival through a return to basic skills. The nice young couple with three little children who live in 9A—I'll call them Peter and Joan—are stringing out the old methods as far as they will go, getting through the summer on a scenario that might be called What To Do Until the Marshal Comes. Part of the hand-to-mouth free-lance talent pool in New York, they always believe, *really* believe, that the check for the last job will come in the mail on Monday. They live on credit cards, legal loopholes, and nerve—the Mastercharge-as-the-key-to-heaven tactic.

The pediatrician was paid, but they got away free from the hospital with their last baby by simply shouting at the

cashier: "What do you mean? Boy? Our baby is a girl!" The cashier let them go home, with their new baby boy, while she checked the records. They probably won't be living in my building very long. Joan figures a good tenant of long standing can last about five months without paying the rent. They usually last four months, stalling off eviction proceedings by filing legal complaints against the landlord, thus freezing themselves into the apartment until the case is settled. "But so many people travel," Joan says, calmly, "we just move into their apartments while they are away."

When the next check comes they plan to join the consumer grocery co-op up the street; to freeze hundreds of pounds of meat from the Washington Meat Market (see page 48), Ninth Avenue's gift to carnivorous families; to spend Saturdays stocking up at the Hunts Point Market.



State Parkway to Meadowbrook or Wantagh State Parkways; the 75-cent entrance toll includes parking. Buses for Jones Beach leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal daily, as soon as full, between 9 and 9:30 a.m. On Sundays and holidays, they leave between 9 and 10 a.m. The return trip leaves the beach at 5. Weekend service began Memorial Day weekend; the fare is \$1.50 each way for adults, \$1 for children 5 to 11; under 5, free. Buses to the beach also meet L.I.R.R. trains at Freeport and Wantagh stations.

Forty-nine miles from New York City, and an hour and a half's drive under ideal conditions, is Robert Moses State Park at the western tip of Fire Island. Like Jones Beach it offers an endless expanse of clean white sand, and you can always walk away from the crowds. There is an 18-hole

pitch-and-putt golf course at the western end of the beach; \$1 a round, and clubs are provided. To get there, take exit 40 (easy to miss) off the Southern State Parkway to the Robert Moses Causeway (75-cent round-trip toll). Buses to the beach meet trains at the Babylon L.I.R.R. station.

Neither Jones Beach nor Robert Moses State Park allows surfing; surfers go to Gilgo Beach, which lies between them. The town of Babylon operates a small parking lot there; non-residents have to pay \$1.50 a day; \$3 a day on weekends.

For the most part, the much-touted Jersey shore offers the depressing evidence of man's insatiable appetite to buy up, fence in, build upon, and destroy the seashore. Town succeeds town, differentiated only by zoning laws—endless blocks of Jersey Tuscan man-

sions are followed by endless colonies of small cottages a handspan apart.

There are two exceptions. Sandy Hook State Park, an hour and a half's drive from New York, is a long spit of land between Sandy Hook Bay and the Atlantic. Due to be part of the Gateway park, it includes a small nature study center with specimens of park flora and fauna, and a holly forest with trees up to 300 years old, the kind of low forest that once cloaked many of our beaches. Flocks of migratory birds rest there. Sandy Hook is also threatened by erosion, pollution, and the Army's dredging plans for the northern end of the spit. The entrance fee is 50 cents, plus 25 cents for each person over 12. It's open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

About 25 miles down the coast, and two hours' drive or more (as far as you'd want to go in a day), is Island Beach State Park. Ten miles long, the park is one of the few remaining stretches of barrier beach still in its



Meantime, they are charging bread and cheese at Bloomingdale's and Mastercharging through Zabar's. They have six different neighborhood grocery accounts, and if they walk down the west side of Broadway, small shopkeepers pop out from behind the cantaloupes and shout, "Why have you stopped coming in?" Peter says: "The end of the game is when you can't buy a hot dog on the corner, but you can credit-card it at Pavillon."

Most of the people in my building seem to be using their charge accounts less. Some have even cancelled them; they can't afford the temptation. But Joan says: "How would we live without charge accounts? While we're waiting for the unemployment check, and the goons from one store are breaking down the door, we can buy something cheering some other place. Just pay everybody *something* once a month. I figure a \$1.50 payment on a \$250 account fools the computer into transferring us into the paid column, and preserves our perfect credit rating." So much for the *lumpen* inefficiency that passes for technology, or for hope.

Joan and Peter have never figured a way around Con Ed, but they save their most imaginative, Byzantine ma-

neuvering for the telephone company. "We have to have a phone, because we have to have an answering service to avoid the dunning calls," they explain. First they win five extra days by promising to pay, then 10 more by demanding a copy of the regulations stating the phone company has a legal right to cut them off. Claims of sickness or death—any emergency—win temporary reinstatement. "In the end," says Peter, "the ace racket is to claim sublets; old phone out, new phone in under a new name. Just fill out the questions about job and former location as the fancy takes you—anything untraceable, like mining work in Katanga. The deposit on a new phone is less than the bill—but any bill at all is an outrage, the service is so bad."

Last spring they flew to Jamaica on an unsuspecting airline's credit card and came home with a thousand old Jamaican half-penny pieces, which happen to be perfect subway slugs—another ace racket. For cash they ask their friends to charge things to their credit cards and pay them in real money. So far this season the only major embarrassment came the night Peter was settling down for the third act of *Lucia* at the Met, and an usher appeared

natural state. Only a small portion of the beach is available for swimming; much of it is a wildlife sanctuary and botanical preserve. Free one-hour nature tours are given daily at 2 p.m. Hours and fees are the same as at Sandy Hook.

Island Beach almost became an exclusive and expensive development of summer homes. When I was there in May, the beach plum was in bloom and I saw ospreys nesting. A blessing on state parks.

All the beaches mentioned except Breezy Point have parking: 25 cents a day at Robert Moses and Riis Parks, 75 cents at the other city parks and no additional charge elsewhere. Without exception, the lots fill up early—10 a.m. on a good day. In the case of the state parks, when the parking fields are full, you simply don't get to the beach, since nothing is ever available nearby.

Most beaches have bathhouses with showers and lockers available. Lockers at the city parks are usually 30 cents for adults, 15 cents for children. Park fees are slightly higher.

Umbrellas and beach chairs are available everywhere but Wolfe's Pond: 75 cents and a \$3 deposit at the city beaches; 79 cents and \$1.25 deposit at Jones Beach and Robert Moses State Park; \$1.25 for umbrellas, \$1 for chairs or beach blankets at Sandy Hook and Island Beach, with a \$5 deposit.

Jones Beach and Robert Moses State Park do not allow dogs on the beach or walks. At Island Beach, pets are not allowed in the swimming area and must be on a leash at all times. No alcoholic beverages are allowed in any of the state parks.

—Lilla Lyon



## Deep-Sea Fishing: Capo Blanco It's Not, But the Price Is Right

If you're looking for something different to do, something outdoorsy, convenient to Manhattan and inexpensive, try fishing on party boats. Anyone can board them. No reservations, equipment or fishing experience are required. And you can get a good tan.

A party boat resembles a narrow tugboat with high sides and a wrap-around railing. From Manhattan, the nearest and largest fleet, 35 boats, is in Sheepshead Bay. Another large fleet is at Captree State Park (24 boats) and smaller fleets can be found in most marinas throughout the boroughs and Long Island.

There's no major difference among fishing boats. They all look the same and are named after famous people like *Capt. Mike* or *Capt. Bill*, *The Ranger* or *The Angler*. All carry ample fishing equipment, ship-to-shore radio, fathometer, radar, life rafts and men's and women's heads (toilets). All the captains keep in touch to find out the best fishing spots. Look for the boat carrying the most fishermen with their own equipment. These are the regulars who stick with the captains seriously interested in finding fish. Many of these captains will hesitate an hour or so before reporting a lucky spot.

The boats leave daily nine months of the year, every hour on the hour from 6 to 10 a.m. Most return around 3:30. The fixed charge is \$8 or \$9, depending upon how early you leave. A lower rate depends upon how successfully you haggle with the hawkers who stand in front of their favorite boat.

Rod and reel, sinker and hook rent for about \$1.50. Bait is free. Bring lots to eat—an appetite at sea is like no other. On some boats coffee, beer and soft drinks are sold. The best place to fish is in the stern. It's closest to the water and the smoothest riding, and your line will have the least chance of tangling with the others. Usually a dollar-per-person pool is arranged for the largest fish.

I arrived at Sheepshead Bay at 7:30 a.m. looking forward to my first day of party-boat fishing. I chose the *Dorothy B.* because I once knew a Dorothy B. and hoped to have the same luck my first try. There were about 35 of her other fans with me.

It took an hour to reach our first spot.



Illustrated by Dorothy Attie

Fishing was unspectacular that day. It never matters. Being on the water is a pleasure; catching fish only adds another dimension. Almost everyone caught small fish, but only two cod—our main objective—were boated. The largest, an eight-pounder, was caught by a boy who hadn't had enough money to invest in the \$22 pool. The owner of the other cod tried hard not to smile at his good—but small—fortune.

Winter and early spring fishing is for cod or flounder; bluefish is the main attraction during the warmer months. Other fish providing sport are begalls (looks like a small red freshwater bass), blowfish ("sea squab" on menus), sharks, blackfish, porgies, whiting, ling, mackerel, herring, tuna and albacore. Grocery carts, galoshes, tires and all sorts of wearing apparel are also hauled aboard.

Cod and flounder eat shellfish and metal tabs from easy-to-open cans which drift to the ocean floor. They will not eat food dangling several feet above their heads, so you must keep the bait on the bottom for a successful day of "bottom fishing." The wind, tide, elasticity of the line and the boat's motion

while at anchor all work against you, pulling the line and bait from the ocean floor.

To get your bait to the bottom, let the line out in spurts, keeping your thumb on the reel and releasing pressure. When it reaches bottom you'll feel the thud of the sinker as it hits. If the line spins out too freely, the reel will "birdsnest" and you'll spend frustrating minutes untangling the mess. Trying to keep your balance on a swaying boat while concentrating on undoing miniature knots is one sure way of getting seasick. (Another way to get sick is to worry about it. Try not to.) Every few minutes raise and lower your rod tip to see if the bait is still on the bottom. If it isn't, let out some more line and repeat the process. The move will become instinctive and interrupted, hopefully, by feeding fish. (When fishing in the bay or shallow water, keep "bouncing" the sinker off the bottom. Flounder bury themselves underneath and the constant shock waves will stir them into action.)

Whether you're in 10 or 100 feet of water, as long as you keep the line taut and your finger resting lightly upon it, you'll feel the "tap, tap" of a nibbling

fish. A "bottom fish" sucks food into his mouth slowly, so if you react too soon and too violently, you'll pull out the hook. Wait a few more "taps," then snap the rod tip up smartly to "set the hook." Reel in smoothly.

"Drifting" is much easier fishing. The line can go to the bottom, float half-way between or lie slightly under the surface. Bluefish, tuna, mackerel and albacore feed on small fish and plankton found near the surface. "Chum," which is ground-up moss-bunker, an inedible fish, is ladled over the side to attract them. Eventually a large slick develops, sometimes stretching for miles. The fish, attracted by the smell, will hit the bait, concentrating somewhere in the middle. Since these fish move swiftly, set the hook as soon as you feel a tug.

We left our final fishing area at 2 p.m. and reached the docks by 3:15. On Emmons Avenue across from the piers are restaurants, clam bars and seafood stores. Lundy's, one of New York's best-known seafood restaurants, is just down the block. (I immediately visited four clam bars since I had forgotten to pack lunch.) Getting back to Manhattan took an hour on the IND.

Life on the *Dorothy B* wasn't exactly a cruise with Jackie and Ari, but for \$10, I had a day on the water—and fresh fish for dinner. —Rodger Hess

### Go Fish

A "Fisherman's Special" to Captree State Park leaves from the Long Island Railroad (Penn Station) at 6:05 a.m., from Brooklyn at 6:07 and from Jamaica at 6:29. You cannot purchase the \$9.50 ticket from any mid-point. The price includes round trip fare to Babylon, a short bus ride to and from the modern marina and all-day fishing from the boat of your choice—*Capt. Sid*, *Capt. Harry*, *Capt. Wayne*—all your favorites are there. For an additional \$2, fishing equipment and box lunch are included. A real 1929 bargain! None of the boats at Captree has a snack bar. Most of the fishing is done in nearby Great South Bay.

No matter where you fish, bring a large rag for drying your hands and a plastic bag for bringing home your catch (jumbo Baggies work perfectly). Take a Dramamine or whatever your friendly neighborhood druggist is pushing. Don't be proud. Take it 30 minutes before getting on the boat. —R. H.

## "...It isn't just one building. We're connecting all over..."

and said something like, "I'm sorry sir, you have to leave. The check for your ticket unfortunately bounced."

Joan and Peter will probably end up in court, settling for 50 cents on the dollar. Roger, in 3B, would rather be straight about it; he supports his family by stealing. "Ripping off," he told Tom, "is a political act against the system." Roger isn't a hippie or a delinquent or a crazy, greedy old shoplifter. He is just part of the general surliness these days. After seven years working for television—"trying to get something true across"—he gave up. "I couldn't stand the compromises." His ideological agony is touching, almost convincing. How clever of him to shoplift food, clothes, tools, toys, and small appliances. They say 15 per cent of our retail bills is the cost of shoplifting, but they don't say that two-thirds of retail losses are probably due to management inefficiency, employee theft, short deliveries, buyer kickbacks—the whole "I've got mine" bit. That makes Roger part of the big system. Just like those kids who can't stand working, who gravely reject careerism and materialism, and start dealing in dope because it's quick and easy and after a couple of years, when the record player breaks down, radical poverty gets boring.

My roof group has decided that Roger is a nice young man, but his method is not a viable alternative. A public health nurse who lives in 5C talked to Roger and fell into one of this summer's vehement depressions. "Waste! Greed! Thoughtlessness! That's what is bringing this country down. The system is on auto-destruct and no one is in charge. When will people remember there is a connection between cause and effect? Whatever happened to the idea of personal responsibility? They behave as though they have lived their whole lives in caves."

We all lived in caves until this summer, caves with doors marked 14A and 3C, police-locked, bolted, peeking out at the world through little holes. But this summer, with the instinct of people coming together during a hurricane, we have come out of our caves and gone up to the roof, and if there can be grassroots-organizing on a roof, we've got it.

Beside the garden cooperative, we've organized a babysitting cooperative (men and women), a dressmaking cooperative and a car repair cooperative. There is one woman who wants to make the whole building a cooperative, but most of us can't afford to buy an apartment now. Over on the East Side, co-op prices are down 25 per cent and there are new and encouraging methods to finance them, but that is for the people who have money. We've got so little money that the people we hate most are the couple in 12D, who rented their beach house in Westhampton for \$2,000 and then rented themselves a place—we hear it's a villa—outside Barcelona for \$200. The person we like most is Bess Myerson, with Ralph Nader and *Consumer Reports* tied for second, the new household gods of Broadway. Our little old ladies used to retrace their shopping routes the next day, complaining and exchanging, for entertainment. Now they are serious; they are insisting on their rights, determined to get a dollar's worth for a dollar paid.

The dialogue in my building goes on: conversations about how to find a decent electric coffeepot lead into conversations about how to find a decent society. The insurance agent from the 11th floor suggested we intern our new devils—Students Blacks Jews—starting with the kids on the fourth floor who are spending their summer silk-screening posters reading BEAT MITCHELL INTO PLOW-

SHARES. He spoke at length one evening about the people who could get jobs if they wanted to, and about the economy being ruined by welfare chiselers. A sweet widow from 8B took him right downstairs to talk to a few people she knows around the corner, who live in a single-room-occupancy building run as a kind of welfare dump for part of the city's lost humanity. He was interested, but he was more interested in how "a lovely little lady like you knows about these things."

"Oh," she said, "almost everyone in the building knows about something." She's right. Joan works with a welfare rights group. Peggy started a crafts program at the playground. A couple of men from the seventh floor teach plumbing in Harlem. Many of us were brought together from time to time by our opposition to the war. "Everyone I know," the lady from 8B said, glaring at the iced-over mind in front of her, "has been involved for years, but it hasn't begun to show until now."

It may be absurdly optimistic to find signs and portents of hope for survival in the fact that one building has dis-

covered that the other tenants are not alien creatures. The atmosphere on the roof may be testy at times, but we are talking, *connecting*, and it isn't just one building. It is block after block of the city. Summertime block parties are only the festival side of tenant organizations, community development programs, and peace movements that have been building for years—and are finally beginning to show. Six years ago it was unimaginable that people would roam through Central Park at night—wading in the lakes, playing guitars in the trees, walking dogs on hot nights. Incredible that an entire block would organize to buy trees and hot lunches for their old people living in single rooms. Absolutely impossible to think that six executives would get together to repair one another's cars.

It is funny, but maybe the war and the recession have brought enough of us together, out of our caves and onto the streets, with the middle class cut off from its escape routes to the beach, to retake our city—the best man-made resource in the world. If that happens, then we might even survive beyond summer and through the winter.