

'I like New York in June, how about you?'

By TOM PANZENHAGEN

And like Central Park, SoHo, the East River, Yankee Stadium, the theaters, Times Square, movies, the Village, tourist sites, bars, museums, restaurants, Rockefeller Center and Broadway — how about you? They're all a part of New York City, and there's more. Much, much more.

New York, New York, especially in the summer, rocks around the clock. You don't like rock? Well, it swings, jitters, waltzes and punks around the clock, too. I like a Gershwin tune, how about you?

THE BIG APPLE, from A to Z:

Art — The Picasso show is the big news this summer. The three floors of the Museum of Modern Art have been taken over for the exhibit, which runs into September. The show is overwhelming... and over-crowded. But there's no way around that, so make the best of it. Some 8,000 people a day will tour the retrospective — some who know Picasso inside out and others who will never know a Picasso from a Paganini. But be polite and patient. Expect to spend three hours from the time you get in line until you've seen it all. Tickets available for \$5.25 from the dozens of Ticketron outlets in the city. You specify date and starting time, then you're on your own. Audio tours for about \$3 are a good idea.

Elsewhere, the Guggenheim has brought out its best Impressionist paintings; the Metropolitan has relocated all of its American art in its magnificent new American Wing, and the International Center for Photography has jumped on the bandwagon with an exhibit featuring pictures of Picasso.

Books — For the best deals, shop at the Strand Bookstore on Broadway and 12th in the Village. It boasts of miles and miles of books, and that seems to underestimate from the inside — and don't overlook the basement. Featuring a large selection of sale books neatly categorized and easy to thumb through, as well as one of the most gorgeous bookstore guards you'll ever come across.

Clothes — Forget Saks and Gucci and shop at the source. Walk down Broadway south of Bleeker, toward Wall Street, and you'll come across some old-fashioned retail and wholesale shops. The wholesalers won't sell to you, but their stores are fun to look into. And there's plenty of retail to go around, with the clothes ranging from antique to unique. This year's fad: plastic shoes.

Drink — "We were here before you were born" is the motto of McSorley's Old Ale House on East 7th in the Village, and you'd have to be 127 years old to call them liars. Perhaps the only bar in America that owns its own brewery, McSorley's offers its special in bottles. But stick to the dark on tap and try it with a ham and onion sandwich. And on the walls: Newspaper clippings, campaign posters, buttons and slogans — many from the 19th century and all Democratic. What kind of place is this? Women weren't allowed in until the early 1970s.

Eats — Sardi's, sure. The Russian Tea Room, OK. But for a break from the same old posh, head for Mulberry Street in SoHo. Walk south toward Little Italy and Chinatown and let your nose lead you where it will. But pizza and chop suey are out; muscles and eels are in. Oh, there's a middle ground too, but give the specialties of the house a go. Great, huge meals are to be had for between \$5 and \$10. Take your own beverage into one of the Chinese places. Expect an Italian street fair almost any weekend out of the summer, and browse the open-air fish markets in Chinatown, even if you're not buying.

Films — On any given night you'll have a host of classics to choose from. Remember, you really haven't seen a film from the 1930s or '40s until you've seen it on a big screen and witnessed the audience reaction as our parents or grandparents used to. New York film audiences are among the most appreciative. Plan to pick up tickets in advance for evening shows.

Going out? — Let's hope. But first pick up New York magazine and/or the Village Voice. Both offer complete listings of what's going on, when, where, how much, and what's the telephone

number. Don't leave home without them.

Heights — Where once the Empire State stood supreme, the World Trade Towers now dominate. An incredible view of New York Harbor, the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, New Jersey and the Poconos, uptown Manhattan and Staten Island, too. Pick a clear day and see forever, but don't pick a windy one or the roof will be closed off and you'll have to take in the panorama from inside. Expect large crowds and a long wait.

For a more relaxed, less-crowded bird's-eye view, try the top of the RCA Building. The view of the harbor area isn't as good, but Central Park is right beneath you and — after all — what better place to see the World Trade Towers from?

Initials — Get ready for them. SoHo is the area south of Houston (pronounced House-ton) Street, which is the southern border of Greenwich Village. Nolita is a new name for the stretch to the north — the southern part of the Village — but most of the locals still call it the Village. Tribeca, where many old warehouses are being turned into new lofts, is the triangle beneath Canal Street. The subways (the BMT, IRT and IND) are another story, see "Transportation" — just stay off the PATH system unless you want to go to Hoboken.

Jokes — Rodney Dangerfield's club will cost you a good \$20 for the cover charge and a couple of drinks alone, but you may think it's worth it because: "Kids today are getting into sex at such a young age that they're making birth control pills in the shape of Fred Flintstone." Or "When I was a kid my dad bought me a dart board that featured automatic return." Hard to get to, though, in the 80s off of First Avenue. In the same neighborhood and cheaper: "Catch a Rising Star" where the up-and-comers appear.

Kosher — There are more delis in New York than you can shake a gefilte fish at. One of the best: The Star, where all the you-know-whats hang out. Go there and look for yourself in Earl Wilton's column the next morning. Or try the Cordial, where Garry Moore and

Dirwood Kirby used to go; now find the former Not-ready-for-prime-time Players there upon occasion.

Law — The drinking age is 21 and the bars stay open till 4 a.m. And while you might not think it's illegal to smoke a joint while you're sitting in the park — what with all those around you doing the same — remember that it is.

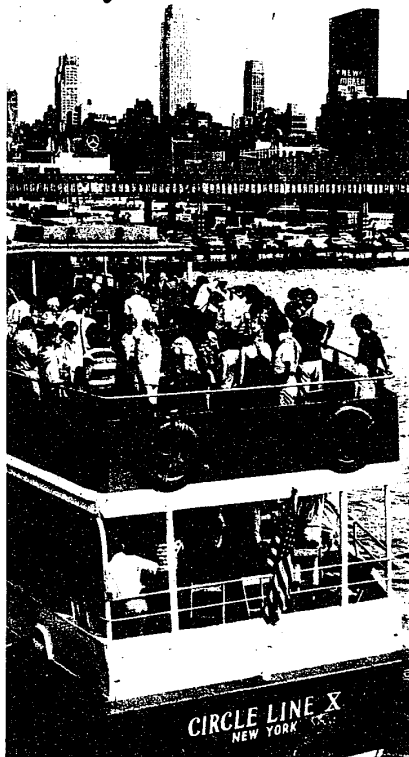
Music — You might catch a biggie in town, but their shows can be expensive and sold out in advance. Give the smaller clubs around the Village a chance or just keep plugging the juke boxes in New York bars. They're the world's best.

Newspapers — The Times is unparalleled, but you may find yourself picking up the Daily News and the Post, most New Yorkers do. The Post, especially, dishes up a brand of journalism unfamiliar to native Detroiters, and that's too bad. Not all of us go for heads that shout "Volcanic ash on its way" or "Romis wraps it up," but it is a nice alternative to the often-staid Times. Another nice touch: Pick up the morning Times and News the night before and the evening post every morning. Then look for later editions and compare. That's competition.

Onions — Not to be confused with "Eats." Try a frank from one of the street vendors. But don't ask for a dog, or a hot dog, or a can of pop. It's a frank and a soda. Then ask for the onions, but don't expect white diced onions. What do you get? Maybe you'll find out.

Plays — Write ahead for tickets to "Evita," this year's — or any year's — best musical. If you wait till you get there, seat selection will be severely limited and you'll still pay top dollar, meaning \$20 to \$25 per person. But don't limit yourself to the great white way.

Off Broadway (theaters generally within the core of Manhattan) frequently offers better plays, good casts and smaller theaters, all at a lower price: \$10 to \$15. Off-Off Broadway (theaters often of more interest to theater students) shouldn't be overlooked, either, although productions often are of more interest to theater students. (Continued on Page 5C)



The Circle Line boats, like this one docking at 43rd Street, circle Manhattan in a 2½-hr. three-hour cruise with views of New York's five boroughs. At center in background is the Empire State Building.



travel log

Iris Sanderson Jones
contributing travel editor

Man's best friend meets Algonquin, and survives



Boots the dog stays on sentry duty at Algonquin Park. (Photo by Michael Jones)

People aren't the only ones who go on vacation. Boots loves his annual summer trip to the cottage, although he is always falling off the prow of the boat into the lake.

Boots is a very small middle-aged black terrier with a zest for life and delusions of grandeur. Last spring, he fell in love with a great dane. This spring he attacked a very large German shepherd. After the vet stitched Boots together again, he shook his head and agreed that the dog probably doesn't know how small he is.

In his home territory, Boots considers himself king. He chases other dogs out of the yard, protects us from rabbits, pheasants and robins, and barks whenever the front doorbell rings. I notice that he is more and more inclined to bark from a comfortable position two rooms away from the door, but I guess he feels that he is protecting us anyway.

When we visit Algonquin Park, he protects us from wild animals: three-inch long mice, tiny ground squirrels and other ferocious creatures.

He still believes that he can outrun a chipmunk. The chipmunks think it is hilarious. They run down tree trunks and cheep-cheep at him until he chases them, but he never catches up.

Boots' favorite recreation activity, other than protecting the household, is to stand guard over the canoe, the motor boat or the dock.

ALGONQUIN PARK is a large provincial park 200 miles north of Toronto, Ontario. We take Highway 400 north from Toronto to Huntsville, where the 60-mile highway runs through the park to the town of Whitney on the other side.

This was once lumbering ground for the great white square-cut pines. Now it is all second growth, although you can still hike or canoe the 150-mile north-south dimensions of the park without meeting anybody but an occasional bear or moose.

Boots doesn't bother to go that far off the road. They just munch away at the signs that lead to the campgrounds,

the portage store, the lumberjack's museum and other park attractions.

There are also two lakes that are edged by summer cottages, all of them built on government land leases that the government is now trying to reclaim.

The cottage we visit is on an island half a mile across the water from the mainland boat dock. We cross that water by canoe, by a 10-horsepower motor boat, or sometimes by Bill's taxi. Bill and family also run the post office, the garbage collection service and the handyman service.

These cottages are not your tile-floor electric light models, nor are they for rent to the public; we rent from a friend. Our cottage has a wood stove, an outhouse and kerosene lamps. The classy folks, usually those who have come all summer for 50 years, have propane lamps. One high brow even has a telephone.

When we cross Cache Lake by canoe, Boots sits like a figurehead on the prow and inevitably falls off. When we cross by motor boat, he lands in the lake while jumping from the boat to the dock.

On fishing expeditions, he gets excited as soon as we get some action on the line, which either scares off the fish or causes him to once again fall in the lake.

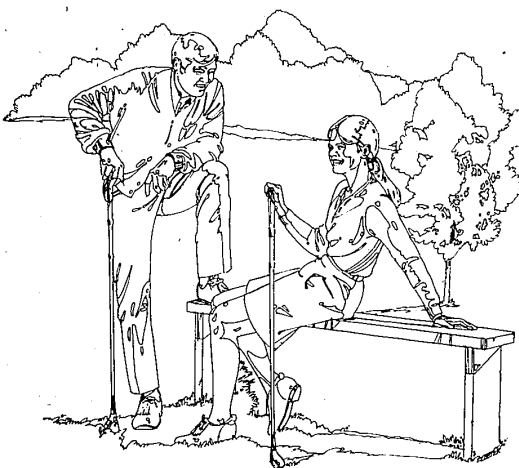
Of course, he does the dog's paddle. They all do. But he doesn't really feel comfortable in the water and he is usually a little embarrassed by his own clumsiness.

Nonetheless, he keeps his graying chin up through hiking trails and midnight boat trips. He tries to remember not to talk to close to the edge when we serve drinks to company on the dock, the traditional lakeside social center for passing boats.

Now that we no longer have a cat, life is easier if a little frustrating for him up there.

He doesn't miss the cat, but he misses her litter box. Boots is the only dog I know that likes to bury his bones in the kitty litter.

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