

Metropolitan Diary Glenn Collins

ERIC BRAM did not have the slightest doubt about the future of the New York City transit fare. "Since the early 60's," he pronounces, "the price of a slice of pizza has matched, with uncanny precision, the cost of a New York subway ride. Right now, it is impossible for any discerning New Yorker to find a decent slice of pizza for less than 60 cents. The 50-cent fare was doomed."

ter way was there for a motorist to get a car off his hands — with no other parking space in sight?

The other driver betrayed consternation. He hesitated. Then: "O.K., sure. Take the keys. And here's the registration. But look, I have to have the car by 2 P.M. Can you make sure it's waiting for me at my office by 2?" Dr. Stovin agreed. The Samaritan gave his name as Steven Schoenberg; his office, he said, was at the ABC building on West 67th Street.

Dr. Stovin promptly occupied the Schoenberg vehicle — a gorgeous 1967 Pontiac — and drove his father to Newark Airport, in plenty of time for the flight. Then he proceeded to make his radiological rounds at the Clara Maas Hospital in Belleville, N.J.

At 2 P.M., Dr. Stovin appeared at the building on West 67th Street. He spoke to the security guard in the lobby, who phoned Mr. Schoenberg: "Your car is here." Mr. Schoenberg warmly greeted his radiological parking attendant, and retrieved his vehicle.

"And all you hear are the bad things about New York," says Dr. Stovin.

Might it be said in a natural-foods restaurant — asks Simon Dublin — that the greatest thing since sliced bread is unsliced bread?

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HAVE A NICE DAY DEPT.: Mrs. Louise F. Ufland has encountered the latest variant of our town's most numbing cliché. She was attending a memorial service the other day with friends and relatives, she writes, "when the officiating clergyman came to the end of the service. With high seriousness, he intoned towards the casket: 'Have a nice eternity.'"

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microfilm.

CITY OF SECRETS

*Deciphering lists
Of seven digit telephone
numbers on his wall,
Howard Singer discovered
the Sun. It was in
the constellation 873-0404.*

*Daryl Dempster found
water in the names
of persons advertised
under professionals in his Blue Book:
Washington Chwast, Ph.D.;
Naomi Willemette, R.N.*

*Of Anna Poppolo's basic
work in the
field of lunar gravity,
research began with roaches:
do they appear most often
when you are lonely, sad, or just bored?*

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Drawings by Guy Billout

OF TREPIDATION AND SIXTH AVENUE

*Bike path's great,
Feel so free,
Hope those taxis
Notice me!*

MAY ROSE SALKIN

ULTIMATE PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT

Superbright, sensual, creative, zestful, warm, insightful, attractive, independent, lively, athletic, ebullient, nonsmoking, accomplished, career-oriented, adventurous, self-satisfied, tall, slender, athletic, financially secure, stimulating, witty, educated, eligible, friendly, presentable, compassionate, gracious, charming, unpretentious, wholesome, fun-loving, romantic, open, creative, exciting, intelligent, nonpolitical, literate, well-traveled, intriguing, peaceful, unmarried, sophisticated, gentle, passionate, bright, affluent, sane, soft-spoken, amusing, principled, distinguished, pretty, cultured, dark-haired, deracinated, divorced, childless, stable, astute, musical, articulate, comely, red-haired, spiritual, thoughtful, delightful, indulgent, alive, intense, easy-going woman/man of wide interests seeks to share. . . .

MARTIN PANZER

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microfilm.

*New York is a city of secrets like double takes
when the Haitian bus driver
explains CREATION by turning U
up Columbus. Only alchemy
evades the garbageman.*

*Phillip Lippman and Sal Banter
are foremost at the
Vortex. Uppermost with the
glittering Stars are Wiley
Cajuns, Levee Hall; the D.E. Hol-
brooks ponder eternity from Pomander Walk.*

RICHARD ELMAN

THE GOOD SAMARITAN OF 73d STREET: What is to be said about this inspiring chronicle? It actually happened; it could only have occurred in New York, and the action involves a few of the usual suspects: a doctor who lives on Central Park West, a parking spot, Newark, a Bar Mitzvah.

It began on a Monday morning, at close to 6:45. The doctor — James Stovin, M.D., a radiologist — approached his automobile and prepared to vacate his parking spot on West 73d Street, at the stern of the great ship Dakota. It seems that Dr. Stovin's father, Joseph, had voyaged across the continent from Palm Springs to attend the bar mitzvah of Dr. Stovin's son. The senior Stovins were leaving in plenty of time for the drive to Newark Airport, where Joseph Stovin was to catch an 8:30 A.M. plane back to California.

As Dr. Stovin got behind the wheel of his Datsun, a passing motorist took note — and made the most of his great fortune. He brought his car up to the parking spot, nodded pleasantly, and waited for the Datsun to depart.

Dr. Stovin tried to start his car. It did not respond. Dr. Stovin tried again. No luck. The minutes began slipping by. Dr. Stovin kept trying, to no avail.

The doctor sallied from the vehicle and checked under the hood for vital signs. There was no visible pathology. At that moment he was joined by the waiting motorist — who offered a concurring diagnosis. More time passed. All efforts at resuscitation were unavailing: the car just would not start.

In desperation, Dr. Stovin turned to the other motorist. "Look," he said, "I've got to get my father to Newark Airport to catch an 8:30 plane." Pause. "Do you think I might borrow your car?" It was, he admitted, a bold suggestion. But, he said, what bet-