By Anthony Bailey

When Ed Logue gets up in the morning and looks out of the windows of his apartment at 1 East End Avenue, he sees what any prosperous east-facing East-Sider (living between Gracie Square and the U.N.) can see, which is a two-mile-long rocky sliver of an island splitting the fierce currents of the East River. Once Welfare, now Roosevelt Island, it is straddled by the nineteen-hundred's erecto-set steelwork of the Queensboro Bridge and in the last year or so has been surmounted by what looks like steps made from giant brown-gray blocks, in fact a spine of buildings on which, at 8 A.M., cranes are beginning to turn and hard-hatted figures start to move.

But where most people turn away to shave or pick up the paper, Logue—a wartime bombardier turned master builder—keeps looking. Has Parcel 6 been finally topped off? Are the trees around the Chapel of the Good Shepherd in imminent danger? Should he get Bob Litke to drop a grenade under the man in charge of acquiring the skylight for the Island House swimming pool? Edward J. Logue is chief executive officer of the New York State and Urban Development Corporation, which he helped Nelson Rockefeller bring into existence. (The consideration of Rockefeller’s Vice-Presidential nomination has recently brought out that Logue was indebted to him for a $31,389 gift at the time he moved to New York and a $145,000 loan, $45,000 of which he has paid back, to help him acquire the river-view apartment). As he stands at his window, he must now be wondering whether, in Governor

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Island design: 5,000 units of housing in two “towns” for low-, middle- and upper-income groups, with schools, library, community centers, churches and sports

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Roosevelt Island: a case study in how to build, cable cars and all, a new town for 20,000

Hugh Carey's eyes, his undoubted abilities as a builder will outweigh his identification with Nelson Rockefeller; what he sees is a new community being fashioned on this island in the river, a matter of affection and equal concern; the island is his baby. And with a commitment to have the first apartments ready for occupancy in April, together with such necessities of a community as schools, shops, parks and a pub, he has some way to go before he can feel easy. A man building a house has problems and a man building 5,000 housing units has them indefinitely multiplied—not the least of them, in Logue's opinion, being that his spectacular building site is eminently visible. If he goof, a few million people will be able to see that he went wrong.

Problems and promise run fairly equally through the island's past. The Indians sold it to the palefaces for more than they got for Manhattan. A Dutch Governor, Wouter van Twiller, raised pigs on it. A discredited colonial High Sheriff, John Manning, lived on the island in disgrace till his death in 1686, when it passed to his son-in-law, Robert Blackwell. The Blackwell family built a handsome wooden farmhouse—which is still standing—and farmed the rocky acreage until 1826, when they sold the island to the city for $52,000. The city decided it was the perfect spot, close at hand but hard to get away from, for the sick, lame, mad and bad, and consequently set prisoners to work quarrying the island rock for asylums, workhouses and penitentiaries. Notable island prisoners have included "Boss" Tweed, whose cell had a splendid view of the city, and Mae West, whose 10-day term arose from her performance in a play called "Sex" in 1926.

When Dickens visited the island in the eighteen-forties, he noted the impressive architecture but snakespit atmosphere of some of its institutions, and indeed its stigma of being a place of last resort for the indigent and criminal, for lepers, orphans, the insane and drug-addicted, stuck to the island—and was not more than momentarily lifted by the change in name in 1921 from Blackwell's to Welfare Island. Of course, as Manhattan's gridiron was blocked in, this nearby land was viewed as a prime piece of real estate, awaiting exploitation.

So near yet so far: What until now has kept the island (which has a Manhattan Zip Code, 10017, Plaza telephone numbers and an ultimate value of perhaps half a billion dollars) from being intensively developed is the problem of access. Dickens got there by boat, "rowed by a crew of prisoners, who were dressed in a striped uniform of black and buff, in which they looked like faded tigers." A ferry ran until 1956 from a pier at East 78th Street, five cents each way, but the presence of other river traffic speeding along or struggling against the sometimes five-knot currents never made it an easy crossing. The Queensboro Bridge, plumping two piers on the island, offered a chance that was seized in 1916 in the awkward form of a big elevator building which took cars and pedestrians up to and down from the bridge. (Service for cars stopped in 1956 but continued for people on foot until a few years ago.) In 1955, a separate bridge was built connecting the island to Queens, but until recently a guard kept off the island any one who didn't have a specific reason for being there—such as working in a hospital or visiting a patient; children under 12 weren't allowed at all.

Right now the island can be reached by a car or cab via the Queensboro Bridge and north through Astoria to the Roosevelt Island Bridge. Intrepid walkers and cyclists can follow the same route, though the passage along one of the old outer tramways on the Queensboro Bridge is said to be illegal and feels correspondingly exciting. The subway to Queensboro Plaza on the BMT "R" and IRT "7" connects with the Steinway Bus Company's Q102 service to the island. There are also emergency stairs to the island surface from the two existing under-the-river subway tunnels (which proved useful during the 1965 blackout when a train stalled in one of them.) And what suddenly made a greater and more diverse use of the island practicable was the Transit Authority's decision in 1965 to add to these overcrowded tunnels a new Manhattan-Queens subway with provision for a station on the island. Past pipe dreams began to seem more likely.

The island itself is worth a look before considering some of the things that were proposed, and what's been done. Sunday afternoon, when construction is at a halt, is a good time; you share the island with hospital visitors, one or two Roosevelt Island Development Corporation policemen, and several hundred seagulls. Despite the debris of demolition and impediments of building, you can walk around the island's edge on old paths, well-used roads, new sections of promenade, portions of landfill, debris jetties, and heaps of rock—a nearly four-mile walk with the river rushing a few feet away, alantbus and sunflowers when in season, tall grass and weeds, and with treasure trove to be found in the shape of copper-green pennies, old bedspans, pieces of tombstone and lumps of quartz. There's a splendid view of Manhattan, with Rockefeller University, New York Hospital and the River House apartments a quarter of a mile away, some hazards have to be braved. (Continued on Page 34)
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such as the amplified beehive noise under the Queensboro Bridge and the Delacorte Geyser (its downpour won't be acceptable for island soil and shrubbery, and Mr. Delacorte is looking for a new site for it). The city has taken down many old island structures but among several remaining, as historic landmarks, are the desolate City Hospital, copper peeling from its mansard roof, curtains flapping in empty windows, and the romantic-Gothic Nursing School, designed by James Renwick. The eight-story 1939 residence for city hospital nurses will come down soon. Coler Hospital, at the north end, and Goldwater Hospital, at the south, occupy about a third of the island and look after some 3,200 long-term, chronically ill, mainly elderly patients.

Since the nineteen-fifties, when about half the island fell into disuse with the closing of three city institutions, these suggestions have been among those made for its future: a penal colony; more hospitals; a World Center for Urban Development; a U.N. annex, connected by corridor-like bridges over the river; a domed stadium; a below-ground Con Edison nuclear power plant; an "accredited college" for firemen; sports grounds, dancing pavilions and a sort of Tivoli Gardens; dog tracks; gambling casinos; a zoo; a licensed red-light district, and a cemetery (all the bodies in Queens and Brooklyn would be reburied there, and the original cemeteries would be used for housing). Architectural professors put the island to their students as a "problem" (while the staff and patients of Coler and Goldwater Hospitals got increasingly anxious). Housing in fairly mammoth form figured in several plans—one particularly Flash Gordon scheme was Victor Gruen's, in 1961, with high apartment buildings above and schools, shops and pedestrian concourse under an immense concrete platform covering the entire island; Gruen also suggested banning private cars and providing parking facilities on the adjacent Queens shore.

In February, 1968, John Lindsay drew a line under all this and set up the Welfare Island Planning and Development Committee—a group of influential and interested New Yorkers, including Ralph Bunche, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Marcia Davenport, James Linen, Alex Rose and the architect Philip Johnson. Investment banker Benno Schmidt was chairman. City officials on the committee were Planning Commission Chairman Donald Elliot; Bernard Bucove, Health "Services; Jason Nathan, Housing and Development, and August Heckscher of Parks. The committee raised the money to pay for its own studies. It met frequently and moved fast. Within a year it produced a 141-page report that laid down the guidelines for all that has happened since. It recommended well-designed but not large-scale housing; the retention of Coler and Goldwater hospitals; the creation of large areas of park and open space; preserving many landmark structures; and, perhaps most important, getting a scheme on these lines actually implemented by either a special purpose body like Battery Park City Authority or by a subsidiary of the New
York State Urban Development Corporation. In May, 1969, the city asked the U.D.C. to carry out the committee's recommendations to create a new community on the island. The U.D.C. in turn asked Philip Johnson and his partner John Burgee to make a master plan, and this plan (whose essentials were already in place by the time of the U.D.C. support of the committee Johnson had ably advised) was unveiled in October, 1969, in an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. There were cries of "A miracle!" and great appall.

What the Johnson-Burgee concept did was combine many of the desired elements—parks, historic buildings—in a plan that honored the exalting island site, while letting itself be shaped by what was already there. The narrowness of the island, the Queensboro Bridge winging across it and the constraints of the two hospitals, which were too close together, were expensive to replace elsewhere.

Johnson-Burgee said at once: No private cars. Cars were to be parked at the island end of the Queensboro, and from there a single main street would run south, winding "so that there will not be an endless feel to it," through the sections of Manhattan: Northtown, a dense zone of horsehoe shaped apartment buildings, 4 to 12 stories tall, with numerous views of the water. Then, a walk around the old Blackwell farmhouse; then in a loop around Southtown, with a town center of shops, offices, hotels and apartments, then across the island from a harbor to the subway stop. Only service and emergency vehicles, and a public transit system would run on this main street. A practical network of waterfront promenades and paths would serve pedestrians and cyclists. The city would use it, it was so close. Too much of that, it was a man's land, and it would be open space, useable to other residents of the city. The roughly 5,000 units of housing for some 20,000 people would be well spread among the poor, the old, the middle-class, and the middle; and it would be a place for schools, library, day-care and community centers, churches and sports facilities of many kinds. There would be to be continual consultation with well enough to live outside of hospital and for hospital staff.

The Johnson-Burgee plan also looked good. Most archi...
tects are handy at turning out a rendering complete with sidings for recent couples drifting about under trees and town houses, which make a place look pretty. But this was the year in which 77 men and women, a group known as the "Jane Jacobs," jounced New Yorkers as a bit more than that. The compression, the scale, the space seemed right. The buildings stepped away to meet each other at each side. There was restraint: it was on the ground, with no upstair -downstairs plazas, one of whose levels people ran across. In the manner he was in his "Jane Jacobs period," providing decent housing, not grandiose monuments, and the only exotic touch was to call him "a Ghat of Benares" -a series of riverside steps. At any rate, the plan got a good press. (Peter Blake in New York Times, December 2, 1974) The "peace plan for a very nice community... if we botch this one, we might as well give up on urban living altogether.") However, in view of the developments, it's worth quoting Architectural Forum's remarks that "the plan is purposefully schematic and architecturally nonspecific — the planners' main concern being to establish a framework to preserve the romantic insular quality of the island."

Five years gone, how has it fared? There have been delays, cries, even, of "Rape!": project officers have departed; at certain cliff-hanging moments of the project's life, the project seems to have been at risk. But at this point 2,100 housing units out of the total 5,000 are nearly complete; some will be ready to move into by spring. A thousand-car segment of the parking garage is finished. Sewers, refuse-collection systems, a part of the highway, two schools and a new transpor tion connection with Manhattan are well in hand or completed. A feeling of down-town has been set in the architectural community, with some saying that the project isn't what was originally planned for a site like this in New York; it is surprising that it happened at all.

Logue is to be seen at least once a week during a plowing in his beige linen suit, a hat -old corduroys, green Shet land sweater, shirttail hanging out and no hard hat cover-
ing his stack of grey hair; slow-speaking, fast-thinking, an interesting mixture of charm and combativeness; fusillade of jokes and tiles and asking awkward, probing questions of his staff. He is proud of what he is doing on the island. He says, "We've had no difficulty in getting housing jobs on some really troublesome city sites—in the Bronx, Brooklyn and Coney Island. 'O.K.,' I said, 'then I want the island.'" Although some people see the trade from another point of view—Logue wanted the island and the city smartly made him take the other sites to get in—U.D.C. has completed those other jobs. (One architect who has done work for the City Housing Authority says eight years is the average time for a building, from the commission and completion; with Logue's outfit it takes less than four.)

The U.D.C., described in the leading article as a "public-benefit corporation," is a result of Nelson Rockefeller's desire to get things moving in New York State urban renewal, an experience in New Haven and Boston. Logue himself calls it "an incredible tool" for getting things done. A graduate of Yale Law School, he learned the value of urgency while working in India as an assistant to Ambassador Bowles who used to say, "If a problem exists today, it should be dealt with today."

In New Haven and Boston he learned how to reorganize housing and planning departments, how to get city charters and how to assemble a team of bright, aggressive young experts who'd get on with a job. In a small city, he also learned that success is possible (a fact men envied too long in New York's immense problems can lose sight of). He memorized the Federal urban renewal regulations; he knew what money might be got from the Government and how to go about getting it. A. W. Taft, who worked with Logue in New Haven and wrote a book, "The Mayor's Game," about the Lee administration, says Logue is a "permanent putz" who thrives on problems and, not least, loves cities. After rebuilding Scollay Square and reviving downtown Boston, Logue went to New York and lost. In January, 1968, Governor Rockefeller asked him down to New York to discuss a bill (establishing the U.D.C.) and Logue's part in putting through New York State. Logue went down and told him the powers of the pro-
posed U.D.C. weren't strong enough. How the bill got through (against the opposition of New York City Assemblymen, among others) is another story (well told by Sam Kaplan in Architectural Forum, November, 1969). What Logue got was a unified organization with the capacity to plan, to acquire land by condemnation if necessary (which means that with such power you don't have to use it very often), to hire architects, to issue building permits and build, and to sell its own bonds—up to $1-billion worth. This machine for breaking through the barriers which have throttled large public and private construction projects in the U.S.A. has 250 professionals on its staff ("the most diversified and competent I've ever put together," says Logue), including architects, planners, engineers, lawyers, financial experts and housing economists. Naturally a number of people are scared of a new Moseslike empire, but unlike Moses, Logue has only one fief, and that at the disposal of the Governor. Logue, who earns $65,000 a year, says, "The pay is very good; there's a high degree of motivation and no civil-service restrictions. In other words, no one has tenure, including me. I'm directly accountable to the chief elected official, the Governor, who can remove me any time he feels like it." Governor Wilson, in effect, recently used his power to curtail the agency's authority to start new projects without his personal approval. And there are those who suggest that the Rockefeller connection may doom Logue when Carey takes office. The man in day-to-day charge of the island project and the U.D.C. subsidiary, the Roosevelt Island Development Corporation, is Robert Litke, a former Logue aide in New Haven; he has eight professional staff members as well as the full support of the U.D.C. The city has influence through the R.I.D.C. board of directors, where its appointees are in a majority, and through the city Board of Estimate, which approved the 60-page lease of the island unanimously. It will take some time for the huge front-end investment to be paid off, but the city expects a revenue flow from the project by the nineteen-nineties, and it gets back the island and all improvements on it after 99 years.

The "improving" hasn't been without setbacks. Litke says cheerfully that the most important characteristic for a new community builder is a calm temperament. His predecessor, Adam Yarmolinsky, resigned abruptly in February, 1972, because what he agreed to call "an effective working relationship" between himself and Logue wasn't possible. (Logue, refusing to have a public quarrel with anyone, won't talk about it, but those close to the matter say that the two old law-
school classmates were too similar, too tough and com-
manding, and not enough like my trim, bridge
together; one had to be cap-
itan, and one had to go.)

But in the background of that cri-

cis, which set off reports of
government slackness and confi-
dence in the island project,
and the ensuing resignation of
Richard Ravitch, a highly res-
pected city contractor as
the project's construction ad-
viser, were differences about
what sort of apartments to
finish first: middle- and upper-
income, which would bring
inhabitants and then generate
lower- and moderate-
income, for those in dire need
of city housing but cre-
ting perhaps a poorer image
for the island and putting off
the richer tenants needed for
a balanced community. Those
market analysts who, in 1971,
said the project ought to be
scrapped were supported by
the M.T.A.'s ad-

mission that it couldn't com-
plete the promised subway line, since it was
craving land to take the long way round
through Queens looked like
sabotaging the project alto-
gether. On top of the subway
delay, some architects and planners began to express
their doubts, particularly
can they heard that Logue
was dropping Johnson as an
architect and would begin
shaking changes in the
Johnson master
plan. Logue felt that
if a number of firms worked un-
der his leadership, there was
a better chance of maintaining
pace and enthusiasm and of
making necessary changes in
the plans than if one architec-
tural firm did the whole project
on its own. (Logue's associates
think Logue is ruthless; Logue
thinks architects are charming but
difficult.) Among financiers
and real-estate men, the proj-
cet's future and whether they
constantly doubted: It wouldn't get the money for
construction; if it did, the
housing wouldn't sell.

Logue says, a trifle bitterly,
"Our biggest burden is having to
tell the naysayers—those who
disappo..."
eral housing subsidies has de-
creased U.D.C. incomes and
worried bond investors but the re-
duction in the number of
developments should im-
prove its financial standing.
There have been some fi-
nancing successes, how-
ever, and an example is hav-
ing the island accepted by the
Department of Housing and Urban De-
velopment as a "New Commu-
nity," has resulted in speedier
and stepped-up Federal funds.
The dilemma is to determine
which sort of housing to finish first
was resolved by circumstance.
Litke says, "We de-
cided to keep pushing the low-
hazard schemes, maybe build-
ging, despite what the ex-
specs were saying. We had the
Federal subsidizes lined up and
the job underway. In this
business, when you get a
mortgage bond you don't stop if
you can help. But then, as it
happened, the developer of
that project went bankrupt."
(The firm, which was com-
mmissioned to develop the area,
where, was mishandled, but
R.I.D.C. was protected against
its failure by a performance
bond. The bonding company is
now responsible for finish-
ing the job.) In any event,
Litke had always felt that the
upper and middle projects
could catch up if need be,
and this delay has made it
possible for five of them to
be finished first.

According to Logue and
Litke, it hasn't been easy to
attract developers, who are
limited to 6 per cent profit,
and build with 48-year mort-
gages from the FHA.
Big trouble is that the
people they've had to
lump has been the access dif-
culty created by the subway
postponement. To be able to
suggest that the island was
truly connected to Manhat-
tan, and thus rent at Man-
hattan rents, it had to be no
more than a few minutes away.
Thus all sorts of in-
teresting management ideas
were considered, including
Queensboro bridge bus serv-
cice to a new elevator tower,
and high speed hovercraft
ferries. The Logue's chief
engineer, David Ozeriker, was
up with designs for an aerial
tramway using Swiss cable
cars. Various routes were
proposed and met with some
sympathy, but the key was to
build, in the Sutton Place
neighborhood, where there
seemed to be no de-
prise to have reminders of
Alaska's northern lofts
overhead every few minutes.
Eventually the two local
community planning boards
endorsed a route along 60th
Street, on the north bank of
the Queensboro Bridge. Var-
ious city, state and Federal
regulations had to be met;
be- cause it crossed a navigable
waterway, Coast Guard per-
missions had to be obtained.
And was it a ship or a plane?
Litke says, "It was a real
bitch," Logue says, "Even
harder than buying the South
Stadium in Boston." But the
agreement was obtained in
September and the Board of
Estimate came through with
a 22-0 vote in favor. The
Von Rollis firm in Switzerland
is the contractor, and part of
the cableway have already
been shipped; and footings for
the two suspension to-
s are being dug. By the fall of
1970 the $2-million system
should be carrying passengers
across the East Channel of
the East River—125 per car,
plus a cabin attendant — at
20 m.p.h. (about three or four
miles an hour) from 60th Street
and Second Avenue to the
island). People on Manhattan
will still have to get to 60th and Second, and it will be as fast or
as useful as the subway. But it will
operate 18 hours a day, carry
up to 1,500 passengers an
hour in one direction, and
until the subway is finished the
same service will be the sam-
le for transit students and the
elderly at reduced rates.

A continuing headache has
been caused by the need of
so much construction equi-
ment to park an island,
with only the single bridge
to Queens for access. The
city program for demolishing
old buildings and the subway
construction program has
caused no end of problems
for building Northtown be-
fore Southtown; but this will
mean that concrete mixers,
etc., will have to go through
Northtown, before the con-
struct Southtown, irrigating
the new inhabitants. In the
meantime those who've been
bearing the brunt of the construc-
tion problems have been
the 200 residents and the 4,500 staff of
the two hospitals. Two years ago
the situation reached what
Dr. H. Zaretzky, chairman of
Goldwater Hospital's Commu-
nity Advisory Board's Plan-
ing Committee, called a
"crisis point. It gave us a real
health-care problem." Doctors
were being delayed, patients
were being burned out as
the community board started a
lawsuit against R.I.D.C.,
but reached an out-of-court
settlement calling for daily mon-
toring of the hospital areas.
This was enough for Dr.
Zaretzky now make fortnightly inspec-
tions of the problem areas.
Generally, the situation has

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cause many people to move to the island. Other benefits are the result of many small details, like blocks of brick overlooking a section of promenade; roadway gutters that direct rain into earth-filled pits for shrubs and trees; and a particularly intensive use of purple-red "piedt block," an interlocking paving brick, for the island road surfaces. Watching it being laid is, of course, a pleasant experience, and walking on it will be pleasant, too. In this respect, many will feel it a great advantage that there are no dogs on the island. Logue believes that the insular, urban nature of the community, the demands of hygiene, and the ability to walk looking up, rather than down, outweigh the desires of erstwhile dog owners.

What the island will definitely provide is the space, air and activity that most people crave in a large city. More than a third of it will be given over to parks and recreation, and the R.D.C. is trying to ensure that—unlike many other smaller communities—the island has such amenities from the start. A few weeks ago lines were being painted on some tennis courts, a pool, a children's playground, and ball fields are following. Basketball courts are a completed part of the four-acre park between Northtown and Southtown around the restored Blackwell farmhouse, with original clapboards and walled garden. In other parks various historic structures, such as the lighthouse at the north tip, the Octagon stairway tower of the old lunatic asylum, the Renwick Nursing School, and the old lighthouse, are visible reminders of the island past, and alleviate what in some new communities is an oppressively total newness. At the southern end, on a promontory nearly opposite the U.N., bolstered with stone and fill from the subway excavation, an F.D.R. memorial park is being built; like other versions, this one has its problems of scale, cost, sponsorship and architectural temperament, but Logue has soldiered on with it and the project, championed by the late Louis Kahn and associates, looks as if it will also be typical in benefiting the island, not least with $4 million from the federal, state, city and private sources. In the process, Roosevelt became the natural new name for the island—though Blackwell had been in the running, and Logue himself was somewhat in-
Anxieties—needless to say—remain. The U.D.C. is now working on planning studies for the town center and its hotel, shops, offices, restaurants, shopping plaza, and subway stop. Logue’s intention to create something fine for the center, someplace between the times, and urban, will undoubtedly be tested by tight money and a sluggish real-estate market.

Philip Johnson started work on the center in 1970, but R.I.D.C. halted it as premature. Now the problem is hard times and, of course, there is always a possibility, given the name of the times and the town center—a key to Johnson’s concept—will never be built.

Another pressure that will clearly need to be resisted is the need to keep to the original parking permits are being given to each hospital; taxis will be able to collect and drop, but not cruise; private cars will be allowed only for “personal emergencies or special convenience situations.” People will not be allowed to bring their groceries by taxi, the driver might drop them, though they will be able to pick up, say, luggage for a vacation. Lieke says, “The camel isn’t getting its nose under the tent.” But in a voracious camel, and enforcement by the local police will have to be strict if the island is to live up to its advance billing as safe for children to bike on. Moreover, for an island meant to be a pedestrian paradise, it should be possible for residents to get to the waterfront by elevator, or if an elevator to the Queensboro Bridge is too expensive, why not a staircase? It would help keep people fit.

The most serious remaining doubt concerns the “balance” of the community. Passionate dog lovers and Roosevelt haters will have to live without, but if Roosevelt is Island to succeed, it will need a goodly sample of everyone else. A wielder of Government subsidies, rent supplements and mortgage tax benefits make housing-cost figures for the upper and lower ends of the social spectrum. Generally, however, the proposed figures are 25 per cent upper income, 20 per cent middle income, 25 per cent moderate, 20 per cent low income, and 15 per cent very low—some of the latter two categories will be partly taken up by handicapped people and hospital staff. The
co-ops will be expensive, but cost no more than the equiva-
rent single-family house. The city holds that island prices will be
competitive, with the island environment and facili-
ties a splendid bonus. In fact, he hopes the city will be able to
extract again the sort of middle class that once lived in the
city but fled it for the sub-
urban advantages of space, air, safety, quiet and schools—
which the city will be bare to-
gether with a five minute trip to the
city. Logue believes that the poor haven't been helped by being
stuck in mammoth proj-
ects and that they aren't a part in communities such as this
will not only sustain but encourage the
island. The island itself ought to encourage other cities that have large par-
ces similar to and embraces
on similar, well-rounded, coordinated ventures—though Roosevelt Island has been par-
cularly fortunate in its po-
politics. The city has seen that there prevent its seeming to be
all brand-new; perhaps fortunate as well in having the initial impetus of Lind-
say's vision and an unyield-
ly drive of Ed Logue. Other cities looking for re-
vitalization might find all these elements hard to match. On
the other hand, other cities might not have New
York's particular obstacles standing in the way of ac-
complishment.

At the heart the de-
velopers, builders, planners and architects have to stand back;
it is then up to people, perhaps those with a touch of cast-iron to make
and breathe life into what they've made. Right now the real es-
tate firm of James Feld-
Huberth & Huberth, which is running the 36 Island House and rent-
idal pavilion near Saks on East 50th Street, has more than 10,000 written requests for island apartment in-
formation. Applications with deposits have so far been taken for 36 Island House apartments. Each weekend a
fleet of Carey limousines takes interested persons on a tour of what they're calling "Manhattan's Other Island." The Felt firm is also negoti-
atng a lease with a supermar-
ket, which, like other early opening island shops, will pay only modest rents till the population swells. Larry Hor-
owitz in the Felt office toys with the thought that opening the opening of the island by getting Philippe Petit to walk one of the cable car wires across the river, but Ed Logue and his associates were reminded of a vivid reminder of the admin-
istrative, economic and archi-
tectural tightrope he has so far worked his way over.
Welfare Island—as it was called—1931: for “the sick, the lame, the mad and the bad.”

Edward J. Logue, director of the development project, surveying construction along Main Street (primarily for people and minibuses—no cars allowed): A man with “5,000 problems indefinitely multiplied.”
Preservation amid construction: The Chapel of the Good Shepherd, being restored.

Northtown, looking southwest—toward the East River and the East Side of Manhattan.
Prospective islanders entering a Norhtown building, to be ready by spring.
Photographed model of the north section of Roosevelt Island, superimposed on a photo of Manhattan and the East River.