IN FASHION

On the Beach

ONE recent Sunday (hazy, hot, and humid; high, 92) at Jones Beach, a state park an hour's drive from Manhattan, the people seated in ragged rows a few feet from the water's edge, all facing the same direction, like the audience in a theatre, watched a steady parade of other people strolling up and down the beach, waves lapping at their ankles. "Check this out," a man said to his companion, who obligingly lifted her head from the book she was reading. If the crowds on the beaches near New York City this summer are any indication, people in bathing suits are putting more than their bodies on display. "*Un*believable," the man announced a few minutes later as some new specimen came into view. It is hard to get a lot of reading done under these circumstances.

There were five teen-age surfers sporting short-sleeved wetsuits and the same haircut—a shallow bowl cut of sorts, the hair shaved close around the sides, leaving a thatch on top like the roof of a hut. There was a woman in a maillot with an eye chart printed on the front, encouraging the nearsighted to come a little closer. There was a man wearing black Speedos and a yarmulke. There was one freckled family, dressed in discreet hundred-per-cent-cotton prints, who looked as if they had been airlifted in from the Hamptons. And there were three guys in bikinis batting around a black-and-fluorescent-green soccer ball. If there was a trend on the beaches this summer, it was fluorescence—fluorescent everything, from baseball caps to beach umbrellas, from boxer shorts to body boards, from bikinis to sidepieces on black sunglasses, from Frisbees to nail polish, all burning holes in the retina. The world began to take on the aspect of a bucolic nineteenth-century seascape menaced by neon signs. Stealthily but surely, it seemed, object by object, while the rest of us were asleep a band of fashion terrorists was recoloring the world fluorescent, starting with the beaches. Everywhere you looked you saw something that used to be some perfectly nice, normal color and had now turned fluorescent.

Among the people who had so far managed to escape was a little Japanese girl teaching her blond Barbie doll, dressed in a red maillot with a low-cut back, how to swim, while her brother buried their father in the sand. A long-haired Indian woman, wearing a soaking-wet printed-cotton knee-length tunic and pants, played tag with her young son in the water. A man in baggy boxer-style cotton trunks and a New York Yankees cap and a woman in a polka-dot spandex tank suit lay between the speakers of their portable cassette player and listened to Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. A pale woman in a two-piece fuchsia-and-black checkerboard bathing suit stood facing the ocean, doing calisthenics for her upper arms.

All at once, hearing a loud drone, the people on the beach raised their gaze to the sky, where an airplane was flying low over the water, trailing a banner: "Z100/COKE ELVIS COSTELLO JONES BCH THIS FRI." Then they went back to their sports sections of the *Post*, to their children scampering in widening circles around them, to their corn on the cob.

The regulars seemed to know the territory, which divides down the middle, the middle being the beeline from the parking lot—full of Toyotas with bumper stickers, and shiny mid-size sedans from Hertz, and Plymouths beginning to rust around the edges—through the low brick pavilion housing the snack bar and "comfort stations," down to the water. To the right: fluorescent bathing suits, heavyset men and women in bikinis that fit like tourniquets, raucous teen-agers, couples with children, T-shirts advertising Newport cigarettes, thick-muscled men who looked as if they moved refrigerators for a living, *People* and *Cosmopolitan*, big boxy plastic-foam coolers containing cans of diet soda. To the left: khaki shorts, bathing suits in dark solid colors, couples of the same sex, fine-tuned biceps and pectorals, ACT-UP T-shirts, *Runner's World* and *Grand Street*, Poland Spring mineral water in plastic bottles, shopping bags from Balducci's. It took the appearance of a plane flying by—"CALL HAMILTON FEDERAL FOR YOUR LOW COST LOANS"—to unite these two camps, as all along the beach heads turned to read the message.

Apart from a red-white-and-blue nylon igloo on a yellow plastic frame and a respectable number of umbrellas, the beach gear was mostly makeshift—the sort of thing that people living in small apartments with insufficient closet space improvise once or twice a year. For beach bags, there were gym duffels

"Mine says, 'Fortune cookies are a strictly American invention.'"

and backpacks; for beach towels, old bedsheets in faded pastel stripes.

Another drone, another airplane: "GEORGI THE FIRST NAME IN VODKA." The people on the beach went back to looking at one another. It's amazing, I found myself thinking as I surveyed the crowd around me, how much you can tell about a person on the basis of so little clothing.

WITH its fantasyland mansions set back from its tree-lined streets and its lawns dotted with exotic topiaries, Deal, New Jersey, bears a closer resemblance to Bel Air, California, than to any of its neighbors along the shore. On the beach at noon on a Saturday (partly sunny, breezy; high, 83) were a woman in a mottled metallic bikini and a gold-beaded snood; a woman in a black bathing suit with big Chanel-style pearl earrings clipped to the straps; a woman in a black strapless Lycra suit with gold soutache scrollwork on the front. The bathing suits were mostly bright-colored, in shiny fabrics. There were gold necklaces and bracelets (on men and women alike), gold earrings, gold Rolexes, gold lamé beach bags. The women, in full makeup, were meticulously coiffed and manicured, many with nail polish that matched their bathing suits. The men wore mostly Speedos, with one or two or three gold chains around their necks. They left their gold-rimmed, Porsche-style aviator sunglasses on when they went in swimming, keeping their heads above the water.

Two fiftyish women—one wearing a black-and-white floral-printed Lycra tank with gold jewelry and gold-framed sunglasses, the other a poppy-printed blouson one-piece with a matching visor and a gold watch—walked into the waves and stood, knee-deep, talking.

BY the end of the nineteen-seventies, swimsuits, like fashion, seemed to have reached a point of no return—a minimalist impasse that offered little hope and few possibilities for the future, other than occasional new variations on the standard bikini or on the maillot, which, thanks to Lycra, had become a second skin. It was during those years that Norma Kamali made a name for herself as a swimsuit designer. Now nearly twenty-five per cent of Kamali's total business is in swimsuits, with the rest in clothes

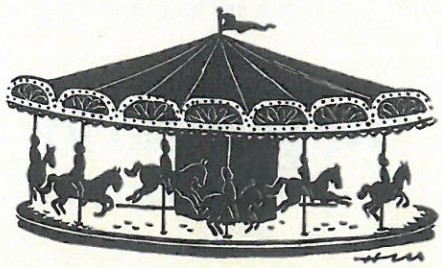
and accessories. Though Kamali agrees in principle with the conventional wisdom that fashion and swimsuits are for the most part unrelated—that the history of swimsuits is not so much a subdivision of the history of fashion as a tradition all its own—she admits that there are certain parallels. For one, there was for many years a prevailing style in swimsuits, which the majority of women aspired to, regardless of their body type, the way they aspired to the prevailing silhouette or skirt length in their street clothes. "There was a time—and I know that I'm to blame for it—when all you would hear people ask for was a high-cut leg," Kamali recalls. Those days of consensus, in swimsuits as in fashion, are gone. Today, all the options exist simultaneously.

In 1978, Kamali brought out a collection of long-line suits, cut to cover the upper thigh, at a time when the high-cut leg that she had unleashed on the world was still going strong. She couldn't give the suits away. In 1988, she decided to try again, with a group of swimsuits inspired by the styles that forties movie stars wore. The Hollywood glamour, she says, was something that people could relate to, and gave them a frame of reference for the long-line suit, even though Kamali's versions of it were constructed differently. This time, the long-line suits walked out of the stores. Two of the styles, which Kamali has kept in production, are still among her best-sellers.

Lena Lenček and Gideon Bosker, in their book "Making Waves: Swimsuits and the Undressing of America," call a swimsuit "a sartorial paradox: a form of undress that functioned as a symbol of dress." In a way, the long-line suit and other styles that have lately been making a comeback represent a return to a kind of modesty that's been missing in swimsuits for the past twenty-five or thirty years. By 1964, when Rudi Gernreich introduced the "monokini," a topless suit with suspender straps, soon to be followed by the thong, the history of the modern swimsuit seemed to have arrived at its inevitable destination, prompting Diana Vreeland to remark that "the bikini says to me the best things in life are free." The inexorable, protracted, slow-motion striptease that propelled not only fashion but swimsuit design for the first half of the twentieth century could only end in nakedness. Inch by inch, a woman's ankles, calves, upper arms, thighs, armpits, back, midriff, abdomen, and, finally, breasts were unveiled, offering a sexual thrill—the thrill of the forbidden made suddenly available—that, however controversial, kept the process moving forward: just as the sight of what had been concealed began to seem familiar, some new area was brought out into the open, and the thrill was revived. (For men, the progress, though made in larger stages, was no less vehemently contested: the shortening of the tunic that concealed the shape of the groin and finally, during the forties, the removal of the tunic altogether, baring the chest, were regarded in their time as threats to society's stability.) As a result, the amount of skin a swimsuit exposed was for years a gauge of its sex appeal, with each new sexy suit, considered bare and daring in its time, eventually being superseded by some newer style, even barer and more daring.

Kamali believes that that old formula—skin equals sex appeal—is now defunct. "I don't think people even look at a thong bikini as sexy anymore," she says. "It's part of a life style." Sex appeal today, she contends, resides more in the construction and the cut of a swimsuit than in what it exposes. "A big impact over the last few years has been the underwire and the different types of shapings that have been introduced for breasts of different sizes," she explains. "It's the subtlety that makes it. A strap—the way a strap goes over the shoulder—can be sexy now."

Besides the sexual ennui that set in over the past twenty years, with the sight of naked flesh no longer the turn-on that it used to be, a growing disenchantment with promiscuity and recent evidence that sun exposure damages skin have conspired to cover up the body again. But, because of advances in the technology of fabrics, the suits this time around bear only a passing resemblance to the monolithic suits of the forties and fifties, which, even when hanging on a line to dry, maintained the shape of a woman's torso, as if they were worn by a ghost. To a certain extent, the history of the swimsuit is the history of the synthetic fibres and the fabric technology that were invented for it: the progress is documented by Lenček and Bosker, from Jantzen's original "elastic," or "rib," stitch, which eliminated the need for a drawstring at the waist, to Lastex, a rubber-based woven material that molded to the body, and on to the Matletex process, for gathering cotton fabric on elastic thread, and then the advent of spandex (which Du Pont named Lycra), in the nineteen-sixties. The companies that eventually became Catalina and Cole of California started out as knitting mills specializing in underwear. As fabrics became capable of clinging closer to the body, the suits got scantier, culminating in the bikini consisting of three spandex fig leaves.



Kamali is continuing to work with Lycra, even though many of the suits she's designing these days are not so bare. Sometimes she uses two layers—"one doing something, and the other one flat, holding you in." A swimsuit that drapes on the body is a lot more forgiving than one that sticks to it like adhesive, and also a lot more elegant, as Louise Dahl-Wolfe's indelible images from the forties of women in lightweight wool-jersey swimsuits by Claire McCardell remind us. Kamali isn't sure what the future holds for swimwear. "But I suspect that it won't be that long before we're needing to protect ourselves with more than just sunblock," she says. "And the waters aren't exactly clean, and people are nervous about swimming pools. So if the sun isn't so great and the water isn't so great and hygiene is so important, where is swimwear going to go? It could be a whole other thing. I think we may be looking at clothes that protect us from our environment. And that to me is scary, but it's an interesting thought, and it's not one that you can just knock out of your head."

ON a Sunday afternoon (windy, warmer, partly cloudy; high, 85), the parking lot at the beach in East

Hampton was full of BMWs and Mercedeses, and one of the shingle-style houses that loom in profile along the crests of the dunes was flying an American flag. In the foreground were men and women—most of them conspicuously thinner than the people at other beaches—dressed in khaki shorts or madras-plaid boxers or dark, solid-colored swimsuits in cotton-knit fabrics with a dull finish. The women wore wide stretch headbands that pulled their hair back from their foreheads; the men wore baseball caps, among them one that said "CBS News." They had left their jewelry at home. Several women were turned out in J. Crew's mix-and-match bikinis—the tops and bottoms different colors.

The best-dressed award at nearly every beach this summer goes to the surfers, in their wetsuits—the amphibious equivalent of the getups that Manhattan bike messengers wear. The new wetsuits are a big improvement on the old ones, the shiny, rubbery frogman kind. They're mostly black, contoured with insets of colors like royal blue or fluorescent green or acid yellow, and made of a foamy fabric that's absolutely matte. The best of them, cut to just above the knee, like bikers' shorts, zip up the back instead of the front. There are boards to match. At the beach in East Hampton, there were surfers attached to their boards by a cord and a Velcro band at the ankle—like fugitives from a chain gang in search of the perfect wave.

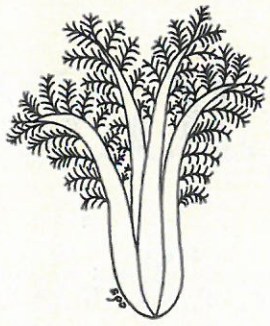
The beach bags were faded canvas totes from L. L. Bean. Scattered around the edges of the towels spread on the sand were binoculars, canvas espadrilles and Top-Siders and Keds, bottles of seltzer water and of Snapple iced tea. A half-empty bottle of Italian white wine nestled in a brass ice bucket next to a young couple in striped-canvas beach chairs. Naked children were building sandcastles. Three Labrador retrievers, a Dalmatian, and a long-haired dachshund were chasing one another in the surf. An anorexic woman in a white crocheted bikini, her skin tanned to the color and consistency of rawhide, determinedly hiked the beach on unsteady legs. A little boy buried his brother in the sand. The snack bar was selling Hotlix—clear, tequila-flavored lollipops with quick-fried worms trapped in the middle—which a poster inside

billed as the new California craze.

The surfers and a young mother in a mauve straw pith helmet and a man in sun-bleached ikat-printed boxers and two topless women paging through sections of the Sunday *Times* all looked up to read the banner of an airplane flying overhead: "YOUR MESSAGE HERE? ♥ AEROTAG (516) 288-1873."

THE sight of so many people in bathing suits brings to mind a friend's theory that most naked bodies are attractive and it's only when you start putting clothes on people—chopping up a sculptural form into shoulders, arms, midriff, hips, and legs, and exaggerating certain lines—that people begin to look awful. At a time when anything goes, on the beach as well as on the street, and in the absence of the advice that fashion magazines used to dispense about how to disguise "figure flaws," most women seem to choose swimsuits inappropriate to their bodies—suits they've seen featured in some picture or other, worn by a model they want to look like. "You want a course in psychology?" Norma Kamali says. "Sell swimsuits."

Some of the optical illusions that a bathing suit can create are unmysterious: ruffles on a bra top make a small-chested woman look bigger; ruffles on a bottom make big hips look even broader. In other cases, it helps to have a professional's eye and experience. Kamali refuses to make pronouncements about what kind of swimsuit is most compatible with what kind of figure, because bodies are so individual. "But these things I can tell you, and they're real," she says. "If the shoulder straps are set wide apart, the shoulders appear to be wider. If the shoulder straps are set in, the shoulders may appear to be smaller. If the straps are set all the way in, the shoulders appear to be wider again."



It is impossible to sit on a beach these days and not be struck by the overwhelming obesity of the American public. Granted, there are people who are conspicuously fit, who go to the gym, to aerobics class—who work on their bodies and, having invested so much time and energy in them, are willing, if not eager, to show them off—and fashion now addresses itself to these people. And then there are the overweight by more than just a few pounds, the people neglected by designers and the editors of fashion magazines, who imagine that fashion can provide women with an incentive to lose weight. There are, apparently—astonishingly—very few people in between, few "normal" people, for whom eating and exercising are natural functions rather than conscious decisions.

We hear it said again and again what a crime it is that our society makes people who are overweight feel ashamed of their bodies, and yet, judging by the way the population on the beaches this summer was dressed, what's remarkable is how many fat people seem completely lacking in self-consciousness. Many fat women seem to think that simply by wearing a bikini they look sexy, the way that a man wearing a leather jacket looks tough. Clothes in this case cease being themselves and become signs of some personality trait that the wearer wants to advertise or acquire.

At Softwear Sportswear, a shop in Greenwich, Connecticut, Meg Felton advises women who need some camouflage to opt for prints in choosing a bathing suit, because they're more distracting than solid colors. "Solids show every bump and ripple," she explains, "whereas if you have a print, people look at the print." A twenty-seven-year-old alumna of Macy's Executive Training Program, Felton opened her own store last November to sell bathing suits custom-made with the aid of computer graphics—a licensed idea that originated in California. Hers is the only store on the East Coast to offer the service. The advantage of doing custom work, she says, is that she can produce, for instance, a size-8 suit with extra length in the torso for a woman who is long-waisted, or a suit cut high on the leg but wide enough in the seat so that it won't ride up.

A customer comes in, tries on a few different styles from a range of prototypes, and models them for a video camera. Felton freezes the image on a computer screen, then begins to show the customer what could be done to modify the suit: cutting the leg a little higher or carving away at the armholes or narrowing the straps; adding a band at the waist for a belt; adding slashes of contrasting color, which she calls splices, at the hips, to make a more slender line; splitting a V-neck tank down the middle to create a bicolored suit. She can play with stripes, making them go up and down or across or at an angle, meeting at the center seam in a chevron pattern. Her designs break no new ground; they are, depending on your point of view, either basic or classic. And her fabrics, all of them American, reflect the dearth of beautiful materials. Still, she has a good eye, and she knows how to make a suit fit a body's peculiarities. She will also do maternity suits, including one ingenious style gathered into a band of elastic down the center, which enables the suit to "grow."

THE people on the beach at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, one Saturday morning (hotter, periods of sun; high, 98) were neatly grouped in families, wearing bathing suits that were modest and athletic-looking, in routine colors and unremarkable prints. Founded in the summer of 1869 by ten Methodist families that had come together for rest and fellowship, Ocean Grove was for years so devoutly religious that until 1977 no cars were permitted on the streets on Sundays. Today, the peaked roofs of its Victorian houses, with their lacy woodwork trim, are visible from the water's edge.

One woman wading out into the surf was dressed in a blue-and-white striped tank suit that might have been left over from her high-school swim team. The men wore boxer-style suits with a tiny pocket, for change, or with a webbed belt. Two women wearing one-piece suits straight out of the Land's End catalogue—full cut, the necks scooped not too low—sat playing gin rummy with a little girl and drinking diet Sprite, which they poured from cans into paper cups. Among the beach bags were a few straw totes embroidered with raffia flowers—souvenirs, perhaps, of vacations in the Caribbean. An occasional pair of earrings—small studs or gold hoops—was the only jewelry. There were teen-age girls in bikini tops and cutoffs that were

turned up and sewn instead of frayed.

On a bulletin board beside the boardwalk, handbills had been posted: a notice of a kite contest, the schedule of concerts at the Ocean Grove Auditorium (Patti Page, the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, the Drifters and the Coasters), open invitations to a Surfside Song & Testimony Service and to sermons ("Learning to Love All Over Again" and "Giving Away What You Cannot Keep") by Dr. Anthony Campolo. One flyer announced the appearance of the gospel magician Dave Siefert—"Presenting Jesus Christ Through Magic"—and featured a picture of a man pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

ON a Tuesday afternoon (sunny skies, humid, chance of showers toward evening; high, 88) on the beach at Coney Island, there were strollers and bicycles parked in the sand. Just behind the boardwalk, where the corrugated-metal fronts of boarded-up stores are covered with graffiti, the Wonder Wheel turned listlessly; the rattle of the Cyclone could be heard down by the water. The people on the beach turned their backs on the high-rise housing projects towering over the shoreline and stared out to sea. An airplane flew into their field of vision: "TRY TEEN SPIRIT ANTI-PERSPIRANT."

Not far from a white-haired man who looked like a Giacometti sculpture with a bath towel for a base and a woman in a purple lamé bikini reading a discount-mail-order catalogue, six elderly women and two elderly men had gathered. The backs and seats of their beach chairs were made of plastic webbing, basketwoven. Wet swimsuits had been hung to dry from the spokes of their two beach umbrellas. A young mother in a white bikini, with a little boy on a telephone-cord leash attached to his wrist, was saying her goodbyes. "Who loves you? Who loves you?" one woman called after them insistently as they started across the sand toward the boardwalk, looking back over their shoulders and waving. A thickset woman in a skirted bathing suit printed with lilacs and a matching purple bathing cap returned from a swim, dripping wet. Her shoulder straps were tied together in back with a shoelace, to keep them from slipping. Another woman, wearing a full-cut bathing

suit printed with palm fronds and orchids, asked her neighbor, a gray-haired man with a concave chest, a question that began in Sicilian dialect and ended "and how would you know?" A collapsible luggage cart stood off to one side of their beach towels.

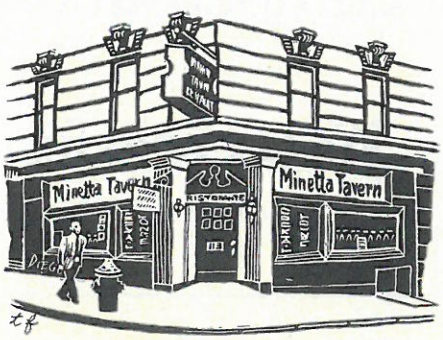
Three women speaking Russian, one of them wearing a turquoise Lycra bikini with silver Lurex trim, sat watching a little boy molding the turrets of a sandcastle with a Dixie cup. The landscape was scattered with cans of Sunkist orange soda and gallon bottles of diet Pepsi and packages of Dipsy Doodles. The beach bags were from Key Food and Payless. "Cold beer! *Cerveza!*" a bare-chested man with tattoos on his arms called, weaving through the crowd and pulling behind him a cart that held a battered plastic-foam ice chest. A woman in a T-shirt and shorts knelt in the sand beside a cooler and shouted through a battery-powered megaphone, "Ice cream! Two for a dollar!" Radios were tuned to stations playing salsa music.

A father, dressed in a gray-and-white striped shirt, stiff jeans, and Adidas, held on tight to the hands of his two little girls as they cut a straight path from the boardwalk to the water. His daughters, their hair in neat cornrows, wore black-and-white gingham sundresses with fluorescent pink and green piping. At the water's edge, each little girl removed her white sandals with one hand, never letting go of her father with the other. At the point where the waves played themselves out, he lifted his toes and rocked back on his heels at their approach. The girls, their sandals dangling from their hands, solemnly stamped their feet, making little slapping noises.

A woman dressed in a black cotton shirt and shorts, Birkenstock sandals, and a big straw sun hat sat in the lotus position with her eyes closed. Six children buried a friend in the sand, shovelling furiously. A man and a woman in matching Tarzan-and-Jane leopard-patterned bikinis lay face down on a sheet printed with the "Star Wars" logo. The woman with the megaphone planted herself in the sand nearby and shouted "Ice cream! Half price! Two for a dollar!" in a belligerent tone. A man with a ponytail and a gold earring, wearing black Bermuda-length boxers with the Spalding logo across the seat, stood talking to a friend in Spanish. The woman who had been meditating opened her eyes, reached into an embroidered cotton bag, and pulled out an eyedropper, which she used to put a few drops of something on her tongue. A man in a fluorescent-green toy scuba mask snorkelled around one of the rock jetties, seemingly looking for something he'd lost. Two small girls etched a hopscotch game in the wet sand. A photographer in a yellow baseball cap strolled the beach, offering to take people's pictures with his sidekick, a green plush Ninja Turtle whose costume looked homemade.

ON the racks at Sunsation, a swimsuit boutique in Belmar, New Jersey, there were bikinis of all descriptions, including one with two gilded lavender plastic scallop shells held on by a nylon cord, for a bra, and a skimpy gauze diaper bottom; a black Lycra flapper style, with matching fringed elbow-length mitts; a skimpy Pebbles Flintstone model, in Ultrasuede, with jagged edges. Sherry Michaels, the store's owner, says that at the height of the season Sunsation sells an average of a hundred and fifty bikinis a weekend. By the beginning of August, the men's department, just beyond the tanning machine, was all out of G-strings with detachable loincloths.

A few towns farther down the coast, at Point Pleasant, on a Saturday (hazy sun, sultry, turning windy; high, 96), the parking area for the beach looked like a Chevrolet dealer's used-car lot, full of Camaros. "Wanted, Dead or Alive," by Bon Jovi—a local hero—came blasting from one of a row of weathered houses fronting directly onto the boardwalk, their decks, like grandstands, crowded with rowdy, beer-drinking young men who were already, by five in the afternoon, well on their way to getting really ripped. After sundown, the beach at Point Pleasant is for smooching, and is only slightly less crowded than it is by day.



Men with tattoos and women with long striped fingernails roamed the boardwalk, two by two, holding hands, buying ice-cream cones, playing shooting-gallery games for Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble dolls. The Frog Bog, where contestants catapult green rubber frogs onto rotating lily pads, was doing a brisk business. There were no more seats on the little train running on rails set in the sand. An inflated statue of Bud Man presided over the pier.

The women were aggressively tanned, wearing tiny bikinis in colors with the volume turned up all the way. With their drop earrings, their gold ankle bracelets, their eyeshadow and lip gloss, their full hairdos with lots of body, they looked as painstakingly turned out as socialites in evening gowns. The men wore fluorescent Bermuda-length boxers, with religious medallions and pendants that said "100%" (proclaiming their purebred Italian bloodlines) hanging from gold chains around their necks.

A doubles volleyball tournament was in progress: two Amazonian women, one of them in a royal-blue maillot and the other in a minuscule bikini, versus two slightly smaller women, in slightly larger bikinis. A crowd of spectators had gathered at the boardwalk railing. A woman with decals on her fingernails, which were lacquered fluorescent orange, tapped another woman, a blonde with long hair in spiral waves, on the shoulder. "Excuse me," she said. "Is that a perm or is that your natural?" It was a perm. The first woman had tried something similar, she said, but it hadn't worked. In a voice that drifted upward at the end of every statement, the blonde told her what to ask for at the beauty salon: "Tell them to use the white-on-black rods? Because if you get them a little too big? Because of the length of the hair? It'll pull it out."

The roar of an airplane engine diverted the attention of the crowd from the volleyball tournament (3–0, Amazons) to the sky. The message moved across the field of blue from right to left and continued on up the coast, toward the beaches in Belmar and Ocean Grove and Deal: "JERSEY SHORE THIS BUD'S FOR YOU."

—HOLLY BRUBACH