A Chat With The Khan

This column, the author's favorite, first appeared on October 16th, 1241.

By James Rest

BALKH, Asia Minor — In recent months there has been a sense in this Empire that the time must just be ripe for the Golden Horde to set out consolidating its power. The prospects, may have begun already. All the talk and press reports about rampage, pillage, and general mayhem notwithstanding, this town presents a visitor with a placid appearance. It is still possible to find a good bowl of kuru. True enough, shade is hard to find — probably because there are no more houses and trees. But a returning visitor soon adapts. If he can't find the old landmarks, he quickly learns how to get around by orienting himself to the one big, new landmark. He can believe the cocky soldiers — and be impressed by their morale. They mean well when they say, "We're number one."

And if their boast that the town's landmark is the biggest pile of skulls in the world is wrong, the visitor can't prove it. Just past the skull henge (just about everything in town is near it), the visitor found what he was looking for. His old friend was always at the center of the commotion, issuing crisp orders and causing all the to-ing and fro-ing near his spacious tent. His staff, God save them, had not forgotten; there were remnants of a feast on the table around half-eaten cake. The interview did have some ground rules — so the number of candles must remain secret. Perhaps because of the events of the preceding days and perhaps because it was his birthday, Genghis Khan was in a mood to take stock of things.

If the town had changed, the visitor's old friend had not. There was the same firm glance, the same readiness to hear what a visitor might have to say. The visitor quickly had a sense of the loneliness of power. Outside, one could hear one, perhaps two, opinions expressed. Inside the tent, all that seemed to be a luxury was the one realized just what it meant to run this less-than-perfect world.

The visitor wondered aloud if perhaps the moment had not come for a pause in the current highly successful offensive against the ruler of Persia. He enumerated as best he could the concerns of a state (a term which brought a sheepish grin to his old friend). The burden of their thinking was that moderation was the need of the moment: Nothing less than much in the way of conquest. It occurred again, as it had so often before, that those critics might be postponing the peace they so noisily sought.

How are you, Scotty? asked the Khan, gnawing on a Kurd.

This sense of things — this gut feeling of hope and fact — would have been should, be geologically slow. The visitor had grown accustomed to the basic dilemma man with power, who sees the inevitable limits on his designs: so much to do and so little time — or so the visitor knew the Khan was thinking as he gazed down the slope past the dusting sentries at once which had been a pretty little town. The visitor sensed it was time to go. Better to give the lonely man a little more time to get things done.

It Didn't Work

"This sense of things — this gut feeling of hope and fact — would have been"

By Henry Youngman

Senator Edward Kennedy's latest proposals towards the establishment of a meaningful national health program seem not only perspicacious but long overdue. The cost of health care has after all reached an astronomical rate of increase and in the richest country in the world it is still possible for a normal, hard-working law-abiding family to be ruined by major illnesses or accidents.

Inflated fees, hospital charges that reflect more the profit motive than the Hippocratic oath, special equipment and technologies whose expense raises to the sky, and insurance plans that try to limit the relative value of life and its actual financial limits, all this has not only resulted in crippling insurance charges, but has also done the medical profession at large very little good. I tell you, doctors are the end.

Take my wife for instance. She goes to the doctor with a lump. The doctor says "Have you had this before?" She says "Yes". The doctor says "Well, you got away with it!" But how long have I got to live?" she says. Don't worry" says the doctor. "Better let live to be said. I am sixty!" she yells. "What did I tell you?" he says.

But seriously, the situation in the United States at the present time does require some very hard decisions and some very urgent steps. National Health, per se, to be unnecessary the answer. In a very real demand for funds we must all pay for a national health plan, insofar as less eager-souled pay medical insurance premiums, the unemployed are largely cared for by welfare — also supported by the wage-earner. The situation can be radically different if this officially private plan was formalized into a Government program.

The real question centers around the use of the funds thus generated whether privately or publicly administered. The well, the able-bodied, are in either case subjugating the sick and the disabled. That is perhaps within the parameters of human decency. But the issue becomes far more complex in areas where treatment is elective. Take skin bleaching for instance. This shrink has a guy come into his office with a chicken on his head. "What's the problem?" asks the shrink. "Get this guy off my feet" says the chicken. There was another guy went to the shrink and complained that his wife thought she was a chicken. Really. So the shrink asks why hasn't the family sent her away to a home. The guy says, because we needed the eggs.

Skin bleaching, in many areas of medicine covered by present plans to some degree, is outside the responsibility of the premium-payer or, as in the case of Senator Kennedy's proposals, the disability for instance. Look at my wife. She's so fat when she walks down the street she looks like two dogs fighting in a sack. Before we wed, she once went out on a blind date with Yankee Stadium. Really. But getting back to the matter in hand, the actress said to the rabbi, what about these doctors, huh? I mean look at the money they make. I gotta doctor's, he's so well off, he won't even go to the house of no more than stays home and you can make him house call. Know the funny thing about doctors? The smaller the boat, the more reliable the yacht. I know one specialist dealt only with this people. He said, she's so fat she's got to swallow marbles to stop her dress falling off. I mean she has to wear to keep her weight up. She's so thin I used to rent her out to parties as a hat-rack. That was until some wastre lady actually bought her.

But no, in all seriousness, Teddy Kennedy's proposals seem essentially sound provided that they grapple with the underlying problem of equity. He's a nice guy, for an Irishman. Know what they called the Mick who married a Puerto Rican? A social climber. Thank you and God bless.

Henry Youngman, free-lance violinist, is an expert on a wide variety of topics.

New Medicare Proposals: Take My Life - Please!

By Atten Lewis

BOSTON — It goes without saying that the Middle East is an arena of duplicity, high tension and age-old conflicts. This deceptive simple fact is worth repeating: it goes without saying that the Mideast is an arena of duplicity, high tension and age-old conflicts. This allows the observer to underline the importance of this fascinating yet somehow terrifying part of the world and to look with equal of any democracy in the Western world.

True, many such countries have only a newspaper, and, since many are more than six centuries of age, so they claim, it is the day. But citizens are free to gather in groups of up to three, and the petroleum producers have enabled them to purchase conduits in Switz, and the U.S., and the Costa Brava, available to the lowest car doer drive the feral yet somehow domesticated nation. It was later explained to me that the last expression of tears before after crossing the Red Sea. Israel would have had all the oil. Such deceptive simple facts are often overlooked by stay-at-home journalists who never visit the area of conflicts. It was also explained to me, that the tax cuts, oil speculators, material were a total fabrication and that if Syria continued saber-rattling, "two total devastation would be stopped."
E.R.A.: A New Era

By Tom Wacker

WASHINGTON — Despite Jim Allen of Alabama, that current master of the filibuster, Congress will extend the ratification deadline to 1982 for the Equal Rights Amendment. It will also forbid states to rescind past approval. This is good news; but it is too soon to start dancing in the streets. The conservative wave has not yet crested. ERA, be it remembered, was stopped cold in its tracks by three states. Listen closely to the starlings and sparrows in the trees; they’re chiding. "Proposition 13! Proposition 13!" Pressure for pro-business tactics is growing. While Americans are freeing school districts from too much unionization, too many of us shrug off unemployment as a problem limited to a few million youngsters — mostly black youths. The nation’s business leaders have no such tolerance for the job losses. Not every skilled worker is going to work for a union wage. The skilled worker, who has been so consistently underpaid, is becoming a scarce commodity.

Parries Polo found that even today 69 percent of male respondents consider it inadvisable to tip hat to a woman or give her a seat on a crowded bus. Democrats, being more cosmopolitan, are no more in favor of it. Still, the trend is clear. What is now true for the black worker is likely to become true for the white worker.

Above all, we are witnessing in our essential support of an all-black government for Zimbabwe, still called Rhodesia by some reporters. While indulging in the humanitarian gesture of saving the black economically depressed, the nation’s leaders are losing sight of the plight of that nation — still prostrate from our obstructions.

This litany is written in the spirit of hopelessness, for I continue to believe that the liberal tradition remains the deepest-running American current. I wish simply to remind liberal Americans that the fight for E.R.A. is not yet won. Significantly, a recent}

This sense of things — this postwar sense of hope and fact — would have been born out by the members of diplomatic corps of Bahia if they had been able to speak. As it was, their wise counsel, their unswerving dedication, had to await their replacement. In those days diplomatic alliories, more characteristic of the old days of the solid and splendid new regime in Balkh than its future intentions, the Khan had impaled their heads in a public square.

The visitor reminded the Khan that the rise of the empire was not without its drawbacks. The economy had been ruined, and all forces were used to support the new regime and the people’s resistance to the future.

As emisaries in this strange yet somehow familiar, it was explained to me, the sitios of the old world, and running water to make them the

Although we’ve had a tough time at the hands of the press recently, we are not applauding New York’s newspaper strike here at J.S. New’s. After all, no janitors never hurt our sales one bit. Which just goes to show that the American people know a good thing when they see one.

But we will like to take this opportunity to say a couple of words about strikes, unions and the American way.

Nobody likes to lose money. Nobody likes to be out of work. Down here at Stephens, we are trying to help others as we help ourselves.

Gone are the days when we could go down to the levee and choose the hardest and strongest workers. Some called it “involuntary servitude” but the workman knew of that time got cradle-to-grave protection. Clothes in the winter, free medical care and food. Sure, things were tough and the occasional scoundrel tried to cheat. But, to their credit, those people built this country with their sweat and blood. And we don’t sit back and allow their descendents, or anybody else, to suck us dry.

And what is the biggest culprit in sucking this fine country of its lifeblood? Unions. The eight-hour day. The forty-hour week. Health care and job security have cut down the workman’s productivity and stopped his incentive.

So what if he does a poor job — on a school say, and the school collapses, killing and maiming some innocent children? The union man doesn’t care. As long as he has the shop steward on his side, he knows he is safe. It is a sad day for this fine country of ours when a workingman lives more in fear of his shop steward than of his foreman.

But things will never be the same at Stephens. Our boys, as well as the assistants that work under us, appreciate the fact that they are on the payroll, while union members are on the unemployment line. They, like most Americans, know a good thing when they see one.

So we must only inquire, (although we don’t really care) whose side you are on.
Disposing of your income—
How and Where

2.6 pairs of running shoes
for each foot

The lost art
of impulse buying

Single copy sales
and your sex life

The myth of
“good fiction”

How to respond to
magazine advertising
At last a magazine exclusively about the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine about the people who buy the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine packed with bright, punchy, cheery advertising about the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine put out by people just like the people who buy the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine by us for us. 18-34—we all need it.
More and more these days newsstands are disappearing from the sidewalks of New York and popping up in SoHo loft, Park Avenue apartments or Sutton Place brownstones. How did this latest craze in collecting get started?

Donald Spec's, a 35-year-old huckster who is a collector of antiques and modern art spotted what he calls a magnificent example of the classic 1970's newsstand when walking his little yorkie on Lexington Avenue one day. "I became fascinated with its straightforward lines and its honesty—that I must have."

Mr. Spec's brought his first newstand on the corner of 57th Street and Lexington Avenue and since then he has purchased five others. "The proper approach is what really counts when trying to make a bid on a newstand" M. Spec's says. "First I usually start by buying all of the magazines, candy, cigarettes or what have you. Then I admire the stand itself and inquire about the possibility of buying it. The biggest problem is assureing the newsstand owner that I don't want to take over his corner, I just want the stand for my living room. The next move is simple—cash. I made an absolute coup last week. I found a beautiful example of the aluminum-sided newstand model on 23rd St. The only problem was that the owner, an old blind Irish boxer—didn't want to sell—not at any price. Finally we just had to bind and gag him and now he's very happily living at my place. I provide him with magazines and newspapers. It's a real convenience for me and my friends and now I realize that the stand just wouldn't be the same without Mr. O'Murphy, and he says business has never been better."

This is the only working newstand we know of in a private home. Other collectors use their stands for storing old National Geographic magazines, as makeup organizers, a child's room or playhouse, or bars. Product writer and art critic William Moeley uses his newstand to fulfill a success wish. He buys magazines and replaces their feature articles with his own and posters pictures of himself on the cover. Says Mr. Moeley: "It makes me feel all warm and tingly inside."

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How to Relieve the Loft Squeeze

An exciting alternative to moving way downtown

By CLARE M. WRECKER

Everybody's doing it. Gary Grant is converting his penthouse on Park Avenue, Marion Javis is redoing her country barn and Andy Warhol is getting his houseboat.

If you're going to live in style this year, you just have to get a loft. "Lofts are the most unobtruding things," says noted loft designer and renovator Joe Ozzo. "The fun is in the conversion, the renovation—taking an old study or a boring townhouse and starting afresh by converting it into pure raw space. My favorite conversion was Bunny Mellon's 18th-century townhouse on Fifth Avenue. We ripped out all the useless ornamentation, stashed away the paintings and statues, stripped away the old pine floors and knocked down a lot of walls and ceilings.

Essentially, he converted the five-story building into one very high-ceilinged room, which will eventually contain "floating environments" or "track floors," as they are sometimes called. The "floors" will be connected by staircases or rope ladders and can be moved back and forth like track lifting.

While Bunny Mellon is going vertical, Bill Blass is going horizontal. He's just completed the purchase on East 61st Street, from Lexington to Third Avenue, and plans, also with the help of Mr. Ozzo, to create a complete factory loft from scratch, complete with heavy machinery, freight elevators, fluorescent lighting, painted brick walls and even a few mice and rats to give it an old loftlike ambience. To do this, he will raze about a third of the existing buildings. "The real fun starts after the loft is finished. Then we have to convert it into a residential living space," said Blass.

The result is what Ozzo calls a "vertical loft," since a townhouse is comparatively narrow in width.

Since everyone has snapped up the most desirable existing lofts, Blass and many others have to build a new factory loft and then convert it into a residence. "I know it sounds like a lot of work, but you can't convert a loft unless you have a loft to start with. And if there's a shortage of lofts, you simply have to build new ones," said Ozzo.

For decorating a finished loft, the pacesetters have definitely been Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoving, who have done their Dakota loft in Chinese food. The emphasis is on the Cantonese style, which is more subtle in tone, and, according to the Havings, more tasteful than the fusty Szechuan or the oily Mandarin styles.

Broad fun noodles are used almost everywhere—as sofas, chairs, occasional pieces. Their soft, yielding qualities provide comfortable seating and their neutral tones are soothing and relaxing. Layers of Egg Foo Yong make well-designed sleeping units. A huge mound of pork fried rice is used as a "boudoir chair."

The one extravagance: A large Peking Duck hanging lamp, which gives out a warm, brown glow.

But if one is to do a loft in Szechuan it might be wise to follow the route of Diane Vreeland, whose theme is "hot red peppers everywhere." Hot red pepper furniture, dinner tables and chairs—predominantly accented with bookshelves made of large claves of cattail.
The Humble Bat
A Versatile, if Elusive, Delicacy

By Craig Stillbern

f the common bat, or, as it is better known as French, the chauve-souris, has been rather...
If the common bat, or, as it is better known as French, the chauves-souris, has been rather absent on the local scene until the present day, it is ancient history to cooks from other continents. For hundreds of years, the popularity of this versatile animal (the only true winged mammal, it can be prepared as foie or as meat) extended from Albania (where it is known as the national vegetable), Wales and Warsaw across the sea to Africa. Bats were enjoyed by the early Hittites and Spartans. In regions of French Equatorial Africa, where they are known as chauves-souris, bats are the basis of both classic and peasant cuisine.

Despite the historical admiration for bats as a rare, elusive delicacy, as bats have been much maligned in the 20th century, "Chauves-souris" in many French-speaking countries is used as a vulgar term. It means cave-dwelling vampire (a misanthropic, because the only bats which are dangerous to eat are those found in tropical South America, much like certain species of mushroom), and "faire le chauves-souris" means to drive insane.

Bat meat, as most foreign cooks will tell you, is extraordinarily adaptable and quite succulent if left for a few weeks in a basic marinade. It is the foundation for superb appetizers such as bat vinaigrette and Hungarian-style, cold, dressed with capers, olive oil, pimientos and pignola nuts. I remember with pleasure the meal served many years ago by the late Jean-Paul Bienvenu, the head of Le Colonel d'Hors, which began with a fine bat en croute, a recipe said to have been devised through research into the works of Apicius.

Bat breasts are the stock ingredient in a plethora of soups including those made with curry and/or remoulade. Boiled bat breasts are delicious braised with a chestnut or Bearnaise sauce.

Bat feet inevitably turn up in the French Potage Bonne Fille and Potage Marseilles (nearly the same thing). The feet of the bat is considered such a prize in certain caveless parts of the world that the person fortunate enough to procure one may often wear it around his neck as a sign of good luck and prosperity.

The problem for most Americans in incorporating the bat into the menu lies in its limited availability and high cost due to the dwindling number of bat catchers (or bat butchers as they are also known) in the world. Bat catching is an ancient art usually handed down from father to son and involves the deafening of the animal by the emission of a certain secret high-pitched note. The deafened bat quickly flies into a wall and drops swiftly to the ground, were it is scooped into the bat flanua, a kind of wooden colander.

It is well worth the expense, during bat season, to acquire several pounds of the meat, which may easily be frozen and stored for use throughout the year. Bat brains are not found at the butcher's counter but are canned and sold separately. The brains should be used sparingly in salads and desserts, as their distinctive flavor and consistency can too easily dominate the other elements.

Speaking of desserts, Bombe de Chauve-souris, in Jacques' Guerard's wonderful "Middle European Cooking in the Middle Ages Cookbook" (Johnston and Raindance, London, 1971) she tells us is Yugoslavia's national dessert, and "one that has been enjoyed in winter palaces and humble places in Yugoslavia since the 12th century."

A well-known Biafran proverb says that "when a poor man eats a bat, one of them grows healthy, come, my lords and ladies, let us all to dinner for the Bombe de Chauve-souris is a-cooing."
Windshield-Washing: A City Guide

By FRANCES TERRA

It used to be a New York institution, like the Schrafft's luncheon, the nickel ferry fare, or the shoeshine at Sardi's upstairs bar. Yet the New York City automobile window-washing experience is a fast-disappearing phenomenon of life in the Big Apple, a casualty of changing neighborhoods, the flight to the suburbs, and the fiscal decline of the northeast region that has forced willing workers to ply their trades in the Sun Belt States.

The practitioners of the art and craft of automobile window-washing are dwindling to a precious few, in an uncaring city that seems to have little use for their hard-won skills. "I guess the great days are over," said Al Gazone, who has been lifting wiper blades for 40 years now on the western approaches to the 59th Street Bridge. "Used to be, there were 20 or 30 guys here, threatening the bridge patrons at the stoplights, and cadging dimes in exchange for a good clean window. Now, it's a rare day in January when you can get five guys here with their squeeze guns during an afternoon rush hour," he said.

Recent figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics tend to back up Mr. Gazone's claim. According to members compiled in 1959, there were 4,249 derelicts who listed their principal occupation as "window washer, automobile." This count has dwindled to only 43 2/3 of 1977, showing the decline in this cottage industry. And, as the median age of the washers steadily increases, fewer and fewer are being replaced by younger derelicts as the old-timers find they can no longer ply their trade.

It is said that the first auto windshied washer was a derelict who decided to ply his trade outside the Ford Motor Company River Rouge plant in Dearborn, Mich., just as the first Model T came off the assembly line. "Wash your windshield, Guv'nor!" the fellow is believed to have asked Henry Ford, who was at the wheel. "By all means, and here's a penny for your trouble," Mr. Ford is said to have replied. A tradition was born.

To the auto-window-washing consumer, the great days of service, care, and prompt attention are gone. The nights when elegant derelicts in top hats used to service the chauffeur-driven limousines outside the Stork Club have, sadly, passed from the city scene. Price, too, has been affected by inflation and the rising cost of personal

59th Street at First Ave, Manhattan.

It is well worth braving the long lines at the 59th Street Bridge to experience the East Side's most charming and elegant service. We received courteous and energetic attention from Al Gazone, the windshield crew chief, and his assistants Dave, Marty, Don, and Bud. A hallmark of this team's performance is the care given to the gentle replacement of the rubber windshield blades on car windows after the washing action. Amazingly, crew members frequently whistle the old Simon and Garfunkel tune, "Feelin' Groovy," the so-called 59th Street Bridge Song, as they go about their bustling activity. The big problem here is the waiting time: the endless bridge

Incidents of overcharging have also been reported to the Better Business Bureau, and gouging has not been uncommon in our own experience at this location. The sole mitigating factor is the prompt service here, caused by the short bridge lines through most of the day, but motorists who seek to avoid the long waiting time at the 59th Street Bridge may be deeply disappointed at the poor service.

109th Street and Shore Road, Brooklyn.

Motorists waiting to cross the Verrazano Bridge will be charmed to see the disco attire and coordinated hustle routines of the windshield crews who work by the driving beat of the Bee Gees. The derelicts are well aware that
A Toasht to N.Y.!

By GLENN HOWLER

New Yorkers come from their own state. Not enough people realize that some of the great vintages have been produced less than 300 miles from the city, deep in the hard-to-find heart of the Catskills. The Burghundies, Chenin Blancs, Cabernets, and Chardons, are as fine as anything in their category, although current prices (1 bottle a gallon) are perhaps somewhat

At their peak, and out-class anything in a comparable bottle. The Premier Grand Cru Classe Cabernet Sauvignon from the "cote" Sol Yasger, for instance, is infinitely superior to anything in its category, although current prices

The Turkey Trot Company offers a new and exciting concept in fun Thanksgiving dining.

Fill in the order blank, send a money order and an egg, and our private incubators will be marked with your name and the name you choose for your turkey. From that moment on, the excitement will be coming your way right up to Thanksgiving.

Imagine the excitement in your family when a telegram arrives: YOUR TURKEY F'RET HATCHED TODAY STOP DOING FINE STOP WEIGHT 2 OUNCES

From time to time you will receive a personal progress report on how your turkey is getting along. From that first exciting report, experience the drama of life itself as you follow your turkey's career. Experience the pang of heartbreak with such reports as this: Dear Mr. Smith. We regret to report that your turkey, Ralph, caught the spawns and a leg has been operated upon. Ralph is doing fine but we suggest that you not overdo your Turkey Invitations this year. As you know, both of Ralph's wings went in August and Ralph is not expected to arrive at your table weighing more than a pound and a half.

Or imagine the pride of receiving the following report: Dear Mr. Jones. Your turkey has been enrolled at the Hotchkiss School where he is studying European History, Chemistry 11, Ethnic Images in Modern Media, and Myth and the Hero (a seminar). Your turkey is playing left tackle on the football team and weighs 35 pounds.

Yes, indeed, we aim to warm the cockles of your gullet with big friendly turkey Tons that will get to be as familiar to you as the family cat.
Terminal ‘Wing-Ding’

BY EDITH ASBURY PARK

Not everyone in New York was wearing black tie last night, but for those who regularly swim the currents of the social stream, it may have seemed that way. It was a night for frivolity, as philanthropist Jerry Zipkin celebrated the golden anniversary of his first party at Doubles, along with such regulars as Sis Kempfer, Pat Buckley and the Oscar de la Renta, but it was also a night which benefited several worthy causes. This one that attracted the most celebrities took place at New York General Hospital’s new wing for the terminally ill.

Although public libraries train and subway stations have recently been used for gala events, this was the first time that a hospital was the scene of a major dinner dance.

Muck II, the well-known decorating firm run by those two enterprising party-givers, Pita Artgun and Besie Reiner, swept through the hospital at midday, lining up the walls with Jim Dine posters and replacing patients’ wilted flowers with fresh sprays of baby’s breath and orchids from Mrs. Artgun’s own greenhouse. Intravenous bottles were cleverly hidden behind large silver helium balloons, the patients themselves were removed to the basement. “Considering the short time we were given,” Mrs. Reiner said, “we did the best we could.” “Divine,” was the word heard most frequently in reference to the decor, especially by those gathered around the massive buffet catered by Bruce White Roberts and served in the operating room, which was dotted with six-foot palms in rattan baskets.

Many of the guests, en route from the King Vidor exhibition at the Fagan Gallery, shed their jackets to dance to the live disco band installed in the scrub room. Woody Allen, hiding behind a dialysis machine, refused to participate, but among those who did, were Sylvia Miles, George and Freddy Pimperton, Kitty Carlisle Hart, DeeDee Ryan, Karen Shaw, George Butler, Candice Bergen and the Adolph Greens.

Maggie’s Brainstorm

A colleague of mine looked at the little illustrated book I’m going to tell you about, and mooed: “My mother cleaned those things out of the attic.” If your mother, or father, or sister, or you, did the same thing, you may have trouble remembering what a book looks like. If not, you may want to forget the above. It has nothing to do with Margaret Trudeau’s latest brainstorm, which is the little illustrated book I started to tell you about, called “How To Turn Your Nervous Breakdown Into A Profit-Making Package,” a beautifully designed photo history of Mrs. Trudeau’s last three years. The photographs are by Margaret, herself, and are enough to make you throw away your Nikomat. It’s published by Driolietier, and for $4.95, most booksellers will put it in a bag.

For PROSE PROSE

It’s all well and good for you to say that you already have a Gucci notebook, Tiffany pen, and sheaves of your own monogrammed writing paper from Cartier, but it would be elitist and obnoxious if you did. A less nauseating way to write is with ordinary paper and pencil. One can now find these items at L’Ecritain, newly opened at 110 A East 61st Street, at prices even I can afford. Better hurry, they’re selling like mad as the word spreads about how dandy it is for one’s children to be able to do such things as erase, and make their own spit balls, just as we did in our day. It might interest you to know, though I hardly see why, that The General Services Administration has recently snapped up a warehouseful. So there.
“Halston introduced us to India at a Bloomindale’s party.”

“We were introduced to Halston at an after-hours bash Bloomindale’s threw to promote India.

Before that, we had merely read about Halston in the collector’s edition of Life, which was the only thing around to read, not that it had the news either.

Halston is exactly like the article said. A charismatic guy in his own right who decorates his home in flannel and votive candles. The man is style itself.

We confessed to him that before this party, whenever we needed anything, we’d stopped in at Lamston’s to buy it. He said never mind.

We felt we’d known him forever.

During the evening we asked Halston about India.

He said it was an underdeveloped country that produced straw baskets, wrinkled costumes and stuffed purple elephants with sequins. (Halston has a way of making everything sound stylish.)

He said Bloomindale’s imported the Indian goods to sell to people who live in New York. They put the baskets and elephants in their apartments and wear the costumes to work.

He said Bloomindale’s had done very well at this, and pointed to a store sign saying “India has been held over.”

From that moment on the only store we’ve ever patronized is Bloomindale’s. It has everything.

A Bloomindale’s party, the start of a speaking relationship with Halston, and an introduction to a downtrodden country. Not bad for one evening.”