You all know me! I'm Jack Ruby!

He was indeed. That's why he shot Oswald

by Garry Wills and Ovid Demaris

At 1312 1/2 Commerce Street in Dallas, across from the Adolphus Hotel and just down Commerce from the Baker and the Statler, there is a stairway up to a second-floor warren of rooms and corridors. The sign on the locked door reads:

DALLAS POLICE GYM
For Golden Glove Boxers
Sponsored by DALLAS POLICE ASSOCIATION

As before, the place is open only at night; but now its stairs temper the welcome rolled down them in thick red carpeting. Only two officers have a key to the gym, and a rubber treadway is clamped into the carpet with metal stripe. The run of stairs, broken by a short landing, is capped with a dusty, unused box office. A door on the right takes one into a low room widened, on both flanks, beyond ceiling traces of thin walls removed. Back in the Thirties, Benny Riskin ran his book out of these rooms, from a club called Pappy's 66, but for two decades number 1312 1/2 gathered duet until, in 1960, S & R Inc. opened The Sovereign Club (private clubs apparently could evade the Dallas ban on public male of mixed drinks). The club had its troubles, and Statlin's interest in S & R was soon taken over by Ruby's friend Ralph Paul, who insisted that the club he opened to the public and strippers be brought in. That is how The Sovereigns Club became The Carrousel, managed by Jack Ruby. Paul owned half of the club, and Ruby's brother Earl owned most of the other half; but for Jack it was the fulfillment of a dream.

Today, a boxing ring is built out from the stage where blue lights cooled the stripper's writhings. Only one of Ruby's short runways still projects beyond the ring's lip ("The Only Club in Dallas With Three Runways"). In the girls' dressing room, cops shower after their workout. Down the hall from dressing room to stage, one walks past scribbled-over walls: "Number four girl goes first." Eleven musicians' names are recorded in fading pencil: Tom Piesner and Bill Willis top the list. Traces of the nightclub look dingy in the gymnasium's hard light. Tiny chandeliers are tied aslant. The pasteboard star on Jade's dressing room shrivels at its corners. A sequined gold horse in bas-relief is punctured at two points and shows its papery insides. There is more (and more efficient) punching than in the club's old days, but less fighting. It is still, as in Ruby's lifetime, a policeman's world, but no longer a girl's world. Ruby's club was electric with the violence of exploited women.

Dingy as it seems, it marks the top of a ladder. The rungs, each laboriously reached, were: The Singapore Club, The Silver Spur, The Bob Wills Ranch House, The Vegas Club, Hernando's Hideaway, The Sovereign Club, The Carrousel. In 1947 Ruby came to Dallas to help his sister Eva, who had taken over The Singapore Club. This was in South Dallas, a prowling ground of tough outcasts, of Texans with an oil millionaire's temperament and a janitor's pocketbook. It is a Dallas that was forgotten when the city's thin wedge of skyscrapers reared itself, after World War II, to yodel challenges across the continent at New York. But Jack and Eva were used to tough neighborhoods. They grew up in a Chicago ghetto; every step outside it was dangerous. "Jack was the girls' protector." Earl Ruby says; if anyone picked on the Ruby sisters (there were four of them), Jack would hunt him down. On Dallas' South Ervay Street, he was still protecting Eva—though the two squabbled like fishwives when they were together. (If Eva called Jack at his office, he would put the receiver on the desk and go about his business, checking every now and then to see if the indignant static had died away.)

The brother and sister changed their Singapore Club to The Silver Spur, specializing in hillbilly Western music. The club bruised along, and became known as Dallas' "bucket of blood." Ruby needed no bouncer; he had been a scrappy admirer and hanger-on of Barney Ross in Chicago, a haunter of fight circles, known for his own flare-ups and nicknamed "Sparky." Bill Willis, Ruby's drummer in The Carrousel, says: "Jack grew up in the same kind of neighborhood I did. If you have our background, you learn to be a jungle walker; you sense a light coming on. Jack used to tell me, 'You have to take the play away. If you don't take the play, the..."
12:45 P.M., Nov. 22, 1963 -- Jack Ruby learns of the assassination in the newsroom of the Dallas Morning News where he has gone to place an ad for his club and where he complains about an anti-Kennedy ad.

THEN HE CALLS EVA GRANT, HIS SISTER, BUT SHE IS UPSET.

STUNNED, RUBY GETS ON THE PHONE AND CALLS ANDY ARMSTRONG, BARTENDER AT HIS CLUB, THE CAROUSEL.

ANDY, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, WE ARE GOING TO CLOSE THE CLUB, I'LL SEE YOU IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR.

John, I am not opening tonight. I will have to leave Dallas.

1:15 P.M., Ruby goes, possibly to Parkland Memorial Hospital, where newsman Seth Kantor claims to have seen him.

SHOULD I CLOSE MY PLACE FOR THE NEXT THREE NIGHTS? THAT IS A GOOD IDEA.

1:45 P.M., he arrives at his club.

1:51 P.M., Ruby calls restaurant owner Ralph Paul and others...

ISN'T THIS A TERRIBLE THING? RALPH, I CAN'T OPEN. YOU SHOULD CLOSE YOUR PLACE TOO!

A Dallas policeman named Tippit has just been shot and killed.

A Dallas policeman named Tippit has just been shot and killed.

LATER, AT A DELICATESSEN WHERE RUBY GOES TO BUY $22.00 WORTH OF COLD CUTS...

Joe what is this going to do to our business? We're going to lose all of the conventions!

YOU DON'T KNOW THIS, BUT I STARTED ALL OF MY PROGRAMS WITH A PATRIOTIC NUMBER.

DO THEY HAVE THE SON-OF-A-BITCH THAT DID IT? THEY SHOULDN'T SHOOT HIM RIGHT AWAY.

LOUISIANA DALLAS POLICEMAN SPEWED.

RUBY ARRIVES AT HIS SISTER'S APARTMENT.

EVA, WHAT SHALL WE DO? JACK, LET'S CLOSE FOR THREE DAYS. WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ANYWAY BUT WE OWE IT TO...

AT LEAST FIVE WITNESSES SAY RUBY WENT NEXT INTO THE POLICE STATION AND ACTED AS A SPOTTER FOR THE PRESS.

DO ME A FAVOR, LISTEN. USE MY SPACE AND SAY, "CLOSED FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY" AND DON'T TELL THE WEINSTEINS I DON'T CARE WHAT THE OTHER CLUBS ARE DOING. I WANT TO SCOOP THEM.

RUBY THEN PLACES A CALL TO THE NEWSPAPER TO CHANGE HIS AD.

AT LEAST FIVE WITNESSES SAY RUBY WENT NEXT INTO THE POLICE STATION AND ACTED AS A SPOTTER FOR THE PRESS.

RUBY ARRIVES AT HIS SISTER'S APARTMENT.

EVA, WHAT SHALL WE DO? JACK, LET'S CLOSE FOR THREE DAYS. WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ANYWAY BUT WE OWE IT TO...

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JOE WHAT IS THIS GOING TO DO TO OUR BUSINESS? WE'RE GOING TO LOSE ALL OF THE CONVENTIONS!

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0:00 P.M., Ruby calls a brother and two sisters. Then goes to Temple, the Rabbi is surprised that he said nothing about the assassination.

Rabbi: I want to thank you for visiting my sister in the hospital.

RUBY: I've got some ads here for my club... maybe, I'll give you free passes. Nah, you look too young.

I'M OVER TWENTY-ONE.

JACK: What are you doing here?

I BROUGHT THE SANDWICHES, nothing but kosher stuff is all I bring. I'm interpreting for a Jewish newspaper.

RUBY APPROACHES D.A. HENRY WADE AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE JOHNSON, TO WHOM HE GIVES A CLUB CARD.

HI, HENRY, DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I AM JACK RUBY, I RUN THE VEGAS CLUB.

THAT'S JACK RUBY. HE'S A VERY MEAN MAN. HE BIT SOME GUY'S NOSE OFF ONCE. HE FIGHTS LIKE A WOMAN.

YOU A REPORTER? HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN TOWN?

COME ON OVER TO THE CLUB IF YOU GET A CHANCE. YOU CAN HAVE SOME DRINKS. THERE ARE GIRLS THERE.

DO YOU WANT ME TO GET WADE FOR YOU?

AFTER A TRIP TO STATION KLF, WHERE RUBY SITS IN ON 2 A.M. NEWSCAST AND SUGGESTS INTERVIEWER ASK WADE IF OSWALD WAS A MEMBER OF THE FREE CUBA COMMITTEE TO TIMES HERALD, WHERE HE DEMONSTRATES HIS 'TWISTBOARD -- A GIMMICK HE IS PROMOTING.

POOR K.M. KENNEDY -- JACKIE AND THE KIDS!

OSWALD'S A LITTLE WEASEL OF A GUY. I SCOOPED MY COMPETITORS WITH MY AD. I HELPED OUT WADE DURING THE CONFERENCE YOU SEE, I'M IN GOOD WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

4:30 A.M: RUBY GOES HOME, WADES HIS ROOMMATE, GEORGE SENATOR, AND CALLS GRAFORD AT THE CLUB.

THEY DRIVE TO A SPOT ON THE CENTRAL EXPRESSWAY.

POOR MRS. KENNEDY -- JACKIE AND THE KIDS!

OSWALD'S A LITTLE WEASEL OF A GUY. I SCOOPED MY COMPETITORS WITH MY AD. I HELPED OUT WADE DURING THE CONFERENCE YOU SEE, I'M IN GOOD WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

GET OUT THE POLAROID AND MEET US ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE CLUB...

THE GAY NINETIES IS CLOSED.

THE FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA COMMITTEE!

OSWALD... WAS A MEMBER OF THE FREE CUBA COMMITTEE.
Looking for a connection between the right-wing ad and the billboard, they go to the post office to examine the contents of the box listed in the ad. Unable to find out who rented the box, they peer into it.

"It's so stuffed with mail."

Saturday, Ruby leaves his apartment around noon and drives to Dealey Plaza, where, again, he acts as local assassination guide. Talks to reporters...

"That's Captain Fritz and Chief Curry over there looking at the flowers."

Ruby's next stop is at Sol's Turf Bar. He shows the pictures of the "Warren" sign.

"I know who to give these pictures to. I want it to be a scoop."

Looking for a connection between the right-wing ad and the billboard, they go to the post office to examine the contents of the box listed in the ad. Unable to find out who rented the box, they peer into it.

"It's so stuffed with mail."

Sunday 9:30 a.m., Ruby is awakened by a call from the cleaning lady. He is confused.

"Are you coming over what are you coming over for?"

Then he calls station KLIF.

I understand they are moving Oswald over to the county seat. Would Ruby like me to cover it? I believe I can get some news stories. I'm a pretty good friend of Henry Wade."

Then he calls station KLIF.

9:30 p.m., Nov. 25, Ruby calls Harry Meyers, a friend in Chicago.

"Those poor people! Those poor people! I have to do something!"

Around midnight he goes to the Pago Club, sits down and orders a coke...

"Why are you coming?"

During the morning, George senator notices Ruby pacing the floor, mumbling.

His lips are going. What he is jabbering, I don't know. But he is really pacing.

RUBY STRIDES 339 FT. AND 6 INCHES TO THE POLICE STATION.

11:21 a.m. You killed my president, you rat! "Jack! Jack! You son-of-a-bitch!"

11:21 a.m. You killed my president, you rat! "Jack! Jack! You son-of-a-bitch!"

I hope the son-of-a-bitch dies... you know me. - you know me - I'm Jack Ruby."

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RUBY STRIDES 339 FT. AND 6 INCHES TO THE POLICE STATION.
stories from his "bucket-of-bleed" days, of a stripper who worked for him told us, "Jack was a prick. He was bad. Yes—he acted audibly."

At The Silver Spur, there were many plays Jack bad to take away. He was not a big man—five-foot-nine, 170 pounds—but he was heavy in the arms and shoulders, and fast, and deft at his tactic of the saloon initiative. We found no memory, in the jumbled fight stories from his "bucket-of-blood" days, of his ever losing the play. He struck fast. Once, though, having struck, he left his hand too long in an opponent's face: "Dick" Dickerson chopped down on his finger and would not let go. By the time Jack shook him off, the flesh was mangled and one joint of his left index finger had to be amputated. Typically, Jack and Dickerson were friends when they met after this.

Even on South Ervey, Jack maintained strict, if eccentric, standards of decorum. "He didn't let no 'characters' in," one character told us. "Characters," in Ruby's world, is the truncated form of crime-story phrases, like "suspicious characters" and "questionable characters." "He threw me out four or five thousand times. The speaker is a very young man with a mien pout, Gilbert "Corky" Crawford. "I have a record, you see" (a five-page record of arrests, to be precise, on charges of pandering, and game and police would come in and sometimes take me out and sometimes take me to jail. So Jack said he didn't need my business." Did he ever throw you physically? "No!" Buddy Washburn, one of Sheriff Bill Decker's most promising young underatures (one of those who would later become the "hard hat," not a "stetson"), snorted at this. "He beat the hell out of Corky," Ruby, who despised "punks" and "characters," rarely found other ways of expressing disapproval. He miscalculated with his fists.

Decorum meant a great deal to Jack Ruby. He did not smoke or drink (his father was a teetotaler). He rarely talked Yiddish, not a Stetson), snorted at this. "He beat the hell out of Corky," Ruby, who despised "punks" and "characters," rarely found other ways of expressing disapproval. He miscalculated with his fists.

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Did you get along well with him? "Sure. He never beat me. He had his act down. He could cues straight on, like saying his prayers," one of his blonde said admiringly. "He could cues straight on, like saying his prayers," one of his blonde said admiringly. "He could cues straight on, like saying his prayers," one of his blonde said admiringly.

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When Jack was at The Vegas, his band-leader was the shy, proud Negro musician, Joe Johnson. Joe now plays the piano at a supper club before legging his saxophone over to The Pretty Kitty Saloon, out by Love Airport, where his band is playing. This is the kind of club Ruby moved up to from The Silver Spur. It is a small place thrashing with the amplified beat that keeps dancers at their puppet-jerks in the cramped area left them for maneuver. At intervals, a pumped young man would walk in and grunts back at the drum—five feet of silk suit and half a foot of elevator heels, mouthfuls of ashtrays as unshaped as the drum thuds. At unmercifully brief intervals, two bconomy girls make bare-limbed efforts at the square and forth called "go-go dancing." It looks like a prettily formalistic violent form of hoochie. Patronshourd be classified "rejunct" at Johnson, who says his smile is determinedly in place.

There was no talking to Johnson (or to anyone) in this club; but Denny's is just across the highway, and by one-thirty Joe can escape the inescapable cries for more of the same ("same" being one of this exaggerating crowd's rare accuracies). Jose carries himself with a poised décor; Texas long ago taught him his place—and thinks it did.

But he is accepted at Denny's which, from one to five a.m., is taken over by "show business folk." "They are night people," says Bill Willis (who does not join them but goes home to his wife, an interior decorator). "If they succeed has to be by working from eight to five, they don't want it. It's a grimy world, but it has the promise of glamour, and they live on that. At Denny's or Drinks—in Jack's day, at Lucas B and B Restaurant, right next to The Vegas—you meet the table-hoppers, comedy, and tell you that so-and-so is thinking of taking them into their set, or so-and-so is writing a song.

The diner is crowded: aging charmers, male and female; sculpted coiffures, male and female; self-consciously "casual" outfits,
girls with Tower-of-Pisa hairdo, raspberry-popnicke pasty, dragony eyelashes. These long-haired rough-skinned girls, their eyes framed in velvet, their figures not good enough for the tight pants that proclaim them, are treated to elaborately gaudy beer.

This is the world Ruby aspired to when he came to Dallas. He was on the outskirts of it for years, got one foot in with The Vegas, moved into its center with Carousel. Danny’s is at its rich hour, and we cannot get a seat until Bob Larkin comes in and ours a booth from the diner’s “mayor den.” Jack is new a private investigator for a team of lawyers who have to know what is going on in this world. Bob knows. He moves from table to table hierarchically hugging girls and dicing a short punch at each man’s arm. Bill Howard, an old friend of Ruby’s arrives Thunderbird-wailed to talk about his renovated Stork Club (“I was the first to bring the go-go girl to Dallas”). Howard invests in oil, and once got Jack out of a disastrous venture in Oklahoma wells (“If plunged into things, Jack was always a first-puncher”). Howard ran a club in Miami for a while, then Jack was on a trip to visit him while he was traveling on a free ticket to Havana. Sam and Joe Campisi, who run the Egyptian Lounge in Dallas but skip over to Las Vegas whenever they can, came into Danny’s after their own restaurant close. Joe Campisi liked to go to The Carousel to watch Ruby in action: “He was the best goddam man’s arm. Bill Reward, an old friend of Ruby’s, arrives Thunderbird-welled to talk about his renovated Stork Club (“I was the first to bring the go-go girl to Dallas”). Howard invests in oil, and once got Jack out of a disastrous venture in Oklahoma wells (“If plunged into things, Jack was always a first-puncher”). Howard ran a club in Miami for a while, then Jack was on a trip to visit him while he was traveling on a free ticket to Havana. Sam and Joe Campisi, who run the Egyptian Lounge in Dallas but skip over to Las Vegas whenever they can, came into Danny’s after their own restaurant close. Joe Campisi liked to go to The Carousel to watch Ruby in action: “He was the best goddam

After forty, it’s said, a man has the face he deserves. This is Ruby’s in various moods. Places to meet the Jesses he met. Not distinguished, perhaps, but adequate for the world he moved in.

worked for him—the drummer Bill Willis, “Mr. Texas” of 1952; trumpeter Johnny Anderson, once in Stan Kenton’s band; pianist Billy Simmon, who wrote M-i-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-p-p-p-p-p-.

in this world men reach the top of their short ladder rapidly and take, without strong feelings of loss, the short fall down. It is a world of reputations won and lost, or never lost because not won; claimed anyway, and enjoyed as if bestowed by crowds enthusiastically.

Crammed backstage in a tiny dressing room, Bill Willis looks like an overgrown adolescent. A solidly-mannered, non-smoking, non-drinking gymnast and devourer of books, he wears black woolens boots and has long blond hair his hands mother and his eyes seek out in this wall or that of the mirrored room. “Hell, man, Dallas is still a shoot-out town. When I was wrestling as Mr. Texas,” I had people see me on television and pile in the car to come over and whip me. I knew the sign. ‘Oh-oh,’ I’d say, ‘what can I do for you?’ There are people who go out on the streets here looking for someone to ‘draw’ on them. They have the look. You stare it down; or, if that won’t work, take them on. A smirk means they are confident you won’t even draw. There’s nothing to do with the smirk but meets it, up, right?”

And Jack understood the shoot-out code. “He had to live, didn’t he?” What about the view that he fought in sudden fits, not knowing what he did? “Well, the girl who said that is not very trustworthy. No, Jack knew. He didn’t want to beataste. He had to take the play. One time a rough boy started trouble and the M.C. hit him. Then Jack hit him, but he kept getting up. I went over and put a pin in him, and we were at the top of the stairs, this boy kicking at Jack and Jack cussing him, when some well-dressed people started coming up the stairs. Jack instantly said, just as cool as you please, ‘Come right up, folks. Step right over there. Just a couple of homes.’”

We told Bill a story given us by one of Jack’s waitresses. She had just begun working for him, and was underage. When a drunk got belligerent, Jack took her back into the kitchen. “Stay here,” he said, “there’s going to be trouble; the police will come.” He went out and pounded the fellow, then held him for the arrival of the officers. Does that sound like Jack? “Oh, yeah! One night he had two Vice Squad men at a table by the old halfway (he tore that wall out later, and moved the box office forward, but the chair sold to lead to the stairs). There was a guy at the bar who wouldn’t pay and wouldn’t leave. Jack went over to him several times, but got nowhere. So Jack grabbed him, raised him right into the half past the Vice men, quietly beat the shit out of him, and threw him downstairs; then picked up the conversation with the Vice men, who never knew anything had happened.”

What made him fight so much? “He used to say, ‘This is my home. I don’t want people spoiling it.’ He wouldn’t let anybody get away with anything.” But his club became known as a rough place precisely because he fought so much! “Yeah, well, he was so pleased, but he usually did the wrong thing for reaching his goal. It’s like his big words to impress you. They always come wrong. He’d say things like, ‘It’s been a lovely preparatory evening.’ Or he’d tell a girl, ‘You make me feel very important.’” (Another of Jack’s acquaintances told us he would say, “In lieu of the situation, let’s do this.”)

He was a Mr. Malaprop. “Yeah, he always did the very thing he was attacking. Like the time when Frank Fisher, our trumpeter, was loosing his part, and shouting

is pick It up; the package came hack unpaid

Obligingly sent him one C.O.D. to stir widening ripples; they hove just played

Ruby In action: “He after their own res-

The small-time Dellis gambler Lewis Mc-

Vegas and are halved with its neon. Anyone

The Carousel to watch

Ruby’s, arrives Thunderbird-welled to talk

about his renovated Stork Club I"1 was the

first to bring the go-go girl to Dallas”).

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Barney agrees with his brother. "Jack had to be there, even when he wasn't wanted. I put on a benefit for one of our performers who died, and he came offering to sell ten tickets. But he never let well enough alone. He met people as they came in that night, and tried to get them to buy more tickets. I said, 'Jack, leave them alone. They already bought their tickets.' So then he wanted to sell special tickets for the best seats; he wanted to be my usher; he wanted to help, and he only got in the way. Once I dropped by when my housekeeper had not come in. He said, 'Don't worry, I'll stay and take care of any trouble.' I told him, 'I don't want you to, Jack. You know, he doesn't stop trouble. He starts it. But he stayed anyway. He had a wonderful heart. When he hardly knew me, he read about my mother's funeral in the newspaper and came to it. He just had to get into everything, including the excitement of that weekend Kennedy died."

Barney's life was a continual jigsaw puzzle. He was a professional who shone in the limelight. He was a man of many faces, each one of them darker and more dangerous than the last. He was a businessman who profited from the sins of others. He was a Strip tease artist who used his body to make ends meet. He was a police officer who kept the peace on the Strip. He was a writer who chronicled the lives of the Strip girls. He was a man of many names, but only one was true. He was the man who saw everything and heard everything. He was the man who knew the secrets of the Strip. He was the man who lived life on the edge. He was the man who died young, but not from natural causes. He was the man who was never forgotten. He was the man who was the Strip.
but words by the service girls, he shifts his short-sleeve eyes comically and ruffles velvet feathers. He is the Weinstein bird. "It is time for NOHK." Barney takes us out to see his star, Nikki Joye, who is now working vet (withers. She Is the Weinstein bird. "It Is mined for the cartilage ground time for Nikki." Barney takes out to see loose when Abe -Yorke hard. She remains Barney's favorite, though she is dIatlusloning-over niece. She twirls warily tonight, rely-

"...".

below: she has what Jack called a "loose ness, which her act is designed to mix and sit with maximum agitation. One of Jack's waitresses, in a catty moment, accused her of having a crossed axe. The next day Tammi came in with set pieces stocked to her G-string (which is waist-high in back). She pulls that G-string far out in front, and shrieks surrendoringly (a trick brought to Dallas by Jack's last star, the metoric Jada).

Back into the dressing room with a per-

spring Bill, followed in a moment by a blonde perspiring Tammi. She Is smaller than she looked oscillating under lights. She blanks dark half-stars of eyelash down (chiming pleasantly with the pasties that star her breasts), sets her tired doll's face (really mummerised in makeup), and says: "I won't talk anything against that man." Why not? "I understand him. I'm like him." How so? "I have a quick temper too. I don't normally do what Jack did; but when the time comes—I know—oh, I tell you that no thing. Yes. I told you I understand him."

Bill leaves his shoulders out of the room. Tammi, planching after him, says in her gravely waffle, "a good boy, Bill. But he takes liberties." The Victorian location sits oddly with this girl's truck-driverisms—un-

periences across a house matchbook (corks on the cover, with little cardboard houses for the breasts).

Above, in his arena, Bill Willis concocts hysteria on his drums. "That's when I write my plays," he told us. What plays? "Oh, there is my dog in a Syncope Tree. A man is whittling on his porch one morning when something black epithizes his hard. Son," says, "what are we breeding in the bug way these days?" "Wa-al," says the boy, locking up. "I that tree I see a ladybug, a cicada, and..." "Volkswagen." The VW is driven by a can-

diate for office who wanted a divorce. He luried on holding out till after election, so his wife ran off the day before. He thought what the hell and took off with his girl. But she somehow drove them off the road, off a cliff, and into the tree. The candidate, you see, is now packed illegally close to a voting booth. But they cannot take him away with-out chopping down the tree, and the tree is the last standy in Smyreman Junction."

"We wish it, Sau. 'How's that for a dramatic (blama)? He was known for pulling Jack's leg, too. When Jack said he would match whatever his employees gave to charity at Christmas, Bill (the one chosen to hold money because he does not drink) came o him and said, "Here it is, Jack—four hundred dollars." Jack had his four hun-

dred counted out before Bill told him they ad only scraped up fifty.

Niki's hair is spitz herself to a controlled (linear, arching her upper torso out while, effily, she veils her stomach bluge—true to can fake it. It is time for the penultimate hill—the M.C. At Joel routine (it had a come, sooner or later: better sooner, as it comes later). Bill Willis leads the "spontane-

ous" applause when the lights go up—lentily moves around with tie, and pots and stairs, almost like a dog, into the tree. He paid the deposit on my apartment in the house where he lived. Did he have any designs on you? "No." Why not? Wasn't he in-

terested in girls? "He laid some, and he liked the others." And he liked you? "Yes. Of course, we had our clashes." For in-

stance. "Well, he never let an M.C. tell racial or religious jokes—not about any race. One time he thought I was off base. In Decem-

ber, I stilled "Merry" across the net on one butt, and "Xmas" on the other. He came back-

stage and said, 'I don't think it's good for us to have Christmas' name on your arm.' I told him, 'For Christ's sake, Jack, it only says X-Mas. Do you want me to put Yom Kippur on the other?' That finished him. He just mumbled something about thinking it over."

"They are ready to hit—why shouldn't be?" The girls Tammi works with are a tough crew, at the same time, a lot of trouble, they have one shoe off, their weapon. After Tammi beat up her good friend Alice, they went on being good-friend—like Jack and "Dub" Dickerson.

Did he ever talk to you about politics? "No. But he liked that picture of Carolinas in high heels. And he always turned the TV on in the back of the club when the President spoke—an Inaugural Address or State of the Union Message. The press asked me whether Jack was a queer. I said no, and they took that as if I had been proving he wasn't in bed. It wasn't true, but I don't care what they say away from me as long as they don't talk about Jack so much." Time for the mummy-doll to dress again (as she undresses) and put on her stage post. Shortly after she leaves, Bill returns. Tammi is loyal to Jack, isn't she? "She's a good girl. She's steady and hardworking, and keeps a good home for her grandmother and children. At least she's not a lesbian.

Are most of the strippers? "Well, many. You should see them fight over the green girls who come in." Why is this? "Oh, it's narcissism, I guess. They're making love to themselves out there. The only bodies they're interested in are women's." (In the other Weinstein club, Buddy Rayment, an ema-

ciated comedian turned bartender, gave us his Interpretation: "When they have been panned as many times by as many guys, they begin to think there must be something bet-

ter." One of the strippers told us she amuses herself by dreaming up tortures; she is in the one who supplements her income with labor to tillulate an impotent old man.) What did Jack think of the girls? "He worried about them. Said he wanted no prostitutes working for him. But he didn't know what he wanted. He was generous when they got in trouble, bailing them out, loaning them money to get home or come back to work. A girl named Bonnie called from New Orleans and asked for money to get out of a hot-check charge and back to Dallas. He said, 'Who the hell is Bonnie?' We told him, and he sent her the money; but he didn't rem-

ember who she was.

Did he ever talk about politics? "Nah, he wasn't really interested. He was patriotic and every thing, but he would have been that way about any President. What impressed him about the Kennedys was how important they were in authority and they had glamour. Just like movie stars, he'd say. One day he claimed he saw an actress out at Love Airport—I think it was Rhonda Fleming or Arlene Dahl —and went right over to join her for lunch. He came home happy as a lark. Another time, I went to see the American Ballet Theatre with my wife, and he said he was going to go into the program; in it Jackie Kennedy was posing with members of the troupe. I asked, 'Isn't that wonderful? She so famous as a star, and going to see something cultural like that?' He asked me later, "Do you think she really cares about ballet?" 'Sure, Jack,' I said, 'he seemed relieved. "Isn't she wonder-

ful?" He would come up and ask me things like, 'Is Leonard Bernstein really that good a musician?' (Continued on page 118)
Ava says, "You're beautiful. Go-er!" She laughs her Ava laugh and the head rolls back and the little blue vein bulges on her neck like a delicate pencil mark.

Two tequilas later ("I siss no salit!" she is nodding grandly, surveying the bar like the Boyegee Empress in the Requiem Scene. Talk bursts around her like hummingbird wings and she hears nothing. Larry is telling about the time he got arrested in Madrid and Ava had to get him out of jail and the student is telling me about N.Y.U. Law School and Ava is telling how she doesn't believe he's only twenty-six. She's old enough to be his mother and she looks at his watch and says Sandy Kofis is playing in St. Louis."

"You're kidding!" Ava's eyes light up like cherries on a cola. "Let's go Goddamn! We're going to St. Louis!"

"Ava, darling, I can't go to work tomorrow," Larry takes a heavy sip of his Guiness.

"Shut up, you bugger. I'll pay for us all to go to St. Louis! Can I get a phone brought to this table? Someone called Kennedy airport and found out what time the next plane leaves. I love Sandy Kofis! I love Ava! God! I think I'mJennifer myself! A Spanish Jew from North Carolina. Waiter!"

The student continues her harp by the time we got to St. Louis they'd be halfway through the seventh inning. Ava's face falls and she goes back to her straight tequilas.

"Look at 'em, Larry," she says. They're such babies. Please don't go to Vietnam. Her face turns serious. Just leaving the showboat with William Warfield singing Of Mice and Men by the crew. "It's gotta do it..."

"What are you talking about, darlin'?" Larry shoots a look at the law student who assures Ava he has no intention of going to Vietnam. "I didn't ask for this world, the buggers made us do it..."

A tiny bubble bursts at sweat breaks out on her forehead and the legs up from the table. "My God, I'm outcasting! Gotta get some air!" She turns over the glass of tequila and three waiters are flying at us like bats, dabbing and putting and making great breathing noises.

The N.Y.U. student, playing Chance Wayne to his Alexander Del Lang, is all over the place like a trained horse. Coats fly out of the cloakroom. Bills and quarters roll across the vast tablecloth. Ava is on the other side of the bar and out the door. On us, the other customers, who have been making elaborate excuses for passing our table on their way to the bathrooms, suddenly give great breathy choruses of "Ava!" and we are through the side door and out in the rain.

Then as quickly as it started it's over. Ava is in the middle of Park Avenue, the start falling around her neck and her hair blowing wildly around the Ava eyes. Lady Brett is in the traffic, with a downtown bus as the ball. Three cars stop on a green light and every taxi driver on Park Avenue begins to hoot. The auto-graph hunters leap through the polished door of The Regency and begin to scream. Inside, still waiting uselessly behind the portrait in, Cella, oblivious to the noise, facing the elevators, firmly clutching her postcards. No need to risk missing Ava because of a minor commotion on the street. Probably Jack E. Leonard or Edie Adams. Catch them non week it is.

Outside, Ava is inside the taxi flaked by the N.Y.U. student and Larry, bowing kisses to the new crew, who will never grow to be an old one. They are already turning the corner into Fifty-seventh Street, facing into the kind of night, the color of tomato juice in the headlights, that only exists in New York when it rains.

"Who was it?" asks a woman walking a poodle.

"Jackie Kennedy," answers a man from his bus window. **

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**YOU ALL KNOW ME! I'M JACK RUBY!**

(Continued from page 27) I told him he was, and he was happy. He didn't like rhetoric, and he didn't trust himself in mixing up the cultural scene. He knew I read a lot, and he used to ask me what some big word meant.

The night before Kennedy's assassination, he was up on the stage to demonstrate a blueprint he was promoting. Even President Kennedy talks to us, more exercise, he said. A herald shot, "That bullet! Don't even talk to that way about the President." Jack shot back. The next day, when he called me all broken up by the assassination, he said, "I'm member that man making fun of President Kennedy in the club last night?"

What else did he say? "Well, I was crying and carrying on. "What do you think of a character like that killing the President?" I was trying to calm him down. I said, "Jack, he's not normal; no normal man kills the President on his lunch hour and takes the bus home." But he just kept saying, "He killed our President.""

"Pappy" Delboni pulls his head into the little box where we are cramped particularly. He seems in, vested, stoic-cooked, over-coated, and stays for some time without visible discomfort. He is about seventy, a night animal, nothekle with eyes and weary by a thousand petty vio-

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EXQUISE, MAY 155
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those Rose Brothel hernngboned or 4i-descent one? just

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It. She has a kind of silly innocence.

lay, "Alice, what can I be, even for the thousandth time."

Lay, "Alice, what can I be, even for the thousandth time."

range, sinking her deeper in voracious imagination. that makes her always the seduced

Hunter is a champagne girl who worked for Jack five years. She is
talk to Diana. Diana is a good champagne girl.

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Diana is a good champagne girl. How one can help paying her, doing things for her, helping her in immediate terms (hereby, over the long range, ranging her deeper in voracious imagination). Jack used to say, "Alien, what can I do with Diana when she burns those spinal eyes on me?" She knows her power, laughs at it and uses it even as she tells us of it. She has a kind of silly innocence that makes her always the seduced one, even for the thousandth time.
How to Make Love to a City

Find a city that's lonely.
Build a great house there.
Invite people in.
Treat them kindly.
Love will occur.

The Plaza is a great house containing enough guest rooms and suites for businessmen and honey-moonsers and traveling shiks and college men and movie folk and suburbanites and devilwares and diplomats and anybody. It also contains special rooms for singing, dancing, dining, dining, socializing and reclining. The way people carry on about it you'd think it's the only place like it in the world. It is. The Plaza is found on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street where love intersects with New York City. Love conquers all.

THE PLAZA
HOTEL, CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ESQUIRE: MAY 1936
Bill Willis to death. He sits right by that door. Funny isn't it? The big ones, they are, the more scared they are. But I said I would aim my bow somewhere else. In the second stage, I shot it at the back of the stage, and it hit a big gold plaque with a horse on it. Remember, it was Saturday night, our big night, all faces standing at the bar; but when Jack saw that, he let out a scream and came shooting across the floor, up to the stage, up to the horse, and pulled out the arrow— I'm dreaming the whole time—and zipped at me. All the gold damners in the goddams world would have to solve that problem here.

Was this because he was afraid of the Vice Squad? Diana: "Oh, it's the damn slab. Jack: "He checked us beyond the point of protecting his interests. Then why did he introduce girls to policemen who were interested in them? Diana: "He didn't.

Diana: "He did do. But he never thought of that as hustling. Not as it did. That was just getting 'my friends' together.' Did he do many favors for the police? Diana: "Yes, he gave them a few drinks, even after hours. He couldn't do enough for them— including some of the ones who belittled him after his arrest. He thought cops gave the clubs class! Was it a good club? Alice: "Everyone was going up there at the end, just those other clubs when they got Jack off. Jack was so determined to come up from the bottom and beat his competition. The Wimsett's? Diana: "Yes. Was he doing it? Alice: "He was on the verge, at the end. Diana: "Oh, we were beating hell out of the other clubs! But they say Jack was in financial trouble. Alice: "I guess he was personally, but we were packing them in. We sold awful lot of champagne, I used to make $650 some weeks. It was a bad night for us to make under $80." Diana: "Jack just liked to see that stuff up. And we had a team. Jack would fire one of us, and we'd quit. We got the basement station girls right back on the stage. If you want to do that? Alice: "Get them to sleep with him, if we need them, we'll kick in and pay her. We paid them $60, and that finished them." Diana: "Did I mean to do that? Of course. That was the only way to keep things stable around the club. We all knew how to please Jack and get our way. Alice: "Sure, I got a piece. Then, the first time she did something wrong to her good way, I said, 'Get your ass out of here! We want high-class girls.'

Weren't there any girls who really slept with him and refused to go along with you? Alice: "One. But I feed her. I asked a friend on the Vice Squad to tell Jack she was a prostitute. Jack had told me I would go before this girl did; she was a nice girl. But pretty soon she came up, and said, 'Alice, did you know that girl was looking for me?' Alice: "Yes. I didn't want to keep her.

What's the only thing in the world? Diana: "Oh, I had a friend who was a high-class girl, but she got her ass out of there! We want high-class girls.'

What happened to Jade? Alice: "Well, you asked what he was asking for? He was a friend of Jack's. And he had a friend on the Vice Squad who was a prostitute. Jack had told me I would go before this girl did; she was a good girl. But pretty soon she came up, and said, 'Alice, did you know that girl was looking for me?' Alice: "Yes. I didn't want to keep her.

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burgers for everyone in the house. Paul had to look hard and
scooped up the big

Once he threw a party for us after the
show. George cooked up the big
turkey so we couldn’t raffle—no one
who won it wanted to give it away.
Jack had rented a hotel suite for
the night, and here comes George down
the corridor with the hot turkey. But
Jack stopped him, because Mill Joseph
had crashed the party, as usual. I’ll
deem it if I’m going to feel that
character,” he said, so we all had to
wait till Bill left before we ate our
turkey. He couldn’t stand Joseph,
who came from his old neighborhood
in Chicago.

It is after one in the morning. Benny
has become Lorraine for this last
 harassed by the new teen. Bill

Takes liberties” up. In his drummer’s
Rae” on-net; and Bill Walls

To mei perch—meditative bug In to & mei
sycamore—main bank nee a fourteen-etory neon
loot of hie own green cigar; Nikki and
I. emptying her life into a spit glass;

Middlemen
pique or smoke. Dien, back inside,
sign. it is • town full of imam -loath ,

side, not the “Merry” onei to Wire
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Benny Is becoming the human equiv..
cold turkey. He couldn’t eland Joeeph,

Dark Ruby was, to the MOO,” pro-
Meters!, a “lorsigrier.” But he woo not

he damned if I’m going to feed that

hehoe.*

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That’s what makes it
dependable as gravity.

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or pulling. No jamming, no anything.

Kodak Carousel Projectors

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Now make your own stereo cartridge to play in your automobile or home!
to explain to them what he did was wrong, but they were glad that Mr. Ruby got the man who killed the President. You know how kids are.

"When my mother and her sister came to visit us, Jack took them out to lunch. They were crazy about him. He was always very polite and gentle with them. And with his girl friend, Allen Nichols. Who was she? "a secretary at an insurance company; she's still there. Jack dated her, on and off for eleven years. She was a very nice, handsome woman, and he had an almost exaggerated respect for her. Did she love him? "I think so." Why were they never married? "He told me he promised one of his parents, I think his father on his deathbed, never to marry a gentile." (Mrs. Nichols, a shy widow, told the FBI that Jack said he could not marry her because he was not worthy of her.)

Did you see many fights at The Vegas? "Grun, some people come to clubs like that liking to start trou-
ble. If that's what they wanted, Jack took care of them. But he never looked for a fight. I only saw him 10 succeed at a fight one time. The Hill-Claflors were out at Memorial Auditorium, and I went to visit an old acquaintance of mine, Eddie Crow, in the troupe. When I got to the dressing room, Jack was waiting outside the door, ready to jump Eddie. I asked him why; he had seen the show and he was going to beat up the guy who told the joke. I told him there was no malice in the Inoffensive Catholic and ethnic stories the Hill-Clairs told, but he didn't like any racial or religious jokes. I finally got him cooled down."

"Though I didn't see him much at that time, he dropped in here at un such times when he needed to talk to me. Once or twice he offered to help him phrase a letter—he was writing a lot to the important union leaders, trying to get the Weingarten union laws. When we finished writing over the letter, he would dictate it to my secretary. He wanted to protect the day Kennedy was shot. He had been at City Hall, and he was writing to ask the club would be closed for three days. He asked me what we were going to do. I told him, 'Jack, you can't just close a hotel.' People have to have a place to eat and sleep. But he expected the whole city to close down. He was upset that Dallas would be smashed. I remember telling him how much the Stevenson incident would hurt the Stevenson business."

"When I was asked to testify at the change-of-venue hearing, there was some talk that the national corporation wouldn't be happy at my asking. Jack a good friend there in the courtroom. My wife and I talked it over, and decided I had to give up my job if it would help Jack. He would have done the same for me." Do you think others in Dallas had the same pressure put on them? "Sure. I saw some important people in his house, people who would never deny they ever went there."

"Was Jack afraid of a certain kind? "Like steel. Of course, you couldn't believe him. He was going to meet you at a certain time. He was always late. He would get caught talking to someone; and if he stopped talking, he would start right up with someone else before he could get out the door. He seemed always to be on the run—glaring at a paper the always had one with him), jumping up to leave, saying he was late for another appointment (he probably was)—but he hated to break off any conversation. He was a compulsive talker, even about the most personal things."

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ESQUIRE: MAY 189

The apartment house Is a half-
metal for slow-motion transients, mainly young working girls who share a two-bedroom apartment ($125) until they move on to main-
Says the letter to Caroline: “Coming to Dallas for the weekend. Can and will be there by Monday morning.”

“Caroline, you must have a lot of courage in your veins.” (Like the Jews; Jews have guts.)

“You will cry. My children did. My wife did. And I did. But mentally sick and mentally evil are very difficult to understand. Yes, and evil, the kind Ruby fought up and that was out; the kind he has grown up with, been forced to clear deliberately from his path. He has caused escape rooms from the ghetto. They would have smothered him, the answers, had he let them, coming at him from all sides. But he rose above them, took the play from them, hit out always at that power. He throws the newspaper down, too, blue-eyed to read further. “If you paint it; the way he lets it, there would likely be someone who /knows more than me”/ at that page.”

Four Caroline, poor Jackie. (“He was the prize protector.”) Coming to Dallas for this. How can she even face Dallas again? at the trial, for instance saw out Dallas once. (“The Stereoview resident would hurt her brain. “God, they wouldn’t need killing! That’s what they all say, anyway like a crazy monster, he can’t be cut in little bits.”) (“Why did I plant it in the seed. Just someone something to him.”)

It is after nine, and City Hall is swarming with newsmen. Chad Cory and last night they would not miss anything if they came by ten in the morning, but few believed them. They did what he did Saturday; they meant to throw them off the track. Chad Cory, he, may be their telltale. In carbon city platforms after questions chips at that same facade, to keep alive, you need some, you need some. It life, failures. Failure leads to his natural gentleness. And then the floor was free protective toward. No one disliking sees. It was a moment he has heard many times in the last two days, foreign calls. The TV crews merceriously on, making the incredible impression that the world itself, ever and over, that is why we lose pictures in the kitchen for more grapefruit and to savour. Mr. Jack Ruby is dedicated about his food, accustomed to facing medium-long distances from small stores or hot plates. He has always lived in “a room” or rooms, not out of. He has been getting out of his bed, a brutal, drunken faker—a place to let out of. He has been getting out even since. He wants to “Home.”

Ten minutes a.m. The phone in the apartment rings again. At this
very moment Chief Curry is telling the newswoman that Oswald will be moved in an armored car (the urgent call went out to the Armored Motor Service half an hour ago, and the driver has been hailed from the Sunday School class he was teaching). Ruby answers, "Hello?" This is Lyons again." In Fort Worth. He gave her five dollars last night, when the news came over the air and found the clubs still closed. She has no salary coming; it was all advanced in her long ago. But she and her husband must pay something on their rent and groceries or they cannot stay, cannot eat. They have to have twenty-five dollars.

Ruby remembers how angry he got, last night, at her phone call for money—how she could think of anything but the President's death. (He said that to her on the same day he demonstrated the. twistboard to Texas Herald employees. He used to get angry at Eve for being so impatient as not to pay her poll tax—which Ruby had not paid for four years.) He remembers, too, his storm of anger at poor Larry. He is angry at the world these days. Larry? That's right! There's no one to feed the dogs. Sunday it Andrew's day off. I have to feed them. Poor Lynn needs the money at once. They can't eat till they get it. All right. Can she go to the Western Union office in Fort Worth? Yes. "I will take about twenty or thirty minutes to get dressed, and then I will go down. I have to go near there anyway to feed the dogs and let them out."

It is almost ten-thirty. The newswomen are getting restless; they had come to believe the ten-o'clock moving time. Ruby stretches his weight-lifter's arms, lifting the weight of full concentration. Like many night people, he wakes up slowly, at no set time, against no regular deadline. He is used to dressing leisurely. This is the last morning he will be able to. Every morning after this, for the rest of his life, he will rise early, prepared against his protests to face increasingly empty days from their very onset.

Today, though, not even Lynn's call can hurry him. Not even the thought of his hungry dogs.

First, a shower. Bar dwelling. (Eva will pick it up for him the next three years.) He studies and rubs, combs and studies. Disposing his remains of hair almost straight by using his fingers, he achieves a slightly off-center part—a hairline variation that he has for years. The elaborate asymmetry of those few strands above his stump, like thin barriers against the enemy—Barbara and many of the more dangerous because potentially comic. The one thing Ruby used to want to be a clown. One of his recurrent key words is "narcissistic." Elegance is at issue as, after scratching, he moves two hairs across the driveway, right to left, strong side to weak.

Must be at one's best when meeting History. He lathers up and shaves once; British blade, the kind George was pushing; good product. He lathers again, and shaves slowly back and forth from every angle. Ruby has a heavy beard; any shadow of it would accentuate his jawlines. Even in jail, he will shave twice every day (still with a British blade, backed into the razor with a key the guard retains). His hands are hairy too, battle-scarred; chewed off at one point, that stump on his left hand. He has a ring on that hand, winding it as he pulls his face back and forth to turn curves into planes for his blade's rasping; not a big ring by Texas standards, though it has three diamonds in it. A recent acquisition. No one will remember a star sapphire among Ruby's "characteristics."

He studies himself in the mirror, challenging, hoping, waiting approval from that face as he does from all other faces. He has brows that hood his eyes—Lloyd Nolan brows. Nose too big for Nolan, though; and too many chins, despite his sweating in the Y. (Chin up, eyes down, tie the Windsor knot, silk tie.) The eyes keep returning to his face. They do not rest easily on one thing, but slide on, always, wary of blown and vulnerable for "the big one." Eyes of someone forever being moved on. ("He was always afraid someone in the next room was talking about him.")
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Go Go Go au Village Squire

1. Saltbush mash four parts, river potato one part. Use a little olive oil, five spatchcocked and sliced tomatoes, and a half clove garlic. Add one or two black-eyed peas. Simmer in a pot over low heat, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot with rice. Yields 6 servings.

2. Portuguese Lentil Soup

Ingredients:
- 1 cup dried lentils
- 4 cups vegetable stock
- 1 onion, diced
- 2 carrots, diced
- 2 celery stalks, diced
- 1 green bell pepper, diced
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper to taste

Instructions:
- Rinse the lentils and soak them overnight in water.
- In a large pot, sauté the onion, carrots, celery, and green bell pepper in olive oil until tender.
- Add the lentils, vegetable stock, bay leaf, and vegetables to the pot.
- Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and simmer for 1.5 hours, or until the lentils are tender.
- Season with salt and pepper to taste.
- Serve hot with crusty bread.

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of a promoter ("He was always glancing over my shoulder to see if there was some bigger name to tell to!"). Eyes ready for challenges ("You learn to be a jungle walker"); Always in motion, they belong to a man al-

way moving, looking for the next spot to jump, watching where the play is, ready to take the play away.\n
Pinning eyes, distrustful—driving other eyes desperately in his con-

vocation, break to break off, lonely but afraid. Appreciative about un-

derence, which he shows provisional-

ly, where it seems most safe, with a self-protective groveliness ("Get the holl out of here and take care of that kid"). How mask can he risk? Not too

much: surely benevolence toward human; see with the bono-station girls; love for brothers and sisters, as long as they are silent (too near). Way too are dangerous, and must be altered; exorbitant devotion to his parents—from the very moment that they died; vaguely warm companionship with a widow long safely at a distance by "respect". Love shows the

refuse of jungle walkers. Even human and bono-station girls can mock. Only the dogs stay loyal. It is safe to love them. Or is it? Leo Tosti remembers the time when Ruby said. "Look at that dog. I actually love him, do everything I can for him. I wonder if the sonwhitch hates my girls."

Move your eyes, moving man, time to move. Such in the gut. Dar's suit jacket. Glasses in the pocket. Next gray hat, same stamped in gold in-

side. Home is where the hat is, a mov-

ning marquee, its message not reach-

ing the outside. No overcome. Duck-

ing in here and there and back out, he

would have to shed and don and carry and check it. A coat is like affection, too wavily, slowing everything; impedes the swing of

tightened shoulder ("Javic was a first-

panther"). Ruby own no overcoat.

He'll be needing money. There is some locked in the closet ($120.41), more scattered around the apartment ($26.87). Not enough to meet the entire payroll. Besides, I have to treat the boys—and many of the boys are here now, newcomers from everywhere—need my roll. I can do bet-
ter than the sandwiches I bought them yesterday—that's what, I do everyday for my friends. Get the money and get from the cat.

("Warner he was carrying the money. He kept his paws handy.")

He is pacing the rooms and mum-
mbling to himself. Hard to remember all he has to do today. Hard to get the load of conversations up in one weight-lifter's match. Why should he? In everything there is to be done, what can he do? There is no displas-
ing that dead center of his numinosity. No bringing a dead man back. No way to un-kill, erase the memory from Jackie's mind, spare Caroline. Senator watches him pace, hears him mutter, but makes out no words. Ruby's friends, asked what actor could play him in a movie, turn in-

variably to types like Martin Brandes, Telly Savalas, Ralph Meeker—men with aunts for longears, who wash out to sk, blast off to l, e a d. Ruby's tip bothers him; he tries to talk slow-

ly, to correct it ("Was if he had had a few drinks and was being careful how he spoke."). granite. In prison he will practice over and over, pronouncing the names Iakhrach, Memeh, and Abednego. But when he is excited, the lips and the ghetto ac-

cent fill his mouth with the thicken-
ing bitter perfrings of his past; syn-
tax disappears: he babbles. This morning he paces and babbles a full five minutes, all confused plans (what
Ruby's car is in his traveling office; the "Chinese" in the club is where a succession of bums. Even his files and "furniture" are wheeled on and off the move. There is nothing fixed or settled about Ruby, his hangers transients because he is one. The car is in like a two-deck (by a 1959 model) must be flashy with the I.S.E. after him (as if style were taxable "entertainment"). Sheba takes the back seat, which she keeps in a proprietary shabbiness. Ruby pulls his little transistor out of the glove compartment and flicks it on; turns it down to a minor to talk with a neighbor, out at the end of the drive; then enters the Thornton Freeway (which runs right by his apartment). It is almost eleven. The armored car is on its way to City Hall. Andrew is arriving at the club, despite the fact that the day's events—things are too unsettled; he has to find out what is going on; he is shocked to see the dogs have not been fed, Joe Caragana is pushing his boys in the car for Mass. Forrest Service, of the Secret Service, is being allowed to question Oswald. Ruby does not stay at the Thornton Freeway, versus, instead, left along Industrial Boulevard. It is finally where it meets Main, tagged incessantly toward Dallas Plaza, as thousands will be in future months and years. Tomorrow, and for the next three years, Ruby himself will be one of "the First" in the city, the blackest, the best business. He lives above it in his prison corridor. His car, "no. 1", under the Thornton Freeway—where Kennedy, approaching, is sandbagged on the other side, was fired from, he comes out of the underpass ruby slowly, in his car, angled in the noose of trajectories already being spun by conjecture and hypothesis. It is scared air he drives through. To the left of the street, on Travis Street, a crowd farms from the wreaths and facing the tail (Ruby's future home, the most set-"field nursing he will ever do. Oswald must be in there, the bullets shot from the apartment building to the School Deck's Courthouse. The radio is vague about the time of transfer, but Ruby heard yesterday it was in the afternoon."

On up Main, still reversing Kennedy's course, past danger on the left. "Faykuss, on the house."

The circuit, in Downtown, where City Hall is—on the same block as the Western Union that is open on a Sunday. There are friends or reporters talking to a policeman as Ruby drives past, referred hole in City Hall which lets police cars underground in park. On the other side of the building in which an armored car has just jockeyed with difficulty "out of the small mouth of the exit. Ruby bags the car, a spectator is going out. He and to be on everything!"

There is too much to do. (TLTV crews, perhaps pushing up their equipment, "being fed and served! "Now he must get back to the left lane; he wants to pull up in a parking lot across the street. But a meeting bus blocks the other east- bound lane besides him; he cannot even ahead of the bus or even be hidden in it to make the turn. He always will be in even with the bus, waiting for the tail light of the bus to clear, then swings hard left into the lot from the far-right lane ("He was a spook—he acted suddenly."

Ruby—whom is almost superstitious about the law, rererencen it and tempted to break it and feeling remorse about it afterward—has just committed his second nominate infraction of the law.

The let is on the corner of Male and Pearl, directly facing the Western Union offices. Sheba jumps into the front seat and crouses in last week's newspaper ("He always had a paper with him."). Ruby here, girl. He puts the transmitter in the glove compartment. He needs to lock the doors. He opens the trunk, his feet cabinet and back and transparent boxes, tossing the keys down in the first part of this dracy tissue sheet, and rummage through. In the rear, junk, money; a molding soldier he never uses (or came with the guns); brass knuckles in the corner, bag, where he keeps the weapons. (Take the gun now. God! How I'd like to use it on that character?)

The money is in two places. He takes the bigger amount ($2,013.25) and leaves the smaller ($2,013.25). He puts the smaller gun in his right-hand pocket, in the money in his left; it is one motion, the two go together. Seals trunk. (Darn!) Forgotten to pick the keys back up. My head is a hurricane these days.

It's all right, though—extra trunk key in the glove compartment. He keeps it there always, with his wallet. George Senator has never seen a wallet on Ruby or his room—it is good only for the license he needs when driving. Ruby saves his pocket for Camerons cards, and twine, cards, and pictures of his girls. The glove-compartment key is there so Ruby can get to his second key ring—farther back in the trunk. In a sense—if he misses the first. Bill Wills remembers taking a night that go to the garage under the Carousel: "I told him I keep my extra keys under the hood, and once I lose my pocket key, and Jack said he kept a spare in the trunk."

(He'll get out the keys when I come back. Over the street. Still those four or five people at the other end of the block. I wonder why?)

Oswald is pulling on a sweater in Captain Pitts's office. Ruby adjusts his glasses—'', he wears them just a little as possible—and prints Little Lil on Lyen's maiden name on the form Karen Bennett. However, he neglects the bottom of the form; Doyle Lea, the clerk, must ask for his address, and write it in: 11113 's Commerce. Not the apartment house. That is not house, there is no home, The Carousel comes closest. Lane copies the address, and other information, a second time; this is the receipt he will give to Ruby. The minister clicks by now. Lane stamps the receipt: 1963 Nov 24 AM II le. Ruby puts the gun away, looking one of its dark wings on his breast pocket, while Lane writes a duplicate of the receipt, to keep in the office: writes rapidly, with only a glance or two at the stamp of finger prints: copies the address the third time, wrong; 13215; and stamps the second receipt: 1963 Nov 24 AM II le. A new minute has stopped itself in the machine, a contoured minute that men will naggle over and cline to and question. Ruby takes his copy and puts it in his pocket.

(Must get the keys out, drive Sheba in the club. The dogs need an airing; then leave Sheba with them; can't have her waiting for me in the car all day while I mix with the other reporters. But those
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did not hallucinate.