



But in Naugahyde, the only cafe available is a 10 mile traverse over soon to be snowy country roads to the next village. There stands Starbucks Coffee, the county's sole Mecca for the self-employed. The store's accent is on *coffeeshop*. Instead of newspapers, an antique coffee mill graces the counter. There are numerous colorful and cutesy coffee-related items for sale. The sound system plays muted baroque guitar concerti. The decor is clean, subdued, and mellow.

The early morning traffic, intent commuters in a hurry, refill their very own Starbucks "grande" size plastic insulated mug as their *simpatico* travel companion for the hour drive or train hop into Manhattan. A few regulars stay and sip their coffee, silently peruse a New York Times, and quickly slip back to their daily grind, taking their paper with them. Around 9 AM, the scene shifts, and duck-bobbed blondes, escaping their children and the waiting chores at home, wander in and greet their friends for relaxed kaffeeklatch.

With four times the space, Starbucks has the same number of tables and staff as the News Bar but the lackadaisical service and hyper-intensity vacuum belie their kinship. Still, with a dearth of alternatives, everyone is carefully grateful that the six month old store exists at all. Since the time of Johnson, Ben not Lyndon, a cafe has functioned mainly as the vital social watering hole, inspiration before chat lines and bulletin boards, and never as just another hole in the mall. Latte is never enough.