

Couth or Consequences

You know the series about New York City's ad-agency types, *Mad Men*. Well, if etiquette expert **Thomas P. Farley** could create a show about our charity-circuit types, he'd definitely call it *Bad Men*.

New York City men don't have a monopoly on bad behavior, but apparently there's something about being browbeaten into buying a table at a "Save the Purple-Spotted Tiger Moth" fundraiser that brings out the worst in the males of our species. Yes, he knows how to dress the part—from glistening cuff links to knotted bow tie, crease-free dinner jacket to brightly polished shoes. Too often, however, the gentlemanliness ends there. Glance around the room, and you'll see men dressed up like million-dollar troupers exhibiting boorish behavior of the sort you'd expect from a roomful of high school sophomores.

Among the archetypes, you'll spy:

THE SAILOR He needs to prove he's one of the boys, but forgets he's not in the locker room at the Health & Racquet Club. To wit: Mayor Bloomberg's reported aside about the derrière of a woman in a tight gown at a certain party last December: "Look at the a** on her." Charming, Mr. Mayor.

THE SULKER He's there because his wife threatened to divorce him if he bailed. He'll spend most of the night ignoring the other guests at his table, and pass the time answering e-mails and texting. You can bet dollars to doughnuts he'll be lumbering toward the exit just moments after he's scraped the last crumbs from his dessert plate.

THE PEACOCK The male equivalent of an ingénue who wears a shocking red dress to a wedding (and handily steals the bride's thunder) the Peacock drapes himself in attire so loud that his entire look and demeanor shout: "Look at me! Look at me!" He craves massive amounts of attention and will stop at nothing to get it.

THE BORE The opposite of the Sulker, he spends the entire evening droning on about his latest corporate conquest. By night's end, there will be precious little you don't know about him, and he'll know absolutely zilch about you—not even your name.

THE GRIZZLY His date spent the afternoon at the salon, having her brows plucked and hair pulled to mirror-smooth perfection. He, on the other hand, has neglected even the simplest grooming essentials, such as trimming ear and nostril hair or keeping his cuticles clean.

THE OAF He completely missed Manners 101. It won't even cross his mind to make sure his date doesn't have to slide across the taxi seat, or don or doff her own coat. By the end of the night, when cabs prove hard to come by, he'll suggest they walk the 15 blocks home to East 75th Street. After she points to her 6-inch heels, he'll counter: "But it's such a nice night!"



Philanthropist and entrepreneur Emma Snowdon-Jones believes money is often at the heart of the problem. "The nouveau riche know how to dress the part," she says, "but many don't behave the part. And the nouveau poor have class, but can no longer afford to dress the part." Threadbare clothing doesn't bother Snowdon-Jones nearly as much as threadbare manners, however. "I'd so much rather unbutton the shirt of a man who has manners, even if he no longer has money," she says. "No manners, no Emma."

It's the little touches, then, that a Manhattan man striving for urbanity must refine. Role models of old (Cary Grant) and new (Hugh Jackman) provide examples well worth emulating: Grooming, check. Impeccable tailoring, check. Common courtesy—such as when Bradley Cooper and Jackman both leapt from their seats to assist Jennifer Lawrence when she tripped on her way up to the Oscar stage—check and check.

An even easier solution for New York guys who are miles away from leading-man gracefulness is to treat everyone around you (male or female, colleague or consort) the way you'd like to be treated. Many centuries before ZZ Top sang about "a sharp-dressed man," William Wickham, the bishop of Winchester, famously proclaimed: "Manners makes a man."

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