

We still visit the fabulous Mi Cocina; and the fancy midtown Mexicans get our pesos from time to time. We even make special trips to Gabriela's all the way up west. But for consistent, fresh, marvelous Mexican, it's Mexican Radio. Beware the small quarters, though there's a lovely bench outside on which to cool your heels. If you're really lucky, you live close enough to order delivery. Best yet, go on a weekday for lunch, when you can relax and savor the wonderful food and margaritas in peace.

### **BEST BAR TO MEET A MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN DRIVING TEDDY KENNEDY'S CAR WHEN IT TOOK THE PLUNGE AT CHAPPAQUIDDICK**

Rudy's  
627 9th Ave. (44th St.)  
No Phone

**Glub Glub Glub.** "Aha!" he cried, "a young couple in for a drinky-winky, eh?" The Mrs. froze; we nodded. "Ever seen *Days of Wine and Roses*? Aaaahh, you're too young for that one. Fucking kids."

We'd come in for an afternoon drink. Just one beer before resuming our Sunday stroll. We had been there just a few minutes before he bounded off his bar stool and began his rant. Tall, scrawny, wearing red checkered golf pants, an ugly shirt and a Yankees cap, he looked a bit like Tommy Smothers, only drunken to the point of emaciation.

"I know, I know—you just want to be left alone for your drinky-winky. But this is important." His big hands would fly about crazily and then slap together in a tight clutch, only to come loose again. "You kids are young, but you need to know the truth. Ted Kennedy, you know who that is?"

Insulted, we both noted that we did.

"When he plunged his car in Chappaquiddick? You know? He wasn't driving. I was. I was driving the car. It was a black Ford. You can look that up! I DROVE THE CAR! HE WAS IN THE BACK SEAT FOOLIN' AROUND WITH THE GIRL.

BUT I DROVE THE CAR! You see?"

We've seen him there three or four times since. Every time, somebody gets the rant.

the machine, pour in your mixture, put the stirring blades in, turn it on. Go have another glass of wine. Come back in 15 minutes, and the Krups has magically churned you up the freshest, best-tasting sorbet you'll ever eat. No restaurant, no gelateria will ever make you better.

### **BEST PLACE TO DRINK WITH A DOG**

Brooklyn Ale House  
103 Berry St. (N. 8th St.), Brooklyn  
718-302-9811

**Warped and Woofed.** Our crazy landlord is virulently anti-dog. Not surprising, as our neighbor once had one and it barked all damn day and night while she was out hobnobbing with her colleagues in the fashion world. Bitch. So we go to the Brooklyn Ale House. We can drink \$2 pints of Checker Cab Blonde Ale there, and can satisfy our dog jones. We like to slink in there at 3 p.m., when the sun is bright and the

place is quiet, so we can hang with Clio and Balto. They belong to Sean Connelly, the co-owner. Clio is an old, old black Lab who wanders lazily about the bar, his face slack, stopping in front of anyone who will give his back a scratching. Balto usually tries to leap in your lap, which evokes cries of, "Balto down!" from the centerfold barmaid, Virginia.

By 6 p.m. the place fills with regulars like Steve the pastry chef and his artist wife, Annette; the local historian Gig Valinotti; Al the philosopher and occasional Ale House bartender. And dogs—they enter in droves. Weimaraners, collies, Michael and Naomi's Labs—they just keep coming. And this salty little pug who quivers but charges other pooches. It's a rare night when there are fewer than half a dozen dogs in there at any given moment. Some days we butt into the friendly conversation about the bar. Other days we sit

in a corner and drink alone. It's a few dogs and feeling the better for it.

### **BEST SANDWICH SHOP**

Manhattan Hero  
299 7th Ave. (27th St.)  
741-3560

**Yo Quiero Manhattan Hero.** When we first moved the *NYP* offices to 333, there wasn't a lot about this Lower Madison Square Garden area that instantly recommended itself to us in the way of services. We'd gone soft from all those years in Soho, which, say what you will, was jam-packed with places to eat, to drink, to shop. Luckily, we didn't have to look too far to find Manhattan Hero—our heroes, several lunchtimes a week. This fine Cuban-American establishment is far and away our favorite lunch counter in the hood. At the back end



They're sometimes for Hillary at Burke & Burke.

decent neighborhood in the city—and above all the Upper West Side—continues, sending nesting boomers fleeing for the hills. But the Upper West Side's misfortune is a gourmand's boon, because along with the Banana Republics and the Starbucks has arrived a raft of terrific new restaurants, replacing the tired "family-style" eateries on which UWS residents subsisted for so long.

In place of the kid-friendly Main Street, then, you'll now find the ultra-sophisticated (but in a fun way) Calle Ocho; serving up flavorful New Latin cuisine along with some of the best mojitos and caipirinhas in town; and the ultra-fun (but in a sophisticated way) Ruby Foo's, with its above-average pan-Asian menu (but stay far, far away from the dim sum).

Those with more refined tastes can walk up to Alouette for cultivated French fare (the restaurant is helmed by an able Vongerichten disciple), or over to Avenue Bistro for decent Parisian bistro cuisine.

## BEST BAR TO WATCH MEN DRINK THEMSELVES TO DEATH

The Holiday Cocktail Lounge  
75 St. Marks Pl.  
(betw. 1st & 2nd Aves.)  
777-9637

**What's Dipsomania?** On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights the place is jammed with people drawn to the cheap Heinekens (\$3), the very, very tall mixed drinks and kooky characters ranging from hipsters to chic Europeans and the occasional drag queen. Any other night of the week, though, the Holiday is the grimmest bar on Earth, empty except for the handful of alcoholics who seem to be there every day that they aren't strapped down in the detox ward at Bellevue. Seeing a woman among

them is rare; the men range in age from 38 to 65 or so. All smoke heavily and drink whiskey, vodka or gin straight. For the most part, little is said. Each man has his mission. Ronnie drinks until his face swells to the size of a watermelon and then nods off. Don risks getting fired from his city job for getting blasted every afternoon on shift. One guy who never speaks does a half dozen or more glasses of whiskey and then ambles off, to see a junkie hooker, we're told. Without fail one or two guys take their belts in a hurry and then lay their heads on the bar to sleep for a time, cigarettes poking from their fingers and burning down to the filter.

We go there because the drinks are cheap and it's usually quiet enough to read. Except at 7 p.m., when *Jeopardy!* begins and patrons yell garbled answers at the tv over the bar, and growl at anyone who'll listen, "See? I knew that one, I fuckin' knew that one."

EXPERIENCE DOWNTOWN UPTOWN!!!

# nuts

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out in beautiful **Mendocino County, CA**, the mellow and cool green thought of which seduces your friends at Soup to Nuts every time we gaze westward from our office window at the garment district industrial rubble or else catch a noseful of the stench that drifts

from the miserable, fanless bathroom that the fellows who own **333 7th Ave.** have provided us. Roy's chef, whose name is—and this is a cool one—**Troy Guard**, will prepare what we're told will be a "Euro-Asian" menu to match up with the wines. There will be four courses, each featuring high-concept stuff like "Island Steamed Moi" or "Szechuan Venison With Asian Hash and Plum Nectar." The evening costs \$95, tax and tip not included. Call 266-6262 for reservations.

This Thursday they're going nuts for **multiple sclerosis victims** in **Chelsea**, and while we're all for supporting the palsied and the infirm, this might be an event to avoid. "It's a foodie's dream come true!" the press release informs us, and we're already unholstering the proverbial Tec-9.

"Imagine if all the doors to all the stores inside **Chelsea Market** were wide open with chefs beckoning visitors to come in and taste to their hearts' content," the press release continues. Shades of the **Brothers Grimm**: leering toque-headed creeps beckoning people into their lairs.

"Imagine if wine, beer and soda from the **Brooklyn Brewery** and other purveyors were flowing freely and if restaurants like **Le Madri**, **Murray's Cheese Shop** and **Good and Plenty To Go** set out offering for the taking," the press release continues. "Imagine if three different bands performed for hours and if **David Rosengarten** from the **Food Network** stopped by for a cooking demonstration and tasting. Now add 1000 of New York's hippest professionals to create more fun, and it's a fantasy turned reality at **An Evening at Chelsea Market**, hosted by the **New York City Chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.**"

Anyway, the event's scheduled for this Thursday, May 6, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. The evening will also include a silent auction, architecture talks by Chelsea Market's designer and cooking instructions: The three bands mentioned

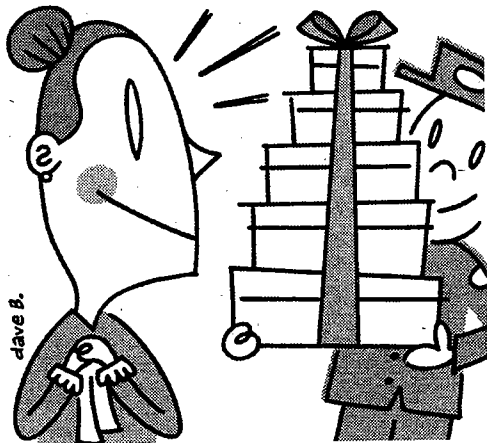
above, by the way, are called **Mecca Bodega**, the **Roy Campbell Trio** and the **9th Street Stompers**. For more information, or to purchase tickets at this, the last possible moment, call **Elizabeth Daly** at 463-7787, ext. 3016. Or visit the New York chapter's website at [www.msny.org](http://www.msny.org).

Dropped by **Alva** lately? Didn't think so. It's very 1995, isn't it? The chrome, the black enamel, the underlit metropolitan gloom—a whole restaurant designed to evoke a black-and-white gelatin print in a full-color world. But there it is, a Flatiron throwback entering a mellow adolescence, and if you've got a little time to kill (as we did last week before the best dang wedding we've ever attended), and the long bar at **Gramercy Tavern** is, at the end of a Saturday afternoon, packed bald spot to **Ferragamo** pump with daytrippers, **Alva** provides respite. A married couple from **Philly** shoot the shit with the bartender, **Tom**. A regular tells his most recent date story to

the waitstaff (it was a disaster). We get the dope, again from **Tom**, on how good **Andy Pettitte** is throwing this season (what with the war and all, we're a little behind the times with the **Yankees'** start). Featuring a wine list heavily tilted toward California and France, and a roster of bar snacks available until late-late, **Alva** encourages you to belly up to an absence of frenzied hip. Our pick: a glass of **Coppola Rosso** (yes, *that* Coppola; he owns a winery, and his blended signature red isn't half bad) and the duck confit spring roll with a pomegranate glaze, the roll's crunch countering nicely the fatty duck hash. On the stereo: mid-90s **Gypsy Kings**, and that's just fine with us.

Mother's Day's *imminent*, and here's a way to put some life back in the woman's bones (she *has* been around the block a few times by now, hasn't she?). **Burdick Chocolate** has assembled **Mother's Day** bundles that will arrive on time if you call in an order by Wednesday; **Burdick** will also hand deliver packages in New York City on Friday.

From all appearances, **Burdick's** is a real mom and pop operation. **Larry Burdick**, who was trained in **Switzerland**, handcrafts his chocolates in **New Hampshire**. **Burdick's** wife **Paula** designs the packaging: There are lots of wooden boxes, French ribbons and gold-wax seals. For Mother's Day—in addition to chocolate by the pound—the outfit's offering a pyramid (\$60) of stacked woven boxes jammed with champagne truffles, chocolate mice, miniature bonbons, chocolate-dipped dried fruit and French tuiles—chocolate brushed crisp wafers. There's also a picnic basket bearing



DAVE BAMUNDO

"Soup to Nuts"

assorted chocolates, three chocolate bars, a wicker box of truffles, a tin of dried fruit and a couple mice; the package is wrapped in English ivy and costs \$58. Or go for the clay Grecian urn (\$28), which holds a 16-piece assortment box and a couple of chocolate mice. **Burdick's** phone number is 800-229-2419, or fax your request to 603-756-4326.

More last-minute Mother's Day stuff: **Belgo Nieuw-York**, that newish Belgian-inspired frites joint that casts its weird blue glow over the Lafayette St. sidewalk near the repellent **Joe's Pub**, is serving a special brunch: made-to-order Belgian waffles with a bunch of different toppings, plus a selection of omelets. Everything you order comes with pastries and other stuff, too, including champagne or great Hoegaarden beer. The bargain-basement fixed price is \$12. Call 253-2828... **Belgo** will also, on May 10, host the first of a two-part tribute to the history of beer, presented by the New York chapter of the **American Institute of Wine and Food**. **Brooklyn Brewery** brewmaster **Garrett Oliver** will host the event, at which guests will obviously sample a bunch of beers. The dinner costs \$75. For tickets and information call the AIWF at 447-0456... Fine chef and reformed criminal **David Ruggerio** is famously back behind New York stoves, now at the reductively named **Steak Au Poivre** on the Upper East Side. His Mother's Day menu's being served between 1 p.m. and 9 p.m. on the big day, and costs \$39.95 (kids under 12 eat half-price). There's all sorts of good stuff being served: Reassuring words like "quail," "softshell crabs," "gnocchi," "steak," "cheesecake" and "creme brulee" leap up at us from the menu. Call 758-3518... The excellent, low-profile Upper East Side French restaurant **Bouterin** is an ideal place to take your mother, unless she's all loud and vulgar. Between noon and 8 p.m., **Bouterin's** serving a prix fixe for \$45. We're not going to waste space naming dishes, but take our word for it: The menu's restrainedly Gallic and wonderful. Call 758-0323... And finally—leaving your mother out of it for a change—did we ever drink cognac last week. It was last Wednesday, and there we were at a **Spirits Journal**-sponsored tasting at the **Mark Hotel** on Madison Ave., comparing a \$900-a-bottle **La Pouyade** against an even costlier **Remy Martin Louis XIII**. The winner? **Louis XIII** is a lighter, smoother brandy, while **La Pouyade** is heavier, deeper, more complex. If you want to judge these two magnificent cognacs for yourself, and you've got the financial weight to back up your extravagances, call wine distributor **Andrew F. Bell** at 727-1957 to place orders or else to find out where the stuff is served.

Contributors: **Beth Broome**, **Matthew DeBord**, **Kevin Kosar**, **Andrey Sivka**.

E-mail tips and comments to [souptonuts@nypress.com](mailto:souptonuts@nypress.com) or fax to 244-9864.



"A little SOHO on the Upper East Side...fabulous!"  
- Chris Shuff TCG

"Nothing hits \$20.00 you'll find The Commons a hit."

11/24/99

NEWYORK PRESS

HOLIDAY 1999

# Gift Guide

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## Spike the Eggnog

### WHISKEY

**Park Avenue Liquor Shop**  
292 Madison Ave.  
(betw. 40th & 41st Sts.), 685-2442

Too long ago I had my first sip of whiskey. I nearly gagged on it; it nearly shot out of my mouth. As my friends looked on, I felt the pressure to *be a man*. I swallowed it; felt the awful burn. It was evil stuff: six-dollars-a-liter slop I'd procured through a friend of a friend. I was underage and clueless.

Over time I read up on whiskeys, including bourbons, sour mashes, scotches, etc., and I've come to an approval of them in general. Which isn't to say that there aren't some that can still choke me. There really are some rotten whiskeys.

Park Avenue Liquor has a huge selection of whiskeys, from the cheap stuff to single-malt scotches. On the low end, they stock the super-affordable Drumguish, which sells for \$14 a fifth—a couple steps up from rotgut. Or you can pick from the wide range of \$30-\$40 single malts. The sweet, almost cognac-like, Abellour 10-Year sells for \$32, while the oily, earthy Isle of Jura runs \$33.

Recently I've been dreaming far bigger, though. I want a *barrel* of scotch, a big fat wood vessel of the stuff that I can plop in my living room and watch as it ages and gains in value. Occasionally, Park sells barrels of whiskey, and this past summer they worked out an arrangement with Isle of

Arran to sell quarter, half and full casks of their single malt. I missed out on the \$900 quarter cask and the \$2400 full barrel. They were bought up in a hurry.

Which is to say that for the time being I'll just have to get by with picking a bottle or two for my father from the store's selection of 450 whiskeys. Perhaps over the holidays I'll treat him, and myself, to the 12-year-old Carhdu. Or one of the Bowmores. And so on.

KEVIN R. KOSAR

## The Needle And the Spoon

### THE CAJUN INJECTOR

800-221-8060

[www.cajuninjector.com](http://www.cajuninjector.com)

If you've got a pal who likes intensely flavored meat, or who just likes to play with needles, check out the Cajun Injector, basically a heavy-duty syringe designed to inject a flavored marinade into a turkey, a chicken, a roast or whatever you happen to be cooking. It may sound a bit loopy, but injected marinades have slowly been gaining in popularity for about two decades now. In fact, they've become all the rage on the competitive barbecue circuit, but they can work just as well in your home kitchen. Because the marinade is deposited deep inside the meat, the long soaking times associated with traditional marination are unnecessary, and the results are usually extremely flavorful.

The Cajun Injector runs \$14.95. A variety of marinades, with flavors like Creole butter, rosemary and garlic, red wine and Jamaica jerk are also available, and can either be purchased separately or packaged in the Injector. Diagram

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website is pretty snazzy too and worth a visit, especially if you read French, as the English option didn't seem to function when I tried it, *naturellement*.

The Tykho radio comes in battleship gray, lime green and cobalt blue. It's available in all sorts of design outfits including the MOMA store, Moss and the Conran store. I poked around a bit and found them at Lightforms at 168 8th Ave., betw. 18th & 19th Sts., 255-4664, where the shopping isn't quite so glamorous and the radios are a few bucks cheaper (\$49). Lexon's website is [www.lexon-design.com](http://www.lexon-design.com).

BETH BROOME

## Drinking Tool

### DALVEY'S POCKET CUP

Malt Advocate Inc.  
3416 Oak Hill Rd.  
Emmaus, PA 18049  
610-967-1083

**L**AST YEAR FOR my birthday a friend gave me a pewter flask. It's a nifty thing that fits in my coat's breast pocket and is so damn thick it might just stop a bullet from reaching my heart. He even had my nickname engraved in it.

Still, though, it's a flask. It's not a sports bottle or a plastic bottle of spring water. It's a booze vessel. Unless you're a shameless drunk,

you can't just whip out a flask in front of company or strangers and take a swig. As for stealing a drink when nobody is looking, to enjoy its contents you must pull it from your coat, unscrew the cap, place it perpendicular to your lips and tilt both yourself and it backwards. So much for subtlety.

How often, then, can a reasonably respectful person like myself make use of it? Football games, perhaps? Well, no, for if security detects it they'll keep it.

So after almost a year I've had few opportunities to use it. But now that may change. Malt Advocate, the company that puts out the quarterly whiskey magazine of the same name, sells a pocket cup.

It's quite cool. The polished stainless-steel case for it looks like a slightly oversized pocket watch—round and with a pommel and an elliptical inlaid brass badge on one facet. Pull the brass pommel and the case pops open, revealing a flat disc about the size of a half dollar. Grab it between your index finger and thumb, give it a shake and it telescopes into a shot glass.

This changes everything. Though the Dalvey pocket cup won't hide the fact that you're taking a drink, it does add a bit of class to the act. No longer are you attempting to furtively take a drink. No—now you're treating it as though it were midday tea.

If that doesn't cut it and someone does eyeball you pouring a drink, you can at least offer him a sip from your shiny stainless-steel cup rather than a tug from the mouth of your flask. You'd be surprised at how quickly such an act of courtesy dispels opprobrium. The cup costs \$64.99 plus shipping and handling.

KEVIN KOSAR

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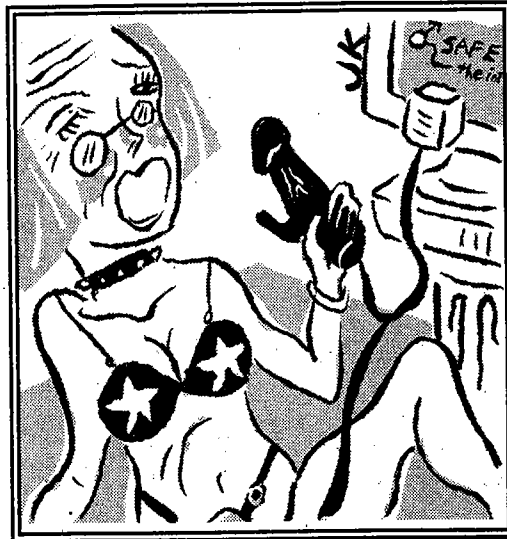
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LEE KIM



ZONE VODKAS



ROBO SUCK  
DEEP STROKER II

# uting Report

widths.) An "extra wide" 14-inch Wusthof chef's knife topped the charts at \$400.

There were numerous other stops in my search: F. Dick, Lamson, Bernhard Schaaf, Messermeister San Moritz, Sabatier, Victorinox. I began to get esoteric. And the stuff wasn't really any less expensive than what I had started with.

Then I came to my senses, while walking across 23rd St. one day a few weeks ago, and remembered the Soltner Rule. The Soltner Rule comes from Andre Soltner, who was the chef at Lutece for decades. I picked up the Soltner Rule while reading a *New Yorker* "Talk of the Town" piece about how he cooks at home. Andre Soltner uses in his personal kitchen the kind of cheap stuff that you can pick up at Lechter's, the housewares chain, which was where I found myself on my W. 14th St. trot. It was very pur-of-the-moment. I had in mind no particular purchase. I was simply ducking in.

And then I spotted the J.A. International "Eurocraft"

## Fruity Vodka

### ZONE VODKAS

**Thomas J. McAdam**  
Liquor Co., Inc. (Buy-Rite)  
398 3rd Ave.  
(betw. 28th & 29th Sts.)  
679-1224  
[www.zonevodka.com](http://www.zonevodka.com)

**A** DECADE AGO I bartended at a posh university club in Ohio. While most restaurants and watering holes in the area served American beers and cheap booze, the Faculty Club had a nice selection—imported beers and microbrews, some obscure single-malt scotches, even snazzy liqueurs.

One spring day as we were preparing to host a pricey wedding reception, a couple cases of a lemon-

flavored vodka arrived. I eyeballed it giddily. My previous experience with vodkas had been limited mostly to the six-dollar-a-liter kerosene-flavored vodkas churned out by big factories in the Midwest.

Late that eve as the chicken dance was playing and red-faced fat men made asses of themselves on the dancefloor, I sneaked a shot of this lemon vodka. My eyes bulged, my throat burned and I nearly dunked my head in the plastic tub of beer chilling behind the bar. It was horrible—no different from doing a shot of regular vodka except that the alcohol ester smelled like Palmolive Lemon dish soap. I quickly switched to sneaking beers.

Today, fruit-flavored vodkas abound, but most are nasty because they're made with harsh vodkas. Unless you're a serious boozer, you can't sip them over ice. Zone Vodkas, however, are a great exception. Zone is made in Padova, Italy, goes for a ludicrously low \$12-\$15 a bottle and comes in five flavors—banana,

lemon, melon, peach and tangerine. They're made with very good fruits and are 50 proof instead of 80 or 100. Reducing the alcohol and upping the quality and quantity of fruit was a stroke of brilliance. It lowers the alcohol ester and increases the fruitiness.

The banana tastes less like a bland banana than banana chips. It's sweet, and the banana flavor is intense but not obnoxious. The lemon is pungent but smooth, and it almost tastes as if there's a tiny amount of orange in it. The melon smells and tastes just like freshly cut honeydew and cantaloupe. Though the peach has a mild post-swallow alcohol taste, it doesn't burn and flush your face red. It's very peachy and, mixed with some orange juice, would make a hell of a Fuzzy Navel. The tangerine is sweet and, mixed with club soda, makes a good light drink. All of these vodkas can be sipped, and even guzzled straight or on the rocks.

**KEVIN R. KOSAR**

# Counting Report

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Village?). Museums and theaters, tennis courts both public and private, golf courses and driving ranges are addressed and numbered, and the nerve centers of New York's main points of entry (Penn, Port, Grand Central) are digested. Four more pages note essential 24-hour services like locksmiths, gyms, copy shops and billiard halls; the phone numbers of and airports served by every airline in the whole world are offered, with details on the three major area airports themselves.

The most useful information the *NFT* guide offers is “Essential Phone Numbers.” Attacked by a dog, thinking of jumping off a bridge, crack a molar at 3 a.m.? Look inside the back cover for where to call. Other thoughtful numbers will help you report potholes and “evil real estate brokers,” or just bitch about noise. Or get it all off your chest at once by calling the Central Complaint Bureau.

One quibble with the *NFT* guide: the maps don't list Little Italy or Chinatown in lower Manhattan. But that's a minor point, and locals won't have trouble gleaning the information for those neighborhoods from the details for “City Hall” and the “Lower East Side.” Remember, the guide's not for tourists. And who wants to say anything bad about a book that lists Milano's as a landmark, anyway?

LISA KEARNS

## Preppie Handbag

JANE FOX HANDBAGS

At Barneys, Searle and Henri Bendel; or visit [www.janefox.com](http://www.janefox.com).

**A**FTER LISA Birnbach's *Official Preppie Handbook* was published in 1980, it took several years for the tsunami wave of deck shoes and Lacoste shirts to hit the consciousness of my preteen self back in Manila. But once it did, even if my friends and I had no idea what or who L.L. Bean was, or what boarding school entailed, we dressed ourselves in the closest approximation of the preppie wardrobe that we could. I begged my mother to buy me shiny mahogany pennyloafers from Japan, and found a long-sleeved Polo oxford shirt at the local mall. It was probably fake, but at least the tag didn't read “Ralph Lawrence” or something equally bad (counterfeit “Denetton” clothes were in vogue in Manila at the time). The book's irony went way over our heads—we took it all literally, longing for ancestral, weather-beaten cottages in far-off American places like Nantucket and East Hampton.

I've been in the U.S. for almost 16 years now, and these embarrassing memories of my homegrown Philippines attempt at WASPiness have long led me to despise preppie clothes. Patrician chic looks so tacky on bourgeois strivers, and I find the whole Asians-in-WASP-clothing thing particularly offensive. Still, I've always been fascinated by the Lilly Pulitzer lifestyle, especially in the summertime, when bright colors and floral prints are popular, and anyone can wear pink-and-green with

impunity. Hot weather also means it's time to trade in the heavy patent-leather Prada bowling bag or the Louis Vuitton bucket bag for something a little more frivolous—a beach bag in straw or plastic.

I like Jane Fox's selection of cotton canvas bags. Jane Fox was started by two girls with bona fide *Preppie Handbook* credentials. But I'm not going to hold it against them, since their bags are so cute. Their Georgica Beach Tote (\$123) is a hefty square bag that comes with a matching zip-out pocket bag, while their Alicia Evening Clutch (\$99) is dainty and elegant. Made of sturdy cotton canvas, both are available in Jane Fox's signature “bug” print (pink and green dragonflies on a white background), in a perfect zebra print or in a blue floral paisley-like pattern. I also liked their Sarah Tissue Holders (\$24), in leopard print and tangerine. If you're the kind of girl who roots through her handbag and finds snot rags, this is a way to keep the kleenexes organized in a handy and stylish accessory.

I'll never wear Topsiders again, but why should Locust Valley weekenders have all the fun? I'm taking my Jane Fox bag to Jones Beach.

MELISSA DE LA CRUZ

## Drinker's Delight

TOTALBEER

1-877-936-BEER

**I**'VE THROWN a lot of parties, and I really hate having to push my rickety grocery cart to and from the beer store. I feel like an old woman, and the bumpy streets of Williamsburg shake the beer into foam. And inevitably sweaty men playing basketball ogle my cart stacked with cases and get that crazy we're-going-to-pounce-on-your-scrawny-ass-and-take-all-your-beer look.

Well, those days are now gone. TotalBeer has made things easy. Just call them up Monday through Saturday between noon and 10 p.m. and within 24 hours they'll bring you a case of damn near any beer you want. They stock 250 different bottled beers and the price is right. Whereas your average bodega will charge you eight dollars and up for a six-pack of Brooklyn Pennant Ale (\$32 a case), a case of the same from TotalBeer costs \$28.95. And delivery is free.

If you're looking to throw a keg party, they have more than 50 different keg beers to choose from, including rare beers like Aventinus and funky microbrews like Magic Hat. TotalBeer will bring the keg to you, along with a tap (no \$50 deposit necessary), a tub to set the keg in (again, no deposit) and free plastic cups. If you're feeling particularly snotty, you can even buy some fancy beer glassware from them.

When the party is over and you're hideously hungover, TotalBeer will drive to your apartment to pick up the tub and keg. Which beats the hell out of trying to get one of your buddies to load the stinking thing into his car or rolling it back to the brewery.

KEVIN R. KOSAR

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