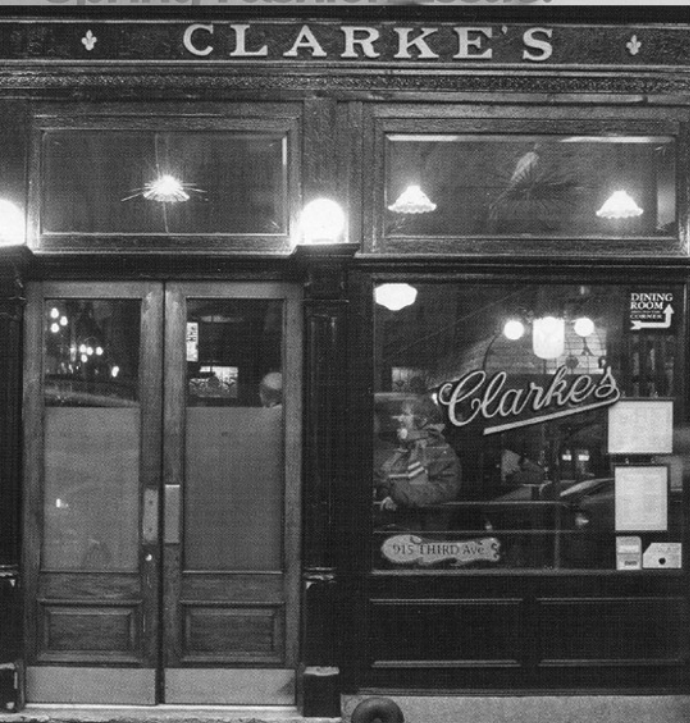
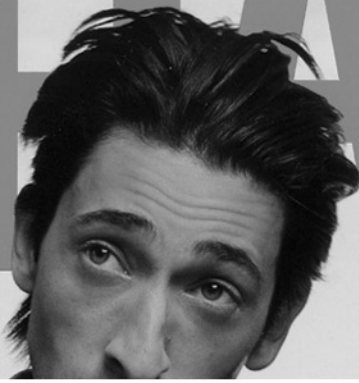


# GOT THE PLAN

Spring Fashion Issue!



pub. The beers are cold, the burgers legendary, the tomatoes if you happen to be out late in Midtown, the kitchen is open even at 3 A.M. If founder Philip J. Clarke, who died in 1948, were to return, he'd be pretty much at home inside his bar today.

But it's not just a storied past and great food and drink that makes it special—it's the stories that are told on any given night. This evening, with Tom Kelly, author of the new book *Empire Rising*, put out by the venerable Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Then, at the bar, we spot one of our favorite editrixes, who happens to have just released Tom's new book.

It's not every pub where the regulars read.

"Who do you think should play the Broidy character if it's made into a movie," she asks.

"I never think of that when I'm asked," answers Tom, a bullet-headed one-eyed hog who has enough of the old Irish in him not to want to speak out loud on that kind of thing. There is a well-worn suspicion that the actor's bigheadedness on the part of an Irishman only serve to jinx him down the road.

"What about Colin Farrell?" she asks, lighting up the way they always do when a woman talks about the Irish actor.

"Hmm, maybe," says Tom, shrugging.

Now, on any good Irish pub where a merry band will expand, and soon another joins the fray. This time, the guru's name, she tells us, is Chasity—no, it's *definitely not* Chasity. We all agree is a good thing. Chasity-not-Chastity informs us she's going to leave after just one drink—but hey, at one point in time, didn't we all? We convince Chas that Langan's is not so far away. *could walk there...*

**P.J. Clarke's**  
915 Third Avenue  
212-317-1616  
Price of a pint of Guinness: \$6



**P**J. Clarke's may be the best place to launch our tour. The pub is as much a museum, but it's the very best kind of museum—the kind where you're allowed to sit and drink beer and eat hamburgers.

True, the fastidious among you may argue that, since the liquor license is no longer in the hands of an Irishman—the new owners, including actor Timothy Hutton, restaurateur Philip Scotti, and real estate man Stephen Siegel, have nary an Irishman among them—P.J. Clarke's isn't technically a real Irish bar.

But that would be a mistake—and a shame. The new team has preserved everything in this 120-year-old institution, from the photos of presidents who have stopped by, to the ancient shoulder-high urinals in the men's room, to the old clock above Frank Sinatra's favorite table. In fact, the place looks pretty much the same as it did when Billy Wilder filmed the famous bar scene here for *The Lost Weekend*, the Oscar-winning film from 1945, starring Ray Milland as a raging alcoholic.

In the restoration, everything was taken down, numbered, and painstakingly restored to its original spot. Although I do wonder if that photo of Irish rebellion leader Michael Collins, which was loaned to *Irish America* magazine a while ago, is back on the wall yet. Ask 'em next time you're in.

Another part of the pub's charm: Bartenders Doug Quinn, Michael Riordan, and Galway-born Jerry Biggins still wear neckties, as does night manager Patrick Boyle, who gave up a career as an architect to take over the

