FANFAIR

Night of the Living Career-Dead

The SPY Celebrity-Delusion Index

HEALTHILY CAMPY

FORGIVABLY CAMPY

RATHER SAD

JUST PATHETIC

COMPLETELY AWARE

VAGUELY AWARE

SIGNIFICANTLY DELUSIONAL

OBLIVIOUS

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

QUALITY OF WORK

AWFUL

GRIM

DECENT

GOOD

CHART BY NIGEL HOLMES

CAMP CHART

A page from the December 1991 Spy in Spy: The Funny Years; above, Walter Monheit.

Fun and Fearless

The letter dropped with a *plink* through the mail slot of my Bens hurst flat one lonely afternoon in 1986. Another direct-mail solic tion—ho hum. Until I opened it up and started reading: "SPY is just a new publication. It is a whole new kind of intelligent me politan magazine. SPY is polished and satirical, sophisticated mischievous, well-dressed but slightly ill-mannered . . ." *Oo* They might as well have been describing me! Forget about s scribing—I wanted to *work* at this joint! So I hotfooted it to Puck Building in Manhattan, where the young proprieto hard up for cheap labor, were only too happy to engage my vices as Walter Monheit™—messenger/movie critic.

Twenty years later, the whole fizzy, naughty period been brought back to life in *Spy: The Funny Years* (Miram an oversize book too lively to languish on the coffee ta alongside the dish of hazelnuts and the unread *Vanity Fa* It's both a best-of anthology of the great satirical magaz invented by my bosses and editors, **Graydon Carter** a **Kurt Andersen,** and publisher, **Tom Phillips,** and a corking good re with a wickedly witty history of the place by former *Spy* deputy edi **George Kalogerakis.** I get misty just reading all those old *Spy* epith again—"short-fingered vulgarian," "churlish dwarf billionaire," "boso dirty-book writer," etc.—and re-acquainting myself with all those za graphics and Separated at Birth? photos. What a marvelous magazi what a marvelous time, what a marvelous book! Shame the editors ne amounted to anything. (My rating: ϱϱϱϱϱ) —WALTER MONH

NOSTALGIC NEON SIGN

On a cobblestone street in New York City's West Village, the **Beatrice Inn's** emerald-and-lavender sign acted as a beacon for locals in search of veal Marsala, heavy-pour martinis, and familiar faces for 80 years. Last fall, the former speakeasy closed its doors, but this month, a new proprietor, **Paul Sevigny,** the celebrity D.J. and older brother of actress **Chloë Sevigny,** will reopen the Inn under the same name. He has transformed it into a clubby lounge with a baby grand, black-and-white-diamond floors, friends spinning LPs, simple cocktails ("Rum is rum"), cushy sofas, and a jacket-and-tie door policy on Saturday nights. —STEVE GARBARINO

Paul Sevigny; the Beatrice Inn sign

TARALLUCCI E VINO
15 East 18th Street

ZIBETTO ESPRESSO BAR
1385 Sixth Avenue

Caffè Talk

In Italy "bar" and *caffè* are interchangeable words. In Rome alone there are 8,000 bars, and every major street and piazza has a few of them. The typical Italian bar—a brilliant institution that is almost unknown in this country—is a place for coffee (usually standing, *al banco*), a snack, or a quick drink. C.E.O.'s stand next to street sweepers and share the same few minutes for espresso, conversation, or solitude. Why this form of establishment has never taken hold in New York is a mystery, since it is perfect for a society on the go. But New York, until Starbuckification, was a diner-and-deli-coffee city with a lot of catching up to do on the civilized coffee-drinking front. There is *still* a long way to go, but Italophiles can now find some authentic Italian bars in Manhattan. These listed are among the best and the most true to the Italian way. —MATT TYRNAUER

VIA QUADRONNO
25 East 73rd Street

SANT AMBROEUS
259 West 4th Street

BOTTEGA DEL VINO
7 East 59th Street

ONE WAY

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