



John Tebeau

WHERE TO GO

BARS, TAVERNS,
AND DIVES
NEW YORKERS LOVE

WHAT TO DRINK

RIZZOLI
NEW YORK

HARRY'S CAFÉ

1 Hanover Square (between Pearl and Stone Streets) FINANCIAL DISTRICT, MANHATTAN
harrysnyc.com · 212-785-9200

HARRY'S IS A CLASSIC DOWNTOWN NEW YORK STEAKHOUSE, opened by Greek immigrant and host supreme Harry Poulakakos in 1972, and now owned by his son, Peter Poulakakos, and his partners. It sprawls throughout the garden level of India House, a private club founded in 1914 by a group of businessmen headed by U.S. Steel's James A. Farrell. The café side of Harry's is the Wall Street bar you'd picture in your head—all wood and leather, brass and glass—even if you've never set foot in New York. It feels strong and secure and confident.

After work, the bar at Harry's is a scene, with a lot of well-dressed financial types (mid-thirties to late sixties) casually enjoying rich after-work snacks like lobster-stuffed mushrooms, steak tartare on toast, and vast platters of shrimp and oysters on cracked ice, all paired with potent drinks served in no-bullshit, straight-walled martini glasses and some very fine wines from Poulakakos's extensive personal cellar.

Now, you could be thinking, *Oh, I see. A money-guy bar. Whoop-dee-doo. Too expensive. Not my bag,* etc. And I get that, but I like Harry's. It's elegant, comfortable, gleaming, and gracious, so just take a moment, Swifty, and reconsider your prejudices.

After work—especially on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays—it's a fine place to be. Lively, full of voices and people and the smells of steak and seafood being whipped up by the kitchen for both the restaurant and the bar (they share the same menu), Harry's draws a mature, well-heeled crowd. Noise level is low to medium, mostly conversational, and the soundtrack is a smooth mix of soul, pop, R & B, and jazz from the sixties, seventies, and eighties.

Walking into Harry's for the first time is thrilling. You go down a few steps and leave busy old Hanover Square behind. Push through the rich, polished doors and you feel like you're in a secret place, a rarefied hideout apart from the rest of the world. It feels exclusive (in that grand old 1850s-club-building way), and so do you.

But it's approachable and welcoming nonetheless. The hostess greets you warmly, immediately putting you at ease. Harry himself may be there to say hello, as he still comes in nearly every day of the week. Go to your right and take a seat at the long, glowing mahogany bar. The bartenders, clad in black and white, sleek and professional, give you plenty of time to look at the menu and figure out what you want.

It feels good at Harry's. Special and smooth and strong and luxurious, like a new Cadillac. You're on Wall Street now, baby, the Yankee Stadium of finance. The Show. The baddest, most storied locale in the big league of money. Soak it in. Make like the regulars, indulge a little, and leave feeling like a million bucks.



THE CLIMACTIC MURDER-CONFESSION SCENE of
BRET EASTON ELLIS'S 1991 NOVEL, *AMERICAN PSYCHO*,
TAKES PLACE IN HARRY'S *of the EIGHTIES*,
AT THE UNOFFICIAL AFTER-WORK HEADQUARTERS
of WALL STREET'S WILD EIGHTIES BULL RUN.

WHEN TO GO

Tuesday to Thursday, after Wall Street's four p.m. closing bell till about seven.

WHERE TO SIT

Dead center at the long bar, facing the windows of post-work commuter frenzy as everyone scurries to trains, ferries, and cars while you casually sip a drink, munch shrimp cocktail, and, watching the folly outside, chuckle drily to yourself.

WHAT TO DRINK

Get the classic *New Yorker*-cartoon Wall Street beverage of choice: a martini. An ice-cold, amply garnished Harry's martini. Give that first one a little time to settle, then order an old-fashioned, another traditional dietary staple for businessmen.

HOUSE RECIPE

Harry's Martini

2½ ounces Hendrick's gin
1 ounce Dolin dry vermouth

Stir together the gin and vermouth in a mixing glass full of ice. Lots of ice. You're going for

maximum cold and aggressive dilution. Strain into a martini glass and garnish with three big green pitted Cerignola olives on a wooden spike large enough to kill Dracula.

HOW TO
GET THERE

Subway: The 2 and 3 trains stop at Wall Street, the J and Z trains stop at Broad Street, and the 4 and 5 trains stop at Bowling Green, all within a five-minute walk of Harry's.

WHAT ELSE?

My favorite artifact at Harry's is the signed print of a LeRoy Neiman painting from 1985 showing a roaring crowd at Harry's bar in the artist's unmistakably brash, slashing style. It's a fantastic time capsule of the era, complete with landline phones and boxy monitors above the bar displaying the latest financial stats. The crowd is of the time, too, featuring several famous faces: Felix Rohatyn, the investment banker, Harry Poulakakos, the owner, and Mayor Ed Koch. Neiman had many of the bar's regulars pose for his work, paying them with signed prints of their own. Unfortunately for some, their *bodies* made it into the final art, but not their *heads*. For cases like Koch and Rohatyn, Neiman put their famous faces on top of the models' bodies.