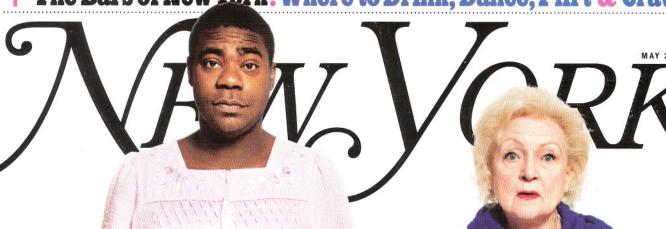
Ray Kelly Vs. The Bad Guys

What is the price of keeping the city safe? By Geoffrey Gray **p.18**

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Where to Drink Now

The top new bars in basements, on rooftops, and at every elevation in between.

Sixties Revival

PAINKILLER

49 Essex St., nr. Grand St.; 212-777-8454

Concealed behind freshly spraypainted doors emblazoned TIKI BAR, this just-opened spot in the old East Side Company Bar space is wedged into a narrow, windowless room thick with bamboo shoots and red suedey booths, all intended to make you lose track of time-think decades, not hours. Many of the sixties-kitsch swizzles, frozens, and daiquiris (\$12 to \$16) are prepared by the bartenders omakase style (meaning you pick a category, they pick your drink). Another selection, called "The Bastards," requires customers' morbid specifications as to how they want it: "suffering" (gin and bourbon), "dying" (gin, bourbon, and cognac), or "dead" (gin, bourbon, cognac, and rum)-each treatment coming with a flourish of crystallized ginger, cucumber, mint, and orange.

Rum Bar

CIENFUEGOS

443 E. 6th St., nr. Ave. A; 212-614-6818

The team that sparked last spring's mezcal moment (namely, Ravi DeRossi and friends at the Mexican-themed Mayahuel) are back with another spirit-centric tent pole. This season's libation of choice: rum! Though there's nary a Bacardi bottle in sight at Cienfuegos, the white metal latticework, turquoise walls, and pink banquettes could have been airlifted from a pastelpainted dive in Old San Juan. The signature punches are exemplified in the Ernesto, a decadent tub of rum, Fernet-Branca, maraschino liqueur,

pink-grapefruit juice, fresh lime juice, sugarcane syrup, and Malbec, meant to be ladled "con un amigo" (\$38). The more refined rum drinker can sip on pours that run \$7 per dedo, or finger.

& MARK HARRIS

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