Trave

BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE AUGUST 29, 2010 | BOSTON.COM/TRAVEL



Sipping its famous broth in the front room of Lhardy; a barman at Taberna de la Daniela pouring a tiny draft beer.



A taxi through the heart of

herky-jerky un-

one of the tavern's specialties — canned mussels in vinegar

- and placing it on a fairly

mouth at once," he says, tip-

ping his head back. "That way,

you don't make a mess."

going to like it before I do.

rones!"

peppers."

"Now, pop it all in your

He knows how much I'm

"Maestro!" he says, flagging

A similar-looking plate ar-

the passing waiter, "Boque-

rives — this one with white.

vinegar-soaked anchovy fil-

lets, along with a handful of

olives and "guindillas," the

Spanish cousin of what a Mid-

westerner would call "sport

chip, and follow with a guin-

dilla," comes the command.

"Spear the anchovy, take a

The anchovies are soft and

fleshy, the chip gives crunch

and salt, and the pepper is a

spritz of heat. Coated with vin-

egar, our mouths and lips

we head a few doors down to

the bullfight-themed Cervece-

rias Dos Gatos for a house ver-

mouth with a blood sausage

and pine nut canapé that's

earthy, slightly sweet, and

From there, we head uphill

gives me goosebumps.

Santos gives the signal and

pucker and we smile.

perfect potato chip.

NEW YORK Island wine country

M

By Patricia Harris and David Lyon GLOBE CORRESPONDENTS

PECONIC — The specialists were skeptical when the first vineyard was planted on the North Fork in 1973. Yet less than 40 years later, this narrow northern finger of eastern Long Island has become one of the world's promising new wine regions.

Easily reached by ferry from New London, Conn., the region is perfect for a "Sideways" road trip from New England. More than 35 wineries along a 20-mile stretch between Southold and Aquebogue court tasters and buyers — handy, since many of the wines are available only through direct sales.

Manhattanites throng the wineries on weekends, but when we visited over several weekdays, the tasting rooms were subdued and staff had time to chat about their operations. Eric Fry emerged from the back room of Lenz Winery in Peconic with his shirt smeared with red wine sediment. He had been tuning up his temperamental Italian bottling machine. "What I like about the North Fork," he said, "is that we grow all these different kinds of grapes. It's exciting to have all this stuff in the region, not just chardonnay and pinot. And I like that there is no 'North Fork style."

Lenz was founded in 1978 and Fry has been its winemaker since 1989. His vinting approach is showcased in two tasting flights. The estate wines emphasize balance, fruit, and acid. The complex fruit flavors of the White



town goes through an amazing architectural diversity, then down into

MADRID

derground sections with sharp corners and dropouts that are like navigating an abandoned coal shaft through the city's belly. You pass so many bars and restaurants, the idea of a tapas tour sounds both fantastic and naive.

Eating tapas — tiny, snacklike dishes that historically covered a glass of sherry to keep fruit flies out — is one of Spain's great pastimes, and sampling a few dishes in several places over the course of a few fun hours with friends is part of the game.

At Taberna de la Daniela, I try "salmorejo," Córdoba's thick gazpacho cousin. This one is topped with grated egg and tiny cubes of "jamón," cured ham, which give it a simultaneously healthy yet sinful feeling. We follow it with a quail egg and chorizo canapé, an electric jolt of spicy and silky.

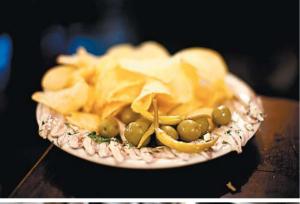
Later, near the Plaza de la Puerta del Sol, we have a cup of Lhardy's signature broth, served from a silver urn and accompanied by a tiny glass of sherry. The combination is

subtle but sublime, clearing my stuffy nose and making me rethink the difficulty of pairing wine with soup.

Things really hit stride when we meet Roberto Santos, former Barcelona restaurateur and Madrid native, at La Dolores, a century-old tavern known for its beer and certain tapas.

Santos is here to explain the tapas, and though his fiancée, Arantxa Uribe, gives us a kiss on the cheek when we walk in, he's all business.

"First, take a chip," Santos says in way of greeting. "Next, put a mussel on the chip," he says, skewering







From top: Boquerones (vinegar-laced anchovies with olives, guindilla peppers, and potato chips on which to put them) at La Dolores; escargots at Casa Alberto; canned mussels and clams at El Doble.

along the calle Huertas to Caalong the calle Huertas to Cado their happy dance; "rabo de toro," beef tail, historically made with the tail of a bull after its fight; and "callos a la along the calle Huertas to Cado their happy dance; "rabo de toro," beef tail, historically made with the tail of a bull after its fight; and "callos a la along the calle Huertas to Cado their happy dance; "rabo de toro," beef tail, historically made with the tail of a bull after its fight; and "callos a la along the calle Huertas to Cado their happy dance; "rabo de toro," beef tail, historically made with the tail of a bull after its fight; and "callos a la along the calle Huertas to Caalong the calle Huertas to Cado their happy dance; "rabo de toro," beef tail, historically made with the tail of a bull after its fight; and "callos a la

tions good for sharing with a group. What's most intriguing is the specialization: something from one place, something else in another, then it's off to somewhere else, forming an erratic hopscotch pattern around town.

chorizo. These last two dishes are "raciones," larger por-

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A cluster of vineyards has taken root around Peconic, a hamlet on Long Island.

Label chardonnay, for example, result from picking and fermenting the grapes at different stages of maturity, then blending "to make a fruit salad," as Fry put it. The more expensive premium tasting includes his Old Vines wines, which he crafts in a Burgundian style.

But this is Long Island, not Burgundy, and the historic potato fields and sod farms have only recently been turned over to trellised rows of chardonnay and merlot grapes. The Old Field Vineyards in Southold exemplifies the agricultural evolution. Chris Baiz's grandmother farmed potatoes and cauliflower on the property until her death in 1993 at 101. Baiz and his wife, Ros, moved to the farm in 1996 and planted grapes the next year.

Since 1640, only five families have owned the 23-acre farm that sprawls downhill from LONG ISLAND, Page M4

INSIDE Trying to rent a car in Europe can be deflating. M3

EXPLORE NEW ENGLAND Connecticut to Maine, a menu of overnight hikes. M5

She **pedaled** 500 miles and saw a different Maine. **M5**

GL M1 18:32

RED

BLUE

YELLOW

Black