



Our Favorite
Beachside Eating
Around the World



Above, the view of the Capri coastline from La Fontelina; right, the Wauwinet inn, on Nantucket; below, Zeebop by the Sea, in Goa.



THE CARIBBEAN

ANGUILLA *George's*

So exclusive not even the tide can get in. The open-air restaurant is halfway along the most dazzling beach in the Caribbean, a crystal-clear, cobalt-blue cove with pearlized sand. The fish is so delicious it's love at first bite.

(GAFRUGICA.COM)

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN *Harbour House Restaurant*

Get out of the city and take a fabulous drive along the precipitous coast. Book a window seat—on a tumultuous day the waves break against the windows of the restaurant. You can bring your own wine. And the

seafood mountain (crayfish, calamari, grilled prawns, steamed mussels, seared tuna), said to be for one, will easily do two.

(HARBORHOUSE.CO.ZA)

FRANCE

GOLFE-JUAN *Tetou*

Tetou, the great eating place of all the famous people in the 1940s and 50s, is best known for its bouillabaisse, rouille de mer, beignets, and homemade confiture. It's a family-run business and is still a hot spot—especially during the Cannes Film Festival. The local Domaines Ott rosé goes with everything. (33 4 93 43 71 10)

INDIA

GOA *Zeebop by the Sea*

The epitome of what a beach restaurant should be: wonky wooden tables in the sand, boards with the day's menu, merry staff, sun beds, and gaily painted boats on the water's edge. Don't miss prawn-and-crab-stuffed papadums; huge platters of lobster, pomfret, and kingfish; Kingfisher beer and chilled Sula white wine.

(GOA.HOTELS.CO.IN/RESTAURANTS)

U.S.A.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS *Topper's at the Wauwinet*

You can approach by boat, preferably with cocktail in hand. Situated on a remote tip of the island, the restaurant, from its gray shingles to its wicker chairs, is classic Nantucket. The menu—bay scallops, butter-basted local lobster, chilled oysters—speaks of the sea better than Herman Melville ever did, and there are more than 1,000 wines to choose from. (WAWINET.COM)

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Flo's Clam Shack

For fat-bellied fried clams, old-fashioned lobster rolls on sweet white bread, and Rhode Island-style chowder, Newport locals head to Flo's, a New England classic overlooking First Beach. Marked by a weather-beaten skiff, Flo's serves up classics with little adornment: order at the window, pay in cash, and wait for your paper plate to appear. (FLOSCAMSHACK.NET)

GREECE

MYKONOS *Panormos Beach Bar & Restaurant*

Genuinely laid-back (you can loll on cushions at low tables), with understated chic. On a bay on the northern coast, Panormos is designed in trad Mykonos style combined with lanterns, palm trees, *objets*, and a desert-camouflage net to shade the tables. Order caipirinhas or mojitos, ceviche, fava dip, mussels with ginger, chocolate soufflé. (PANORMOSBEACH.GR)

IRELAND

COUNTY GALWAY

Moran's Oyster Cottage

In a thatched cottage where Seamus Heaney feasted and was inspired to write his poem "Oysters," generations of Morans have been shucking mollusks for more than 250 years. Its patrons include the likes of U2 and Pierce Brosnan, the water glitters, swans float past, and you're a wimp not to drink Guinness.

(MORANSOYSTERCOTTAGE.COM)

ITALY

AMALFI COAST

La Conca del Sogno

You can credibly arrive here only by Riva, preferably one from Le Sirenuse, in Positano. Tables swathed in white cloth are perched on a terrace overlooking a blowhole and a huge stone basin of seawater in which your lunch is swimming. Stay all day, snoozing off the crisp white wine made near Mount Vesuvius. Order "truffles of the sea" (fat, sweet clams), calamari, and pasta with zucchini—the local specialty. (CONCADER.SOGNO.IT)

CAPRI *La Fontelina*

The Riviera on the rocks. Walk down past the intoxicating shops and blissful views of the island's coastline, on a steep path scented with thyme and rosemary. Don't walk back up unless you want a heart attack. White sun beds are laid out for the swim-eat-sun scenario. Order fried zucchini, olives, and fresh fish with olive oil, and a drop of Delius Cantina del Taburno. (FONTELINACAPRI.IT)

—VICTORIA MATHER AND KATHY LETTI with additional reporting from around the globe

PLACES WE LOVE

La Fontelina is one of the world's most ethereal spots for passing a quiet afternoon in the sun and sea air

On Capri,
Easy Does It

Y

ou are sitting at your table after lunch, gazing at the rocks and the deep blue water off Capri, feeling ready to doze from the long meal and the hot haziness of the air. You are thinking that this is one of the only places left on earth where Sophia Loren and Clark Gable might be lying on the rocks today, taking the sun and shooting that scene from *It Started in Naples*.

Instead, you observe a tall, lithe Italian woman leave water's edge and approach the table next to yours. She is barefoot and wearing a big olive shirt over her black bikini. She arrives at her table and takes her seat, straddles it, really, with irreproachable grace. She says, "Ciao," in that clipped but chewy Italian way to everyone at the table, and then reaches over to take her baby from the older woman next to her. She holds the baby on her lap and tears a piece of bread for him. You notice the back of her shirt is damp; her long blond hair is dripping. You cast your glance to the floor by her chair and watch the drops of seawater make a dark circle on the wood. And



The only strenuous part is getting there: La Fontelina is at water's edge, at the foot of a cliff. You can hike down, dive off a boat and swim to shore, or hope to hitch a ride in on someone's dinghy.

next to that is a crinkled paper wrapper. It is unmistakable: from the skinny little Italian breadsticks, called *grissini*. You consider how many *grissini* wrappers are being ritually scrunched or folded at that moment in restaurants all over Italy. This particular wrapper looks just right, lying there on the wooden floor. It is part of a montage, with the puddle and the grains of sand on the wood and the deeply tanned ankles of the Italian family. No need for Loren and Gable to make Capri what it is—romantic, lusty, earthy—but you have to know where to look.

La Fontelina is an escape from all that is civilized and overlone on this island. Capri's piazzetta is like an operetta set, and the town,

with its tiny passageways and smart bou-tiques, is cute and worldly. Not so the casual, breezy, al fresco dining terrace of La Fontelina. It doesn't look like much: rocks, concrete, bamboo. And it can be only vaguely defined as a restaurant. It's rather a kind of old-fashioned bathing club with a flimsy-looking restaurant built at the foot of a sheer cliff. With a wooden frame and bamboo roof, La Fontelina looks like the next stiff breeze will blow it out to sea—which *does* happen regularly. (A hurricane demolished the place a few winters ago.) The practical *capresi* deliberately jerry-build these shoreside places precisely because the African siroccos and winter storms will invariably tear them down. And so, as rickety and insubstantial as La