



PUGLIA

ABOUT

I've been living and working in Italy for most of my life. And I'm happy to say that food has been a big part of that. Not only do I love to cook, but I've been lucky enough to write about restaurants, shopping and travel for most of the big magazines like Food & Wine, Travel & Leisure, Bon Appetit and Town & Country. I admit it, I'm a foodie, for better or worse.

For years I've kept a personal list of my favorites (restaurants, hotels, stores, bakeries, etc.) that I was happy enough to give out to friends, editors, colleagues - and, well, anyone who asked. And a lot of what I discover makes its way to my blog, [Elizabeth Minchilli in Rome](#), where I write about all sorts of good stuff in Rome and beyond

I first launched my EAT ITALY APP in 2012 to immediate [acclaim](#). It is the result of my years of eating and living and visiting restaurants, markets and other delicious places all over Italy, all boiled down in one handy, nifty app. Don't go expecting exhaustive. If you want ALL the restaurants any given place there are tons of guide books out there - in English and Italian. EAT ITALY is simply what I think is the best. In other words, these are all places that I go to, love and would send friends to.

Many of my city and region guides up to now have been available as in app purchases. You can find guides to FLORENCE, ROME, MILAN, VENICE AND TORINO for sale within this app.

EAT PUGLIA is one of the guides that I am offering free of cost. That is because while it still represents my favorite picks, it's not as exhaustive, or large, as some of the other cities. That's not to say it's less useful. I've been going to Puglia, and particularly Bari, at least six times a year for the past 27 years. That's due mostly to the fact that my husband, Domenico, is from Bari. But I've also managed to travel throughout Puglia for pleasure as well as for work. (well, my work is often pleasure!).

PRICES

Since this guide contains so many different categories, I've used abstract pricing. The prices are relative for each category.

€ inexpensive

€€ average

€€€ expensive

OPENING HOURS

I've tried my best to be as specific as possible regarding opening hours. Unfortunately many restaurants change their hours - and especially their vacation and holiday closures - at whim. Keep in mind that many places will be closed at some point during August, and even into September. Certain places (like chocolate stores) close during the hottest months. If you are in doubt, it's always best to call ahead. Websites, which are often not updated for years, can be misleading

Thanks to the miracle of digital publishing, I'll be updating the content constantly. Once you download EAT PUGLIA you will automatically receive notices of new updates.

24 PLACES

Al Pescatore	Annese	Antiche Mura	Antichita La Puglia
Bari Fish Market	Biancofiore	Cibus	Coli' Ceramics
Critabianca	De Carne Salumeria	Di Pietro	Fruttivendolo Rizzi
Il Cavallino	Il Focacciaro	La Fontana	Market in Bari
Nunzia in Bari Vecchia	Osteria del Tempo Perso	Pasta Makers in Bari Vecchia	Peppe Zullo
Perbacco	Terranima	Trattoria La Puritate	U Castagnar



ABOUT

One of our favorite things to do in Bari is eat fish. [Domenico's](#) family's home hangs out over the port, and as his mother often repeats: "siamo gente di mare," we are people of the sea.

She always tells the story of how, growing up, every day fishermen would stop by their house up the coast in Molfetta, with baskets of flopping fresh fish for her mother to choose from.

Even though fish is still plentiful, with fishermen [right outside the door](#), pulling the daily catch out of boats, these days we are more likely to go out for lunch or dinner, rather than cook at home.

While we all love seafood [Sophie](#) is boarder line obsessed about eating raw fish in Bari. Either visiting the fish store where she flirts enough with the vendors, who let her gobble up shrimp and clams before they even make it out the door. Or else scooping up freshly opened [sea urchins right at the port](#). She starts planning her raw fish adventures weeks ahead of time.

Al Pescatore , one of Bari's famous fish restaurants, is always part of the plan. It's located at the edge of Bari Vecchia, in the shadow of the Castello Svevo and only a few hundred feet from the waterfront. Like most of my favorite serious fish restaurants, this one isn't much to look at. Unless you're looking at your plate, that is. The interiors are bare and simple, with most people opting for the terrace that wraps around the place.

This is the kind of place where you say the magic word antipasti, and the good stuff gets going. The only decision you have to make is between crudi and cotti – raw and cooked. Like the good Barese that we are, we order both. While we draw the line at raw mussels (they actually do eat them down here) we have everything else. Bright pink scampi that were almost swimming around in a puddle of olive oil and lemon juice. Freshly shucked noce, a type of clam that reminded me of the little necks I used to get back home. And bright white tagliatelle – thinly cut strips of raw squid, dressed in nothing but the seawater they swam in on.

The cooked portion of our antipasto usually includes two type of shrimp. Huge, beautiful barely cooked gamberi, that are nestled in a pile of crisp and crunchy celery, tomatoes, arugula and red onions. The all time best version of shrimp salad ever. Next is a bowl full of the house specialty: scamponi al ghiaccio. Think shrimp cocktail on steroids. Mega scampi are cooked ever so briefly in boiling water, then immediately plunged into ice to stop the cooking. A massive bowl of mussels and clams, steamed just enough to pop open, has us all dueling with chunks of bread to sop up the garlicky broth.

Domenico's favorite is always the fried portion of our program. Lovely rings and tentacles of squid, of course, but also fluffy, creamy balls of fried crab. Even though I said the shrimp salad that came a few courses before was the best I ever had, I realize it was a tie for the next dish, which is the only somewhat 'fancy' dish of the day. Tiny gamberi, lightly floured and pan fried, then tossed (still warm) with chopped tomatoes and arugula. A drizzle of balsamic seemed out of place at first, but the sweetness went perfectly with the hot, fried shrimp in a very exotic, non-barese, but really good way.

I'm a lover of simplicity, and fish baked in a salt crust is one of my favorite things. While I've had it with spigola, orata and dentice, this was the first time I'd seen the trick applied to still in the shell gamberi. Brilliant. You'd think we were full by then, but while it reads like a lot, the small plates were numerous, but not too filling. Just enough to leave room for pasta. Thank goodness. Three words. Best. Pasta. Ever. At least mine was. I had spaghetti with clams and mussels. It couldn't have been simpler, or better. The trick with making this dish sing are ingredients of course. I'm not sure which brand of pasta they used, but it was a good one (Cavallieri I'm thinking). And then the shellfish: fresh, plump and bursting with juices that developed into a creamy coating for the pasta. The mezze maniche con ragu di coda di rospo was excellent too. At least I think it was. Domenico finished it up before I could even get a bite. We almost didn't order dessert, but the waiter insisted on 'just a taste'. And just a

taste meant 'just a taste' of all their cakes. While they might just look like a mess on that plate, they were all surprisingly delicious. Lots of well made panna montata, crema and fresh fruits. Nothing wrong with that.

No fish meal in Bari i

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Outdoor Seating, Open Monday

ADDRESS

 [Piazza Federico II Svevia 6, Bari](#)

COST

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SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/alpescatorebari/>

GALLERY



PUGLIA

+39.080.527.5898



Annese

<https://www.aziendaagricolaannese.it>



Farm Store In Bari

Mon-Fri 8:30-1:30; 5-8:30. Sat morning only



ABOUT

This tiny store is off the beaten track, but worth going to to purchase products directly from the farm. But don't expect fresh produce, instead jars and jars of artichokes, peppers and other vegetables preserved traditionally under olive oil. Speaking of which: they also sell their very good extra virgin olive oil.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores, Open Monday

ADDRESS

[Via de Rossi 176, Bari](#)

COST

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SOCIAL MEDIA

<https://www.facebook.com/agricolaannese/>

GALLERY



ABOUT

Most times, when we go down to Bari to visit Domenico's mother we pretty much stick to Bari. After a 4 and a half hour car ride down from Rome the last thing we feel like doing is getting in the car the next day to explore. But when we went down recently for Easter, we decided to be a bit more adventurous. My friends Jane and [Gillian](#) were coming too, and so it seemed like a perfect excuse for a road trip on Saturday.

Actually, road trip is kind of exaggerating things a bit. We did get in the car, and we did hit the road, but we really only travelled about 25 minutes down the coast. Does that count?

Even though Polignano is very close to Bari, I'd never been there before. Stupid me. It's just about the most picture perfect town I can imagine. Honey-colored stone buildings alternate with white washed walls, all perched precariously on cliffs that jut into the aquamarine sea. Even though the day we visited was a bit gray and overcast, the drama was non-stop.

Besides just seeing the town, our main destination was, of course, lunch. This time around I let someone else do the research about where to go. [Gillian](#) remembered reading this [blog post](#) from our friend Georgette (thank you!), and so we headed to Antiche Mura.

Antiche Mura is not one of the oft-photographed restaurants in Polignano that show terraces perched into niches dug into the cliffs above the sea. Located in the oldest part of town not only does Antiche Mura not have any views, it doesn't even have an windows. But that doesn't matter. The interiors, dug into the ancient stone and with a soaring vaulted stone ceiling, couldn't be more charming if it tried.

This being Puglia, and a seaside town, fish is the main thing here. And like most fish restaurants in this part of the world. you just say 'antipasti' and the plates start coming.

Although fish was the theme, the first plate to make its way to the table was a bowl of the richest, creamiest burrata. It was followed by paper cones filled with piping hot fried sardines' perfectly dressed wild arugula and octopus salad; breaded mussels; and my favorite patate, riso e cozze: a baked mixture of potatoes, rice and mussels that is a speciality in this part of the world yet oddly hard to find in restaurants.

And of course there was 'crudi': just opened sea urchins and a plate full of 'tagliatelle'. Not pasta, but thick ribbons of raw squid, tangled and dressed with lemon juice and olive oil.

After the over-abundant antipasti, we skipped the pasta and went straight for the main course. Gillian and Jane's husband Scott ordered the speciality of the house: zuppa di pesce. The owner gave a warning as they ordered: it has big chunks of scorfano, so there would be bones. Also? Mussels and crayfish meant that they were definitely going to get their hands dirty. Gillian and Scott thought that made it sound all the better, and were very happy when the platter arrived, heaped with tomato-sauced fish and ringed by thick slices of toasted bread to sop up all the juices.

Instead, for the rest of us, I chose two beautiful spigole from the display out front. It's so rare to find big, fresh fish that haven't been farmed. We had them prepared 'alla olive' which is basically baked in the oven with olives and a bit of white wine. While the photos might look good, it tasted absolutely extraordinary. Firm flesh, perfectly cooked and so far from the farmed fish you see in Rome that I almost cried. Of course I grabbed one of heads for myself (no one else seemed interested) and dug out the tender, flaky cheeks.

Dessert was sporca muss, a flaky cream-filled dessert served piping hot that left everyone happily dusted with a coating of powdered sugar.

One final walk through the town and along the dizzingly dramatic walls and we headed back to Bari, happy, full and vowing to

make road trips happen more often.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Open Monday

COST

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ADDRESS

 [Via Roma 11 Polignano A Mare](#)

SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/AnticheMuraPolignano/>

GALLERY





Antichita La Puglia

Antique Ceramics



ABOUT

If you know me then you know I've got a thing for ceramics. Not only was my [first book](#) on Italian Ceramics, If you follow this blog then you know I've got a [serious addiction thing](#) going on. The only thing stopping me from indulging (besides cost, that is) is space. Unless I start buying new cupboards to store them in, I can't fit one more plate/cut/bowl/platter in my life.

My good intentions were sorely tried recently when we were in Puglia. While I was able to assuage my cravings while in [Cutrofiano](#) by buying a half dozen tiny bowls that will make great gifts for my friends, I was almost brought to tears when we happened upon a trove of absolutely gorgeous antique plates and jugs.

There I was, in Ostuni, walking along innocently, minding my own business when a ray of sunlight caught my eye. And there it was: a perfectly spattered, just-chipped-enough-to-be-interesting, rustic pitcher, posing in a pool of light, on top of about a half a dozen equally patina-speckled plates and bowls.

Assuming this store must have their best ware displayed in the sun-filled window I expected nothing as I stepped inside. Much to my dismay the tiny shop was jammed to the rafters with the ceramics of my dreams. Piles and piles of tiles, jugs, bowls and plates, all rustically painted and worn down with usage and decades of love.

I was strong. I did not succumb. First of all because we were taking the train back and there was only so much I could carry. Second of all because I sort of shopped vicariously through my friends Martha and Dena who both did some serious damage despite the fact they had to pack it and get it back to the States. And finally? My real reason for not buying anything? I promised myself I would be back.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Kitchen And Table Top Stores

ADDRESS

 [Via Cattedrale 6, Ostuni](#)

COST

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GALLERY





Bari Fish Market

Daily Fish Market

Daily, mornings.

ABOUT

You know how cute it is when children just start to talk? Mimicking adults without really knowing what they are saying? Well, one of the first sentences my daughter [Sophie](#) learned, and knew full well what it meant, was “Accattate le rizze.” Speak Italian, but still don’t know what that means? Well, it’s Barese dialect, and it’s what we hear fishermen yelling every morning outside my mother-in-law’s home in Bari. “Accattate le rizze!”

But it turns out my daughters weren’t just blindly mimicking. They understood exactly what they fishermen were yelling. “Buy sea urchins! Buy sea urchins!” You see my [husband](#) grew up in Bari, along the Lungomare, right across from the port where the fishermen bring in their small wooden boats. They would tie them up, and set up their tables selling the catch of the day.

While most of the haul is bought and taken home to be cooked, sea urchins, or le rizze, are opened by hand and eaten standing up right there and then. With hands as tough as leather, the fishermen use a knife to open up the belly of the spiny creatures, revealing the bright orange row. Plopped on a plastic plate, they are ready to be eaten as is, with the help of a crust of bread to scoop up every last bit.

Since this is Sophie and Emma’s favorite food, it’s no wonder they can say sea urchin in English, Italian and Barese. If it’s the right time of year (as long as there is an ‘r’ in the month} we head across the street from Nonna’s house to buy a mid-morning snack of sea urchins every day we are here.

If you're in Bari, the part of the Lungomare where you buy sea urchins is just to the south of the Teatro Margherita. The fishermen are there every morning, and have sea urchins in all but the hottest months. Is it safe to eat raw seafood here? Who knows?! I wouldn't eat a raw mussel, but I have eaten a tartufo di mare some other type of sea barnacle) and I'm still walking. Even if you aren't buying fish the entire scene is like going to the movies. In fact, here are a couple of videos I've made recently [here](#) and [here](#).

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores

ADDRESS

[Via Goffredo di Crollanza, Bari](#)

COST

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GALLERY







ABOUT

Recently, for [Sophie](#)'s birthday we were in Bari and so we decided that rather than go to one of the restaurants we [know](#) and [love](#), we'd try something new. There has been a real renaissance of new restaurants and hotels all over Puglia in the last few years, and we had a few places in Bari on our 'to do' list. Biancofiore was at the top.

Although we'd read about Biancofiore in the past, it was still a shock to realize we had walked right past it many times without realizing it. Just down the road from [Domenico](#)'s mothers home, Biancofiore is located on the busy boulevard, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, that separates the new part of town from [Bari Vecchia](#).

One of the reasons we wanted to try this place for Sophie's birthday celebration is because it seemed a bit more upscale (i.e. fancy) than the more [rough](#) and ready places we usually frequent. But at the same time family-run and not overly stuffy.

The interior is darling, with a high arched stone vault which made us think that perhaps the space had been an ancient warehouse for goods coming in from the nearby port. The rest of the place was light and airy, with the walls and tables painted bright white.

The menu is almost 100% fish (this is Bari) and so we decided to just let the owners choose a mixture of antipasti for us to split. We started out with the most delicate amuse bouche of smoked mackerel topped with whipped ricotta. Obviously home smoked (a rarity in these parts) the fish was just barely redolent of wood, moist and the pairing with the slightly sweet ricotta perfect.

I also love the eggplant fritters, which were crusty on the outside and perfectly spiced inside. A big plate full of grilled octopus was nestled amid preserved artichokes and the oil they had been preserved in. The fried squash blossoms came to the table looking very pretty, but the secret they held in their bellies was a light and creamy seafood stuffing.

And then of course there was the crudi, or raw, portion of things. To me this is the true test of a place, since you can really judge the quality of both the ingredients as well as how the kitchen handles things. The tuna tartare was one of the best I've had recently: it was obviously fresh (it's so often been frozen) and perfectly seasoned with fruity olive oil and crunchy sea salt. Since it was her birthday we let Sophie eat up all the oysters and Domenico at all the tartufi di mare (a kind of barnacle) mostly because their strong iodine taste is something that locals appreciate more. (I can't stand them!)

The pastas were all perfect: inventive spins with local ingredients. I was especially happy with my bowl full of rigatoni with scallions, raw shrimp and toasted almonds. Sophie loved her tagliatelle with cuttlefish and yellow cherry tomatoes. Domenico and his mother both ordered the risotto, which was a creative spin on the usual seafood with a sauce made from oysters and dehydrated raspberries on top. Sounds odd, but even Domenico's mother gave it her stamp of approval (we were all a bit worried!).

Although the portions were big, we were all agreed that one of the reasons we all loved this meal so much was because we didn't feel stuffed to the point of falling over afterwards (which often happens after these big lunches). Everything was made with a light hand, and was hugely satisfying without being overwhelming. We even had room for dessert before our afternoon walk along the Lungomare

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday

ADDRESS

 [13, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Bari](#)[Bari, Città Metropolitana di Bari, Puglia, Italy](#)

COST
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SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/RistoranteBiancofiore>

 <https://twitter.com/BiancofioreBari>

GALLERY





ABOUT

We hit the ground running when we arrived in Puglia on a recent trip. Our friends picked us up at the Brindisi train station and we headed directly to Ceglie Messapica, a small town about a 45 minute drive away.

We chose it for two reasons: First, it was near enough to Brindisi to be able to make it there for lunch. But more importantly, this is where Cibus is located.

I'd been wanting to go to Cibus for, oh, 15 years or so. About 20 years ago, when the whole Slow Food movement was just taking root, Lillino Silibello decided to open a restaurant, in the heart of Puglia, in one of the oldest towns, that would feature seasonal and local dishes of the region. With his mother in the kitchen, he took care of the rest, creating a place that has become a destination in and of itself.

After parking the car we wandered the narrow, white washed alleys of Ceglie Messapica. Since we were running kind of late, and starved, we decided to leave the sightseeing till after. We finally spotted the red Cibus flag waving at the end of one particularly narrow street.

I knew we were in the right place even before we made it into the dining room: hanging [pomodori fiaschetto](#), braids of onions and garlic and big bunches of dried red peppers were hanging from every available nail and beam.

We settled into the grotto-like, warm and cozy dining room (part of an ex monastery) and began exploring the menu. Even though my Italian is pretty good, and [Domenico](#) is actually from Puglia, there were still certain words neither of us could translate for our friends. Italian food is so regional, and most of the dishes so local, that even an hour or so up the coast in Bari they didn't exist or were called something completely different.

Sagnapenta turned out to be a type of handmade pasta made of grano duro, and here served in the traditional way with toasted breadcrumbs, ricotta forte and tomato sauce. I ordered strascinati, another type of handmade pasta, this time made from [farina di grano arso](#), and topped with a rabbit ragu'.

The secondi part of the menu was, if anything, even more local and tempting than the pastas. My friend [Martha](#) ordered the mixed roast, which included pork, lamb and sausage. My friend Deena instead went straight for the lamb. Each dish included rustic, meaty cuts of obviously locally raised animals that were boney, fatty and absolutely delicious.

Avrum had decided, the minute we sat down, to order the rabbit, braised with tomatoes from nearby Torre Guaceto and tiny black olives. Chuck, went for the bistecca di podolico, from a the local breed of cow.

Domenico decided this was the chance to get a bit more adventurous and had involtini di cavallo. Yes, horse meat. It used to be much more common and we actually saw a few horse butchers during our weekend. These were little bundles, stuffed with a bit of local cheese and parsley, and stewed till tender in a tomato sauce.

I went directly for the word I recognized the least: maretto di agnello. As it turns out in Puglia maretto is what in Rome is called coratella: the lungs, heart and liver from a baby lamb. Here chopped and then wrapped up into its own little bundle, held tight with caul fat and intestine. It was, at least in my humble opinion, one of the best things I ate not only all weekend, but ever. I'm a huge fan of coratella, and always order it in Rome, but this way of cooking it was a revelation. It's incredibly labor intensive (and you can watch a video [here](#), for how it's done) but if I can get my hands on lamb intestine and caul fat, then I'm going to try to recreate it.

One thing I forgot to mention is that all of the pastas were topped not with run of the mill parmigiano, but incredibly fragrant and flavorful pecorino. Each dish was dusted with a different cheese that brought an entirely new dimension and richness to the dishes. After we finished our meal, we found out why when Lillino showed us his secret cheese cave. Located in one corner

of the dining room, was a secret door leading down to a sunken closet. He flicked the light on and we saw his stash of cheeses. Fat wheels of pecorino and pendulous orbs of caciocavallo filled the small space. Meticulously maintained, some were 15 years old and reserved for special cheese workshops.

We then got a chance to visit his workshop a

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Open Monday

COST

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ADDRESS

[Via Chianche di Scarano 7, Ceglie Messapica](#)

SOCIAL MEDIA

<https://www.facebook.com/Cibus-172868476057378/>

GALLERY



ABOUT

When I arrived at Cutrofiano it was, at first, kind of what I expected. This area of Puglia, the Salento, is a study in contrasts. On the one hand you can stumble upon achingly beautiful, small, white-washed towns like Otranto, Ostuni and Ceglie Mesapica. But there is a lot of ugliness as well, with whole villages that look like they were designed by....well, that looked like they weren't designed at all. Just bad, ugly construction that has gone up in the last fifty years and now calls itself a town.

Cutrofiano looked like it was pretty much going to be an ugly washout.

We parked the car and headed to the one ceramic store we saw at the crossroads. Full of boring looking dishes and terra cotta pots, it was nothing to get excited about. When we asked the owner if there was a center of town, he replied not really. And when asked if there were other ceramic stores, he again replied in the negative. But finally, as we were leaving the store, to try to explore on our own, he admitted that 'there was one more place, about 50 meters up the road.'

And this is what we found.

Mr. Coli, making ceramics, as his family has been doing for the last 200 years or so.

As he worked on a bowl, we were invited to visit the store behind the workshop. Urns, plates, bowls, jugs and just about anything else you could form out of ceramic were piled high on metal shelves, in cardboard boxes and on the tiled floor. It was a ceramic junkies dream come true.

As my friends dug through the piles, I snapped a few photographs and tried to chat with Mr. Coli. He was having none of it. He was pleasant, but he also made it very clear he had work to do.

When we had finally gathered up the platters and jugs we wanted to buy, he wiped his hands, wrapped up our pieces, took our money, and continued working.

Just as he had all his life

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Kitchen And Table Top Stores, Open Monday

COST

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ADDRESS

 [Viale Della Ceramica 2, Cutrofiano](#)

SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/coliweb/>

 <https://twitter.com/fratellicoli>

GALLERY







Critabianca

<http://critabianca.com/en/>

A Hotel In Salento



ABOUT

One of the most darling places we stayed in last summer was Critabianca. The discovery of this piece of paradise is due to [Sophie's](#) adoption of this corner of Puglia as her home away from home. The small town of Cutrofiano is her base, but when we all decided to take a family vacation last September she started visiting some of the hotels in the area. Also? We were researching for our upcoming Week in Puglia.

Critabianca is a restored farmhouse that had a much more sophisticate life in the 18th century when it was a country residence of a local middle class family. This layered history has been artfully uncovered by it's most recent owners.

The family who have taken over this place are a huge part of what makes it so special. Nicoletta, Alessandro, Roberta and Roberto made our stay there perfect. The four of them are so lovely, warm and inviting that we felt extremely pampered during our entire stay.

One of the most delicious parts of our stay were the incredible breakfasts. Each morning we would be woken to the smell of freshly baked goodness coming from the kitchens below. By the time we arrived at the tables set amid the citrus grove, the buffet was set with cakes and breads cooked by Roberto. Soft brioches were at each place, while a picture perfect focaccia was on the table. There was also fresh mozzarella and ricotta, cakes, fruit and....well, see for yourself.

Each element of the restoration and decoration of Critabianca was as filled with thought and love and good taste as the breakfasts. In fact, we loved the ceramics that were located both on the table and throughout the hotel so much that we made a pilgrimage to the potter who made them. I also loved the way that the walls were left with pentimenti revealing the past inhabitants and how the family filled the house with their own heirlooms including the hand crocheted bedspread that was in our room. When I asked where I could find a similar one, Roberta told me it was a wedding gift over thirty years ago from her aunt.

The only sad thing about this place is that it is too small for Sophie and I to use as a base for our Week in Italy tour (there are only six rooms.) But the up side of this? We know it will remain a small and intimate place that we will visit anyway, on our own, many times in the future.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Hotel - Places To Stay

ADDRESS

 [SP 278 Cutrofiano](#)

COST

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SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/Critabianca/>

GALLERY





PUGLIA

+39.080.521.9676



De Carne Salumeria



Delicatessen In Bari

Mon-Sat 8:30-2:30 & 4:30-8:30. Thurs only morning



ABOUT

One of the best places to stock up on cheeses and cured meats in Bari. De Carne is where all the Barese head to buy prosciutto, mozzarella and other delicacies.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores

ADDRESS

[Via Alessandro Maria Calefati 130, Bari](#)

COST

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SOCIAL MEDIA

<https://www.facebook.com/decarnesalumeriailquartocorso/>

GALLERY



ABOUT

If you're like me, and you have to make a five hour drive from point A to point B, you're probably looking for a point C. Somewhere in between where you can stop off and have lunch. We make the drive from Rome to Bari all the time, but never ever make more than pit stops along the way. While I love my Autogrill as much as the next girl, I always dream of wandering off into the beautiful countryside around Benevento to explore.

Why don't we stop? Because we're going down to spend time with Domenico's mom, and we've usually left Rome later than we had anticipated on a Friday afternoon. We end up driving fast and furious to make it in time for a dinner of [focaccia](#) and panzerotti. And then on the way back, we're usually trying to avoid Sunday evening traffic leading back into the city.

But this time, on our way back to Rome on Sunday, for the first time ever, we left early enough to include a lunch stop along the way. Armed with the newest edition of the [Osterie d'Italia](#) guide, we figured out where we would be about 1pm, and narrowed it down to a few choices.

I've talked about the Slow Food guide in the [past](#). It's my go to bible for finding authentic, usually slightly rustic, local trattorie. A wonderful feature is the little map in the front of each region. I just ran my finger along the A16, and chose what seemed to be the perfect place: Di Pietro.

Just three kilometers off the autostrada, the restaurant had all three Slow Food symbols (good wine, local produce and artisan cheese). It was in a small town I had never heard of. I imagined that since it was in the middle of magically lovely countryside, (that we usually just speed past), it had to be beautiful. You know. A handful of ancient stone buildings huddled around a pocket-sized piazza.

When I called to reserve, the owner said "We're just under the portico." Exactly! A old portico was the only thing missing from my vision.

The photo of the countryside is what we drove through to get there.

The rest of the photos? What we actually found.

This area of Italy was hit hard by an Earthquake in 1980. While the shifting tectonic plates did a lot of damage, the corruption and floods of money that flowed into the area did worse. As it turns out, the original picturesque town of Melito Irpino was one of the sad casualties of rampant thievery.

Because there was an ancient town, just liked I imagined. But the local 'powers that be' decided to scrap it. Literally. It was completely razed to the ground.

And what you see here is what the brilliant planners (brought in from other regions) laid out. At great profit to a few locals of course.

All to say: not what we were expecting. As we entered this architecturally challenged corner of Campania we thought that finally, Osterie d'Italia had failed us.

We almost turned around.

I'm so glad we didn't.

Following the disturbingly yellow, sign we headed for our destination. Walking under one of the god awful modern porticos, we made walked through the front door. And knew we were in our kind of place right from the minute we sat down and found a pile of local apples – beautifully bruised and scarred – as a center piece on each table.

We thought we'd have a quick lunch. Hah. No such thing.

Even though we said 'no' to antipasti, it showed up anyway. Thickly sliced salami from nearby Grottaminarda. Crispy hot focaccia still warm and slightly smoky from the wood burning oven.

Rustic frittata and sformata, both with local greens and fresh cheeses. The most amazing sweet and sour pumpkin.

Had we known we were getting such bounty we may have ordered a bit less to come after. Or maybe not.

Minestra maritata was a brothy soup made from broccoli greens. Big chunks of local sausage floated on top, all sprinkled with bright red pieces of peperoni cruschi. Who knew pork soup could taste this healthy? Domenico ordered the local pasta, hand made cicatiella. Again, veggies were the star and the chewy little shapes were smothered with broccoli greens and peperoni, and topped with crispy bread crumbs and tons of garlic and hot pepper.

By this time we were actually full. And so truly regretted having ordered a meat course. Until it came.

The stuf

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Open Monday

COST

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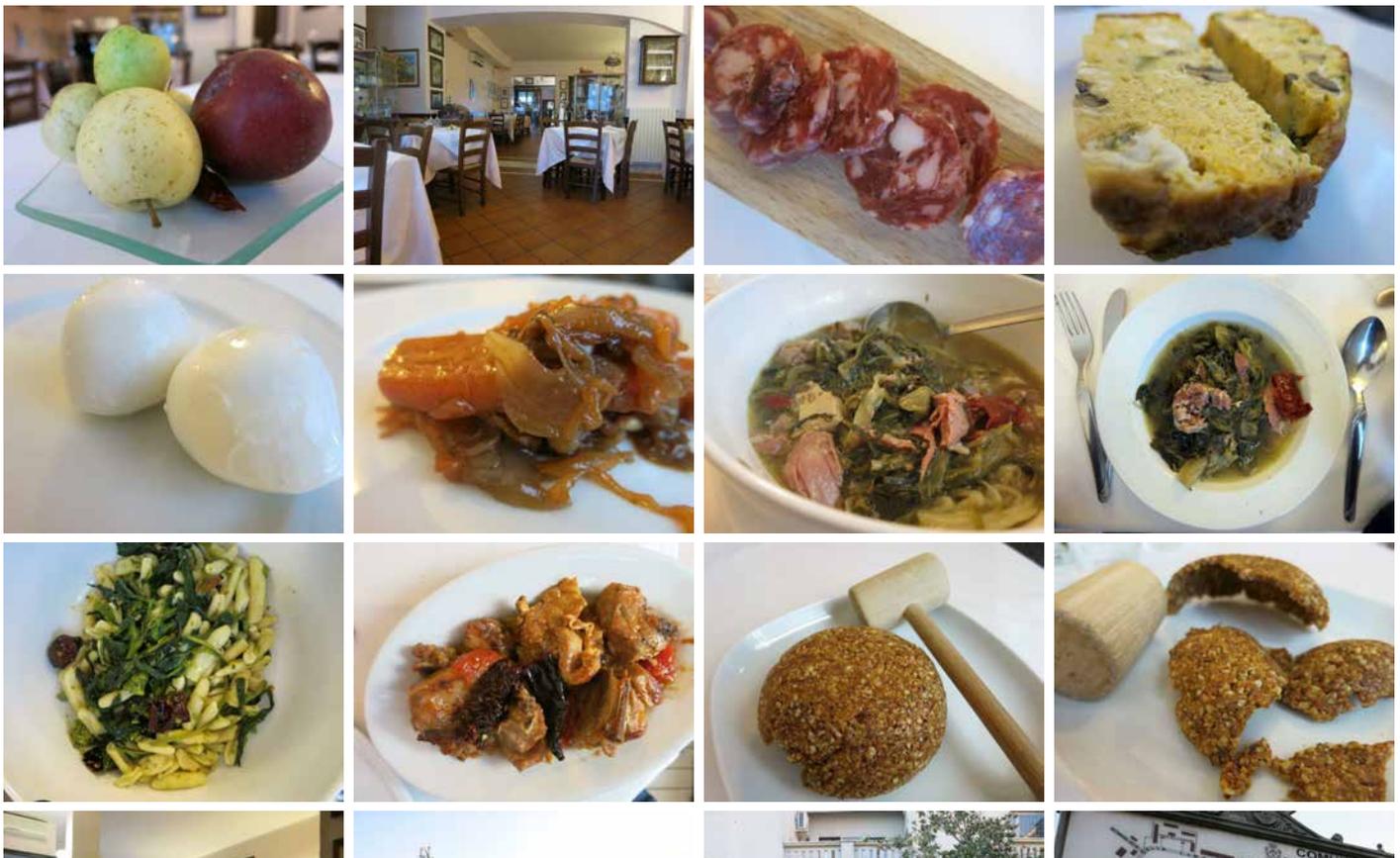
ADDRESS

 [Corso Italia 8, Melito Irpino](#)

SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/Antica-Trattoria-Di-Pietro-539571706078810/>

GALLERY







Fruttivendolo Rizzi



Fruit And Vegetable Store

Monday-Saturday, 8-2pm; 5-9pm.



ABOUT

One of the funnest parts of traveling is getting the chance to try new food. And one of my favorite things to do is visit the markets to get a sense of what types of fruits and vegetables grow in the area. In these days of supermarkets where the same Red Delicious apples show up from Milan to Palermo, it's a comfort to find a store like Rizzi that still gets in intensely local produce.

This is where I head when I am at my mother-in-law's home and [preparing holiday meals](#). I can be pretty sure that I will find things I know and love, like cardoncelli mushrooms, as well as wierd and wonderful types of cucumbers that I've never heard of. There is always something surprising here, and the owner is always happy to explain

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores, Open Monday

ADDRESS

Via De Giosa Nicola 63, Bari

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY





Il Cavallino

Horse Butcher



ABOUT

When Sophie and I began to research our meat filled excursion into the Valle D'Itria, just south of Bari, this was the Fornello that everyone kept mentioning. Far from the summer crowds in Cisternino (see below) Il Cavallino is busy all year round feeding locals as well as Baresi who make the 20 minute drive here. As the name would suggest, this is a butcher specializing in horse meat. The butcher actually oversees all the animals they raise, and so the meat is 100% local. Horse meat, in case you've never had it, is slightly sweeter than beef, and extremely delicate tasting. While Il Cavallino makes all of the usual delicacies to be grilled over their wood fired grill and domed oven, one of their specialties is carpaccio.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Food Stores

ADDRESS

 [Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour 21, Gioia del Colle](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY





Il Focacciaro



Street Food

Mon-Sat 8am-3pm; 5:30-9



ABOUT

When it comes to a meal you really don't want to cook, but do want to eat at home, the barese head to the Focacciaro. Although I'm sure there are many of these all over town, the one near [Domenico's](#) family home is – according to most – one of the best.

What's the difference between focaccia and pizza? Like most things in Italy, it matters where you are. One Neopolitan's pizza may be another Roman's pizza bianca. But if you happen to be in Bari, focaccia is ideally a small round of dough, rolled out thin, then very lightly topped with a few small cherry tomatoes (sometimes fresh, sometimes those ones that get hung up to dry that only exist here), olive oil, 2 or 3 black olives and a sprinkling of oregano. No cheese.

The focaccia from the Focacciaro is one of my favorite things in the world. It's a bit chewy in the center, getting crispier out towards the edges. The crust is one of the best parts, and is crunchy and covered with a slick of olive oil and bits of caramelized tomato.

While focaccia is the speciality here, it's not the only thing people wait in line for. Small panzarotti filled with mozzarella and tomato or else ground meat are scrumptious. As are the rustic tarts, filled with slowly cooked onions.

So, if you are in Bari, make sure you stop by here. It's in the new part of town, just a block away from the lungomare that runs along the sea. Pick up a focaccia or two, a bag full of panzarotti and have a picnic right on the water.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Street Food / Snacks, Bakery, Open Monday

ADDRESS

[Via Salvatore Cognetti 43, Bari](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY





La Fontana

Grilled Meats



ABOUT

Almost all Fornelli are open only in the evenings. La Fontana is a delicious exception. Since it is located in the incredibly touristy (but extraordinarily beautiful) town of Alberobello (the town with the coned shaped buildings) it is also open for lunch. Walk up to the counter and choose your meat. I'm particularly fond of almost anything breaded. And like many Fornelli this is also the place to order cured meats. Don't miss the thinly sliced pancetta, dressed with salt, pepper and olive oil. And yes, you can eat pancetta 'raw' since it's actually not raw, but cured. Really. It's ok.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant

ADDRESS

 [Largo Martellotta 55, Alberobello](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY



Market in Bari

Fruit And Vegetables

Monday-Saturday, 7:30-2pm.

ABOUT

I love going to the market in Bari. It's located in this weird sort of nothing neighborhood, on the ground floor of a parking garage. Like much new architecture in Bari, absolutely no urban planning went into this. Which has a charm all it's own, of course. It's really Bari.

One of the reasons I love going to the market here is not only because all things vegetal just taste more intense from Puglia, but there are things that never even make it up as far north as Rome.

My favorite stand by far is the tomato stand. This is a stand that has tomatoes all year long. But if you're thinking hot house tomatoes, or imported tomatoes, you'd be wrong. Even in the deepest, darkest week of winter they always have 'winter' tomatoes which are grown in the summer, then threaded and hung up on strings. They look like cherry tomatoes but have a much thicker skin.

I also love cucumber season, and stock up on cukes that are typically pugliese. Short, fat and stubby, there were not only cetrioli dolce (which are more or less like normal cucumbers) but called caroselli and cucumarazzi which tend to be eaten after a meal, sort of like fruit. They taste more or less like a not-so-sweet melon. But in a good, really fresh, way.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores

ADDRESS

[Piazza Balenzano, Bari](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY







Nunzia in Bari Vecchia



Eating In Private Home

Whenever she feels like it.



ABOUT

Whenever we go to Bari I head to Barivecchia to stock up on [homemade orecchiette](#). Recently, while visiting Signora Nunzia I not only came away with pasta, I also learned a few new things.

First of all, as you already know, I learned that the signora also makes [panzerotti](#). And she kindly let me follow the process while her family turned out panzerotti after panzerotti with military like precision while I made this [video](#).

I also got the chance to see the family turn their skills to orecchiette making. While I'd seen [orecchiette being made before](#), it's the kind of thing that (IMHO) you have to watch again and again and again to even begin to get a grasp of the technique and skill involved. While I kept my eye closely glued to the moving hands, trying to figure out how it's done, Nunzia kept her eyes on the TV. Yes. She doesn't even have to watch what she's doing, her hands just keep going non-stop.

After I had hung out in the kitchen for an hour, and bought my 2 kilos of orecchiette to take back home, Nunzia asked me to come back the next day to try them prepared by her, with rape. Here? I asked, looking around the tight little kitchen.

No! Nella nostra ristorante! she said, pointing across the street. All I saw was a staircase leading up to a small doorway. Vai, vai. Vai a vedere she said.

So I climbed the stairs to find their hidden restaurant. Two rooms, furnished with just enough tables and chairs to act as a makeshift 'ristorante.'

Of course we came back the next day for lunch. After asking if we ate everything, and were hungry, the food just started coming.

To start, of course, freshly fried panzerotti. Then a speciality from Molfetta, a nearby town: a rustic pie stuffed with slowly cooked onions and a type of local cod. A small dish of bubbling eggplant parmigiana was one of the best I'd ever had. A small portion - 'just to taste' - of a barese speciality, riso, patate e cozze. Rice, potatoes and mussels is one of the first dishes I had ever eaten cooked by Domenico's mother and I'd never seen it on a restaurant menu. I knew this would be the test. "E buono," Domenico's mother declared. As she did for everything that came to our table.

The main pasta course was, of course, Nunzia's handmade orecchiette, dressed alla barese with [cime di rapa and anchovies](#). Our main course, tender, tiny bracciole, ([involtini](#)) in a rich tomato sauce. It was only later, at the end of the meal, that we learned the delicious beef was in fact horse. "Never beef" Nunzia's son declared, shocked that we would even think they would use beef.

And finally, when we thought we couldn't eat anything more, small slices of torta ubriaco, a kind of drunken chocolate cake made with red wine. I meant to get the recipe, but forgot. Luckily Domenica wrote it up [here](#).

Here is the [video](#) I made of the orecchiette making and eating in action. If you watch the video enough times, you may be able to recreate the pasta at home. But for the full experience? Book at seat at Nunzia's table.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant

ADDRESS

[Arco Alto, Bari](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY





PUGLIA

+39.0831.304.819



Osteria del Tempo Perso

<http://www.osteriadelttempoperso.com>



Traditional Restaurant

Tue-Sun, lunch and dinner



ABOUT

Visiting Ostuni is one of the most pleasant ways I can think of to get lost. And get lost you will. While the winding white washed streets are all magical, they all also look magically the same. My advice? Just go with it. Yes, you will walk up and down and all around, but think of it as working up an appetite. And make sure you eventually end of at Osteria del Tempo Perso.

Tempo Perso, by the way, means wasted time. But don't think of getting lost as wasted time, since it will be well worth it if you end up here.

The restaurant is located in a former bakery, and the oven is still one of the main features in the cave like dining room. The menu features specialities from the area, including hand made pastas, and also does a truly outstanding job at grilled meats. We were there in the fall and so decided to truffle things up. I loved my Grano Pestato con crema di cacio cavallo e tartufo: I kind of cheesy grainy soup with truffles shaved on top. Equally good, and perhaps more local, were the cecatelli con carciofi, guanciale e pecorino: a type of homemade pasta with artichokes and cured pork cheek.

Second courses included yummy sausages served with roasted potatoes and perfectly grilled lamb chops served with cardoncelli, a local wild mushroom. Make sure you ask what the controni, or side dishes, of the day are. We had a delicious plate full of stewed green beans.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday

ADDRESS

 [Via Gaetano Tanzarella Vitale 47, Ostuni](#)

COST

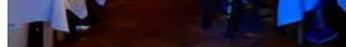
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SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/osteriadelttempopersostuni/>

GALLERY





Pasta Makers in Bari Vecchia

Homemade Pasta

Daily

ABOUT

Whenever we are in Bari, we take a walk through Bari Vecchia, the old part of town. Even though Bari Vecchia is a warren of small alleys, dead end streets and passages, after a few years of doing this walk, I pretty much thought I had seen it all. Domenico is from Bari, so I've been going down regularly for the last twenty years.

But I remember one day, as we made our way towards [lunch](#) we took a turn down a street I had never been on: Strada Arco Alto. As the name suggests, we passed beneath a low stone archway and then onto one of the many pristine white flagstone-paved streets.

In Bari Vecchia I had become used to peering in ground floor doorways to see entire families living their daily life in full view of anyone who passed by. While there are ground floor stores as well, most of these spaces are actually homes where people live. TVs blare, meals are prepared and eaten, children take naps. You know, life. And since these homes are basically on the street, the streets are spotless. Housewives take pride in keeping the stones in front of their homes as sparkling as the ones inside.

But Strada Arco Alto was a bit different. Yes, there was the obligatory housewife mopping the street. But each little doorway had a makeshift table set up in front of it. When I got closer I saw that the chairs and stools were actually supporting wooden framed drying racks filled with hand made pasta.

Orecchiette mostly, but also capunti, cavatelli and strascinati. Some of the shapes were freshly made and drying, others were already packed up, weighed and ready to go in plastic bags.

And inside the doorways? Women quietly working away in their kitchens, turning flour and water into mini masterpieces of pasta. Not just for their own families, but for sale to anyone who happened to be walking by. Here is a [video](#) of the pasta making in action.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores

ADDRESS

[Strada Arco Alto, Bari](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY





PUGLIA

Pepe Zullo

One Of Best Restaurants In Southern Italy

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<http://www.pepezullo.it>



Wed-Mon, Lunch only



ABOUT

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Open Monday

ADDRESS

[Via Piano Paradiso, Orsara di Puglia](#)

COST

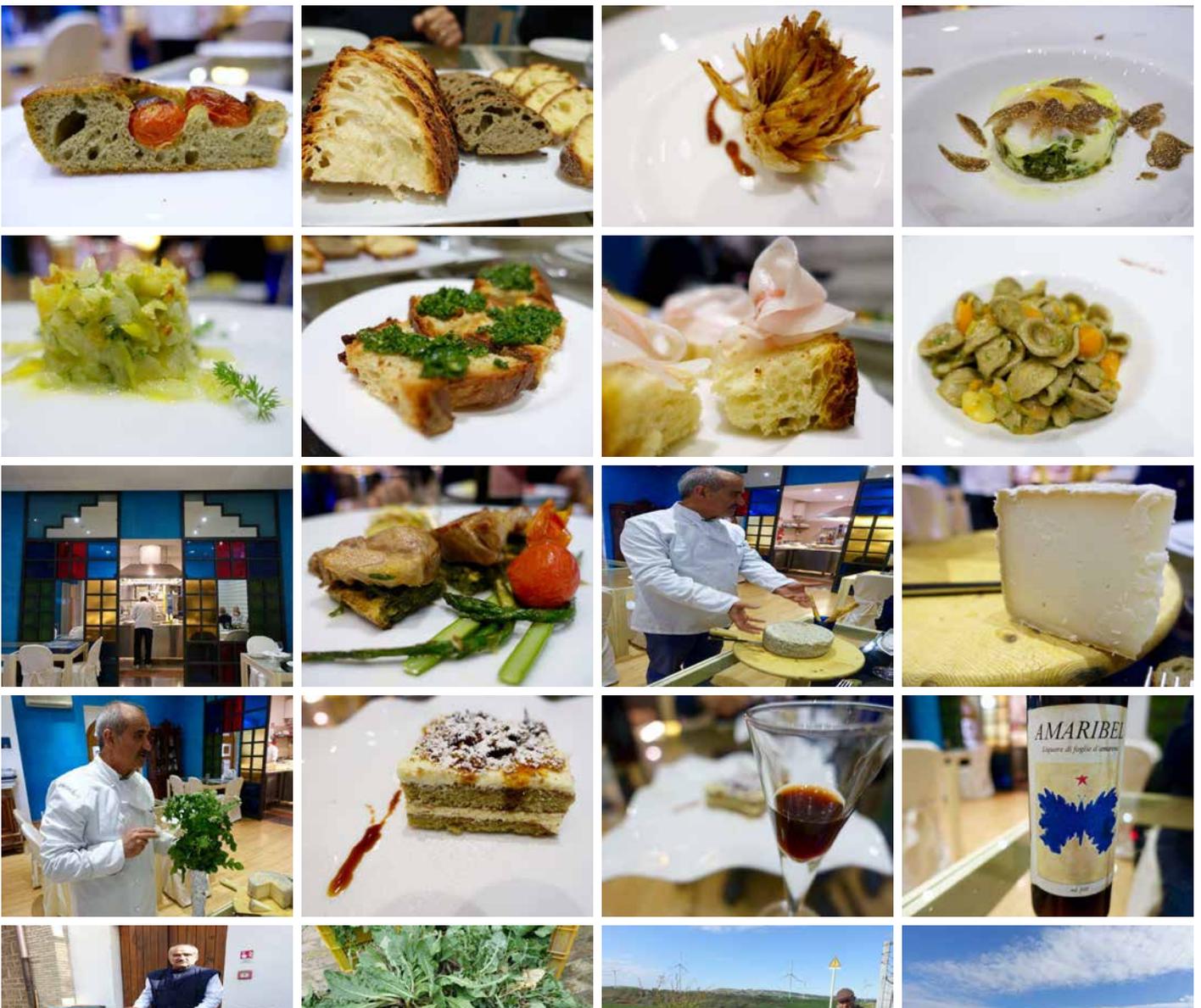
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SOCIAL MEDIA

<https://www.facebook.com/pepezullowedding/>

<https://twitter.com/pepezullo2>

GALLERY





PUGLIA

+39.080.558.8563



Perbacco



Trattoria In Bari

Mon-Fri lunch & dinner. Sat dinner only.



ABOUT

Perbacco is what Italians refer to as 'un'osteria moderna.' In other words a cozy, traditional place, using local ingredients, but in a new and slightly more modern way. Perbacco is just this.

After passing through a long hallway lined with wine, the space opens up into the dining room, which is partly wood paneled and partly stones. The remaining walls are covered with an eclectic collection of plates which makes the entire place feel almost like a private home.

The menu is full of local vegetables and pasta shapes. The night we were there we ordered from the specials, which included a delicious little souffle made of brocoletti served with a pool of burrata. While I had a filet of mackerel served with fennel, orange and black olives, Domenico chose the stracetti con rucola, grana and pomodorini (quickly cooked beef with arugula, parmigiana and cherry tomatoes).

The desserts are lovely too, and non traditional. The hazlenut semifreddo with nutella was decadent, but not too heavy and their version of millefoglie was made up of excellent almond cookies held together with layers of ricotta and mascarpone.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Monday

ADDRESS

[Via Abbrescia 99, Bari](#)

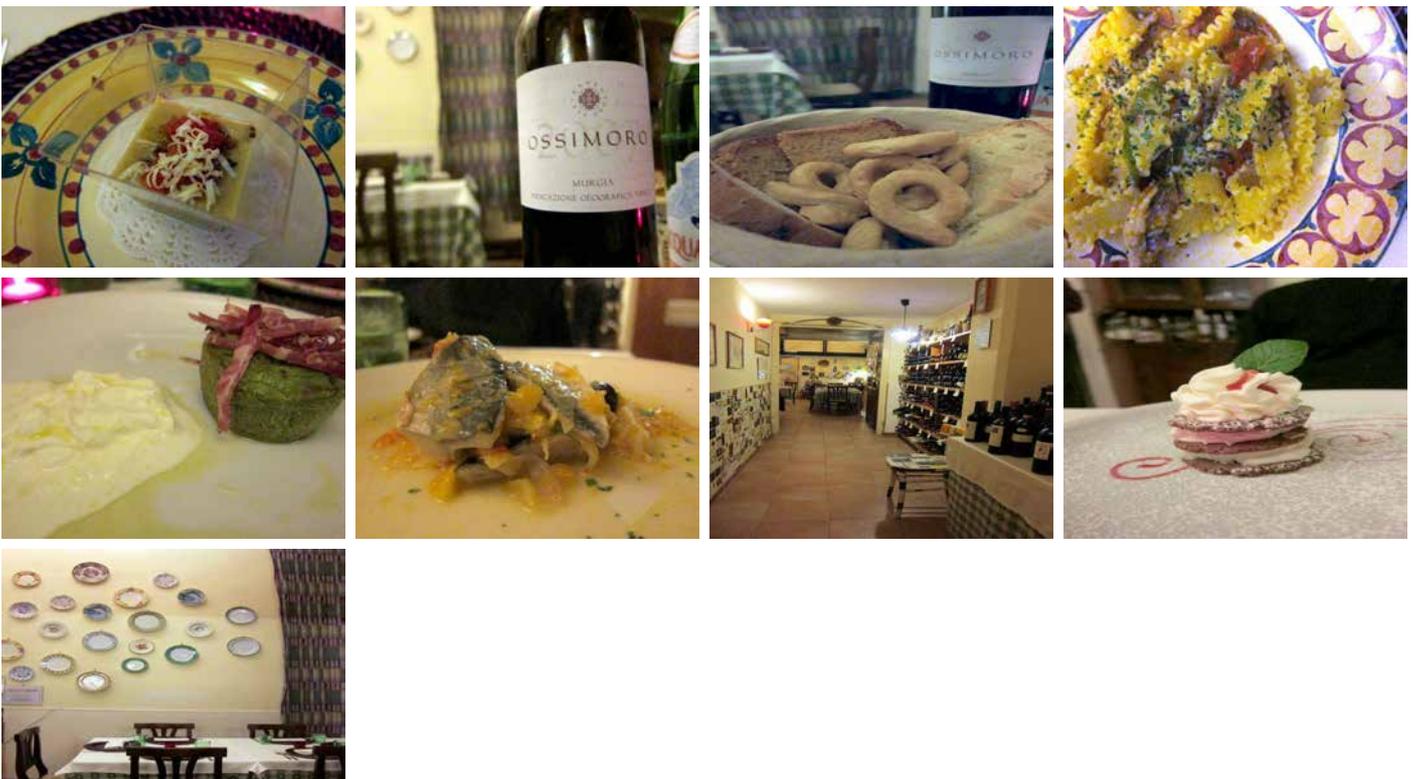
COST

\$\$\$

SOCIAL MEDIA

<https://www.facebook.com/Ristorante-Perbacco-Bari-163386960422045/>

GALLERY







ABOUT

Sometimes all it takes is one little thing for me to like a restaurant. And I'll admit it right here, right now, in print. Any restaurant that has a jar of dried fava beans as the table decoration is gonna win me over. Every time.

Terranima, in Bari, won me over big time. And not just for the lovingly created interiors, but mostly - of course - for the food.

What's so great about Terranima is the same attention to detail goes into everything: from the afore-mentioned centerpiece to the flour that goes into the focaccia. Every single solitary taste, presentation and element is pitch perfect.

Almost all of this has to do with the passion of the owner, Pietro Conte. Leaving the world of marketing behind, he took over this restaurant a few years ago and transformed it into a virtual temple of all that is good in Pugliese cooking. His obsessive quest for the local and traditional has made Terranima a temple to the concepts of Slowfood. But a temple where you eat really really well.

Rather than look at the menu, it's best to just put yourselves in Pietro's hands.

We started out with a small plates of pugliese yumminess. Piping hot, freshly fried, tiny cheese-filled panzerotti and fluffy, chewy focaccia. A plate of soppressata from a small town nearby, fat green sweet olives, small rosettes of capocollo and fresh-as-fresh ricotta and mozzarella.

And then the real lunch began. The thing I love about Pugliese food is that it's very much about vegetables, especially home cooking. And Terranima takes this philosophy to heart, but makes it their own. One of their specialties are small, portion-sized, sformatini: cup-sized portions of mostly vegetable dishes. We loved the cheesy rice with zucchini, served with stewed semi-dried cherry tomatoes.. And the broccoli sformatini combined with eggs and cheese and was drizzled with just a big of spiced oil. And then back to the classics with melanzane alla parmigiana, served in a traditional terracotta pot.

Moving on to the pastas meant discovering just how well Terranima does taking traditional ingredients and reworking them into something completely new and fabulous. The hand made pasta - fricelli - were tossed with a mixture of creamy black olive puree and tomatoes.

And while I've had my fair share of orecchiette in Bari, this was the first time I had them made from grano arso, a type of flour made from toasted wheat. Dark brown, the chewy little disks has a smoky flavor that went perfectly with the 'sauce' that was made up of stewed artichokes and pureed fava beans.

There was no way we could go on to any kind of secondo. But somehow we did agree to just a 'little' tasting of dessert. Five of them made their way to our table. Most of the small puddings eschewed tradition, but used local ingredients to result in things like the small ricotta and cherry budino and eggy chestnut custard. But my favorite was pure classic: the piping hot pastry called 'sporca muss', which means 'dirty mouth', which we definitely has as we all bit down on the flaky, brittle custard-stuffed, sugar-covered pastries.

I apologize in advance for the maybe too many photos I've included. But the entire place is just so charming - from baskets of wild hyacinth bulbs to Saints in niches - that I just had to (over) share.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Open Monday

ADDRESS

 [Via Niccolo Putignani 213, Bari](#)

COST

\$\$\$

SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/terranima.bari/>

GALLERY



ABOUT

One of our goals for recent trip to Puglia was to see two seas in one day. Since Puglia is a peninsula it's actually not that difficult to make the drive from the Ionian coast to the Adriatic.

So lunch in Gallipoli (that would be on the Ionian side of things) seemed like a perfect idea. Located on a spit of land about a third of the way up the coast, the old part of town is actually an island, connected by a bridge to the mainland. So, it was going to be a fishy kind of lunch.

We chose La Puritate, based on tons of recommendations including one from the owner of [Cibus](#), another nearby restaurant. It's definitely on the 'fancy' side of things: starched white linen-topped tables, brocade-covered chairs and a wood paneled dining room. The menu matched the interiors: it was extremely straightforward, nothing fancy or creative, just fresh fish in the most classic of ways.

The pastas were all excellent. Avrum chose the linguine alle vongole, in bianco, which had just the right amount (like, a lot!) of perfectly fresh plump clams. Martha chose the house pasta, linguine alla Puritate, which paired bright green zucchini with fresh cherry tomatoes and fat pink shrimp. I think I loved my choice the best: Spaghettini al Limone, which was simply barely cooked shrimp tossed with lemon dressed pasta. All of the pastas were obviously finished in the pan with rich seafood broth which made them much more than just the ingredients I'm listing here.

You kind of forget how great fried calamari can be of all you're used to squid that have been frozen then fried without too much care. The deep fried tangle of totani that Domenico and Avrum ordered still tasted of the sea, with a crisp, light crust and a sprinkling of sea salt.

I ordered the house specialty: gamberoni al sale. I was so curious about this dish that I went into the kitchen to see how it was done. A pool of olive oil is poured onto a serving dish, then a half dozen of the freshest reddest shrimp are place on top and flipped a few times to coat them. At that point the chef took a couple handfuls of sale grosso and covered the tail portion of the shrimp in a thick white blanket, along with some chopped parsley. He then popped it into an extremely hot oven for just 5 minutes. Once done, the chef then removed about 3/4 of the salt before the plate was sent to the table.

Once the waiter set down the serving platter, he showed me how to 'rinse' off each shrimp, to remove the excess salt, by turning it a few times in the olive oil, before moving it to my plate.

All I can say is that if you ever get your hands on shrimp so fresh they almost swim away, this is the way to cook them. They were the perfect balance of raw and barely cooked, and the olive oil bath and salt was the only seasoning they needed.

As we finished our lunch (which included me licking every last bit of shrimpy goodness from the shrimp heads) Domenico chatted up the waiter to ask what the name of the restaurant referred to, since it sounded sort of odd to his ears. "It's in honor and reverence to our neighbor, the church next door," he explained.

So of course, the minute we set out for our post-lunch walk around Gallipoli we tried to visit La Chiesa di Santa Maria della Purita', a.k.a. La Puritate as it's known by the locals. As with most churches in Italy, the main doors were locked tight. Luckily Domenico spotted a small door, wedged in between the church and the restaurant, that was open. As it turned out, the room, part of the church, was full of members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Purity since it was the day of the festival of the church. They kindly unlocked the front door so we could have a peek.

If you think you know Baroque splendor, you haven't seen anything unless you've been down to this part of the world to see what is called the Barocco Leccese version of it. Over the top is putting it lightly. Every square inch was a riot of color, pattern, gilt and glitz. Even the floors were a brilliant melange of tiles from Vietri.

As we wandered around, the members of the confraternity continued to ready the church for the evening's celebrations, as well as spruce up Our Lady for her walk about town during the yearly procession.

After being fuller than we thought possible – of both delicious food and 17th century splendor – we headed out. First for a walk along the lungomare of Gallipoli, and then, back into the car, and East towards Otranto. Because, remember, we had to get our other sea in.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Restaurant, Open Sunday, Open Monday

ADDRESS

 [Via S. Elia 18, Gallipoli](#)

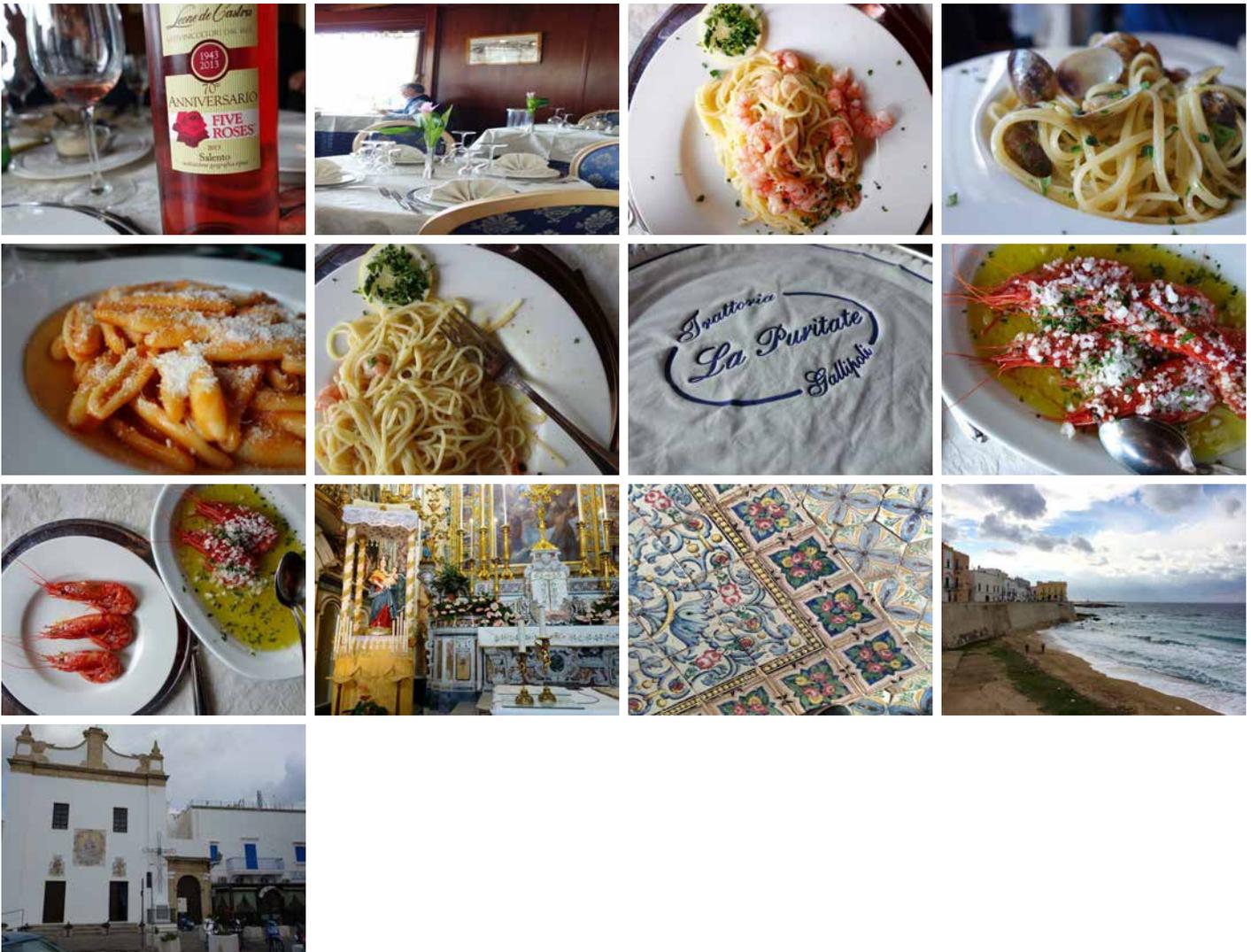
COST

\$\$\$

SOCIAL MEDIA

 <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Trattoria-La-Puritate/129323607120076>

GALLERY





U Castagnar



Local Food Store In Bari Vecchia



ABOUT

There is never a trip I can't turn into an excuse to buy food. [Istanbul](#), [London](#), [Barcelona](#). You name the city, and I will find a place to buy food within hours of landing.

The same goes for places that are nearer to hand, and that I visit often. A weekend up in Umbria is always an excuse to stop in [Orte](#) and stock up. Likewise Bari, where I always end up coming back not only with [pasta](#) and [pastries](#), but also produce.

But on a recent trip to Bari I had the great pleasure of discovering a completely new source of wonderful foods I didn't really need to buy, but did anyway.

Just in case. You know. I might never make it to Bari again and then where would I be? Short one jar of preserved baby artichokes, that's where.

The store in question is U Castagnar. This means chestnut vendor in Barese, but since it was May, and definitely not the right season, there was not a chestnut in sight. But there was plenty of other things I needed wanted.

Taralli in every shape or size. Also dried fave – both shelled and un-shelled. I bought a huge bunch of dried oregano. Even though it was from the previous season, it still perfumed our car all the way home to Rome.

The one thing I resisted were the small jars of ricotta forte. This very aged cheese is definitely a taste I have not acquired. But many have and since it's not at all easy to find, good to know, right?

And those baby artichokes? I came away with four huge jars. Made by 'Zia Teresa' they were definitely artigianale and a very good price.

And really. Who knows if they would still have them the next time I was in town. Right? Better to stock up, and be prepared for any future artichoke shortages.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Food Stores

ADDRESS

[Strada Filioli 40, Bari](#)

COST

\$\$\$

GALLERY

