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The Enthusiast
WHAT TO BUY, WHERE TO EAT, WHAT TO DRINK & MORE



ROSE LINCOLN FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

QUICK BITE

Warmth by the wharf

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Where to State Street Provisions, a study in earth tones at Long Wharf's edge. It's the latest from the Grafton Group, known for Cambridge's Grafton Street, PARK, Russell House Tavern, and Temple Bar. The restaurant used to be City Landing and, before that, Sel de la Terre.

What for: A reassuring menu of sandwiches and pizza, roasted chicken and cheese boards, wine on tap, and post-work schmoozing.

The scene Languid and lovely, frigid temps be damned. Waiters in pressed jeans and checkered shirts swagger through the room toting plates of pasta and salad. Well-

dressed men sip iced tea on cushiony olive green barstools. Coworkers even seem genuinely happy to be sandwiched into plump brown booths like sardines. On your way to the bathroom, peep into the open kitchen to ogle cheeses, pots of homemade preserves, and an enormous meat slicer. Tourist trolleys idle outside, but everyone here seems to know one another. This room appears made for hot apple cider and workplace confessions.

What you're eating Straightforward stuff. At lunch, try candied carrot or chorizo pizza (\$13 and up) or husky sandwiches like house-cured ham and cheese or grilled chicken (\$13 and up). There are some oddities, like a sandwich fashioned from quinoa fritters and cauliflower kimchi (\$13). There's also a raw bar, a salu-

mi or cheese board with those house-made preserves (\$12 and up), and pasta of the day (\$18). By night, find prosciutto-wrapped monkfish (\$25), roasted chicken (\$22), and small plates of toasts, terrines, and Boston baked beans (\$6 and up).

Care for a drink? It's possible to imbibe here rather cheaply. There are lots of wines on tap by the glass and bottle, from Chilean sauvignon blanc to Spanish sherry (\$4 and up). Draft beers (\$5 and up) are local — Slumbrew, Mighty Squirrel. For those staggering across the Greenway after a long day, there's a rotating grog (\$12).

Overheard Questions about mannequins, fondness for Sedona, praise for pasta. "Is the market for CPR-style mannequins different than the

market for regular ones?" a cherubic man-child asks his friend. "I drove through the mountains of Sedona in a little Mazda. Gorgeous, scary territory," says a bald man to a bartender just back from the Grand Canyon. Across the way, colleagues twirl spaghetti Bolognese. "This pasta doesn't taste like it comes from a box. It tastes like the kind at Trattoria di Monica. I need to go back when my wife comes home from sub-Saharan Africa," one says. The check arrives with a ship's nail — a provision, you see. "You can't go to sea without it," a waiter says solemnly.

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