

MOTHER LODE

All the Amsterdam cabbies know about this place, but it isn't what you're thinking. In fact, the café known as Moeders is about as far as you can get from a red light district landmark. It's the kind of place you'd bring your mother—indeed, proprietor Jurriaan van der Reijden encourages you to do just that. If she can't make it, bring her picture, and he'll add it to his restaurant gallery.

Moeders is Dutch for "mothers," and the walls of this place are crammed with them: There are black-and-white moms in sleek pageboys;



Wall-to-wall moms at Moeders.

hand-tinted moms in studio portraits; hippie moms and '50s moms; executive moms and sporty moms. There are mothers in taffeta and in rayon, in graduation caps and in wedding gowns.

In a city that's sometimes exhaustingly chic, Moeders

is comfy and homey. The mismatched dishes and cutlery on the simple wooden tables were donated by diners, and the menu focuses on traditional Dutch comfort food like *stampot* (potatoes mashed with other ingredients and served with sausage or bacon), *suddervlees* (braised beef), and *hachée* (meat hash). The Moroccan-born chef also turns out vegetarian selections and contemporary offerings, like goat-cheese salad and ostrich steaks in tarragon sauce. Best of all, for a small charge, Mom's very best eaters can request a second helping. *Rozengracht 251, Amsterdam (020-6267-957).*

—Susan LaTempa

WHY WE LOVE ...

AFTERNOON TEA AT ELBOW BEACH, BERMUDA

Bermuda is a lovely place, but after a little while there you get tired of everything being so pink and proper and, well, British. Which is why afternoon tea at Elbow Beach—with a spread featuring such quintessentially Bermudian treats as *johnny bread* and caramelized ginger cake, *papaya* and *black rum scones*—comes as such a welcome surprise. Now if they'd just do something about those *kneesocks*.

—Margie Dorrian



Still thriving after all these years.

To market: Budapest

For more than a century, slick entrepreneurs and farmers from the Transylvanian countryside have been gathering under the glazed-tile roof and arcades of Budapest's Central Market Hall. In the early days, goods were delivered to merchants via barges that traveled along the nearby Danube River and then up a canal that ran from the embankment right to the market's cellars.

The canal's no longer in use, but the animated trading goes on. The market's lower level, dominated by produce, flow-

er, and meat vendors, is like a tribute to paprika—Hungary's national crop—with strings of dried red and yellow peppers hanging from nearly every stall. From *erős* (hot) and *csemege* (delicate) to *különleges* (mild) and *édes* (sweet), there's a variety for every taste. Shoppers stock up on fresh fruits and vegetables by the kilo, then move on to individual farmers' stalls to purchase boutique honeys and seasonal items like organically grown berries and *meggy* (sour cherries). In the meat section,

salamis, bacon, and sausages (including the garlic-and-paprika-heavy *kolbász*, a perennial favorite) hang from hooks above the cold cases. And, on the days they're available, farm-made rice-liver and rice-blood sausages draw crowds.

On the market's quieter second level, reserved for handicraft vendors and food stalls, locals take a break from the chaos below to gossip over bowls of hearty goulash. Or they browse the stalls of Transylvanian lace tablecloths and wood carvings while enjoying *langos* (fried dough) and just-squeezed orange juice on the run.

—Daphne Nikolopoulos



POUR JOY

Ask for a glass of water in an upscale restaurant in Sydney or Melbourne, and the waiter will likely return bearing one of these jaunty "Jugs."

Designed by silversmith Robert Foster for his firm FINK and Co., the abraded, sandblasted, anodized, and polished aluminum pitchers have become an Australian icon. \$225 from *The Magazine (510-549-2282).*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDE BENA; TOP: WALTERS; FOOD ILLUSTRATED; PHILIP LEE; HARRY; REMAUX; PATRICK; LAARCO; HILARY; ANTON; ASHLEY