

(out_ & _about)



FRANKIE'S PIZZA

50 HUNTER ST, SYDNEY

No phone; open Monday to Sunday, 4pm 'til 4am

I have a gnawing hunger for carbs and cheese, having last night found myself an honorary bloke on a boys' night (that, naturally, kicked off with roof-top whiskey shots at sunset). This calls for pizza.

With that in mind, my friend and I descend the stairs of the latest venture from the owners of Shady Pines and The Baxter Inn. Novelty factor aside, it's surprisingly buzzing for a basement-level venue in the 'suit' end of town early on a Sunday night. The space is divided into

two: One area feels like an Italian restaurant dreamed up by Hollywood (chequerboard floor; check tablecloths) and beyond that is a rock'n'roll dive bar, plastered with gig posters from the likes of the Ramones, with pinball machines in the corner. It could easily feel contrived, but the endearingly retro playlist helps cement the laid-back vibe.

Ordering at the bar, my friend (who's a blonde glamazon on the outside, truck-driver on the inside) and I have a hushed discussion about whether we can get away with three pizzas between the two of us. I've witnessed the staggering amount she can put away into that Jessica Rabbit body, so I'm not worried about wastage, just raised eyebrows from the very friendly, very cool staff. We settle on two (I spy one; they're huge) – spinach and ricotta (\$16), and olives, anchovies, capers and oregano (\$16) – and take our seats in the sleazier rock'n'roll section.

JR keeps her eyes on the flashing number behind the bar, waiting – with some intensity – for ours to come up. When it does, we agree it's "the best moment of our lives". The pizzas are classic American-style: thin base, lots of cheese but not too sloppy; designed so you can hold a piece in your hand without it falling apart or the ingredients toppling off. Mid-way, I catch JR surreptitiously attempting to undo her belt. I take this as an endorsement.

As the place fills with 20-somethings, and people who first heard the music when it actually hit the charts, we have a cleansing Croucher Pilsner (\$10) and I suggest this venue's popularity is a case of 'If you build it, they will come.' To which JR replies: "I guess that's why my mum keeps giving me bedsheets." **Alice Wasley** Follow Alice on Twitter @alicewasley

FRANKIE'S PIZZA – AT A GLANCE

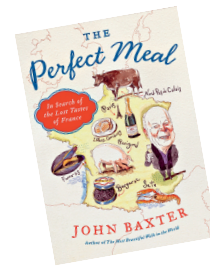
WHAT	Good pizza, classic tunes, shaping up as a regular haunt		
WHO	Gen X, Gen Y, a sprinkling of baby boomers		
TUCK IN	🐷🐷🐷🐷🐷	DRINK UP	🍷🍷🍷🍷



INSPIRE

THE PERFECT MEAL by John Baxter (Harper Collins, \$19.99)

Join this Aussie expat as he goes on the hunt in France for endangered ingredients and techniques.



INDULGE

Furneaux Double Cream and Black Label Huxley Washed Rind, from \$60 per kilo, 1800 005 102.

The first new cheeses from King Island Dairy in seven years.



YOUR PLATE

Share your food-loves with us by tagging #sundaystyleloves on Twitter or Instagram and we'll print our pick of the bunch*



● **onehungrymami**

As soon as I saw this little guy, I knew I had to stuff him!

WINE O'CLOCK

Ar Fion Field Blend 2012, \$29

A blend of sauvignon blanc, chardonnay and pinot gris from the same vineyard. Why not? The grape trio layers flavour and texture, producing a complex wine that's steely and refreshing. Tangy, crisp, delicious.

BY MIKE BENNIE



MY SUNDAY STYLE / DAVE HUGHES *My ideal Sunday, from sunrise to sunset*



Catch Hughesy on Melbourne's NOVA 100, weekdays 6am–9am, and the Melbourne International Comedy Festival, March 26–31.

6AM

I'm woken by the kids [Rafferty, 3, Sadie, 1, and Tess, one month]. I'm always happy to see their smiling faces, but a perfect Sunday involves a sleep-in until 7am.



7.30AM

I go for a walk with the kids. I sell it as an adventure with the dog, but it's really so I can get coffee from Dr Jekyll. After, they help Mummy [Holly] make pancakes.



12PM

For lunch we go down to Republica at the St Kilda Sea Baths. If it's a nice day we'll take the bucket and spade. Ice-cream is a big thing. Kids walk miles for it.



8PM

Sunday nights involve fighting over the TV remote. I'll want to watch anything that's sport; my wife wants anything that isn't sport. Then it's early to bed.



2PM

Holly and I love to chill out by ourselves, but the weekend is 'kids time'. If we're lucky, the grandparents babysit and we watch a movie at the Jam Factory.