



PONY CLUB

Paso Robles, California

My recent half-week in wine country felt similar to that dreamlike area between the states of sleeping and waking—only in this case the states were delirious and exhausting. Delirious because to visit Paso Robles is to taste some of America's finest wines made by mighty nice and well-fed Paso Robleans. (Their food is as good as their wines and both are more plentiful than ever.)

On the other “exhausting” hand, these were four days of tasting through flight upon flight of fantastic wines and plate upon plate of delicious feasts. Two of the nights found me at the Crooked Kilt discussing Einstein with drunk Dave and Jack Daniel's well past last call. When you factor in that it was 105 degrees during the day and a bone-chilling 89 at night, well, needless to say, Paso extracted a suitable toll from me.

Despite the heat, Pony Club stayed cool and low-key throughout my stay. It's the bar at Hotel Cheval and something of a climatic sweet spot. It's also a great place for Firestone Double Barrel Ale and a long talk about dreams. What do you think that means?

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