

DINING OUT

Latitude with attitude at LoLa 42



KEITH BEDFORD/GLOBE STAFF

By **Kara Baskin** | GLOBE CORRESPONDENT JUNE 02, 2017

Where to LoLa 42, an urban outpost of Nantucket’s scene-y LoLa 41.

What for Latitude with attitude. LoLa serves food found along the 42nd parallel north of the equator, hence the name. For the geographically unaware, this means everything from burgers and mac and cheese to sushi, served in slinky waterfront environs within the confines of the luxury Twenty Two Liberty condo at Fan Pier.

The Fallon Company

The scene Popped collars; big dollars. A willowy woman wraps her arms around a man and teeters a bit on her stilettos as she chats with a neighboring table. Women with bags as big as life preservers sit across from men in suits, jackets, and cufflinks, tucking into pan-roasted halibut over lobster mashed potatoes. A portrait of a high-cheekboned Bianca Jagger from her Studio 54 days, complete with Andy Warhol lurking in the background, hangs on a crimson wall beneath a massive white chandelier.



What you're eating An eclectic roster of global plates. Where else in the Seaport might one find a Turkish lamb burger, gnocchi Bolognese, and hot pepper hamachi? Smaller plates serve two people: crab rangoon tastes happily of legitimate crab, though the gravy fries aren't "drenched" in foie gras as promised (though it's detectable after some digging). Bigger appetites should try the signature LoLa burger, topped with Cabot cheddar, red onion compote, and foie sauce. Flip the menu for a large list of sushi, ranging from specialty rolls like ginger-poached shrimp to traditional hand rolls like salmon and tuna.

Care for a drink? There's a cheeky cocktail menu, with drinks like the Con-Cu-Bine (cucumber vodka, sake, passion fruit) and the chile-rimmed Smokeshow (Mezcal Vago, lemon, honey), plus a separate sake menu.

Overheard Paramour possibilities; hot pants inquiries; religious revelations. "This would be a great place for a man to take a mistress," a friend cackles to a pal, looking around appreciatively. "How did you come up with the name 'Excuse Me, Dr. Hot Pants?'" a diner asks a chipper waitress after reviewing the cocktail list. "I can definitely find out for you!" she offers. "I'm a proud neo-pagan!" declares a lively woman seated next to a dainty couple, both of whom smile thinly at the news. A man lingering near the host stand, cashmere sweater tied around his neck, murmurs approval. "This is just as good as the original," he says, slipping off into the quiet Seaport night.

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