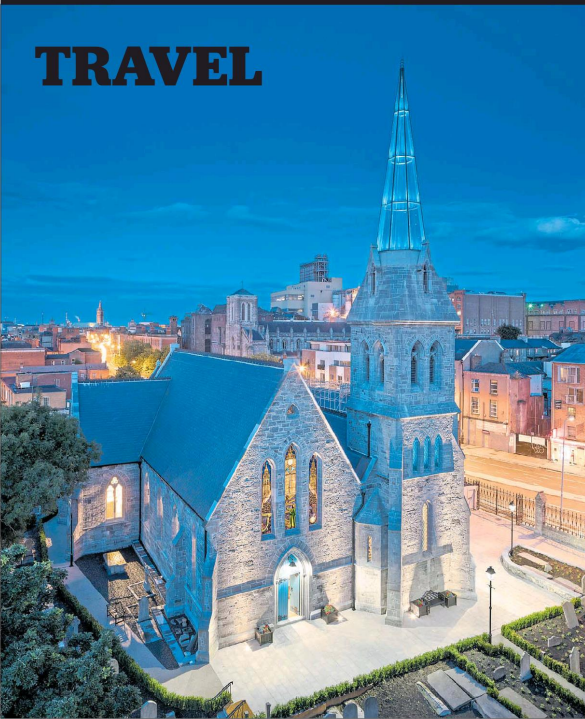


TRAVEL



The Pearse Lyons Distillery in Dublin operates out of a church built in 1650 on the grounds of a cemetery whose first recorded burial dates to 1496. DONAL MURPHY / Pearse Lyons

Drinking in Irish pub culture

Getting to know another over a pint or two is the convivial Dublin way.

By Tara Nurin

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE BROADMOOR HOTEL

If you've stepped into an Irish pub in America, you may have spotted a common placard that proclaims "Cáid mile fáilte," translated as "a hundred thousand welcomes" and indicative of the idea that the Irish greet strangers as friends.

During a trip last September, my first to the country in around 15 years, Dubliners did truly give this non-Irish traveler a warm sense of homecoming with their exceptional willingness to chat, unwind a good story, invite me behind the bar to pour my own Guinness, and, when I got lucky, buy me beers.

Though a tourist to Ireland might feel the *fáilte* anywhere, the embracing term *pub culture* exists for a reason. Truth be told, I feel most comfortable prattling with people over a pint, and the pub is where locals do go in real life to take part in the *crúicé* (gossipy fun conversation, usually while sipping on a Guinness or Irish whiskey, since the most popular alcoholic drink in the world).

To wit: one night, alone at the second-floor bar at Devitt's of Camden Street after a rockin' Irish band of hipsters had put away their instruments and my colleagues had tucked themselves into bed, a very articulate, very natty, very drunk older gentleman introduced himself. Sitting next to me along the wood, he said I carried myself like a contessa (yes, really), then told me about his former life in the American South — in heavy brigade, of course, because life as a travel writer frequently reads fiction. While he described his escapades with 1980s-era mobsters, he punctuated his paragraphs with pleas to run away together. See DUBLIN on N3.



The cooperage exhibit at the Guinness Storehouse in Dublin, where until the 1950s beer was fermented in wooden tuns, large vessels made of oak or pine; they were replaced by aluminum ones. GUINNESS

Immersed in the art of the West

The Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs is a virtual museum of paintings and Native American artifacts.



At the Broadmoor Hotel's Cloud Camp, a corner of the great hall displays Georg Heinrich Kuhn's 1906 painting "The Indian Braves." STEVE HAGGERTY / ColorWorld

By Anne Z. Cooke

TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE

Here's the thing about Western art. Like rattlesnake steaks and Rocky Mountain oysters, it's an acquired taste. If your great-grandparents crossed the mountains in a covered wagon or homesteaded west of the Missouri River, it could be in your genes.

But when a friend from Connecticut scoffed at the genre's two most famous artists, Frederic Remington and Charlie Russell, dismissing paintings of cowboys and Indians as "just poster art, best painted on black velvet," I dared him to take the "immersion cure."

"Join me for a couple of days at Cloud Camp, on Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado Springs," I told him. "I've been there. You'll be surprised."

What I didn't mention was that Cloud Camp, one of three backcountry camps connected to the Broadmoor Hotel, in Colorado Springs, was owned by billionaire Philip Anschutz, a Western enthusiast. Or that cowboy and Indian paintings were part of the theme at both places.

At Cloud Camp, where paintings and North American native artifacts are displayed in every room, all guests are by default exposed to a double-dose of what AI (artificial intelligence) scientists call "deep learning."

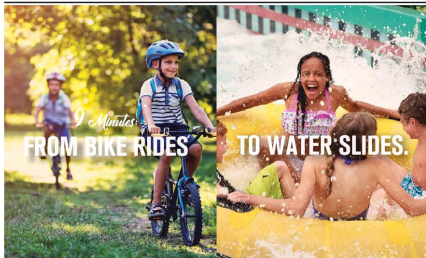
Simply put, this is the ability to recognize individuals in a particular group — people, dogs, airplanes, or, in this case, Western paintings — because you've seen so many of them. Deep learning is why trained robots can distinguish between a human face and last month's Halloween pumpkin.

Agreeing to a date, and the terms of the See WESTERN ART on N4

FOOD | N2



Living, not just eating, food in Italy.



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Colonial Williamsburg Resorts

Theme park is devoted to Italian food

FICO Eatly World in Bologna offers a nonstop smorgasbord of delicious and fascinating things.

By Vicky Hallett

Everyone eats food. What makes Italians special is that they also live food. Their cultural identity is wrapped up in what they eat. In Bologna, Italy, that's dedicated to understanding and experiencing all of the delicious ways you can stuff your face. In other words, the word has another meaning: It's an abbreviation of Fabbrica Italiana Contadina (basically, Italian Farming Factory). In the logo, the "O" is designed to resemble a plump, purple fig. A cutesy, anthropomorphized version of the fruit is FICO's mascot.

Since its grand opening in November, the place hasn't gotten the greatest press. Most people don't understand why anyone is going to Bologna — which arguably has the best eats in all of Italy — without just learning about food by meandering through markets and tucking into local specialties in a trattoria or enoteca. FICO, however, is dismissed as a "giant foodie Ikea" (Bloomberg News) and a "U.S.-style megamart" (the Guardian). But as an American who has been in the country for more than two years and still feels like a bit of a dummy about Italian cuisine, I figured I could use extra instruction.

Plus, I heard there was mini-golf.

So, early one recent morning, I stood across the street from the Bologna Centrale train station boarding the FICObus, a 20-minute shuttle that zips passengers directly to the 328,000-square-foot complex. It looks like an airport, just one with welcoming fig trees and a selfie podium. At the entrance, which is lined with shelves of colorful apples, a bilingual sign reads: "In Europe there are 1,200 varieties of apple — 1,000 in Italy and 200 in the rest of Europe. That's why we made FICO." I'm still digesting that boast when a voice announces that it's time to come on in.

10 a.m.: It's free to enter, so I march through the doors — along with a throng of Italian retirees — and survey my overwhelming surroundings. FICO Eatly World bills itself as the largest agri-food park in the world, "and I'd describe it as a mega food court and food production facility combined with a farm, school, museum, shopping mall, and rec center. This is my thought process: "A moving dilemma thing! A playground! Fig merchandise! BREAKFAST!" As



The Gran Bazar area at FICO Eatly World outside Bologna, Italy, is a 328,000-square-foot theme park celebrating Italian cuisine that opened last fall. FICO Eatly World

I devour a pistachio-cream-filled pastry from Bell'Italia (one of more than 40 on-site restaurants). I enjoy the moley view, including a promotional display advertising "Calabria: Longevity Trendy Land."

10:30 a.m.: Next stop, info desk. A guy at the counter speaking impeccable English hands over a map and a catalog of course offerings. I'm all set to sign up for a morning cheese-making lesson (\$24), and pick up keys for a FICO bike. There's no charge to borrow the blue tricycles — designed specifically for the park by Italian manufacturer Bianchi to carry heavy purchases.

10:40 a.m.: Unlocking from the outdoor rack is a cinch. And I'm soon steering myself along the dedicated bike lanes that cut through the middle of the complex, which you can pedal across in a couple of minutes. Bike parking is plentiful, so I park conveniently located near a gleaming bathroom (equipped with a diaper-changing table).

11 a.m.: Like all of the production facilities here, Caseificio Valsera is set behind big windows so anyone can watch what's happening. But for the lesson, my two classmates and I are paired to the other side of the glass and offered gauzy coats, hairnets, and blue slipcovers for our shoes. The cheery cheesemonger takes us on a detailed tour of the equipment and explains that we're making squarques, a soft, spreadable variety that is typical of the Emilia-Romagna region. While he lectures, he and his assistant do most of the actual work, stirring a huge milk tank, checking acidity levels — but we notice get to flip some cheese molds. Then we're ushered to a testing area for a tasting that's more like a feast: squaqueroone plus two other cheeses (raviggiolo and ciotta), pear jam, and fried bread strips. Yum.

12:45 p.m.: Since I'm already feeling cheery, I figure it's time for that mini-golf (\$8). On this drizzly day, no one else agrees. So I get the outdoor 18-hole, Italian-themed course to myself. Tiny versions of the Colosseum, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the conical-roofed huts of Puglia dot the greens. Other embellishments include wheels of cheese, strings of lemons, and sheep statues that look particularly disapproving when I miss a shot.

1:15 p.m.: Just beyond a picket fence is where FICO's very real farm animals live. I wander by the free-range geese, and check in with some muscular draft horses. As I look around the stalls — all of which appear to offer ample living space, but a somewhat depressing parking lot view — I take in the accompanying signage. I learn that the Bergamasca sheep with adorably droopy ears are "considered the best Italian breed for meat production," and that the Nero di Calabria in the pigpen are "typically used for traditional products such as soppressa Calabrese."

1:45 p.m.: That's probably why I avoid the many, many restaurants inside with prosciutto legs hanging from the ceiling, and instead wind up eating lunch at Giardino ("Garden"), which boasts an all-vegetarian, Mediterranean menu among a tasteful angle of plants. The woman at the counter sells me on the jar of the day (\$11), a bowl layered with creamy spreads made from beets, chickpeas, and Jerusalem artichokes. On my way to seek out dessert, I pause at the nearby bakery, which welcomes visitors to relax — and recharge their cellphones. I run my fingers through the sand, marvel at the indoor volleyball and soccer pitch, and think about how much my kid would dig that slide and balance beam. Down the hall, I find something she would like even more: gelato! The treats (\$3) are beside an outpost of Carpiगत Gelato University, Bologna's famed frozen dessert school, where I spy a sorbet

class in action.

2:45 p.m.: Back at the info desk, I make afternoon plans, including buying a \$12 wristband granting access to FICO's six "carousels." They're not rides, but rather enclosed rooms featuring interactive, multimedia experiences exploring the history and culture of food. How does that work? Bizarrely! That's what I learn upon entering "Man and Fire," which starts with a circular chamber that holds a timeline depicting important moments in burning stuff, from the Big Bang to Apollo 11 and the moon landing. Just past a virtual health is the cinema, where the audience perches on fake tree stumps to watch a series of fire-themed shorts. In the back are free-screen quizzes asking questions such as which country exports the most matchsticks. (It's Sweden.) On my way to another carousel — "Man and Earth," which similarly celebrates veggies — a rep from rice brand Grandi Riso pulls me toward a display of various grains and gives me an unexpected but awesome lecture on when to use arborio rice versus carnaroli.

4:30 p.m.: My education continues at a one-on-one tutorial about extra-virgin olive oil (\$24). Mattia, the guide, ushers me into the full-on-site production facility where things could go horribly wrong. Then it's on to the olive grove, part of an outdoor ring of agriculture that also includes orchards and vineyards, to see an open-air museum of antique harvesting equipment and a variety of trees brought to FICO from across the country. (The ones from Puglia are huge!) Finally, it's sample time, with extra attention to olives grown in different climates: beach, valley, forest. And I learn proper tasting technique, which requires keeping your mouth open and your tongue up while you inhale. "It's like whistling backwards," Mattia tells me.

6 p.m.: Evening brings in a whole new crowd of visitors. Ele-

mentary school kids buzz around the amphitheater for a cooking competition. A bunch of dudes in gym shorts have taken over the functional fitness-training area. Academic types seem to have come to see "Bologna in Miniatura," a pop-up exhibit featuring replicas of the town's most important landmarks. After I duck into another carousel — "Man From Soil to Bottle," which traces the development of olive oil, wine, and beer — I realize what I really need is a drink.

7 p.m.: I grab a stool at Birreria Baladina, an outpost of Italy's foremost craft brewer, and order an Isaac, a citrusy wheat beer (\$6). Just after I finish up, I pass by a wine store, where I'm offered a complimentary glass of FICO prosciutto. That may explain why I find myself really enjoying the final trio of carousels. In "Man and Sea," I take the helm of a ship in a video game that involves sailing around the coast of Italy to discover a variety of seafood. "Man and Animals" translates each visitor's height into creatures: I'm four and carrots, three rabbits and two snails. And "Man and Future" is a hydroponics project that gets visitors to plant a seed in a small box on a conveyor belt. I can track my basil's progress online.

8:30 p.m.: After crisscrossing FICO Eatly World for hours, I've seen seemingly every possible aspect of Italian cuisine — Neapolitan pizza, an all-potato joint, truffe everywhere, fried seafood, Mortadella World. So what to get for dinner? It's inevitable as soon as I lay eyes on the menu for Stigoliana, which specializes in handmade fresh pasta: cappellacci stuffed with candied figs and ricotta, in an orange sauce with toasted almonds.

9:30 p.m.: My plate is finished and so am I. There's no sleeping here (At least, not yet. A hotel is in the works.) So I ride my nearly forgotten trike back to the entrance, head to the shuttle stop, and ponder these 12 hours. It's been a nonstop smorgasbord of delicious and fascinating things, and although not every element was exactly to my taste, there's plenty to like. And there's still so much I didn't sample — the movie theater, Zumba classes, balsamic vinegar.

Leaving me wanting to come back for more? That's pretty authentically Italian.

— where FICO olive oil will be pressed this fall — and dives into a theatrical interpretation of the entire process, emphasizing steps where things could go horribly wrong. Then it's on to the olive grove, part of an outdoor ring of agriculture that also includes orchards and vineyards, to see an open-air museum of antique harvesting equipment and a variety of trees brought to FICO from across the country. (The ones from Puglia are huge!) Finally, it's sample time, with extra attention to olives grown in different climates: beach, valley, forest. And I learn proper tasting technique, which requires keeping your mouth open and your tongue up while you inhale. "It's like whistling backwards," Mattia tells me.

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Seven Falls." Next time, I said, wishing I'd tried it sooner.

My husband, David, surprises me by organizing it every year. Up here on the mountain we're above it all, down there it makes you feel as if you're left your troubles behind.

The Fullers, traveling with family, said that one of their group had tried the zip line — 10 separate double cables, ranging from 200 to 1,800 feet long. Connected by short hikes, it included two perilously swaying suspension bridges. And for those with a taste for fright, you could finish with 180-foot-long "horribly, exciting, scary rappel down to the

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Western art

Continued from N1

— a spa treatment for the winner — we booked a couple of nights at Cloud Camp and a couple at the Broadmoor. After arriving in Colorado Springs and while checking in at the Broadmoor's Base Camp reservations desk, I spotted a familiar-looking painting behind the desk (and two more in the hallway) and told staffer Hannah Brenneman that I thought I'd seen it somewhere. Could it have been in a museum?

"You could have," she said. "Or it could be a copy, though I don't know for sure. There are a number of copies in our collection, but nobody knows which ones they are. You'll see some up at the Cloud Camp, but they don't know, either."

The shuttle arrived and she informed us, "It's seven winding miles, with 12 steep switchbacks, to the top. Enjoy the views!"

Once there, we walked up the Lodge, a monumental log chalet like a small Tudor castle. Wedged between weathered boulders and a pine on a steep crest, at a breezy 9,200 feet, the building is supported by giant logs so long and broad they were carried up the mountain one by one.

The views from the rear deck outside took my breath away, with the valley below and Pikes Peak to the north, its bald summit rising above timberline. It is a view you get only from the top of another mountain.

Inside the Lodge, the Great Hall's ceiling soared to 24 feet at the highest point. Dark-stained beams, two big fireplaces, and sofas and chairs and a banquet table set for 26 announced that this was the gathering place. Rows and rows of windows and 20-foot walls offered enough space and light for the paintings, as they were. I spotted a spot where a Navajo rug, buckskin clothes, a saddle, leather chaps, antique spurs, and a stuffed black bear. The paintings, vertical and horizontal canvases in gold frames, were everywhere, hanging between and over the windows above the doors. In the halls, over the fireplaces, and near the ceiling.

Following a detailed printed map, we headed for the closest trail. And like most visitors to Cloud Camp, we crammed in most of the activities, including an archery lesson, a mule ride, and a cooking clinic with the chef. Horseshoe contests and cornhole games with other guests filled in the gaps.

But it was the evenings, with sunsets over the horizon, the three-course dinners, the inventive recipes and fresh ingredients, and the other guests, conventional new acquaintances, that won me over. "This is a special place," said



At the Broadmoor Hotel's Cloud Camp in Colorado Springs, the great hall and other rooms display a collection of art and artifacts, including traditional Native American garb. STEVE HAGERSTY/COORNEWS

With the argument nearly settled, we put on our hiking boots and headed for the closest trail. And like most visitors to Cloud Camp, we crammed in most of the activities, including an archery lesson, a mule ride, and a cooking clinic with the chef. Horseshoe contests and cornhole games with other guests filled in the gaps.

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Julie Fuller, explaining that it was her eighth visit to Cloud Camp. My husband, David, surprises me by organizing it every year. Up here on the mountain we're above it all, down there it makes you feel as if you're left your troubles behind.

The Fullers, traveling with family, said that one of their group had tried the zip line — 10 separate double cables, ranging from 200 to 1,800 feet long. Connected by short hikes, it included two perilously swaying suspension bridges. And for those with a taste for fright, you could finish with 180-foot-long "horribly, exciting, scary rappel down to the

One of three Wilderness Experiences offered at the Broadmoor. The main lodge includes seven double rooms; there are also a dozen one- or two-bedroom separate accommodations. All-inclusive rates start at \$800.