



international dining

THETOKYO TAPASTOUR

A Quixotian quest to find the best Spanish nibbles in town

By James Hadfield

apas bars are so three years ago, our knowledgeable Japanese friend tells us. Why would you want to write an article about them now? Tokyo's foodies have shucked their short-lived obsession with these Iberian watering holes, recognizing them for what they too often are: jumped-up izakaya with higher prices.

That's a good thing, too. Though there's still plenty of chaff out there, the city's tapas scene has been whittled down since the mid-noughties boom, meaning that there are now fewer timewasters on the dining circuit.

It would be nigh-on impossible to present a definitive guide to Tokyo's tapas bars, but it's fun to try. Metropolis spent a heady couple of weeks trawling through some of the best the city had to offer, following friends' recommendations like swine searching for truffles until we reached the point where the mere

thought of another sangria or slice

of jamón serrano made us scream "Ay ay ay!" and run for cover.

Sorting the good from the bad isn't an easy exercise, requiring as it does a totally arbitrary set of rules that everyone else is bound to disagree with. Here are a few of ours: you shouldn't have to pay more than ¥500 for a slice of tortilla or a glass of house red; décor and ambience are almostthough not quite—as important as the grub; no bonus points for having Spanish staff; paying by the slice for bread is deeply, deeply uncool; ditto table charges in a standing bar.

Things began well with Vinuls, a vibrant little hotspot on a backstreet in central Ginza. There's a posh sit-down restaurant upstairs, but the main action is at the first floor bar, where salarymen and elegant shoppers spill out onto the street. The tortilla de patatas is a snip at ¥300, and most of the other tapas are priced at an eminently reasonable ¥500 (and no, that doesn't mean they're stingy with the portions). The wine comes in beakers rather