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TOWN &  
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# DINER JOURNAL





**DINER JOURNAL**  
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# Nostalgia

by Anna Dunn



PHOTO BY Julia Gillard

This Journal amounts to the triangulation of a moment. Like trying to hold a bubble in your hand or committing one summer's sunset to memory. This is about longing, to go back, to stretch one perfect moment into an eternity, to return to a taste, to stay always with friends as the soft night sifts into the sky. Our lives, in this way, are a series of exquisite losses. Ones we can be thankful for.

Orange and blue are the colors of nostalgia, the way a lense catches light or flame spits from the fire, the way a wave reaches for a moment toward the sky. Nostalgia, the word and the sum of all its parts, derives from the Greek word for home and the Homeric word for ache. We are a population of perfect storms. For ever wanting to be captured and then set free. A photograph never does it. Neither does this Journal.

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Drawing on a history with textiles, **MARLEY FREEMAN'S** work is a marginal type of abstraction born of a desire and pursuit of a new image. After working in the decorative arts in Southern California and New York, Marley went on to pursue painting; earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a Master of Fine Arts from Bard college's Milton Avery Graduate School. She is a dedicated painter, and recently had her first solo show in NY at This Must be the Place, Diner Journal's new creative space in Williamsburg.

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**FRANK REED** is Roman's youngest cook and works all stations. A true roundsman. He's from Texas and when he goes home to visit he will usually bring you back tamales and tortillas, if you ask nicely.

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**ASHLEY WHITMORE'S** first horse was named Cocoa. He loved drinking soda pop, and had a fondness for chocolate cake, so she became the pastry chef of Marlow and Sons, in his honor.

**KENNETH WISS** was born in the mid-west with a hole in his heart. It's also on the wrong side. In the kitchen he is known as chinito or the chef de cuisine of Marlow and Diner.



ILLUSTRATION BY Nancy Brown

PARKING LOT, BERRY ST, BROOKLYN, NY

# TOWN



## SUN TEA

- 1 cup lemon basil leaves
- 1 cup anise hyssop leaves
- 2 cups mint leaves
- 1 gallon water, room temperature
- honey to taste
- ice

Put the herbs in a sealable glass gallon jar and pour the water on top. Seal with the lid and let sit in direct sunlight all day, about 5 to 8 hours. Strain well. Add honey to taste, stirring well until honey dissolves. Serve over ice. AW

## PLUM SPRITZER

- 8 plums, a ripe, tart red variety, chopped
- ½ cup honey, plus a little more later
- 1 cup water
- 1 t whole peppercorns
- 2 cloves
- 1 star anise
- pinch of salt
- the juice from 1 lemon

In a medium sauce pot, combine all ingredients except lemon juice and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to a simmer and cook until the plums are soft and falling apart. Pull off of heat. Strain mixture through a fine mesh strainer, pressing on the solids to extract as much juice as possible. Add in the lemon juice and more honey to taste. There should be a nice balance between sweet and tart. Let cool. To serve, pour three tablespoons of the mixture into a glass, fill with ice, and top with prosecco. AW



ILLUSTRATIONS BY Katy Porte (left) Sope Phang (right)



The Muscadet region spreads southeast from the western edge of the Loire Valley, where the influence of the Atlantic is strong. Muscadet-Sèvre et Maine, as the appellation is known, delivers an invigorating petillance, brought about by aging the wine on its lees (dead yeast cells), a method known as *sur lie*. The best examples also offer electrifying acidity and stony mineral freshness. In the world of mass-produced Muscadet, *Domaine de la Pépière* is a small ripple in the sea of fermented Melon de Bourgogne but in New York City it has become a favorite. At a time when exported Muscadet was generally innocuous plonk, *Pépière* offered an alternative.

# Marc Ollivier Vigneron

BY ISABEL URBINA

The rise of Muscadet in New York City is in no small part due to two industry veterans, David Lillie and the late Joe Dressner. Joe, along with his wife Denyse, first imported *Domaine de la Pépière* to the United States. David is part owner of the geekiest wine shop in the country, Chambers Street Wines.

David visited the Nantes area in 1978, accompanied by his wife. I recently asked him about his first experience drinking Muscadet. He told me, "I remember drinking Guilbaud Frères, a large but quite competent producer. I started with Jean Sauvion wines and the *Château du Cléray* was quite good back then, before much of the vineyard was frost-killed. *Domaine Louwetric* became available through Jeanne-Marie De Champs, a Burgundy-based wine exporter, and then Joe Dressner brought in a sample of *Domaine de la Pépière*, which was a revelation. We first visited Ollivier in 1988 and immediately became friends as well as customers."

Marc Ollivier is the grower, winemaker, and owner of *Domaine de la Pépière*. In an interview that appears on the Louis/Dressner website, Marc recalls how Joe Dressner tried hard to persuade him to export his wines to the States. In the interview Marc says, "What can I say? I'm a peasant, I'm very much linked to soil and to nature. I have a hard time being anywhere else."

Marc's wines are fermented on their native yeasts and he recently started working organically in the vineyards. In 2010 he joined forces with Remi Branger, a young vigneron from the area. In total, the domaine has 35 hectares of vines and Marc makes a handful of different cuvées.

TITLE BY Isabel Urbina

The basic *Pépière* cuvée is his original, from two different plots. I love this wine for its sheer joy, simplicity and notes of wet stones, but a favorite of mine has to be the lean and mean *Clos de Briords* made from vines grown in granitic soils of *Château-Thébaud*. I enjoy the austerity of this old-vines cuvée, some of the vines for this wine were planted in the 1930s, and look forward to trying it with age.

The soils for each cuvée are as follows. *Clisson* grows from *Granite de Clisson*; *Clos des Briords* from *Granite de Château-Thébaud*. The grapes for the regular *Pépière* are a blend and grown both in *Clisson* and *Château-Thébaud* plots. *Les Gras Moutons* is made from grapes grown in gneiss soil, which imparts a somewhat fuller, more textured wine. When I asked Marc if the vinification process differs at all for each expression he told me, "When I started my job I had this idea that the wines would be different with different soil so from the beginning I separated the various plots. The vinification process is the same for each cuvée; it is the terroir that makes the difference."

I asked Marc what gives his wine minerality. He responded, "Granitic soils generally make mineral wines but the vinification is also important. To respect the minerality of the wine you should intervene as little as possible during vinification. By this I mean no added yeast and no enzymes." And of course there's the soaring acidity that makes Muscadet an incredibly versatile wine with all sorts of dishes. Marc explained, "There are four things that are important for acidity: no malolactic fermentation, the date of the harvest, low yields, and the soil."

One of my favorite stories about Marc is one told by my friend Kristen. Not long after arranging to do harvest at *Domaine de la Pépière* in 2004 she found out that she was pregnant. "They made me a part of their family. We shared all the living quarters and everyday Marc's mother and father would come over for lunch. His mother was a fabulous cook. At the time my appetite was enormous and I was treated like a queen. We'd pick haricots verts from the communal garden in town and have them for dinner with whatever Marc had hunted that day." One day when hormones were raging, and exhaustion set in, Kristen burst into tears in front of Marc's wife Genevieve. She recounts, "Genevieve was so kind, she'd take me on excursions into town and we'd cook together a lot." Kristen adds, "Marc and Genevieve are gentle people. I have to say that I probably think about them almost everyday."

I've worked at half a dozen different wine shops in New York and *Pépière* has revealed its white label and blue italic font at each place. In a city that is transient, and in an industry where turnover is high, I feel a sense of familiarity and reverence each time I spy the wine on the shelf.



## GRILLED SARDINES + EGGPLANT W/ BONE MARROW AGRODOLCE

*Fresh sardines, butterflied open, are grilled easily with eggplant and look stunning.*

### **FOR THE SARDINES:**

- 1 # sardines, butterflied**
- 6 baby eggplants, cut lengthwise**
- salt and pepper**
- a handful of basil**

### **FOR THE MARROW AGRODOLCE:**

- 2-3 large marrow bones**
- 1 garlic clove**
- 1 cup sugar**
- ¾ cup sherry vinegar**
- salt and pepper**
- 1 pinch red chile flakes**

*To butterfly the sardines:  
Cut off the head and run a knife along the belly. Fold it open like a book and run your finger under the spine. It should loosen enough so you can pull it and all of the bones off of the filet to the tail. Then cut the bones off just before the tail and remove. This leaves the tail intact for a nice presentation.*

*For the marrow agrodolce:*

*To render the marrow from the bones, put bones in a sauté pan. Season bones with salt, and slide it into a 300 degree oven for 15 minutes, until the marrow is soft and gelatinous. Scoop the marrow from the bones into the sauté pan, crush a garlic clove and toast the clove in the fat over a low-flame until golden and fragrant. Set aside.*

*In a medium pot, mix the sugar with enough water so it reaches the consistency of wet sand. Cook the sugar over medium high heat. The sugar will begin to caramelize, turning lightly golden to darker, and finally a nice auburn color. At this moment, cut the heat and add in the sherry vinegar. It will sputter up violently, so be careful. Turn the heat back and bring to a simmer, stirring so the caramel and vinegar mix. Add in the marrow with garlic. Seasoning with salt, pepper, and the chili flakes, to taste. Hold somewhere warm until ready to serve.*

*To make the dish:*

*Get your grill hot. Season the sardines and eggplants with salt and pepper. Start grilling the eggplant flesh side down, about 5 to 7 minutes on each side, depending on the size. As you pull the eggplant off the grill, start grilling your sardines, about 1 to 2 minutes each side, at the very most. Plate the sardines with the eggplant and finish by spooning the marrow agrodolce over everything. A handful of torn basil, to finish. KW*



PHOTO BY Lucy Helton



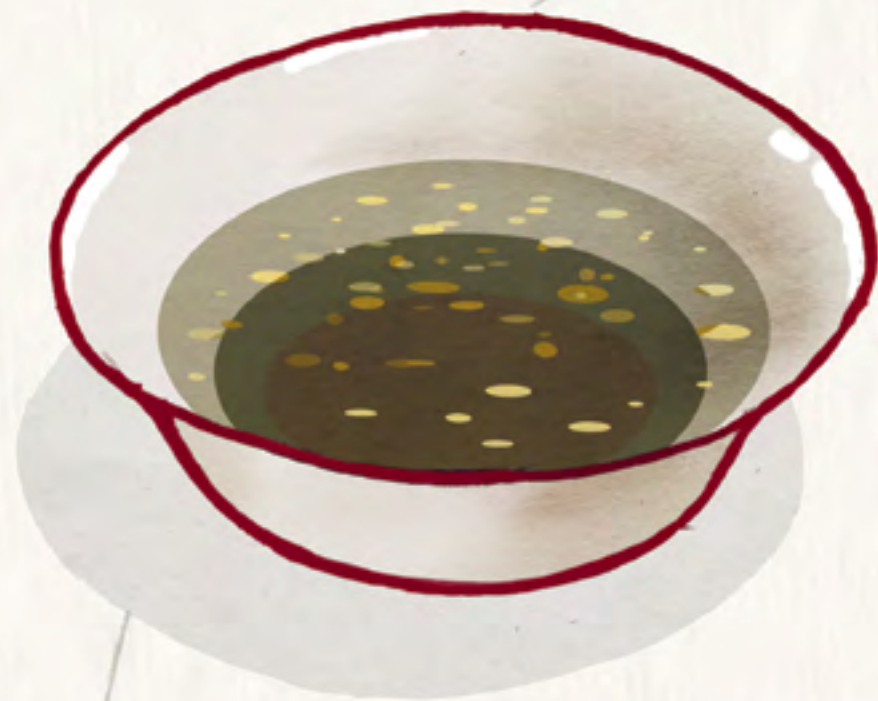
## BRAISED SQUID IN GRILLED TOMATO SAUCE

*This is a dish where grilling over wood really makes a difference.*

- 6–8 ripe heirloom tomatoes
- olive oil
- 3 cloves of garlic,  
mashed to a paste with salt
- 1 fresh cayenne pepper
- 1 bunch of thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- salt and pepper
- 1½–2 # of squid
- olive oil
- 1 bunch of parsley, chopped

*Get your grill hot. Rub the tomatoes with a little olive oil. Place over high heat on the grill. Every so often check and flip or move around the tomatoes; ideally they don't burst but roast themselves within their skin. As they become tender and cooked through, which can take 30 minutes or more, add them to a braising pot. Once cool to the touch break them up with your hands. Add in the garlic paste, cayenne pepper, and bouquet of thyme. Add salt and pepper to taste. This will be the tomato sauce for braising the squid. Bring the tomato sauce to a low simmer. Season the squid with salt and pepper and add to tomatoes. Cook with the pot directly over the grill, or in a 325 degree oven. The squid will tense up and become rubbery after a few minutes; cook until they relax and go tender, about 25 minutes. Serve with parsley and lots of grilled bread for sopping. KW*





# STEAMERS!

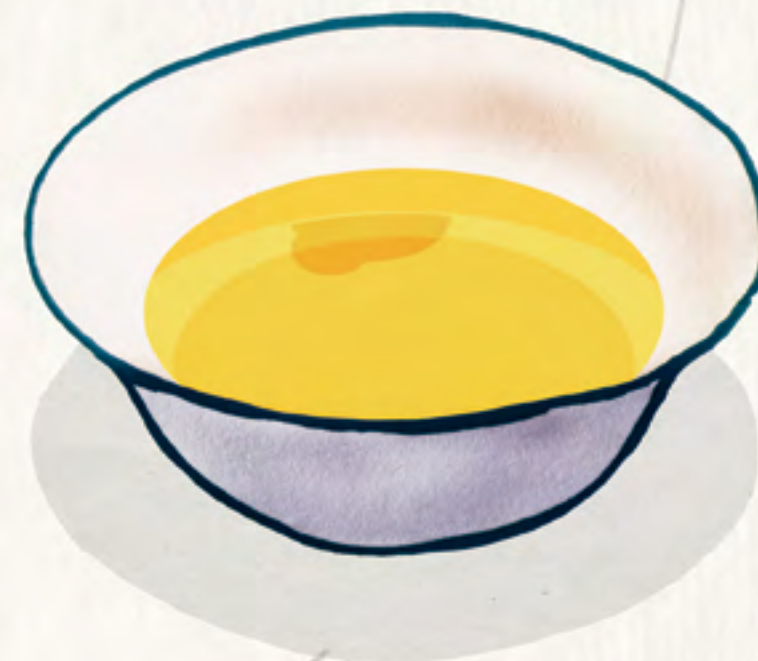
We love steamers but don't get to cook them that often, so this course was a special treat! One pound of steamers will feed 2 people.

- 3 # steamers
- 1/2 cup cornmeal
- 2 cans of cheap beer
- butter

Steamers, thin-shelled clams found off the Eastern seaboard, tend to be very sandy. It's best to do several soakings to help draw out any grit. Wash the clams in cold water and sort through them, throwing away any clams that are open or have cracked shells. In a bucket of cold, icy water, soak the clams with the cornmeal for an hour. Clams like to eat cornmeal as much as we like to eat clams so this helps them expunge any grit they may have inside their clam bodies. Drain off the water and cornmeal and soak the clams again in icy cold water for another hour. When ready to cook, add the clams to a large pot. Open the beers, one for yourself, and one for the pot. Cover pot with lid and



PHOTO BY Zack Genin ILLUSTRATION BY Lars Göran Karlsson



cook over high heat. After a minute or two, stir the clams. When all of the clams are open, they are done. Pull the clams off the heat and strain their steaming liquid through a fine mesh strainer lined with cheesecloth. Serve the clams in a large bowl with two small bowls on the side: one with the steaming liquid and the other filled with clarified butter. Serve with grilled corn on the cob and more beer.

To eat: Remove the clam from its shell. Strip the clam of its rubbery skin that clings to the protruding neck, like a sheath. It's like peeling off a sock. Dip the clam in the steaming liquid, to rinse off any grit, then into the butter bath, and eat. KW



## WHIPPED HOUSE-CURED LARDO

- 1–2 # pork fat back,  
large pieces the size of a postcard are best
- 6 cups salt
- 4 cups sugar
- 4 sprigs rosemary
- 6 juniper berries
- 1 t black peppercorns

To cure lardo meant for whipping, a salt and sugar cure is sufficient. Mix together salt and sugar. Add to it the leaves of the rosemary sprigs, the juniper berries, crushed slightly, and the peppercorns. In a plastic container that you can fit in your fridge, pour a bed of cure on the bottom. Lay the pieces of fat back in one layer on top of the cure and then pour more cure over the pieces. There should be enough cure to completely bury the fat, with a thin layer covering on top. Refrigerate. Every week, flip the pieces over and re-bury under the cure, making sure all sides are covered. After two weeks, give the fat a squeeze. If it still feels kinda mushy, continue curing the fat for another week. If the fat feels nice and firm, then you are done. Wash cure from the pieces of fat and let dry, in the refrigerator. To whip the lardo cut the fat back into a large dice and then press it through a meat grinder. Once the fat is ground, you can whip it in a stand mixer, until aerated and creamy. This is what you'll want to spread on toast. It stores in the refrigerator, almost indefinitely. SL

ILLUSTRATION BY Georgina Luck

## PEPERONATA ON TOAST W/ LARDO

There are a million recipes for peperonata, but I like this one because it's sweet, peppery and isn't complicated by tomatoes or eggplant. Unfortunately, it requires a fair amount of knife work and a bit of time to do well.

- 8 sweet bell peppers, no green ones
- 2 yellow onions
- 6 garlic cloves, crushed
- splash of white wine
- olive oil
- handful of basil and mint leaves
- salt and pepper

- 12 pieces country bread
- 2 cups whipped lardo

Cut the flesh from the peppers and remove the pith and seeds. Slice the flesh into strips and chop into a medium dice along with the onions. Cover the bottom of a wide, low-sided pot with olive oil and heat it on medium high heat. When the oil is quite hot, add the peppers, onions, and garlic along with plenty of salt and pepper. The vegetables will begin to release a fair amount of water; keep stirring until they begin to caramelize. Add in the white wine to deglaze, scraping up any brown bits, then reduce the heat to low. Cook until peppers and onions are quite soft and the liquid is a reduced and homogenous. Toss in a handful of basil and mint leaves. Taste and add more seasoning, if necessary. To assemble the dish, spread a thin layer of whipped lardo on sliced country bread. Toast the bread on a sheet-tray under a broiler. Spoon dollops of the peperonata on top, and serve. NP

## GRILLED CORN W/ CLARIFIED LOBSTER BUTTER

- 2 # butter
- 5 discarded lobster shells, from cooked, eaten lobsters
- 1 shallot, peeled and cut in half
- 2 t salt
- 12 ears of corn, left in their husks

First clarify the butter. Put the butter in a medium saucepan over low heat. Add in the lobster shells, which should be crushed a little with a rolling pin, before they go into the pot with the shallot and salt. Let the butter steep and melt, keeping the mixture over very low flame. Even a pilot light is sufficient. Stir occasionally, for about an hour. The shells will start to infuse the butter with lobster flavor, and the butter will become clear as the milk solids drop to the bottom of the pan and turn slightly pink. After an hour, strain the shells from the butter using a strainer lined with cheesecloth. Transfer the butter to a small saucepan and keep warm. Grill the corn in their husks, turning occasionally to cook evenly. The husks will char and crumble away but inside the kernels will steam roast, remaining sweet and juicy. After 15 to 20 minutes of grilling, remove the corn and let them sit off of the grill for five minutes, before peeling off the husk and silk. Serve immediately, with the lobster butter. SL





## STONE FRUIT PANZANELLA

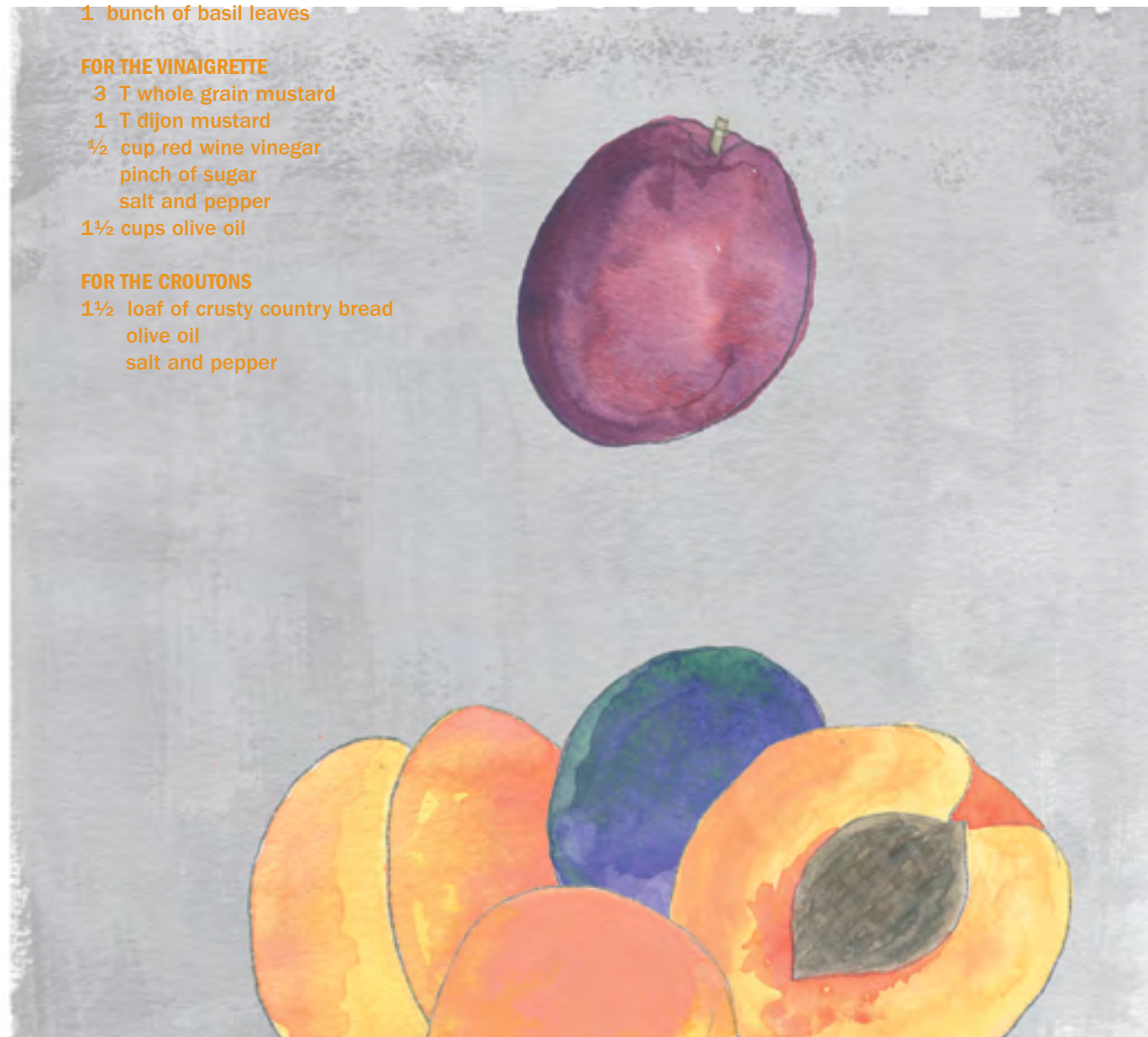
- 6 stone fruits, a nice mix of peaches, plums, apricots and nectarines
- 3 T honey
- 2 T olive oil
- salt and pepper
- 1 pint cherry tomatoes
- 1 bunch of arugula
- 1 bunch of basil leaves

### FOR THE VINAIGRETTE

- 3 T whole grain mustard
- 1 T dijon mustard
- ½ cup red wine vinegar
- pinch of sugar
- salt and pepper
- 1½ cups olive oil

### FOR THE CROUTONS

- 1½ loaf of crusty country bread
- olive oil
- salt and pepper



For vinaigrette whisk together all the ingredients in a bowl. Taste and adjust seasoning. For croutons tear the bread into chunks, about the size of a ping-pong ball. Toss the bread in olive oil, season with salt and pepper, and bake in a 350 degree oven, until beginning to turn golden brown. Set aside.

Now, get your grill hot. Cut the stone fruits in half, remove the pits, and toss fruit with honey, olive oil, salt and pepper. Grill until nice grill marks show and fruit is still firm, but beginning to soften. Remove from the grill. Halve the cherry tomatoes. Slice the grilled fruit into wedges. To assemble the dish, gently toss the fruit with the croutons and the vinaigrette in a large bowl, so everything gets nice and coated. Add arugula and basil, gently mixing to combine. Finish with a squeeze of lemon and taste. Adjust the seasoning if necessary. Serve immediately. KW

## GRILLED BEEF TENDERLOIN

Think of this dish as more like a carpaccio and less like a steak. It should be quite rare and served almost at room temperature.

- 1 whole beef tenderloin
- salt and pepper
- 1 pint of cherry tomatoes, halved
- 1 garlic clove, smashed to a paste
- 1 shallot, minced
- 1 splash sherry vinegar
- olive oil
- 1 piece of horseradish, about 4 inches, peeled
- 1 large bunch of watercress

A couple of hours before you are going to cook, season the loin well with salt and pepper. Also, it's not completely necessary, but nice to tie the loin firmly with butchers twine, in 3 inch segments. This will keep the loin tight and together when grilling. Grill the loin until nicely seared on all sides. Depending on the size and thickness of the loin, it should spend approximately 8 to 10 minutes on the grill, total. It's important to let it rest for 10 to 15 minutes after you remove it from the grill, turning the steak over occasionally, so it rests evenly.

While the steak rests, marinate the tomatoes. Toss tomatoes with garlic, shallot, sherry vinegar, a glug of olive oil, salt, and pepper and set aside. Once steak has rested, slice it by hand, into thin ¼ inch pieces. Fan out the steak onto a serving platter. Sprinkle with crunchy sea salt and drizzle with olive oil and any accumulated juices. Grate fresh horseradish over the beef. Plate a big pile of peppery cress on top and spoon the marinated tomatoes over the entire plate. Serve. KW





*I love, you love, we love, who doesn't love? ... Bluefish.*



## WHOLE GRILLED BLUEFISH

- 1 bluefish, 6-7#  
salt and pepper  
olive oil
- 4 bunches lambsquarters (wild spinach)
- 2 lemons, halved

A couple of hours before you plan to cook, season the fish, inside and out, with salt and pepper. Get your grill hot. Make sure the grill is as clean as it can be before placing the fish, coated in a little olive oil, in a medium-hot spot. Do not touch the fish for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, grill some bunches of lambsquarters, tossed with olive oil and salt, until charred and wilted. Set aside. After 10 minutes, carefully pull up one side of the fish to see if the skin frees up. If it seems like the fish can be flipped without tearing much of the skin, go for it. If it sticks, let it go for 5 more minutes, then flip. Cook for 7 to 8 more minutes, checking the internal temperature of the cavity of the fish with a sharp paring knife. If the knife feels warm-hot to the touch, the fish is done. Carefully remove it from the grill. Sprinkle the fish with a little more sea salt, drizzle some olive oil over it, and serve with the grilled lambsquarters and halved lemons on the side. Romesco, a smoky pepper sauce, is also a nice accompaniment. KW

## ROMESCO

- 1 large tomato
- 3 large sweet peppers
- 2 red cayenne peppers  
other hot peppers can be substituted
- 1 large onion
- ¼ cup almonds, toasted
- 2 garlic cloves
- 2 t smoked paprika
- 1 T sherry vinegar  
olive oil

Grill the tomato, peppers, and onion until charred and beginning to soften. Slice open the hot peppers and discard their seeds, then chop. Chop the rest of the grilled vegetables, transfer them to a food processor and puree with the almonds, garlic, paprika, sherry vinegar, and enough olive oil to make a loose puree. Taste and season with salt. Serve with the grilled bluefish. KW

## BERRY + STONE FRUIT GALETTE

- 5-6 stone fruits, a mix of peaches, plums, and apricots, halved and pits removed
- 1 egg white, beaten
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup of raspberries, blackberries, or blueberries
- whipped cream, to serve

### GALETTE DOUGH

- 5 cups all purpose unbleached flour
- 3 T organic sugar
- 1 T salt
- 1 # butter, cut into 1cm cubed and well-chilled
- ¾-1 cup of very cold ice water

### To make the dough:

This recipe makes enough dough for two large gallettes. Whisk together dry ingredients in a medium bowl. Using a pastry cutter, cut butter into dry mixture until pieces are evenly distributed and are the size of small peas, working quickly so as not to melt the butter. Sprinkle water evenly over the flour-butter mixture, mixing to combine. At no point should the dough come into a ball: it should be a loose mass. Test the dryness of the dough by pressing a small bit together with one squeeze of the hand; the palm-shape of dough should adhere to itself well. If it crumbles apart sprinkle more water and "toss" the loose dough quickly, testing again by pressing a small amount together. Water needs will vary based on weather. If the butter starts to melt too much chill the bowl and revisit. Divide the mass in half by weight (~1.5#ea), and turn out each batch of loose dough onto a large piece of plastic wrap. Using the edges of the wrap, gently and quickly pull the loose dough into a tight even round. Wrap tightly and evenly and press out with a rolling pin, making a small disc of dough. Let chill overnight. Next day pull dough from the refrigerator, let temper for 10 minutes and then roll out into a round with crust ¼" thick.

ILLUSTRATION BY Carmen McChes



### To assemble the galette:

Slice the stone fruit into ¼" slices. Arrange the fruit on the rolled out galette dough, in overlapping rings, making sure to leave a 2" border at the edges. At the edge, fold the crust over the edge of the fruit. Chill the galette until cold. Preheat oven to 400 degrees and put in pizza stone or sheet tray to heat up in bottom of the oven. Brush the crust with egg whites and dust with sugar. Brush fruit minimally with melted butter and set

directly onto hot tray. Bake until crust is evenly golden on the edge and when gently lifted up with a large spatula is golden underneath as well. Just before the galette turns golden, toss the berries with a handful of sugar and add them, filling in the spaces between the stone fruits. Bake until the berries are cooked, then pull from the oven. Let cool, cut, and serve with whipped cream. AW



## *Eating Summer* by Mary Dowd

Low tide at noon  
sea green  
sky blue  
crystal clear  
white canvas sails  
on the golden sound

It is never enough

I want to stuff  
all the sand on the beach  
into my pants  
and walk through winter,  
hands in my pockets  
sifting it, fine  
and dry and warm

I want to pluck  
the million beads of light  
dancing on the water,  
and bury them under my bed  
so I can slowly savor  
one each day  
til August comes again

I want to swim  
sideways down the coast  
all the way to China,  
the sand ridges on the ocean floor  
for my compass  
and feel the cold green waves  
rock me, rock me, rock me  
in their rude embrace

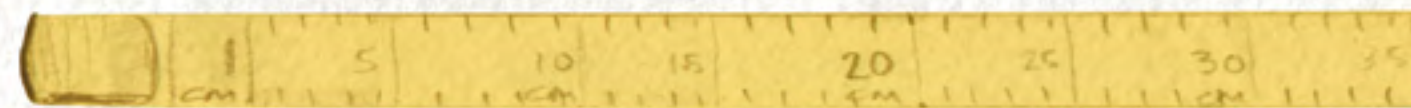
I want to lie on the beach  
staring up at the sky  
until the blue is stamped on my retina  
and everything I see is sky,  
until the clouds evaporate  
and swirl genie-like  
into my lungs  
with each breath I take

I want the sun  
to pour into my limbs  
like molten gold  
until I liquefy and lie  
shimmering on the sand  
waiting for the tide  
to drag me into the sea  
and shatter me back  
into a million beads of light

PAINTING BY Marley Freeman







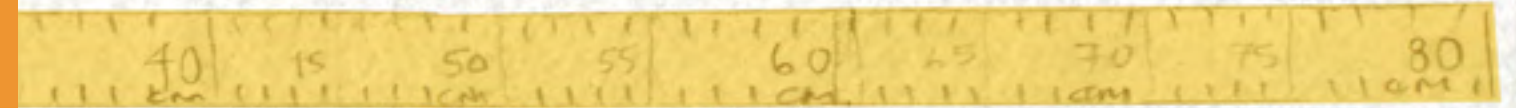
## **BIG BLUE** by Chris Fischer

My sister Molly was, and still is, known as a top rod around town. At the age of twelve she caught a 50 lb striped bass and won The Martha's Vineyard Bluefish and Bass Fishing Tournament, setting the record for the youngest angler and first female to ever win. Even after battling the monster for 45 minutes Molly insisted on dragging the fish, unassisted, passed the crowd of spectators to the state forest weigh in station. She was instantly famous and I began to be known simply as "Molly's brother." During a family dinner one evening soon after the big fish, our older sister Lydia was complaining about all the attention Molly was getting. My father pounded his fist so hard on the table that we all jumped in amazement and I nearly choked on my chicken. He boomed at her; "On your wedding day, they will still be talking about that fish."

The truth is striped bass are trophy fish and are easily caught. Bass are slow compared to the bluefish. Bluefish dart back and forth and fight until the last moment before

they are plucked or gaffed from the ocean. They come and go as they please, littering our coast one week then leaving anglers skunked the next. They will school up in areas in huge numbers one year, leaving scientists and environmentalists baffled. Their patterns are never the same and this season we have been blessed with a consistent stock of blue in our waters, keeping the local fisherman content netting their ten fish limit for the day. One would be happier with a haul of striped bass because bass fetch a better price at market, but a load of bluefish will at least pay for gas and help break even on the day.

Molly's talent is true. She still catches more fish and bigger fish than anyone else she trolls with. I give my dad credit for this, having taught her over the years the best techniques and consistently taking her to the best spots. He did the same for me and I thought I was a good fisherman until I started going out without him. When we would fish together he read the water for me, rigged up my rod, brought me to



Saramoffat 2012

the perfect spot and told me where to cast. I would almost always catch fish with him and when we didn't land any we would pull some lobster pots he kept in the pond to feed ourselves for the night.

His advice on catching blues is simple. First, look for birds working. They feed on the same bait fish that blues do and rapidly dive-bombing terns is a sure sign of feeding schools of fish. If you don't see birds look for oil slicks on the top layer of the ocean. If a spot smells fishy it probably means blues. If all else fails, sometimes you will be lucky enough to see them breaking the surface on the horizon line.

Bluefish are sleek looking, aerodynamic and appear to be somewhere between a striped bass and a tuna in overall physique. Faster than a bass but not as turbo as a tuna, their color shimmers. Silvers blend into purples. A white belly stretches the length of its torso. Bluefish are beautiful beasts with razor sharp teeth who, lucky for us, have a passion for eating that drives them easily onto our lures.

If you do find a school of bluefish, pull the crappiest lure you have in your tackle box and put it on the end of your line and cast right into the center of the school. Bluefish will hit anything moving when they are feeding so as long as you have a hook you will catch something.

There is no limit to the size bluefish you can keep but even the small ones put up a good fight. So bring a good club to stun the fish once you have brought them on shore or into your boat. My dad also made sure I always had reliable pliers nearby not for removing the lure from the fish, but from removing the barbs on the ends of the hook from ones own hand. The fish are mighty and will fight to the very last moment of its life. My dad recently he caught a medium sized blue, threw it in the back of his pick-up and when he got home from the beach the bluefish came back to life, looked him in the eye and jumped out of the back of the truck.



**The Noank Shipyard Parking Lot**  
by Peter Milne Greiner

The Noank Shipyard parking lot is deserted  
but presided over by the smooth  
monstrous husks of sailboats  
awaiting refit or repair  
Mantis-like, totemic, also vaguely  
larval, big juicy grubs suffering  
some structural breach or another,  
the sunbleached bodies preen and age  
away the afternoon  
Uneasily I eschew their presences  
The pavement is scorching under my hands  
and feet, the dog's eye view of the marina is  
dizzying, and Anna's wallet is nowhere

I stand up wiping fossil glitter  
from my palms and that feeling  
when you're in the same new  
place twice in one hour and it's  
the second that feels truly alien  
Mis-over-acquaintance?  
I study a car's out of state shadow  
This is the part of the search where I adjust  
my shorts, check my phone, and dread  
the unconfirmed loss without much focus  
The dock that connects the parking lot  
to Costello's clam shack telescopes outward  
into infinity, into the bay, past the points,  
over Munnawtawkit and into the open sea,  
the great vistas of the ocean plain where  
families of whales dapple and breathe in  
the surface like it's another kind of groundsoil  
and they're another kind of ant or mole,  
and above those vistas the high winds  
blowing in the hour-by-hour forecast,  
up through the thin veil, the brightness  
and darkness, I can see board after  
board stretch out into wide open fields  
of space, where esoteric particles graze  
on luscious dewy mysteries, star-sedge  
lapping at the sides of this Dock  
At The Edge Of Forever, lapping gently,  
darkly, in a way that can be scientifically  
explained One foot in front of the other until  
I'm in the clam shack, again, for the second  
time, and with one of seven seas under me  
and the heavens whirling around me, great  
gas giants thundering, strange energies  
circuiting, I see Anna methodically  
trawling a clam shack garbage can,  
a big one, shells times ketchup divided  
by coleslaw times a billion, times billions

and billions Once through it, break, the second  
time I help, phone call, deep sigh,  
prayers and entreaties, burnt offerings  
and promises to be good if only this sleepy  
and desperate scene would regurgitate  
a wallet A tiny deck of cards hidden in another  
just like it Shellfish haruspicy, a little bloodletting  
to demonstrate sincerity,  
we divine the fates of our lost in the clam strip,  
the lobster claw Their oracles confound us  
I believe in the bivalve, I soothsay,  
project astrally, channel some garbled  
clue from the aether and minutes later,  
driving down the seacoast, the tourbillon of texts  
and pushes assembling in the pockets we ignore,  
finding something after any amount of time  
is the same as knowing where it is all along  
Exactly the same







*Cathect* Douglas Piccin-

PAINTING BY Jenna Ransom

“on the glass tray  
a glass pitcher” as the sea  
rebounds so intently

for I too once was in love  
tho release I didn’t mind  
shell flaying this clot

of sky is cloud failing  
the siege of a dream  
as one woman crosses one bridge

pieces of green bottle  
light the wall  
no greener noun then

to wash a living over us  
like the bloodheavy mop  
of dawn that comes

to rinse the night  
of its insidious delirium  
and by the loneliness of fields

the loneliness of crowds  
to choke alone compeer  
unfilling sound withal

again the paint spreads  
in the section of my house  
that is not my house

I mean the cool position  
squats under the eye—  
feeds among the old loaves

w salt w honey w milk—to stub  
the freezing and cork  
a quickened havoc of terms—

in my way in your way too  
this newly haunted penetralia  
to collect me collect you.

PHOTO BY Lucy Helton



The spot across from me opens,  
and they come to sit.  
Whoever is the stranger with fennel at their knees,  
who comes.

I learn that she is expecting.  
We eat mussels  
loosed in a red, summer broth.

Soon, walking home, he and I cross paths.  
A message across the fields, cut through.

It’s the unexpected,  
I learn you have arrived, a little early,  
that is burned through, and at the backs of your knees  
extinguished—

Who in two, open,  
opens and, to Marathon, runs.

Under a tree,  
we are pulling the skins off  
charred bell peppers.

Whoever is sure, then,  
who is still running—

And then, two bee stings.  
As from indiscretion, as something very still.

One first under the left arm,  
a dart to a rib.  
Whoever carries a message.

Then the same, one comes second.  
Under a left arm,  
dart to a rib.

For a minute it’s weird.  
Who comes, delivers it known—

Then we forget how bees have marked the pair,  
and maybe they died to do it.

We all set out for dinner across  
whatever place, onto us.

And comes knowing,  
a low bed creek  
is also, then, held.



# COUNTRY



PHOTO BY Julia Gillard

*I* have always wanted to spit roast a lamb in an open field. Guy Jones made my dreams come true. Or I should say, we forced it on him a bit. He is a strict vegetarian. He gave us shovels and pointed to a back corner of his farm, hidden by three feet high weeds and stacks of wood.

*The lamb we had opened up like a book. The butchers made shallow cuts in the spine, pelvis, and ribs, which could then be knocked open, laying the lamb as flat as possible. To make the dry rub, toast the dry spices in a low-heat oven to get their flavors moving. Mix all of the herbs and spices together and pound in a mortar and pestle, handful by handful, with a couple of garlic cloves and a large pinch of salt each time, until all garlic, spices, herbs, and salt are finely ground. Transfer the rub to a container and mix well to combine. The day before the roast, rub the lamb, the inside cavity and out with the rub. Really massage it into the meat. Save any leftover rub in a deep container, combine with the wine and water. This is your basting liquid. You'll need a brush or a bundle of herbs to act as a brush.*

BLOOMING HILL FARM, NY





PHOTO BY Julia Gillard

## SPIT-ROASTED LAMB

- 1 whole lamb, 25-30#**  
(or, 1 leg of lamb for a more modest party)
- 1 cup salt**
- 4 heads of garlic, peeled**
- ½ cup cumin**
- ¼ cup fresh green coriander**  
(or ½ cup dried coriander)
- ¼ cup caraway seeds**
- ¼ cup fennel seeds**
- 2 T dried oregano**
- 8 sprigs of rosemary,**  
leaves removed, and finely chopped
- 1 bottle of white wine**
- 1 quart of water**

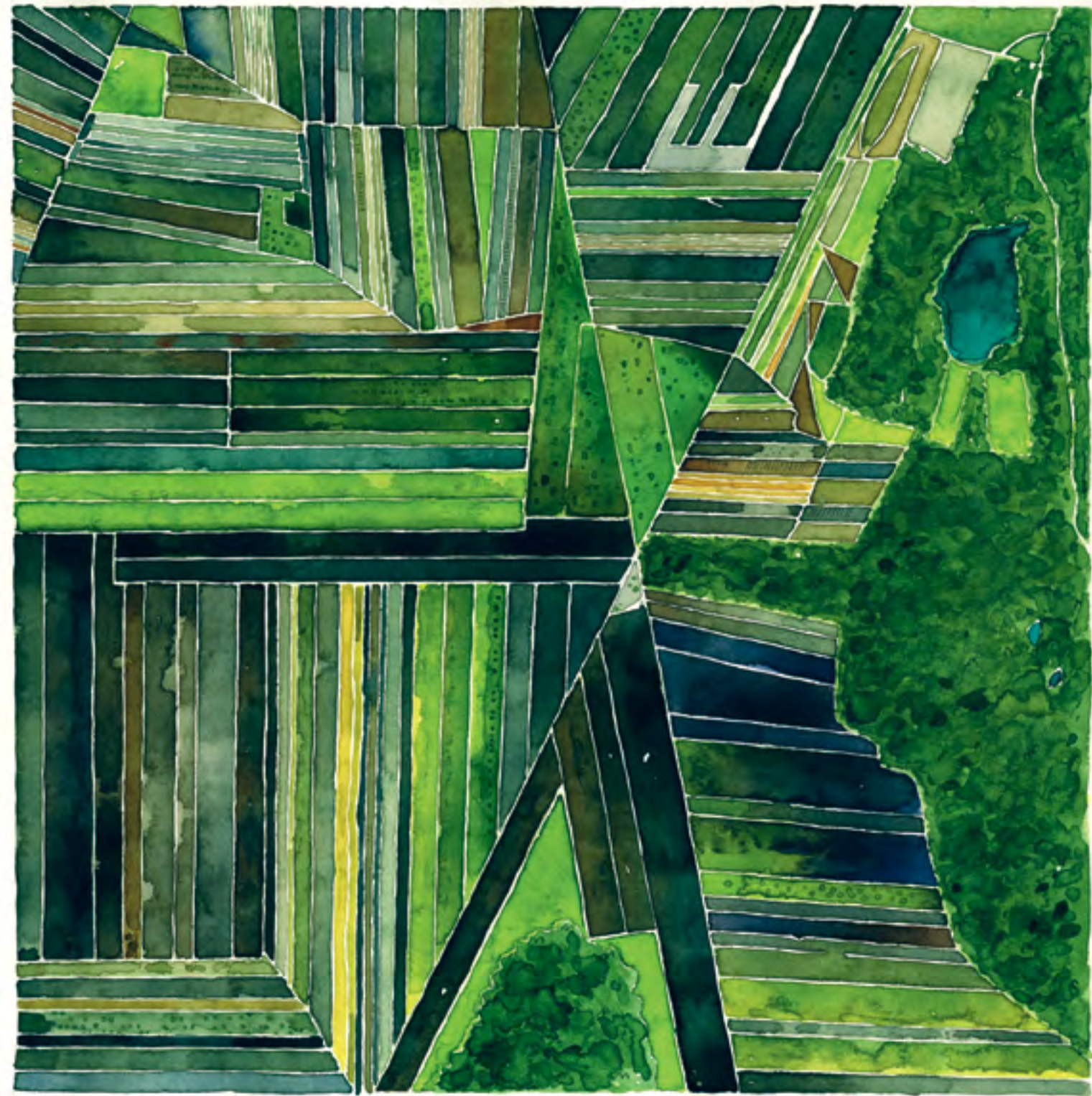
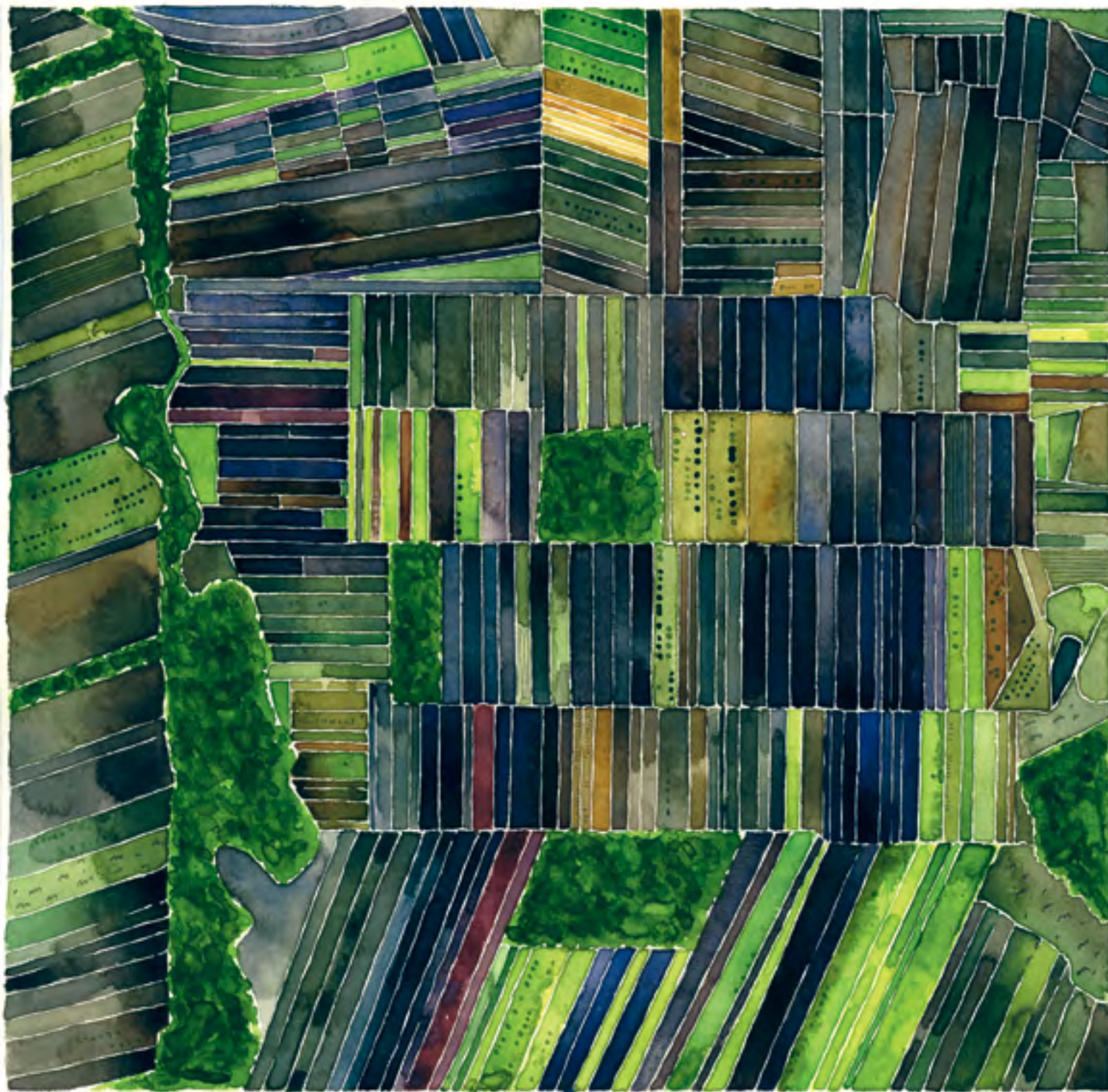
As elemental as roasting a piece of meat over a live flame outdoors is, the practice becomes much trickier when you're dealing with a whole animal. You just have to go for it. We dug a rectangular pit into the ground about 4 feet by 6 feet, with a depth of about a foot and propped two stacks of three cinder blocks on the longer sides. This was the crutch that would hold our lamb spit, which was really just a simple, welded together lightweight ladder of two longer bars with three shorter bars in between. Dig your pit and marinate your lamb the day before.

We built a fire the next morning. Guy had lots of wood for us to use, so every hour or so we would add an armful of wood to the fire, and let it burn down before adding more logs. After five hours of a hot, growing flame, we knocked the wood down and spread out the coals. The coals were ripping hot and needed to die down a bit before we put on the lamb mid-afternoon, so we let them burn. We did put on a pot of shell beans, to slowly cook at the fire's edge and started to roast vegetables directly on the burning embers: onions in their skins, fleshy sweet peppers, eggplants, and a potato gratin.

We trussed the lamb to the ladder with thin wire; arms and legs wide open as if the lamb was skydiving. It's a two person job maneuvering the lamb over the fire and setting down the ends of the ladder to rest on top of the cinder blocks. Once the lamb was in place, laying about 4 feet above the coals, we basted it every 15 minutes or so with our basting liquid. Initially, the heat was still too hot, scorching a portion of the lamb's skin, so we turned the lamb over to roast on the other side, knocking the coals around to try and lessen the heat. Every 30 minutes we would flip the lamb and baste, baste, baste. It roasted for just about 3 hours, and could have probably benefited from another 30 minutes, but the crowd was forming, dusk was coming, and we were hungry. We pulled off the lamb and let it rest on a sheet tray for 45 minutes, then cut off the legs, shoulders, and ribs, and started carving.

The last two hours of the two day process were the only time that I felt unnerved by the roast. It was when the bucolic peacefulness of the farm, the fire, and the relaxed prep of shelling beans and plucking watercress from the stream were fractured by the reality of orchestration. Why aren't these beans done? Is the lamb cooked enough? Overcooked? How long can we make these people wait? Is the skin burning? All of your kitchen training leaps out the window when you're fielding questions from the hoards while straddling a coal bed and using a bundle of weeds as a baster. Trying to hack apart a roasted lamb, with bees landing on your hands and sweat trickling down your face, is not the most enjoyable practice. But it's the outdoors, and you have to get the fruits of your two day labor on the table. And once it's on the table, it's gold. The process was amazing and the meat, just as good. With a roast under your belt, the next time can only be better. SL





## **BLACK DIRT** *illustrated by Vikki Chu*

Our earth was once full of luminous giants. Glassy blue bodies persisting up our sub-continental coast land. These glaciers would slowly carve the Hudson Valley, Long Island, Pine Island, Orange County. Along this sculptured landscape is the town of Warwick, famous for housing the first steel and iron manufacturer in the American colonies.

Current day Warwick has a sloping main street, several Irish taverns and a freight train running through

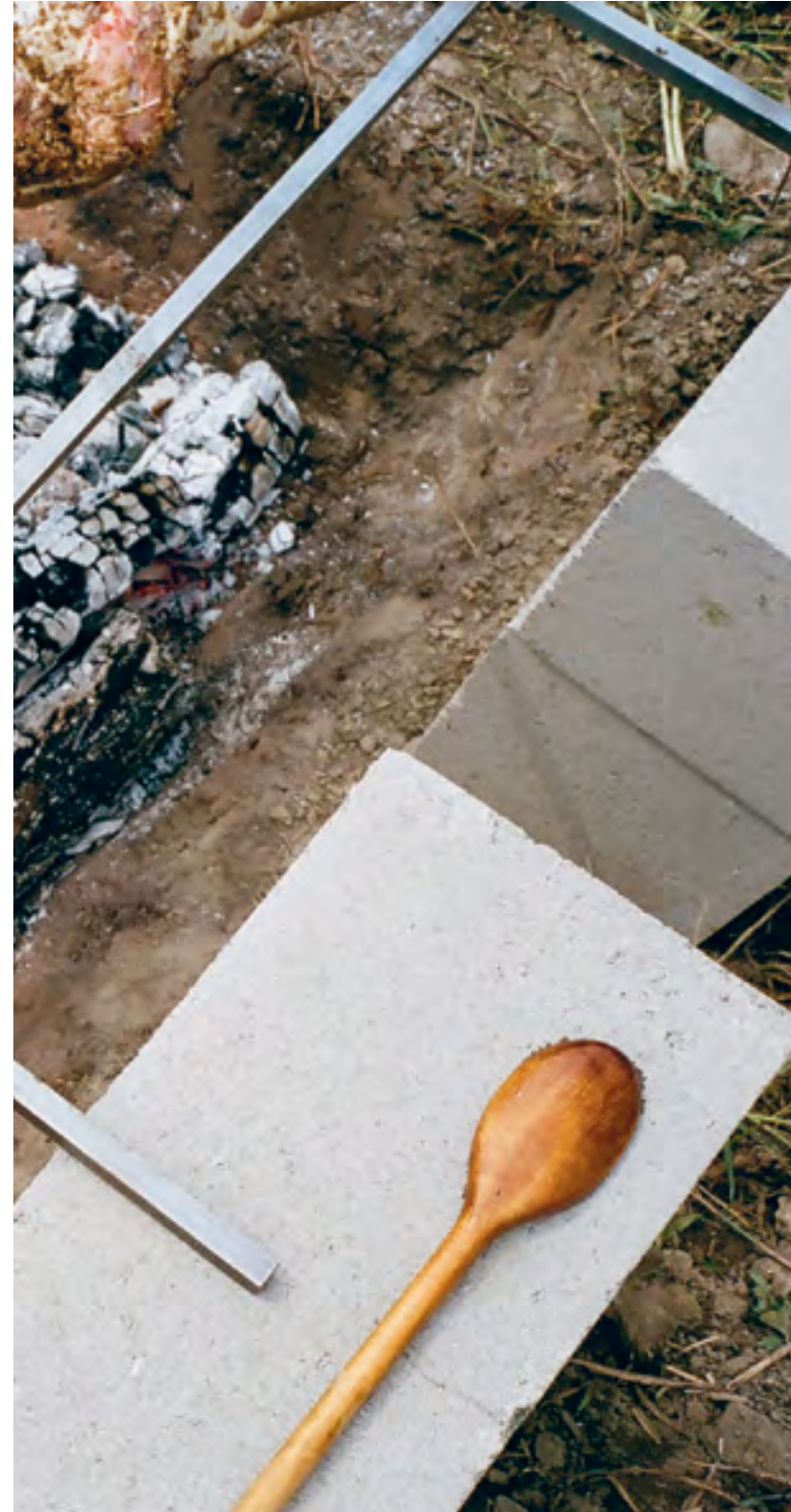
it. Penning's, the local farm and orchard is also the petting zoo, beer garden, restaurant in town, garden center and artisan purveyor of goods. New York Heart Woods, the local mill, specializes in the management, removal and upcycling of end-of-life, diseased, and downed trees. Warwick is the kind of American town where its people are as diligent as the land they stand on. Well, most of the land. The deep dark loamy secrets of the villages and hamlets of these particular flatlands aren't the personal stuff of great American

novels, or the creeping insinuation of corporate sprawl. It's in the muck soil down below.

The shadowy ground of the Great Appalachian Valley stretches here, north the from the foot of Pochuck Mountain Ridge, lies low below mounts Adam and Eve and is divided by the Wallkill river. Early farmers abandoned its fields for pasture and it wasn't until the early 20th century that Eastern European immigrants drained the bogland, unearthing rich soil made up of decayed organic matter.

What was the bottom of a glacial lake prone to constant flooding and too unstable to build on soon became infamous for sweet yellow onions. Today farmers can still suffer immense losses with each severe storm but the sulfur and nitrogen rich soil now bares radishes, potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, lettuce and is considered one of the most densely fertile of our American lands. —AD





## SHELL BEANS

*Fresh shell beans are incomparable. Whatever kind, cannellini, cranberry, or pinto, late summer beans are worth the time they take to shuck. At the roast, we set a pot of them in the corner of the fire pit for a slow-burning lengthy cook. At home on the stove, they should take under two hours.*

- 8 cups shell beans**
  - enough water to just cover
  - handful of salt
- 2 carrots**
- 1 stalk of celery**
- 1 large white onion**
- 3 sprigs of sage**
  - handful of garlic cloves
  - two glugs olive oil

*In a pot, cover the shell beans with cold water and add a handful of salt to the mix. Snap the carrots and celery in two and add them to the pot. Slice the onion in half and add it to the pot with the sage and garlic. Pour two glugs of olive oil on top. Bring the shell beans to a low-simmer, skimming off any froth that rises to the top, and stir occasionally. Cook the beans at a low-simmer until they so soft and tender. You should be able to easily crush a bean between your finger and thumb. Remove from heat and let sit in the cooking liquid for 30 minutes. Taste the beans and their liquid and adjust their seasoning. Serve warm in a bowl with more good olive oil drizzled on top. SL*



## GRILLED SQUASH W/ RED ONION + HERBS

- 6 squashes and zucchinis, an heirloom**  
mix of different colors and shapes
- 1 large red onion, thinly sliced**
- 5 garlic cloves, thinly sliced**
- 1 bunch of wild fennel, finely chopped**
- 5 sprigs fresh oregano, leaves chopped**
- 5 sprigs fresh mint, leaves chopped**
- ½ cup red wine vinegar**
- ¼ cup honey**
- 2 cups olive oil**  
salt and pepper

Get your grill hot. Cut the squash into grillable planks and rounds. Season them well with salt and pepper. Grill the squash until they just cook through and show some char; they should retain a certain amount of bite. Meanwhile, combine the remaining ingredients, except the olive oil, and let macerate while grilling squash. Combine the squash with the herb mixture and toss well to coat. Add in the olive oil and season well with salt. Then toss about to combine. Serve warm or room temperature. FR

## YOGURT SAUCE

This sauce tastes great on everything so you can't make too much of it.

- 4 cups yogurt**
- 2 garlic cloves, smashed to a paste with salt**
- 1 handful of mint leaves**
- 1 pinch dried oregano**
- ¼ cup white wine vinegar**
- ½ cup olive oil**

Whisk all ingredients together and let sit, refrigerated, for an hour before tasting for seasoning. Re-season and serve in a chilled bowl with a little olive oil on top, to drizzle over the lamb or other roasted meats. SL

## SMOKY EGGPLANT DIP

Eggplants are another thing you can roast directly on smoldering coals. Turn them often, their flesh can become bitter if too blackened.

- 5 large eggplants**
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed to a paste with salt**
- 1 cup olive oil, plus more for serving**  
the juice from 1 lemon  
salt

Roast eggplants until nicely charred and starting to fold in on themselves. Transfer the eggplants to a bowl and cover with a kitchen towel. Let them rest and steam for an hour. When eggplants are cool enough to touch, carefully peel off all outer skin and stem. It's okay if a couple of charred bits make their way into the dip. Using a whisk, smash and stir up the eggplant flesh in a bowl until a rough dip forms. Keep working the mixture with the whisk until it reaches a consistency you like; you can also transfer the mash to a food processor if you want a entirely smooth dip, but I like a rough one that lets you know you are eating eggplant. Whisk in the garlic paste, olive oil, and lemon juice, and season well with salt. Let the dip sit for 30 minutes, then taste again and adjust the seasoning. It should be creamy with a little zip from the garlic and lemon. Adding in more olive oil is usually a good idea. SL



ILLUSTRATION BY Joÿn Fry

## MARINATED ROASTED PEPPERS

- 8-10 fleshy sweet peppers,**  
any kind, a nice mix
- 6 cloves of garlic, crushed**
- 2 sprigs of rosemary,**  
bruised with the back of a knife or rolling pin
- 1 large pinch dried oregano**
- ¼ cup red wine vinegar**  
olive oil  
salt

Set the peppers on hot coal and watch, turning them over when they have charred. This can also be done with a broiler or directly over the flames of a gas oven, just set the peppers on the metal trivets above the flame. Once the peppers are nicely charred on every side, top and bottom too, transfer them to a bowl and cover with a kitchen towel and set aside. The peppers will steam themselves and their skins will loosen. When cool enough to touch, peel the peppers and discard their seeds, ribbing, and stems. You can slice the peppers into strips, but I like large swaths of pepper meat. Crush the garlic cloves to a paste with a large pinch of salt, then toss in a bowl with the peppers, rosemary sprigs, oregano, and vinegar. Add in a glug or two of olive oil, mixing and tossing to combine. Taste and adjust the seasoning. Serve at room temperature as an accompaniment to the lamb or on toast, as a crostini. SL





PORTRAIT BY Farika

Whenever I get Guy on the phone he always asks me the same two questions. “How are your mom and dad?” And, “are you in love?”

Then he might ask me, “How’s business?” or “How’s everything (his vegetables) been looking?”

Later, “Why don’t you turn Saltie into a cowgirl themed restaurant?” or “When are you moving up here?”

Always, “Hope to see you soon.”

He invites me skiing in the winter and to the beach in the summer. His hair is both white and yellow as the corn and his hands large and black from his dirt. Lately he has grown a shockingly huge beard which I don’t prefer because I know he’s too handsome underneath it.

He is amorous but not romantic. Guy works too hard for romance. He is one of those people whose affection makes you feel undeservedly special. He is welcoming and generous, sociable and always willing to accept the offer of a beer. He cares about animals, children and old people. He has been a lawyer, a draft-dodger and a farm workers rights activist. He grew up in New Jersey and has three sons all as good looking and well-mannered as he.

He is Guy. I both know him and don’t know him.

What does he think under the stars that cover his square of land that the suburbs have begun to clamor around? Does he still feel the same as he did 25 or 30 years ago when he first set out to farm this particular tract of black dirt? I can’t pretend to imagine what Guy thinks about the land and what it means and how it feels in his heart and mind or his knees, ankles, back and hands.

All I know is that he is there every year. Perennial. And when I get that first phone call of the season announcing his return I know that everything is alright. It’s simple and vital. I know I have somewhere to go.

And if you do go up to the farm one sun soaked afternoon and eventually have to leave he’ll say, “Really... you’re leaving? Why don’t you stay over in the trailer? It’ll be fun.” Then when he accepts that you can’t stay he says, “Make sure you take home some zucchini and tomatoes.”

by Caroline Fidanza





## BRAISED CARDOONS W/ TOMATO, CABBAGE, + OLIVES

- 12 cardoon stalks
- 6 large ripe tomatoes, chopped
- 1 small head of cabbage, sliced to ribbons
- 1 cup black nicoise olives, pitted
- 10 cloves of garlic, smashed
- 1 bunch of summer savory or thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- olive oil
- salt

First, trim the cardoons of any leafy matter and slice into 2 inch pieces. Put cardoons in a pot and cover with cold water. Bring the water to a boil and cook the cardoons for five minutes. Drain the water from the pot. Taste a cardoon. If it still tastes bitter, fill the pot back up with more cold water, bring to a boil and repeat

the five minute boil. You will have to repeat this process until the cardoon loses all of its bitterness and is somewhat tender. Three repetitions is usually enough.

Transfer the cardoons to a pan. Add in the tomato, cabbage, olives, garlic, savory, and bay leaf and pour on a generous amount of olive oil, approximately 2 cups. Season the mixture aggressively with salt and roast in a 350 degree oven, stirring occasionally. The vegetables will begin to release their liquid. Keep stirring and cooking until most of the liquid is reduced to a thick-ish sauce, the cabbage is soft, and the cardoons are coated with tomato, 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Taste the cardoons and adjust the seasoning. More olive oil to finish is nice. Serve warm or room temperature. SL

## POTATO GRATIN

Dave suggested we make a couple of potato gratins for the dinner. I was skeptical. Cooking thin rounds of potato into an elegant savory cake requires steady heat from a real oven, not a raging coal bed. We tried it anyways and like most of Dave's ideas, it was a beautiful success, the first two empty plates on the table.

### FOR TWO LARGE CAST IRON GRATINS:

- 25 purple potatoes, thinly sliced, about 1/8" thick
- 4 small red onions,  
thinly sliced into complete rings, 1/4" thick
- 1 large bunch of marjoram, finely chopped
- 1 bunch of summer savory, finely chopped
- 6 garlic cloves, chopped
- salt and pepper
- olive oil

Have all of the vegetables and herbs prepped before you start to assemble the gratin. Coat two large cast iron pans with a little olive oil. Then, starting from the outside, shingle the potato slices into a ring around the circle. Every five or six potato slices, slide in an onion ring. Continue assembling rings of potato and onion until you get to the center of the pan, where you can place a couple of rounds of potato. Season the first layer with chopped herbs, garlic, salt and pepper, and a drizzle of olive oil. Start another layer of potato and onion rings on top of the first, spiraling around until you've reached the center. Sprinkle more herbs, garlic, salt and pepper, and more olive oil. Continue with the second pan. Set the pans over dying coals. The coals can not be too hot or they'll scorch the bottom. Turn and move the pans often, occasionally setting them on top of flat stones set in the coals or on top of up-side down pots to give them some distance from the coal bed. You'll have to monitor the different kinds of heat they get. Cook them slowly, until potatoes can be pierced easily with a knife. Eat a potato from the top and make sure it's fully cooked. You can also bake this in a 300 degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. Let the gratin rest for 1/2 an hour before serving. Sprinkle with fresh herbs and more olive oil, before serving. SL

## PITA BREAD

This recipe may look extensive for a simple flat bread, but it's actually quite easy and makes a pita with developed flavor. All you need is a baking stone.

- 4 cups all purpose unbleached flour
- 1/2 cup whole wheat flour
- 1 3/4 cups warm water
- 2 T plus 2 t extra virgin olive oil
- 1 heaping t active dry yeast  
or 10g fresh cake yeast
- 2 T salt

To make the dough, combine the flours, water and olive oil together until flour is well incorporated (on first speed if using a mixer). If the dough seems overly stiff massage more water into the dough to achieve a medium soft consistency. If you keep a sourdough culture a small amount of mature culture can be added during this phase. Cover the dough and let rest for 30 minutes. Work yeast and salt into the dough (on first speed if using a mixer). The dough will tighten when the salt is added, but once it is absorbed, the dough should loosen up again. At this point knead vigorously for about 15 minutes or until the dough is supple and extensible (around 3 minutes on 2nd speed in a mixer).

Place the dough in a lightly oiled container and place in a warm-ish place to ferment until it doubles in volume. This should take about 1 1/2 hours. At this point, gently dump the dough onto a floured surface and pat it gently with open hands to press some of the gas out. Next gently gather into a ball, cover, and place in refrigerator. De-gas the dough again in 30 minutes and return it to the refrigerator until thoroughly chilled (about an hour). At this point, the dough can be divided and shaped or de-gassed again and refrigerated overnight for further flavor development.

To make the pita, start by placing a baking stone in a cold oven and set it to 500 degrees. Turn the dough out onto a well-floured surface. Lightly flour the top of the dough and pat gently into a fairly even rectangle. Divide the dough into 12 pieces about the size of a small egg. Gently roll each piece into a ball and place on a floured surface. Cover with plastic or a clean dry towel and allow to rest for 20 minutes. Once the dough balls have relaxed, dredge in flour and, on a lightly floured surface, roll into circles about inch thick (or about 6 inches in diameter). Arrange the circles on a floured sheet tray. To save space, they may be stacked in two layers with a lightly floured sheet of parchment between the layers. At this point the pita can be baked immediately or refrigerated for a few hours.

To bake the pita, open the oven and flip the pita directly on the hot baking stone. Bake for one or two minutes in the oven, until

they begin to puff up. Once the pita has puffed completely, flip it over and bake for another minute, then pull the pitas from the oven and repeat with the others. The pita does not need to take on any color. In order for the pita to puff up and create a pocket the stone must be hot enough to bake the pita before the top of the bread dries out and sets. If your pita doesn't puff, try misting them with water after placing them on the baking stone. Be careful not to use too much water when misting or you risk cracking your baking stone! If they still don't pop, try refrigerating them before baking. AH

## ANISE SEED CRACKER W/ PEACHES, HONEY, + SHELL-ON NUTS

This is not a real dessert but a spread, which I think is the best ending to a meal – a great wheel of cheese, a bowl of ripe fruit, sliced and drizzled with honey, and shell-on nuts, so you have to linger and work at it a bit. These crackers tread the line between sweet and savory, and go great with all of the above.

- 1 1/2 cup flour plus 2 T
- 1/4 cup white sesame seeds
- 1/4 cup black sesame seeds
- 3 T sugar
- 1 T crushed anise seeds
- 2 t fennel pollen
- 1 t baking powder
- 1 t salt
- 2/3 cup olive oil
- 1/2 cup plus 1 to 2 T ice water
- 3 egg whites
- 4 T turbinado sugar

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Combine flour, sesame seeds, sugar, anise seeds, fennel pollen, baking powder, and salt. Whisk to combine, then add in the olive oil and ice water, stirring until well combined and a homogenous dough forms. Using a tablespoon scoop out a spoonful and roll dough with your hand to form a ball. Repeat until all the dough is formed into balls. Chill balls in a refrigerator for 1 hour, or overnight, before rolling out. After chilling, lay down a sheet of parchment and place a ball on top, cover with another sheet of parchment and roll out the ball with a rolling pin, as thin as you can. You can fit multiple balls on the parchment and roll out a couple at a time. Carefully transfer the sheets of parchment to a baking tray. Peel off the top sheet of parchment. Whisk the egg whites until foamy, brush the crackers with the whites and sprinkle generously with sugar. Bake 5 to 8 minutes until they begin to brown. Let cool, then gently remove crackers from the trays and break into pieces to eat. SL



Sweet, sour, bitter, weak and alcoholic.

No, not your Ok Cupid profile.

But like the best recipes, punch was also invented out of necessity. In this case it was a beer emergency. Shipboard slop went bad in the East Indies and tropics, where the belt boiling heat spoiled the kegs. This was the 1600s and sailors needed libation. To cope, crews began stirring Jamaican rum or whiskey with scurvy-blasting citrus, water, sugar and spices.

I learned this at a dive bar I used to work at in San Francisco—a place that was, itself, half-ship. Of course I sunk more than half my twenties there, where it was narrow and wooden and nothing in it was sober and no one in it was yet successful, or flat. It was all highs and lows in this place. Together we would drink anything. Concoct anything. And if we weren't already working, we did our best to get locked in.

At sea, sailors ad-libbed freely. As punch's progenitors, our kindred spirits were locked together for months and months, giving them plenty of time for experimentation. Depending on where they were anchored, crews added fresh fruit or local booze. Maybe they were in Indonesia so they had some arrack... they added that. Maybe it was Trinidad and fresh cane and limes were abundant. Since they often drank it all day—the trick was to keep it strong enough to hold their attention, and weak enough to prevent them from collapsing.

Here's the thing:

Punch is a feral animal—capable of transforming the most mundane events into splendid shambles. It's also the ultimate utility drink: a seasonal go-to for the host in a pinch. This makes it both traditional and, somehow, insolent. I've heard of punch made from ambergris, the prized fatty head-grease of sperm whales.

We've all heard of punch made from 7-up and wads of frozen fruit rings.

“A man can never make good punch unless he is satisfied, nay positive, that no man breathing can make better. I can and do make good Punch, because I do nothing else, and this is my way of doing it.”

This is Charles Lamb, self-styled punch-maker extraordinaire.

“I retire to a solitary corner with my ingredients ready sorted; they are as follows, and I mix them in the order they are here

# tasting punch

by Jess Arndt

written. Sugar, twelve tolerable lumps; hot water, one pint; lemons, two, the juice and peel; old Jamaica rum, two gills; brandy, one gill; porter or stout, half a gill; arrack, a slight dash.”

Beer, hot water, rum, brandy and South Asian liquor made from coconut flowers (and possibly, by smell, burnt tires). Great! But how does he do it...?

“I allow myself five minutes to make a bowl in the foregoing proportions, carefully stirring the mixture as I furnish the ingredients until it actually foams; and then Kangaroos! How beautiful it is!”—1898.

See, I too have a history of making punch. This happened most regularly at that bar in San Francisco. It had been a Brazilian gay bar in the 70s. Now it was just everyone's bar. Once a year we would invite in all of our “regulars,” and lock the doors. Then we would all get stuffed and sloshed with each other for free.

I was in charge of the punch and so I would get to the bar early on the party's chosen afternoon. Then quietly, while everyone else was decorating with glitter or grilling lamb or petting the large bar cats, I would grab a motley collection of bottles and some giant buckets. Sometimes, often dangerously, I conscripted a co-worker. Other times I would hunch in a corner, my own Charles Lamb, going at it alone.

The thing about any good drink is balance. In punch for 100+ this happens on a large scale. It can't be too sharp or too obviously coma-making. Yet, still oily enough to coat your gills and bright enough to turn your face into a furnace. Following these simple rules, on punch afternoons, I bent to the task. Amongst the bottles, time tipped by. With no other recipe than what I had happened to grab, I stirred, sipped, stirred, sipped.

TITLE BY Isabel Urbina



Would it have been prudent to concoct one glass and, if it had the right pizzazz, then expand? Sure.

Did I ever do that?

One night I fell headfirst into the cut-crystal bowl of potato salad. Another time I spent a solid half hour playing air piano to a bleary audience. I was dressed as Martina Navratilova once, after said party, the police came. They thought I was burglarizing my own house.

This is all because of tasting punch.

Other beautiful things happened too. Clubbed by sudden inspiration, my friend proposed to his girlfriend in a shabbily carpeted stairwell, their faces lit by a dust-smocked Modelo sign. I learned how to salsa to Celia Cruz, showcasing moves I have never since been able to even shimmer towards. There was an ice fountain, an ice luge with the punch pouring down it on fire, or at least, we dreamed of one. People, strangers out on Mission Street, were begging at the bar's locked door to come in. Meanwhile, safe inside, we were all so happy we were crying our heads off.

I have not had these thoughts for some time.

This punch is not that magical punch. Those parties are over and maybe because of them, I have had to move away.

But as a punch taster, I hold that any recipe worth its spit should have murk to it, an unexpected, unplanned element that imbues at least a small swartheness in the hips of the drinker. Punch is sex appeal. It evades a tame definition. Of course if you approach the etymology, historians will say punch comes from a Hindi word, panch, meaning 5... sweet, sour, bitter, weak and alcoholic. Then the other historians will say: no way dimwits, punch is short for puncheon, a large cask.

All's fair, but in my most sorcerous heart, I disagree. Those punch-bathed nights we were more than the sum of our parts. We were maniacs trying to outlive life, blind drunk by 8 pm, beating our ancient, tender chests. Punch is a verb, a strong one. It's exactly what it claims to be. You should be a little scared looking down into that glass, and glad of it.



# UP TO SNUFF

Jess Arndt

- 1 bottle of Ransom Old Tom Gin (750 ml)
- ½ bottle of Bonal Gentiane Quina (375 ml)
- 12½ oz of canned pineapple juice
- 8 oz of gunpowder green tea syrup
- 8 oz of fresh lime juice (approx. 8 plump limes)
- rind of 1 large grapefruit
- 30 drops of “Smoke Gets in My Eyes” (bitters made by Bitter Old Men)
- 1 bottle of poppers or 1 ornate tin of snuff.

## GUNPOWDER GREEN TEA SYRUP

(make in advance)

- 1½ cups water
- 2 T loose leaf Gunpowder tea
- 1½ sugar

Put 1½ cups of water in a saucepan with 2 heaping tablespoons of loose leaf gunpowder green tea. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat and let tea and water steep for 5 minutes.

Strain out tea leaves and bring the green tea solution back to a boil. Add 1½ cups fine white bar sugar and stir until dissolved. Reduce at a low simmer for 5 minutes then remove syrup from heat. Cool in the refrigerator until ready to use.

## PUNCH

- 1 Choose a large punch bowl. A bucket or crock, basically anything large, hole-less and shallow will work.
- 2 Thoroughly squeeze the limes into the bottom of the bowl. If you are without a juicer, take a fork and insert it into half of a lime, cut cross ways. Twist fork as you continue to squeeze the lime portion.
- 3 Remove the rind from one grapefruit and muddle the rind at the bottom of the bowl with the lime juice and half of the lime carcasses.
- 4 Dump in the Ransom Gin, Bonal Gentiane Quina, canned pineapple juice and gunpowder syrup.
- 5 Stir. TASTE. Stir. TASTE.
- 6 Cover and chill.

Note: Remove the punch from fridge 10 minutes before serving and add the bitters to the top of the punch, making a kind of grease slick or oily lake. If desired, insert a giant ice cube, pre-made with a fruitcake ring or frozen water bottle, into the punch bowl. Place the poppers next to the punch. Bolt the doors.



## Dreamboats

.....  
*Our First and Last Advertisement Section of the Diner Journal*  
.....

*Here we present to you six food-loving, risk-taking,  
earth-quaking, champions of the arts.*

*Many thanks to Jack, Nicco, Sasha, Evan, Angela, Laura, Isabel, Raechel and  
Sope for their invaluable support of TMBTP Art Space.*

PORTRAITS BY *Lizzie Swift*

PROFILES BY *Emma Blankinship*





**Evan and Angela Fulcher** are Midwesterners: she's from St. Louis and he's from Indiana. They met while working for an organization called Teach for America in Charlotte, NC. Just eight weeks ago, the two moved from Charlotte to New York where they will continue their work in education. But here is where the pairs similarities come to a screeching halt.

Angela and Evan like art and food, but love a healthy debate. Coffee is great but cream is up for discussion. Bacon could be its own food group according to Evan, while Angela is a pescatarian. Tequila is a favorite of Angela's, but Evan will likely become ill just reading the word typed out in this article. After two years, they know and love that their differences run deep. She is a St. Louis Cardinals fan, he's a LA Dodgers fan. She likes watching all of the Real Housewives shows. He would rather go deaf. He likes watching college basketball and football, she would rather go blind.

He wishes he could come back in his next life as a John Cusack movie character (preferably Lloyd Dobler), she would like to come back in her next life to star in Meet Me in St. Louis. She is becoming her mother, he's becoming his father.

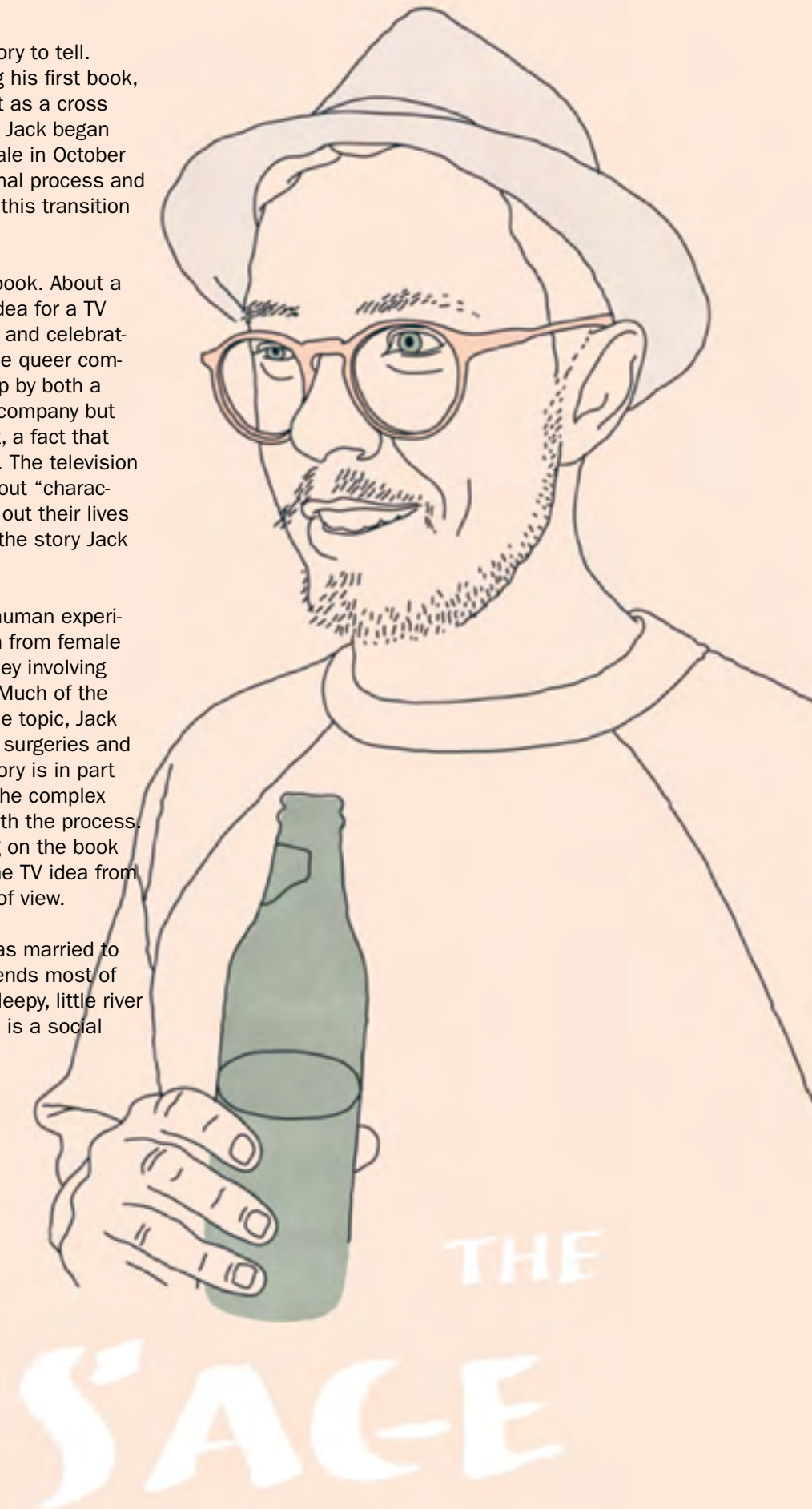
Both, however, enjoy a good oyster and a well made mixtape. Becoming involved with the Diner Journal was therefore an easy decision, made by Evan, as a way to surprise Angela for their second wedding anniversary. Both are self-proclaimed nerds who love each other endlessly and look forward to many more anniversaries to come.

**Jack Elliott** is a writer with a story to tell. Currently in the midst of writing his first book, Jack best describes the project as a cross between a memoir and how-to. Jack began transitioning from female to male in October of 2006. It was a long, emotional process and it was from the experiences of this transition that Jack's story was born.

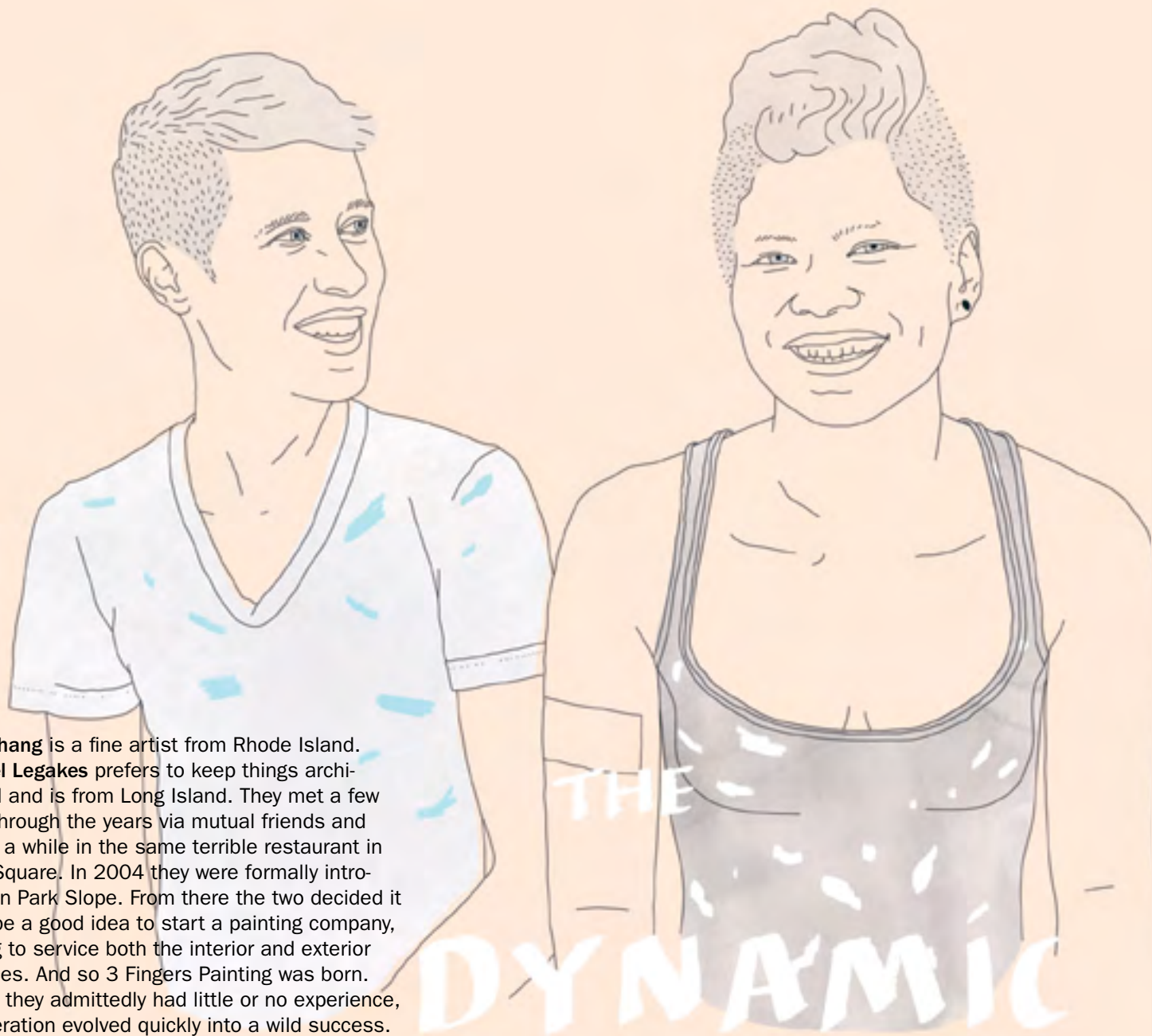
But the story wasn't always a book. About a year and a half ago it was an idea for a TV show centered around profiling and celebrating successful people within the queer community. The pitch was picked up by both a major network and production company but was never given the green light, a fact that Jack now considers a blessing. The television angle was to create a show about "characters" in the community playing out their lives in a docu-series, which wasn't the story Jack ultimately wanted to tell.

Emotions are a vital part of a human experience and making the transition from female to male or vice versa is a journey involving almost every human emotion. Much of the work that currently exists on the topic, Jack feels, tends to deal solely with surgeries and hormones, etc. While Jack's story is in part about that, it also delves into the complex web of emotions associated with the process. As it stands now, he is working on the book and a re-imagined version of the TV idea from a strictly documentarian point of view.

Jack has just turned 40 and was married to his wife Megan in June. He spends most of his time in Frenchtown, NJ, a sleepy, little river town on the Delaware. His wife is a social worker, and lives in Brooklyn.







**Sope Phang** is a fine artist from Rhode Island. **Raechel Legakes** prefers to keep things architectural and is from Long Island. They met a few times through the years via mutual friends and worked a while in the same terrible restaurant in Union Square. In 2004 they were formally introduced in Park Slope. From there the two decided it would be a good idea to start a painting company, offering to service both the interior and exterior of spaces. And so 3 Fingers Painting was born. Though they admittedly had little or no experience, the operation evolved quickly into a wild success.

Their early days were made up, most notably, of long hours. Really, really long hours. They joke that the hours they kept back then were so long that, after all was said and done, they were only paying themselves .50 cents an hour. In that first year they recall learning the meaning of blood, sweat and tears, and claim that if it weren't for their ability to make each other laugh, they might have thrown in the paint brush ages ago.

Through the years their business has continued to grow, and so too has their commitment to hard work and detail. Their motto, "persistence, resilience, perfection" lends insight to their popularity among the creative set. With the amount of work they're taking on, they say that one day they'd like to be able to clone themselves in order to be on multiple job sites at once. If that doesn't pan out,

they may settle for taking on protégés to teach their multifaceted approach to their work.

Raechel and Sope bring charm and integrity to all of the spaces they transform and they are most inspired by collaboration. Understanding the people they're working for informs their work and imparts an essential personal element to the finished spaces. Turning spaces into places where people want to spend time is the ultimate goal and they're not satisfied until they've touched every inch. Perhaps it's their tactile and intimate process that makes what they do so unique.

**Laura Chávez Silverman** was born and raised in Santa Cruz, California. She has a fervent appreciation for nature and all its inherent gifts and is an unapologetic lover of all things she can find, grow, bundle, share and cook.

In 2009, Laura decided the excitement and glamor of Manhattan were no match for rich soil and fresh air. Her devout passion for the pastoral having gotten the better of her, she packed up her belongings and moved to a 1935 cedar-shingle cottage in Sullivan County, just over the Delaware River from Pennsylvania. It is here she has the freedom to garden, visit her favorite local farms, live amongst deer, bear, birds and creatures of all kinds. Though she and her husband George still return to the city for regular tastes of urban culture and grocery shopping, Laura lives well and she believes that living well really is, "the best revenge."

Laura is a writer and maintains an extraordinary blog: *Glutton For Life*. In her writings she emphasizes all things seasonal, homemade and nutritious. Her passions include but are not limited to sharing food with friends, reading while she eats, eating what she's grown, foraging in the wild, roaring fires in winter, swaying hammocks in summer, turning over a new leaf, puns, tongue-twisters, pickles, cheese, bourbon & caramel, food markets in foreign countries, movies, a good hike, ferns, peonies and scented geranium, textiles, sandalwood and myrrh, chilies, ginger and salt, (almost) anything smoked, yoga, picnics, cookouts and camping, Baroque music, flea markets and junk shops, exotic ingredients, and afternoon naps.



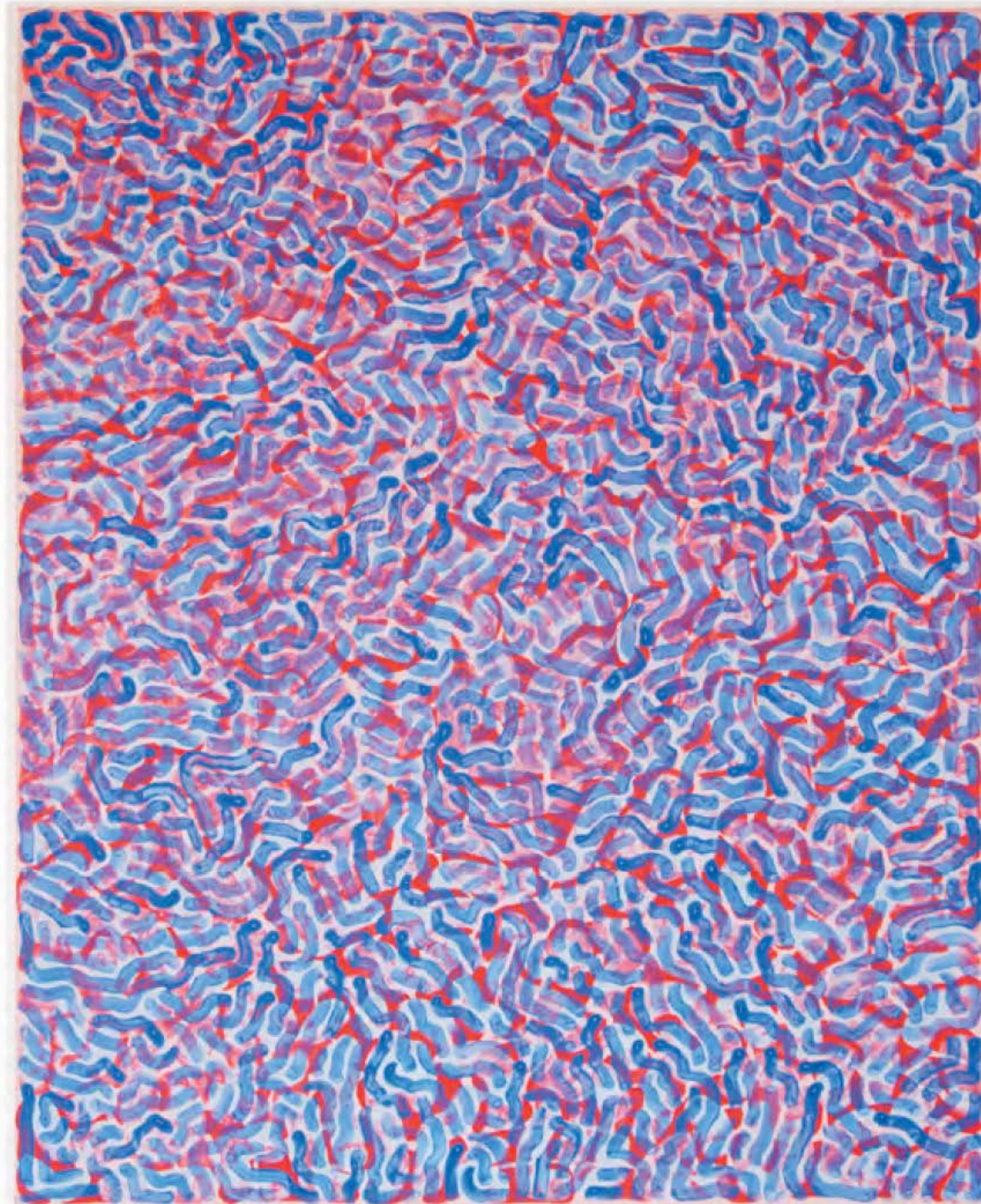


**Sasha Davies** is a curious and astute enthusiast and author. A cheese professional, she makes, sells, writes about and teaches the craft. She grew up in northern California and believes that her appetite for dairy and digestive prowess are a direct result of her British heritage. During a handful of trips to visit her English grandparents, Sasha, then a tanned, Californian child, was captivated by the formality and ceremony surrounding the preparation of something as simple as toast. "Each piece of toast went into a rack on a table alongside billowy sweet cream butter and a spoon designed solely for its application," Sasha remembers. "All of this was served at breakfast alongside milk that was so sweet and creamy it made cereal taste like dessert."

While these early memories may account for her deep appreciation of dairy, Sasha's love of the cheese making really wasn't born until her move to New York. After going on a cross country tour dubbed Cheese by Hand in 2006, she found her way to the position of shopkeeper and curator of the Marlow & Sons store. Here, her love could flourish. She eventually found her way to Diner Journal meetings and wrote stories about baby goats, shellfish tags, and chicken cutlets.

But New York City was ultimately not the ideal place for her sprawling, unpasteurized dreams, so she and her husband, Michael Claypool, packed up and headed west.

Now in Portland, OR, she has turned passion into several books; *The Guide to West Coast Cheese: More than 300 Cheeses Handcrafted in California, Oregon, and Washington* and *The Cheesemaker's Apprentice: An Insider's Guide to the Art of Cheesemaking*. Sasha and Michael are currently in the exciting process of opening Cyril's at Clay Pigeon Winery, a tasting room and winery. Michael's going to make the wine; Sasha is going to conduct tastings and classes, and have a place to invite some of her favorite people in to gather together and speak.



ISABEL WILSON / Untitled 2012





*Painting is a manner of palimpsest, a battering of layers towards clarity—'object-ness.' My goals are in process. They devolve into a spirit of play and love of work. —Marley Freeman (p.27)*