

DINER JOURNAL



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ALoha



Blaze Lamper *Capturing a Leaf Sprite/Ash Under the Tree*, 2010, GRAPHITE ON PAPER

PREVIOUS PAGE: **Mel Shimkovitz** *Aloha*, 2012, INK ON PAPER



ABOVE: **Andrew Rumpler** *Bike Fork Fork*, 2010, WALNUT, THRIFT STORE CUTLLERY AND FOUND PEUGEOT BIKE FORK
 COVER: **Ryan Schneider Blanton's** *Watermelon, Ham*, 2012, OIL ON CANVAS
 PHOTOS ABOVE AND OPPOSITE PAGE by **Julia Gillard**

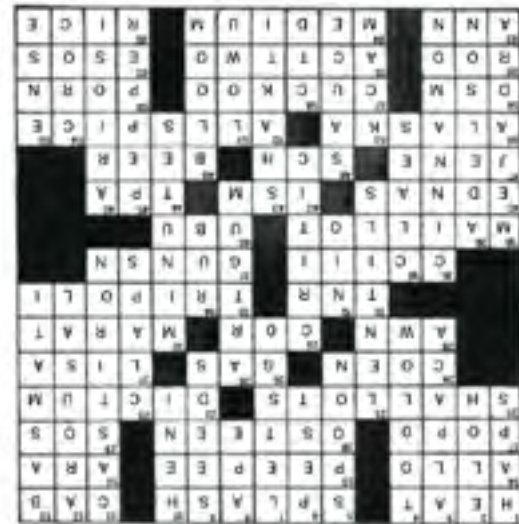
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An upside down knife. A navel-gazing orange. The transparent pepper. What transforms a collection of things?

If you haven't read *Still Life with Oysters and Lemon: On Objects and Intimacy*, by Mark Doty, I recommend you put this Journal down and do so with urgency. I return to it year after year. It's a slender edition, one packed, as most of Doty's are, with unswerving adoration for the discordant and sequined orchestra of life. This book is an essay about falling in love with a painting. He writes, "And the over-all effect, the result of looking and looking into its brimming surface as long as I could look, is love, by which I mean a sense of tenderness toward experience, of being held within an intimacy with the things of the world."

For a year and change, Diner Journal ran a small community funded art space named *This Must Be the Place*. In the following pages you will find a sampling of this work, along with articles and recipes inspired by the painting on the cover.

That year I fell in love many times. We put up a different show every month and opened up the space for classes, performances, gatherings and readings. Every month I was delighted by the expressions presented by my friends and strangers.

Not just with the swoosh of paint or angle of photographs, the sprinkler system carved out of wood or the cat scratch sculpture in the shape of a life size Saguaro cactus. But with the way people prompted each other. One night The Naked Heroes rocked so hard the lights went out for good. In a small dark corner D.J. made hot sun set across an almost infinite mylar sea. Ofir collected Peter and all the sound wizards. In a moment that felt more like lucid dreaming than listening we gathered around speakers to hear the eerie and amplified noise of a match's heat flickering against the sensors of a theremin. Scarlett and Dennis made crunchy rice. Elizabeth sang a throaty and heart aching rendition of the Lemonheads', *My Drug Buddy*, for a room full of speechless strangers.

Maybe she was, no, maybe we are all, just one woman singing in a room, but here's what I really mean. If the room hadn't been painted, if the drawings hadn't been sketched. If the oysters hadn't been cracked and the lemon remained unpeeled. If 17th-century Dutch painter Jan Davidsz de Heem hadn't brushed the oil across the oak, there might not be any poetry to return to.

What makes meaning of a cartel of shapes? Affection. Context. Intent. Desire. Ghosts. The orbit of objects on the plate. A shadow and its sun. -AD

The Ham

by Scarlett Lindeman

I was scared of the ham. It may have been just an old, clunky piece of meat, hidden away and immobile, but I was frightened of what it might turn into. Its growing, no, festering potential. I was scared to look at it, to check in on it, even to think about it, really. It was in a dark, tepid corner of our closet. I was afraid that it would be not a ham but a sick bastion of rot and decay, of putrid, unmanaged growth. Not a ham, something much worse.

I had conceived of the idea of the ham sometime in late fall, the time when you start thinking of autumnal birthdays (there are a lot of Scorpios in my family) and pondering potential holiday gifts. Especially the grandiose, fantastical, daydreaming kind. What if I charter a hot air balloon? How long would it take to learn how to belly dance? How much does a dinner at Alinea cost; tax, tip, and airfare, included? Could I commission an artist to paint an inside joke? Would it be possible to translate an illegible Italian cookbook into English, word for word? Those kind of heroic inklings...

I decided to give Dave, my partner, the gift of prosciutto. I didn't want to give a mere luxurious snack, a spread of paper-thin, melt-in-your mouth, rosy whispers. I wanted to make it. Prosciutto is the zenith of cured meats, the emblematic icon of northern Italian cuisines, like white truffles and 150 pound wheels of Parmesan cheese. The gift would be a grand gesture of flesh, time and patience. I would give a pork leg, packed in salt this year, but the real gift would come twelve months later, when we would eat it, the epitome of delayed gratification. We could tend to it, nurture it, tweak the temperature and the humidity, conjure up recipes together of what we would do with the fat cap and the tender, inner portions.

Unless you read Italian, there is relatively little information on how to make prosciutto. I read all of the literature: Paul Bertolli, *The River Cottage Meat Book*, *Marianski's Home Production of Quality Meats and Sausages*. I consulted the butchers at Marlow & Daughters. We talked pH levels, bloodlines and weight reduction. The thing about curing meat is it takes



a lifetime to get right, and a lineage, usually familial, to guide you along the way. Even if you read everything that's in print, the real learning occurs through sight, smell and touch. And with prosciutto you won't understand it until you do it, and you won't fully understand it until it's done one full year later.

So I procured an entire pork leg. Without the finely tuned knife skills to remove the aitch bone, an unwieldy central leg bone that must be cut away before the leg can be cured, the butchers at Marlow & Daughters stepped in to help. They had the acumen and dexterity that I lacked, and were able to extract the bone without nicking the surrounding flesh. Then I bashed the leg with a rolling pin, to loosen the muscles and push out any residual blood. I packed it in salt cut with a tiny bit of sodium nitrite, flipping it every couple of days and draining off any accumulated juices. I rinsed the salt away and let it dry for week in the walk-in before transferring it to a friend's cure box. From then on, I weighed it diligently and was proud that it started losing weight. It dropped from a 22½ pound starting weight to 21 pounds, to 20.4, miraculously shrinking into a smaller version of itself. After two months, I transferred it to our own in makeshift cure box that I had installed in our closet. The cure box was actually a scratched up dorm-room mini-fridge jerry-rigged to run at a higher temperature, and purchased for \$45 from a broken home appliance depot, in the shadows of the Williamsburg bridge. For Christmas/Hanukkah that year, I offered the aitch bone, boiled-clean and dried white in the sun, tied up with a big red bow and the explanation that the real gift would come the following year.

Time passed. In the early months I would check the ham obsessively. Every day I would peek in, opening the door quickly, worried that I was letting out precious ambient air full of all of the right bacteria, imagining a rogue bacterium floating in to ruin the entire batch. The ham shrank, it slowly dried and the outside hardened. It dripped a small pool of greasy fluid onto the floor of the fridge. There was a crevasse that I was worried about. The ripples of muscles hardened and dried, but there was a fold, tucked up into the center that stayed moist. When I could work up the courage to inspect it, to press a finger into the deep, it was sticky and gross. It didn't smell bad. It didn't seem rotten, but I was convinced that one day I would open the fridge and a swarm of flies would cascade out, a wave of fetid stench following close behind. Or, if I pressed too hard on the spot it would give way to a pocket of maggots, eating the ham from the outside in.

I stopped checking the ham. I would walk by the closet with my gaze averted. On the occasional bold day, I would open the closet and stare at the brown refrigerator, its dull hum an ever present reminder of what lay inside. I put 'check ham' on the bottom of my to-do lists that I never finished. Months went by. It was a passenger of time, now, riding out the wave until a year had passed. Could it be edible? Or was it an expensive, lengthy loss?

Twelve months later, I took the ham out of the cure box. Gnarled, flecked with dried crystals of sodium it was a hardened landscape of dried muscle and yellowing fat. The skin had dried into an impenetrable coppery shield. Some sheaves of muscle had turned purple, like a dark bruise, some were ochre and mottled, and the smooth, maroon knob of the leg bone protruded from the center. It was extremely firm, a bludgeon, a Hitchcock-ian murder weapon. It smelled like an aged ham. There was no evidence of insects or putrescence. The ham was a marvel. I put it back in the box.

It was another couple of months before we decided to open it on a whim. With some trouble, Dave sliced an inch off from the top of the butt, the rounded tear-drop shaped bottom, sawing to get through the skin and the hardened exterior. The fat cap was two and a half inches of smooth ivory. The first red streaks of muscle showed through at the center. He trimmed off a sliver. We ate it. It tasted kind of like ham, kind of like something that had been percolating in a closet for eighteen months. Nevertheless, 24 hours later, we were still alive. The ham had not killed us and that fact alone, made it a success.

Our ham is not going to win any awards. It may be a stretch to even call it prosciutto. From the small nibble we did consume it tasted of the plastic-y funk of preserved fat, surprisingly not too salty, a bit sweet. But it is edible, it is an aged ham. We will lose a great deal from trimming it, slicing away the discoloration, the crystallized exterior, and throwing the questionable bits away. There's still a leg-bone to maneuver around. A Berkel slicer will have to be sharpened. We will cut through the protective shell to get at the nucleus, to salvage the insides. But to tunnel through the nastiness knowing that there is something pure and good at the core, is a small and slow-moving but undeniable triumph. One that was, and is, entirely worth it.



Marley Freeman *Nature*, 2013, ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

Want to make a ham?

Just do it. Purchasing an entire pork leg is an investment, for sure, but if you have ever wanted to try making a ham, then now's the time to start. Make sure you get the leg from a reputable butcher, one that knows where the pigs are coming from, how they've been raised and can help prepare the leg for you. Then talk to people that have made their own hams: butchers, cooks, chefs. Talk to as many people as you can who have had hands on experiences and have preferably cured multiple hams. Get their insight. Get them to assist you. Bribe them with the prospect of future slices of cured ham. Also, read these books:

Cooking By Hand, By Paul Bertolli, Clarkson Potter, 2003
Not only is this the superlative guide to making Italian salumi in an easy to understand format, it's also just a great cooking tome to have on hand. Beautifully written, too.

The River Cottage Meat Book, Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall, Ten Speed Press, 2007
British, authoritative, and exuberant, this book shows what to do with high-quality, local, and sustainable meats. There are careful, well-written techniques on how to cure hams and lots of good recipes.

Home Production of Quality Meats and Sausages, Stanley and Adam Marianski, Bookmagic, 2012
This is like a cured meat textbook but one that you actually want to read. It will help you understand the process of curing and aging for hams and beyond.



Julia Gillard *Palm Truck, Delroy Beach, 2011*
Turquoise Shoes, Lauderdale By The Sea, 2011



asterisk plus antihero equals what

PETER MILNE GREINER

Theft can be genetic

That must be true because I didn't
 learn it from anyone or from a book or TV

because we

didn't have TV Toy coins

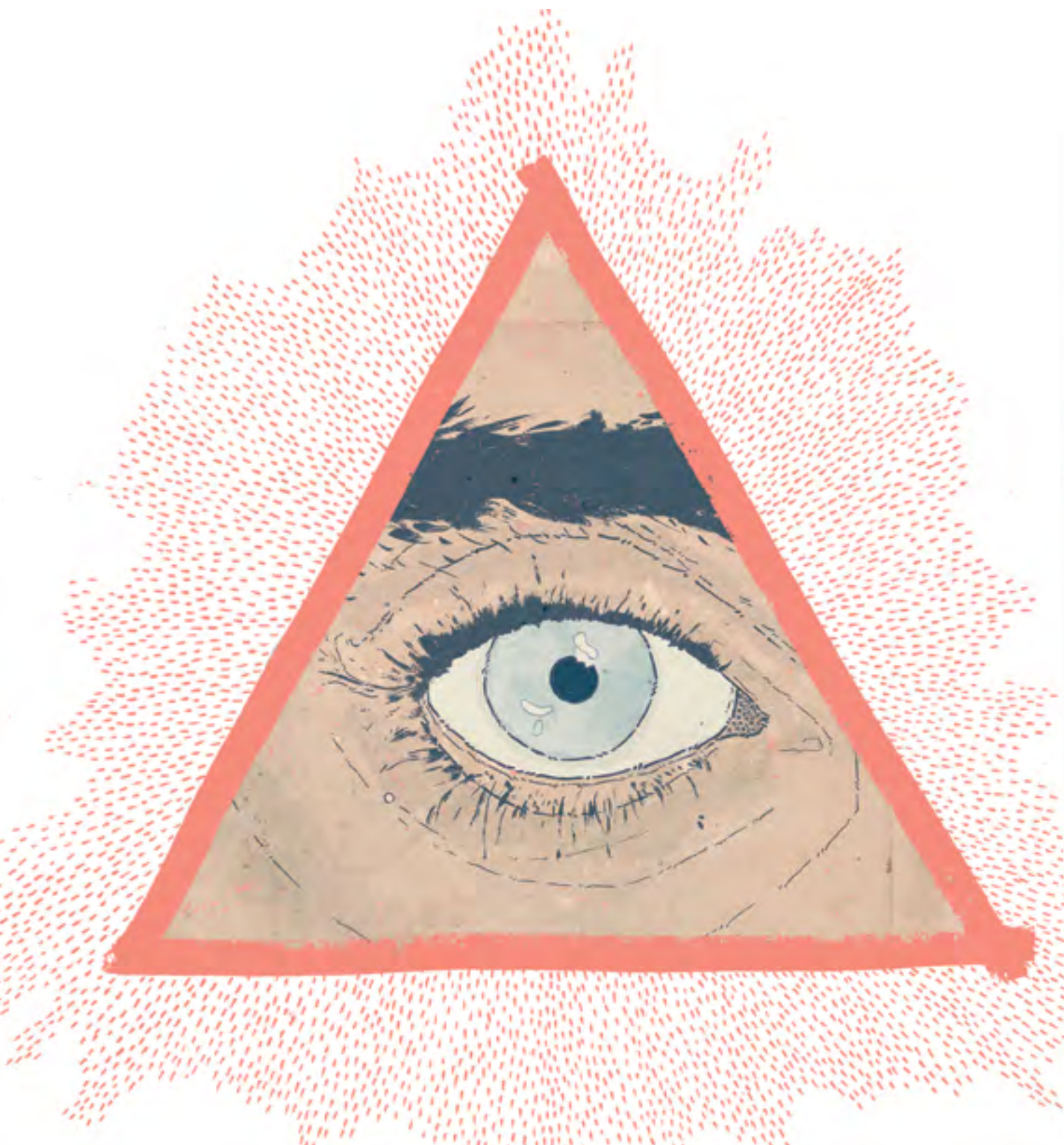
from Louisiana, money from Honduras,

pieces of malachite Those are the first

three things I took

The number of times that something

can be done is in my blood



Thin Slice of Watermelon

by Jess Arndt

He opened the shop at 10 am and drank a coke. The sky was still blue but they had mentioned weather. They were always mentioning weather and were usually right.

From 10 am to 10:15 he fiddled with his guns. Oiling them and then with a kind of slow frenzy, rubbing it off.

Then Bo spent some time with the magazines.

He devoted a particularly long five minutes to a glossy ad for the Tap Tat Daddio—a gun with a silencer on it. He liked that. He had been sensitive as a kid, despite his bigness and now after all these years the noise was starting to get to him.

Blammo! he thought, staring up at a blow fly on the ceiling. Must have travelled over from Mario's Prime Meats. It was summer on the shore.

By noon he had called her three times. She'd changed her message and he didn't like that. The old one, the one he was used to, showed off the throatiness in her voice, maybe from smoking unfiltered camels as a kid or because, Layla told him, she was wilder than him—not crazy, not mean, but actually untamed, more animal than human. Really he liked it because he had been there when she recorded it, in the background out in the yard sawing watermelon.

Bo paused and tugged a raw scrap of nail from his thumb.

That day had been bad news in the end. A real sucky number. First it was her girl Janey's birthday. He'd been so worried what to get her that he was late for the party, stuck walleyed in the Walmart aisle. He didn't think the kid liked dolls but when the checker "Pam" with the red tinted curls drifted over to him and insinuated her help—he couldn't seem to explain that she was unlike any other girl he knew. For instance—sometimes when Layla was at him about his long hours, Janey gave him such a canny glance. Then there was that drawing she made of him where he was crying trapezoidal snakes and underneath his boots the snakes formed letters, spelling out "LOVE."

Nonetheless, he was soon back out in the parking lot with an American Girl under his arm. It was the only one left in stock, *he was lucky* "Pam" told him, last summer everyone had wanted her: Caroline Abott from the War of 1812. During the walk to the car, the cellophane fastened to his bicep sweatily.

At the party he drank. First Jack Daniels in his cof-

fee and then beer. The ex was coming over. Of course he is Bo, she'd vibrated. Janey half *belongs* to him.

He tested a scowl. Layla should know that Janey, of all people, belonged to nobody. But he let it go. He wanted to be in just the right mood—a Cool Hand Luke—when Vince breezed in. This coupley thing between them was new but it was something he was counting on. His business was growing, word-of-mouth. He'd get his own waterfront slot soon. No matter what, he couldn't let that dipshit screw it up.

They did the presents first under the catkin-shedding oak because that was what Janey wanted. Before lunch even. She got hair-ties (*scrunchieees* the girl-mob screamed) and a bright plastic box full of makeup. He shifted in his new Timberlands, worn for the occasion. He wasn't surprised that she was getting all the regular 9-yr-old equipment. People didn't pay attention much, which had been his biggest gripe with childhood.

He rubbed open another beer on his shirt, drying off the cooler water. The oak lobes let just the right amount of sun through and the beer softened his stiff throat. Now Janey had made her way through most of the pile. All that was left was his box.

Bo-Bo!

Bo jumped. It was Vince in a crummy 3-piece. Vince was a Mazda salesman with a certificate from Brookdale, something he never let you forget.

Vince, he said, finishing the beer.

They did the fistpound, shoulder, bulldoze thing. But Bo barely cared, staring gape-mouthed as Janey pulled off the paper.

Kittycat, Vince shouted as soon as she was done. Lemme see what Big Bo here got you.

Janey was staring down at the doll.

Throw it over here kitty!

Holding the doll by its protruding foot she tossed it to her father. He stood in the full sun and read the box aloud.

Caroline Abott? War of 1812? he laughed. Where'd you dig her up? I mean what the fuck Bo?

Then Layla came over, Layla *you mountain beast*, and reaching behind Bo as if nothing was easier, mussed Vince's hair. Bo tensed. He wasn't from the

ILLUSTRATION & TITLE by Chris Nickels

shore, he was from the rifle-end of Maryland, Appalachian-side, where they really had *cats*.

What's all this Vince? she rippled. How about some watermelon.

Hey Janey, said Bo loudly, or was it his head that felt loud? Janey come here a sec, that wasn't the real present. Or at least all of it.

At the party everyone had been talking about the already-told big surprise—the upcoming DisneyWorld trip. Janey's bags had been packed for a week. She and Vince were flying down the next day. But now the girls were all grabbing Janey wanting to hear more and who cared what the men were saying standing by the cooler and they all, the gaggle of them, went to play in the front yard.

Bo baby, said Layla, shifting the plastic plate. Have some watermelon.

Later he thought maybe she was right, that it wasn't such a big deal. But when Layla put the plate down on the card table they had dragged out from the kitchen *together* and when she lifted two slices of watermelon aloft handing one to Vince and one to Bo as if everything was still beautiful even though her eyes seemed to be sliding past both of them in that amber way of hers that said *god what did it say?* he couldn't figure it out, he, Bo, new man around Dunlewy St., had been given the punier piece. By far.

The door rang. Bo sat up in his chair. He'd been dozing, the weather, the barometer drop always killed him. A girl was standing on the "Come Back With A Warrant" mat drying her hair.

It's pouring, she said. You open?

What time is it? said Bo. His mouth felt pasty. Out through the plate glass, the sky was black as a garbage bag. His mother had said that when he was a kid—it's black as a garbage bag Bo and still you're going out. Better than staying in, was his answer.

The girl stood looking at him curiously.

Sure, Bo said. He moved towards his phone on the desk but before flipping it he knew it was blank, why bother. He flipped it.

I got time, he said.

She entered the shop.

Need to see ID, he said. When the other guys were around they always ragged about that, how it served two purposes. Now he was alone and looking at her.

I'm twenty-*three*, she laughed. Her face was bright. He felt he was seeing her through a kind of gauze. As if the image was doubled, rain in his eyes. But even blurrily, the ID confirmed it. Legal all the way around.

Well what do you want, he said.

It was a complicated idea as usual.

It's a lyric, she said. The song is sad but there's a part where Stevie goes "Never have I been a blue calm sea" and that's me, I'm like that.

Sit down, said Bo. He was snapping a black Latex glove on his right hand.

I mean, I'm just different, kind of like...stirred up inside. I can't just be *still*! Tony doesn't get it, *I'm the storm*...

He mixed the inks.

His idea with the doll was a good one. He was going to bring Janey down to the shop and let her try her snakes on Caroline Abbott's arm. She was going to be something, he knew it. A knot boiled in his stomach thinking about it—the last time he'd seen her. How, politely he had asked for a larger slice. It seemed fair, he had cut them. How no one had seemed to hear him. But how four beers later, Vince had picked up Caroline Abbott and done a little puppetry: Bo Bo wants a bigger slice! How Layla, tossing her head back, laughed and laughed. 1812! she'd gasped. How just as he was pounding Vince's dipshit face with it, Janey ran back around the house calling for the doll, and Bo stopping short, mid-swing, tried to wipe Vince's bloody snot off of the small pink dress. No good. The catkins falling. The canny silence.

After about half an hour the tattoo was over. They went to the mirror together to look at it.

Never have I... she started over the line.

But, she said, her face going red in the reflection,

But...you wrote *clam* instead of *calm*!

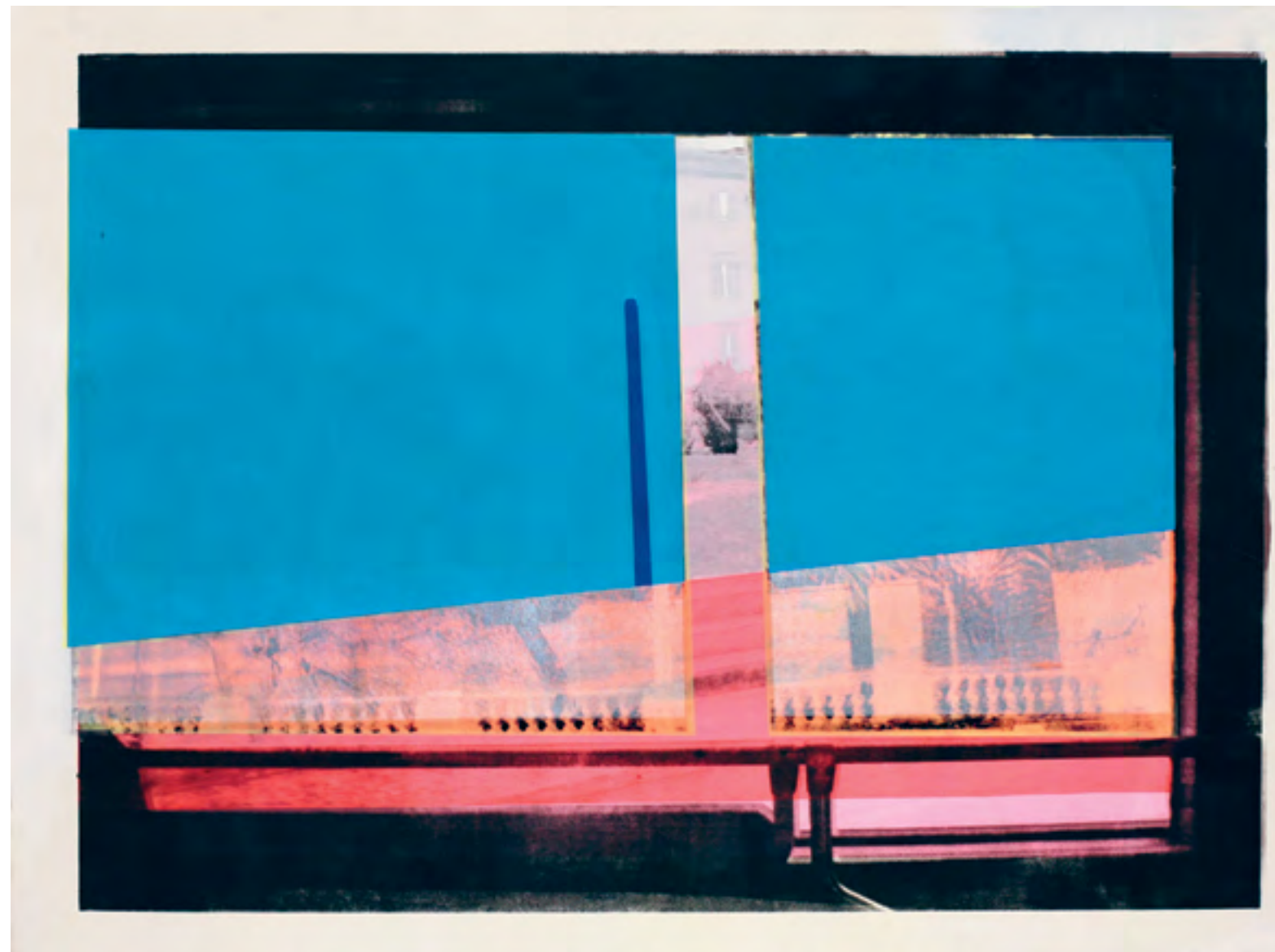
Are you crazy?? she screamed.

The watery feeling was still in his eyes. He rubbed them.

I should at least get it for half price, or fuck that! *for free*. He heard her from faraway.

Fix it!

Well ain't that a thin slice of watermelon, he said.



Daniele Genardy
Streaming (from Rome) I, 2010
 SCREEN PRINT AND PAINT ON PAPER



Green Garlic Frittata 3 Ways

Mustard Chicken

Ground Lamb Kebabs

Lentils + Rice

Grilled Sardines on Potatoes

Sardines in Escabeche

Tomatoes + Cucumbers

Eggplants + Tahini

Coconut Chutney

Sesame Ice Cream

Orange Flower Water Shortbread

Watermelon w/ Lime + Chile

Watermelon Lemonade

Melon w/ Vanilla Ice Cream

Melon Mint Popsicles

Crushed Berries + Cream

Summer Pudding

Nectarines w/ Basil

Seared Nectarines

Elderflower Zabaglione

Slow Roasted Apricots

Apricot Almond Crostata

Peach Whiskey

Peach Pie

by Scarlett Lindeman



It's hot. It's sticky. It's summer. We all want to spend less time cooking and more time gracefully assembling delicious things to eat. There will be burgers and dogs, grilled sausages, watermelon and sweet summer corn. The usual trappings of a grand summer. But the recipes we've included lean into the unfamiliar even for us. Flavors plucked from the Middle East and North Africa, where it is much, much hotter. Combined with our Western bounty, they are both novel and acquainted. Break up the patterns. Recipes for summer. **-SL**

WATER MELON LEMON ADE

- $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP SUGAR
- $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP WATER
- 1 SMALL WATERMELON
- 1 CUP LEMON JUICE [FRESH-SQUEEZED]
- 3 CUPS SELTZER
- ICE
- 1 LEMON [CUT INTO SLICES]

Bring the sugar and water to a boil in a small saucepan. Once sugar has dissolved, set aside to cool. Cut the watermelon into cubes, removing seeds along the way if they are easy to access. Don't spend a lot of time hunting for them, the puree is going to be strained anyway. In a blender, blend the watermelon until it liquefies. Pour the puree through a fine-strainer until you yield 4 cups of juice. Combine the watermelon juice, sugar syrup, lemon juice and seltzer in a large pitcher. Stir to combine, then add in lots of ice and the lemon slices.





COCONUT CHUTNEY

- 1 t CUMIN SEEDS
- PINCH OF CARAWAY SEEDS
- 1 CUP DRIED, SHREDDED COCONUT
[UNSWEETENED]
- 6 GREEN CHILES
[MEDIUM HEAT, FINELY CHOPPED]
- 2 BUNCHES CILANTRO [CHOPPED]
- THE JUICE OF 2 LIMES
- 1 t SALT
- 2 T VEGETABLE OIL

When you want something fiery and green but are tired of chermoula and salsa verde this chutney tastes good on everything – especially grilled vegetables and fish.

Toast the cumin and caraway seeds in a dry sauté pan over medium-low heat until fragrant. Remove from heat and place in a blender or food processor with the coconut, green chiles, cilantro, lime juice, salt and vegetable oil. Pulse until the mixture resembles a coarse paste. Let the chutney sit and meld for an hour. Then taste and re-season with more salt or lime juice if necessary.



NECTARINES w/ BASIL

- 4 NECTARINES
- 10 BASIL LEAVES
- 10 MINT LEAVES
- 2 T SUGAR
- 1 PINCH OF SALT
- 1 CUP SPARKLING WINE

Cut the nectarines in half and remove their pits. Slice into chunky wedges and place in a bowl with the basil, mint, sugar and salt. Toss to combine and let sit for 10 minutes then pour in the sparkling wine. Stir gently, then serve.

MUSTARD CHICKEN w/ GRILLED SCALLIONS + PICKLED RAMPS

Jordan Goldstein made this incredible mustard chicken for family meal while we were cooking for the art-buying hoards at Frieze Art Fair.

FOR THE CHICKEN

- 1 SMALL WHITE ONION
- 2 T SUGAR
- 1 T SALT
- ½ T BLACK PEPPER
- ½ CUP DIJON
- 1 T WHOLE GRAIN MUSTARD
- 7 SPLASHES TABASCO
- 1 T SWEET PAPRIKA
- 3 GARLIC CLOVES [SMASHED TO A PASTE]
- THE JUICE OF 1 LEMON
- ¼ CUP VEGETABLE OIL
- 1 BUNCH OF PARSLEY [FINELY CHOPPED]
- 6 CHICKEN THIGHS
- 6 CHICKEN DRUMSTICKS

FOR THE SCALLIONS + PICKLED RAMPS

- ⅓ # RAMPS [GREENS REMOVED. IF YOU CAN'T FIND RAMPS USE SHALLOTS, CUT INTO QUARTERS.]
- 2 CUPS CIDER VINEGAR
- ½ CUP WATER
- 2 T SALT
- 2 T SUGAR
- 3 BUNCHES OF SCALLIONS [TRIMMED OF THEIR ROOTS]
- OLIVE OIL
- SALT
- PEPPER

Grate the onion on a box grater into a large bowl. Add in the sugar, salt, pepper, mustards, tabasco, paprika, garlic, lemon, oil and parsley. Whisk to combine. Add in the chicken pieces, toss to combine, massaging the marinade into the chicken. Let sit covered in the fridge, overnight. To make the pickled ramps, trim the ramp bulbs off any roots. Bring the vinegar, water, salt and sugar to a boil in a small pot. Submerge the ramps in the hot pickled liquid, then transfer to a container and refrigerate for a couple of hours or overnight.

When ready to cook, get a grill very hot. Pull the chicken from the marinade, letting any excess drip off. Grill the chicken, turning occasionally, until all sides are crispy and golden, 12 to 18 minutes. Transfer chicken to a plate and let rest for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, toss the scallions in a large bowl with a couple glugs of olive oil and season well with salt and pepper. Grill the scallions on the hot grill until charred and wilted. Transfer them to a bowl. Chop the pickled ramps into thin slivers then add them to the bowl of grilled scallions with a splash of the pickling liquid and a little more olive oil. Toss to combine. Serve the chicken with the grilled scallions and pickled ramps.

TOMATOES + CUCUMBERS

- 4 MEDIUM TOMATOES
- 3 SMALL CUCUMBERS
- 1 SMALL RED ONION [THINLY SLICED]
- 2 T CAPERS [CHOPPED]
- 5 SPRIGS FRESH MARJORAM
- ¼ RED WINE VINEGAR
- ½ CUP GOOD OLIVE OIL
- SALT
- PEPPER

Cut the tomatoes into interesting bite-sized wedges. If the cucumber skin is bitter, peel cucumbers before slicing into interesting bite-sized wedges. In a medium bowl, combine tomatoes, cucumbers, red onion and capers. Pull the leaves of marjoram from their stems and roughly chop then add to the bowl. Add in the vinegar and olive oil. Season well with salt and pepper. Toss to combine. Check the seasoning and add in a bit more salt or vinegar, if necessary.

EGGPLANTS W/ TAHINI

- 5 SMALL EGGPLANTS [ANY VARIETY]
- OLIVE OIL
- SALT
- 2 CLOVES OF GARLIC
[SMASHED TO A PASTE]
- ⅓ CUP TAHINI
- A LITTLE WATER
- 1 T HONEY
- ½ A LEMON
- 1 BUNCH MINT, [CHOPPED]
- 1 T SESAME SEEDS, TOASTED

Slice eggplants into ½ inch thick slices, lengthwise. Get a grill hot. In a medium bowl, toss eggplants with olive oil and season well with salt. Grill eggplants until softened and charred, about five minutes on each side. Transfer to a plate. Meanwhile, in a food processor combine the garlic, tahini, a splash of water, honey, a glug of olive oil and a large pinch of salt. Blend until smooth. Add in the juice of the lemon, blend again. The mixture should be creamy but not a paste. If too thick, add in a splash more water and blend again. Taste the tahini dressing, adjust the seasoning. On a platter, swipe spoonfuls of tahini. Plate the eggplant slices on top of the tahini and drizzle with olive oil. Sprinkle with the mint, the sesame seeds, and if you want to go real Middle-Eastern, a drizzle of pomegranate molasses.

BERRIES + + + CREAM

Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries. The four greatest things about summer.

- 2 PINTS OF BERRIES
[ONE KIND OR A MIX]
- ½ CUP SUGAR, PLUS 1 T
- ½ A LEMON
- 1 CUP OF CRÈME FRAÎCHE
- ½ VANILLA BEAN

Gently place berries in a bowl. Crush two handfuls of them with your paws. Add in the ½ cup of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Stir gently to combine. Let the berries macerate for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, place the crème fraîche and the seeds of the vanilla bean in a medium bowl with the remaining sugar. Whisk to combine, then chill for 10 minutes while the berries are macerating. Serve the berries in a bowl with the cream spooned on top.

SUMMER PUDDING

There is something so incredible about this dessert. It's a real showstopper that looks dramatic and tastes even better.

- 1 PINT STRAWBERRIES [HULLED]
- 1 CUP SUGAR
- ½ CUP AGAVE SYRUP
- 1½ PINTS RASPBERRIES
- 1 PINT BLUEBERRIES
- ½ PINT BLACKBERRIES
- 1 LOAF OF BRIOCHE

Cut the strawberries into slices. In a large saucepan, combine the strawberries, sugar and ¼ cup of water. Bring to a simmer, stir a couple of times. Gently add in half of the raspberries, all the blueberries and blackberries. Cook over medium-low heat, stirring occasionally until the mixture reaches a simmer and the berries just start to break down and get juicy, about 3-5 minutes. Meanwhile, slice the bread into ½ inch thick slices, removing the crusts as you go. In a tall baking dish or a round soufflé pan, spoon in ½ a cup of the berry mixture. Set the slices of bread on top, arranging them so they are not overlapping but fully touch all sides. Add in more of the berry mixture. Continue adding layers of bread, cutting it into shapes to fill the holes and the shape of the mold, then more berries. Finish the pudding with a final layer of bread and the last of the fruit mixture, pressing down gently so the bread saturates in the berry juice. If there is any extra berry mixture, pour it on top. Loosely wrap the top of the mold in plastic wrap. Find a plate that barely fits inside the diameter of the mold and place it on top. Weight the plate with a heavy can and slide the whole thing into the refrigerator. Let it sit overnight. When ready to serve, remove the weight, plate and plastic wrap and run a knife around the inside of the mold to loosen the pudding. Place a larger serving plate on top of the mold and quickly turn the mold upside-down, then carefully lift off the mold. The pudding should slide out on the plate in one piece. Serve with whipped cream.



MELON POP SICLES

½ CUP WATER
 ½ CUP SUGAR
 1 SMALL MELON
 [CUT INTO CHUNKS, ABOUT 4 CUPS]
 1 HANDFUL MINT
 2 T LIME JUICE
 SALT

Bring the water and sugar to a boil in a small saucepan. Let sugar dissolve completely, then set aside to cool. In a blender, blend in batches, chunks of melon, sugar syrup, mint leaves, lime juice and a pinch of salt until smooth. Stir the batches together and taste then adjust the seasoning. Pour the mixture into popsicle mold and freeze until solid, at least 5 hours.

*You can use any kind of melon variety for these recipes though heirloom honeydews and cantaloupes are especially nice.

MELON w/ VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 RIPE MELON
 VANILLA ICE CREAM
 SEA SALT
 OLIVE OIL

Cut the melon in half, scoop out the seeds, then slice into wedges and slice the melon from the rind. Serve a wedge of melon in a bowl with a scoop of ice cream, a pinch of sea salt and a drizzle of olive oil.

GROUND LAMB KEBABS w/ PISTACHIOS

¼ CUP BULGUR WHEAT
 1 # GROUND LAMB
 ⅓ CUP PISTACHIOS [FINELY CHOPPED]
 1 BUNCH OF PARSLEY
 1 BUNCH OF MINT
 4 CLOVES OF GARLIC
 [CRUSHED TO A PASTE]
 5 SCALLIONS [MINCED]
 1 RED CHILE [OF MEDIUM HEAT, MINCED]
 ½ t CINNAMON
 ½ t BLACK PEPPER
 SALT
 OLIVE OIL

Bring a kettle of water to boil. Place the bulgur and a teaspoon of salt in a small bowl, pour the boiling water over the grains until submerged. Stir, then let sit for 10 minutes. Drain off any excess water; chill bulgur in the refrigerator. In a medium mixing bowl, add in the lamb, pistachios, parsley, mint, garlic, scallions, chile, cinnamon, black pepper, a large pinch of salt and the drained bulgur. Mix everything together until well combined and homogenous. In a small sauté pan, cook a small flattened disk of the meat mixture over medium heat until cooked, then taste and adjust the seasoning if necessary. Form handfuls of the mixture around metal or soaked wooden skewers into tight cylinders, about 10-12 kebabs total. Once the kebabs are formed, refrigerate them to let them set, about 1 hour. On a hot grill, grill the kebabs on one side for 6 minutes, then turn and cook on the other side for 6 minutes more, rotating the kebabs so each side gets nice and charred. Transfer to a platter. Let rest for 5 minutes, then serve.

FRITTATA

These three recipes start with a beautiful savory frittata, sweet with long-cooked green garlic. You can also use spring onions or scallions. It can then be enjoyed in a multitude of preparations.



3



WAYS

W/ AIOLI

This will make one 12" frittata

- OLIVE OIL
- 3 BUNCHES GREEN GARLIC, SPRING ONION OR SCALLION
- 1 WHITE ONION
- 1 CUP PECORINO CHEESE, GRATED
- 17 EGGS
- 1 SMALL GARLIC CLOVE [SMASHED TO A PASTE]
- THE JUICE OF ½ A LEMON
- ½ CUP NEUTRAL OIL [GRAPESEED OR VEGETABLE]
- SALT
- PEPPER

Thinly slice the green garlic and white onion. In a large sauté pan, sweat the garlic and onion in a couple of glugs of olive oil, a large pinch of salt, and freshly ground black pepper. Cook, slow and low, for about 25 minutes, until softened and translucent. Transfer the onions and garlic to a bowl, set aside. Wipe out the sauté pan with a towel. Pre-heat oven to 325 degrees. In a large bowl, crack 15 eggs. Whisk eggs until homogenous. Add in the pecorino cheese, a large pinch of salt, pepper and the cooked green garlic mixture. Whisk everything together. In the wiped-clean sauté pan set over medium high heat, heat a glug of olive oil in the pan, swirling to coat. Once the oil is shimmering, pour in the beaten egg mixture. Agitate the pan to distribute the mixture evenly then immediately transfer the pan to the oven. Bake until the center is just set, about 40 minutes. While the frittata is baking, make the aioli. In a mortar and pestle or a food processor, blend the garlic paste with a pinch of salt until combined. Add in the remaining 2 egg yolks, blending to combine. Add in the lemon juice. Very slowly, add in olive oil, drop by drop, until the mixture starts to thicken. Add in about 1 cup of olive oil, then slowly drizzle in the neutral oil, whisking all of the time and adding in a splash of water or two if the mixture is too thick. Transfer the aioli to a bowl and refrigerate. Taste and adjust the seasoning once chilled. Once the frittata is set, pull from the oven and let rest for 30 minutes. Using a rubber spatula, loosen the frittata from the sides of the pan, being careful not to break the frittata. It should slide out easily onto a cutting board. Cut the frittata into wedges and serve with the aioli and a side salad.

PHOTOGRAPHS p. 24–28 by Julia Gillard

IN CONSOMME W/ PEA TENDRILS + SCALLIONS

- 1 GREEN GARLIC FRITTATA
- 1 QUART OF GOOD CHICKEN STOCK
- 1 BUNCH OF PEA TENDRILS
- 4 SCALLIONS, THINLY SLICED
- THE JUICE OF ½ A LEMON
- OLIVE OIL

Cut the frittata into 1 inch cubes. Bring the chicken stock to a simmer in a small pot. Check the seasoning and add salt if necessary. Get four soup bowls. Place five cubes of the frittata in each of the bowls. Pour the chicken stock over the frittata cubes in the bowl, until just submerged. Garnish each bowl with a pile of pea tendrils and scallions, then squeeze a little lemon juice over each bowl and drizzle with olive oil. Serve.

IN BROCCOLI DI CICCIO SALAD, FARRO + RADISH

Broccoli di Cicco are miniature broccoli sproutlings; green, sweet and so delicious. If you can't find them, pare down small broccoli florets or broccoli rabe.

- 1 GREEN GARLIC FRITTATA
- 2 CUPS COOKED FARRO
- 2 CUPS BROCCOLI DI CICCIO
- 3 OZ FETA CHEESE [CRUMBLIED]
- 1 BUNCH OF SMALL RADISHES [LEAVES LEFT ON, QUARTERED]
- THE JUICE OF 1 LEMON
- OLIVE OIL
- SALT
- PEPPER

Cut the frittata into 1 inch cubes. If broccoli is bitter, blanch very quickly. If tender and sweet, leave raw. In a large bowl, toss together the farro, broccoli di cicco, feta, radish, the lemon juice and a couple glugs of olive oil. Season well with salt and pepper. Carefully, fold in 2 cups of the cubed frittata. Taste the salad and adjust the seasoning. Pile into 4 bowls. Serve.

WATER MELON W/ LIME + CHILE

WATERMELON
LIME
GROUND CHILE DE ÁRBOL
SEA SALT

Cut the watermelon into wedges. Cut limes in half and squeeze them over the watermelon. Sprinkle with chile and salt. Eat.

GRILLED SARDINES ON POTATOES

12 WHOLE SARDINES
[SCALED AND GUTTED]
4 LARGE WAXY POTATOES
1 BUNCH OF PARSLEY
1 LEMON
OLIVE OIL
SALT
PEPPER

Rinse the sardines in cold water then set aside on a plate to dry in the refrigerator. Get a grill very hot. Slice the potatoes into ½ inch thick slices. Toss them in a bowl with olive oil, salt and pepper. Place potatoes on the grill. Grill, turning occasionally, making sure they don't burn, about 7 minutes per side, until you can pierce them easily with a knife. Transfer the potatoes to a large platter and drizzle with more olive oil and salt. Chop the parsley and sprinkle over the potatoes. Carefully toss the sardines with olive oil and salt, then place on the hot grill, grilling on one side for 4 minutes, then flip over to the other side and grill 4 more minutes. Transfer the sardines to the platter of potatoes. Using a microplane, zest the lemon over the sardines, then cut the lemon in half and squeeze the juice over the entire platter. Drizzle with more olive oil, crushed black pepper and more salt. Serve.

SARDINES IN ESCABECHE

Rarely does fish taste so good, leftover and cold.

12 SARDINES
[SCALED, GUTTED AND FILLETED]
2 CUPS FLOUR
OLIVE OIL
1 WHITE ONION [SLICED THINLY]
5 CLOVES OF GARLIC [CRUSHED]
1 HEAD FENNEL [SLICED THINLY]
SALT
1 CHILE DE ÁRBOL [CRUSHED]
2 BAY LEAVES
4 SPRIGS OF THYME
1 CUP WHITE WINE
½ CUP WHITE VINEGAR
½ CUP BLACK OLIVES
PINCH OF SUGAR

Heat a cast iron pan over medium heat. Add in enough olive oil to create a ½ inch deep frying pool. Dredge each sardine fillet in flour. When the oil is shimmering, carefully add in the sardine fillets. Do not to crowd the pan. Let the sardines fry on one side, then flip to the other when slightly golden. As the sardines fry and color, remove them from the oil and set aside on a plate. Keep frying, in batches, until all sardines are golden. Add the onion, garlic, fennel and a large pinch of salt to the pan. Cook the vegetables until they soften slightly, about five minutes. Add in the chile, bay and thyme. Let the herbs bloom in the oil. Add the wine, vinegar, olives and sugar and bring it to a simmer. Cut the heat and check the seasoning, it may need more salt. Transfer the fried sardines to a shallow pan and pour the vegetables and liquid over them, submerging them in the liquid. Transfer everything to a shallow pan and chill in the refrigerator, overnight. Serve cold, with bread, butter and a bracing white wine.

SEARED NECTARINES

W/ ELDERFLOWER ZABAGLIONE

4 EGG YOLKS
 1/3 CUP SUGAR
 2 T ELDERFLOWER LIQUEUR
 PINCH OF SALT
 4 NECTARINES
 1/2 CUP LIGHT BROWN SUGAR

Fill a large saucepan with 3 inches of water and bring to a simmer over medium-low heat.

Combine egg yolks, sugar, elderflower liqueur and salt in a metal bowl. Place bowl over simmering water and cook, whisking constantly and vigorously, until mixture is thick, foamy and has tripled in volume, about 8 minutes. Remove bowl from heat and whisk for another minute, then chill. While zabaglione is chilling, cut the nectarines in half and remove pits. Heat a cast iron pan over high heat until very hot. Spread out the brown sugar on a plate and dip each nectarine half in the sugar. Place two halves of the nectarine in the cast-iron pan, cut side down and let sear, hard, for 15-30 seconds. Flip the nectarine over and remove it from the pan. Transfer to a bowl and repeat with remaining nectarines. Serve with a dollop of chilled zabaglione over top.

APRICOT ALMOND CROSTATA

2 CUPS FLOUR
 2 T SUGAR
 1 t SALT
 2 STICKS UNSALTED BUTTER
 [VERY COLD, CUT INTO CUBES]
 2-4 T ICE WATER
 1 # APRICOTS
 1/3 CUP SUGAR
 2 OZ GRAPPA
 1/2 VANILLA BEAN
 2 T CREAM
 2 T TURBINADO SUGAR
 1/4 CUP SLIVERED ALMONDS

In a food processor, pulse flour, 2 T sugar, and salt to combine. Add in the butter and pulse, until the mixture resembles coarse meal. Add in the water by the tablespoonfuls and pulse once or twice. Gather the dough into a ball, flatten into a disk and wrap it tightly in plastic wrap. Using a rolling pin, flatten out the disk slightly then refrigerate, for at least 1 hour.

To make the crostata, halve and pit the apricots, then cut into 1/2 inch wedges. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In a bowl, combine the apricots, sugar and grappa. Scrape the vanilla seeds from the bean with a sharp knife and add to the bowl. Toss everything to combine. Roll out the dough on a floured piece of parchment paper into a 14-inch circle. Spoon the fruit mixture into the center of the dough, leaving a three inch border. Fold the border over the fruit in sections, until all sides are formed. Brush the edges of the dough with cream, sprinkle sugar over the crostata, and sprinkle the almonds over the fruit. Transfer the crostata to a baking sheet with the parchment paper. Bake until the crust is golden brown and the fruit is bubbling, about 40 minutes. Let the crostata cool before serving.

SLOW ROASTED APRICOTS

1 # APRICOTS
 3 T SUGAR
 PINCH OF SALT
 PINCH OF CINNAMON
 OLIVE OIL

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Halve and pit the apricots. Place in a baking dish. Sprinkled with sugar, salt, cinnamon, and a drizzle of olive oil. Roast apricots until softened, about 30 minutes. Serve as is, warm, or with a spoonful of strained yogurt and crumbled amaretti cookies.



PEACH WHISKEY

This drink is much greater than the sum of its parts. Johnny Edlund, veteran barkeep, would make this every steamy summer at Marlow & Sons, stored chilled in a gallon glass jar in the walk-in, not quite out of reach of the hands of sweaty line cooks looking for a 30-second blast chill from the refrigerator. Best served strained and very cold, straight up.

- 6 VERY RIPE PEACHES
- 1 BOTTLE WHISKEY
- [NOT THE GOOD STUFF]

Cut the peaches in half and remove pits. Cut each half into quarters, place in a large glass jar and pour the whiskey over it. Let sit the the refrigerator, covered and shake the jar every other day. Once a week has passed, strain the liquid from the fruit. Serve in small glasses, very cold. Sip away.



+

21-DOWN 65-ACROSS

W/ CRISPY 20-ACROSS

This dish is called _____, a fragrant Arabic pulse and grain mixture. 38-DOWN

- 1 CUP _____ 21-DOWN
- 5 _____ [THINLY SLICED] 20-ACROSS
- ½ CUP FLOUR
- 1 CUP OLIVE OIL [PLUS A LITTLE EXTRA]
- 1 CUP _____ 21-DOWN
- 1 CUP _____ 13-DOWN _____ 65-ACROSS
- 2 T CUMIN 9-DOWN
- 2 T GROUND CORIANDER
- 1 T TURMERIC
- 1 T GROUND _____ 52-ACROSS
- 1½ T GROUND _____ 35-DOWN
- 2 T SUGAR
- 1½ CUPS WATER
- SALT
- _____ 45-DOWN

In a _____ 64-ACROSS bowl, toss the sliced _____ 20-ACROSS with the flour, until it is well-coated in the flour. In a _____ 11-DOWN pan, _____ 1-ACROSS the olive oil over _____ 64-ACROSS _____ 1-ACROSS until shimmering, then add in handfuls of the _____ 20-ACROSS and fry, in batches, until they are crispy and golden, about six _____ 30-DOWN. Transfer the fried _____ 20-ACROSS to a paper-towel-lined plate with a slotted _____ 5-DOWN and continue frying the rest until all are crispy. Sprinkle them with salt. Reserve the pan. Meanwhile, in a small _____ 48-DOWN pan, place the _____ 21-DOWN and cover with water. Bring to a boil and simmer for twelve _____ 30-DOWN. Drain and set aside. If the olive oil has gotten _____ 4-DOWN in the pan, add in a _____ 5-ACROSS more. Add in the _____ 65-ACROSS, all of the spices, sugar, and season well with salt and _____ 45-DOWN. Fry the _____ 65-ACROSS in the oil for two _____ 30-DOWN, letting the spice _____ 49-DOWN. Add in the _____ 21-DOWN, the water, cover, and cook over low _____ 1-ACROSS for fifteen _____ 30-DOWN. Then, cut the _____ 1-ACROSS and let the pan sit covered for another fifteen _____ 30-DOWN. Add in half of the fried _____ 20-ACROSS and fluff everything together with a fork. Taste the _____ 65-ACROSS and check for seasoning, then serve with the rest of the crispy _____ 20-ACROSS on top.

SESAME ICE CREAM + ORANGE FLOWER WATER SHORT BREAD

Yields two pints. Courtesy of Marlow & Son's pastry chef, Ashley Whitmore.

FOR THE ICE CREAM

2 DECENT HANDFULS SESAME SEEDS
[TOASTED]
1 CUP HEAVY CREAM
2 CUPS WHOLE MILK
 $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP SUGAR [DIVIDED IN HALF]
10 EGG YOLKS
HEFTY PINCH SEA SALT

FOR THE SHORTBREAD

1 CUP + 2 T UNSALTED BUTTER [SOFT]
 $\frac{1}{2}$ CUP + 2 T GRANULATED SUGAR
1 EGG
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t VANILLA
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t ORANGE FLOWER WATER
 $1\frac{3}{4}$ CUP ALL PURPOSE FLOUR
PINCH OF SALT
1 T TURBINADO SUGAR

Slowly bring the cream, milk and half of the sugar just to a boil in a heavy-bottom sauce pot. Take off the heat, dump in sesame seeds, stir well and let sit on the lowest flame, stirring constantly with a heatproof spatula until the liquid is infused with the flavor of the sesame. It shouldn't take too long, about 10 minutes. Strain the liquid, discard seeds. Add second half of the sugar to the egg yolks in a large bowl, whisk well, then temper the liquid into the yolks slowly at first, then add more and more until totally blended. Strain through a fine mesh sieve, cool in an ice bath. Freeze according to your ice cream maker's instructions.

Grease pan, line with parchment paper all the way up the sides. Mix butter and sugar until just creamed, do not aerate. Add eggs and vanilla, orange flower water. scrape the mixing bowl to fully incorporate sugar and eggs. Add dry ingredients and mix until just combined. Spread evenly into tray, sprinkle with sugar and bake in the middle-bottom of a 350 degree oven until golden brown. Check after 12 minutes, rotate it, then check every 5 after that. A skewer inserted in the middle should come out clean. Let cool just until warm enough to handle. Remove from pan gently onto cooling rack. Cut when cool.



Emily Klass *Laminar Flow*, 2012, GRAPHITE ON PAPER

PEACH PIE

This makes enough dough for one latticed or covered pie.

CRUST

5 CUPS FLOUR
 3 T SUGAR
 1 T SALT
 1 # BUTTER
 [CUT INTO 1CM CUBES AND WELL-CHILLED]
 ¾-1 CUP OF VERY COLD ICE WATER

FILLING

3½ # PEACHES
 2 T LEMON JUICE
 ¼ CUP GRANULATED SUGAR
 ¼ CUP BROWN SUGAR
 ½ T SALT
 1 t GROUND MACE
 2 T CORNSTARCH
 2 T CREAM
 1 T TURBINADO SUGAR

TO MAKE THE DOUGH

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 to not 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. If the butter starts to melt too much chill the bowl and revisit. Divide the mass in half by weight, 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, then roll out into a round with crust ⅛ inch thick.

TO MAKE THE FILLING

Bring a medium pot of water to boil. Get an ice bath ready. Score each peach on the bottom with a paring knife, a small x is sufficient. Pile peaches into a small bowl and slide them into the boiling water. Let cook for one minute. With a slotted spoon, transfer the peaches to the ice bath. Let them bob in the bath for a minute or two, then peel off their skins with your hands. Cut the peaches in half, remove pits. Slice into ¾ inch thick slices. Transfer to a bowl, toss with lemon juice, sugar, mace, salt and cornstarch until well-combined and coated.

MAKE THE PIE

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. On a well floured surface, roll out one circle of dough to ⅛ inch thick about 12 inches in diameter. Transfer the dough to the pie tin. Roll out the other circle of dough to ⅛ inch thick. Cut the dough into long one inch thick strips with a sharp knife. Toss the peach mixture together one more time, then slid it into the pie tin. Give it a gentle shake to distribute the peaches evenly. Trim the dough that is overhanging the pie tin, so it there is a 1 inch of dough hanging over the rim. Brush this edge with cream before placing strips of the lattice on top. Arrange strips of dough across the pie with even spaces in between, then fold back every other strip gently on itself and add the longest remaining strip in the other direction. If you were working horizontally, now go vertically. Fold the strips back down, repeat with the other strips until a full lattice-top is formed. Trim the overhang to the diameter of the pie dish's rim then fold the rim of the bottom crust over the lattice strips and firmly crimp the edges together. Brush the pie with cream and sprinkle with turbinado sugar.

BAKE THE PIE

Bake the pie for 30 minutes in the oven until the crust is set and starts to color. Reduce the oven temperature to 375 degrees and bake for another 30 to 40 minutes. The filling should bubble over slightly and the crust should be a golden brown. Let cool for at least two hours before digging in.



Blanton's

by Millicent Souris

I still have the top to the first Blanton's bottle I ever drank. I found it over twenty years ago in my father's bar when we cleaned it out after his death. Seeing that bottle, with the barrel date written in felt pen on the label was a revelation in a sea of airplane Ouzo bottles and cans of light beer. The brown velvet bag was, well, velvet, as opposed to the purple velveteen of the numerous Crown Royal bags that littered my father's life. I think his affection for that particular liquor was only encouraged by the added value of a hoarder's bag.

Bobby was a hoarder in earnest. His house was brimming. Two paths forged through each room; one to a beach chair in the corner of the living room with a phone next to it and another upstairs to his bedroom. Packing up the bar was daunting, a herculean task. My mother Sally, with the help of me and my sisters took it by the horns. She wasn't his widow per se, she had left him years earlier. She occupies that very singular territory known as single motherhood in all its fierceness.

The bar predated all of us. My grandparents emigrated from Greece and opened it as Souris' Restaurant in 1934. Lifetimes played out there, tucked away in every corner. We called it *the store*, probably because when you raise a family you think of it as a business, a store, and not a bar. As the eldest child and only son Bobby's lot in life was to run *the store* when his father died, even though really it was his mother, my Yiayia, who ruled the roost.

Unraveling Bobby's bar was like pulling a loose yarn on a never ending blanket, which is actually how we kept Yiayia busy during her diminishing months. The only thing that kept her content before her death was pulling apart all the crocheted scarves she stitched together over the years. It kept her out of the knife drawer and off the streets.

The first few days of cleaning were easy. Booths served as our card catalogs; one full of batteries, one of small plastic fans and heaters, another held two lifetimes of register tape and three more of insulin. The Souris' Saloon promotional items: countless pens, calendars, glow in the dark keychains, rain slickers, clickers, combs, leather wallets, fans that read, *I'm a Souris' Saloon fan*, nightshirts with *Attitude Adjustment Facility* printed across the chest and ashtrays were gathered together and shuffled off to the basement. My father was a pioneer in branding.

It took months. I know that because we used the endless cans of beer for my sisters Maggi and Molli's 21st birthdays in July. I was sent back to Ohio in early January to finish the exams and papers I'd left behind. *I know it's been a hard time, but now it's time to focus on William Faulkner*, instructed one liberal arts professor. My mother sent me with a bundle of cash we had found tucked away in his house, several cases of Heineken and Grolsch that no one I was related to would ever drink and lots of bottles of top shelf liquor all stacked in the trunk of my Dodge Aries K car.

Sell this for book money. I never did.

That summer we went back to finish cleaning. We were more focused, more organized, less collectively grief-stricken. The sale was finalized. We knew what was to be kept for the new owners and had to figure out what to do with the rest. In a moment of brilliance I realized wine coolers could become an early morning beverage, as close to juice as we'd find. Sally and Pat finally concocted a drink for the bounty of "41", a liquor no one had heard of previous or since. *It tastes like sunshine. A tiny bottle of sunshine.* The absurd amount of cases of tiny Ouzo bottles were donated to the church along with the rest of the cloyingly sweet communion wine. Sometimes you build it and *they don't come*. All the cigarettes were eventually smoked, and I was given the job of counting the beer signs: 124 in total.

Cleaning out someone's life is fascinating, sad and disgusting. We keep secrets for a reason. It's not like my father had a lot of useful things, just many of them. He had been on his own for eight years, plenty of time to let his freak flag fly. After his death family flitted about, looking for anything worthwhile he had scurried away from them in the long hours of the night. He lived in his parents' old house and spent his time at the bar. To them Bobby was the keeper of the land. But the Greek coins were gone, guns were missing and some jewelry still has not been found. A drawer full of bicentennial quarters was scooped up. Death can so easily turn into a battle for the living to get their own.

I found slips of paper hidden behind glassware in the bar that indicated my father still ran book, teams and scores from the previous year's playoffs, although he had prom-



ised my mom he had quit when the twins were born. And sadly he was not good at it. He lived the bachelor's dream, new socks, boxers and undershirts every single day. Crown Royal bags full of bullets and fireworks, a dreadful organizational system if there ever was one, championed only by my storing tacks and condoms together once. *The apple and the tree, the apple and the goddamn tree...*

There was no beauty in this chaos, just miles of cautionary tales. Until I came upon the lone bottle of Blanton's, something so different from this sad grief-filled, contentious mire. I was the only one who saw it, something I coveted that no one else even noticed. An internal frenzy occurs when there is so much to be taken that, like somehow you'll kick yourself five years later for not stockpiling on the "C" batteries. My mother implemented the rigid and necessary "Take the bad with the good" program for everyone. You want that watch? Well you have to take this portrait of JFK Jr. that some customer painted along with it. No. I don't want it. That's the point. *Take the bad with the good.*

Maybe being a hoarder's daughter means you're never satisfied with your belongings, you just need more and more. I feel lucky to have found something to mark that complicated moment in my life, the top of the Blanton's bottle. I don't recall when it got drunk, I just remember where it came from. An artifact, finally a welcomed one. It's my favorite bourbon for many reasons, yet I've never purchased a bottle and I never order it capriciously. We can't have special things all the time.

I went to Ligonier, Pennsylvania recently for my friend Caitlin's father's memorial. Fritz entered my life just about

when my own father left mine. He couldn't have been more different than my father. A pilot in the Navy, a hunter, a man with life insurance. He was dear to me, and me to him. And just as when my own father passed the world lost a great man when Fritz died.

After the wake, a few people gathered in the parking lot in the country club where the chicken salad and egg salad sandwiches were served on excellent potato buns with fantastic homemade chips. Pennsylv-tucky has some tricks up its sleeves. A nephew pulled out a bottle of Blanton's.

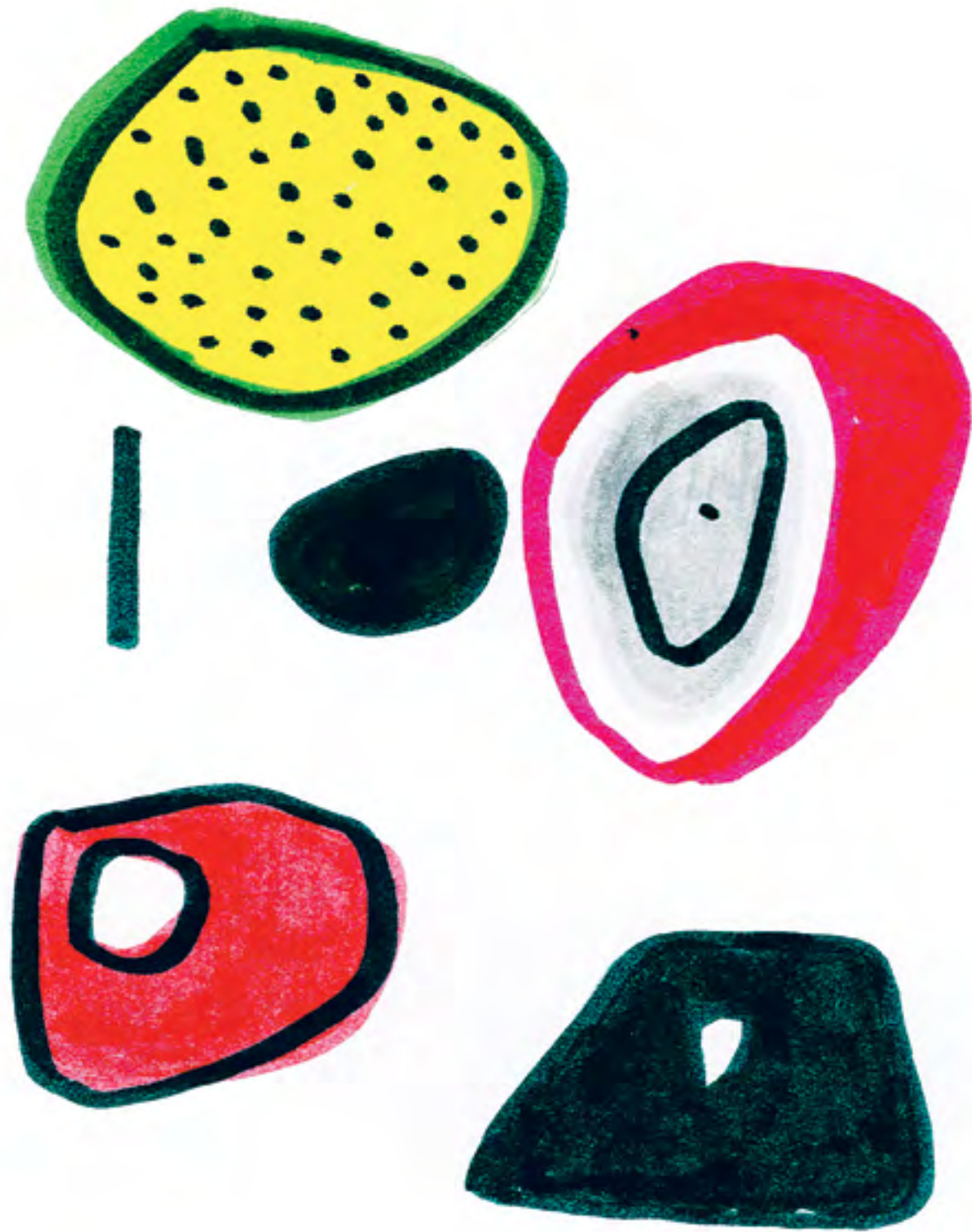
Uncle Fritz was the last person to drink from this bottle, he said. They drank it on Thanksgiving. Everyone took a nip from a red plastic cup, by the time I arrived there were no more cups, just the bottle. Bourbon kills germs, something I hold true to, so I drank from

the bottle and handed it to Caitlin as she walked up to the circle having finished her daughterly responsibilities. I thought it would make her feel better. Not just the Blanton's but the ceremony.

The morning following the memorial, as I headed to the airport and Caitlin to Missouri I handed her the top to the bottle of Blanton's. Such lovely small things are worth saving. It felt like yet another connection to carry with a human being, a true talisman. A few decades after meeting our lives are mixed in such a way that we each have tops of Blanton's bourbon bottles connected to our fathers. These little things, the strange connections, it's the good stuff.

The top itself is a cork stopper topped with a horse and jockey. There are eight different versions of horse and rider, each with a different letter carved into it. All of them together spell out BLANTON'S. The top's got a heft to it. It's nice to have, feels good in the hand. We don't have artifacts anymore, and real things and real moments are on the serious decline. You know what I'm talking about, how our heads are perpetually at a tilt, staring at a cigarette pack sized device that connects us to all the connections.

The night before we buried my father everyone met at the bar. It was a blurry, slurry mess of humans. It was impossible to differentiate between laughter, tears, snot and cigarette smoke. I pissed everyone off by half drunkenly declaring, *All this is mine*, and stretching my arms wide out, indicating the wood-paneled behemoth. My cousin yelled from behind the bar, *If you loved Uncle Bobby you'll drink out of his shoe*, and poured Busch on tap into a boot she had found. And we all drank. Many times.



MEXICAN LOVE SONGS

LIZ SOLMS

Why are there so many Mexican love songs
playing up and down our block on Yom Kippur?
Maybe because all the restaurants in the city are closed.
Across the street under a tarp sagged
with rain, our neighbors sizzle beef and corn
on half an oil drum. The music serenades
the rain, rattles all of the gutters which bind
these slender row homes like injured veins.
Tonight we break the fast in a warm apartment under
warm lights in a sodden city. The rain smacks the skylight.
The trill of mariachi guitars. Between songs I can hear
the storm drains rush like rivers from a different kind of place.
Tonight, our neighbors are so drunk.
They sing the saddest love songs at the tops of their lungs.



LE
GRAND
AiOLI

We came to this from where many things have come to us, Chez Panisse. I was spending the end of last summer looking at their menus for inspiration and saw that they ran something called Le Grand Aïoli. Turns out it's a traditional Provençal dish. So awesome, so so awesome!

I love eggs. I especially love egg yolks. In fact, it's often difficult for us to write menus that don't end up with more than one mayo or aioli, fried egg or soft boiled, or even whipped yolk. Plus we get such good quality eggs that it's hard not to want to show them off. Having a family style dish that's centered around this simple ingredient feels pretty righteous.

At Chez Panisse it was a seafood heavy plate but here in New York we were in the height of the season, wanting to show off our proud produce. I also wanted to do it as an alternative to the fresh seafood platters we had been running on weekends. And so it became a Monday night thing. Something for everyone to be excited about after their beach weekend, for the friends and family and industry peeps that come in, for the servers to compete with over sales. Something for the kitchen to show off and for Becks to draw on the chalkboard.

Every week we change the ingredients, wavering between battered and fried to salty, blanched vegetables, marinated or pickled little fishes, all hanging around that big bowl of garlicky mayo. At Marlow & Sons we have run with:

potatoes
tomatoes
string beans
lettuce hearts
asparagus
baby zucchini
artichokes
fried okra

fried green tomatoes
fried corn
fried shishito peppers
pickled cauliflower
pickled onion rings
pickled sardines
pickled mussels
marinated bluefish
grilled octopus
fried whitebait
fried oysters
pickled eggs
razor clams
squash blossoms
anchovies

And now I think we're quite good at it. Balancing the little plug-in fryer we use, the vast number of ingredients we have to keep in our lowboy cooler, and wondering whether anyone else is as excited about dipping raw lettuce in aioli as we are has certainly been a challenge. Add to that the fact that picking up more than one at a time almost shuts down the whole line since there can be so many steps and everyone has to chip in. We started with lots of fried things and lots of weird pickles, thinking that provided some sort of sex appeal, but lately, it's just about trying to be sensible about what our bodies are craving. Some raw, some salty, most definitely sweet, and on the humid days, pickles! Not to mention that each week makes me want to come up with a better one to top the last.

Last year we ran it in September, clinging to summertime, before everything turns varying shades of khaki. But now as I write this in the beginning of June, good ol' Big Mayo is making a comeback with the last of spring and the beginning of this year's summer.

PAINTINGS by Kimia Ferdowsi Kline



(yield 1qt)

4 YOLKS
1-2 GARLIC CLOVES,
[TURNED TO PASTE WITH SALT, USE SIDE
OF KNIFE OR MORTAR AND PESTLE]
1 PINT-PLUS VEGETABLE OIL
[WE GENERALLY USE A MIX OF GRAPESEED
AND OLIVE OIL, GOING ALL OLIVE OIL
CAN MAKE IT BITTER]
LEMON JUICE
WATER

Use a clean mixing bowl or food processor. Start by whisking the yolks and drizzling in the oil until it emulsifies. Add some of the garlic paste. You can always add more but keep in mind as it sits it'll become stronger. Keep adding oil until it starts to feel ribbon-y, at this point the yolks are holding on to as much fat as they can and you need to add some water to loosen it again, all in order to add more oil. Give it some salt and lemon juice and you can start to see the finish line. With that amount of yolks you can keep juggling between oil and water to stretch it but it will all depend on how rich you want the flavor to be. Just get it to the consistency of Hellman's and you'll be fine. Fresh herbs, chili, dijon, smoked paprika, Tabasco and Cholula are all good additions.

Pickling

For much of my pickling I like the easy ratio of 1 part vinegar, 1 part sugar and almost 1 part water. But that's because I like my pickles sweet. It should have a nice balance of sweet and sour, not too biting in the back of the throat. If tasting it makes you cough and cry then it's probably too vinegary. Depending on the size and kind of vegetable you either pour hot pickle solution over and cover or simply soak in a cold solution. For example cauliflower florets or whole carrots are denser and would be heated so that they cook and fully absorb the pickle, while apples or celery are more watery and would just need to be soaked, more like a marinade. What you'll find is that lighter vegetables will turn to mush when cooked. We like to add coriander seeds and chili, garlic, even turmeric for coloring. The list goes on... ginger, mustard seeds, cinnamon, celery seed, bay leaf.

Frying

Much of the vegetables we fry aren't cooked first. The process is usually just a matter of batter or breading or just keeping it raw dog style. Oily fish we tend to dredge in flour seasoned with salt, pepper and ground chili de árbol. Heavy vegetables like okra or green tomatoes get breading: first flour, then egg wash, then bread crumbs. Picked thyme and lemon zest is a nice move with the crumbs. Then there is tempura batter: our basic recipe is simply 1 part all-purpose flour, 1 part rice flour and cold soda water whisked in until it reaches a thickness enough to coat. Tempura is what we use for more delicate things like squash blossoms or asparagus. You don't need a deep fryer to make this work. A cast iron works well because it's sturdy and holds heat. Be careful not to fill with too much

oil, halfway at most. It's better to plan on frying one half and flipping to cook the other half. This way you don't risk overflowing hot oil onto yourself or even worse anyone smaller than you. Because then instead of being that cool Grand Aïoli guy, you'd just be that asshole. We use corn oil but most vegetable oils will be fine. When frying always start with a tester to see if the oil is hot enough, a little past shimmering but not as far as smoking. The batter shouldn't brown before the batter is cooked. When pulling from the heat, season with salt and pepper while it's still hot. It's also good to let it rest on paper towels to catch the excess oil.

Marinating

We are big on the essentials: fresh herbs and olive oil with lots of lemon and lime peels, bay leaf, chili. Mix it all together in an ovenproof dish. Be sure to give enough oil to cover all your aromatics and heat for less than a minute, this will help bring out all the flavor from the herbs and such. Grilling the vegetable or fish gives it a nice char flavor too. Aim to cook until just done and add to the oil. It's all right if the oil is still warm so long as you don't overcook what you're planning to marinate. Leave it out at room temp and let it all marry, flip or stir now and then to make sure it's all getting coated and tossed together. Try not to refrigerate since it's almost always going to taste best room temp.

Mmmmmmm, Le Grand Aïoli.



ILLUSTRATED TITLE by David Weisberg

“For there is no folly of the beast of the earth which is not infinitely outdone by the madness of men.”
Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

All great art must fall into the lineage of history somehow, even if this is by willful intent or causal coincidence. *Leviathan*, a recent film by Lucien Castaing-Taylor and Véréna Paravel, is at once a conscientious effort of observational ethnography and a visceral avant-garde work of art. It is also a unique and defiant type of documentary about the commercial fishing industry off the coast of New Bedford, Massachusetts, a hallucinatory mosaic of

life and death on board a deep-sea trawler. *Leviathan* is a difficult film to describe because it lacks linear structure and is devoid of voice-overs, interviews and traditional narrative. It is an immersive experience of sight and sound that inadvertently sheds light on the nature of physical labor, the environment and the overwhelming indifference of the universe.

With no concise idea or agenda, Castaing-Taylor and Paravel set out to make a documentary about a New England fishing village and came away with an unconventional abstract film ripped free of its moorings. The directors



won the trust of a crew of a local fishing trawler and spent months on board filming with a quiver of small waterproof DSLR cameras (inexpensive extreme sports cameras used for surfing, skiing, and skydiving). Both Castaing-Taylor and Paravel are anthropologists who hail from the Sensory Ethnography Lab at Harvard. The lab, which Castaing-Taylor heads, was established as a collaboration between Harvard's Departments of Anthropology and of Visual and Environmental Studies.

The filming of *Leviathan* actually began on land with traditional equipment, but within weeks most of the cameras were either lost or stolen and the film quickly took a turn towards the sea. New Bedford, Massachusetts was once the country's most important fishing port and now through over-fishing, poorly managed laws and environmental decline, it has fallen onto hard times. This town was the birthplace of modern whaling and the inspiration for Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*; today it is an impoverished community whose citizens feel marginalized and demonized by a negative image of commercial fishing.

When Castaing-Taylor was asked at a press conference what statement he hoped to make about the commercial fishing industry he replied, "None." Instead they have stated their film is actually about nothing, an exercise in aesthetic minimalism and an observation from the point of view of their subject. But who or what is their subject? Almost all of the filming was done with cameras attached to 14-foot long poles or strapped to the bodies of the fisherman themselves. The cameras were rarely ever hand-held, giving the feeling that the movie was filmed more with the body rather than the eyes. Véréna Paravel has stated that it was impossible and even unnecessary to see what was being filmed while on board the ship. The result is a dream landscape, or nightmare, whose subjectivity feverishly skips from various points of view; the ship, the fish, the crew, the water, the sea, the birds and sky. It is often a myopic and distorted survey of a foreign and disturbing environment with only the heightened sounds of the wind, the moaning of machinery and the elements crashing around us. It is as if we have awakened in the midst of a vast ocean trapped on-board a nameless vessel whose inhabitants go on about



their business like indentured ghosts. We lose sight of what's up or down and the only source of light is Leviathan's eyes, that is, the boat. The boat itself seems alive, animated by the flesh that inhabits it, a kind of cyborg, a melding of man and metal, which blindly consumes everything in its path. It is a clash between humanity and the sea, machine and nature, and at its core is a statement of the fate of man's undoing in the natural world whether the filmmakers agree or not.

The film itself is actually quite beautiful and both a hypnotic and meditative experience. The repetitive play of light and shadow, when the cameras are immersed in a wake of by-catch flotsam and blood, *Leviathan* can appear like an arabesque of luminosity reminding one of the hand-painted masterpieces of Stan Brakhage. It is a film about subjectivity seen through the various lenses of man, beast, technology and nature. The viewer is furiously cast into these roles through bewildering editing and saturated imagery. Seagulls and shearwaters, filmed from below the surface, drift and dive above into a mercury sky. Fishermen unceremoniously hack the wings off skate and toss the bodies aside. A stream of blood and starfish pour out of the hull of the ship, the last remains of the days catch. These images are powerful and etch indelibly into one's memory as if they had some symbolic meaning, although here they mean nothing.

Leviathan is a documentary in the fact that it is a document and point in time of an actual event made in an effort to show life aboard a fishing trawler in the purest sense. From the beginning we are given no information, but from the huge nets, blood and dead fish we can assume that this is a fishing boat far from land. We see the bloated bodies of fish and witness the violent processing of their carcasses. It is through our own observation and with a basic understanding we can grasp how exhausting and thankless this work must be. We can also vaguely comprehend that commercial fishing, as we know it, is fated and that what we are witnessing is the end of something. Much like Lucien Castaing-Taylor's previous film *Sweetgrass*, which documented the last shepherders in Montana's Absaroka-Bear tooth mountains, *Leviathan* is an unsentimental study of a dying ancient ritual and a portrait of an antiquated economic industry. But where *Sweetgrass* is at times an elegiac pastoral, *Leviathan* is a cold, impartial and alien gaze on an environment we still have yet to understand. The rhythm of life out-of-balance, lost at sea in a profound and beautiful dystopia.

Leviathan directed by Lucien Castaing-Taylor & Véréna Paravel, US, 2012, 87 mins

ALONE AMONG MANY

SASHA DAVIES

Hams, sheet cakes, bushels of fruit, bunches of vegetables, 3-kilo boules and watermelons haunt me. These foods lead me to my oldest, most trusted story about myself; that I don't belong and, even worse, I've failed to build myself a tribe where I do belong. These foods are for the kind of party where your oddball uncle and college roommate debate constitutional amendments, the new girl from work meets someone who will take her kayaking, and the recycling bin ends up full of empty bottles you don't recognize or remember. Images of garden parties with fairytale lighting, beach barbecues on colorful wooly blankets and harvest feasts where there is just enough dirt under everyone's fingernails launch me on the same emotional trajectory every time. I am elated by the potential of these gatherings, the connection we could feel.

But I am too leery of hangovers to keep up with the partiers, too messy for disciplined practice, too uptight for free-associating, etc. On the good days I confidently refer to myself as a generalist. On the bad days that just sounds like a euphemism for a flake, or worse, a dilettante. This loop has played for so long that it doesn't matter whether it is true, like gravity, it just is.

Two years after I moved to Portland, Oregon from New York, I found myself sitting on the blond, glossy floor of a yoga studio telling my favorite teacher how I yearned for a place out in the world that felt like home, a place where people I knew could come and be with me and new people too. I couldn't find that place so I was thinking about making one. It was another year before I would refer to that place I was going to create as a *restaurant*.

In fact, I didn't call it a restaurant until we had been open for a few months because in the same way that a giant ham is not just a ham to me. It is twenty people getting together to have ham, biscuits, spicy cabbage slaw over the course of a sun-dappled, lazy afternoon. The restaurant is not just a restaurant to me. It is a place where I want people to feel comfortable, remembered, beloved and special for an evening or even just a few moments. The food and drink are a device to achieve that end. Like when I send a split slice of tart to a table of two gentlemen who are clearly long-time, amiable colleagues after they've finished their lunch, simply because I can see that they might welcome an excuse to linger.

As with most life-scale projects, blind spots and naivete are the efficacious shields that protect us from halting fears. Think about a kid, playing alone in their room, head over heels in love with the story they've got going, the world they've created that feels so solid and true until they have to put words to the whole amazing ordeal in front of another human being and look at the magical world through a new set of eyes. This is a kind of vulnerability that is lucky to experience, especially if you are of the self-doubting inclination. Lucky because it means you went all the way in, to the deepest and coolest parts of the cave that is you, where you are most free and uninhibited. The deeper you allow yourself to go, the harsher the shock of the light of the world when you emerge.

This happens to other people too, I know because I've seen it on their faces. I'll never forget watching our friends' 9-year old daughter descend the stairs into the living room (filled with family friends), without explana-

tion, in a ballerina costume. When every head in the room turned to look at her, her expression was a storm of surprise, horror and confusion. You could see her trying to piece it together. For the first couple months we were open I felt like she looked most of the time.

Meeting the public with this vulnerability is stressful and tiring and yet I'm finding it is also the way that you find the members of your house. They are the people who respond positively to what we've got going, whether that's the food, the space we built out, the people working for us. Sometimes they literally say things to us like, *you guys just get it or every detail has been carefully considered* and then other times they show us, like when they bring in their parents who are visiting from out of town and as they tell them all about Cyril's I can hear hints of pride in their voice. It signals to me that they feel they belong and that we belong to them too. I also notice when our customers send their friends to us. It's one of the kindest votes of confidence I can think of, the willingness to put your people, unaccompanied, in our hands.

I love the restaurant, and there are many days when I want to cut off my arm to get away from it. On the slow nights I start to tear the house down. I wonder aloud why it's so slow and then make jokes in hopes that the staff won't see how afraid I am that I've made a terrible mistake, that this idea is not enough or too much. I drive home racking my brain about the menu, the prices, the hours, the lighting. The next day I know the staff is onto me when I casually mention that I've been thinking maybe we should cancel lunch and they respond, "Is this because of yesterday?"

Living this way, more exposed and vulnerable, is changing me. I've found my ever-elusive "thing", my *métier*, if you will, and that is incredibly satisfying. At times though I worry that the restaurant has become an overpowering sun that blocks out the other facets of my life and leaves me a sort of flattened out, less interesting version of myself. I've always wondered why people who own restaurants spend so much time at them. I understand owning a business is demanding and yet it seemed like at some point they should miss being at home, like I imagined I would. But when I sat down at my trusty desk in my home office, the post from which I've written books, letters and articles, to write about opening a restaurant to mend the quietest, loneliest parts of myself, I decided to relocate to the long stretch of marble bar at Cyril's, and it all came into focus. When you open a restaurant guided by your heart, it is *the home you always wanted*. And you will love it so much that it will take time to teach yourself to venture away from it.



CARROT CHICKPEA SALAD

We love that this is a salad that involves no leafy greens—only herbs. It is both hearty and light-handed, an ideal meal or side for nearly every season.

DRESSING

- 1 T CUMIN
- 1/3 C OLIVE OIL
- 2 T LEMON JUICE
- 1 T HONEY
- 1/2 t SALT
- 1/8 t CAYENNE

SALAD

- 1 BUNCH CARROTS [MIXED COLORS ARE PRETTIEST, SLICED INTO THIN COINS ON A MANDOLIN]
- 2 C COOKED CHICKPEAS
- 1/2 C DRIED APRICOTS [CHOPPED INTO QUARTERS]
- 1/2 BUNCH CILANTRO
- 1/2 C SLICED ALMONDS [TOASTED]

FOR DRESSING

Toast cumin seeds before grinding them to a fine powder with mortar and pestle or spice grinder. Combine with remaining ingredients and shake.

Toss chickpeas and carrots with a pinch of salt and a good dousing of dressing as the chickpeas tend to soak it up. You can let the salad sit at this point until near ready to serve, then add dried apricots, cilantro and sliced almonds. Salt and dress to taste.

LEMON YOGURT CAKE

Adapted from a million versions of French yogurt cake recipes.

This cake has been a lifesaver for us in our first few months of business. It can be dressed up for dinner or down for lunch and it stays tender and moist for days. During slower weeks we can always find someone to take home spare slices kicking around because this cake is not too sweet for breakfast either. It is no wonder that recipes for it abound.

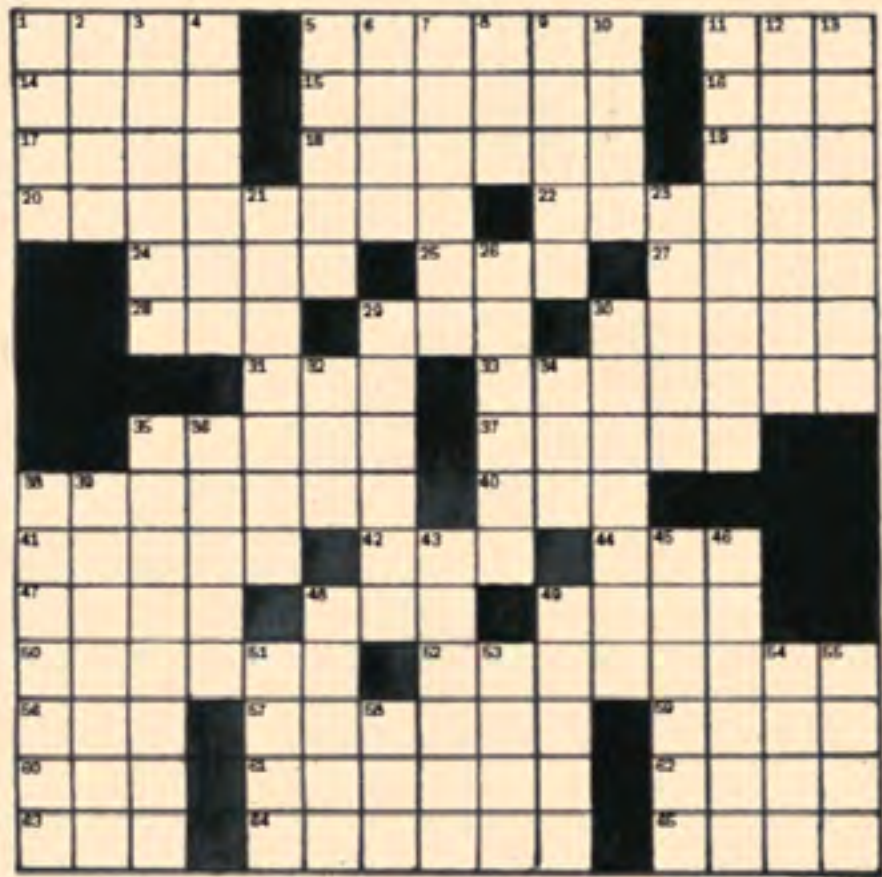
- KNOB OF BUTTER [FOR THE PAN]
- 1 1/2 CUPS ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR [PLUS MORE FOR DUSTING]
- 2 t BAKING POWDER
- 3/4 T KOSHER SALT
- 1 CUP SUGAR
- 1 T LEMON ZEST [FINELY GRATED]
- 3/4 CUP WHOLE-MILK YOGURT
- 1/2 CUP VEGETABLE OIL
- 2 LARGE EGGS
- 1/2 t VANILLA EXTRACT

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Coat loaf or round 10 inch cake pan with butter. Dust with flour; tap out excess. Whisk flour, baking powder and salt in a medium bowl. Combine sugar with lemon zest in a large bowl until sugar is moist. Add yogurt, oil, eggs and vanilla extract; whisk or stir with wooden spoon to blend. Fold in dry ingredients until just incorporated. Pour batter into prepared pan; smooth top. Bake until top of cake is golden brown and a tester inserted into center comes out clean, 50–55 minutes. Let cake cool in pan on a wire rack for 15 minutes. Invert onto rack. Let cool completely. We like to top the cake with a dollop of crème fraiche midday and then bring out the seasonal fruit compotes in the evening; orange marmalade, poached rhubarb, or blueberries cooked with a pinch of sugar, lemon juice and butter until they just begin to burst.



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DOWN

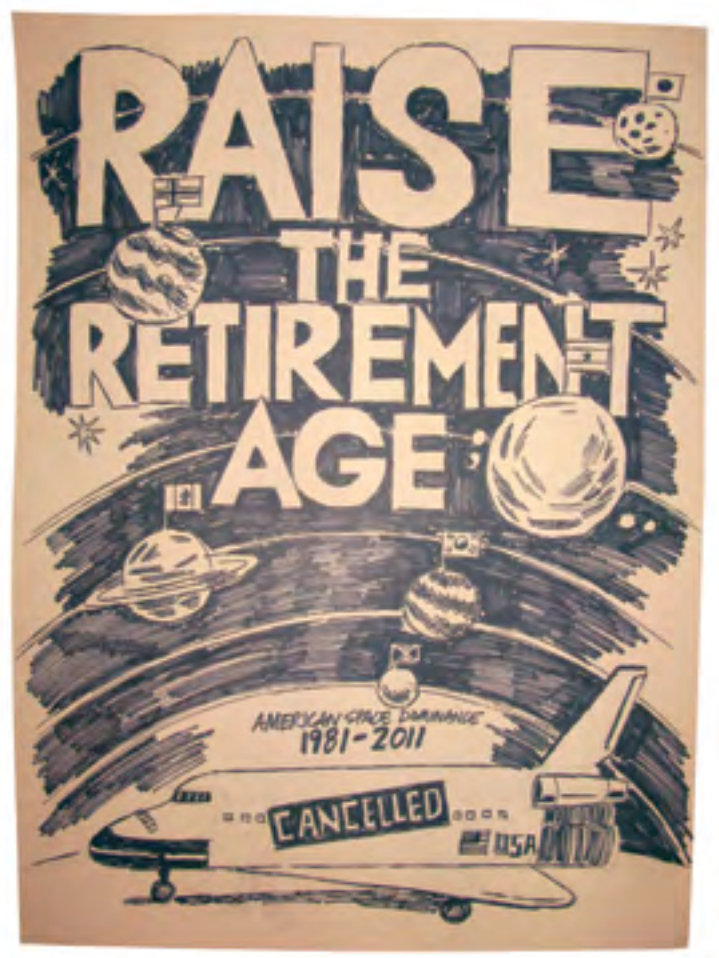
- 1. Occurrences
- 2. 2004 Beenie Man song with the lyric "spell it backwards"
- 3. Peruvian wool source
- 4. Some pitches, for singers or swingers*
- 5. The little one fits inside the big one*
- 6. Nuisance
- 7. Impatient imperative
- 8. Gorilla
- 9. "Can't Seem to Make You Mine" band, with The*
- 10. Village in central Kenya
- 11. Liverpool's ___ Shore*
- 12. An exciting process
- 13. Indian export*
- 21. Certain pulses*
- 23. Sounds of thunder
- 26. Drawers may need this
- 29. One may have a column
- 30. They may be taken at some meetings*
- 32. Muscular Buddha guardian
- 34. "Ay, there's the ___"
- 35. Reddish brown*
- 36. Oldenburg, with the giant burger
- 38. [see recipe] *
- 39. He vowed to spend \$100 million to defeat Obama in 2012
- 43. "The Great Divine Mother" of Hinduism
- 45. Sgt. or Dr.*
- 46. Melodic passages
- 48. Hard stuff
- 49. Fictional Leopold
- 51. 50-across radio station
- 53. Station that serves as the primary checkpoint between Hong Kong and China
- 54. Chef shoe
- 55. Start of Massachusetts's state motto
- 58. "Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm" band (abbr.)

ACROSS

- 1. 2013 NBA Champions*
- 5. 1984 Daryl Hannah film*
- 11. ___ Calloway
- 14. "Hey," from across the pond?
- 15. Childish need
- 16. Coach ___ Parseghian
- 17. 5-0
- 18. Joel ___
- 19.
- 20. Tubes found in the reed in a pipe organ*
- 22. One may be handed down from above
- 24. Joel ___
- 25. It may be passed
- 27. Cartoon saxophonist
- 28. Beard of grain
- 29. ___ anglais (orchestral instrument)
- 30. "La Mort de ___," Jacques-Louis David painting of 1793
- 31. Andrew Sullivan was once its editor, briefly
- 33. Site of the newly named Martyrs' Square
- 35. Half of CDVI
- 37. Roses lead-in
- 38. One-piece swimsuit
- 40. ___-web (avant-garde internet TV station)
- 41. Novelist Ferber, and others
- 42. It comes after sex?
- 44. FL airport
- 47. "___ sais quoi"
- 48. Univ. , e.g.
- 49. A "temporary solution," as per Homer
- 50. Jewel's home
- 52. Jamaican 45-down*
- 56. IV preceder
- 57. "Absolutely ___" (Magnetic Fields song)
- 59. This word will stump your Google autocomplete
- 60. Jumper Down Under
- 61. When Brutus decides to kill Caesar
- 62. Those, in Tijuana
- 63. ___ Coulter
- 64. Clairvoyant*
- 65. 49ers receiver Jerry*



CROSSWORD by Ryan Krause B(A)N(O)S Propaganda Posters, 2011, INK ON PAPER



THEIR COMMUNITIES ARE THE PLACE



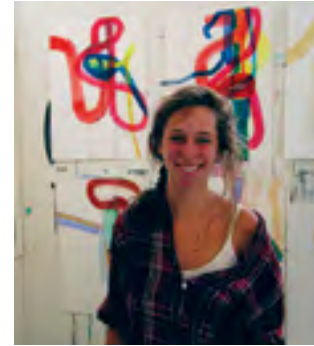
PHOTO by Julia Gillard



Sandra Sitron *I Heard Texas in the Smoke*, 2011, OIL ON CANVAS



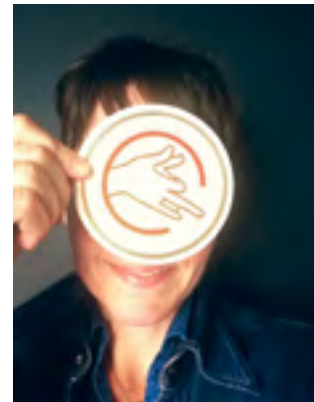
B(A)NO(S) is an art collective founded in 2008. **B(A)NO(S)** is Milton Carter, Derick Holt, Nathan Gelgud and Mike Reddy. **B(A)NO(S)** is **B(A)NO(S)**.



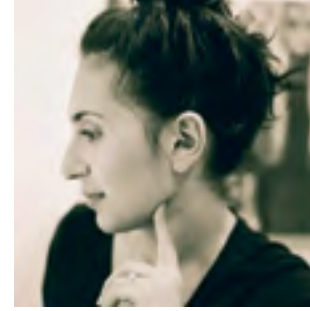
SOPHIA CASAS grew up in Queens. She studied painting at The Rhode Island School of Design and now lives and works in New York City.



HUGH J. CRICKMORE is a writer and a former restaurateur. This fall he will be launching a new arts and culture magazine called *Wulff*. He is also a manager at both Marlow & Sons and Diner.



SASHA DAVIES owns and runs Cyril's & Clay Pigeon Winery with her husband in Portland, Oregon. She also writes books and things like *The Cheese-maker's Apprentice* (2012).



KIMIA FERDOWSI KLINE is a figurative oil painter with a BFA from Washington University and MFA from the San Francisco Art Institute. She lives on the top of an old brownstone in Brooklyn with her husband and their hive of honey bees.



BETH FLATLEY is a freelance photographer and prop stylist based in Brooklyn. Amazed that she already has lived in NYC for over 8 years she enjoys escaping to the hills of Maine and the shores of California. To see more work visit www.bethflatley.com.



MARLEY FREEMAN walks in circles at www.ff-ff-ff-ff.net.



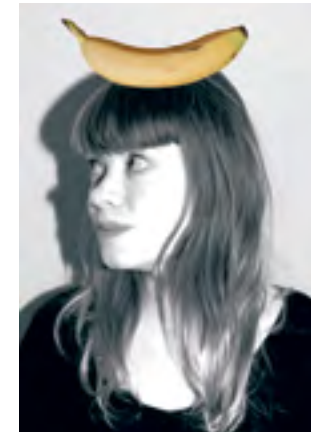
DANIELE GENADRY'S work considers the construction of visual experience through memory, movement and migration. She uses various media to create and translate images of the landscape and examines how this mediation alters our perception of time and space. The work originates from a place of transience, particularly the artist's movement between Lebanon and the US.



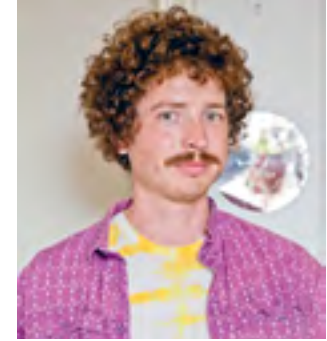
PETER MILNE GREINER'S work has appeared in *Fence*, *Leveler*, *Stone Telling*, *Coldfront* and the anthology *Here, We Cross*, a collection of queer and gender fluid poetry. He lives in Brooklyn, independently studies exoplanetology and is currently sending a poem serially to the Gliese 526 star system via the Jamesburg Earth Station in Carmel Valley, CA.



Born and raised in Gothenburg, Sweden, **EMMA HARLING** moved to Paris at age nineteen. After a year she returned home and opened an art gallery supporting the local underground art scene, simply because no one else was doing it at the time. She studied printing techniques and began freelance illustration and design work. She is about to move to Brooklyn to work as a textile designer.



LAUREN HILLEBRANDT is interested in the value of objects and the parts they play in daily life. She often gets bored by the really obvious way we tend to look at and objects, fruits and other food. In her photos she approach the objects as decoration instead. Within seconds their original purpose disappears, and has the feeling of creating her own world again.



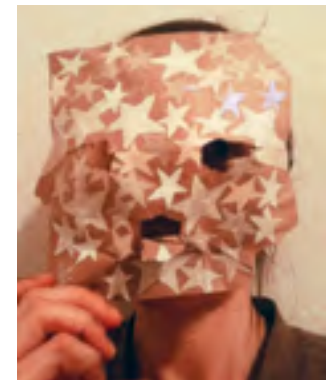
DERICK HOLT is an American graphic designer and illustrator. He art directed the first fifteen issues of the *Diner Journal*. Derick has won numerous design awards, his work has been shown at the Cooper Union, and is included in the New York public library permanent collection.



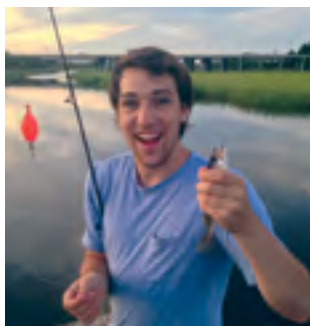
EMILY KLASS was born in Salt Lake City, Utah and currently lives and works in Brooklyn. She can often be found enjoying peaches, tomatoes and basil while mapping the universe.



RYAN KRAUSE is composer and vocal performer based in Brooklyn. Aside from being a committed cruciverbalist, Krause is also an excellent dancer and the creator of a renowned bloody mary. A difficult and sometimes pugnacious DJ, he is currently Director of 109 Gallery.



BLAZE LAMPER is a Tortilla Chip baron exiled in Bedford-Stuyvesantville; often seen walking the streets chanting the words to "Rhythm of the Night."



CHRIS NICKELS is from Athens, GA. He graduated from the Savannah College of Art and Design where he studied illustration. When he puts down his pen he enjoys the outdoors, graphic novels, fixing up old cameras and trying new foods. He loves condensing narratives into a single image, whether it be an abstract interpretation or a memorable scene.



MICAH PHILLIPS makes coffee and plays the banjo.



RYAN SCHNEIDER was born in Indianapolis, Indiana in 1980. He received his BFA from the Maryland Institute, College of Art in 2002. Schneider has participated in numerous solo and group exhibitions in New York, Los Angeles, Toronto, Seoul, London, Copenhagen, Berlin, Budapest, Austin and Texas. He was a 2010/2011 resident of the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council's Workspace program. His most recent solo exhibition, "Cast a Shadow", occurred at Hezi Cohen Gallery in Tel Aviv. His work has been featured in *Modern Painters*, *The New Yorker*, *Art in America*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *ArtInfo.com*, *New American Paintings* and *Beautiful Decay*.



(Macho) **MEL SHIMKOVITZ** is an artist and novice mentalist splitting her time between Brooklyn, Los Angeles and Mile Marker 31, New Mexico.



DAVID WEISSBERG has been designing, art directing and illustrating for the better part of long time. Often referred to as 'the man behind the scenes', happy clients include The Standard hotel, Nike, Adidas, Eames, Silas UK, Peter Gabriel, Dr Romanelli, 2K, Shepard Fairey, Jane Mayle, as well as publications like *The Daily Swarm*, *Anthem*, *Z!nc*, *Sleazation* and *XLR8R* (where he was both the Creative Director as well as the Arts, Style and Culture editor). He currently lives in Echo Park, Los Angeles with his dachshund Ira and absurd collection of coffee mugs.



SANDRA SITRON is a painter and stargazer based in Brooklyn, NY. She was born in Wisconsin in 1980 and received her BFA in Painting from Maryland Institute College of Art in 2003.



KENNETH WISS' mother and father, Chiu Ching and Hugh, don't fully understand what he does for a living. He thinks they find it strange that they sent him to school out East and he ended up working in a kitchen of some place called Diner. They love when he comes back to visit them in Minnesota and he helps prune the trees and re-tar the driveway. He is currently the Chef de Cuisine of Marlow and Diner.



COURTNEY REAGOR is a maker of stuff and things.



LIZ SOLMS is a writer who lives between Philadelphia and Jamaica where she works with small farmers. Her writing has previously been published in *The Village Voice*, *Frank Magazine* and *Glimpse* among other journals.



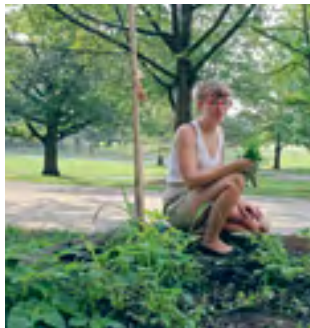
ANDREW RUMPLER is a designer/build-er making work through his studio, Nine Stories Furniture Co. He was the original owner of Louis, a bar on East 9th St. which he built and ran until 2005. From Rhode Island, his youth was spent in and around the sea, salt marshes and woods.



You already know too much about **MILLICENT SOURIS**.



PLAYLAB has been and always will be the collaborative art and design practice of Archie Lee Coates IV and Jeffrey Franklin. Officially incorporated in New York in 2008, they started making things together in 2005 and won't be stopping anytime soon.



MAGGIE PRENDERGAST was born and raised in New York City. She co-runs Welcome Workshop design studio and works as Foragers City Grocer's graphic designer. She loves vegetables, weeds, pickling and swimming.

It was extremely firm, a bludgeon, a Hitchcock-ian murder weapon. It smelled like an aged ham. There was no evidence of insects or putrescence. The ham was a marvel. I put it back in the box. —Scarlett Lindeman

