

# DINER JOURNAL

ISSUE 33

2 DECADES OF DINER

no ads / \$22







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The Diner Journal is printed by the Prolific Group in Winnipeg MB Canada under the supervision of Chris Young.

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## WHERE DOES THE TIME GO

*Anna Dunn*

I've learned, working on the Diner Journal for these last ten years, that when you ask someone why they do something a certain way, you're almost always guaranteed a good story. Why add this or that spice to your brine? Rinse the rice or soak it? Use this oil or that. And if you are lucky this kind of gentle inquisition can lead to a compelling conjuring of memory. Watch closely while someone tells you why they salt or slice an eggplant a certain way and you can even witness a little time travel, as they wander back into the folds of their life, sitting at the counter watching their mother or father peel the purple plant.

When I drink Budweiser it's because Rebecca Collerton did, and Rebecca, the sous chef at Diner when I was hired in 2005, was the coolest person I had ever met. She was butch in that effortless way I was desperate to be, had a pack of cigarettes forever tucked into the short sleeve of her chef whites, and could make me blush with the drop of a dime. Each time I twist the red and white cap off a brown bottle of sweet beer and snap it into the trash I think of her.

I shake a tiny pinch of salt into every sour cocktail I make because that's how Andrew taught me to make a lemonade one day, leaning across the Diner bar, not exactly taunting me, but not exactly cheering me on either. And after my natural (and rather embarrassing) chagrin at being told what to do, when I dipped my straw into the glass I found the drink to be enlivened. I learned to make frittata so I could be like and impress my grandfather (who was a detective) and loved to scramble eggs for his family, for the five year old me. I buy Macoun apples at the farmer's market because a friend who was grieving a terrible loss told me they were her favorite.

Maybe I buy those specific apples because I want to have one on hand if I happen to see her, a small offering is still an offering even in the wake of tidal like loss. Maybe I buy them because I want to learn to be as strong as she is, and maybe I buy them because I wish she never had to be that strong. It's not always logical, the things we do. How we are formed and impacted, how we remember what to do and why is what this Journal is about. But it is also about how we remember one another, how we move and are moved by each other. It is not always obvious, even to ourselves, but with a little attention it can weave a great story, say the story of a restaurant in Brooklyn, open just about every night, come hurricane or blizzard, for twenty years.

Some of us pursue repetition in pursuit of precision, or perfection. Some of us want to learn how to be good, or to provide, impress, or show respect. All of us want to show love for someone. It is true, and we are reminded far too often these days, the center will not hold. But it is how we hold on to one another, how we spend and remember our time here together in the kitchen, at the bar or on the bar, chopping and stirring, drinking and singing and listening, that makes up all the gravity and levity of living.



# FROM THE START

*Kate Huling*

In the early months of 1999 Andrew, Caroline, Mark, and I lived and breathed Diner. She was our universe and we felt no pull to ever leave her ramshackle, drafty, tin, tile, and oak refuge. Why would we want to leave anyway? Everyone we ever loved came to us, night after night without exception, and we got to serenade them with Radiohead and Rodriguez and feed them from the same tiny menu, with ice cold Presidentes to wash it all down.

For the most part Mark was behind the bar. Andrew took the front room, and I was in the back room, always talking too much to one table while grossly neglecting the rest of my section. And some nights Caroline needed help in the kitchen, and we all got to take turns making salads.

I remember many days when we sat around planning out these salads: The Beet, The Greek and The Goat Cheese. And I remember making them again and again and again, always with way too much dressing..

Here is one of my favorites, shared with you with so much love so you can make it in your house. Think of us, french fry grease glistening on our skin, sweating, salty, oily and vinegary, and smelling of burgers, making these for you back then. If Mark was back there, he would have had a blue side towel on his head, a white Marks & Spencer under shirt, kung fu pants, Birkenstock Birki Clogs, and a pitcher of margaritas.

## THE BEET SALAD

Many of the salads became variations of each other. Sometimes a beet salad was a Greek salad, but with walnuts. This was my personal fave; romaine, parsley, dill, mint, grated beets, walnuts, feta, and mustard vinaigrette.—*Kate Huling*

This is an updated hybrid of the original Beet Salad and The Goat Cheese salad. It might sound basic, and it is, but in the positive sense. This is a good salad that can be made quickly with simple ingredients and enjoyed enormously. As with all good salads, nuts and cheese make this a deeply satisfying meal.—*Caroline Fianza*

### FOR THE SALAD

beets, raw and grated (Kate's all time favorite salad ingredient!)  
fennel, sliced thin  
mixed spicy greens like arugula, watercress, mustard  
goat cheese  
walnuts, toasted  
mustard vinaigrette, see below

### DRESSING

1 cup extra virgin olive oil  
1/3 cup red wine vinegar  
1 teaspoon dijon mustard  
1 garlic clove, thinly sliced  
large pinch of salt

If you have a food processor with a grating attachment, use that for the beets. Otherwise you can use a box grater, not nearly as attractive a final product, but it will do the trick. You can also julienne raw beets with a knife. Thinly slice fennel on a mandolin (ideally) or by hand.

Gently dress greens with the vinaigrette and arrange in a bowl or on a plate. Toss beets with vinaigrette and sprinkle on top of greens. Do the same with the fennel. Dollop goat cheese all around and then crumble walnuts with your hands as you add them to the salad. Serve.



# HOW TO LIE, CHEAT & STEAL OR HOW TO MAKE A SALAD

Lee Desrosiers

As a novice cook, success on the Diner line seemed a matter of life or death. I was perpetually nervous as hell to screw up and fall behind. I did both nightly, and when I did, it felt like I was so deep in a hole I'd never get out. Panic loomed so close I had to squint to avoid its shadow. The sound of the printer, the chef calling out orders, pans crashing with precision, and the drone of a high powered fan pumping the cooking smells into the streets filled my ears with a rhythm that I yearned to be in step with, but inevitably wound up beats behind. And so, what started as kitchen music, became for a me a siren alerting me to my own shortcomings. That's how it felt as I tossed and plated greens in dressing on, what the other cooks regarded as, the easiest station the kitchen had to offer. I would try to focus, remembering to taste and stay organized, but I was often as not left scrambling to remember when to plate what, and how many of each thing I needed to make. It was beyond discouraging, but even so, I couldn't walk away. I was driven to find a way to do what was required, to make each salad the same size, arranged beautifully, evenly dressed, and tastefully well balanced.

Taking pity on me, a more seasoned guy shared his view on how to get through and get better. He said the secret is to learn how to *lie, cheat, and steal*. I wasn't initially (or honestly for many years to come), exactly sure what he meant, but I sensed immediately that to survive in the kitchen I'd have to bring my whole self to the job and hold nothing back, not the good or the rough parts. I would have to do whatever it takes, even if that involved lying to myself a little to get by or taking shortcuts to keep up or even stealing so that I would have what I needed for the night on the line.

All that to make a salad you might ask? Yes. A salad seems basic. Little or no cooking is involved, but there is so much that can go awry. The simpler the preparation the more grossly obvious each mistake becomes. Complicated salads with lots of ingredients and strong flavors I could fake my way through, but an arugula salad dressed in lemon, salt, and olive oil became my albatross.

So what do you do when there is no supple vinaigrette to hide behind? Arugula salad demands that you strain your tongue to find the perfect balance. There is no recipe for this. All arugula is not created equal. Wild or older arugula is sometimes best cooked or even heavily massaged and wilted, while younger arugula requires light handling and sometimes depending on the application needs nothing at all. You need to feel the ingredients and taste them naked. What does it need? Is it tender? Spicy? Sweet? Herbal? Does it have natural salinity or savoriness? Consider the ingredients and then apply them, and slowly build them together. The result of this meditation I've found is the subtle balance that is fundamental in cooking well.

When you bring your whole self to the craft, cooking becomes a way of life. To be successful at the job, sometimes it means you have to lie, cheat, and steal, but it can only get you so far. Dressing a salad requires paying close attention to a feeling, not repeating a recipe. Simplicity can not be replicated or faked.

# PISSALADIÈRE

Marc Pavlovic

I have very fond memories of Diner. What was the most striking to me was the way teamwork resulted in the seemingly effortless execution of food, coming out of a very tiny kitchen.

The food itself was simple, but made with lots of love and respect. Ingredients don't have to be fancy to make a very good dish. The execution and cooking techniques applied to very simple ingredients is what made Diner successful. There was no recipe box in the kitchen and all the great food was made off the top of Cheffie's head, and communicated to us during the "mise en place" time before service. Attached is a classic recipe that I tuned and adapted to my liking, very simple made with inexpensive and everyday ingredients that need some basic attention but transform if you get it right. Caramelized onion, olive, and anchovy tart...Long live Diner!!

## FOR THE DOUGH

8.8 oz of bread flour	5 Tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
big pinch of salt	1 teaspoon dry yeast
1/3 cup cold water	

Sift the flour and salt on your work surface, make a well then add water, oil, and dry yeast. Stir with your fingers first to incorporate slowly the liquid into flour then knead until homogenous, smooth, and elastic. Place in a bowl and leave covered with plastic wrap at room temperature for a minimum of 45 minutes to 1 hour.

## FOR THE FILLING

2 1/2 lbs yellow onions, sliced	water and deboned
1 Tablespoon thyme, picked fresh	3 oz Nicoise olives, pitted
3 cloves of garlic, chopped	1 pinch ground cloves
3 bay leaves	fresh cracked black pepper
8 salted anchovies, rinsed in cold	1/3 cup extra virgin olive oil

Preheat oven to 375. Heat the oil to a smoking point in a large shallow cooking pot on the stove top. Add your onions at once, stir rapidly then lower your flame to the lowest possible. Add garlic, thyme, bay leaves, cloves, and season with pepper.

Keep cooking on a low flame, stirring from time to time to cook your onions evenly. They should not be colored and not resistant to the tooth at the end of cooking time. This should take 30 to 45 minutes. Set aside.

Roll your dough round a tart ring mold or sheet pan. Spread your onions on top and top with the anchovy fillets and olives. Bake in oven until your crust is done. Let cool. This tart is better served at room temperature than hot.

# STEPHEN TANNER'S MEATLOAF

*Carolyn Bane*

For me, Stephen Tanner's meatloaf is a quintessential Diner no-recipe recipe. I can't recall if he made it for family meal or as a lunch special, but it was sweet and full of cornichons. Stephen made this meatloaf twice and when I told him how delicious it was, he made me make it thereon. (Classic Stephen.) Any time I had to cook for him had me seriously shaking and questioning my life because as IF it would be half as good, and that is not false modesty. I really wanted to please him. If something passed muster with Stephen he would let you know, and that was doubly relieving because then it had Caroline's tacit approval. This may or may not have been true, but probably was more often than not.

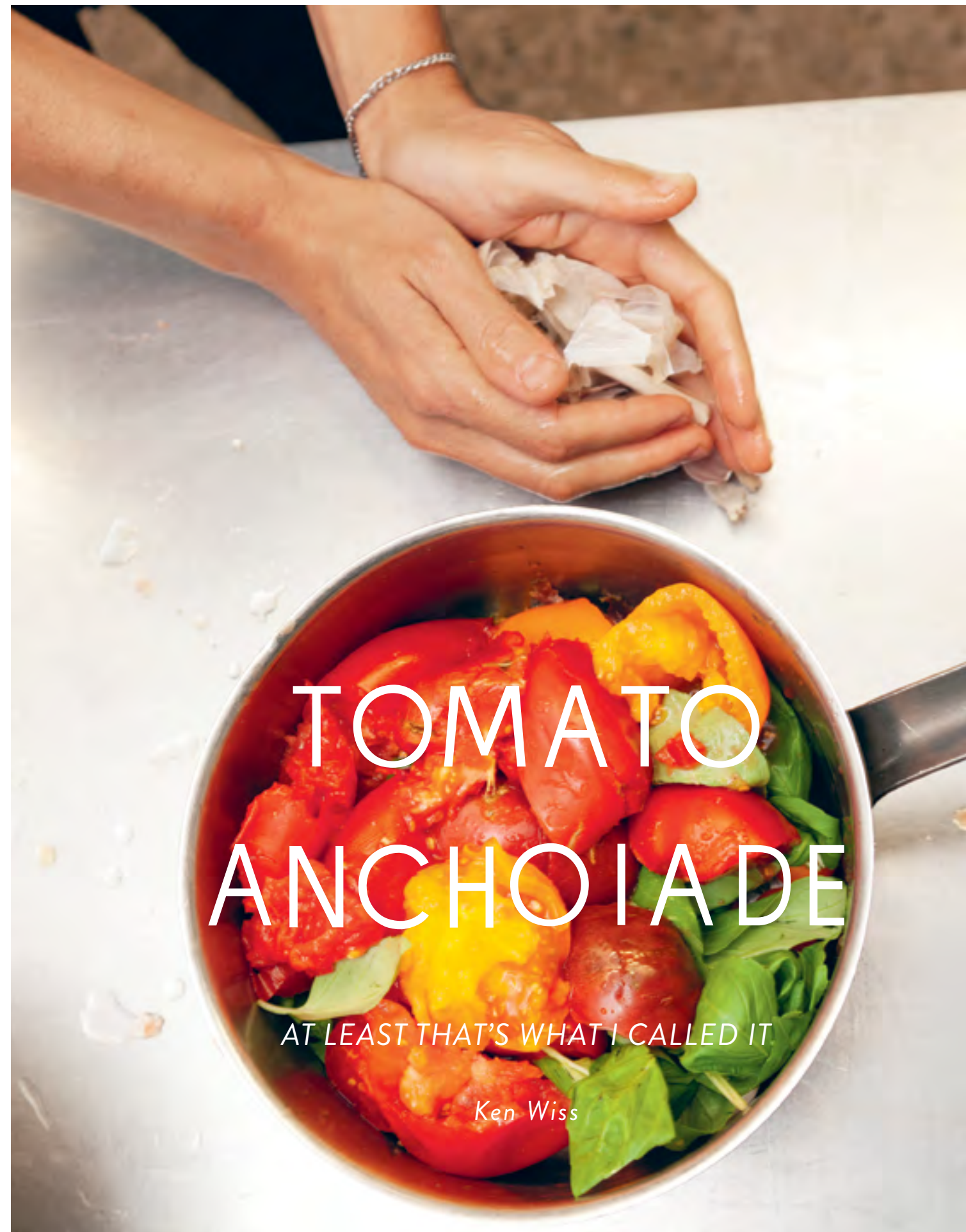
The highest compliment Tanner would give is that a dish "tastes like it came out of a can." I started calling him *O Great One* and it became a mutual nickname. Lunch service was followed by *Presidentes* on the bench. There's so much of my life that's a blur, but Diner was a transformative time for me and I remember it well.

- 1 large onion, small dice
- 2 lbs ground beef
- ½ cup cornichons, chopped
- 1 cup toasted plain bread crumbs, ideally from fresh bread
- 2 teaspoons onion powder
- ¼ cup + 2 Tablespoons barbecue sauce (or ketchup)
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- 1½ teaspoons salt

Chop the onion and sauté on medium heat. Once the onion is soft and translucent, turn up the heat to brown the onion edges a bit. Mix all ingredients in a bowl. If it seems dry add more barbecue sauce or ketchup bit by bit, the mixture should not be too wet to form in a loaf. Cover a small sheet pan in foil. Form your meat loaf in the middle, about 2-3 inches high and 4-5 inches across. Brush the meatloaf with 1T barbecue sauce. Bake at 350. Cook until it reaches an internal temperature of 145, brush with remaining barbecue sauce and turn up the heat to caramelize a bit and the meatloaf is done at 150. Meatloaf should be cooked through. Let it rest 10-20 minutes and enjoy.







This is a great way to use ripe and over ripe tomatoes. It can be a sauce or something like a dressing depending on your ratio of tomatoes and olive oil. I like to use it over grilled or pan toasted bread, cooked vegetables like zucchini or string beans or new potatoes. It's also really satisfying on a steak.

### *FOR EVERY 2 LARGE TOMATOES*

1 handful of cherry tomatoes for sweetness

6-8 anchovy fillets

(I really like oil cured but salt cured will work fine after soaking)

1 head's worth garlic cloves, peeled

1-2 handfuls basil (not essential, but it's pretty necessary)

olive oil, you can use whatever you like for dressing salads

Heat oven to 350 degrees. You'll need a medium sized sauce pot. Core the tomatoes and cut into wedges or, if ripe enough, simply break up the tomatoes by hand and drop into pot. Add all other ingredients to pot. Pour olive oil up to about an inch from the top of the ingredients. Cover with foil or lid. It'll take around 45 minutes in the oven but start checking after 30 minutes. You want to cook until the garlic is completely soft but not so far as to fry and caramelize it. Once the garlic is soft pour everything including oil into a food mill over a mixing bowl or bain. I like a food mill for this because it keeps behind the tomato skins and basil stems and I like the pulpy texture it makes. But if you don't have a mill then you can either pass it through a sieve or pulse in a food processor.

If I were planning to use this with bread I'd go heavier on tomatoes, but if I were using this to dress vegetables or steak I'd go heavier on anchovies and oil. There's no wrong way to make this. There's only the sadness of tomato season ending and having to wait a year for it to come back.



# POLPETTE

Ryan Brunette

Last week I was making polpette and sort of yelling out loud how much I love them. “Oh my god, I fucking love meatballs.” And like many things, I love them because I once hated them, for what could be less like what I love, less like jazz, high art or fashion than the meatball?

While I was making salads at Diner, Caroline was running all sorts of fun small dishes. One in particular is something I have never stopped making, and the first night we served it I was nearly drooling in shock over my excitement at the discovery. Neither needlessly laborious nor crudely savage like the usual man’s meatball (diced and sauteed onions, tomato sauce, dumb secret ingredients), polpette or polpettini are tiny meatballs, small and delicate. These were loaded with parmigiano and blood-cleansing parsley, and they were cooked to order, which was marvelous: a hot pan on an induction burner, the tiny fragrant meatballs were swirled in fat, browning all over until deglazed with a crushed lemon that coated them in a piquant cream. Or did we serve them in bowls with yet more parsley, whole leaves of it softened and brightened from cooking in a ladle of hot parmigiano broth? I made them last night, in fact, in lamb broth littered with soft summer herbs.

Diner, myself, and transformation are no strangers. Good cooking results in something greater than its ingredients, and these polpette, unbound by spaghetti or tomato, just in and of themselves, are how I’ve wanted to cook and eat every day since that night.

½ bunch parsley, plus some extra  
for garnish  
3–4 large cloves garlic  
1 Tablespoon salt  
¼ baguette

½ lb ground beef  
½ lb ground pork  
2 oz Parmigiano Reggiano, grated

Pick parsley then wash and dry in a salad spinner. Make a paste with the garlic either in a mortar and pestle or by finely mincing it and then adding some of the salt alternating between chopping the garlic and mashing it into a paste with the flat blade of your knife.

Dice the baguette and then toss with olive oil and salt. Toast in a 350 oven until deeply golden. Let bread cool and dry out and then put it into a food processor and begin to pulse until you have coarse crumbs. Add the cleaned parsley and process into as fine a crumb as you can, which won’t be as fine as commercial breadcrumbs.

Place beef, pork, garlic, breadcrumbs and cheese into a mixing bowl and mix very well, really working the meat into a sticky paste. Season with salt. When meat is fully mixed start to form walnut-sized meatballs.

Heat a pan with olive oil and when the pan is hot add the meatballs being careful not to overcrowd the pan. Once the meatballs start to brown shake the pan to roll them and brown on all sides. When meatballs are brown and firm to the touch add a little butter and lemon juice to the pan along with a pinch of the additional parsley. Serve.



# CHEDDAR SCONES

*Sarah Sanneh*

I have no idea what the provenance of this recipe is but it's the gold standard to me and will forever taste like my days in the basement of Marlow & Sons.

- 2 $\frac{2}{3}$  cups AP flour
- 1 Tablespoon baking powder
- pinch cayenne
- 2 Tablespoons fresh herbs
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 4 oz butter, cold and cubed
- 3 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream
- 1 cup cheddar, grated
- 2 Tablespoons Parmesan, grated

Any true Marlow recipe is stored in recycled yogurt containers, so I hope you're hungry cause the first step is to finish two quarts of full fat organic plain local yogurt. Combine AP, baking powder, cayenne, chopped herbs (chef's choice but it's not an herb scone without dill) and salt and pulse with cold butter until pea sized. Pour into empty yogurt container and refrigerate overnight for no reason except that even when you live across the street, getting a breakfast spread ready by 8 a.m. means you're getting up pretty early so you want to get as much done ahead of time as you can. So, whisk eggs, milk, cheddar, and Parmesan and store in the other empty yogurt container. Put the lid on and shake vigorously. Refrigerate. Finish your shift, clean up, write a note for the next day, change your clothes, hang out with co-workers, come back early the next morning and turn the oven on to 425. Nothing about the recipe requires an overnight rest, but sometimes the baker does.

In the morning combine yogurt container one and container two in a large bowl. Like any scone or dough you want to keep it tenderoni, so use a rubber spatula to just barely mix it. Especially this recipe because if you work it too much the herbs will dye the whole thing green. Once it's mostly together dump the dough onto a work table and work it with your hands just enough that it's not craggy. Use a rolling pin to give it a nice flat top, and work the edges into a big circle. It should be about the size and shape of a potato tortilla (see page 29). Use a sharp knife to cut into 6 wedges and place on silpat lined sheet pan. For a very clean looking sharp edged scone flip the wedge after you cut it so the bottom is now the top. Brush with egg wash, sprinkle with a little more grated cheese and flake salt and bake for 15 minutes.



# SALT COD



# PANCAKES

*José Soto*

The story behind this dish started a long time ago when dinosaurs roamed the earth, and I worked at Savoy. But I just recalled it recently when Andrew and Caroline sent me an email asking me to contribute to the *Diner Journal*. I love the *Journal*. And when they asked me to write about salt cod pancakes I was like *Holy Shit Andrew remembers that?* Even I couldn't think of it right then. I had to reactivate my brain cells. It was a long time ago that I made A Duck Leg Duck Egg Pancake at Savoy.

When I started at Diner Caroline asked me to come up with a brunch special. I made a Salt Cod Pancake and it was a piece of heaven. The pancake became a staple at brunch and there were different variations on it, like a Wild Rice & Sweet Potato Pancake with Roasted Egg and Salsa Verde. But the Salt Cod Pancake and Salsa Roja is forever my favorite. I made it with salsa roja because I wanted to show off to Jose Grande and Ruben. This salsa is bright and spicy and just simply a down to earth taste, and once you taste it with the broken egg yolk it creates a wonderful richness, yet the soul and kick are still present.

## FOR SALSA ROJA

- 4 ancho chiles
- 6 medium tomatillos
- 2 jalapeños
- 8 cloves garlic
- 2 Tablespoons whole coriander seed, ground
- 1 Tablespoon kosher salt
- black pepper

Place the anchos in a cast iron skillet on the stove and toast on all sides until charred and puffy. Remove anchos and place tomatillos, jalapeños, and garlic cloves in the skillet and toast on medium high heat charring everything. Remove the stems and seeds from the anchos and put them in a pot. Add the charred tomatillos, jalapeños, and garlic to the anchos and add just enough water to cover. Simmer until soft. Place everything in the blender and puree with ground coriander, salt, and a crack of black pepper.

## FOR FOUR PANCAKES

1 lb salt cod (or Pollock), soaked in water overnight  
4 medium Yukon gold potatoes  
juice of 1 lemon  
½ medium yellow onion, sliced  
2 teaspoons Pommery mustard  
2 sprigs thyme, picked  
2 scallions, sliced  
3 eggs, plus 4 for frying  
canola oil

Place the salt cod into a large container and run cold water over it until the water runs clear. Leave cod submerged in water in the refrigerator overnight. When ready to make the pancake, lift the cod out of the soaking water and put in a pot. Cover cod with fresh water and warm the cod without bringing it up to a boil. Once the cod is warm remove from the heat. You don't want to let the cod get tough by boiling it. Let it cool in the water and then break apart into large chunks being careful to look for and remove any bones. Peel potatoes and grate on a box grater then squeeze potato, discarding the water that comes off of them. Mix potato with onion and lemon juice and toss to coat. Add thyme, Pommery mustard, scallions, and salt cod. Gently toss. Add 3 eggs and gently toss again, being careful not to break up cod or make the mixture gummy.

Get your sauté pan nice and hot add canola oil. When hot add 2 scoops of the cod batter into the pan and create a circular pancake. When pancake has some color flip it and take an unbroken egg and create a crater by lightly pressing the oval end into the pancake, and then crack the egg into it. Throw the pan in a preheated 400 degree oven for about 5 minutes until egg is cooked yet still runny. Don't overcook it. When pancake and egg are cooked to perfection, remove from oven, and slather sauce all over the pancake. Now you may eat!





*Caroline Fianza*

The potato tortilla made its way onto the Diner menu once in a while but it wasn't until we opened Marlow & Sons that it became a daily feature. It's a joy to have a tortilla by your side everyday. It's the perfect remedy to hunger that you don't want to have to tend to. Slice a piece off and you are set for hours. But let's not sell it short. Tortilla is also a luxurious, almost voluptuous treat. A truly stellar culinary player. This makes a very large tortilla, plenty to serve 10-12. You can easily halve this recipe. But it is fun to make a big one.

### *FOR THE POTATO TORTILLA*

12 yukon gold potatoes, peel and thinly slice

olive oil, pomace

1 large yellow onion, thinly sliced

12 eggs

salt

Peel and thinly slice the potatoes. Place in a Dutch oven and cover with oil (this will take a lot of oil.) Turn the heat up to medium and bring the potatoes up to a simmer. When the potatoes are about two-thirds done (the outside will be cooked but the interior still al dente) add the onion to the pot and cook until everything is soft. The potatoes will be starting to fall apart at this point. Strain potatoes and reserve the oil to use for other culinary preparations, this potato-y oil can be used to cook just about anything. Transfer strained potatoes and onions to a large mixing bowl and add a good amount of salt to season. Let cool for 10 minutes, then add the eggs directly to the mixing bowl. Vigorously stir eggs into the potato mixture and then taste the raw egg for salt, adding more as necessary. A tortilla takes a lot of salt, don't be shocked.

Heat a 12 inch cast iron skillet to smoking. Add the potato oil to cover the pan in an even layer then add the potato mixture to the pan. Bring the heat down to low and cook for about half an hour, running a spatula around the perimeter of the tortilla and rotating the pan to cook evenly. After half an hour, if tortilla seems sufficiently set, flip the tortilla onto a plate or pan lid large enough to cover the pan, slip tortilla back into pan, and then cook on the other side. Continue to shape the tortilla by pushing the sides of the tortilla with a spatula so that it develops a nice, shapely form. Flip tortilla out again onto a serving platter.





### *FOR THE SALSA VERDE*

- 1 cup parsley, picked and washed
- 1 Tablespoon capers
- 1 clove garlic, very thinly sliced
- pinch sea salt
- juice of 1 Lemon
- 3 Tablespoons olive oil
- can of sardines, in oil

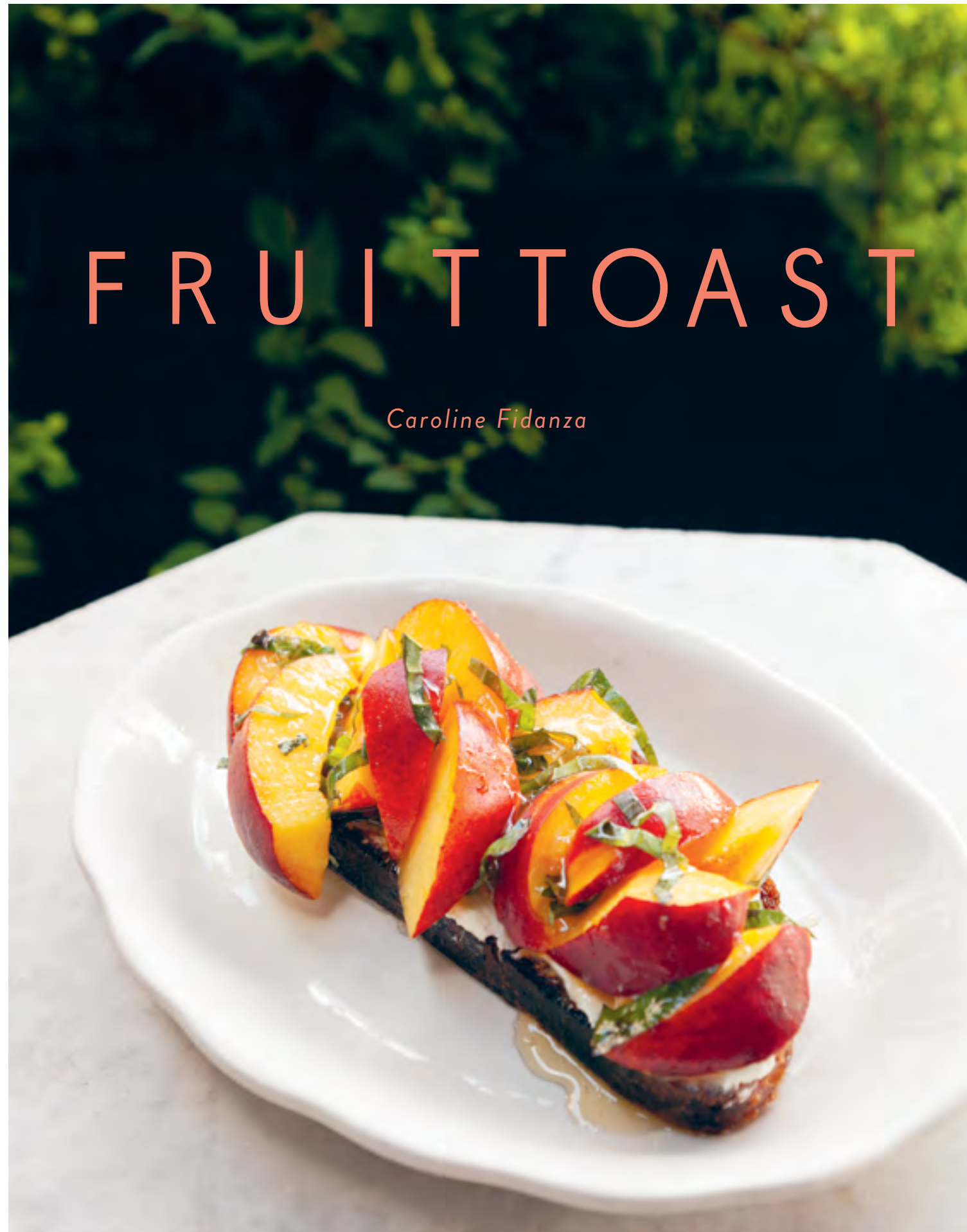
Place parsley in a bowl and toss with capers, garlic, sea salt, lemon juice, and olive oil. Let sit for a couple of minutes to work together, but don't let sit too long or the parsley will wilt too much.

Choose good quality oil-packed sardines. Ortiz are commonly available but we used Ramon Pena sardines.

To serve, slice a portion of tortilla and put on a plate with sardines alongside and salsa verde lightly draped over both.

# FRUIT TOAST

*Caroline Fidanza*



There was always toast on the Diner menu. At some point, a few years in, I discovered Stracchino cheese. This cheese has absolutely no structure. It's basically a liquid, but it's rich and creamy, tangy and perfect. We ran it for a long time with fresh peaches, into roasted plums and had a good few months of fruit toast. I don't think it's that common to find Stracchino, also known as Crescenza, but there are many cheeses that could be recruited for the same purpose.

sourdough batard, sliced

ripe peaches

Stracchino, Crescenza, or just plain ricotta cheese

honey

coarse sea salt, like Fleur de Sel

extra Virgin olive oil

Drizzle sourdough bread with olive oil and toast on a grill or in a cast iron skillet. Slice peaches and toss them with olive oil. Once bread is toasted spread a thick layer of Stracchino on the toast and then assemble the peaches on top of the cheese. Drizzle with honey and sprinkle with sea salt.

# GOULD'S CHICKEN NUGGETS

(CIRCA 2007-2008)

*Tom Mylan*

Dave. Fucking. Gould. I'm sure he was a nice enough kid before Gramercy Tavern got a hold of him but, much like the way that Sauron the Necromancer tortured elves until they became goblins, he emerged on the other side of his time there with a deeply fucked up and twisted sense of what deep prep could be. If you have ever complained about picking a quart of thyme leaves I assure you that you know nothing of the type of endless tedium Mr. Gould can unleash. This recipe is a perfect example. The only thing that made the job of making sometimes 40 or 60 of these things every other day even remotely OK was the fact that the dish was fucking perfect. While the brick chicken lives on today as a classic of the Diner/Marlow universe THIS menu item is the best chicken thing Dave Fucking Gould has ever created.

Before you embark on this recipe let me game plan it for you because there are many steps, most of them annoying, and all of them are important:

You are going to make chicken stock the night before with roasted chicken bones and water in equal measure by volume. No vegetables. Just bones. Season the stock so that it does not potentially leach salinity from the nuggets as they braise. Debone whole chicken legs. Beat deboned legs with a small saucepan until evenly flat. Season deboned legs. Cut up chicken breast and chill in freezer. Soak bread in cream. Pick thyme. Make forcemeat out of breast meat. Stuff and roll legs. Wrap legs with two layers of heavy plastic wrap. Braise wrapped nuggets in chicken stock. Cool nuggets and refrigerate overnight. Brown nuggets in a pan. Finish in hot oven. Make pan sauce. Slice nuggets. Serve. Easy, right?

4 whole chicken legs (drumstick and thigh attached)	1 heaping Tablespoon thyme, fresh picked and chopped
2 quarts homemade chicken stock (or enough to cover)	zest of ½ lemon
1 6-8 oz boneless chicken breast	1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1½ cup fresh fancy bread torn into fingertip sized pieces	or
1 medium shallot, minced	1 teaspoon fresh sage, finely minced
16 oz heavy cream	freshly ground black pepper
1 whole large pastured egg or 2 small eggs	kosher salt

Begin by placing the fresh bread pieces in a bowl and add enough cream to almost cover the chunks. Next cut the chicken breast into ½ inch cubes making sure to remove any tendons or stringy stuff. Place the chicken in the freezer to chill for 20 minutes. While the chicken chills and the bread soaks, sauté the shallots in butter until translucent (about 5 minutes) and place them in the fridge to cool.

Now debone the chicken legs with a very sharp knife (a paring knife works well) by running the knife along the thigh, drumstick, and the joint. Do this slowly and very carefully so as to get as much of the meat away from the bone without piercing the chicken skin. Finally free the boneless “book” of the chicken leg from the end of the drumstick by running the knife around the top of the knuckle. What you will be left with should be a nice rectangular piece of skin-on, boneless chicken.

Whack the meat side of the “book” with a meat mallet or the bottom of a smallish, heavy saucepan to make the meat even and flat. Season both sides liberally with salt and pepper and set aside in refrigeration while you get the filling together.

In a large food processor bowl (with a sharp blade) add the following things in the order as listed: cream soaked bread (leave excess cream in the soaking bowl), shallots, egg(s), thyme, sage, poultry seasoning, lemon zest, ½ tsp black pepper, 2 big pinches of kosher salt and the chicken breast cubes. Begin pulsing the mixture until it is a paste and then slowly add reserved cream until you have a firmish batter.

Now the gross part. Take a tiny bit of the batter on the tip of your pinky and taste it for seasoning. Yes, it is raw. Please use excellent quality air-chilled chicken that is as fresh as possible. Anyway, it should be well balanced and not salty. If it is under seasoned add another pinch of salt, pulse a few times and taste again and adjust if needed and then place in the refrigerator to rest and chill.

Next lay out a sheet of heavy duty food safe plastic wrap that is large enough to give you about 4 inches on each side of the boneless chicken leg when it is laid flat and parallel with the edges of the square of wrap. You'll want a roll of the industrial 18 inch stuff for this, not the home gamer cling wrap stuff as it will likely be too thin for the step after next.

Using a spoon or a small spatula place a 1 inch wide bead of the forcemeat down the length of the booked leg, parallel to the bottom of the cutting board facing your body and then carefully roll the leg meat up around the forcemeat using the plastic wrap, taking note to not use so much force that the filling squirts out the ends. Now roll the leg as snugly as you can with the plastic wrap, force out any air bubbles and then twist the ends of the wrap to seal the package and fold them over the center of the roll. Repeat this with another piece of wrap and this time tie off the ends with a tight knot. If you are having trouble accomplishing all this filling, rolling, and wrapping try chilling the filling for 10-15 minutes in the freezer to make it less squishy. Fill and roll the rest of the legs and allow them to rest in the fridge.

Time for a bath! Place all the rolls in a snug fitting casserole dish, Dutch oven, or Hotel pan and cover them with seasoned chicken stock. If you discover that you are a bit short on stock feel free to add water and enough salt that the stock is properly seasoned. (Like chicken soup level salty, ok?) Cover the container and place in a preheated 325 degree oven for 1 hour. Remove from the oven, pop the corners of the wrap and allow to cool to room temp before you refrigerate. These will hold for 3–5 days.

To finish unwrap the rolls and brown up the skin on the outside in a medium hot oven safe pan, preferably using chicken fat. When they are nicely brown all the way around slide the pan into a 375 degree oven for 10 minutes or until the centers are hot. Remember this is only to reheat them. They are already cooked. Set aside to rest and make a quick sauce by deglazing the pan with some of your braising stock, reduce the stock over high heat, taste for salt and finish with the juice of half a lemon or so. Slice the McNugget into ¾ inch slices, arrange over buttery mashed potatoes and drizzle with pan sauce to serve.

## OLIVE OIL CAKE

*Elizabeth Schula*

I first thought I'd like to write about mayonnaise, even though not much more can be said about the subject. Caroline covered that pretty well in the *Saltie Cookbook*. I wanted to write something light and funny, and tell a tale or two about our experiences with it at Diner. I was remembering walking into the basement, witnessing Leonardo hovering over a five gallon bucket with the magic wand, mixing up gallons of eggs and olive oil. In a singsong voice he would bellow "Mayonaysa, Mayonaysa" every time he made it, and if I joined in he would break out in "besa mi mucho." I'm pretty sure that by the time I quit working on the line I'd consumed a five gallon bucket of the stuff myself. The crew go-to snack was the leftover extra crispy bits of french fries left in the bottom of the salting bowl; I mainly used them as a vehicle for mayo.

The subject of mayonnaise doesn't really stand up to the depth of my experiences working at Diner. But the ingredients, the bright fresh flavors of olive oil, eggs and lemon, could define that whole era.

When I first started working at Diner, in the fall of 2000, I had just moved to Brooklyn from Seattle, and prior to that I had lived in San Francisco, so I was used to cooking on the West Coast. I was spoiled by the amazing co-ops and farmers markets and by having the freshest ingredients possible at my fingertips. Sustainability was already part of my vocabulary, humanely raised animals and responsibly fished fish were normal. New York was a rude awakening: no co-ops, not even a Whole Foods. Union Square market was there, to be sure, but it was pretty bleak as far as I was concerned. While I was job hunting, I "staged" at a few well known Manhattan restaurants. I was disappointed to learn that most of these places were using pretty bad conventional produce and meats. The kitchens I tried out seemed so dated and dark and the food mostly left me uninspired. By the time I ended up at Savoy and met Peter Hoffman, I was relieved. Finally a seasonal and farm to table menu! He didn't have any openings

in his kitchen, but sent me to Diner, a new place that had opened in Williamsburg. Caroline, a former employee of his, was their Chef, and he recommended her highly. The minute I walked into the beautifully restored dining car, I felt at home. To me, there was a west coast vibe: open, airy, bright, fresh, cool. Caroline and I hit it off. I met Andrew and Mark, was smitten, and was hired.

In those days we didn't have a pastry chef. It was up to the cooks to whip something up for dessert, and it was often done on the fly. My favorite was Caroline's recipe for Olive Oil Cake. This was an easy, foolproof one bowl affair. It was something new and delicious: a dose of sunshine. That cake represented a new beginning for me and influenced so many recipes to follow. Nine years later, when Caroline, Rebecca and I created Saltie, we put an olive oil cake on our menu because we were still taken with it. That recipe (in the *Saltie Cookbook*) is hard to beat. But things change, times change, and, as I now mostly avoid wheat, I created this recipe using corn flour. Because I now live upstate and have a garden, I'm also constantly trying to find uses for zucchini, so I've incorporated that as well. This cake has a dense, super moist, almost pudding-like texture. Still, it manages to be fresh and bright.

¾ cup corn flour

3 Tablespoons polenta (or coarse ground cornmeal)

½ teaspoon baking powder

¼ teaspoon salt

2 eggs

½ cup sugar

½ cup extra virgin olive oil

1 cup (packed) grated zucchini

2 teaspoons lemon zest

Preheat the oven to 325. In a medium bowl whisk the corn flour, polenta, baking powder, and salt. In a separate large bowl whisk the eggs with the sugar. Whisk in the olive oil. Add the zucchini and lemon zest. Stir in the flour mixture and combine well. Pour into a 9" by 5" buttered loaf pan and bake for about 40 minutes, or until a toothpick comes out clean.

# TUNA PUFFS

Nicole Bailey

These are tuna and dehydrated mashed potato puffs. A recipe my mom made from the only cookbook she ever owned, titled *How to Boil Water*. She was an incredibly bad cook. It's so out of print the rare copy now costs 48 dollars. I once was gonna buy it for my sister as a nostalgic Christmas present, but was appalled by the price tag. It has a whole hand drawn section explaining to new housewives how you can't cook if you are too busy watching TV. There's an image forever imprinted in my brain of a nice lady in inexplicable knee socks watching TV while things are burning in the kitchen behind her. The recipe itself I learned many hundreds of years later is an unclassy riff on brandade. And it's incredibly delicious and a piece of my life.

- 2 Tablespoons butter
- 2 cups Bob's Red Mill potato flakes
- 2 cans tuna, drained
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- kosher salt

Melt the butter in a medium pot and then turn the heat off and let cool. Add tuna, breaking it up as you add it to the pan. Add potato flakes, the cup of milk, and a pinch of salt. Shape into 4 large balls and bake at 425 on a sheet tray for 30 minutes until puffs are crispy. Options and additions include chopped onion, garlic flavored potato flakes, and chopped parsley.



# A LIFE STUFFED WITH SONGBIRDS

*Chris Kronner*

Cold outside. Warm in here. Lunch can lead anywhere. This process can intensify a feeling of immediate living. Half a roasted chicken. Half a grilled peach. Half a glass of songbirds. From coast to coast to coast to coast to coast. We are whatever you are. No birthday lamb dinner is complete without an informative karate demonstration. No cat goes hungry. No glass remains empty. No space for quiet. Ears full of songbirds. Everything at once all of the time especially when time is everything. Build a fire. Bring your friends. Radiating songbirds in every direction. You have no edges. They're already here. A meal that makes you hungry. Not in sentence form. Or prose. I will make you fire tea. You'll spend our first night together alone with the oysters. We'll meet again for the first time. Ignore the snow. Ignore the wind. How many ways to skin so many rabbits. A structure whose shape doesn't serve your purpose. It gives purpose. Hollow bones made of songbirds. Lay everything on the table. All the empty bottles and bags. What is Sean going to tell the pastry chef. We took it all in. So did they. A temple masquerading as a chophouse. An aviary in disguise. A songbird collider. Everything left is empty was never full. We aren't sad about it. Space for more. There is a room at the castle. What's the recipe. What's the score. Too many to count. You need to get to that number to actually know. Chapter after chapter. Line after line. Who needs a cover once you learn to read. Too many cameras in the basement. Where are we. What are you. He gave me a key to nearly every door and opened the book to any page. We're at the bottom of that pile of leaves. We are everything at once. How to cook a wolf. How to boil a belt. Laying in the sun hungry for snow. We are overflowing. Stuffed with songbirds. Room for more. Just do it on the street. The rooms keep multiplying. An ankle fire will do. I don't know. Time doesn't change anything. Stay full of songbirds and you won't dry out. We can carry you. The door takes you back to a place you have never been. The light only went out when the candle hit the wall. That old woman that kissed you on the mouth. Songbirds move her lips. The panicked traveller. Chosen rightly for brick moving. The oven cracked from the heat. With friends like these. At the top of the stairs turn right and go up the stairs. That steer was in the closet. We need to do it in a place that's warm all year long. We are here together. We never left. We can talk about it in the heat. I can leave it on for you. Leave your bag here. Won't need it where we are going. No possession. Surrounded on all sides by songbirds. Let our fire burn to coals. Fill your lungs with that fire. Ken will never be the same. Your hospitality is unfailing. Your memory filled with songbirds. Who left this baby on the floor. Your seat is here within us. This table is big enough to share. The middle part is everything. You're too big for this place. The coals burn to cinders. Your eye is gold. We can walk home together. Beneath the ash and in the air. Not always beside one another. Never apart. Songbirds between us. All of existence a singularity. Anthracite. Stay Sparklers. Every moment. Every meal. Walnut ice cream. Anyone. The fire is everywhere. It's in your belly keeping the songbirds warm. They are hungry. So am I. Don't talk. Make them nervous. You can reveal yourself. They sing for their dinner. So will you. You'll never not be hungry again. Have you tried the songbirds. It's cold outside. Warm in here. Dinner can lead everywhere.

# BURNING THE BATCH

*Scarlett Lindeman*

I had stretched the truth to get a job at Marlow & Sons when I moved from Los Angeles to New York at 23. I had recently gone from line cook at a glorified salad bar to managing the kitchen in a relatively short amount of time. At my interview I stated, "I worked at a farm to table restaurant as a sous chef in California" shaking Dave Gould and Sean Rembold's hands just a bit too hard.

Dave and Sean were tag-team-cheffing the two kitchens with Caroline Fianza still present as a guiding force. After flailing on the line during a not so busy service, I could feel Dave and Sean watching behind me, glancing at each other with the look that means, maybe we made a mistake with this one. But I held on. I cut my teeth.

They were running a dish of creamed morel mushrooms on toast that epitomized the cooking at the time: dead simple, finely executed, both parts rich and earthy. The morels had to be agitated in cold water, sometimes three changes, to remove their grit. The cooks carefully brunoised dozens of shallots, then sweated them slowly in butter, added the mushrooms then lashed the pot with cream. They toasted bread, swiped it garlic, and mounted spoonfuls of creamy morels on top, hitting it with tiny Os of chive. Sean had the practice of hovering over the cooks when they were slicing chives, head tilted, ear close to the cutting board. If he could hear the incisions, your knife was too dull and you had to sharpen it before starting over.

Dave and Sean had a good cop/bad cop dynamic. Sean was known as the hard-ass. He had a quiet, burning intensity that you could feel. It was maybe my second day on the job when Sean charged me with making the creamed morels for Marlow dinner service. I had never used a CookTek before and didn't understand the heat. I had dumped six pounds or so of washed morels in a tall pot and waiting for them to soften I busied myself with other tasks. After 20 minutes I smelled burning. I rushed over to find a pile of raw morels sitting on top of blacked, smoking char. I freaked out and dumped the mushrooms into a hotel pan, bussing the pan quickly to the dish pit, praying it was within the spectrum of repair. Sean came into the kitchen at this moment. He took one look at the raw/carbonized mushrooms, then looked into the pot sitting in the dish pit. I tried to make myself smaller.

His eyes went wide. I saw a flash of pure horror, a blip of rage, then the tussle to contain the two and he walked, pot dangling from one hand camly towards me. My own panic started to swell.

"It looks like you burned the morels, yes?"

"Ummmm, they're a bit scorched." (Please take pity!)

"They're burned." A pause.

I nodded. Sean pushed up his glasses.

"These CookTeks are very finicky. You need to be careful about how high you take them and stir more often. Morels are VERY expensive. Ok?"

I was mortified and scared of being fired on the spot but he walked me through another batch. It was my first true culinary lesson at Marlow. The recipe was simple enough, but mastering the technique and its application in a specific set of circumstances, was the key. Later as I shifted into managerial positions of my own, I often thought of that moment. Sean did something all good chefs do. Instead of berating me, he used it as a teaching moment. He took stock of his own emotions and then expressed them in a direct, constructive way. I had made a mistake and he could see that I already knew that.

There was a similar teaching moment when Sean and I were in the weeds plating a full pass of plates of meatballs for a party. I counted the meatballs, counted plates, noticing we had an odd ball out. I popped it in my mouth. We were coming to the last three plates with Sean concentrating, hunched over the pass.

“Where’s the last one? Were missing one!” he shouted.

The meatball was in my mouth. He looked up. I froze. I saw the recognition on his face, my cheeks bulging like a chipmunk.

“Get another batch heating up!” he yelled.

Funny thing is... Ben Jackson has the same exactly story.

## REBECCA COLLERTON’S LATE NIGHT CURRY FRIES

*Caroline Fidanza*

How many nights did I spend next to Rebecca, me on sauté, her on grill? So many. She was a hell of a grill cook and got her ass handed to her most nights. How could it be any other way when she was responsible for burgers, fries, hanger steak, ribeye, chicken, mashed potatoes, mussels AND a veg plate? What a bitch of a station. No matter how bad it was, the end of the night always meant making a steak for the bartender, another one for Polin in the dish room, and late night snacks for the floor staff. The king of late night snacks were curry fries. If they were being served it meant we had a good night and everyone was in a good mood. Sometimes, ecstatic, we would turn off the lights in the kitchen leaving only the hood lights on and cook the curry with the music blasting *Someone Great* by LCD Soundsystem, Rebecca finally being handed her pint of Stella.

## FOR CURRY POWDER

½ cup coriander  
¼ cup cumin  
¼ cup fennel  
¼ cup fenugreek  
¼ cup whole black pepper  
¼ cup cardamom pods  
2 Tablespoons mustard seed  
1 Tablespoon whole cloves  
1 teaspoon anise  
1 cinnamon stick  
6 chile arbol  
6 bay leaf  
1 star anise

Gently toast all of the above. Grind in blender.

## FOR CURRY FRIES

6 shallots, thinly sliced  
2 Tablespoons curry powder  
olive oil and butter  
1 cup chicken stock, or water  
1 cup cream  
French fries, or boiled, smashed and crisped up potatoes  
4 scallions, thinly sliced  
sea salt

Cook the shallots with a pinch of sea salt in a combination of olive oil and butter until golden. Add curry powder and cook on low heat to toast the powder and cook out the raw flavor. Add chicken stock and reduce. Add cream and reduce again. Turn off heat and add scallions then pour over the cooked fries. Alternatively, you can use yogurt in place of cream, just add it off the heat and don’t cook it down.



Employee Must Wash  
Hands Before Returning





# CLABBERED COTTAGE CHEESE

*Patch Troffer*

Buy a gallon of good milk, and try to buy it raw. Put the milk in a stainless steel pot and cover with a lid. Leave out on the counter to sour. You'll know it is sour because it will smell and taste sour. It will also have separated itself into curds and whey, a magical result of ambient beneficial bacteria converting milk sugars to acid, and a soft white raft floating on a cloudy yellow sea will appear. This could take a day or three, maybe more.

Keep an eye out for any spots or fun colors that develop on the cheese-raft. Don't eat anything weird. Surely, it will look kind of weird, but steer clear of anything that's not some shade of white. Again, it should smell sour and cheese-like, not garbage-like or rot-like, and there's a difference.

Still in the pot, cut the cheese-boat crosswise into small squares a half inch wide or so with a long, skinny knife. A bread knife will do. Heat the curds and whey in the same pot medium-gently. Be sure you don't boil. 150 degrees is a good temperature. Hold it there for 30 minutes and don't trip if it falls above or below. It'll probably be fine. Keep in mind it won't look much different than when it did before you cooked it.

Strain everything through a colander lined with cheesecloth, with a vessel underneath to catch your whey. These curds are farmer's cheese, and you can eat them as is, salted and spread on toast, in a lasagna, atop a baked potato, or inside an enchilada. Also, make sure you save the whey. Use it as a soup base, to make sodas, to braise meats, or simmer vegetables in. Anytime you're about to cook with water just ask yourself, what about whey?

Wrap and twist the cheesecloth around the curds into a neat ball, and flatten into a disk. Set it on a thing that allows for the whey to drain off, like a perforated pan or a rack or a colander or a clean wooden board with a pile of books or Diner Journals under one end propping it up. Put a really, really heavy weight on the bundled curd, and leave it overnight. Sometimes two. Trap this additional straining whey, or not, but know that it will still drip and that you should protect your surfaces from the small sour flood if you care about that sort of thing. If you have a cat she may be interested and her gut will be all the happier for it.

In the morning unwrap the curd disk. It should be quite dense. Break and crumble it up into small pebbles and pieces. Toss these liberally with salt. Finally, stir in some crème fraiche, sour cream, kefir cream, heavy cream, or all of the above. Stir in enough to your liking, but a little bit at a time. Add milk if it gets too thick. I like mine runny. Serve with toast, herbs, and an egg or two.



# THE WHALE

Kat Randazzo

Diner is a mythical creature. That's why people the world over recognize that great white whale on its famous blue tote. It sticks with you. Nearly ten years later my muscle memory can instantly recall the feel of the mismatched tile under foot, the exact give of the door, and when to duck your head on that narrow, steep staircase. The contrast between the miserable cold of a polar vortex winter outside, and the steamed-up windows in that hot, red box is a magical memory. Recalling my time at Diner and Marlow & Sons is a full sensory experience—and I haven't yet mentioned the people or the food that binds it all together.

I came to Diner through Dave Gould, who'd been trying to get me there for a couple of years. We had worked together at Gramercy Tavern. I was crushed when he left but intrigued by his tales of this gem tucked under the Williamsburg Bridge serving honest food. A place where the staff danced on the bar until the wee hours of the morning. A woman called Cheffie. I took my time getting to this mystical place: I needed to meet a surfer and almost move to Panama but ultimately bail, toil in catering work, meet my husband, marry him, and then abandon catering forever to finally come on board.

Sitting on that bar stool next to Caroline for my interview, I realized what a fool I'd been to brush off Dave's siren song years earlier. Not one to dwell in regret, I accepted a job immediately and we sealed it with a hug. It felt like coming home. My time at the restaurants was less than a year—I think eleven months in total. But in that time I had the pleasure of cooking next to some of the most talented people in the business: Carolyn Bane, Sean Rembold, Domenic Boero, Gil Calderon, Laura Sawicki, Ben Jackson, Elizabeth Schula, Rebecca Collerton, Scarlett Lindeman. I brought baby Brent Young back to the shed to meet Tom Mylan for the very first time. Lasting friendships were forged with servers. Julia Ziegler, Merica. Bonds with ladies who were also pregnant (what the hell was in that water?!), Mandy (Wilson) Rosen, Mindy Cardozo, Kate! Dear Kate! She introduced me to our midwife Marcy, who delivered our first baby, and then a couple months later, I nursed two-day-old Roman while Kate was fighting off an infection in the hospital. This is starting to sound like an Oscar acceptance speech and I can hear the orchestra. Suffice it to say, Diner and Marlow & Sons from October of 2007 to September of 2008 was a special time on earth. Mark Firth still lunched at the bar. Andrew carried tiny Bea around like a sweet doll.

Along with all these stellar people was and still is shockingly good food. My deathbed meal, the three things I would take to eat on a desert island, are as follows: my first Diner porterhouse steak, the chicken liver mousse, and the apple pie made with lard crust served in the winter of 2006. All of them life-changers. Every brick chicken a masterpiece. Even the pizza served at lunch was some of my favorite fucking pizza I've ever had.

I've been mulling over which story to share but, if I'm being honest, there can be only one. It must have been early February of 2008. I had just found out I was a few weeks pregnant and was trying not to freak out. I was prepping lunch at Diner and had just finished buzzing about ten gallons of piping hot Vichyssoise with the big

orange immersion blender. I hoisted the giant pot up, bending at the knee, and took a deep breath as I made my way to the basement to chill it down for service. The first eight steps or so went okay, but then my right heel slipped and I went bumping my way down the rest, holding for dear life to the slippery pot, whose entire contents cascaded down my chest, beneath my apron, beneath my chefs coat, filled my belly button, and down my pants like a scalding thick mega wave. Tom Mylan ran to the bottom of the stairs, and I'll never forget his look of awe and utter disbelief at the sight of me. And then, in perfect Tom Mylan form he said, "Are you okay? Did you just poach your tits?" It was 7:45 a.m.

And as I remember it the wave of hot soup actually (somehow) arched up off the lip of the stock pot and down Tom's shirt. I distinctly recall him clutching the neck of his chef coat and saying that his bra was full of soup.

## CHILLED VICHYSOISE WITH CRISPY PANCETTA + FRIED LEEKS

Serves 8

1 cup garlic confit	1 cup heavy cream
6 sprigs thyme, picked	1 lemon, juiced
1 bulb fennel, medium dice	kosher salt and black pepper, to taste
4 leeks, split, washed and medium dice plus 1 for garnish, cut into match sticks	12 oz pancetta, diced
4 Russet potatoes, peeled, medium dice	½ cup a.p. flour, seasoned with salt and pepper
1½ quart chicken stock	2 cups canola oil
	¼ cup chives, sliced thin

Heat a large, heavy bottomed pot over medium high heat. Add the garlic confit and thyme, saute for a minute to bloom. Add the diced fennel and leeks, season with salt and pepper and sauté until tender. Add the diced potatoes and season with salt and pepper. Stir to combine with the aromatics. Add the chicken stock and bring to a simmer. Cook until the potatoes are tender. Remove from the heat and allow to cool for 10-15 minutes before pureeing in the blender. Pour the pureed soup in a large mixing bowl. Add the heavy cream. Taste. Add some lemon juice and taste. Adjust the seasonings as necessary then refrigerate until cold. While the soup chills, brown the pancetta in a pan with a little bit of olive oil until crispy. Heat the canola oil in a medium sized sauce pot. Dust the leek in flour and when the oil is hot enough fry it. Strain from the oil when golden brown, sprinkle with salt and set aside. To serve, ladle the soup into bowls and garnish with the pancetta, leeks, and chives.



# EGGPLANT PARM

*Dennis Spina*

Cooking with sheet pans always yields the most wholesome delicious food. No strange coincidence that Saltie seemed to have an endless supply of them. This recipe makes use of their molten hot surface to create a buzzer of a dipping sauce, something that was never lost on me or anyone who has ever had the honor of eating food made by the triumvirate: Schula, Collerton, Fianza.

- 2 regular eggplants, peeled somewhat
- ½ cup good basil, torn up, purple is nice, more fancy too
- ¼ cup good olive oil from Gustiamo
- 3 garlic cloves, smashed into pieces
- 2 leeks cleaned in water, sliced thin, disregard green into the garbage
- 1 big dash of sea salt
- 1 big dash of Aleppo pepper or other extinct pepper
- 1 bottle red wine vinegar, homemade or from Gustiamo to taste
- capers
- lemon
- 1 knob of ricotta salata or cotija grated, never noticed a difference

Discard the parts of the eggplant that will cut you at the top, including the nozzle with the fur. Slice eggplant into ¼ inch cutlets. Salt then let sweat on a cloth for an hour or so. Apparently this helps make it less disgusting. Never noticed a difference here either, salty or unsalted. Set oven to blast, preheat 400. Gas mark 3? Carefully blot the salt and accumulated dew from the flesh of the eggplant. When done wiping down the eggplant to remove excess water, lay eggplant slices evenly onto the sheet tray, being sure to oil the pan itself as well. Once sheeted eggplants are laid, generously apply more olive oil, smashed garlic, leeks and pepper flakes. Once composed slide into oven for 30–40 minutes. When time is up, add the rest of the olive oil, torn basil, capers, more Aleppo, squeeze of lemon juice, and a dash of red wine vinegar. Evenly cover with all, then spoon onto a platter. Add cheese and there you have it, the finest thing around. Turn off oven. HOPE THIS WORKS FOR YOU!

# LIVERWURST

*Adam Baumgart*

Liverwurst can be a grey, gross, lingering in Grandma's fridge kind of thing. Growing up in Wisconsin I was always turned off by the tubes in the supermarket. Sometimes it tastes as good as it looks bad. Later working at the German Embassy I noticed people eating it for breakfast on rolls with cream cheese. It was delicious, fresh from a German butcher just down the street. Here at Diner we use whole animals and make liverwurst when we have livers and extra pork fat. This recipe is for liverwurst delicate in color and texture.

4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> cups / 38 oz / 1060 g chicken livers

3 Tablespoons / 44.5 g vermouth

½ teaspoon / 2 g coriander

½ teaspoon / 2 g marjoram (dried)

½ teaspoon / 2 g mustard powder

2 cups / 424 g pork fat

½ cup / 110 g rendered bacon fat

2½ Tablespoons / 36 g kosher salt

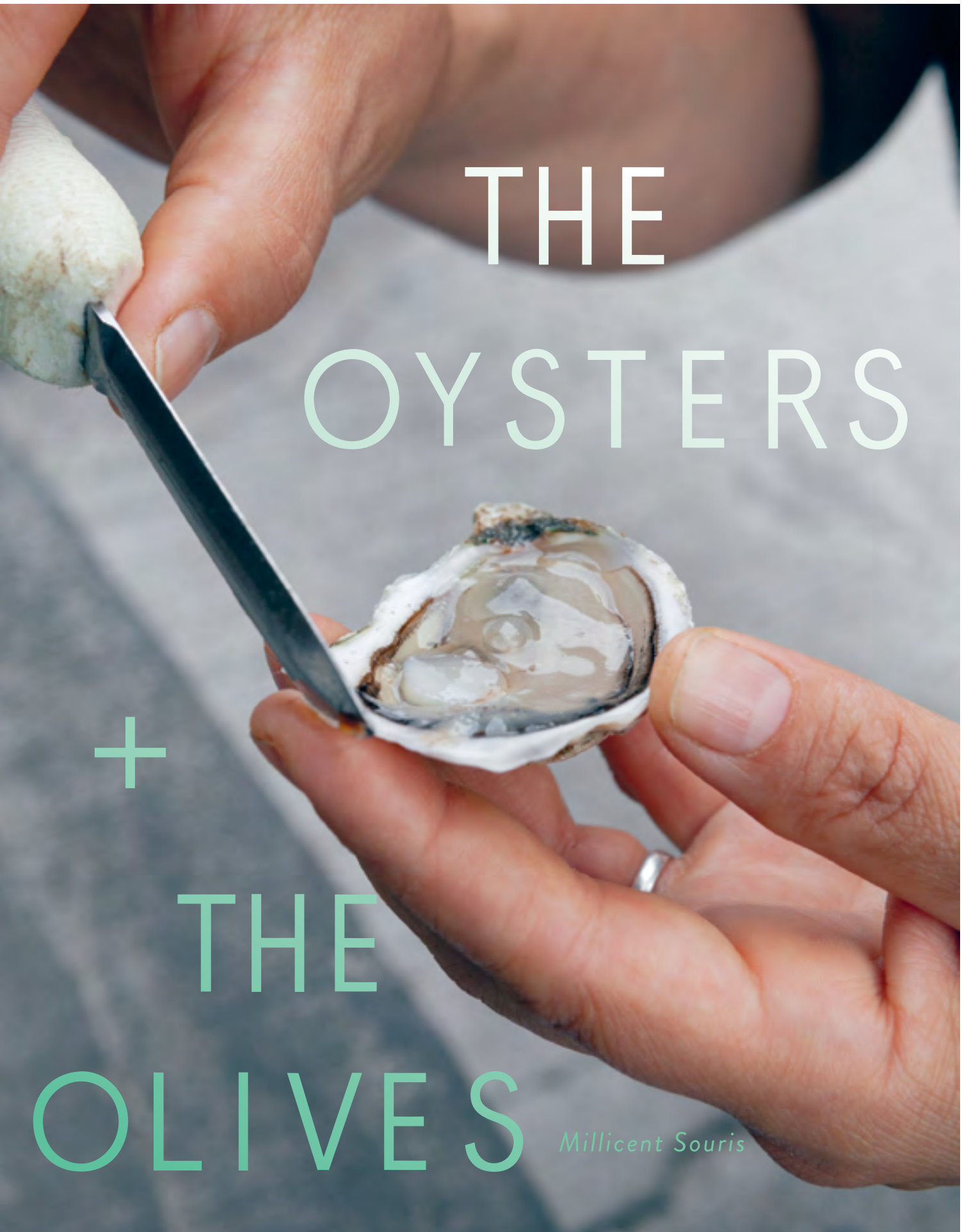
¾ teaspoon / 4 g pink salt

1 cup / 240 g cream

½ cup (probably about 2 eggs) / 120 g eggs

Marinate the livers overnight with spices, salt, and vermouth. The next day blend in a food processor with bacon fat, eggs, cream, and pork fat. Pass through a chinois or seive. Press into into a terrine mold lined with plastic. Poach in a water bath at 300 degrees until the internal temperature reaches 135 degrees, about 45 minutes. Cool with a weight on it to press it, like a box of salt or a can of tomatoes. Take out of the mold, slice and serve with pickles, sweet onion, herbs, and toast.





THE

OYSTERS

+

THE

OLIVES

*Millicent Souris*

Like a lot of new, small places, Queen's Hideaway was closed on Mondays. We just didn't have the staff, so that was our day to breathe, regroup, and let our bodies get it back together. We slept in, did laundry, put in some quality time with the dogs. It was a day to keep the tenuous thread holding each of our lives together healthy enough to continue to just exist. Monday was the one day to not be completely consumed by the restaurant. It's all about balance, isn't it?

So naturally we went to Marlow every Monday. Those were halcyon days, as they call them, when everyone is in tune with each other. A new business can have that feeling that if the stars align, everyone spends every waking hour together, both out of necessity and choice. There is no one else for a while.

Marlow was full of beautiful things to buy, all of it a dream. I always bought at least one can of anchovy-stuffed olives from Spain, usually two. I rolled big on Mondays. The olives were five dollars each. In my fiscal life that was two dollars less than a pack of smokes, something I consumed every day back then, or five single beautiful shucked oysters, as long as it was before 7 p.m., during *Oyster Happy Hour*. I'd ask the bartender for a bowl and would empty the olives into it. I didn't consider that gauche, it was our side for our oysters.

There are few greater combinations of words than *Oyster Happy Hour*. These words need only to be uttered by a place you feel good about, a busy place, selling through a lot of oysters, a restaurant with a solid ice machine.

We, all of us, me, you, and that guy, were unknowingly standing at the precipice right before our society became wildly dependent upon cell phones. The way we did it all without cell phones was that there were fewer cool places, and you went to the same places all the time because that's where everyone met up. We didn't have people tell us where to go on the internet, we actually lived our lives. A place was cool because it actually had to be cool. You went there to see people, to be seen, and to make a scene. Marlow was one of those places.

I never cooked at Marlow or Diner, I didn't want to ruin my happy place. There were some really tough years in New York; I honestly couldn't afford to fuck up my happy place. I have no recipes to share. I've never cooked a brick chicken. But I can tell you this: shucking an oyster is an important thing to know how to do, a key to another world where you can solve a problem at a party or be employable in a pinch. I'm always looking to extend my list of employable traits, plans B, C & D. The trick is this: be willing to do things other people won't.

Get oysters that don't have brittle shells and open easily. If you can't open them, you can't eat them. An oyster that opens with ease generally tastes better. Rinse the oysters, give the shells a scrub. It's important to clean oyster shells, for it is both the plate and the utensil.

Fold a kitchen towel, you're going to need at least one. The towel protects your hand and stabilizes the oyster. Oyster knives are the sort of sharp dull, or dull sharp, that you don't want jammed into your hand. Hold the wide end of the oyster in the folded towel in the palm of your non-dominant hand, the narrow hinge of the oyster faced out, pointing toward your dominant hand, holding the oyster knife. Take your oyster knife with the little curved tip pointing up. Shimmy the knife into the hinge, the point where the shells meet. It should be tight, but something you can wiggle in, like being one of the last people in the train door during the commute. You want to slide in, but not disrupt anything.

There's a fulcrum, the moment where you're in enough to make something happen and you turn your wrist a bit. This little motion will pop it open. Run the knife across the top of the shell, separating the muscle. Do not sever the belly of the oyster. Just do not sever the belly of the oyster.

For the love of god smell the oyster. Then you'll know if it is truly good. I served a bad oyster once and it still haunts me. (Maybe for the next issue of *Diner Journal* an article called *What Still Haunts Me: Services, Horror Films, and Nights That Became Fuzzy*.) Luckily the person didn't eat it and was oddly forgiving. So, get in the habit of smelling the oyster before placing it on the ice. For me it's an arc of motion to my nose once the top shell comes off. Move your knife gently under the whole oyster and separate that muscle from the bottom shell. Flip the whole oyster over to expose the belly. This last moves presents a very beautiful oyster.

Before you set the oyster down to serve, check it for any little bits of shell. The knife is a great tool for picking any of these out. Shucking is not hard, but it demands a certain attention to detail. Respect the details.

People feel like they need to serve mignonette with oysters. Classically it's a shallot and red wine vinegar mixture. Me, I like a squeeze of fresh lemon, and maybe some fresh horseradish. Mignonette is a lot of work; it's really just a moment to show off a great shallot brunoise.

Those early days of Marlow knocked it out of the park for me. It was the place for me, the treat, the escape, a gift to myself. Honestly it was the only nice thing I did for myself for a long time. It gave me *Oyster Happy Hour* and a great sense of belonging somewhere, which has only continued over the years.



THIS

IS

NOT

A

RECIPE

*David McQueen*



I kind of hate recipes, so this process made me feel like an imposter for longer than I'm comfortable admitting. I love to cook, but I've never successfully cooked the same thing twice. Just buy good ingredients, taste things as you go, remember you're cooking for someone you love and it will be delicious (or not) but it will be ok. Especially once you remember that the person you're cooking for likely loves you back and will lie to you if this whole enterprise ends up mediocre.

- shallots diced, roughly one for each portion
- thyme, however much your patience allows
- olive oil
- butter
- garlic diced, roughly one for each portion
- mushrooms preferable Maitakes, about a handful per person (torn into medium size threads)
- almonds, rough chopped, not too many, just enough for an occasional crunch
- Granny Smith apple, julienned ¼ apple per and rest in some lemon water
- a ripe wheel of Winnimere. Epoisses, Harbison, or Försterkäse will also work
- salt and pepper
- baguette, or some crusty bread

Sauté the shallot and thyme in a bit of olive oil and butter until the shallot is just translucent. Add the garlic. Add the mushrooms. Season with salt and pepper. Once the mushrooms are soft and beginning to caramelize, add the almonds and lower the heat.

Slice the top off of your wheel of cheese, spoon out a generous portion (you can define generous), spread the cheese onto the bottom of each plate. Divide the warm mushroom mixture among your plates and then garnish with the Granny Smith apple. It probably needs a bit of salt. You're done!

Once you have finished eating, remember you have leftover cheese and that baguette!





# BODEGA RICE

Chris

Crawford



This is something I tend to make when I am close to menstruation or on the rare night I go out and come home late after drinking too much wine. This is also one of my son Cecil's favorite dishes but he tends to lean heavier on the mayo. I don't think people use enough black pepper ever and keep in mind kimchi liquid cures. You will need a small cast iron pan.

½ cup basmati rice (ALWAYS BASMATI)

4 Tablespoons olive oil

½ cup water

1 Tablespoon kosher salt

1 egg or 2

¼ chopped kimchi or more and even some liquid

2 Tablespoons butter

Decent handful of Bonito flakes

3 healthy squeezes of Kewpie Mayo

black pepper

Rinse rice a few times until the water is as clear as you think it can get. If you plan ahead try to soak rice in water with kosher salt for at least an hour. Strain rice of as much water as possible when ready to cook.

Heat up cast iron with olive oil and place rice in pan to begin by toasting. All the water should start to evaporate and it will begin to smell like popcorn. Even when you think it's ready you can usually go a few more minutes. If you were not able to soak rice in salt water add a little pinch with the toasting. Once you feel it's ready you can add kimchee and and ½ cup water and mix evenly. Turn the burner down to low heat and cover for 8-10 minutes without stirring.

Remove cover and taste the rice. It should be al dente. You can then add egg on top and butter on top of the egg and a healthy amount of freshly ground black pepper. Cover up again and let cook for an additional 3-4 minutes or to your preferred egg doneness.

Pull the cast iron off the heat. Drizzle the Kewpie mayo in any pattern you like, then sprinkle the bonito flakes, covering the entire dish, and watch them do a little dance for you. Be sure to scrape the bottom rice with a fork and get the crispy bits.





# JUST TRYIN' TO LIVE

*Desiree Tuttle*

The stresses of this world are exhausting. Instead of birthdays I think we should celebrate new days, where each day we get to have a mini party for making it through to the next. Constantly faced with new challenges and pressures, I work to compartmentalize what actually matters to me versus the things that are irrelevant or inevitable. One lesson that I have learned but still struggle with practicing is this: self criticism in moderation promotes growth, but left untamed it can fester into self destruction.

One remedy that I have found to be helpful in my process is truly feeding people's souls. Although accolades and recognition may be fuel, they are not the driving force in what I equate to be success. The highest compliments I receive are comments about how someone can taste the love in what they eat. I strive to have intention with everything that I create. I live for the moments that the food I make can be a sigh of relief or deliver a feeling of comfort. There are more than enough complicated and confusing things in this world. I try not to make food one of them.

I wanted to share these few recipes because they're easy to have on hand to jazz up a simple bowl of veggies, grains, or proteins. Chances are, if you start with a tasty foundation, all you need is a little seasoning to make a perfect meal. I'm also an avid snacker so I had to include a pickle recipe.

## SPICY FERMENTED CARROTS

*Yields about 3 quarts*

### *THE FERMENT*

- ¼ cup sea salt plus 2 Tablespoons
- half gallon of chlorine-free water
- 3 lbs the tastiest, pesticide-free carrots you can find
- 1 clove garlic
- 3 sprigs fresh oregano
- 1 gallon-sized glass jar with a wide lid

### *THE HEAT*

- 1 (or two if you like it hot) green or red jalapeño
- 1 medium sized onion
- ¾ cup water
- 1 cup champagne vinegar
- 1 Tablespoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt

Wash your carrots. Don't peel. The peels help jumpstart the fermenting process. Cut carrots on a bias about ¼" thick and smash the garlic clove. Warm water slightly, add salt to dissolve. Pack carrots, garlic, and oregano into gallon jar and pour brine over. Cover with cheesecloth secured with a rubber band or twine to avoid any fruit flies trying to be a nuisance. Leave at room temperature for 3–7 days. Stir each or every other day. The water will begin to appear cloudy and a white film may develop on the surface. This is good! Taste after a few days and notice the change in flavor. Continue to the next step when the carrots are at a ferment level that is to your liking.

For the heat, slice jalapeños into ⅛" rounds. Cut onion into eighths and separate the layers. Warm water, champagne vinegar, sugar, and salt. Add onion and jalapeño. Let steep for about 1 minute, remove from heat and add to carrots. Allow all flavors to combine for at least 30 minutes or, for best results, let them marry overnight.

## SZECHUAN CHILI OIL

*Yields 1.75 cups*

- 1⅓ cups neutral oil (rice bran or canola)
- 1 small onion, diced into small pieces (about ½ cup)
- 3 shallots, diced into small pieces (about 1¼ cup)
- 4 cloves garlic, sliced evenly and thin
- 1 Tablespoon red szechuan peppercorns
- ¼ cup korean chili flake
- 2½ Tablespoons rice wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon sugar

In a tall pot, bring oil to 350 degrees. The height of the pot is important when you fry the onions. They will create steam and bubbles that need room to grow and dissipate. Add a little first to make sure your oil does not boil over. Once your onions have fried to a gold brown, strain and let drain on a plate with a towel. Reheat your oil, repeat this step with the garlic (the garlic will not take as long so keep an eye on it.) Strain and set oil aside. Once garlic is cool, crush in a mortar and pestle with szechuan. Once oil has cooled to 200 add all ingredients together. Spoon over to finish your favorite quickly sauteed veggies like broccolini or squash.

## TOGARASHI

*Yields 2 cups*

- 8 sheets dried nori
- ½ teaspoon fennel seeds
- 2 oranges worth of dried peels
- 1 teaspoon red szechuan peppercorn
- ¼ cup sesame seeds
- 1 Tablespoon korean chili flake
- ½ teaspoon salt

Break apart nori into a spice grinder and blend until fine but not powder. In a mortar and pestle, crush individually fennel seeds, orange peels, szechuan, and half the sesame seeds. Combine all the ingredients, including the rest of the sesame seeds. Sprinkle over a bowl of grains and an egg or a warm bowl of miso soup.

## MISO VINAIGRETTE

*Yields about 2 cups*

- ⅓ cup brown (or red) miso
- 2 Tablespoons water
- ¼ cup plus 2 Tablespoon soy milk
- 2 Tablespoons champagne vinegar
- 2½ Tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ cup neutral oil (rice bran or canola or substitute a little sesame oil if you're feelin' spunky)

Whisk miso, water, and soy milk together until smooth. Whisk in vinegar and lemon juice. Slowly whisk in oil until smooth.



# BUCATINI WITH COLATURA + SUNGOLDS

*Frank Reed*

- 6 cloves garlic, sliced
- 3 Tablespoons extra virgin olive oil,  
plus more for finishing
- 3 aji dulce peppers,  
seeded and thinly sliced
- 2 pints sungold tomatoes
- a handful of spaghetti
- 12 leaves basil
- 1 teaspoon colatura

Lightly toast garlic in oil. When golden, add the peppers to bloom. Add the sungolds. Meanwhile, cook pasta in plenty of well salted water. When pasta is al dente add it to the pot with the sungolds and  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup pasta water. Keep the pasta and tomatoes on the heat as you cook everything down until the sungolds have burst and the pasta is well coated with the sauce. Take the pasta off the heat and add basil, colatura, and a little more olive oil.

# CEVICHE

Robert Valle

Guatemalan food centers around black beans, peppers, chiles, and corn. Allen and I came up with this ceviche composed of these elements for a Volcano relief dinner, donating all the proceeds to the Guatemalan Red Cross. This is especially meaningful to me. I became a chef because cooking and eating united my family. We always sat down together.

1½ lbs fresh shrimp

salt

8 limes

1 cup white wine

sugar

1½ lbs fresh squid, peeled of purple outer membrane

6 medium tomatillos

2 bunches cilantro, picked but stems reserved

1 onion, small dice

6 garlic cloves, cut in half lengthwise

mezcal

1 cup cooked black beans

1 red pepper, small dice

2 ears corn, shaved off the cob (if corn is a little starchy, sauté with a pinch of sugar to sweeten)

pickled chiles

Fresh corn tortillas or store purchased tostadas

Peel and chop shrimp into ½ inch pieces. Marinate shrimp in lime juice and salt. Let sit in refrigerator. Make a court bouillon for the squid; 1 cup white wine, a pinch of salt and sugar, and a squeeze of lime. Bring to a boil and then simmer. Add the squid and poach for 30 seconds to 1 minute just until squid turns opaque. Remove squid from the poaching liquid and slice into ¼ inch rounds and then add to the container of marinating shrimp along with the juice of 2 limes. Keep chilled.

Quarter the tomatillos and sauté in oil on high heat with half of the diced onion, garlic, the cilantro stems, and salt. Try to get some char on the mixture. If the mixture is just steaming, put it under the broiler to caramelize. Finish in the oven until everything is soft. Once cooked, return the tomatillo mixture to the burner and deglaze with ¼ cup mezcal. Take off the heat and add the juice of 2 limes and half of the cilantro. Puree the mixture in a food processor and then strain through a fine-meshed sieve. Season with salt and lime and then chill. Put the black beans, diced pepper, remaining half of the onion, corn, the rest of the cilantro which you will now finely chop, and 2-4 Tablespoons minced pickled chiles in a bowl and toss. Season with lime juice, salt and olive oil. Add the shrimp and squid to the mixture and season again.

If you are deep frying tortillas, which is strongly recommended, fry the tortillas and then sprinkle with a little salt. If you're not deep frying tortillas, open your bag of tostadas. Heap the ceviche on top of the tostada and then drizzle with extra salsa verde. Eat with your hands and let everything fall all over the place. Be sure to drink the ceviche liquid along the way.





# CAESAR SALAD

Liz Murray

Make this for people you love and share it around a big table. Like many things, the amount you'll want of each ingredient varies from person to person, and changes with time.

- 2-4 cloves of garlic
- ¼ cup olive oil plus more for anchovy paste and croutons
- ½-1 tin of anchovies
- 2 small heads of romaine, torn to pieces
- salt and pepper
- 1-2 eggs
- juice of 1 lemon
- Worcestershire sauce
- Parmesan cheese, grated extra fine
- baguette

Mince the garlic and let it sit in ¼ cup of olive oil for the better part of a day. When you're ready to put the salad together, pull the garlic from the olive oil and place into a large wooden bowl. Add the anchovies and a healthy drizzle of the olive oil. Using a small sharp knife and the rounded base of a fork, cut and mash the garlic and anchovies together to form a paste. Be patient and add a little more oil as you go if it's drying out. You want it to be smooth, not clumpy. When it feels ready, use the fork to spread the paste evenly over the sides of the bowl. Add the lettuce, drizzle what's left of the garlic spiked olive oil over it, and sprinkle with salt and cracked black pepper to taste. Carefully toss the lettuce so it's covered evenly with olive oil and anchovy paste.

Now is a good time to make the croutons. Tear the baguette into bite-size pieces and drizzle with olive oil and salt. Toast the croutons in a 350 degree oven until they're golden and crispy, but still soft on the inside. Set aside and let cool. I like to add them to the salad when they're still a little warm from the oven.

Back to the salad. Crack an egg (or two) into a bowl and lightly break it up with a fork. Pour it over the lettuce, but don't mix it into the salad. Spoon 3 or 4 tablespoons of lemon juice over the egg and add many dashes of Worcestershire sauce. Now, carefully but thoroughly, toss the salad. This is the moment where the magic happens. You want to toss it long enough so that the lemon juice, egg, and olive oil combine to make a creamy dressing, but not so long that the lettuce gets wilted. It's important that it retains some of its crunch. When you're at that moment, stop tossing. Now cover the salad with Parmesan cheese and toss to coat. Repeat. Top with the slightly warm croutons. Eat equal parts salad and croutons with your hands and at the end, don't be shy, drink the dressing.

# THE CHOCOLATE SANDWICH

*Andrew Tarlow*

This is the famous snack of French children. A piece of chocolate, bitter but just slightly sweet. In France there is a specific bar for this, made with the right thickness and sweetness. Maybe don't go for the super bean to bar origin chocolate we see trending today, look for supermarket chocolate that claims it is bitter. You will want a medium toothsome bar, about 2 millimeters thick. Next up you are going to need really good butter, room temp. Salted or unsalted, you choose. And a baguette, a little softer than you might usually look for. I personally prefer crunchy, but for the purposes of this sandwich you could use a little give. Slice your bread the long way, then as large or as small as you like a sandwich. Butter both sides. Butter is a key ingredient. Break the bar to fit the bread. It needs to be one solid bar that matches the shape of your bread. The satisfying part of eating this is biting down on the crusty bread, soft butter, and crunch of chocolate.

This recipe comes to you from the early Diner lunch when we didn't have dessert, but we did have bread and butter and chocolate and a healthy dose of romanticism. Caroline wanted to shave the chocolate on grater, which was a nice chef touch but lacked the childlike simplicity of biting into the bar. At some point this morphed into a pressed chocolate sandwich, warm and gooey. Either way this sandwich is best eaten at 4 p.m.





# BIOS



**Carolyn Bane** was born in Stoneham, MA and has been living in New York for over 20 years. She began cooking professionally at Diner, and now is the owner of Pies 'n' Thighs with Sarah Sanneh. She lives in Brooklyn with her husband and son.

**Adam Baumgart** is the Chef of Diner and father of General Hilbert.

**Ryan Brunette** has moved to New York three times. Caroline was a myth to Ryan before he quit his job to work for her at Marlow & Sons in 2005. It has taken many years to learn how to prepare myths and make them real, but it takes a lifetime to do whatever we are supposed to do here. He is currently a private chef.

**Nicole Bailey** was born in Beech Grove, Indiana and has never learned to cook.

**Chris Crawford**... whatever Mom.

**Lee Desrosiers** learned how to cook at Diner in 2009. He went on to become the butcher at Reynard and then later the Chef of Achilles Heel, the birthplace of Hell Chicken which he takes on the road as a traveling pop up. He is currently the chef at large for Scribe Winery in Sonoma, CA.

If you ate an overdressed salad at Diner in 1999, **Kate Huling** was probably responsible for it. Her salad and salad dressing enthusiasm has plagued the Diner since 1998.

**Christopher Kronner** is the author of the definitive guide to American salad making *A Burger to Believe In*. He is the Chef of recently on fire restaurant KronnerBurger and not yet on fire restaurant Henry's. He is happily married to his loving wife Ashley, they share a home with their children Jim, Lee, and the cat.

**Scarlett Lindeman** was a piece of Diner Journal before she moved to Mexico City. She misses putting pineapple rings on hams and tacking shrimps to foam cones for DJ shoots but now she has a restaurant called Cicatriz.

**David McQueen** is working on far too many things at the same time. He is of the somewhat firm belief that given a long enough timeline, each one will be fantastic.

**Liz Murray** is Director of HR and Communications for the Marlow Collective. She was born in Texas and lives in Bushwick with her dog, Gristle Trout.

**Tom Mylan** is a butcher, author, and food worker. He has written for *New York Magazine*, *Food and Wine*, *The Atlantic*, and *Gourmet*. Tom lives in southern Vermont. Right now he's canning tomatoes and processing squash like a house on fire. He likes white wine, mom tacos, and old firearms.

**Marc Pavlovic** was born in Nice and attended cooking school at age seventeen. After graduation he started to work as a commis in a very traditional French restaurant then moved on to work with Roger Verge at a three star Michelin restaurant to perfect his skills. Afterward he travelled extensively and worked in Italy, Spain, Greece, and England and ended up in Australia living for several years in Sydney and Melbourne, slowly finding his way to NYC where he became a personal chef, worked at Diner, some nights at Marlows & Sons, then landed a position as a chef Instructor at the French Culinary Institute. Now he is in California holding the position of Director of Education at the International Culinary Center.

**Kat Randazzo** is a chef and mom currently living in glorious Glendale, CA with her husband and three kids. She left her heart on the bar of Marlow & Sons in Brooklyn, NY.

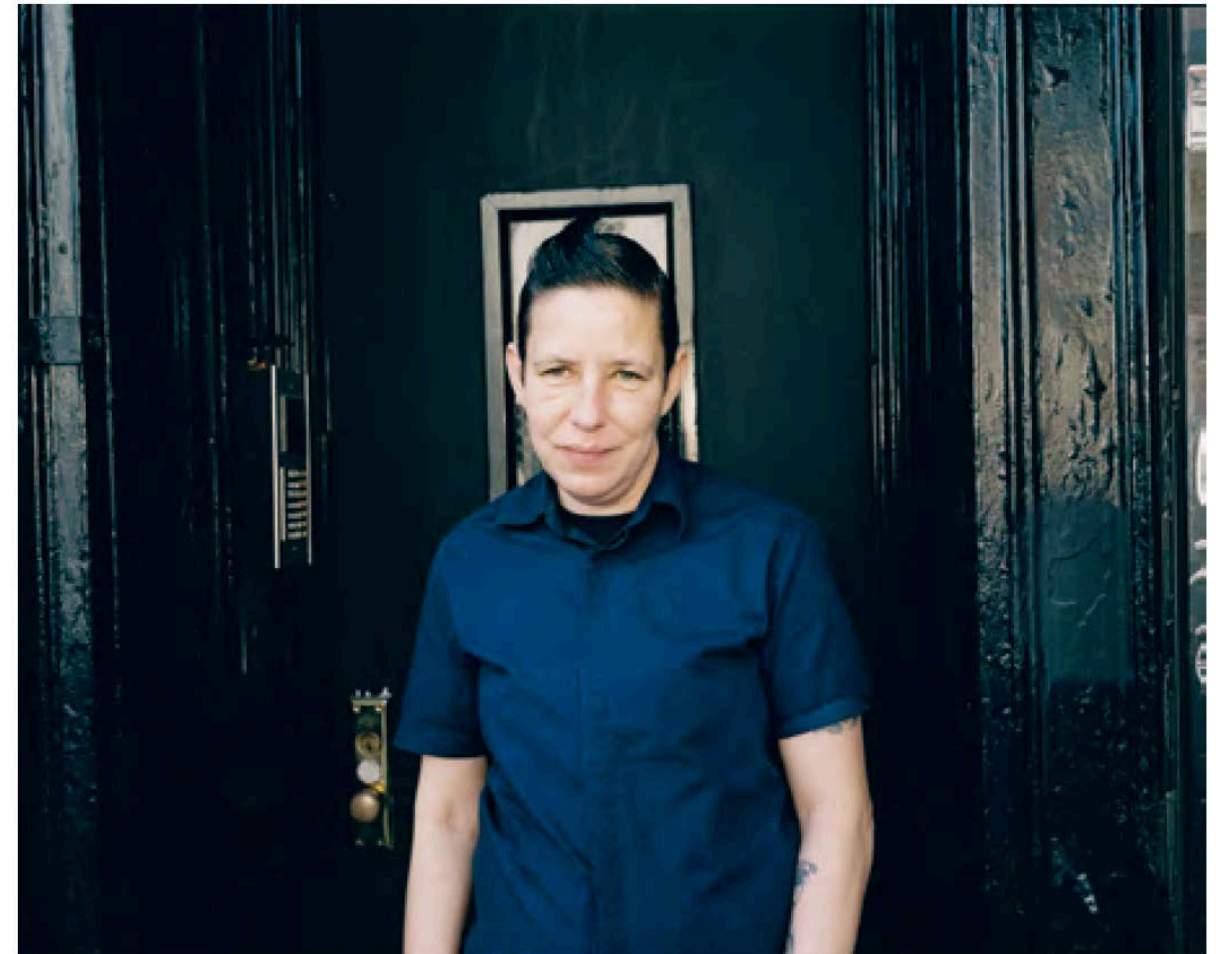
**Frank Reed** is the chef of Roman's. His best friend Jake lives in Mexico City.

**Elizabeth Schula** prays a lot and surrounds herself with forest, bears, and coyotes. The other day a red tailed hawk flew six feet in front of her, guiding her way. Her job is living with animals, and learning from them.

**José Edgardo Soto** is a chef from Honduras but was raised in the Crown Heights neighborhood of Brooklyn. He began his career at the legendary Savoy in SoHo under Chef Peter Hoffman where he worked for eleven years. Later he worked for Chef Caroline Fidanza at Diner and Marlow & Sons in Williamsburg. Soto has kept his finger on the pulse of New York City's culinary scene. Working throughout the area at places such as Bobo, Norwood, Cubana Social, Baba, Le Barricou, Maison Premiere, Franny's, Oznot's, and Back Forty West. His food is a natural evolution of the values of local, seasonal, and natural ingredients. Every dish it's like an emotion. You will feel what he feels through the power of taste.

# THANK YOU

Thank you to everyone who accommodated the somewhat daily nuisance of our photo shoots making this Journal, and Michael Kale for providing last minute supplies at the butcher shop. Thank you to every person who ever spent a day working at Diner, picking herbs or specialling tables, and to all of you customers we love who made the nights fly by, and even you challenging ones, for the all the unforgettable stories.



In loving memory of Rebecca Collerton.  
May you sail now between the moons and stars,  
until we meet again in some celestial seaside bar.

**Sarah Sanneh** is a baker, lover of all things sweet and fried, know it all, and partner at Pies 'N' Thighs. She studied pastry and the art of eating everything in sight at the French Culinary Institute in 2004. She has baked at Magnolia Bakery, The Biltmore Room, Diner, Marlow & Sons, and Momofuku Milk Bar.

**Millicent Souris** is a writer and a cook in New York. She is looking forward to the minimum wage increase and enjoys police procedurals with a passion.

**Dennis Spina** lives and works in NYC. Don't worry, that's just the way his face looks.

**Patch Troffer** likes riding bikes, making food for folks, doing the yoga, and eating rice, fish, and omelettes. He is the Chef of Marlow & Sons.

**Desiree Tuttle** is the Chef of Achilles Heel. After culinary school and few years of plated desserts, chocolate work and several underaged outings in the Castro, a new opportunity arose. Former pastry school instructor, Erin Kanagy-Loux, was to be the opening pastry chef at Andrew Tarlow's new hotel restaurant project, Reynard, and asked Desi to be her sous chef. A little over two years as pastry sous, she was happy but knew hot line cooking was something she needed to experience and learn. A stint at Louro under Chef Dave Santos had Desi hit the ground running and really earn her chops in the savory side of the kitchen. Next she found herself in Danny Meyer's restaurant group at The Modern. Fine dining taught her discipline and finesse but (for her) lacked love. Eventually she made her way back to the Tarlow group under Chef Lee Desrosiers at Achilles Heel. A few Hell Chickens and lots of Drake later, she was offered the role as Chef at the Heel. She is excited to be serving thoughtful food made with love, start to finish, in our little nook at the corner of West & Green.

**Robert Valle** is sous chef of Diner. He used to sling dope, now he slings dope food.

**Kenneth Wiss** applied for a job at Diner because it was his favorite restaurant. He lucked out with Marlow & Sons, where he started out on the oyster station, working for free since he knew he wasn't worth a dime. Eventually he became the chef of Diner and then Marlow & Sons, leaving to pursue other endeavors in February of this year. He grew up eating lots of vegetables and white rice and just enough egg. For this, as well as being lucky enough to convince Lisa Kim to take a shine to him, he is forever grateful.