

*Diner
Journal*



ISSUE N° 26

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A PÂTÉ EN CROÛTE acts as subterfuge. It is the trojan horse of pâté. The final product is a golden rectangular pastry, the top gently arching over like a mushroom cap, centered with forcemeat and flavorful aspic. It could be mistaken for a loaf of sweet bread, were it not for the savory waft on the nose.

Like many classic French delicacies pâté en croûte takes a lot of time and technique to prepare. Making it is certainly more involved than other pâtés but is also well worth the effort. The most crucial part of the technique is understanding how to properly make each part of the pâté en croûte and maintaining an awareness of how the different parts will affect each other.

Begin by making a pâte brisée. Roll out your pastry into a large rectangle and rest it in a terrine pan with removable sides. It will essentially line the pan. Place the raw pâté farce on top of the pastry dough; be wary and gentle so as to not disturb or puncture the pastry in any way.

Using whipped egg whites as a binder, top the pâté with remaining dough. Create two holes in the top so steam from the cooked meat will not affect the consistency of the finished dough. Use the scrap dough to roll out decorative braids or holly leaves for the top.

Place in a 325 degree oven until the pâté is cooked through. Internal temperature is dependent on type of animal used for pâté. When the pâté is about three quarters of the way cooked, remove the walls of the pans to brown the sides. When the pâté is done remove from the oven and let rest for approximately one hour, until the pâté is fully cooled. Through the holes on top, add a flavorful aspic to the pâté. Let that rest and set, and add more aspic until full. Chill overnight.

When sliced, the blend of meat or game, or even fish, embedded in the center will finally be exposed. For pâté encased in flaky pastry, no sauce is necessary. Serve warm or chilled. Present with a fork and your nicest plate.

-Scarlett Lindeman & Sarah Schneider



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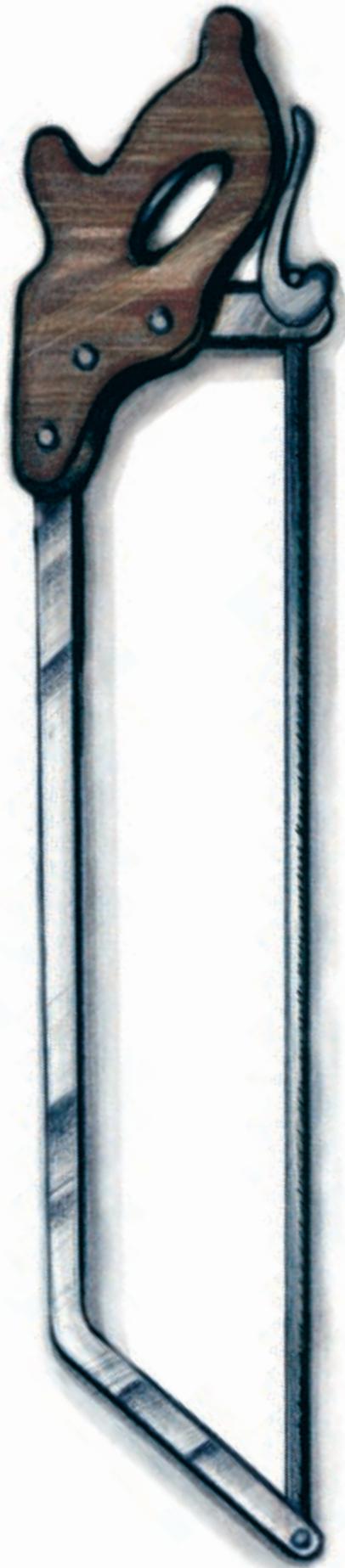
PHOTO by Julia Gillard





Lately, I've been wondering if my family had cooked more maybe I'd hate winter less. Could the cold Maine nights have been redeemed by a large pot of stock simmering on the stove, a hot pan spitting rendered fat across the range? To my parents' credit, fires crackled in the hearth most nights, but it was only warm directly in front of the flames and then only for so long. The snow piling up outside felt like some kind of unwanted spectator. Was it somehow warmer outside than it was in? Maybe it was just that outside held so much more distracting potential. I dreamed of living in igloos or, more often, on tropical beaches.

So each fall I start to feel like a teenager again. Cranky, rooted in my discontent. But then the holidays come. And I have to admit it. I like them. The ceremony, the near disaster, the fights, the flights. The chaos feels cozy to me. I especially love shops this time of year. I can usually sneak in unnoticed and listen to people plan, or nitpick, or wonder and learn. We hope this Journal feels a little like that, mostly helpful, a little inspiring, and on a basic level filled with angst. -AD



Midland is a small town in Washington, situated between the back-side of Tacoma City and the South Hill of Puyallup. In my youth it paid little loyalty to either city. Instead Midland had lapsed dues owed to the farms that pioneers of the valley had planted in the late 1800s. It's all prefab subdivisions and Tony Roma's now, but then it was pastures and narrow roads and huge blowsy trees. Trees unroomed and nodding. The kind that live next to rivers.

Thrown down with a loose hand into this landscape was a small group of buildings, all white-washed, with worn black seams. A sign out front of one such building read, The Meat Shop.

A man named Lee owned the shop and farm and his three boys lived and worked behind those white washed walls. In the fat, rough grass that spread around and between the little buildings they raised cattle and butchered them on the premises. On weekends the boys went over the mountains and rode the rodeo in Ellensburg.



by Bree Nichols
sign by Curtis Nichols



The Meat Shop's front door was one that held much childhood magic for me. In that shop all was there because it needed to be. Everything white and wooden and chrome and glass. One grooved and massive butcher block, one shining display case crowned with jars of homemade pepperoni and beef jerky, one quilted steel freezer chest. An ancient cash register with numbers that stuck. And a door, past the meat locker, which might swing open and one of Lee's lanky boys would come out, smiling and wiping his hands on his bloody whites.

From the rows of pink and brown meats we made our selections for the week; the boys wrapped them and soon formed a crooked stack of white paper packages in our basket. A carton of multi-colored eggs, some still wearing feathers. A whole chicken trussed in a bag. At the end of the transaction, a yellow carbon copy book came out with our last name on it. Rarely did that old cash register ring for us. For years my dad made all of their signs and was paid in meat. Roast chickens and paper bag lunches.

After I moved out I would see The Meat Shop label in cases at food co-ops in Olympia and then Seattle, and I always felt a certain ownership of those white wrapped packages. The kind of affinity that comes from weekly trips to a place where you ran wild in the grass while your mom took too long chatting in the shop. Where you chased the teeming cats and kittens under crumbling foundations and into the barn. Where you careened around, hoping to get into the hen house to grab at warm eggs. Years of walking into that perfect white room.



HOUSED

by Ben Frey

The centerpiece of every butcher shop is the cutting table. The table is both our office and our water cooler. It is where butchers swap stories, where young butchers are mentored and challenged to develop the precision required to produce quality cuts. It is where decisions are made, recipes written and new ideas tested. The butcher block is where older generations trade tales of the past while a new crop of butchers try to redefine an industry that has lost its way.

When I was a young line cook I worked at an Italian restaurant in Seattle's Pike Place Market. The chef at the time was buying cryovaced strip loins from a local butcher in the market. It was my job to portion and trim the steaks. One day while at the task I realized I knew very little about where this piece of meat came from on the animal, and I had no idea how it got here in front of me. My understanding of meat was as fragmented as the pieces of the animals I handled. In an effort to try and bring the pieces together, I took a part-time job as a shop hand at the butcher shop down the street.

The shop is a second generation independently owned staple of Pike Place Market. It is also one of a handful of unionized meat markets in the Seattle area. Most of the men who work there have been in the cutting business since their late teens and are nearing retirement age. At one time the shop had between ten and fifteen guys working in unison to bring whole animals to retail cuts and sausages, and several shop hands wrapping and selling meat as fast as the butchers could get it in the case. Now the shop is staffed with three butchers and a shop hand or two. I remember hearing stories of how they used to back a truck up to the rail to load in the sides of beef and hogs, how they used to keep a bottle of whisky in the corn beef barrel.

Butchering itself has been around as long as the first humans used tools to break down the day's hunt, but as humanity transitioned from hunters and gatherers to agricultural societies butchering became an integral part of the new system. As civilization built towns and cities,

the butcher followed. People living apart from the farm still needed a way to bring meat to their tables. The first western butcher shops sprang up as early as 975 A.D. with butcher's guilds following as early as the 13th century.

At first the task of slaughtering and dressing the meat for resale would have taken place in the same space but by the 19th century, the industry fragmented into strictly slaughterhouses and retail shops. By separating these two aspects of the job those responsible for the slaughter could focus solely on safe, clean, and humane conditions for the animals and those who worked there although, in some cases landmark pieces of legislation such as the Meat Inspection Act of 1906 were needed to enforce safety regulations. This legislation was also used to found the USDA Food Safety Inspection Service (or FSIS), which to this day is still in charge of slaughterhouse inspections.

With a steady supply of fresh, clean meat to rely on, the butcher was free to focus on his or her customers. People started to have more choices when it came to what meats they wanted to cook. With the expansion of American railway and highway systems, as well as refrigerated rail cars in wide use by 1914, it became possible to ship fresh meats long distances. At first most meat was shipped in its whole form and butcher shops purchased animals by the side. The animals were then broken into primal and retail cuts in the shop. This was the common practice for independent retail shops until the mid 1980s.

Breaking down the animals in the shop called for a larger and very skilled workforce, a workforce that was becoming an expensive option compared to cheaper operations from the supply end of the market. By the 1980s slaughterhouses and factory farms were producing and processing animals so quickly that they realized they could probably speed up the preparation and butcher side of things as well. Large-scale factory farms gave rise to massive slaughtering factories. Today's meat processing plants feed into massive meat cutting lines where a single person cuts the same piece of meat from thousands of animals a day, over and over again like the factory worker installing the same

PHOTO by Wayne Liu





PHOTO by Julia Gillard | ILLUSTRATION by Dam Markson

screw. When the meat finally lands on the supermarket shelves, sealed off in Styrofoam and shrink wrap, it is arranged and often sold by low paid workers who are just as clueless as to how that meat ended up in their hands as I was.

This industrialization of food production made the butcher shop as we knew it obsolete. A consumer could now simply go to the supermarket and pick up a dozen eggs, loaf of bread, six-pack of beer and whatever steak they wanted at a far cheaper price. As Americans began stocking their pantries and refrigerators with more affordable supermarket meat, independent butcher shops began shuttering right and left because they could no longer compete with the price and convenience of supermarket chains. The profession of the butcher transformed from a service industry job to a factory job. There have even been attempts to automate the meat cutting process further by using robotics and cameras armed with mathematical calculations to cut our meat. Instead of butchers armed with an intimate and map-like knowledge of each specific animal and to how best use each piece and maximize quality, the industry wants to use zeros and ones to maximize profits.

By the 1990s the independent butcher shop had fallen on hard times. The table was still there but the product being handed across it wasn't what it once was. Many shops had resorted to purchasing the same meats you could find at the supermarket, portioning it and putting it on display. By the early 2000s only a fraction of the independent shops remained, but the tide was turning.

The Slow Food movement was taking root in America, people were waking up to what had been done to farming and they didn't like what they saw. In 2008 this awakening reached the mainstream with documentaries like *Food Inc.* and the popularization of books such as *The Omnivore's Dilemma*. The food service industry started to ask themselves some profound questions about their role in the food system, and many responded by trying to change for the better.

New independent shops began to spring up across the nation as restaurants embraced the farm-to-table concept. These shops focus on sourcing their meats from small farmers in hopes that they can grow with the farmer. A revival of preparation techniques began as a return to making food by hand became a central cornerstone of the

new methodology. Shops began to slow the entire process down. Volume was no longer the driving force. When it comes to charcuterie, many of the items sold in supermarkets barely resemble the names they bear. They are interpretations and sterilized versions of techniques lost during the industrialization of meat. Butchers are reintroducing things like blood sausage, as well as cuts that got lost in streamlining like the hanger and oyster steaks.

Consumers once again have a place they can go and have a conversation with someone knowledgeable about food, professionals who can help guide them through recipes and suggest new techniques. Contemporary butcher shops are also an important tool for the modern farmer. They provide a venue for these farmers to reach the customers who are interested in their offerings. As more new shops open, more farmers are needed to help stock the shelves, ensuring that as the butcher shop grows so will people's access to more thoughtful food. At the shop I work at now we still talk about the past, but the context has changed. Nostalgia has been replaced with exploration and celebration, as we bring hand-crafted meats back to the block.



Pâté Maison

sarah schneider

Beyond foie gras, organ meat has not always been considered the most decadent of foods. I remember watching my grandmother consume an unholy amount of chicken liver mousse. She really enjoyed liver and onions. One day I took my tiny pinky finger and dipped it into her lunch, so I could taste what was bringing such a smile to an old lady's face. I politely spit the liver into my napkin. It was the most disgusting thing I had ever eaten. A spectacle was made, but when no one was looking, I tried it again. It wasn't terrible. It was simply something I had never tasted before.

Our palates are constantly changing and becoming more curious. My job is to make the less desirable more lavish and interesting. As a chef, this kind of challenge is the most exciting part of my job. These days children are introduced to pâtés and mousses at an earlier age. It is no longer that weird dish only French grandparents eat. The idea of pork liver mousse with rendered house bacon fat no longer causes people to squish their noses in disgust, but rather smirk with interest.

Country Pâté

Pâté and mousse are different kinds of forcemeat. The difference between a mousse and a pâté is texture. Pâté is coarse in texture and sliceable, while mousse tends to be smooth and spreadable. Pâtés and terrines are basically sausages cooked in a mold. Terrine is a pâté in a mold, en croute means in dough, and the final option is in skin, like a galantine or ballantine. Pâté is French for pie. Ours happens to be the country pâté.

Terrines and pâtés can be interchangeable these days. They contain different consistencies of ground meat with fat, and often organ meat or livers. Country pâté tends to refer to a more coarse grind and rustic preparation. Other forms of pâtés can include finer grinds or emulsifications, where the final consistency is almost bouncy in texture. They can be served warm or cold, but the flavor seems to solidify and brighten after the first couple of days. While ancient Egyptians were known for engorging poultry livers for consumption, pâtés and mousses began in France in the late 1700s for King Louis XVI.

Our country pâté is a mixture of lean pork, pork hearts, tongue, liver, pork fat, garlic, onions, and spices. This mixture sits overnight to absorb all the flavors. Make sure the meat is extra cold before grinding so that the grinder cuts the meat rather than tears it. The friction of the grinder can create enough heat to change the texture of mixture. Grind the chilled meat through a medium sized die. Then hand mix until the proteins and fat have been properly bound, thus creating a farce. Put the farce into a terrine mold to cook covered, in a water bath, approximately one hour and 45 minutes in a 330 degree oven. The water bath keeps direct heat from the product and will decrease the chance of caramelization of the outer pâté. Once the pâté reaches 155 degrees pull it out of the oven to rest. Press the pâté by putting something flat on top and add weight to push the pâté down. Then let it rest over night. This helps achieve the desired consistency. In the morning remove the pâté from the mold and taste. Keep in mind all pâtés are a little different in flavor, texture, and animal.

Duck Liver Mousse

Duck liver mousse is a smooth, rich spread. When getting ready to make mousse make sure you purchase fresh, healthy livers. Look out for discoloration, and if the livers are slimy or smell rancid, stay away. As with most products, the happier and healthier the animal the better quality the livers will be.

Begin by placing the livers in cold water to remove some of the toxins that were left by the duck's natural filtering system. After rinsing, process livers by removing the majority of the internal veins. The veins can add a bit of a bitter and chewy texture, as well as make blending much

more difficult. Season livers with a little salt and sear in a pan with a little oil at a very high heat, only allowing enough time in the pan to add color. Remove and add onions to the pan. Sweat onions until they are soft, then deglaze with a little brandy and pour the mixture over the cooked livers. The hot onions will bring the liver temperature up to medium rare. Let the mixture rest until it is room temperature. The liver and onion mixture can then be puréed with cold butter and heavy cream, and passed through a chinois. Season with a little black pepper, salt and a splash of brandy. Put the mousse into jars and top with warmed duck fat for a little extra flavor and preservation. If the duck fat is too hot it will overcook and scald the mousse. Refrigerate overnight to let the mousse set.





Head Cheese

Head cheese is cooked meat that has been removed from the head of a pig and set in a flavorful “meat jelly” or aspic. The brain of the pig is removed because it will add a grainy texture and flavor to both the consommé and the meat. Brine the rest of the head in salt, brown sugar, and a little bit of spice for twelve to fourteen days. Rinse and braise again with aromatics in a low temperature oven for five or six hours. Strain braising liquid through a chinois and make into a consommé. Pick the head meat and reserve. Make sure to remove any undesirable connective tissues and glands in the head.

To make the consommé, you will need to remove all of the impurities from the headstock. First, create a raft by whipping egg whites until stiff, then folding in egg shells, ground lean pork, raw celery, onions, and carrots to create a structure. Float the raft on top of the warmed head stock. Create a hole in the center to allow the stock filtration. After an hour of low heat, or once the stock is clear, pour it through cheesecloth or a coffee filter and a chinois to obtain a clear product. Season the consommé with a little bit of Madeira as it chills. Toss the picked head meat with fresh herbs, salt, ground black pepper, and a dol-

lop of Dijon mustard or pickled mustard seeds. Line the head cheese mold in plastic and set in ice. Generously pack the meat into the mold as you pour reheated consommé over the mixture. Set the mold overnight. Other variations of head cheese are coppa di testa, which is a rolled pig’s head that has been cured and then poached or smoked. Some recipes take the meat from the head and whip it up to create more of a rilette. In France head cheese is called fromage de tête and in England it is referred to as brawn.

Escoffier, one of the fathers of French cooking, used to force his cooks to pound meat for hours to tenderize it before passing it through a fine sieve and mixing it with cream and eggs. He believed everything could be made into a mousseline. Thankfully, due to years of trials and tribulations by many a culinary genius, we are able to recreate his recipes with a bit less time and workmanship. After years of working with talented individuals and mentors in a number of culinary environments, I found I enjoy the challenge of what can come from lengthy and nuanced techniques. All of the cooking skills I have gained while working are still put to use daily. But it is consideration, planning, and patience that lured me into this world of offal.





PHOTO by Michelle Agins

The Cow Named MEAT

Head Butcher | TJ Burnham

A father and child stand looking at a clumsy calf stumble across the pen. The father looks down and says, “This is our steer, son. What should we name him?” The child of about seven looks up at his father, back out at the calf and answers, “His name should be Meat.”

Naming Meat was the first and most vivid memory of my childhood and laid the foundation for who I am today. I remember my grandfather and I moving irrigation pipelines and my grandmother working in the kitchen canning garden produce. The whole family would come together throughout the summer to help with cutting, baling, and bucking hay. When winter came so did the yearly slaughter and we would all work to fill the family’s freezer with meat for the next year.

Hunting and fishing were also major components of my childhood. As a toddler I remember some of my best toys being ruined by deer blood if I left them haphazardly in the front yard. Pulling trout from the river and gutting it for frying is a skill that has often come in handy. Field dressing and carrying elk out of the canyon; hunting in New Mexico is a long hike only to be followed by having to haul your animal out as well. Throughout these formative years I was impressed with a food sensibility and a great palate for jerky.

As a young man I was more into skateboarding, playing guitar, and raising hell than anything else. I still took part in the chores, went on hunts, and fished a lot, but I was in the teenage lull. While in college I worked on and off in the oil and pipeline fields. During holiday breaks and summer vacation I worked in the desert sun building compressor stations and other means to bleed the earth. While in school, I played guitar.

I took to vegetarianism and eventually veganism for political reasons. Somehow I knew I did not want to eat food from bullshit sources. I started taking cooking jobs because no matter where I was, I could get one in a matter of hours. I was good at them too, and excelled to the top of my all kitchen jobs. *Burrito Shack, Ragin’ Shrimp, 66 Diner.*

One day the line was drawn, it was time to throw it all down. A tour had ended. My band was done. I decided that if I were to continue cooking it would be on the high end. I went to the nicest restaurant in Albuquerque and said, “I’m fast and willing to learn.”

“Can you start tomorrow?” was the reply I got.

After gaining some fine dining experience in Albuquerque, it was time for another upgrade. New York City. After a grueling couple of years adjusting and gaining some valuable experience, I worked my way into an executive sous chef position at a prestigious restaurant group and was presented with the opportunity to run the meat program at their high profile steak house. I had always gravitated towards meat. It was a natural attraction. Being able to execute meat fabrication at such a level was another building block in my career. When it was time to move on from there, I felt that I had to go into the meat business full time. Marlow & Daughters was an attractive place to sink my blades.

By cutting a beautiful steak, tying up a roast, or making a delicious pâté we are paying our respects to not only the animal but the farmers and laborers that have participated in this process. From the field, to the cutting block, and ultimately to the plate, what is done with the meat of an animal stands as the greatest homage to the lives they have lived and pays tribute to them dying to become nourishment.

Three years after I named our cow Meat I looked out over the same corral as a rifle was being raised toward his bovine head. It was time for Meat to fulfill his destiny. I was ten years old. The shot was fired, Meat dropped to the ground and the men strung him up. I was handed a skinning knife and shown how to carefully remove the hide from the animal without damaging any of the meat. As steam rose from the warm flesh on that cold New Mexico morning, I became part of the cycle of life.

ham

by Christian Perkins

I never cared for ham. Not for the majority of my life. Its mere mention brought images of crimes against pork; the sugar-caked holiday ham with canned pineapple crowns; the soggy vacuum-packed sandwich ham, cursed by moisture and funk; the dry, rolled quills of the deli platter ham, righteously spiked with frilly toothpicks, wedded to tasteless provolone and romaine. I avoided ham products, ham memorabilia, and Hawaiian-style Pizzas. I was a cold, smoked turkey man, steadfast. My scorn was never really justified. Truth was, I had never had good ham.

Just out of the French Culinary Institute in 2011, a dogged persistence finally got me into a kitchen job. One early morning, the first cold of fall creeping in and the last of the summer produce leaving our shelves, I was putting together sandwiches for the lunch counter. Two baguettes were split, buttered, adorned with pickles, and a swipe of Dijon. I unwrapped a smoked ham and ran it on our meat slicer.

I looked down and was taken aback; this did not look like ham. The meat splayed out in a stunning tableau of colors, gentle pink fading into white. Throughout fat speckled the lean and ribboned each slice.

This I came to realize was what ham is supposed to taste and look like: buttery fat, lingering smoke, the memory of brown sugar and gentle salt. Above all else, a clean taste of pork was present, elevated by simplicity, needing no garnish, no sauce, nothing but itself. The best foods should speak for themselves. This has become a guiding principle for the way I butcher and cook.

In the shop we start with a whole leg of pork, and break it down by following the natural seams that separate the muscles within. The result is four large cuts: the sirloin, top round, bottom round, and sirloin tip. The Sirloin is saved for curing or portioned into chops for our retail case, and the remaining three cuts are destined to become hams.

Once a ham is tied, you could dry cure it in the style of a Culatello, or braise it slowly to make Prosciutto Cotto. As long as you start with good pork, you're on the right track.



1 Remove the shank. Set aside for braising.



2 Skin the leg.



3 Remove the chine bone.



4 Remove the aitchbone.



5 Remove the sirloin.



6 There it is.



7 Expose the top seam to reveal seams within.



8 Remove the top round.



9 Remove the femur bone.



10 Remove the sirloin tip, leaving the bottom round



11 Clockwise from top left: bottom round, sirloin tip, sirloin, and top round.



12 Clean the above pieces of fascia and silver skin. Tie the pieces up with butcher's twine.



13 Trim off the end of these future hams. Brine for 10 days. Smoke the brined hams!

STANDING RIB ROAST

As dishes and ingredients come in and out of vogue, the standing rib roast has remained a constant. The cast of supporting dishes has changed dramatically over the years as different ingredients and preparations capture the attention of chefs at home and in professional settings, but the roast itself has changed very little. However, just because it is nothing new does not make the task of preparing a rib roast any less daunting. Between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day the phrase you will hear the most in our shop is, "How do I cook this?" This is an expanded look at the steps involved in cooking the perfect roast.

by **Ben Frey**





Begin by removing the exterior cap.





Gently separate the meat from the bone by following the rib bones.

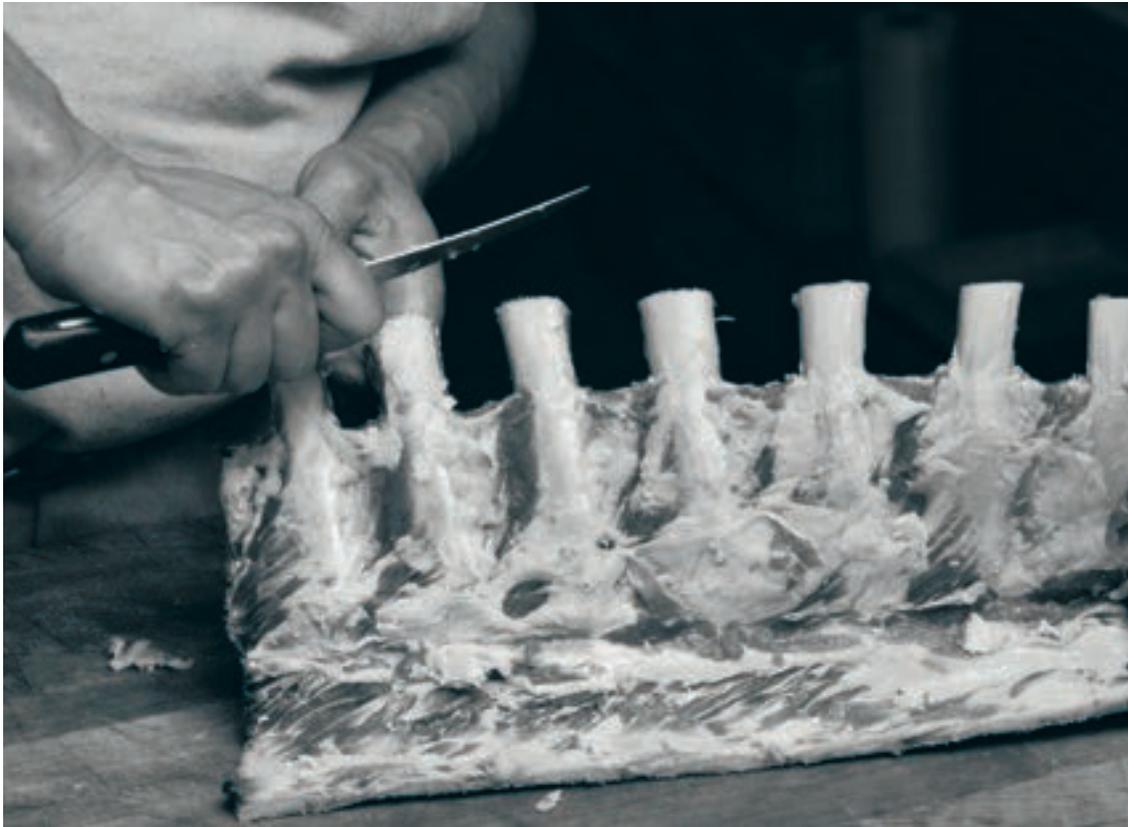




Remove all of the exposed darkened exterior and set the meat aside.



French the ends of the rib bones by first removing half an inch around each bone.



Scrape the bones clean with the knife. Check for any remaining exposed dry age and remove.

Using butcher's twine, begin to tie the roast back onto the bone beginning in the middle of the roast and working evenly to the ends.

At home remove meat from refrigeration and pat dry. Cover roast liberally with salt and fresh cracked black pepper. Let stand on counter for at least one hour to temper.

Preheat to 450 degrees and place your roast inside. After 20 minutes (less time for smaller roasts) drop the oven temperature to 350 degrees.

You should allow around 15 minutes in oven per pound. Use a calibrated meat thermometer to determine if your roast is done to your liking. Remove at 125 internal for medium rare, 130 for medium and 140 for a more well done roast.

Let roast stand in warm part of the kitchen for 15 minutes to let meat rest and for carry over cooking.

Once rested, remove strings and transfer to cutting board. Slice and serve.





HOLIDAY TURKEY

by Ben Frey

Turkeys are notoriously ornery birds. Known for being aggressive and difficult to handle, they can be equally difficult to cook. A well-cooked turkey starts with a well-sourced and prepared bird. I like to base the size of my bird on a one pound per guest ratio. If I want leftovers I just add a pound or two. It's also important to plan a few days ahead. The sooner you get your bird the better your chances of getting the size you want. This will also give you the chance to brine your bird.

Brining will add flavor by letting the salt penetrate and fully season the bird as well as protect against drying out while cooking. Lastly, plan on cooking your stuffing separately from the turkey. By stuffing the cavity of the bird you're contaminating the stuffing with the inherent bacteria existing inside the turkey. To ensure the stuffing is safe to eat you have to heat it up to 165 degrees. To get the stuffing that hot it's likely the meat of the bird will get well above

165 and dry out, leaving you with a sad turkey. A stuffed turkey will also take around an additional hour to cook. Scarlett has offered an excellent alternative in the recipe section. (p. 34)

Before you pick up your bird it's a good idea to prepare your brine:

Combine 1 cup kosher salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 smashed head of garlic, a few peppercorns, and bay leaves with one gallon of water. Bring to a boil. Cool on your countertop and chill in the fridge. Once you have your bird and the brine is cool, place the bird in the brine.

Remove your bird from the brine the night before you intend to roast. Place the bird uncovered in your fridge. This will give the skin a chance to dry and help it crisp while roasting.





Begin by folding the wings under the body of your turkey. This will add stability while trussing as well as keep them from burning. This may require some force. Don't be afraid to break the bones.



Stuff the cavity with garlic and herbs of your choosing. I prefer lemon and thyme.



String up the bird. Loop your string around the crown of the breast and tie just above the cavity at the bottom of the breast.



Take the ends of your string on either side, cross the legs and tie them together. This will ensure a more evenly cooked bird.

Recipes

CRUSHED POTATOES with PICKLED CHILES

- 5 medium hot chili peppers**
- 1 cup white vinegar**
- 1/3 cup water**
- 1 T salt**
- 1 T sugar**
- 2 garlic cloves** [smashed]
- 4 # new potatoes**
[or any smallish potato]
- olive oil**
- pepper**
- 1 bunch parsley**
[leaves picked from the stem]

De-stem, de-seed, and thinly slice the hot peppers. Bring the vinegar, water, salt, and sugar to a boil. Pour the hot liquid over the peppers. Let sit in the refrigerator until cold (this can be done the day before). Place the potatoes in a pot, cover with water and season aggressively with salt. Bring to a boil and simmer until the potatoes are al dente and can barely be pierced with a knife. Drain the potatoes and let them dry on a sheet tray. Crush each potato with the heel of your hand, so the skins burst and the potatoes flatten slightly but do not fall apart. In a large cast-iron pan, add in the potatoes and enough olive oil so it reaches a depth of one-quarter inch. Heat the pan over medium low heat, letting the potatoes fry undisturbed, until they start to go golden brown, approximately 30 minutes. Flip the potatoes once, season the crispy side with salt, and continue to fry until golden brown on the other side, 20 more minutes. Once golden and crispy, transfer the potatoes to a sheet tray and season again with salt and pepper.

In a large bowl place a layer of fried potatoes. Sprinkle some leaves of parsley in, then a spoonful of the pickled peppers with some of their pickling liquid. Layer more potatoes and parsley leaves on top, sprinkle with pickled peppers and continue in layers until all potatoes are in the bowl. Serve.

TITLE by Mark McCormick | PHOTO by Beth Flatley

Scarlett
Lindeman





PHOTO by Julia Gillard

RED WINE POACHED FIGS

2 cups of dried figs

[stems removed]

2 cups of red wine

1 orange

4 T honey

1 t black peppercorns

1 star anise

salt

Cut half of the figs in half. In a small saucepan combine the wine and figs. Peel strips of orange peel into the saucepan, then juice the orange and add the juice. Add in the honey, peppercorns, star anise, and a pinch of salt. Bring mixture to a simmer. Simmer the figs until softened and the wine has reduced slightly, about 30 minutes. Store the figs and their sauce until ready to serve. Serve at room temperature.

HORSERADISH CREAM

4 inch knob fresh horseradish

2 T apple cider vinegar

1 pint crème fraîche

2 t hot sauce

salt

pepper

This condiment for the rib roast gets its kick from fresh horseradish, lots of black pepper, and a bit of hot sauce.

Peel the horseradish until all skin is removed. Chop the horseradish into small pieces. In a food processor, blend the horseradish with the vinegar until finely chopped. In a bowl, whisk together the processed horseradish, crème fraîche, hot sauce, salt, and lots of freshly ground black pepper. Let sit, covered, in the refrigerator overnight. In the morning, pass the mixture through a fine sieve, pressing on the solids to extract as much juice as possible. Discard solids. Taste the horseradish cream, adjust the seasoning if necessary. Serve as a condiment.

BEETS with ORANGE & WALNUTS

2 # beets

olive oil

salt

2 oranges

1 small bunch of thyme

2 cups walnuts

2 inch knob of horseradish [peeled]

2 T apple cider vinegar

In a deep baking dish with a cover, toss beets with olive oil, salt, and 2 cups of water. Using a vegetable peeler, peel strips of orange peel from one orange into the dish add the thyme, cover the pan and roast the beets until tender. While the beets are roasting, toast the walnuts on a sheet tray until fragrant. Remove and set aside. Once beets are cool enough to handle, peel and cut them into bite-sized chunks. In a large bowl, microplane the zest of the remaining orange over the beets and the horseradish. Season the beets with salt, pepper, and the apple cider vinegar, tossing to combine. Add in a glug or two of olive oil. Finely chop the walnuts, add them to the beets, toss to combine, and serve.

STUFFED PUMPKIN

- 1 small pie pumpkin** [2-3#]
- olive oil**
- 4 slices of bacon** [thinly sliced]
- 1 leek** [thinly sliced]
- ½ of a baguette** [cut into ½ cubes]
- ⅓ cup gruyère cheese** [grated]
- ½ of a nutmeg** [grated]
- ¼ cup cream**
- salt**
- pepper**
- cayenne**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Remove the stem of the pumpkin by cutting a circular hole, holding the knife at a 45 degree angle, 1 to 2 inches around the base of the stem, jack-o-lantern style. Reserve the top, but trim away any hanging threads or seeds. Using a spoon, scrape out the stringy flesh and seeds. Reserve the seeds. When the pumpkin is cleaned out, rub the inside walls with a splash of olive oil and season with salt and pepper.

In a sauté pan over medium heat, sauté the bacon until crispy. Add in the leek, season with a pinch of salt and pepper, and sauté until soft, about 5 minutes. Transfer bacon-leek mixture to a bowl. Add in the baguette, gruyère, and nutmeg. Toss to combine. Taste a spoonful. If it needs more seasoning, add it now. Pack the mixture into the cavity of the pumpkin then pour the cream inside. Place the top of the pumpkin on top. Bake until the flesh of the pumpkin can be easily pierced with a paring knife, about one hour. While the pumpkin is resting outside of the oven, toss the pumpkin seeds with a splash of olive oil, season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, and roast in the oven until crispy, about 30 minutes.

To serve, remove the top of the pumpkin. Slice pumpkin into wedges and serve sprinkled with the toasted pumpkin seeds.



ROASTED CHESTNUTS

1 # chestnuts

Preheat oven to 425. Score each chestnut with a sturdy knife, cutting an X through the top of the shell. Roast scored chestnuts on a sheet tray for 30 to 40 minutes, until darkened and fragrant, shaking the pan occasionally through the cooking process to ensure even cooking. Remove chestnuts from the oven and peel when warm. They are almost impossible to peel when fully cooled.



PHOTOS by Beth Flatley

CLASSIC ROASTED TURKEY with GRAVY

FOR THE BIRD

- turkey** [15–22#]
- 1 lemon** [halved]
- 1 head of garlic** [halved]
- 1 bunch rosemary**
- salt**
- pepper**

FOR THE GRAVY

- 2 quarts stock**
- ½ cup flour**
- ½ cup butter**
- ½ cup apple cider vinegar**
- salt**
- pepper**

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Stuff the turkey cavity with the lemon, garlic, and rosemary. Truss the turkey legs together and tuck the wings underneath the bird. Secure with twine. Season all sides of the bird with salt and pepper. Set the bird into a roasting pan and roast, turning every half hour or so, until the bird is darkly tan, the skin is crispy, and an instant-read thermometer reaches 160 when tested in the thickest part of the thigh, 2½ to 3½ hours.

Remove the turkey from the oven. Let rest for 40-50 minutes before carving. Transfer all of the drippings, fat, and juices from the resting turkey into a tall glass.

Meanwhile, make the gravy. In a pot set over medium heat, melt the butter with the flour, stirring constantly until the flour dissolves and the butter starts to boil. Cook for two more minutes, then whisk in one quart of stock. Bring the stock to a boil. It should start to thicken. Whisk in the remaining stock and bring to a simmer. Cook for five minutes or so, until it thickens. Using a small ladle, skim as much turkey fat as possible from reserved drippings, then add the drippings and any reserved juices to the gravy. Taste the gravy, then season with salt and pepper. Simmer the gravy until it reaches the consistency you like; remember, it will thicken as it cools.

After the turkey has rested, carve by slicing the breasts completely off of the carcass. Slice into ¼ inch thick slices. Carve off the thighs with the drumsticks attached, then detach the drumsticks and slice the thigh meat off of the thighbone. Whisk the vinegar into the gravy, re-warm quickly, then serve with the sliced turkey.





PHOTO by Julia Gillard

SAUTÉED TURNIPS with BUTTER & BOTTARGA

3 bunches small turnips

[greens removed, bulbs trimmed and cleaned]

splash of olive oil

4 oz butter

salt

pinch of sugar

black pepper

½ a lemon

1 lump of bottarga [cured mullet roe]

Cut the turnips into bite-sized wedges. In a sauté pan over medium high heat, heat the oil until shimmering. Carefully add turnips to the pan and let sear, not moving the pan for 30 seconds or so. Agitate the pan and season the turnips with salt, sugar, and pepper. Add in the butter, lower the heat, and let the turnips cook, simmering in the butter for 3 to 5 minutes until just tender. If the butter reduces too much and the pan becomes dry, add a little splash of water to reconstitute. Remove the pan from the heat. Squeeze in the juice of the lemon, tossing to combine. Taste a turnip and adjust the seasoning, if necessary. Pour turnips in a shallow bowl. Grate the bottarga over the top with a microplane.

DANDELION SALAD

dandelion greens for everyone

1 lemon [halved]

a bottle of olive oil

salt

Sometimes I like to shirk the salad and just approach greens as a palate cleanser. After roasted proteins and rich sides a big crisp pile of bitter green stuff, be it dandelion, escarole, or radicchio is pleasant to munch along side of everything else.

Clean and trim the greens, spin them dry, then pile into a bowl or two and set it on the table so everyone can reach. Think of it like a bowl of chips but if someone whines for salad, you can always oblige with a squeeze of lemon, a sprinkle of salt, and a drizzle of olive oil.





PHOTO by Beth Flatley



PHOTO by Beth Flatley

HAM GLAZE

- ½ cup honey**
- ¼ cup red wine vinegar**
- 1 t cayenne**
- 2 T Dijon mustard**
- pinch of salt**

These compact little pork leg hams (p.18) are great simply roasted after being brined and smoked. However, this citrusy glaze adds a subtle, sweet and sour sheen that is captivating.

Whisk all glaze ingredients together in a small bowl until smooth and homogenous. Roast ham at 400 degrees. Brush glaze on twice. First when the ham needs 30 minutes more cooking and then again at the 15 minute mark. Remove ham from oven when internal temperature is 150 and let rest for 30 more minutes before slicing.

MOLE

the Next Day

Turkey leftovers are the best. Sure, I want a turkey sandwich, dipped in gravy after lots of wine late at night and a turkey club with crispy bacon, butterhead lettuce, and lots of mayonnaise the next day. But if you have a big enough bird, the carcass and any remaining bits of meat can be transformed into a spicy, Mexican mole long after you run out of bread and wine. Plus, after a couple of meals of turkey, potatoes, bread, and pie, the deep flavors of toasted chili and bitter chocolates really shake up the monotony and make you hungry again.

- 1 turkey carcass** [the majority of the meat removed but with some still clinging]
- 3 cups turkey meat** [white or dark]
- 1 cup of mole paste** [we like Mole Poblano La Asuncion, a local Brooklyn producer but most good Mexican bodegas will have some sort of locally produced paste]

Break the turkey carcass into quarters and cram into a pot. If you have any remaining stock, add it to the pot. If not, just add water ¾ of the way up the side of the bird. Bring to a simmer and let cook for 15-30 minutes, until the meat can be easily pulled from the bone. Transfer the turkey quarters to a sheet tray and let cool until you can strip the meat from the bone without scalding your fingers. Discard the bones. Tear any large pieces of meat into bite-sized strips.

In a shallow pot, over medium-low heat, place the mole and 2 cups of the stock the turkey was re-heated in. Bring to a simmer and whisk until smooth. Add in all of the reserved turkey meat. Warm the turkey in the mole. Taste and add salt, if necessary. Serve with tortillas or rice.

little birdie
ken wiss



silkie

poussin



We've only done this once in the kitchen, and it was for Christmas Eve, the one night of the year on which no rules apply to the Marlow & Sons menu. I got excited about the idea after hearing one of our cooks Robert, describe a Jacques Pepin video where he debones a quail in no time with just a paring knife. You can also read about this practice in his famous book, *La Technique*. Essentially, the idea is that you turn the bird inside out starting at the opening for the neck and peel the meat away from the skeleton, leaving the wing bones and leg bones intact. It's basically deboning without butterflying, without slicing it open along the spine. What you're left with is, well, a meat sack to be filled with other earthly delights. This way you can serve it whole. No carving is necessary. Just take a fork and knife to it and get down.

We had been experimenting with different birds from one of our farmers, getting in everything from poussin to black-skinned birds called silkies. We had already been trying to sell said birds in all the different positions possible. So not only was this something different for us, but presenting a whole bird without carving sounded perfect for a festive holiday night.

And then came the actual process. I practiced on a larger bird than is ideal. The smaller the bird, the easier since there's less muscle to have to strip away. Because that's what you're doing; you are using your hands to pull the meat from the rib cage and spine. There is very little a knife is needed for, just making separations at the shoulder and hip joints. The rest is barbarism. The rest feels just on the side of too vulgar. The rest made me feel like I was shaming this bird. Playing god.

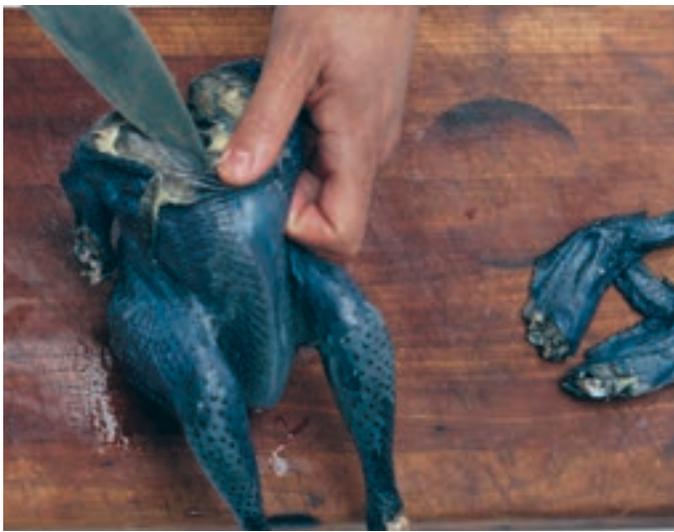
So it was with an uneasy heart I went for it, deboning with my bare hands something like 20 poussin, stuffing them with a mixture of sausage, winter squash, and toasted oats and using skewers to pinch them shut. Since the poussin doesn't take long to cook, you'll want your stuffing to be cooked through beforehand.

In the end, cooking them was wonderful though. Starting in a sauté pan and finishing in the oven took around 20 minutes. We sold out. "86" little birds.

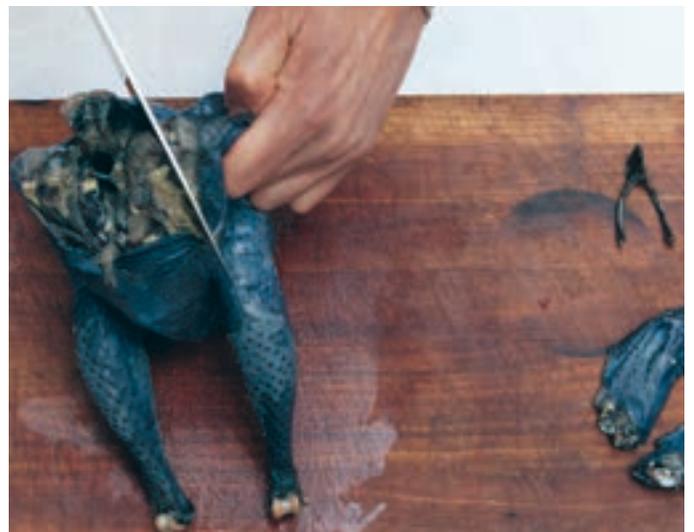


1 Start with the wing bones. Cut at the second joint to remove. Save bones for stock or roasting or the messiest of family meals.

2 Now the wishbone.



3 Use the tip of your knife to make slits above and below it. Pinch it at the middle and gently pull downwards towards you so as not to snap it.



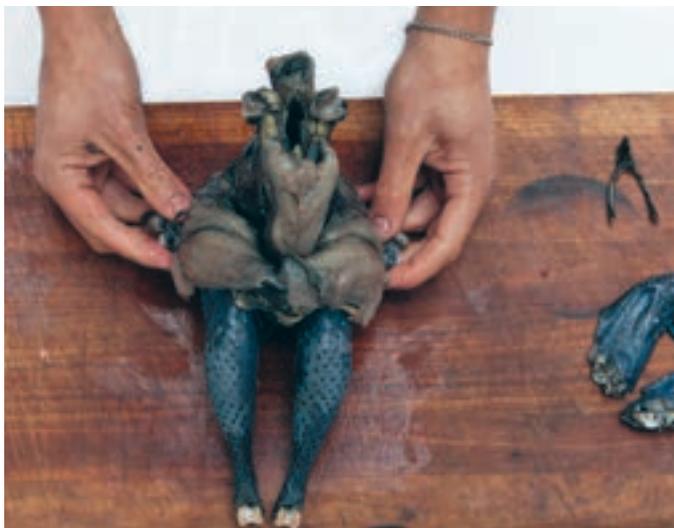
4 Peel down some of the skin around the neck. Move the wing to locate where the joint is. Slice through the joint and its tendons. Do the same for both sides.



5 Using your thumbs push down and separate the breast meat from the sternum.



6 Flip over and do the same for the back along the spine. Be careful that there isn't much space between the skin and bones. You don't want to tear the skin.



7 As the meat is removed you should be able to start to fold the top half inside out, kind of like the bird is wearing overalls that are hanging down at its waist.



8 Pull the meat further down the legs as if you're pulling the overalls off. And now move the leg to locate the hip joint.



9 Here the same process as the shoulder joint applies. Make sure to slice through fully to cut all tendon.



10 Push down past the joint and pull the meat from the carcass. The Woah! moment.



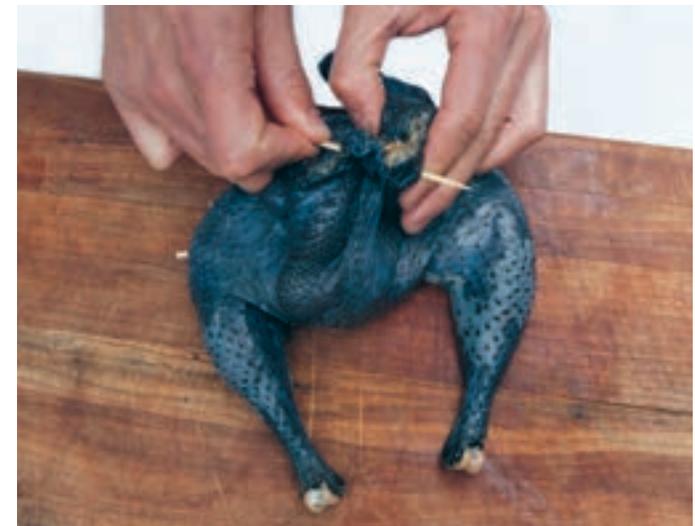
11 In order to remove the thigh bone push the meat downwards along it like a push-pop. You can also remove the leg bone the same way. I leave it in for sturdier presentation. Remove tenderloin and oysters for stuffing!



12 Find the legs in the mess and begin to turn it right side out as if it was birthing itself.



13 Lay it face down and use a skewer to cinch it shut between the legs. Add the stuffing through the neck opening. You should be able to fit about a baseball's worth.



14 Now skewer the neck closed. Try to pass it 4 times. Keeping the skewer behind the wings allows it to stand tall and proud.

stuffng for 1 poussin

- 1 medium winter squash**
- 1 pint toasted oats**
- 6 oz sausage**
- reserved meat from bird**
- 1 leek** [sliced]
- 1 pear** [diced]
- sage and thyme to taste**

Cut the squash in half. De-seed and season with salt and pepper. Drizzle with olive oil and roast in oven at 350 until knife tender, about 30-45 minutes. Once cool, scoop flesh with spoon and put into mixing bowl with the oats. Cook sausage, tenderloin, and oysters and remove from pan leaving the fat. In the fat, cook the leek. When almost done add the pear and cook for another couple minutes. Add all including the fat into mixing bowl. Mix in sliced herbs and check seasoning for salt and pepper.



Cured BY ANDREW DORSEY

There are very few things in the world that get me excited or leave me with such a sense of wonder as aged salumi. What happens in the dark, humid curing cocoon can take a tough cut like the neck of a pig, and transform it into something delicate and complexly flavored. The idea of raw, two-month-old meat that will not kill you, but tastes marvelous, is captivating.

Take the humble sopressata hanging above the counter at a reputable pork store. While this may be to some a simple tube of ground meat, look closer and you'll discover there is a harmonious dance happening on a cellular scale. Salami start life similar to other sausages, but are then coaxed into harboring a colony of beneficial bacteria and mold. Beer, wine, cheese, kombucha, miso, and sauerkraut all share this pubescent transformation. Little bacteria, lactobacillus and pediococcus, consume the sugar in the meaty mass and produce lactic acid, creating an environment less hospitable to spoilage. Not only that, but the acidulation of the mixture actually helps the meat release its moisture easily. The color fixing/curing bacteria micrococcus and staphylococcus also joins in the ferment fiesta. They contribute by breaking down meat proteins and fats. Now the process is about fostering very specific conditions to allow the guy to sweat away. The drying process not only concentrates the flavors already present, but allows for new ones to develop. Think salty crystals on Parm. Think mellowing bourbon breathing in a black barn in Tennessee.

A simple route to salume success is by curing a large chunk of an animal. This is more of a rub on salt and wait recipe. While it takes less steps, it does take much much more time. One of my favorite examples of the practice is cured lomo from Spain, another is a dry cured coppa. Essentially these guys are given a salt scrub, left to marinate for a week and a half, stuffed into some chamber of an animal and then left to lose weight. While its not quite as complex as ham, lomo and coppa get their kick from already being tender morsels. While sharing a similar curing process the two differ in taste and texture because of the functions of the two muscles. Lomo is from the loin section of the pig, the muscle group that runs down either side of the spine. The loin is inherently lighter in texture and flavor, because as a quadruped the loin of a pig does less work than the shoulder or neck areas. The less work a muscle does the less myoglobin the muscle contains, so this plus a little bump from some intermuscular fat makes lomo very delicate. It is rolled in pimenton to further round out its flavor profile and make it stand out as Spanish. Coppa is an Italian cure made from the eye of the shoulder.

So you want to make a salami... Do you want to fill your limited kitchen space with a massive stuffer? Do you want to fret over how sterile all the pieces to said stuffer are? Do you really really really want your loved ones, or roommates, to know that beef middles are not a normal smell? Do you want to transform an old fridge into a dank basement? How far does the rabbit hole go?

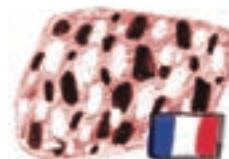
May I suggest instead purchasing a selection of cured meat and enjoying them with friends and maybe a bottle of wine or case of beer? Everyone has had a bite of prosciutto, but a smaller group has tried the less ubiquitous and, in my opinion, more delicious jambons from Spain. Traditional dry cured ham is nothing short of a perfect example of the magic of salt, natural enzymatic reaction, and time. Made from the rear leg of the pig, hams from various regions across the globe share something in common. They take the tough, lean, and mild cuts and turn them into a delicacy. What follows is a rundown of some of my favorite cured meats, tip to tuchus.

1



Guanciale (IT)
Italian name for the cured outer layer of fat covering the cheek. Almost all solid fat, it holds strong porcine funk.

Formage de Tête (FR)
French braised head meat set in its own enriched broth. Served cold, its slices melt with palate coating richness.



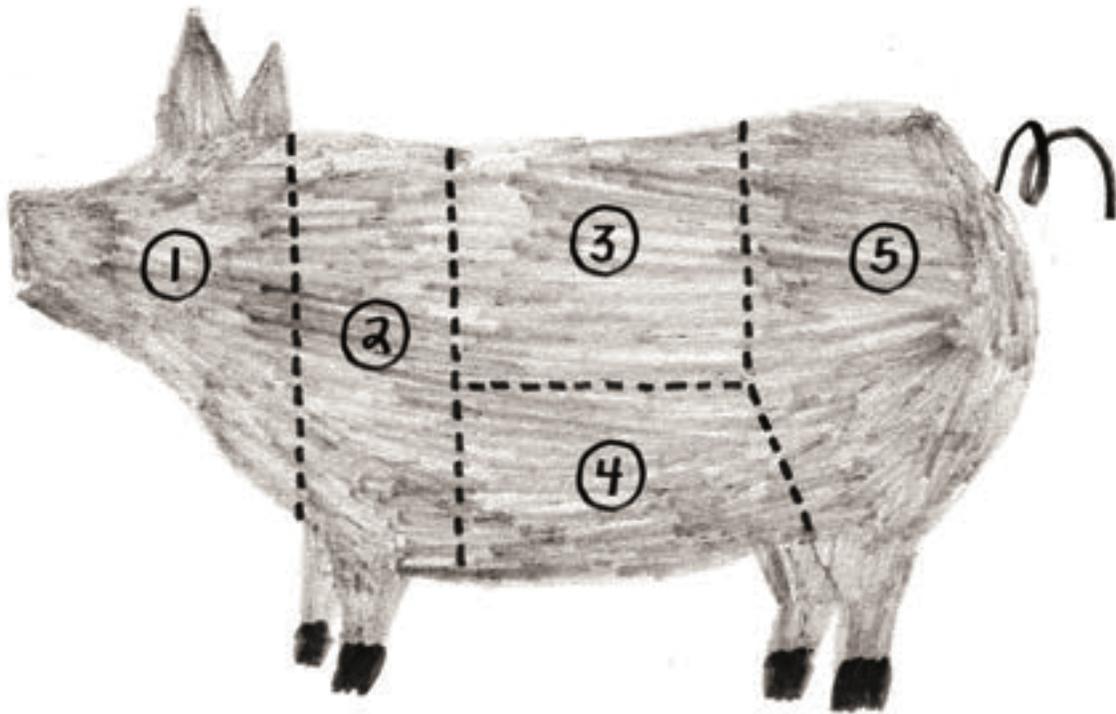
2



Coppa (IT)
Italian cured eye of the shoulder which differs regionally. I prefer Calabrian style rolled in piquant red pepper. The complex and hard working muscle group gives this a more meaty flavor interspersed with thick ribbons of fat.

Espalla (IT),
Paleta (EP)
Salted and treated similarly to the hams of Italy and Spain, these two are made from premium pigs after the coppa or eye of the shoulder is removed. Being slightly thinner, these hams take less time to mature and have a more straight forward meatiness.





3



Lonza (IT), Lomo (EP)
 These two are different only in geography. Salt-rubbed and air-dried pork loins are lean and delicate in meaty porcine flavor.



Lachsschinkenm (DE)
 "Salmon Ham" is not made from either a fish or a rear leg of a pig. This salt cured and lightly smoked loin does not lose weight to air drying, and has a texture and flavor eerily similar to salmon lox.



4



Pancetta (IT)
 Whether rolled or flat, rubbed with rosemary or with bright spices, pancetta is an air-dried pork belly. Unsmoked and matured by aging, pancetta has a complex flavor from airborne flora.

Bacon (US)
 It's bacon. Salty, brown-sugar sweet, smoked, vegan-turning perfection.



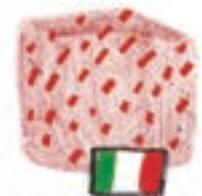
Ventreche (FR)
 The French take on pork belly is more similar to a rolled pancetta than American bacon.

5



Prosciutto (IT), Jamon Serrano and Bellota (ES), Jambon Bayonne (FR), Country Ham (US), Presunto (PT)
 Dry-cured and sometimes smoked, each one of these hams speak to the regional identities and each is proudly defended as superior. Some are saltier than sweet; serrano and country. Some are more luscious; prosciutto and bellota.

Speck (IT)
 This boneless flat ham is spice rubbed and smoked before drying. Its flavor is affected by what is added, creating a more complex, bold flavor.



Culatello (IT)
 The boneless rolled and cured heart of the ham, prize of the Emilia-Romagna, is more delicate than prosciutto and its flavor comes more from the flora area.

Suet

Natasha
Pickowicz

One of the most alluring dishes at Lawrence, a young British restaurant in Montreal's Mile End neighborhood, is the oxtail and marrow pie. In the center of the meat pie, a single beef bone, oozing with marrow, thrusts through the top of the pastry like a dangerous volcano. Underneath a protective shell of pastry, braised oxtail and leek confit are spread into thick, creamy layers. At once roughly hewn and strangely elegant, the pie is a signature dish.

Despite the pie's arresting fillings (so hard to resist the primordial goo of marrow!) it was the burnished crust, a golden blanket sloping down the bone, that clawed at my attention. It was curiously beefy, yet delicate against my fork. Later, when I became Lawrence's assistant pastry chef, I ended up producing pound after pound of that very dough. The recipe stated a quantity not of butter, but suet; the hard, crumbly fat that surrounds the kidneys of cows, pigs, and sheep.

I had never heard of suet before, but Marc Cohen, Lawrence's lanky London-bred executive chef, adored it. He did all of the butchery for the restaurant, and had an intense respect for his animals. Nothing went to waste. He reserved quart after quart of beef suet, processed into small, coarse pellets for pastry production. As I watched him carving the suet away from the animal, I felt as though I was getting an intimate glimpse of British culinary history.

Due to an unusually high melting point, suet lends itself to excellent pastry. Traditional British cuisine uses it heavily, and so did we at Lawrence. We added it to boiling water to make hot water crusts for stodgy veal puddings. We rubbed it into flour to make flaky, faintly sweet Gloucester pancakes. We used it for some desserts, like the Sussex Pond pudding, which encases an entire lemon (seeds,

pith, and peel!) suspended in brown sugar and butter. Slice through the suet pastry and molten Skittles gush out.

Working in pastry I'm used to surrounding myself with gorgeous products: gleaming fruits, frothy creams, and sparkling sugars that look, smell, and taste great. Being confronted with suet changed how I thought about pastry. It's not precious, but it is amazingly versatile and tailored for the resourceful chef. Like most home cooks I never considered the use of suet in my kitchen, but now it's an essential part of my repertoire. It's cheap, has a distinctive and delicious beefy flavor, and honors the animal. Although you can buy prepackaged suet (usually in dehydrated puck form), ask any great butcher for some fresh beef suet, and they'll happily help you.

Cohen's marrow pie may look striking, but the taste is total decadence and comfort. It's a great dinner party centerpiece. Suet, coupled with more idiosyncratic home cooking ingredients like oxtail and bones, lifts the plain meat pie to sublime, astonishing heights. At Lawrence, we served the marrow pie with a big handful of rocket on the side for a peppery, fresh contrast. The cozy richness of the pie demands it. As autumn leans into winter, I find myself reaching for this recipe with greater frequency. I roll the pastry out at home and remember the time I spent at Lawrence, where I learned about animals, butchery, and the most humble of fats, suet.

Baking notes: Cohen's basic suet pastry recipe remains my favorite topper for any savory meat pie. A thin, chilled round, draped over a buttered baking dish, bakes up into a fluffy, tender crust. The pastry, which is enriched with a healthy amount of baking powder, takes on an almost cakey, rather than crisp texture.



The following recipes are adapted from Marc Cohen of Lawrence Restaurant

suet pastry

Makes enough pastry for 4 smallish pies

4¼ cups all purpose flour

2½ t baking powder

1 T kosher salt

1¼ cup beef suet

[processed into small pieces and chilled]

~1 cup ice cold water

[chilled for at least 10 minutes]

Whisk flour, baking powder, and salt together. Using the tips of your fingers, rub the suet into the flour until the pieces are about the size of small peas. Add the cold water in a very slow stream, working quickly with your fingers to incorporate the liquid throughout. The dough will look shaggy; use a light hand. Use just enough liquid to bring the dough together into a soft mass. Wrap tightly in plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least an hour. After the dough has rested, roll out with a lightly floured pin to desired thickness.

bone marrow & oxtail pie

braised oxtail filling

Makes filling for one large pie, plus extra

- | | |
|---|--|
| 4–6 T extra virgin olive oil | 1 cup all-purpose flour |
| 4 T butter | 2 medium-sized carrots [diced] |
| 2 # oxtail [ask your butcher to break it down for you] | 3 stalks celery [diced] |
| 3 # beef stew meat [cut into 1 inch cubes] | 1 yellow onion [diced] |
| salt | 2 heads garlic [peeled] |
| | 3 bay leaves |
| | a couple sprigs of thyme |
| | water to cover [or good beef stock] |

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. In a large pot, melt butter and olive oil over medium-high heat until butter begins foaming. Meanwhile, thoroughly pat dry the oxtail and beef, salt liberally, and lightly coat in flour. Set aside on paper towel-coated plates. When butter begins foaming, add oxtail and stew beef in small batches, browning well on each side and turning with tongs. Move batches to a plate, and continue until all meat is well seared.

Turn heat down to medium-low. Add carrots, celery, and onion, and cook until softened, about 10 minutes. Add garlic, herbs, and more salt to taste. Add the oxtail and beef stew meat back and almost submerge with beef stock and/or water. Place lid on pot and place carefully in oven. Check after 10 minutes to see if the liquid has come to a boil. It should not, or else the meat will become tough. Turn the oven down by 15 degrees until liquid is no longer at a hard boil.

Let the meat gently braise for two hours, then begin checking every 30 minutes, looking for tenderness and stirring carefully. When finished, let meat cool in liquid so it can reabsorb moisture. Remove beef from pot and shred finely. Strain 1-2 cups of remaining liquid and pour over reserved beef, to coat. Refrigerate until ready to assemble the pie.





leek confit

- 8 T unsalted butter**
- 6–7 medium-sized leeks**
[pale parts only, trimmed, and chopped into thin crescents and washed]
- 1 head garlic** [finely chopped]
- 2–3 sprigs thyme**
salt to taste
- ¼ cup water or good beef stock**

In a large pot, over medium-low heat, melt butter. Add leeks and cook until slightly softened. Do not color. Add garlic, thyme, and salt and stir. Add water or stock and cook until leeks are tender, about 30 minutes, adding small amounts of liquid if necessary. Discard thyme sprigs.

to assemble the pie

- leek confit** [cooled]
- oxtail braise** [cooled]
- 1 beef marrow bone**
[room temperature, about 5 inches tall]
- suet pastry** [chilled]
- 1 egg**
- fleur de sel**

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. In a round or oval baking dish several inches deep (enamel-coated cast iron dishes work well), spread a layer of leek confit about halfway up the dish. Fill rest of dish with oxtail and smooth out. Fit beef bone snugly in center of dish. Roll suet pastry to desired size, about one inch wider on each side of dish, to about ¼" thickness. Chill pastry if it gets too warm and soft. Carefully drape pastry directly over bone and fit around edges. Pinch pastry against baking dish to seal tightly. Whisk up the egg and brush egg wash lightly over pastry. Sprinkle liberally with fleur de sel. Place in oven and bake for 15 minutes, until lightly colored. Rotate pie and turn oven down to 350 degrees. Bake until pastry is deeply golden and tender, about 30 minutes, covering edges of pie with foil if coloring unevenly. Remove pie and eat immediately.

Gloucester pancakes

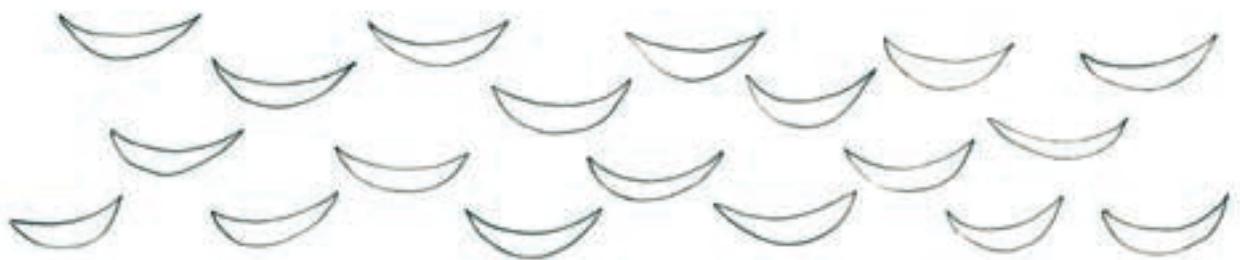
Use a careful hand when working this dough. If made properly, the pancakes will puff up into lovely, light layers. Fry in the duck fat to ensure a crisp, glossy exterior. The butter and suet in the dough keeps these pancakes moist and flavorful. Serves 3.

- 1¾ cups all purpose flour**
- pinch salt**
- 1 t baking powder**
- 3 T chopped beef suet**
- 3 T butter** [cold and grated]
- 1 egg**
- whole milk** [slightly less than ¼ cup]
- 2 T duck fat**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Whisk flour, salt, and baking powder together. Scatter the chilled beef suet and butter into the dry mixture and incorporate with fingers, working until only pea-sized pieces of fat remain. Whisk one egg and drizzle onto the mixture, working it in with fingers until just incorporated. Stream cold milk slowly into the bowl, using only just enough to bring the mixture together. Be very careful not to overwork the dough. Pat into a thick disk, and wrap tightly. Let rest for one hour in the refrigerator.

Remove dough from refrigerator, and lightly flour a flat surface. Roll out to about ½ inch thickness, pressing gently and rolling evenly. With a circular cookie cutter about 2 inches wide, cut circles to make your pancakes. Over medium heat, melt 2 T duck fat in a cast-iron skillet. Gently add pancakes to the pan and cook on each side until lightly golden, about three minutes. Remove pan from stove and place in oven. Bake until fluffy, risen, and cooked through, about 7 minutes. Serve immediately.

The INVISIBLE! IMMACULATE! Processes OF Rennet



CAROLINE PICARD

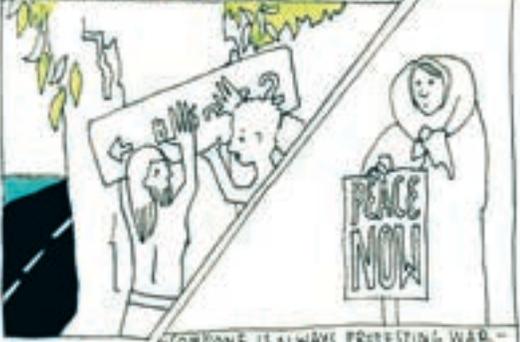
ON THE NORTHWEST PART OF CALIFORNIA



JUST ABOVE THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT



NEAR A TOWN WHERE BOHEMIANS STEAL ROAD SIGNS TO KEEP THEIR WORLD SECRET



AND WHALES PASS BY TO FEAST ON COASTAL UPWELLING

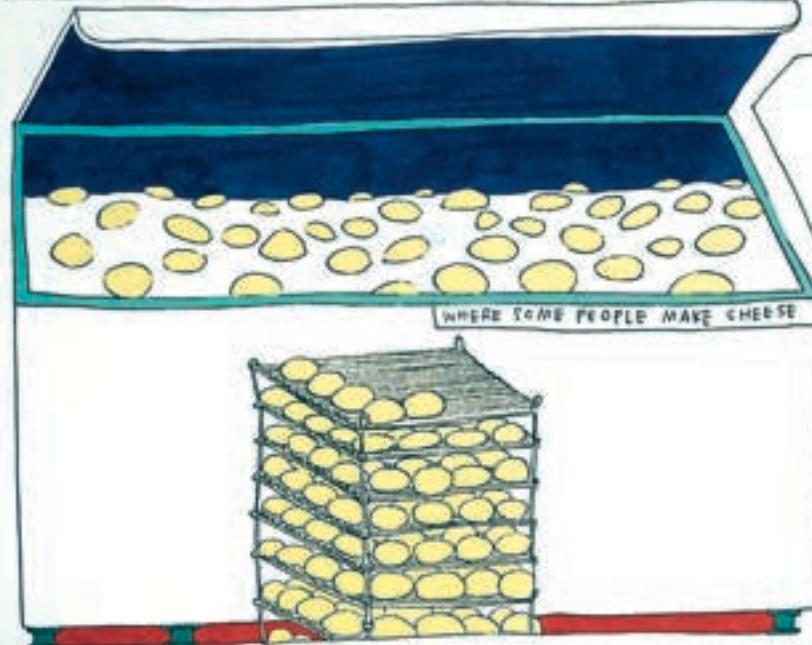
THERE IS A FARM

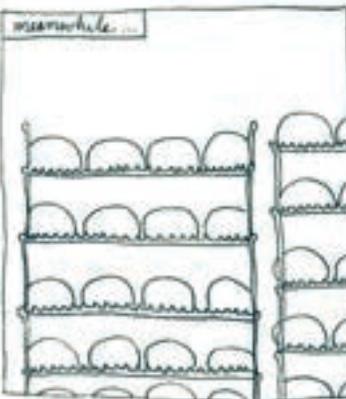
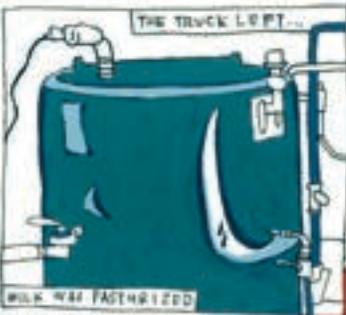
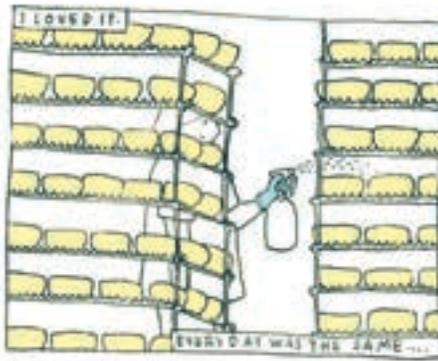


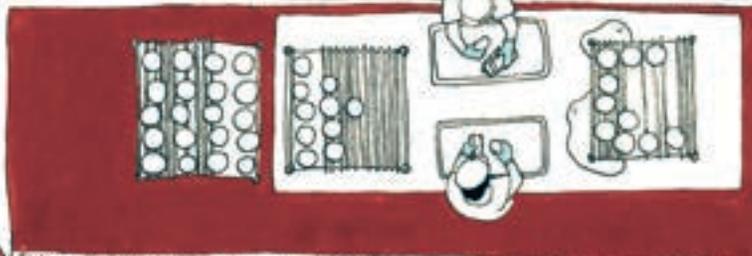
ACROSS FROM THE FIRE STATION



I WAS LUCKY TO GET A JOB THERE. I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY TOOK A CHANCE ON ME BUT...



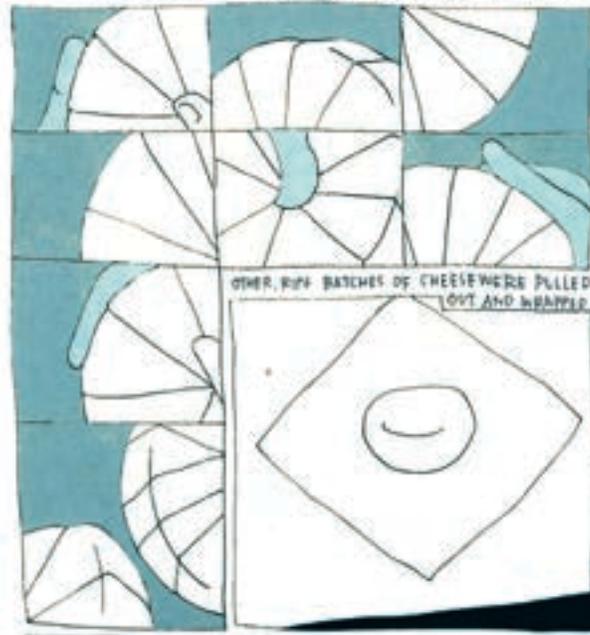




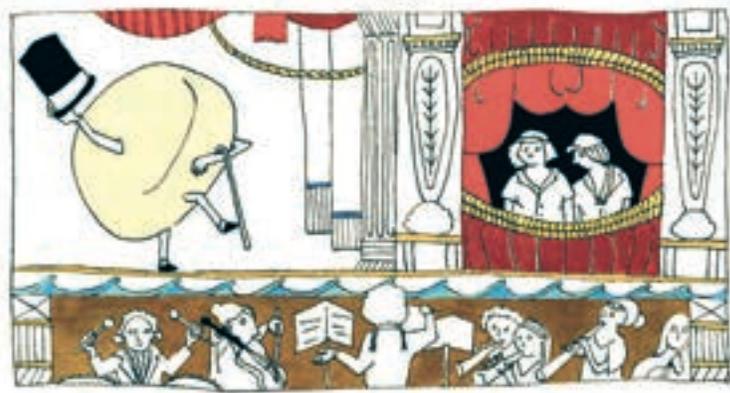
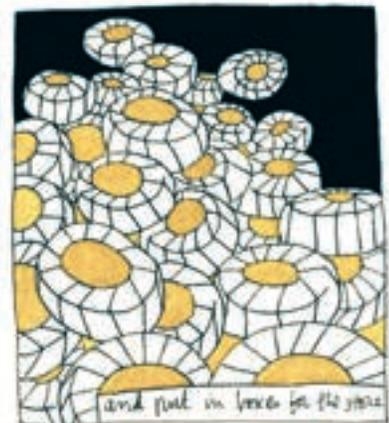
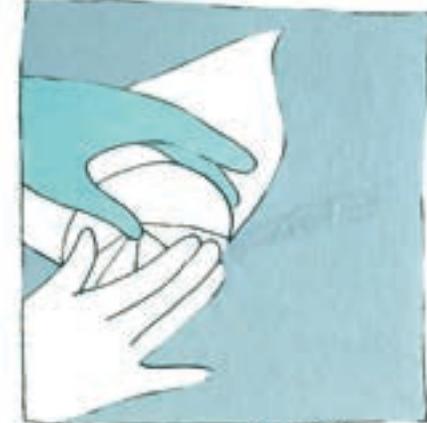
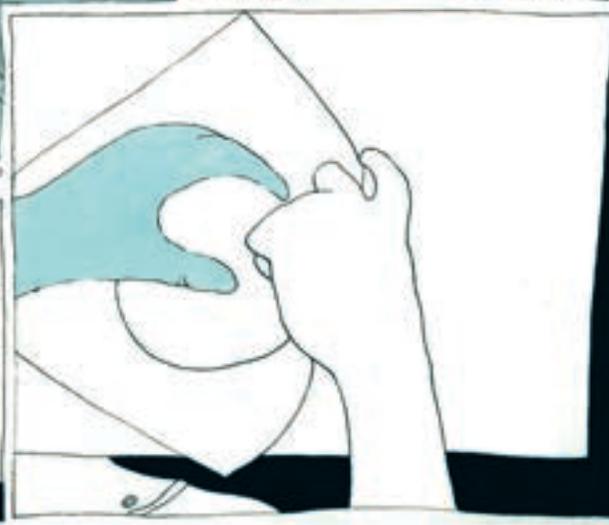
AND THEN BROUGHT BACK TO THE AGING ROOM TO GROW A DIFFERENT, RED MOLD INDIGENOUS TO THE AREA



SOME CHEESE WAS BROUGHT OUT OF THE AGING ROOM TO GET COVERED IN A SALT WATER BATH



OTHER, RIPPY BATCHES OF CHEESE WERE PULLED OUT AND WRAPPED



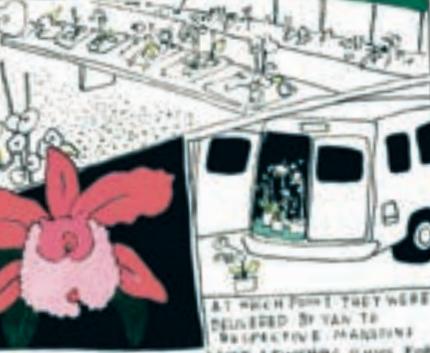
IF WE RUN OUT OF WRAPPING PAPER WE GO TO THE POINT SHOP ACROSS THE WAY.



THE POINT SHOP BOY ALWAYS FERMS LIKE THE HAPPIEST 20-YEAR-OLD HIPPIE IN TOWN. HE WAS ON A BAND THAT PERFORMED IN THE GAS STATION AFTER HOURS.



MY BOYFRIEND AT THE TIME WORKED FOR AN ORGANIZATION BOARDING HEAVY, WEALTHY FAMILIES JUST OUTSIDE TO BE CAREED FOR UNTIL THE PLANET BLOOMED.



ONE OF MY FAVORITE MOMENTS OF LOVE WAS PROVIDED BY A CHOCOLATE.



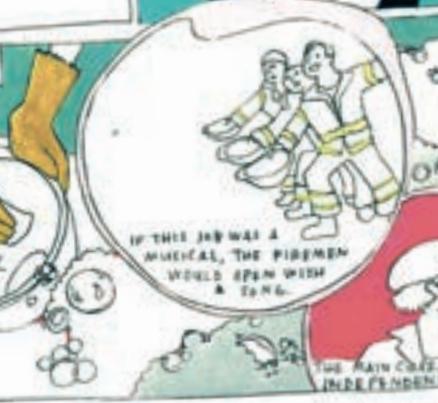
HE SECRETLY FRODOGED A POINT OF BANG WITH A SCRIPT.



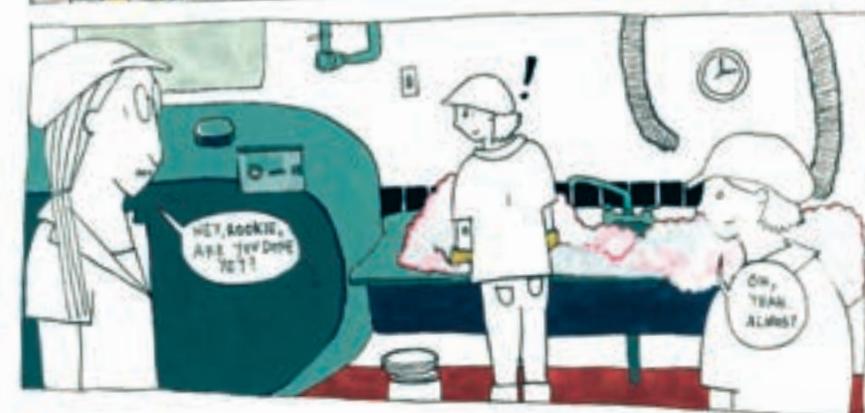
HER GIRLFRIEND GROW UP ON A FARM BUT HADN'T HAD MILK LIKE THAT EVER SHE WAS A GEL. IT WAS A PROFOUND MOMENT WITH BENEFIT/ACTING.



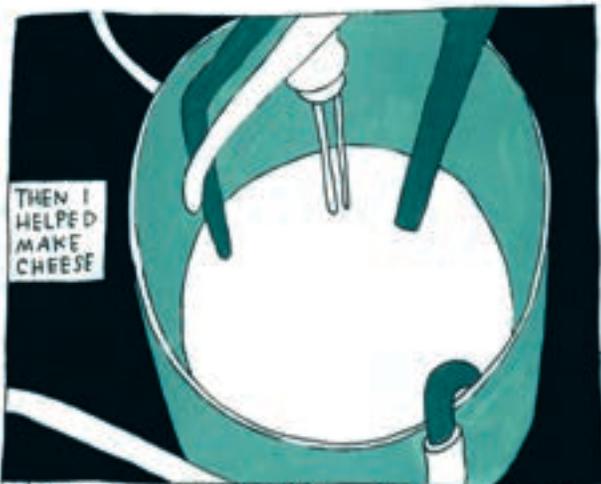
AFTER LUNCH I WASHED DISHES.



OUR PROTAGONIST WOULD HELP THE FIREFIGHTERS.



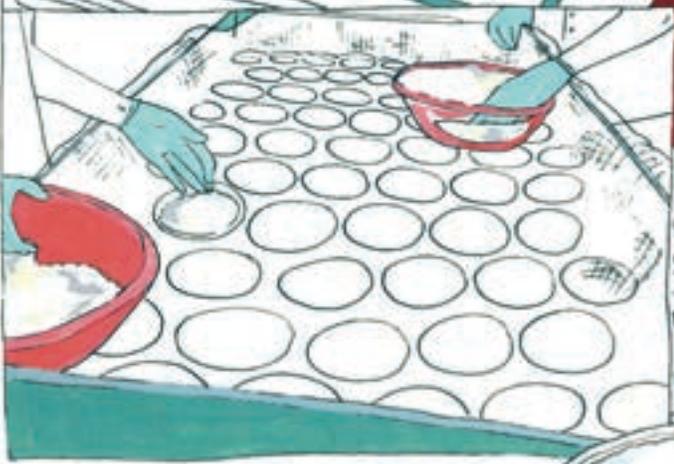
THEN I HELPED MAKE CHEESE



THE CURD WAS DRAINED



THE WHEY WAS DRAINED

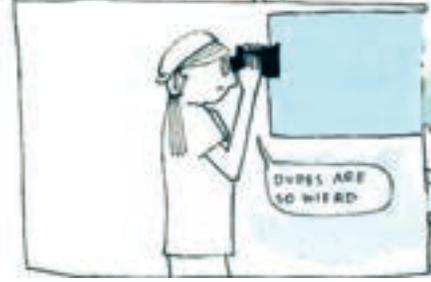


WE COVERED THE CHEESE MOLDS ON THE TABLE WITH CHEESE CLOTH, THEN FILLED THE MOLDS WITH FRESH CURD. THE MOLD SITS AND DRAINED FOR A FEW HOURS.

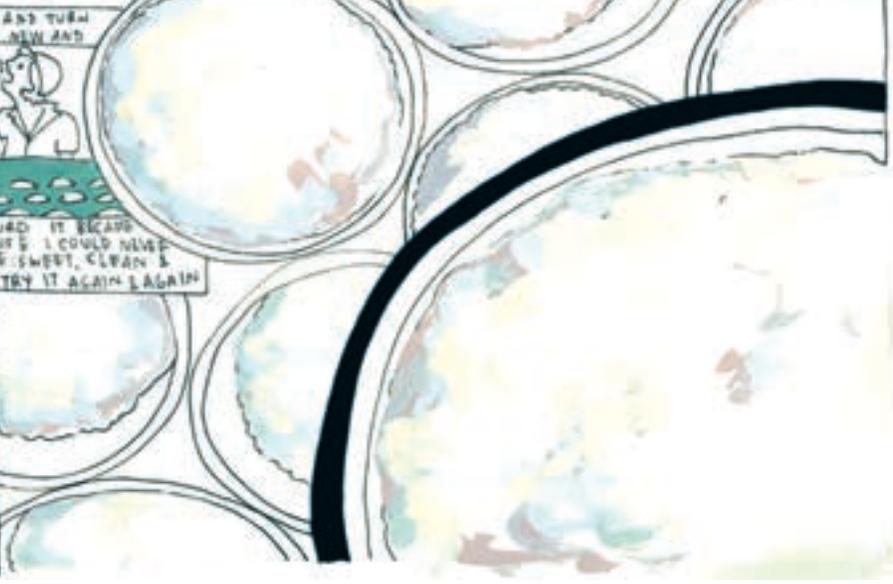
IT WAS MY JOB TO PULL UP THE CHEESE CLOTH AND TURN THE CHEESE IN EACH MOLD. THE TASK LED TO A NEW AND

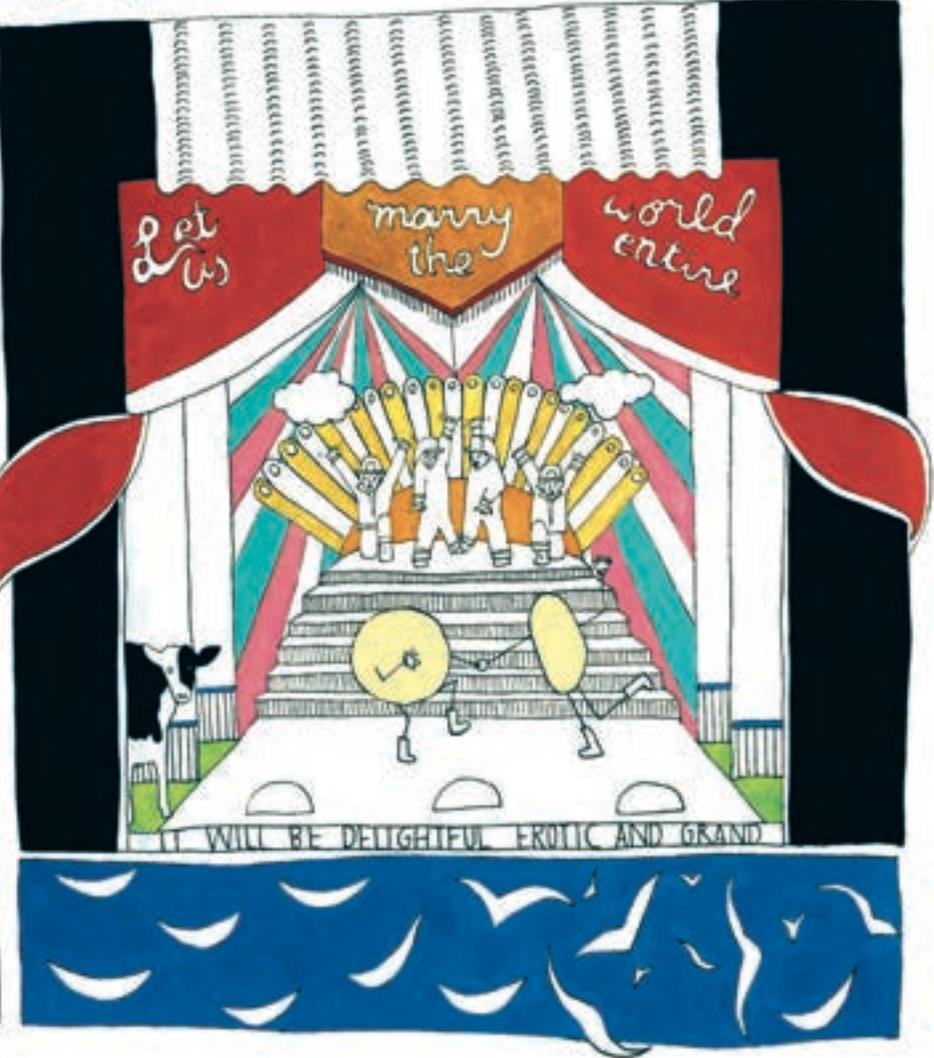
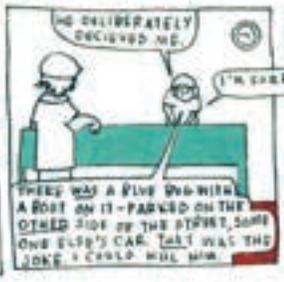
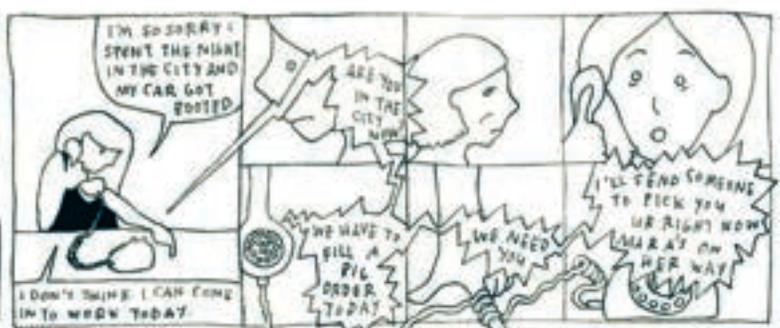
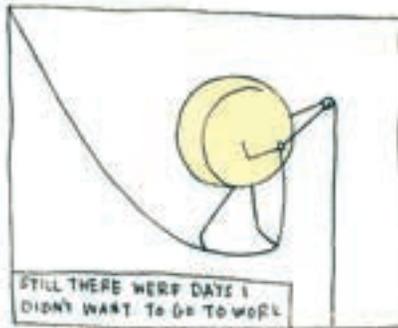


STRANGE APPRECIATION FOR FRESH CHEESE CURD. IT BECAME A DECADE SNACK, EXCITING INASMUCH BECAUSE I COULD NEVER FIND THE RIGHT WORDS TO DESCRIBE THE TASTE. SWEET, CLEAN & SOFT CAME TO MIND BUT I CONTINUED TO TRY IT AGAIN & AGAIN.



DUES ARE SO WEIRD





CONTRIBUTORS

Michelle V. Agins has been an award winning photojournalist for over 40 years and lives in Bed-Stuy. She considers herself to be “the Aretha Franklin of Photojournalism.”

TJ Burnham is the Head Butcher at Marlow & Daughters and is a happy newlywed. Aside from meat and frighteningly sharp cutlery, his interests include skateboards, guitars, and all things Heavy.

Rachel Domm is an artist and illustrator living in Brooklyn. She has created illustrations for J.Crew, Refinery29, The New York Times, Teach for America, and many others. Recently, her new book of drawings, RUGS, was published by Miniature Garden along with a show and installation at Printed Matter. Her favorite food memory is eating hummus at The Dubai Mall.

Andrew Dorsey is a meat dreamer, Texas expat, and the kitchen manager at Reynard. When he is not busy in the kitchen, Andrew spends his time thinking about where to find a really good sandwich.

Bex Finch is a native New Yorker. She has photographed for Rolling Stone and tourism campaigns for Iceland, Israel, and Canada. Bex is currently working on a series of comedian portraits, as well as a portrait/self-portrait series called The Sleepwalker, which was featured on PBS Off Book. She is most often found at Wythe Hotel or crossing streets to talk to dogs.

Ben Frey's interest in food began after a trip to Seattle's Pike Place Market. He would eventually work at several restaurants and a butcher shop in the market before moving to Brooklyn in 2011. He enjoys jigsaw puzzles and NPR.

THANK YOU! Sara Moffat of LDBA for aprons, Kate Huling, Millicent Souris, Miss Faye Pichler, Sophie Kamin and Nate Smith for the pan, and George, the dog.

Daphne Fitzpatrick is an artist and photographer who lives in Williamsburg. Fitzpatrick was a critic in sculpture at Yale from 2001 to 2011. Her work is represented by American Contemporary in NYC. Check it: @[daphnefitzpatrick](https://www.instagram.com/daphnefitzpatrick)

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. bethflatley.com

Wayne Liu has spent his life transitioning back and forth between Taiwan, his birth country, and the USA. His connection with and confusion about both culture and location informs his work, as does his sense that he is truly migrant and never immigrant.

Born in Seoul, and raised in Boston, **Dam Markson** is a Brooklyn based artist and designer pursuing a Masters degree in Industrial Design at Pratt Institute. He loves food, drinks, good friends, his forever companion Babbette the cat, and his boyfriend Rob. Kale is one of his favorite foods.

Mark McCormick is an illustrator/designer in Brooklyn, NY, where he lives with a fat cat and a thin wife. His ideal life consists of drawing letters and stuffing his face, which is why he's so excited to appear on these pages. NakedFowl.com

Bree Nichols enjoys life's simpler pleasures. Like being taken out to dinner.

Curtis Nichols is Bree's dad. Even if you hide the guitar, he will find it anywhere and play you “Blackbird.”

Christian Perkins is a butcher at Marlow & Daughters. Virginia-born and bred, he now lives in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. He is a graduate of the French Culinary Institute and a proud alumnus of the Marlow & Sons and Diner kitchens.



Caroline Picard is an artist and writer living in Chicago. She's the Blog Czar for Bad at Sports and Founding Editor for the Green Lantern Press. cocopicard.com

Natasha Pickowicz is a writer and pastry cook based in Brooklyn, New York. She works in pastry at Marlow & Sons and Diner, and has previously spent time at Lawrence Restaurant and Depanneur Le Pick Up in Montreal, Quebec. She has contributed to Kinfolk Magazine, Acquired Taste Magazine, YETI Maga-

zine, Paris Transatlantic, Montreal Gazette, Serious Eats, and more. natashapickowicz.com

Sarah Schneider is a recent San Francisco transplante. She has spent time in Portland, OR, Las Vegas and on the high seas. Some days she can be found talking to people about how cool raw goat's milk really is or informing them of how crucial avacodos really are to a Californian.

Kenny "El" Suadero piense que tiene la voz de un angel. Algun dia se

mueve a Mexico para cantar, chiflar, y tocar el acordeon para las mujeres.

Isabel Urbina is a cover designer at Random House. She is a 2011-2012 Graduate from Cooper Union's Cooper Type Program. Isabel is originally from Venezuela and is based in Brooklyn, NY. — www.isabelurbina.com



PHOTO by Michelle Agins

The Eve of Christmas Eve

Sitting at the dinner table alone around ten pm, the house was dark and quiet. It felt like three am. Kate and I had been cooking and cleaning the house in an endless cycle, preparing dinner and prepping for the next day of festivities. The kitchen was worked over and had been upside down at least twice. Finishing things at work felt endless. Last minute cheers led way to organizing the closing of the restaurants for the one day we are closed all year. After that there was the wrapping of presents. The day felt like a endless list of tasks, with one final endeavour still looming in the dead of night.

This one I brought upon myself. I already owned the crayola flesh-colored livers. There was really no way to postpone or talk my way out. Kate had told me to forget it, totally not worth it. But there I was, setting out to make a foie gras terrine inspired by a story she told us. When Kate lived in Brittany, with a family of seven, her french father, as she calls him, would make foie gras terrine for the family. It was his job for the holiday. I was fascinated and inspired so I set out to make it on the eve of Christmas Eve.

I poured a glass from the bottle of wine not finished at dinner. I could feel all the sleeping family on the floors above. Laying out the livers on the dining room table I, for whatever reason, decided to take on this task sitting down. Like a gentleman, as opposed to working at the counter like a chef. It feels like Grandpa's work in a way. The house was stuffy with winter. The only light still on was above my head.

The liver was cold and slipped out of the package in an unpleasant way. You have to separate the lobes first. I began to pick out the tiny red veins from the liver which is the main job. There aren't a ton but you have to basically finger and take apart the whole thing in order to make sure it's super clean. Pulling slender red veins out like tributaries is a tedious task. I worked hunched over, and at first there was a feeling of enthusiasm about the task ahead and then it extended and felt like a burden, alone in the kitchen, talking to myself.

I looked at my glass of wine, looked at my hands, and realized that this was not an activity during which you can leisurely have a drink. You continue to make more of a mess as you break up more and more parts. Your hands are covered in liver.

After the liver is clean you have to bring it back to its original shape with your hands. It felt like clay as I picked pieces off the table and pressed them back together. I discarded the veins.

All the lumps get seasoned and marinated with some sweet wine and then it all gets pressed into an orange pate mold, which I only used once, for this occasion. Water bath, thermometer in the little hole. I like the idea of taking the liver's temperature, totally funny. Cut cardboard to fit inside the mold, and weigh it down with olive oil tins. Turn the lights out. Say goodnight.

-AT



DRAWING by Rachel Domm RUGS Drawing: Stars