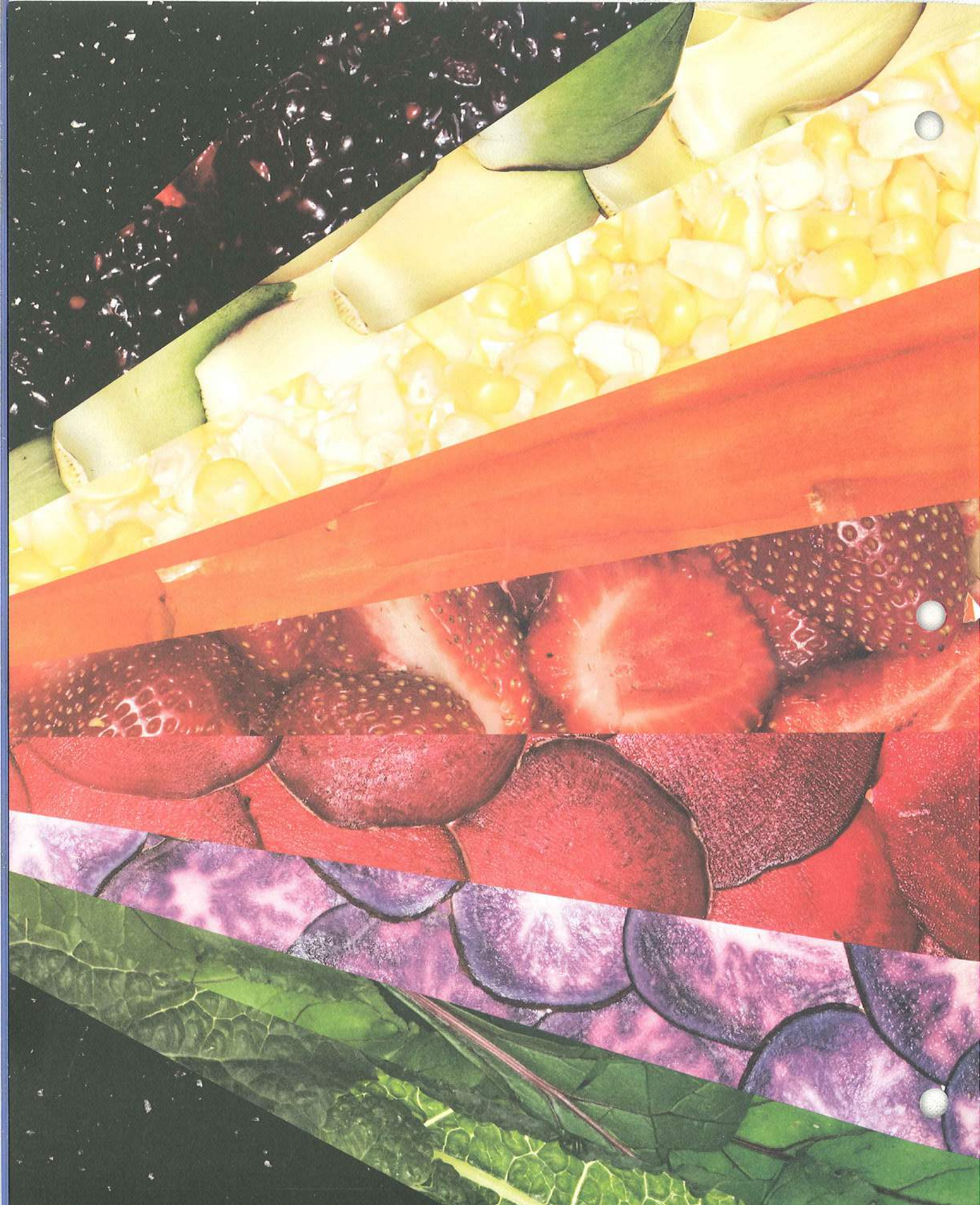


№12 SUMMER 2009

DINER JOURNAL

PYRAMIDS ♦ SCIENCE ♦ SUN WORSHIP ♦ RAW VS COOKED ♦ DINOSAURS ♦ POETRY





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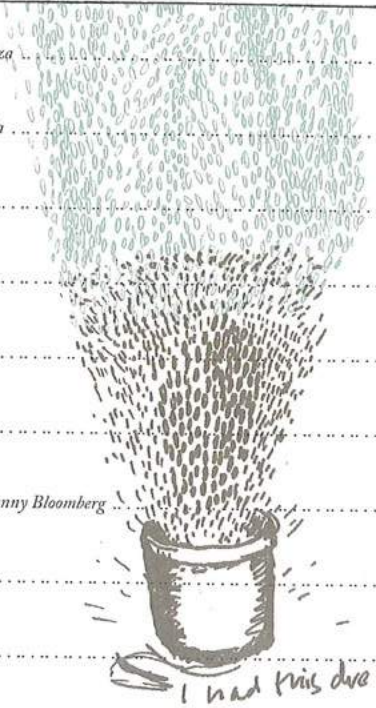


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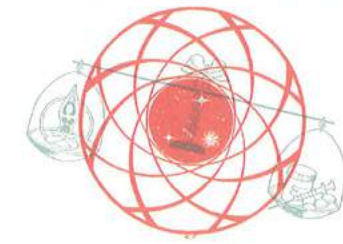


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The Whole Story

by CAROLINE FIDANZA

In 1993 I went to The Natural Gourmet Cookery School, a holistic, mostly macrobiotic cooking school founded by Annemarie Colbin. I didn't go because I wanted to be macrobiotic necessarily. I wanted to go to cooking school, I didn't want to spend a long time or a lot of money and I didn't want to go into a classical French culinary program. Little did I know there is no escaping the French tradition, at least to a certain degree, and that when all is said and done it is the essential framework upon which the modern kitchen functions.

I have always been a bit iconoclastic. I don't really think of myself as a radical in any way but when I look back on certain decisions, I realize that I never chose the prescribed path, especially with regard to my culinary career. I have never worked for a big, flashy chef. Never worked somewhere because it would look good on my resume. Never worked in or tolerated an amped up, boys-club, sleeve-tattoo kitchen.

And while some of my desire to avoid those places may have been based in fear and intimidation, most of my aversion was about the fact that they didn't seem to be the home where good food would be produced. Skill and technique are valuable because they facilitate the production of good food but they are not enough on their own. Pounding and chopping alone do not produce. Good food comes from thinking about what makes it good, understanding where ingredients come from and how nature demands they be treated. I didn't learn much in the way of technique at the Natural Gourmet. I learned basic knife skills and kitchen terminology. I spent four months making food that I would never replicate again at work or at home. But the rest of what I learned there has stayed with me for sixteen years. It has given what I do an anchor and a depth. It laid the ground for what has become a deep sense of the interconnectedness between our health and our food system. It has rooted me in the elemental and the profound. And firmly established the concept for me that food is much bigger than what we put in our mouths.

Macrobiotic is the original seasonal and local. Other than Ayurveda, macrobiotics is one of the only formalized and prescriptive dietary systems. Sure there's the food pyramid, the national heart and cancer associations, keeping kosher and other religious dietary doctrines but macrobiotics is a specific and interdependent system. You must eat from around the dial daily. Generally all food is categorized. It is either cooling or warming, expansive or contractive, acid or alkaline. Food has

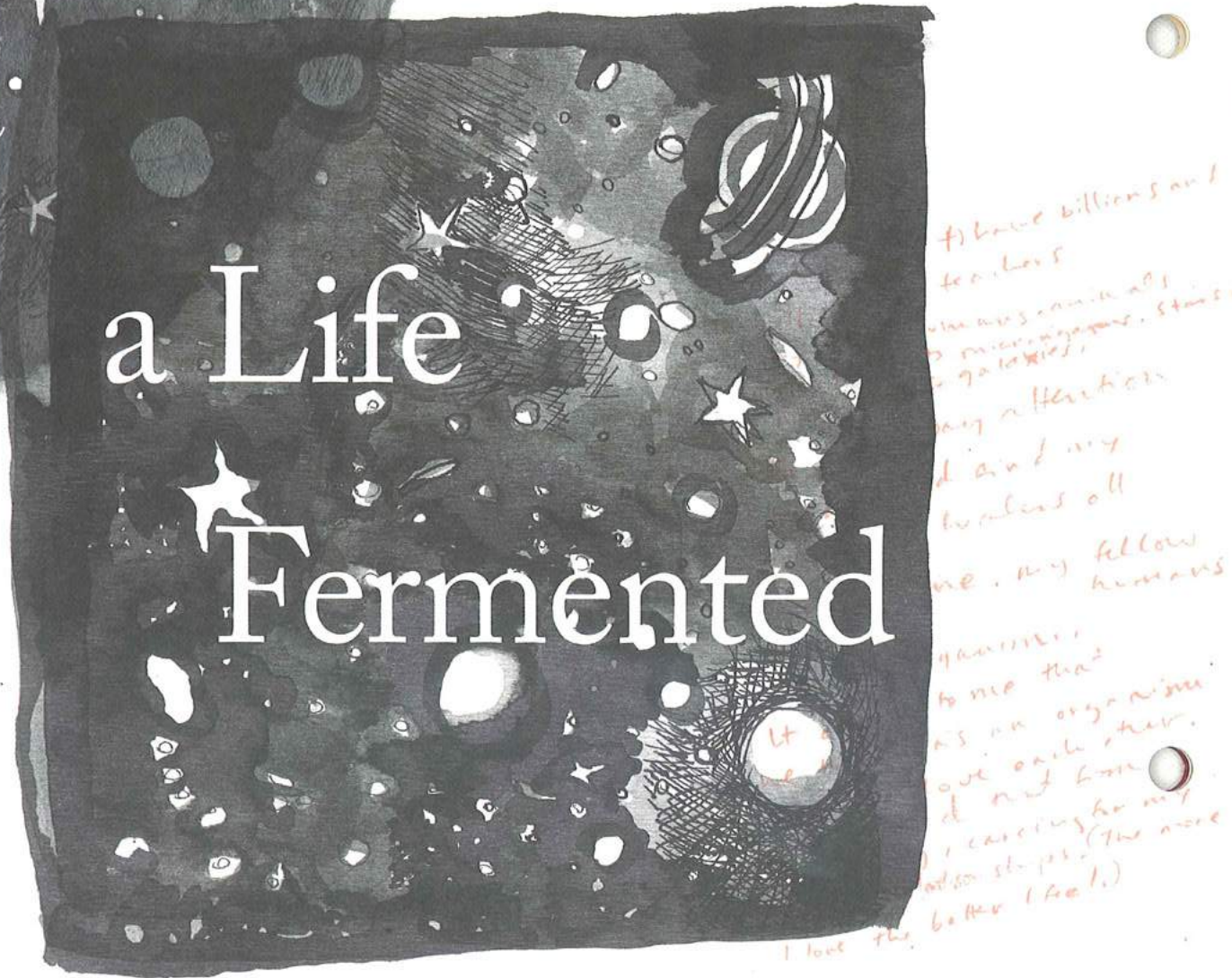
an element assigned to it (fire, water, wood, earth, metal), and the element corresponds to a season. There are build-up foods and break-down foods. It is geographic; one should not eat outside of one's zone. It eschews animal protein and especially dairy (although many people eat moderate amounts of meat or fish), as well as nightshades (all of my favorite foods tomatoes, potatoes, eggplant). It asks that all of the palate be stimulated at each meal; sweet, sour, salty, bitter. It's a mandala, a wheel made of extreme complexity while remaining incredibly obvious. And it is geared toward optimal health and healing by the power of foods alone.

While the macrobiotic method may not have influenced the menu at the restaurants over the years in obvious ways, health has guided the thoughts and conversations about the food. Andrew always talks about eating sunshine. I think differently about pickles than I used to. I also think more about honey, sea salt, eggs and cheese, unrefined oils and animal fat. More and more health informs our choices in a real way. Perhaps this is why I have always disliked luxury foods, or molecular gastronomy, not because they don't taste good but because they don't make sense. They have no value as foodstuffs. They're all flash. For me cooking is married to health and well being. Eating is not something to be experienced as a curiosity or spectacle, it is about feeling fed, satisfied and elevated.

When I make dinner at home the essentials of macrobiotics guide me to eat what will make me feel good and by that I mean that which will make me feel balanced, nourished and energized. I think that any good cook and any good eater needs to cultivate health into their habits. I am not being staunch. I am being philosophical. Health, whatever it means, must be believed in and lived. Health is unique to each of us and it requires that we understand how it works for us individually. I realize now how lucky I was in choosing that program.

There is a common thread to the stories contained herein. All are based on instinct, on trusting ones sense that something is right even if it goes against the prescribed way to live in our culture. I believe that this notion exists strongly within decisions around food and health. Stories of spontaneous and miraculous healing touch us because they reveal to us the power of our ability to choose the course of our wellness, to buck the system. We want to believe that our health is in our hands. And it is.





a Life Fermented

I have billions and billions of microorganisms. Stars may be a function of and my bodies all me. My fellow humans. It is an organism. I love the better (Aali).

The night I found out about my dad, I had attended a lecture given by the local astronomer. I was at an ashram upstate, finishing my first week of yoga teacher training. After September 11th, 2001, I had gone on a yoga retreat and later made the decision to delve deeper into the one thing that helped me cope in this world. That night, as we looked at slides of the galaxy and learned where the planets were in the September sky, I had a sudden feeling that I needed to spend some time with my mom. That information came from the stars, I was sure of it. Staring into the Milky Way was soothing, and I felt better than I had in months.

Before that week, I felt I couldn't deal with the pain in the world. My father's death came as an unexpected lesson: death isn't always so painful. He didn't want to be kept alive by machines. One night, when some of us were sleeping on the floor of his hospital room, even though he was mostly paralyzed he found the strength to yank out his tubes and let out a kind of muffled scream. The next day we all went home and cared for him for two weeks. We took turns reading to him and washing him and holding his hand.

We got to be together as a family again. I watched my mom holding him when he died and witnessed something magical, something like birth, I imagine.

My mother has this incredible ability to remain optimistic, even though she's survived MS, the death of two husbands and two children. When I was in my thirties she said, honey, these are the best years of your life. Now that I'm in my forties she says the same. She gives me hope. She's vibrant and beautiful and human. My mother has had MS since her thirties, has managed to raise a family and hold a job. She and my sister, who was diagnosed with MS a few years ago, remind me to find balance in my own life.

I was finding it difficult to maneuver the dining room at work. I was literally having trouble with my balance. Carrying sheet pans full of scones became a lesson in pain and humiliation. I would inevitably bump into a beam in the middle of the room and knock the wind out of myself with the edge of the pan. I think many a baker or cook has experienced this, even without balance issues. I can laugh about it now. But then I gave myself too much

shit for being sick. I had developed sudden allergies to everything but mostly and ironically, it seemed, to flour. My digestion halted. Candida overload, it seemed. I was confused about how to even start healing.

My doctor at the time was probably overworked and a victim of health insurance himself, but he only saw me for five minutes at a time, sent me for blood tests and finally called me weeks later to say that yes, indeed, you have something wrong with your immune system, T cells blah blah blah, and that it was most likely lupus or something like that. I said yes as if in a dream. We were walking the dogs when he called. Roy got mad at me for not asking more questions and begged me to quit my job, and so I did. To get healthy.

Mostly I am now, and I feel grateful for that. I can work with flour again and even eat it on occasion. I don't push the issue, having found that being balanced in diet and mind works best for me. I'm not saying I'm against using conventional medicine. Surgery saved my life once when my appendix exploded and frankly, I'm glad I'm here.

But because of pain and absence of health insurance, I've discovered my love for herbal medicine, healthy food, yoga and fermenting. My very first book on healing was *The Holistic Herbal* by David Hoffman. I bought it from this store in Minneapolis called Present Moment. I used it for self-diagnosis sometimes, but I bought it mainly for the cover: a beautiful watercolor spiral of healing herbs. It has become my most used book. That was in the mid-80's. The next book I got was *Macrobiotic Diet* by Michio and Aveline Kushi. I think strep and bronchitis were my problems at the time, and I decided to try a change in diet. Then a friend gave me *Food and Healing* by Annamarie Colbin. These books introduced me to the value of eating whole foods, and Annamarie reminded me to pay attention to what my body craved. Which, at the time, alternately included smoking, drinking and doing drugs.

Around then I was working at a restaurant in Minneapolis with my sister and brother. We had a friend, Alan, who was dying of AIDS. We had a lot of friends die in those days. As part of his healing process, Alan was giving some of us Reiki treatments. One afternoon we pushed some tables together in the bar. I lay down and Alan lovingly worked on me. I remember being struck by that. He really didn't have energy to spare. I had bronchitis again and was coughing up a storm. I wasn't miraculously cured, but it dawned on me that I was lucky to be alive, and I had better start taking care of myself. I moved to Montana, in with my younger sister and a friend. We tended a big garden, cooked healthy food, and camped and hiked whenever we could. We brewed beer, made kimchi and, in 1991, I took my very first yoga class. I didn't know about the health benefits of naturally fermented foods then. I just knew that I liked the flavors.

A few years ago a friend gave us what soon became two of my favorite books: *Full Moon Feast* by Jessica Prentice and *Wild Fermentation* by Sandor Katz. *Full Moon Feast* is beautiful and poetic. *Wild Fermentation* inspired me to ferment my way through it. In his book, Sandor says, "by fermenting foods and drinks with wild microorganisms present in your home environment, you become more connected with the life forces of the world around you. Wild fermentation is a way of incorporating the wild with your body, becoming one with the natural world."

Katz is a self-described fermentation fetishist who calls himself Sandor Kraut. I love that. He's an activist, and wrote another great book called *The Revolution Will Not Be Microwaved*. When he's not traveling to other places and learning about or

teaching fermentation, he lives in Tennessee, in a queer intentional community called Short Mountain Sanctuary. His interest in fermentation grew from his experiences gardening, cooking and learning about nutrition. I think too, from his activism. To ferment= to act up, to agitate. Take care of your own health, teach others. What better way to change the world than by being active in it? Sandor Katz has AIDS, is on anti-retroviral drugs and believes fermented foods have helped him stay healthy. We talked about gardening, talking with plants, his goats, activism and travels. He told me about feeling disappointed with himself at one point, and about how some people judge him for taking the AIDS cocktail. I thought about how glad I was that he was alive.

I got to sit in on a class that Katz was teaching at the Natural Gourmet Cooking School, a school started by Annamarie Colbin. It was one in a series on fermentation. I chose *Magical Fermentations: Part 3*. We learned to make miso, idli, dosas and injera. I was interested in learning more about miso. From Michio Kushi, I learned that eating it helps to counteract the effects of radiation, and I've been an enthusiast ever since. With a video screen overhead following his moves, Katz opened some miso that had been made in a class held there some months before and we sampled it in the form of soup. We talked about ways of using it raw and living.

When I was having trouble digesting, I found that amasake was one of the foods I could handle. I ordered supplies from GEM Cultures and fermented koji rice using their well written directions and made amasake and miso. I discovered a powerful love in the process. To ferment the rice, first you steam it, then introduce mold spores and keep it warm. I use a cooler with bottles of hot water, refilling them throughout the process with more hot water. You incubate the rice bundle (wrapped in cloth) for the next three days or so, taking its temperature all the while. The first time I made it, the scent of the cultured rice was so familiar, so yeasty and warm that I cradled it like a newborn baby. That night, under the clear winter stars, I dreamt of koji rice rising up through the air. Floating, really, and I felt at peace.

When we ferment we gather information from the room and from far beyond. Think about the vegetable or rice or whatever it is that is being fermented. Where everything came from. What it's come in contact with. Earth, insects, bacteria, yeasts, animals, air, water, sun, moon, stars. How many hands have touched it before it came to me? I know that the ferments I make out in Shirley are generally better due to an environment with fresh air from across the sea. I can compare them to the ones I make in our loft in Brooklyn, next to the BQE. Its not that I haven't had success here, its just that there tend to be more logistical problems. The loft is freezing cold in the winter, hot as hell in the summer, dusty and difficult to keep clean. In Shirley we have a wood burning stove to warm us and the sourdough and a shed in the yard, under the giant oak tree, where I've kept miso. But I think both places produce ferments that make me stronger. I don't know exactly what it is. I like the results that wild fermentations have had on my health of course but I've been most surprised at the effect fermented foods have had on my psyche.

We live in between the super-duper tiny microscopic endless and the really, really big endless, but what's most important is invisible. I learned that as a child. I was afraid I'd forgotten. Forgotten to believe in magic, forgotten to feel a timeless connection with humans and stars and microorganisms. But then I discovered fermentation and a deeper love for this world in the process. To ferment is human.

Golden Arrows

They sit
like fallen stars
on my exam table,
shining hair,
luminous skin,
their limbs
perfectly formed
faces in bloom,
pink and white petals.

Small worries
hang like dewdrops
from their brows,
inconsequential,
easily brushed away
at a word from me.

Who would not want
to touch their glowing skin,
sift their gleaming hair,
who would not long
to hold their shimmering life
in warm embrace,
who would not love them?
Men, women, children,
beings not yet born,
are drawn to their green fire.

They blaze like golden arrows
through their trajectory
of mating, marriage, motherhood
arcing, rising, soaring
knowing nothing yet
of gravity or ground.

*English
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Nightfall

I have seen night fall
and been deceived.
I thought that darkness dropped
from sky to ground,
a curtain slowly
closing down the day.

But I have watched and seen
how the trees take it
first and keep it last,
they drink it deep,

the draft of night
so that the merest stand
of maple, birch or pine
seems trackless, full of risk.

The sky still pink and blue,
pasted with summer's luster,

fades slowly blue to white,
the quiet bay still shimmers full of sky
but darkness flows like honey
from the fingers of the trees

to curl along the housetops
and creep along the coast.

Shadows seep like ink
from trunk to ground

to stand in dusky pools
on street and lawn

until the bowl of earth
is brimmed with night.

At length the sky succumbs,
drinks darkness from the ground

and gives black midnight
back to blacker earth

but always with this promise,
a star, a moon, a silver cloud.

poetry by MARY DOWD

LOS ALGODONES.

THE DISNEYLAND OF TOOTH DECAY



Inches across the U.S. border is a surreal oasis of Tooth Decay: Los Algodones, Baja, Mexico. Two-thirds of the storefronts are Dental Clinics and approximately 85% of all employment is in the medical field. It is a Mecca for American snowbirds and the uninsured. Los Algodones requires no appointment or passport. Within fifteen minutes of crossing the border, you can hear the screech of a drill and smell the enamel of your tooth as it vaporizes.

I have always been blessed with fairly good health, excepting the occasional smash-up in my youth. But genetics failed me in the tooth department. Brushing doesn't seem to cure the periodic breaking of teeth. It seems like every couple of years I have to make an emergency appointment for a busted tooth or popped filling. In San Francisco my girlfriend Barbara and I made a seven-minute 8mm horror film that we shot over several of my dental appointments. When it screened at the Art Institute's student film festival, ten people headed

for the exits in the first fifteen seconds. I enjoyed these dental appointments paid for by insurance, mostly for the copious amounts of nitrous oxide.

After quitting my job and losing my dental insurance, most of my dentistry was left in the hands of students. I persuaded one to put an enamel cross into my gold crown – her crowning masterpiece. But other encounters were mediocre. The tentative hands convinced me I was in for trouble: the missed shot, the slipped drill, the likelihood of blood and pain. An extraction at the dental school in New York left me with an infection when I reached Phnom Penh, Cambodia weeks later. I walked into a threadbare pharmacy, pointed at my sore gum and said the word infection. Luckily for me, the owner (not a pharmacist) returned with a sulfite drug that held the inflammation at bay for two weeks until I returned to the school to remove the sliver of bone poking through my gum.

Words and Photographs by **BOBBY NEEL ADAMS**

Several years ago I found myself with a toothache in Kampala, Uganda. There I met the incredible Dr. Dios (God) who pulled my broken tooth for \$30 – extra money because the molar broke at the root and he had to cut my gum to get the remaining pieces out. I was embarrassed asking him if he had a clean hypo. I was improbably charmed when he told me he was a Christian doctor and asked me if I would pray with him before my ten-minute extraction.

In May of 2008, a couple of my teeth started getting very sensitive. Unfortunately they were rear molars: one above the other, and both in bridges. I knew I was in for some big bucks. My buddy Tommy, who lives in the desert in Southern California, had mentioned a good dentist he'd been to in Mexico. Using the internet, I located the Rubio Clinic, booked myself an appointment and burnt up some frequent flyer miles for my ticket.

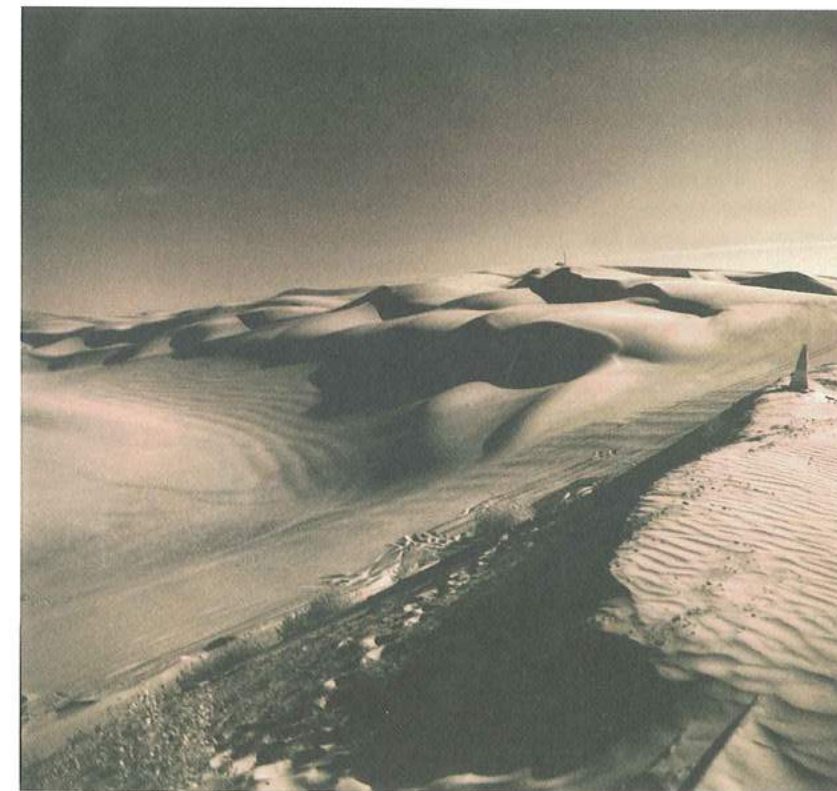
On May 28th I drove to Borrego Springs, California from the San Diego Airport. The rental car agent attempted to upgrade my economy car to a mid-sized. "Are you crazy?" I asked. Gas was going up with every squeeze of the pump. My throbbing tooth kept me focused on my mission to save thousands of dollars by taking a medical holiday.

Borrego was relatively cool for late May; the morning temperature hadn't yet hit 85 degrees. We rolled down the windows and headed southwest to the bottom of the Salton Sea, through an undulating landscape of sand and scrub; home to the coyote, desert tortoise, sidewinders, RVs and knuckle-heads on off-road vehicles. At El Centro we turned west and saw a giant billboard advertising careers in the US Border Patrol and an 800-number. Tommy immediately dialed the number. His one-sided conversation went like this: Hi, I'm interested in starting a career protecting America's borders... What are the requirements?... High school diploma, O.K., do I need to speak Spanish?... No. What else?... Convicted of a felony, umm, well I received a letter of accommodation from the Borrego Sheriff's Department for helping apprehend a bank robber... I'm a farmer, I grow dragon fruit... My age? I'm fifty... What I'm too old? What was the cut off date? Well, what about a desk job? My farm isn't exactly paying the bills. O.K., I guess if I'm too old, I'm too old. There's not much that can be done about it. Thank you, Sergeant.

We listened to Radio 104.1 Universidad Baja—an eclectic mix of Heavy Metal Rockeros, Raggae and Punk—for the next sixty miles, until we reached the Imperial Sand Dunes. Little vegetation turned into zero vegetation and the huge dunes spread for miles – a possible glimpse of our future world. In September 2006 Boeing was awarded a 67-million dollar contract to build a virtual border fence, the unknown but estimated costs of which could exceed two billion dollars. Ironically, Golden State Fence, another contractor on this project, sought to cut costs by hiring illegal immigrants to help construct a fence that was designed to keep their workforce from entering the country. Evidence of the new fence appeared on the horizon as the highway neared the border. The only other signs

of life were the patrol trucks and portable watchtowers that punctuated an otherwise lunar landscape.

A couple of miles down the road, near the Arizona border, a small hill arose to the North with a tiny chapel on top and a granite pyramid at the bottom. The exit sign said Felicity and the sign on the compound said, "Center of the Earth". We drove to the gate and were repelled by a third sign that stated No Trespassing. Leery of being arrested due to past problems, I decided not to jump the fence. Later, I contacted a local representative for the Center of the Earth and learned that Felicity was built and established by Jacques Andre Istel who became the Mayor in a 2-0 vote, the second vote cast by his wife, Felecia. Somehow Jacques managed to get the Im-



perial County government to recognize his property as the Center of the Earth and created his own tiny town to commemorate this magic intersection. The exact calculations used remain a mystery, but instinct would suggest that the true center would probably be somewhere nearer the middle.

Several miles west of Felicity is the exit for the Quechan Indian Nation and the road leading to the Andrade border crossing, one of the smallest ports of entry in North America. In 2007 an average of 7,525 people crossed the Andrade border every day. The parking lot is the only business on the Reservation until the Casino opens next year. We parked the rental and two minutes later strolled into Mexico. The Mexican government is completely unconcerned about terrorists slipping across their northern border. They stop no one and check no documents.

Dr. Magana was the first dentist to set up shop in Los Algodones over thirty years ago. Business began to grow as more uninsured Americans looked for lower-priced alternatives. Mexican dentists saw the dollar signs and changed what used to be a drinking hole into a drilling hole. Unfortunately, the typical rural Mexican family cannot afford the price of private dentistry and must rely on government clinics for all of their health care. The only person of Mexican descent I met during my visits to the dentist was a farmer from Arizona.

Los Algodones is located in a scorched geography of sand dunes and pounding sun, a place only a lizard would choose to call home. What little remains of the Colorado River passes through into Mexico just west of Yuma on the California-Arizona border and the Andrade crossing. Dental Clinics are the first thing you see upon stepping foot over the border. The town's website lists fifty different clinics and four-hundred dentists, all in a 4x6 square-block area. Los Algodones also has twelve optical outlets, numerous pharmacies and liquor stores, and a veterinary clinic with a pharmacy - something for the whole family, as long as it's above the neck.

Tooth decay, in a town with a population of a little over four thousand, has become the oil that drives the economy. Each clinic competes with its neighbor for patients. Hand-painted signs depict giant molars, titanium implants and various procedures hoping to lure potential clients. The bright colors reminded me of the Love Hotels in the Shinjuku district of Tokyo, candy-colored to attract more bees to the flower. Hawkers on the streets approached to see what I needed - pills, dental, glasses? It was a soft sell in comparison to other tourist towns I'd visited. Shopkeepers were friendly and laid back, quick to smile even if you weren't interested in their knock-off sunglasses or twisted beer bottles. In the old days they would have been barking for the strip clubs and bars that used to clutter the downtown streets, catering to the youth of America looking for the cheap party.

The Rubio Clinic is a block and a half into town. I was given several forms, answered "yes" to the first question and "no" to all of the others, and two minutes later was led to my chair. My den-

tist, Dr. Alfredo, asked about my teeth and I pointed out the most pressing problems. He gave me an estimate for the work and before I knew it he deftly slipped a needle into my gum. A few minutes later his drill was cutting a slot into my gold bridge. From my chair I scanned the numerous framed diplomas and certificates, many from American Universities. When he pried the bridge off, things looked dire. After fifteen years of being covered, my rear molar was dust. The good doctor cut the tooth back to solid bone and shaped up the tooth in the front. Off came the second bridge, and although these teeth were in better shape, I was in for four root canals, two bridges and a crown. Dr. Alfredo was very congenial and his steady hand assured me I was one among thousands of other patients to sit in his chair before me. He gave me a 2 p.m. appointment with endodontist Juan Gastelum, and Tom and I walked down the street in search of fish tacos.

The smoke and smell of the open grill is the best advertisement for street food. The clincher is how many of the clientele are local. There are several air-conditioned restaurants in town, perhaps with good food, but Tom and I had simple designs on fish tacos and a Coke out of the bottle. The owner of the outdoor taco stand took our order and proceeded to prepare our food. Three one-dollar bills put three shrimp or fish tacos on our plates. The currency is green in Los Algodones: the ATMs are American banks that spit out twenties, and the one Cambio (money exchange) looked permanently closed. I ate slowly, as only one side of my mouth could feel the food.

Back at the clinic Dr. Juan went to work on two of my root canals at record speed. He finished them both in a little over an hour and a half. Bad news: one of my teeth was infected. I was given a prescription for antibiotics and an anti-inflammatory and walked around the corner to the Purple Pharmacia Liqui - although it remained questionable whether a prescription was needed for any drugs in this town. Painkillers, Viagra and hundreds of other drugs were on the long menu posted in every pharmacy window.

Pills in hand, my jaw still throbbing, we walked back to the border crossing. I had read about Bush's policy change requir-

I did the math

	NEW YORK	MEXICO
4 ROOT CANALS	\$4000	\$1225
CROWN	\$800	\$300
2 BRIDGES	\$4800	\$1500
TRAVEL	\$30	\$600
6 FISH TACOS	N/A	\$6
TOTAL	\$9630	\$3631

ing American's to carry a passport for crossing back into the U.S.A., but did I have mine? No I didn't. Tom and I approached the pre-fab border station manned by two customs agents, our driver's licenses in hand. After a bit of a scolding and a promise to make the following trips with a proper passport, we crossed the invisible line into California.

The interior of the car felt like a crematorium. We opened the doors and turned on the AC, surveying our surroundings. To the east a big hill loomed over the parking lot and a guard tower on a scissors-lift perched ominously on its top. As we exited the lot, I asked the chubby attendant where I could find the road leading to the top of the hill. She pointed to a dirt track on the back side of the fenced lot. This road, should one consider to call it that, was rutted and covered with soft dust - a good place to get stuck. Our curiosity pushed us to test the climbing ability of our compact, two-wheel drive, fully-insured rental. It took a few attempts and a couple of bottom-outs before we successfully fishtailed to the top.

I began photographing the space-age observation tower, likely equipped with infrared cameras and hook-ups into the invisible virtual fence, knowing that one or more pairs of binoculars watched our every move. Sweat dripping down my back we decided it best to leave the reconnaissance mission for another time and got off the hill. Back at the main road, a border patrol truck quickly fell in behind us and was kind enough to provide an escort back to Interstate 8. Ten minutes later a Blackhawk helicopter hovered fifty feet in the air not far from an exit. The ramp looped back over the freeway and on the southern side we faced a line of twenty to thirty trucks exiting a border patrol compound on a shift-change. I froze like a deer caught in headlights and two seconds later an un-marked vehicle turned on its flashers. I wouldn't be photographing any helicopters on this day.

Over the next eleven days I made four trips back and forth to Los Algodones to resolve my mouth problems. The only things changing in the landscape were the numbers at the pump. Sitting in line at a gas station in El Cerrito, I watched while the attendant changed the price sign to a full ten cents more per gallon.

My neighbor shipped my passport to the Calexico FedEx office at the airport. On each consecutive trip I wandered around Los Algodones looking for a piece of Mexico. The slightly garish facades reminded me of Disneyland—a Disneyland where three quarters of the buildings were Dental Clinics. Downtown was a strange pop-up city erected for Americans in need of drugs and dentistry. Missing were the grocery stores, banks, clothing stores—all of the things that make a town a town. As I drifted to the edges of downtown, dirt roads replaced asphalt and the colors of the houses slowly turned to drab pastels with subtle layers of color peeking through.

On my last trip to Los Algodones I arrived at the Rubio Clinic at noon on a Saturday and waited fifteen minutes for the motorcycle messenger to deliver my newly cast bridges. When they arrived, Dr. Alfredo inspected the color of the porcelain against my teeth and decided that they were too bright. I thought I was screwed: my flight departed San Diego the following day. But the doctor called his liaison at the lab and asked him to stain the porcelain down. An hour later my mouth was open and thirty minutes later I had teeth. Hallelujah - I could chew.

Dr. Alfredo was a perfectionist. Both he and his partner worked quickly and efficiently, providing me with quality work for less than half the money I would have paid back home. On top of that, they backed their work with a two-year guarantee.

A few days ago an old filling popped out and once again I was sitting in the dentist's chair, this time in Brooklyn. My new Greek-American dentist checked out my teeth and commented, "Nice bridges."

"Got 'em in Mexico," I replied.

Heart surgery in India. Rhinoplasty in Costa Rica. Sex changes in Thailand. New teeth in Mexico. The Los Algodones' dentists are futurists: they are plugging the gaping holes in our crumbling health care system with an amalgam of professionalism and affordability.



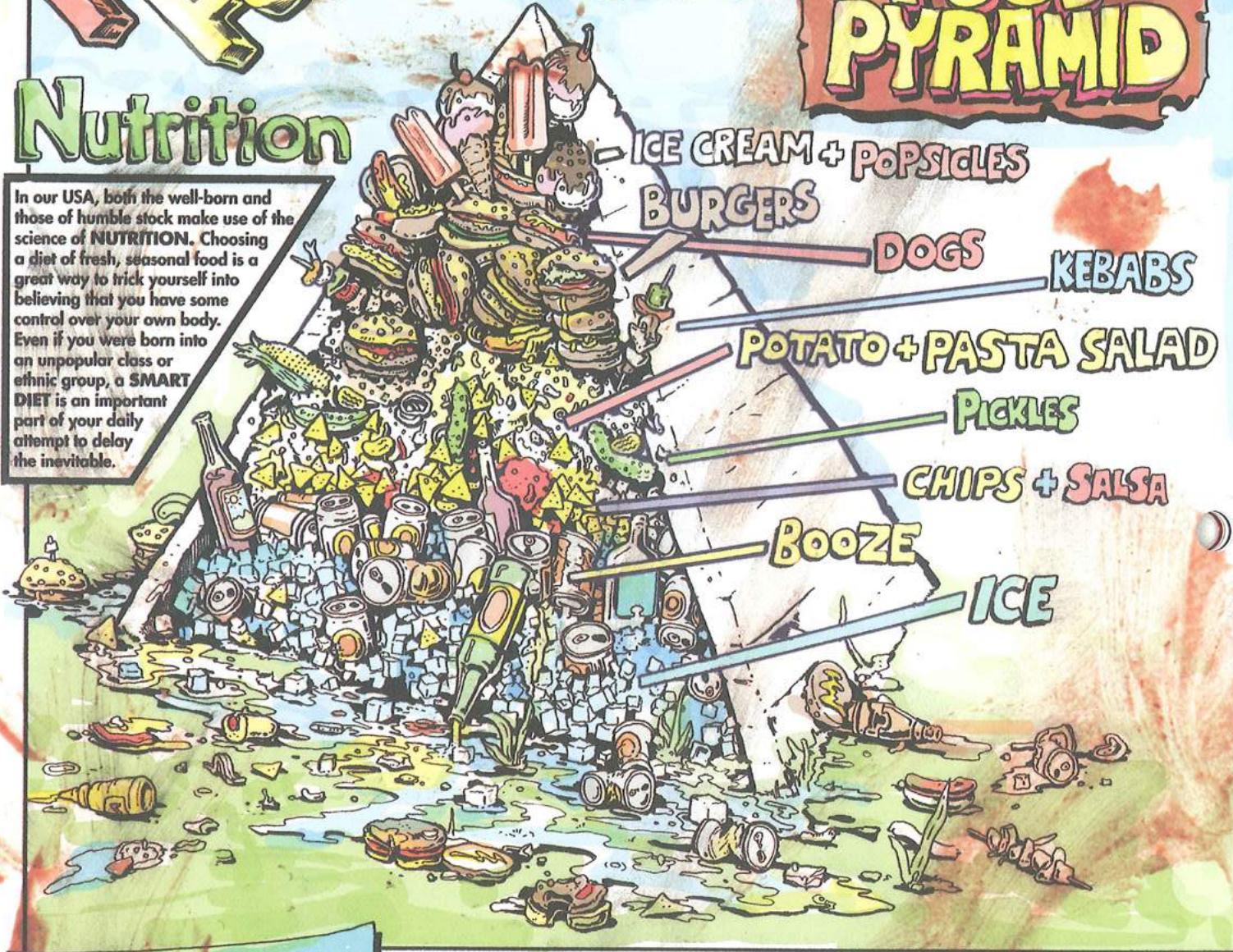
FOOD FACT FUN PACK!

Were you hoping that someone would tell you what to eat this summer? Well, we've got a **FOOD PYRAMID** that's designed for people like you.

Summer Time FOOD PYRAMID

Nutrition

In our USA, both the well-born and those of humble stock make use of the science of **NUTRITION**. Choosing a diet of fresh, seasonal food is a great way to trick yourself into believing that you have some control over your own body. Even if you were born into an unpopular class or ethnic group, a **SMART DIET** is an important part of your daily attempt to delay the inevitable.



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Who's been mucking around with the bread bowl? Take a close look and tell me what's different.

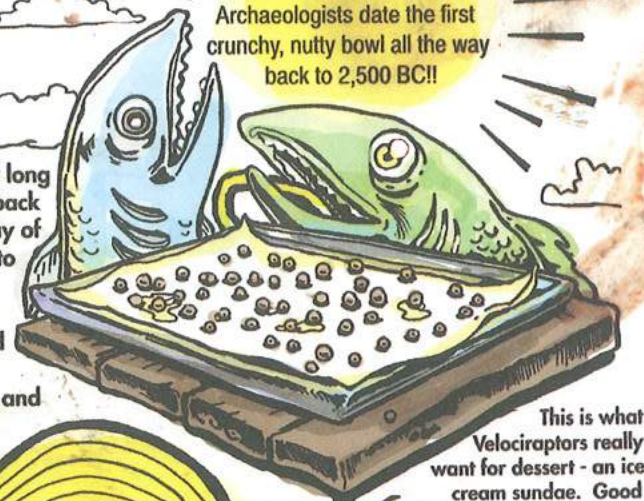
ANSWERS: the lowercase 'r', the grizzly swapped and the cold breeze bearing a new sense of dread, soda bread, the extra paste in the pain au chocolate, discoloring the baguettes, the bread baked into the for Rocky and a conky cane, the sweetest slightly



DINO DINNER QUEST

Why all the talk about raw food lately? How long has this way of eating been around? It dates back at least 75 million years- back to the heyday of the dinosaur Velociraptor, who was known to enjoy a raw diet. For example, the fellow on our left is in the middle of a meal, but he's already starting to look forward to a raw dessert. See if you can guide him through this labyrinth and find something that complements the flavor of the raw flesh of the dinosaur Protoceratops.

Grape Nuts are actually sun-dried fish eggs. They're older than you think, too! Archaeologists date the first crunchy, nutty bowl all the way back to 2,500 BC!



This is what Velociraptors really want for dessert - an ice cream sundae. Good job! But didn't you know that Velociraptors hate the taste of maraschino cherries? What were you thinking??



You're trying to get a velociraptor to eat a single human finger for dessert? What the hell? Oh, what's that you say? The finger is actually half a soft old carrot with a slivered almond as a fingernail? That's probably taking the faux meat thing a little too far.

You have led our dinosaur friend to an untoasted S'mores Flavor Pop Tart. While it might be possible to convince some dinosaurs from the Cretaceous Period of the "rawness" of a Pop Tart before toasting, such arguments are not likely to persuade a Velociraptor to willingly consume a Pop Tart, regardless of flavor or toasting status.

Careful study of the fossil record has led scientists to believe that Velociraptor would only eat such a thing in a spirit of irony.

The Way of the Nutritional Partisan:



Cancer And The Dietician



by Danny Bloomberg illustrations by Amber Winick

Getting cancer sucks. Not only do you think you're going to die, make your momma cry and watch your eyebrows fall out, but you also have to put your faith in medical ideas, concepts and technologies that you don't understand.

While still reeling from the shock you meet with a doctor. You can tell he's a doctor because he is in a doctor's uniform. He tells you he wants to pump you full of deadly chemicals or shoot radiation at you until it burns your insides. Collateral damage is going to be high, he says, but you don't have any other choice. You agree to being poked, prodded, shot up and lasered until they tell you that it's a good time to stop. In the face of this insane proposition for your foreseeable future, you grasp at any aspect of your life and disease that you can wrestle a modicum of control over. The simplest and most meaningful of these is Diet.

Before I had cancer, eating healthy was an abstraction. I did it because it made me feel good and because I was told it was a good idea, but I strayed and indulged because... well, you only live once. After being diagnosed, the world of Diet opened up to me. Not only did healthy eating become a much more concrete endeavor, but the idea of food as medicine seemed a logical and sensible way that I could help fight the cancer.

My main and most immediate source of information was the internet. I Googled it to death. I found out about all the cancer fighting foods: The protein diet, Omega-3s, shiitakes, turmeric, broccoli, the raw diet, veganism and antioxidants. I did them all. I went fully organic. I had spring water delivered. I bought the protein powder, the berries, the flax seed, the cabbages, the mushrooms. I blended all of it up every morning and sucked it down, ready for more. I stuffed my face with goji berries at noon and was soaking my kombu and shiitakes in the evening. I was an addled addict, hungry for answers and fiending for hope.

So it was in this frantic mania that I found myself in the waiting room of the Cancer Hospital Dietician. Twitching gently, I wondered why the Dietician's office was housed within the Women's Health Department. But before I could come to any reasonable speculation, I was ushered in.

Dietician A, as I will refer to her heretofore, authoritative-ly sat me down in the two available chairs within her windowless office, told me she had read my file and then asked:

"So, what can I do for you today?"

I was taken aback by the question. Didn't she know? I was bald. I had no eyelashes. We're in the Cancer Hospital. She's the Dietician.

"Well, I have Lymphoma," I began calmly, "and I have been reading a lot of stuff about diet and nutrition, and it's all pretty contradictory and overwhelming. I was hoping you could help clear up a few of the broader points."

I smiled.

"What have you been reading?" she asked.

I saw this wasn't going to be easy. I told her all about the kombu, the kombucha...

"What's kombucha?" she asked.

This didn't bode well. But I was patient. I explained and continued.

...shiitakes, reishi, kale and my all time favorite: the Budwig Diet. Here, I noticed another flinch of weakness in her eye. I pounced.

"Do you know the Budwig Diet?" I inquired slyly.

"No. What's that?"

Johanna Budwig, a physicist, biologist and pharmacologist, created the Budwig Diet in the 1950s. Dr. Budwig found that proper doses of Omega-3 fatty acids could repair cancerous cells, making them normal again. The problem was that the best sources of Omega-3s are seed oils, which are not easily digested by humans. Her breakthrough came in combining seed oils with sulfurated proteins, found abundantly in cottage cheese. This mixture rendered the oil water soluble and easily digested by the body. Her diet consists of properly mixing lowfat cottage cheese with organic, cold-pressed, unprocessed flaxseed oil. This concoction, coupled with a sugar-free, vegetarian, unprocessed, organic diet, sunlight and stress management is purported to have cured and benefited a huge number of cancer cases, some deemed terminal.

"Look," she said, "there are a lot of wacky theories out there, and most of them haven't been properly tested or FDA approved."

She launched into a speech about scientific method and the dangers of the unproven theory. She scolded me and tapped the desk gently yet firmly. Then, she brought out the silicone molds. She flopped the rubbery faux-foodstuffs onto the desk: A serving of broccoli, a serving of green beans, a serving of potatoes. The molds were fleshy and their flat bottoms slapped happily against the desk, jiggling proudly to attention. The colors were wrong and faded. She demonstrated how many vegetables were recommended to eat daily by organizing different combinations of the molds on the desk. She had a Xerox packet showing lists of calories and grams of protein and milligrams of fat and cholesterol and recommended daily percentages. She told me it was okay to eat ice cream and factory farmed steak - all in moderation. She talked of the food pyramid and a balanced diet and I slid down in the seat, lulled back into 4th grade health class. I began to softly gurgle.

Could all that I had Googled and read have been dangerous propaganda perpetrated by evil hippies? Was steak benign? Would eating mass quantities of vegetables and a mild cottage cheese-flax oil mixture hurt me? No. I couldn't, I simply refused to believe it. Her opinions and party line ran against my very strong notions about man, nature, food and wellness. The dietician finished her speech and handed me the Xerox packet. Numb, I took it.

In the elevator down to the street, I rationalized. Clearly, Dietician A wasn't for me. She was meant for someone else. Some mix up had occurred. She was meant for the guy who thinks vegetables are what's between the burger and the bun. She was there to make sure YARP (Your Average Reasonable Person) was being properly fed so that the physical strain of chemo- and radiation therapy didn't kill him/her before it killed the cancer. She wasn't for a Google-happy foodie who believes in organic farming and considers macrobiotics a science. Now I saw why she was in the Women's Health department. It wasn't which department she was in which mattered, it was that she was in a department at all. She was an office clerk in the war on cancer, perhaps not permitted to question the authority of the generals, the oncologists. She was merely there to support their monopoly on action and quell any mutinous thoughts that I, the lowly infantry, the patient, might entertain.

Needless to say, I was too invested in food-as-medicine/food-as-freedom to give up so easily. So, I rooted around the hospital website and located another Dietician, Dietician B.

Dietician B had an office in the Alternative Medicine building and I was required to pay out-of-pocket for my consultation. This seeming inconvenience was welcome, as it gave me hope that Dietician B was an autonomous operator.

I slid in on a hot day. Compared to the Women's Health department, the Alternative Medicine building was a palace. It stood alone, away from all other departments. A two-story lobby, with plush, Victorian chairs welcomed visitors who could nibble on granola bars and sip apple juice while they waited for their acupuncturist, yoga instructor or Dietician. The whole place had the air of a vast summer resort in the off-season.

Dietician B's office was huge and he greeted me with a manic smile I recognized from my reflection. We sat around a 10-chair conference table, settling in for a comfy chat. Dietician B knew what kombucha was, the Budwig Diet and the possible benefits of turmeric and shiitake mushrooms. We discussed supplements and vitamins, and he was curious and enthusiastic. He was up on the latest. He explained why the new research was hinting that large doses of vitamin C could encourage, rather than hinder, the growth of cancer cells.

He drew me goofy diagrams on ruled paper. He advised me to take only one multi-vitamin with 100% daily values of all the important stuff. He discouraged supplements of thousands of IUDs, but encouraged the use of medicinal plants, fungi and spices in cooking, as well as moderate juicing. He encouraged the Budwig, saying that, while not accepted by the medical establishment, it certainly wouldn't hurt. He encouraged a leaning toward veganism but expressed concern that too strict a diet would lead to slight deficiencies, which could compromise my fragile system.

He discussed things in detail. It was as if he had nothing else to do that day other than help me understand all that could be done with food to help my condition. Then he extolled his vision of the future of Diet. He talked about supplements prescribed according to genetic mapping and predispositions to absorption or rejection by genetic populations. It was utopian, idealistic, and I liked it just fine.

The difference between the two Dieticians couldn't have been greater. While they both preached from the same doctrine -- that of moderation -- they had completely different styles at the pulpit. While Dietician A had held fast to the party line, Dietician B was a free thinker. He never seemed annoyed or defensive when he didn't know or wasn't sure. As we talked, both of us took notes. I was happy to see that

he was as interested in learning from me and my research as I was from him and his.

Before I left he gave me his card and told me I could email or call if I had any further questions. He wouldn't even charge for the extra time. I expressed my thanks to him. Then he confessed:

"I'm glad to be of help. Almost no one ever comes to see me. I am here three days a week and I'm afraid it will soon be reduced to two."

I felt this was proper. So it must be, living on the edge, a partisan in the war, unrecognized by those who are ostensibly fighting on the same side. I saw myself as of this ilk. I returned home and got deeper into my reading, further out into the theories I would entertain, if only for a second. But soon, the picture began to clear.

My current conception of medicine-as-food is to go as whole as you can, go as vegan as you can, go as raw as you can. Throw in the occasional shiitake, turmeric, pineapple, goji berry and kombu where appropriate. Take a multi-vitamin. Eat more dark leafy greens. And eat your Budwig. Don't lose sleep over a steak. Have a nice time. Feel good. Read. Explore ideas. But whatever you do, don't freak out. Don't get annoyed or uptight. This is the way of the nutritional Partisan.



Daughters

SPON Daughters

SROK Daughter

WILD SPIN Daughter

I never knew my wife's mother. She died the first weekend I spent with Ruth. But this tragic event changed my life, because when I found out that Ruth suffered from the same colon problems that led to her mother's death, I decided to change careers to dedicate myself to better understanding the connection between diet and health, and to find a way, first, to help Ruth, and then perhaps others. That was twenty years ago.

With my wife's saint-like trust and support, this quest has taken me along a path starting as researcher and editor of a health newsletter. Later, I became the marketing director for an organic fresh produce company, the co-owner of a raw food restaurant, a researcher at the US Department of Agriculture, a nutrition counselor, and, for the past eight years, an organic farmer striving to put the nutrition and flavor back into our foods.

I knew that there was a big connection between diet and health because of my own experience. I had changed my diet to raw foods in 1984, hoping to end the chronic colds and pneumonia that interfered with my busy life as a young father and company president. My health problems completely disappeared, and a number of other surprising benefits emerged: I had more energy and cut my sleep requirements by two hours per night. I grew back my hair.

I began my education with Anne Wigmore. She taught me that virtually all health breakdowns are rooted in malnutrition and/or toxicity, not germs or genetics. Sprouted seeds, grains and nuts are a rich source of en-

zymes, vitamins and protein, while fermented foods provide extra vitamins and probiotics.

Dr. Weston Price proved overwhelmingly that cancer, heart and other diseases are linked to our refined, processed and adulterated foods. He spent ten years traveling to isolated cultures out of reach of Coca-Cola and white bread, where the diseases of "civilized cultures" were non-existent, and where people ate locally grown, largely raw whole foods.

Aajonus Vonderplanitz, showed powerfully, as Anne Wigmore did earlier that disease results from the wrong food choices and toxicity and thus we have nothing to fear from eating that raw milk, eggs and meat. These things should be part of the human diet, as they were for our ancestors.

Dr. Sherry Rogers, Dr. Mercola, Dr. Gabriel Cousins, Dr. Francis Pottenger and Dr. Blaylock and others offer invaluable insights about the sources of toxicity, its effects, and how to eat.

I discovered through my own research at the Department of Agriculture, and from thousands of USDA studies from the 1920's and 30's that many of our fruits and vegetables today have less than 50% of the essential minerals that they used to. So I decided to find a way to grow more nutritious, more flavorful foods.

I eat fresh organic pineapples for the vitamins and enzymes, blueberries and sun dried organic currants for the Vitamin C. My favorite vegetable is fennel. Sunflower and

broccoli sprouts provide a rich source of vitamins, enzymes and protein. Raw avocados are an important staple in salads, or alone. My favorite dessert is a rich chocolate mousse made with coconut cream, raw cocoa powder, sage honey, raw almond butter and pine nuts. I most frequently blend the raw, grass-fed dairy and eggs into a shake, and I either cut the steak up into tiny pieces in my salad, or else quickly sear it, leaving all but the outer surface raw.

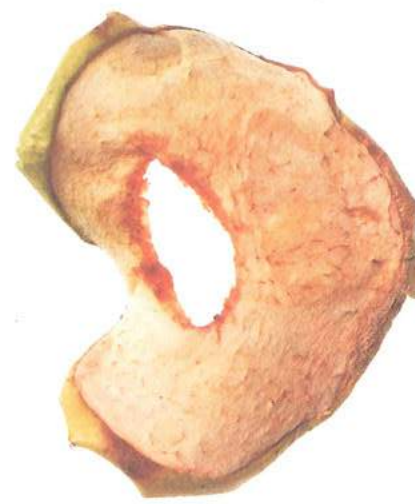
To insure that I get the trace minerals I need, I regularly eat raw, sun-dried Nori, either by itself or as a wrap for fresh avocado or other vegetables.

I drink a green vegetable juice almost every day and wheatgrass juice three or four times per week. The green juice contains kale, red chard, dandelion greens, beets & beet greens, daikon, broccoli & sunflower sprouts, carrots, cucumber, fresh ginger, coconut cream and lots of celery, plus maca, raw cocoa nibs, sarsaparilla, rose hips, lucuma, hawthorne berry and tumeric. For salad dressing I love Styrian Pumpkin Seed oil.

Although raw food eaters are now increasingly common, I have often been regarded as eccentric over these past twenty years. And after discovering that I stopped getting invitations to dinner, I stopped being so inflexible at parties and restaurants, and now eat some cooked food while trying desperately not to have my eating habits become the sole focus of conversation.

by ED HULING

B.Y.O. BEETS



by INDRANI SEN

The quietly-humming machine, with its five tiers of clear plastic discs, towered ominously over my grubby kitchen counter like a flying saucer: a space invader from the shiny world of late-night infomercials.

I was having second thoughts after bringing the Mr. Coffee electric food dehydrator into my kitchen. This unwieldy appliance came as a hand-me-down from Sue Henshaw, a raw food enthusiast and my soon-to-be mother-in-law. Sue, whose ever-expanding collection of food-prep machines – juicers, blenders, vacuum sealers, smokers – is a running joke in the family, had been dehydrating food in such vast quantities that she had upgraded to an even larger, industrial-size dehydrating contraption. I had inherited the Mr. Coffee.

Sue's raw food kick started soon after I met her, when I first started dating her son, Clay, three years ago. Clay brought me home to the beautiful, handicrafts-filled house in the suburbs of Richmond, VA., that Sue shares with her husband, Joe. "I'm no vegan," she explained to me, pronouncing the word "VAY-gan" with a southern lilt. She got into raw food as a way to learn how to eat more healthfully.

A potter by trade, and an avid gardener who loves to fish, crab and sail, Sue has turned their home into a series of workshops: her clay studio, Joe's wood shop, the sewing room. Sue is happy only when she's working on a project, and the kitchen, to her, is just another place to invent and create.

Sue is a mad scientist of raw food. She flavors dried kale "chips" with liquid aminos, and mixes a "not-mayo" from raw cashews and olive oil. She crumbles dried eggplant "bacon" into our salads, and keeps jars of spiced raw pumpkin seeds and mixed nuts around the house for snacking. When Clay comes to visit, she indulges his sweet tooth with orange papaya leather, pink slips of dried watermelon and shriveled, sweet banana spears.

In their loving, tight-knit and jovial extended family, Sue takes a certain amount of good-natured flak for her latest food fad, which she has embarked upon with a missionary zeal, eager to improve the health and eating habits of all around her. Recently, she accosted a stranger purchasing almond milk at Trader Joe's and dispensed an impromptu lesson on making almond milk at home from raw nuts.

Joe, Clay and the rest of the family will politely nibble Sue's viscous chia seed pudding or gingerly dip Triscuits into her carried raw-nut dip, but then they'll reach for the ice cream or pimento cheese. I'm Sue's natural ally, being similarly obsessed with food, but even I struggle to suppress some skepticism about the raw diet. I love salad, but am instinctively suspicious of diets that come in books. Plus, Clay and I have learned the hard way that eating too many of Sue's raw-grain "cookies," strangely addictive as they are, can cause alarming intestinal distress.

Still, Sue soldiers on, and she has made some headway. The dark green smoothies she whips up in her Vita-Mix blender with greens from her garden, frozen berries, and bananas are a hit. A sprouted buckwheat, raw cacao butter, coconut, date and almond bar she made one evening had a rich, chewy, crunchy texture that reminded me of some long-forgotten candy bar from my childhood. Sue and Joe have taken to sipping a carrot juice "toddy" together as the sun sets, while our dog, Penelope, gobbles the carrot pulp.

One evening last summer, as Sue showed me around her stunning vegetable garden, she plucked a fat okra from a vine and handed it to me. I crunched into it dubiously, but was pleasantly surprised to find a hint of chlorophyll in its taste, and its raw texture silky rather than slimy. I had a similar epiphany with a raw asparagus salad she served, discovering fragrances in the slim, crisp spears that reminded me of sugar snap peas.

There's something brave and something very sweet about Sue's one-woman mission to spread the raw gospel, and I admire her for it. I won't be throwing out my cooking pots any time soon, but I have been inspired by Sue's raw food. What she does, it seems to me, is a kind of homespun molecular gastronomy. Heat isn't the only way to transform an ingredient, she has shown me, and even the most familiar food can deliver a new flavor. For Sue, it's as much about the process as the product.

When she gave me the Mr. Coffee food dehydrator, Sue touchingly hand-wrote instructions for me to soak and dry almonds, cashews, pumpkin seeds, and pine nuts. But not a single nut, grain or fruit has touched those clear plastic shelves here in Brooklyn. Still, I like to think I have brought a smidgen of Sue's inventiveness into my own kitchen. The flying saucer has found a home above our kitchen cabinets, and I bring it down once in a while for my own dehydration experiments.

After some trial and error, I have figured out that flank steak, cut in thin strips along the grain, makes delicious beef jerky. I soak the meat in Worcestershire, soy sauce, honey and sliced onions, and spike the marinade with star anise, chili flakes, cumin or coriander. The dark red strips of wet meat curl and turn brown as the dehydrator blows warm air through its five plastic drying shelves, and it always feels like magic when the shrunken sticks of desiccated meat are ready to stack in a jar.

The jerky is irresistible and never lasts long. It's crunchy first and then chewy, with a deep, savory flavor. It may have come by way of Mr. Coffee, but it reminds me of South Africa's biltong, a jerky-like snack said to have originated with the herdsmen of ancient times who dried scraps of meat under their saddles, salting it with their horses' sweat – molecular gastronomists in their own right, I suppose. And it makes me think of Sue, surrounded by appliances in her kitchen in Richmond, busy fine-tuning a new concoction, some new alchemy to offer those she loves.

GRANT CORNETT

by Caroline Fidanza

fructus
cucurbitae
CANTALOUPE FETA

petroselinum
anethum
mentha
PARSLEY DILL MINT

mel
HONEY

radices
raepa
sal
RADISHES ONION SALT

citrus
herba
LEMON HERBS

It was a challenge to incorporate the themes of this issue with recipes. What we eat at home for health does not always make the most interesting recipe writing. How many versions of quinoa salad does anybody want? The flavors of macrobiotic food are very different from the Mediterranean flavors that I am usually drawn to. Soy and miso, dashi and umeboshi are all things that I love, but not things that I cook. I suppose as a concession I nudged my Mediterranean sensibility a little further east, thinking more about the foods of the Middle East, incorporating nuts and yogurt, honey and tahini. I also think these are great for summer, giving some weight to the light flavors of this season. I also decided to keep the recipes vegetarian to illustrate how satisfying eating vegetables and grains can be. However, I think that every one of these recipes would happily accompany a piece of grilled meat or fish.

Vegetables and Fruits

FRIED EGGPLANT w/ YOGURT SAUCE

- 1 large eggplant
- 2 large cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 1-2 small fresh red chile, thinly sliced or dried chile arbol, crushed
- 1 lemon
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ½ cup whole fat cow, goat or sheep's milk yogurt
- sea salt
- 2 Tablespoons toasted sesame seeds or 1 teaspoon toasted and ground cumin (optional)

Peel the eggplant in stripes, leaving some of the skin on, and cut it into ¼" slices. Salt the eggplant slices and let them drain into a colander for about an hour. Pat the eggplant slices dry, heat a pan with olive oil and fry the eggplant slices in batches until they are brown on both sides. Remove the slices from the pan and hold them on a plate in a single layer, more or less. When all of the eggplant is cooked, put more olive oil in the pan and sizzle the garlic until it turns golden. Add the fresh or dried chile and then pour the garlic and chile over the cooked eggplant. Squeeze the lemon over the cooked eggplant. On a clean plate or on individual plates layer the yogurt and eggplant, sprinkle each layer with a little sea salt and parsley, finishing with toasted sesame seeds or cumin. Serve warm or room temperature.

Note: this can also be made by roasting the eggplant whole in the oven or by grilling it, scooping out the flesh and then chopping it up and seasoning it with the other ingredients.

BEETS w/ TAHINI DRESSING and FRESH HERBS

- 1 bunch beets
- ¼ cup picked tarragon
- ⅓ cup picked parsley
- ⅓ cup picked dill
- ¼ cup sliced scallion
- ⅓ cup tahini
- ½ cup water
- 2 lemons
- extra virgin olive oil
- sea salt

Place the beets in a pot and cover with water. Add a pinch of salt to the water and then bring to a boil. Reduce to a simmer until the beets are tender when pierced with a knife. Strain beets and allow to cool. When cool, remove the skins by rubbing them with your hands or a towel. Cut beets into quarters or sixths depending on the size.

Place tahini in a bowl and add half of the water. Stir the tahini (it will actually get thicker first) and then add the rest of the water. It should be loose by now. If not, add a little more water. Add the juice of a lemon and season with salt.

Gently toss the herbs with olive oil, lemon juice and sea salt. Place the beets on a plate or in a bowl and drizzle with the tahini dressing. Place the herbs on top of the beets and serve.

SALADE RAPIDE

RAW BEETS AND CARROTS WITH PISTACHIOS

- 4 medium carrots
- 4 small beets
- ½ cup shelled pistachios
- pistachio or walnut oil (if available) or extra virgin olive oil
- sea salt
- red wine vinegar

Wash the carrots and beets. With either a mandolin or a swiss vegetable peeler, peel the carrots and beets into thin ribbons. Toss the pistachios with 2 Tablespoons of nut oil and a pinch of salt and toast in a 350° oven until they turn bright green. Remove pistachios and allow them to cool. Then, with either a mortar and pestle or a food processor, grind them into coarse crumbs. Combine the ground pistachios with ½ cup of nut oil and mix together. Toss the carrots, beets and pistachios together and season to taste with sea salt and red wine vinegar.

Note: this salad should be very pistachio-y. It is an ingredient equal to the others.

CANTALOUPE w/ MARINATED FETA

1 cantaloupe
¼ cup Bulgarian (sheep's milk) feta
1 chile arbol
¼ cup chopped mint
1 lemon
sea salt
3 Tablespoons (or more) extra virgin olive oil

To marinate the feta, crumble the cheese into a bowl, crumble the chile over it and then mix with the mint, lemon juice, olive oil and sea salt. The mixture should be loose--if it isn't, add more olive oil. Peel and slice the melon into long wedges or 2" chunks. Lay melon out on a platter and spoon marinated feta over it.

ALMOND GASPACHO

This is a funny little soup. When made properly it is light, creamy, well balanced and refreshing. If it's too thick it can quickly become something else entirely and come across like eating a dip or a sauce. This combination of almonds or walnuts, garlic and bread is very common around the Mediterranean. In Spain you have this soup, further east you have sauce tarator and even an aioli-like sauce made with these ingredients instead of eggs. This is a testament to the winning combination of these flavors. It's worth experimenting with this a bit.

1 cup blanched almonds
2 cups white country style bread, crust removed and cubed
2 cloves garlic
2½ cups water
1 Tablespoon sherry vinegar
1 Tablespoon extra virgin olive oil
sea salt

Soak the bread in 2 cups cold water. Place the almonds and garlic into the bowl of a blender or food processor. Begin to puree the dry ingredients and when the mixture won't go any further, add ½ cup of water. Puree until smooth. Remove the bread from the water and puree with the almonds and garlic. Add the rest of the soaking water and puree until smooth. Add the vinegar and olive oil and a good pinch of sea salt. Puree again and season additionally as necessary. Serve well chilled.

PEACHES w/ RICOTTA, HONEY and THYME

4 peaches
1 cup fresh ricotta
honey
2 Tablespoons thyme, picked
extra virgin olive oil
sea salt

Cut the peaches in half and remove the stones. Toss the halved peaches with olive oil and honey and place them on a sheet tray, cut side down. Roast in a 400° oven until just soft but not mushy, about 10 minutes. Remove peaches from the oven and let cool. Place peaches on a plate and put a spoonful of ricotta on each half. Drizzle with additional honey and olive oil, a sprinkle of sea salt and a little thyme. Serve warm or room temperature.

MARINATED ZUCCHINI w/ FENNEL SEED and HONEY

2 zucchini, cut into 1" rounds
1 red onion, thinly slice against the grain
4 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
1 chile arbol
¼ cup picked mint
¼ cup red wine vinegar
1 Tablespoon honey
¼ cup olive oil
1 teaspoon toasted fennel seed, ground
¼ cup mint or parsley (or a combination of the two), chopped
extra virgin olive oil
sea salt

Slice the zucchini into 1" rounds. Heat a frying pan and add an even layer of olive oil. Allow oil to smoke and place the zucchini in the pan in a single layer. Brown the zucchini on both sides and then transfer to a bowl. Fry the zucchini in batches as necessary. When the zucchini is done quickly saute the red onion, cooking it hot and fast to get a little color. With the onion as well as the zucchini you may need to cook in batches. Add the cooked onion to the bowl with the zucchini. In the same pan add a little more oil and the sliced garlic. Cook until it just becomes golden, add the chile arbol and spoon mixture over the zucchini. Pour any remaining oil out of the pan and add the vinegar to the pan and then the honey. Allow the vinegar to reduce and become syrupy, then pour over the zucchini. Sprinkle the fennel seed and herbs over the zucchini and toss along with sea salt and extra virgin olive oil to taste. Marinate for an hour or more and serve room temperature.

STRING BEANS w/ ARUGULA and WALNUT PESTO

1# string beans
2 cloves garlic
1 cup walnuts, untoasted
2 Tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
sea salt

Place a large, well-salted pot of water on the stove and bring to a boil. Trim the stem end of the string beans and blanch them in the boiling water. Let the beans cook a little bit more than you might think. You don't want them to be crunchy: they should be soft but not mushy. Shock the blanched beans in ice water and strain through a colander. When beans have drained well, toss them in a bowl with a little extra virgin olive oil.

In a mortar and pestle (preferably) or a food processor, pound the garlic and add the walnuts in batches until everything has been ground into a crumbly paste. Pound in the salt followed by the olive oil and give everything a stir.

Toss the string beans first with the walnut pesto and when they are well coated toss in the arugula, adding a little extra olive oil if necessary.

SALAD ROMESCO

4 red peppers
2 cups cherry tomatoes
4 cloves garlic, sliced
¼ cup sliced almonds
Spanish pimenton or paprika
olive oil
sherry vinegar
sea salt

Place peppers in a bowl and toss them with olive oil. Then place either on a hot grill or on a roasting pan in the oven and char on all sides. When peppers are charred and wilted, remove from the grill or oven, place them back in a bowl and cover it with plastic wrap. When the peppers are cool enough to handle remove the skins and seeds and slice them into 1" strips.

Toss the tomatoes with salt, olive oil and the sliced garlic. Lay the tomatoes out on a sheet pan and place in a 400° oven, allowing the tomatoes to roast until they burst and wilt and even get a little color. Remove the tomatoes from the oven and toss with the peppers. Toast the almonds and toss them with the peppers and tomatoes. Sprinkle the mixture with Spanish pimenton and season with olive oil, sherry vinegar and sea salt.

SHREDDED CUCUMBER and RADISH w/ YOGURT and CORIANDER

2 cucumbers, peeled
6 radishes
½ cup yogurt
1 teaspoon whole coriander seeds, toasted and coarsely ground
4 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
sea salt

Cut the cucumbers into three pieces, each around 3-4" long. Using a sharp knife, stand the cucumber on end and slice it as thinly as possible until you reach the seeds, then turn around and slice the other side. Discard the seeds. Slice the radishes into thin rounds. Toss the cucumber and radishes with salt and then drain through a strainer until they release their water (about half an hour). Place cucumber and radish in a bowl and lay a generous amount of yogurt over them. Sizzle the garlic in a pan with the olive oil until it just turns golden. Pour the oil over the yogurt and sprinkle with coriander and sea salt. Ideally allow to sit for half an hour before serving.



Complete Protein Salads

QUINOA SALAD w/SEEDS

Quinoa is an ancient food first cultivated by the Aztecs. Known as a super-grain for being high in protein, quinoa is a nice alternative to heavier, starchier whole grains. Many people are mystified by this grain, but it is really very easy to work with. Quinoa cooks quickly, is light and crunchy, and does not turn mushy, so it is great in salads. It is delicate, with a nuttiness that adapts it well to being tossed with roasted vegetables. I find it to be extremely versatile. The only way I don't prefer it is plain. I think it needs to be mixed with other things to bring out its charms.

Quinoa comes in two varieties: brown (actually khaki) and red. I prefer the red, finding it to have a deeper, smokier flavor and less bitterness.

2 cups quinoa
2 cups water
¼ cup toasted sesame seeds
½ cup toasted pumpkin seeds

Rinse the quinoa in a fine meshed strainer and then add to a pot with the water. Add a pinch of salt and bring everything to a boil. Cover and lower the heat to as low as possible. The quinoa is cooked when all of the water is absorbed, about 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, toast the sesame seeds and pumpkin seeds separately in a saute pan until they start to brown and smell toasty. Toss seeds with quinoa and serve tossed in a salad or with roasted vegetables.

FARRO and CRANBERRY BEANS

2 cups fresh or dried cranberry beans
1 cup farro
2 cloves of garlic, thinly sliced
1 Tablespoon dijon mustard
¼ cup red wine vinegar
½ cup extra virgin olive oil (plus more for beans and farro)
1 cup picked basil

If using dried cranberry beans soak them in water overnight, pour off the soaking water and put them in a pot with fresh water just to cover the beans by 2". If using fresh beans, shell and cover with water. Turn heat to high and bring the water

to a boil, then turn down to a low simmer. Skim off any scum that rises to the surface and pour a good round of olive oil into the beans along with a few bay leaves and fresh herbs like thyme, rosemary and sage. Cook the beans until tender. When the beans are tender, add salt to the pot and cook a little longer to allow them to soak in the seasoning and assure that the beans are cooked. Allow beans to cool in their liquid.

Boil the farro in a pot of salted water. When tender, drain through a strainer and toss in a bowl with olive oil.

Make a quick vinaigrette by placing the garlic, mustard and vinegar in a jar. Add a pinch of salt and stir to dissolve the mustard. Add the olive oil and shake the jar (with the lid on).

When the beans and farro have cooled, strain off the bean liquid and toss the beans and farro together with the vinaigrette. Mix in the basil and season with salt.

LENTIL and FRIK TABOULEH

Frik or Freekeh is green wheat that is burned to the ground and then harvested from the plant. As a result, it is much softer than mature wheat and has a great smokey flavor.

1 cup French green lentils
2 cups frik or bulghur
1 medium onion, finely diced
2 tomatoes, diced
1 large bunch parsley, chopped
extra virgin olive oil
red wine vinegar
sea salt

Place the lentils in a pot and cover with water. Salt the water and bring to a boil, then simmer lentils until tender. Strain and rinse the lentils with cold water, then place them in a bowl and drizzle with olive oil and a little red wine vinegar. Season with additional salt if necessary.

Heat a pot with 2 Tablespoons olive oil and saute the onion until it starts to turn deep golden brown. Add the frik or bulghur to the pot with a pinch of salt and 2 cups of cold water. Place the lid on the pot and simmer on the lowest possible heat until all of the water is absorbed. If you are using frik you may need to add a bit more water. Allow grain to cool and then toss with the lentils, tomatoes and parsley. Dress with olive oil, vinegar and sea salt to taste.

EVERY DAY QUINOA SALAD

This salad is one of the things I most commonly eat at home. It makes for a great lunch.

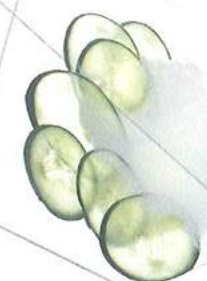
1 cup quinoa
1 cup water
½ avocado, diced
1 handful baby arugula, or other green
squeeze of lemon
extra virgin olive oil
sesame seeds

Rinse the quinoa in a mesh strainer and then put in a pot with the water and a pinch of salt. Bring to a boil and then reduce to a simmer. Place the lid on the pot and cook until all of the water is absorbed. Turn off heat but leave the pot covered and allow the quinoa to steam and cool for 15 minutes.

Place a portion of quinoa in a bowl and toss with the avocado and arugula. Season with lemon juice, olive oil and sea salt. Sprinkle with sesame seeds.



betanous
holera
calura
BEEF CARROT PISTACHIO



amurkita
lactis
ZUCCHINI YOGURT

quinn
EGG



There is something rebellious about it,

making a food the USDA deems risky right in your own kitchen. Small-scale cheese making is the perfect example of why raw milk is something that can and should be more a part of our lives. There is something downright Puritanical about it, using every bit of the animal, taking control of every element of production, being relentlessly independent.

In a rustic looking kitchen on Kent Avenue in Brooklyn, Jos Vulto makes cheese. Pots, vats and seemingly endless kinds of stainless steel containers are scattered about. There are also more gallons of milk than I have ever seen in a residential kitchen; but like a wizard with so many potions, according to Jos the twenty or so gallons he uses to make cheese really aren't that many.

Given that this cheese is always made from raw milk, one might think you need more books or instruction in order to avoid making the people who eat it sick, but largely the risks in consuming it are paltry compared to the benefits. As long as your cheese is made from the milk of healthy cows in a clean environment, there shouldn't be any problems. In the United States, raw milk cheese, sold in retail shops or at the farmer's market, must be aged for sixty days. Two months is deemed the amount of time the acids and salts need to do away with villainous pathogens. In Europe this is not the case, which is why eating a French cheese in France can be a drastically different experience from eating that same cheese here.

Jos himself is a strong advocate of raw milk and raw milk cheese. To the converted the benefits are obvious, but to the neophyte the perils of unpasteurized pleasures can seem deadly. Pasteurization is designed to purify milk and take out bacteria and enzymes, some of which are very good for the human body. We must also bear in mind that pasteurization was developed less than 150 years ago; people were thriving on raw milk and building their immune systems stronger off of it up until then with little to-do. There are groups here in New York that work to promote raw milk consumption and to dispel common fears about it. One such organization is the Traditional Nutrition Guild, a group that was only founded in 2002 but follows the principles of Dr. Weston Price, the Canadian dentist and anthropologist who brought traditional and native diets to the attention of westerners in the 1930s. Though Jos does not promote raw meat or carry a vehement hatred of soy, he does, with or without meaning to, adhere to a lot of these traditional practices. The creation of his cheeses is of the old world, simple but detailed and labor intensive.

The cheese being made here in Brooklyn isn't fresh cheese that gives way to instant gratification, but rather something that demands time and devotion. This cheese depends on patience, not only with time but also with the process. Of course there are books on the subject and abundant recipes but Jos has found in the end it comes down to trial and error, and to what works for one cheese maker in one specific environment.

Cheeses born and bred in Brooklyn don't taste bad. They still have the green terroir of grass grazing cows; they just possess a difference moisture and texture. Brooklyn cheese has it rougher, given the air quality here, and is more likely to spoil or turn with little notice. The cheeses upstate, because of their idyllic location, have a much easier time reaching dairy perfection. And perfection is to be had, because Jos is one of the most prolific cheesemakers I have ever encountered. He is not willing to just stick with one recipe or style. Rather, he tries everything out. During the day I spent with

Jos we ate five or six cheeses of completely different styles. There was a mild blue cheese designed to impersonate a Stilton, then a stronger blue closer to what they make up at Jasper Hill in that it retained the grassy, earthy qualities good raw cheese can possess. I also ate a young Gouda that day, sweet and creamy, in addition to a smellier, saltier, more potent washed rind. The best, however, was the classic French tomme. In the style of a St. Nectaire or a Tomme de Savoie, meaning earthy and hearty, it was beefy and accessible.

A Monger & A Maker

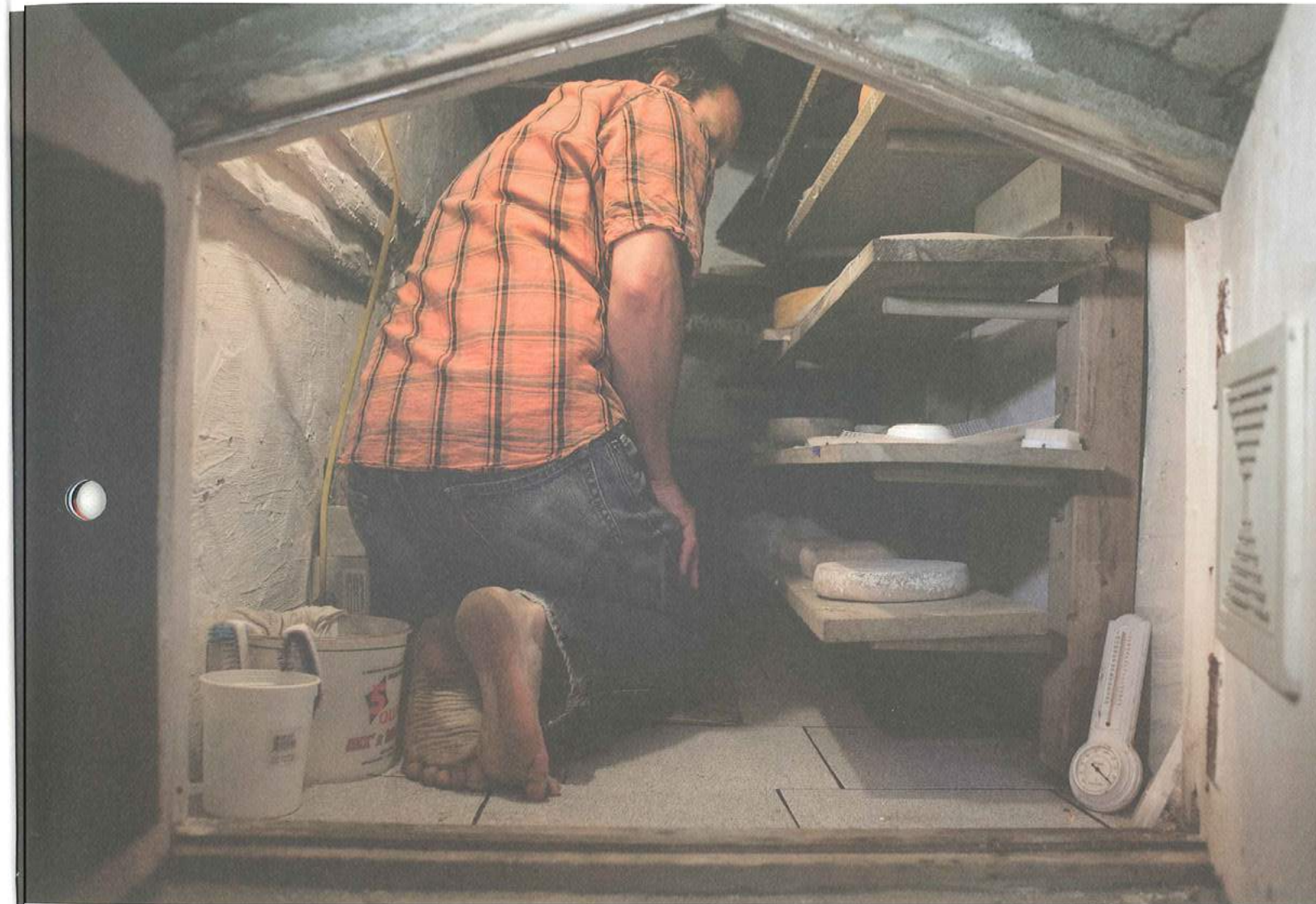
by Allison Grimaldi Donahue

photograph by Julia Gillard

When I spoke with Jos Vulto last fall he was getting fresh milk from the cows near his house upstate and was even beginning to branch into goat's milk. As time has passed, the projects have gotten a good deal more complicated. Jos does not yet sell his cheese. Right now he buys the raw milk from his neighbors upstate and makes cheese to give to people he knows. Because Jos isn't selling his cheese, he doesn't have to adhere to USDA regulations. Of course if, or more likely when, Jos decides to expand his enterprise he will need to change a few things: his facilities will expand and be subject to government scrutiny. He will have to use methods to make more consistent batches, and is already talking about working with his farmers to improve milk quality.

It all began with some spoiled milk in the refrigerator and the desire to be less wasteful; it turned into a genuine art. Like many beginning cheesemakers, Jos began with recipes from Peter Dixon's publications. And the cheeses tastes good. There is a sense of surprise in my tone because of all of the home-made wheels I have had, and even cheeses from so-called professional cheese makers just starting out, I have tasted some real disappointments. It is often difficult to achieve any kind of balance in taste, texture or aroma, but with Jos's cheeses this is not the case.

Little by little the production has been growing. Vulto has a house upstate with some land. During the summer months he is able to go there regularly and, beginning this past spring, has forged a relationship with local dairy farmers. They sell him large quantities of high-quality raw milk at a reasonable price that he carries back to Brooklyn in Carlo Rossi wine jugs, which one of the farmers gave him when he didn't have anything to put the milk in. They are larger and more durable than a typical plastic gallon. The farmers upstate have been so encouraging that Vulto is thinking of moving up there in the near future and maybe even starting a creamery. When I mentioned a farm, he wasn't so sure, but the many grazing Holsteins, Jerseys and Ayrshires tended to by his neighbors upstate would likely supply plenty of milk. For now he is satisfied with bringing some of the country life to the city. There is, though, a noticeable difference between the cheeses he makes and ages upstate and the cheeses he keeps at his home and at his metalworking shop here in Brooklyn. There is a significant difference in air quality, humidity and temperature. In fact, his skills as a metalworker and carpenter are important to his cheesemaking. Vulto has fashioned various tools and even a wooden cheese press, all out of raw materials.



Jos Vulto's cheesemaking is a throwback to more honest and basic food traditions. His life of art and food, both in the city and country, have led him to this difficult and rewarding craft. Jos is a key figure in our cast of contemporary Brooklyn pastorals. Right alongside our butcher, our baker is, in fact, our resident cheesemaker.

the MAMMOTH PAWNS

by PETER MILNE GREINER after JESS ARNDT

illustrations by ERIN DIEBOLL

For millenia West Brother has been the gondola chump. Nimbus to thunderhead, latitude to latitude, dawn after dawn, he the last of the sun gods. Every morning he pivots over that dim meridian or splotch the Canary Islands make on the horizon. Every morning to ski his beloved bifrost the day through until his back and his stern are a second star to the right in California's dusk. To Ra, he would think bitterly and warmly. To Khepri, this is another in an eon of measly zenial passages. To me it is meaningful work. I steer the boat. Empty sky now. Numb thunder now. The roof is a few inches thick and West Brother's face is a few inches from it. He's been camping out in this vessel since his life was fuzzy and pixelated and at this exact moment all he can see is noise and rafters. A nor'easter throws down rain and each water-shingle collision is a day decades ago falling short of him in flecks of blur. He directs his barge south out of the storm. He looks across the berthing at a now slightly more familiar face and asks his stock opening question.

Stiffly on the divan Kate has installed herself. A vicious percolation of hope swims mute in her mouth. Thousands of feet down under the barge's lackadaisical pace she can see Guatemala, the Yucatan, the Gulf of Texas. She hears Canadian rainwater dripping from the keel still. A few moments pass before West Brother's repeated question vaporizes her Mesoamerican reverie.

What do you want from our sessions?

Syzygia.

I think what you mean is inner peace.

No; I want the planets inside my body to line up like a firing squad and execute my pain.

And you think I can shepherd them because of my celestial connections.

I think you can heal my diseased gravity.

He points at her sternum.

Space is not in there.

Then what is?

He reaches into a pocket and produces a speckled falcon egg. He directs it through the air like a tiny brown moon. Toward her womb. He mimes cracking.

We will pour the yolky magma into your pain, he intones. Lie down.

Kate does not resist. West Brother stands over her. I am a veteran solar deity, he thinks to himself. No blade. A cascade of light His two fingers wind through the easy maze of her intestines. The falcon jelly falls in. Full recovery. He looks at Kate. Go forth and—his prayer-mutter falters. He was going to say fade. Go forth and energize. Full recovery.

East Brother and Kate Hedge were at Lake Titicaca for Inti Raymi this year. During the nine days they were there for the festival they would look up at the sky at noon, locate West Brother's faint speck and sardonically, lovingly call out Inti, Inti, Inti! One God, many faces! and laugh about that one scene in Star Trek V when Kirk is talking to the false-god entity thing. They sacrifice a goat with a family they befriend. Kate gets blood all over her rhododendron-weave headpiece. Following a procession of villagers they climb into a boat that ferries them to Isla del Sol. As soon as her feet collide with the rocky, coarse surface of the island, Kate breaks into a sprint. The plan was to reach the highest point of this cradle of the Incan Solar Lord also known as their friend West Brother by noon of the ninth day. It was a hilly, treacherous lump of rock, Isla del Sol and the altitude adjustment was wearing on Kate more by the moment. She is moving fast, ever upward. Behind her East Brother is panting. Kate! he shouts after her. Exelsior! she shrieks back. Kate! Stop running! Miraculously she does. East Brother catches up. They collapse. I have (breath) teeth (breath) squeeze, she manages to say. Teeth what? Sweat pours. It's 11:40. Barodontalgia, Kate says. Its when changes of pressure make your teethbones hurt. She touches her teeth. We're in the Andes high up. You don't have that, East Brother stammers. You have sunburn not tooth squeeze, remember? And teeth aren't bones. Saying a tooth is a bone is like saying a whale is a fish. Different fucking things, Kate. I do have it. She bares them. He looks. They look fine. We don't have much time. They run.

Bones in England, Egypt, and Peru— Mammoth pawns that put the sun in check

JAMES MERRILL

The Changing Light at Sandover

I'm the devil and I can read lips says Beelzebub biting into a pyramidal chocolate-dipped macaroon. This—he gesticulates expansively—this is Dis, Hades, Valhalla, Xibalba. The Americans call it Hell.

Yes I know, West Brother replies evenly. I've been here—he pauses meaningfully and expels the word 'many'—many, many times as you might recall. Yeah sorta, Beezlecub punts. Actually I've been meaning to tell you I'm atheist now. I don't believe in this place or you or me. It's my opinion that we don't exist. What I do believe is that the sun is a yellow dwarf, photosynthesis kind of sucks, and all you do is enact—enact—some absurd rite 365.25 days a year to prove your godhood to (he points upward) girls like Kate Hedge. Kate Hedge is my client, West Brother retorts. Beelzebub freezes, rubs his demoniacal fur and coos, Just like you're my client, aren't you lemon-drop? That hurts me, West Brother pouts. Does it? West Brother decides to change gears. How's the cult? he offers. Suddenly serious, Beezlecub ceases his heretic prancing and lowers his growl. My Sphynxsters are fine. He motions to the horde of sinners that make up his cult. I don't have to prove myself as a ruler or creator to them. Their devotion is pure and has its antecedent in various types of personal lack. They're talking about their devotion right now. I know that not because I can hear them but because I can see them. I fill their voids, trails off the Dark Lord. You're my favorite Sphynxster you know. I am not a Sphynxster, insists West Brother. Beelzebub snorts. Not yet.

In the distance, West Brother could see a brighter congregation of Fallen souls, huddled in a hot niche in the cavern wall. These Huddled ones and the Sphynxsters seemed to ignore each other, each carrying on with their respective rites. Who are those Huddled ones, West Brother asks. Those, Beezlecub drawls in response, are the Damned Atenists. Renegade polytheists cast out of Egypt circa the 14th Century BC. Apparently a State God wasn't enough for them. Ironic they ended up here. With me. So, West Brother says, they are martyrs of the revolution? That's a childish way of putting it, Beezlecub sneers. This place as you say is not without its...amenities, anathemic as they may be. He points to the niche. They're basically doing the same thing here as they were up there so who gives a fuck? They're like Puritans, and as such should really have sunk in by now, Bro, I hate Puritans. Well they belong on the surface, West Brother mutters. Beelzebub roars, tailspins. No one belongs on the surface. There is no worse fate than worshipping the Sun and having to do it Down Here. They will eat their cake in that niche for all eternity. West Brother can see that his Fallen Friend is about to fly off the handle. He spots a fallen stalactite, sits down, and stares. Just stares. Beelzebub disappears into a chamber and emerges moments later bellowing and leaping around his Hell like a cartoon jackal. By the waaaaaay, he begins his malcontent opera, one of the newly damned brought

this from the surface—I thought of you. It's a food zine called Diner Diary. All sorts of diurnal dainties here. Look: Sun Flambe, Raw Sun, Sun Under Glass, Sun With Maple Syrup On It (Beezlecub chortles) Look, I'm a veteran solar deity! I have a ship and I'm the captain! I lead mortals down the Rainbow Road! The sun is my oyster! Is the sun a man or a woman? Is the sun a tranny? Can humanity and, by extension, civilization come to a consensus? Shuck the sun! Beelzebub has collapsed in sarcastic ecstasy. He wipes tears and snot from his face. I'm done, he pants. Come here. West Brother drops to the cavern floor with him. Their tongues touch and the heavens dim a little.

by her desertine, sun-ravaged skin, stands bolt upright, her mouth skyward like a canon and the Orgone Ozone glares down at her, a giant smothering retina upstaging the pompous summer noon. Deep in the ecliptic murk the Earth and its populations cool, congeal, slime over like old cabbage. Then it's over. Light pets the land. Kate strokes her dunelike calves and utters the Sun Ode: Oh closest bead of starfire, Ra's yo-yo, I am your darling symptom and so on. East Brother grabs her by the wrist, they kneel in unison, their sacrificial childlike devotion scatters like clouds and is swallowed whole, raw by the blue above them. Their doppelganger gaze like let blood fills the ground. Gripping Kate like this is like gripping all the world's verdant girth, East Brother reflects. He lets go slowly. The solstice has come and gone. Again.

West Brother returned to the surface, exiting Beelzebub's domains through the caves near El Zotz, Peru. He waits in the undergrowth for Kate and East Brother. Bats career though the subtropical dusk. When they arrive they climb into the barge and resume the solar circuit. It is a night without storms. On the deck Kate and East Brother chain-smoke and send text messages. West Brother sets the barge to autopilot, goes down to join them, carrying under his arm Kate's divan. He decides to leave it on the deck permanently. Let it ruin like Maya and perish in a plague of gentle exposure. He thinks about filling his cabin up with garish commemorative stuff that makes him Him; the Trundholm Chariot, bits of feldspar, that piss-stained thing they dug up in Nebra. Yeah, this is a turning point all right. East Brother, meanwhile, day dreams about giving up petroglyphs in favor of Pointillism. Kate gardens in her mind. The fallow future brandishes its trowel and colors in the day's blueprint with all those pretty fucking scrapped years. West Brother guesses his penciled-on escape from birth is never fully triangulated, ya know, because he thinks that between belief and disbelief there exists a place of being which consists of neither. He looks at the mortals across from him and thinks: Look for me there, why don't you, while I reach down my law-long arms into the Earth's soft plagioclase wound and pluck out, one by one, each hastily chewed ray.

fix second sentence
Atenists into BZ section
something other than skin cancer
end is too fast
other section?

IS SLOPPY
THE END IS MELODRAMATIC
THERE MIGHT BE A MISSING SECTION BETWEEN
THE 4TH AND 5TH

- 1) West Brother and Kate
- 2) East Brother and Kate (West Brother is mentioned)
- 3) West Brother and Beelzebub (Kate is mentioned)
- 4) East Brother and Kate
- 5) West Brother (East Brother and Kate are mentioned)

No direct interaction between East and West Brother

THE MODERN MEGALITHS

raw food
dr vs guru
epidemiology
a turning point
pyramids/obelisks
lost wax
the milky way
Birkat Hachamah

Easter Island, rongorongo

west—black jaguar
east—red jaguar

You're Jess, aren't you?
No, I'm Kate Hedge.
A pleasure.

CHARACTERS:

West Brother
East Brother
Kate Hedge
Beelzebub

physical character descriptions
tetraskellion

HEADINGS:

Odin in El Zotz
Ijtaw, 1960 BC
Avoid the Ancients While Applauding Them
The Geysers of Dis,
August 29, 2084 4:14 AM

Malibu

Bifrost, Frost Giants, Yellow Dwarves

interaction btw WB and Kate
(god/mortal)
(therapy/healing session)

interaction btw WB and EB
(god/mortal)

interaction btw EB and Kate
(mortal/mortal) (teeth)

interaction btw WB/BZ (god/dark lord)z

enactment of ritual by mortals

bestowment of sun radicalness by god

