

DINER JOURNAL

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NO. 17

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NO ADS

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑ





fig 1. Prologue

If I light a sparkler does the fire department come?
The fire department is here?

What are you filling out?
A film that reminds you of food,
a food that reminds you of film.

This is yours make what you want of it. A piece of leather.
Here Leah, honey.



fig 2. Open fire in Brooklyn

I would love you to read the prologue then later the-

Then just in case- Oh, I brought those too. They are two obviously different translations. What do you think about the two?

I kind of love the Fitzgerald because it is so true to the Greek. The Fagles though has a lyricism to it.

ISSUE no. 17

ODYSSEY INVITATION

Dear _____, Diner Journal would like to invite you to . . . be Diner Journal. It sounds "meta" but really it is quite simple. We would love to have you over for dinner. We ask only that you lend yourself to us. And we will feed you.

The holidays can be a dreadful and dreary time. The travel, the mundane menus, the meaningless conversation. Our marathon Journal party will be the foil for all flops. On one Sunday afternoon we will create all the content for Diner Journal issue 17 together. Sean and Dave will be abustle and broil in the kitchen creating and plating all the recipes for the next Journal. But the true burden will be on the rest of us to write, draw, espouse, drink and be merry. In other words, you be your lovely and charming selves and I will promise to figure out how, in a matter of hours, we all become forty or so pages full with holly, folly and beauty.

Please arrive between three and four in the afternoon. Appropriate attire optional.

Sincerely, Diner Journal

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INTRODUCTION

THE MYTHOLOGY OF A MOMENT ENGAGING THE EPHEMERAL THE POWERFUL AND SIMPLE SATISFACTION IN HELPING PEOPLE FEEL HAPPY AND CARED FOR

ANNA DUNN

To party is always in season. At least that was the hypothesis we were working with. The Diner Journal used to be quarterly, seasonal, two colors and a little more slender than the untamable beast it is these days. And so at the close of every year we start to run out of time. This journal was meant to represent our ideas about hospitality, about holidays and merriment. But now as the ice storms come and the snow does not go it seems perhaps I want more and more to sit at home with a thick book and a glass of whiskey/tea.

So a compromise. What follows is a party inspired by a book. Here within the lilting tide of Homer's epic poem, the colossal journey home, lie all the great perils of eating and drinking. The lotus eaters high on their own supply, the queen of the giant Laestrygonians and the dumb but dreadful cyclops crunching and mumbling on the bones of men, the swill of Circe morphing men to oinking animals. However, equally represented is the humbling and healing power of hosting. In a time

of perils unknown the stranger had little going for him, except where he walked he walked with fire, Zeus, the barer or bolt, forever at his back. Telemachus tells Athena, "Here in our house you'll find a royal welcome. Have supper first, then tell us what you need." One of life's great thrills is to make an unhappy person happy. To care without condition, to satisfy the unsatisfied. It can be a small moment when you understand the opportunity you have to change things for other people. Be it by touching their shoulder, offering them food, simply seeing them or, say, offering to take their sword. I get a chill every time I feel someone travel from the darkness to light. Brushes with lightening.

We also challenged ourselves and our guests to not just join each other in eating and drinking but also creating. It was a basic paint the fence scheme . . . We wanted to harness that electric energy, that frenzy, and see if we couldn't wrestle a journal out of it. And to this end we owe all of our guests a

resounding thank you. Thank you for drawing, shooting, drinking, writing, dancing and reading. Thank you for bringing us some of the fruits of California's fertile land. Thank you for bringing sparklers. Thank you for roasting the goat out front of the house among the drifts of silent snow. Thank you for joining us the second Sunday of this new year. Thank you for your music. Some of your work and words will appear in the following pages and we have done our best to credit some of the more central motifs. But I do believe that a sum is most often greater than its parts so what follows is really more collective unconscious than careful curation.

I also know there is nothing worse than reading about a party, and nothing harder than writing about a book so we added a few distractions, a few meditations along the way. And so, without further ado, we welcome you to our adventure, to travel to the fever pitch of our one wild night. Odysseus' odyssey. A journal's journey.



An Ode to

HONEY

SCARLETT LINDEMAN

Back in the kitchen, the shelf to the right and three feet above the roiling pasta pot is the perfect spot for a jar of honey. An arm reaches away, the metal shelf heats up and steam from the cooking pasta drifts upward, slowly annealing the stiff amber into a warm, drizzle-able liquid—on toast with schmears of ricotta; wet freckles on fried brussel sprouts with dusty shavings of pecorino cheese; a sighing sweet balance to tart ivory yogurt.

The ultimate mainline to sweetness, honey is best used in small quantities. It's meant to dab. To lightly drizzle. Anything more than tiny rivulets or it is in danger of becoming confoundedly saccharine. More sugary than sugar, it's amplified nectar made from the juice of

flowers that bees sip, concentrate and spit into a viscous syrup. It's messy too. Every honey pot, jar and bottle dribbles, leaving annoyingly sticky barbs on clothes and tabletops, tacky reminders on starched chef whites.

Outside of the realm of eating, honey has an interesting reputation, carrying dormant botulism spores with the power to kill infants and toxic varieties made from poisonous flowers. Its antibacterial properties have had recent clinical exploration, in some cases slathered on festering wounds to cure infection. And let's not forget, it can be fermented into booze.

Honey holds a sweetness that is hot, carnal. Gulp a mouthful straight up and you'll feel as

crazed as the bees in Red Hook with maraschino cherry addictions. As the original sweetener, honey has had a long association with wealth. It was once used to embalm the dead and to pay taxes. Packed into tiny combs, honey's waxy geometric compartments look like carved crystals, precious and expensive.

Once captured from the bees, honey pours out, like money. To me, a big bowl of it seems like such decadence—like Roman orgies and Egyptian pyramids, there is this allure of grandeur and immoderation in a lake of honey. Set a bowl of it out at your next feast—it's easy splendor, an ancient luxury in chestnut-colored pooling that traps all fingertips and small bugs.



fig 3. Ambrosia



The Delights of the Divine Pig

CURED MEATS

CHRISTOPHER LEE

Twenty-five years ago, when I first became interested in making Italian cured meats, or salumi, there were few sources for this information, and none of any real usefulness. Most sources—cookbooks, magazines, and histories of food—were cursory descriptions of sausages or salted hams aimed at and written by home cooks, not professionals. They were sketchy ideas that told little of the concept or method of curing meat. Much of the writing was unclear or confusing, so the material rarely led to any firm understanding of the process. You had to do a lot of

reading between the lines to interpret and formalize what was being said.

Perhaps most importantly, none answered my basic questions: What percentage of salt makes the best salami? What is the average size pork leg needed for prosciutto? What part of the shoulder, exactly, is the coppa cut from? How is capocollo different from coppa? There was little consistency from book to book. Recipes for a given product contained inexplicable and confounding differences in the amount of salt, percentage of fat, curing time, how the meat should be cut, which spices to use. And virtually

none addressed the little but extraordinarily important details, such as the importance of removing all sinew and silverskin from the flesh, how to pack salami properly, the importance of proper curing, of temperature and humidity, where to use nitrate or not, and so on.

At Chez Panisse, where I worked at the time, we'd developed a network of small, mostly local farms that supplied us with carefully raised, pasture-fed meats. For years we had been buying whole carcasses from the farmers, and had to use all the parts as

economically as possible. We had to learn how to butcher properly. So with a steady supply of good pork, it was a short (so I thought) step to start curing meats.

With this goal in mind, I continued scouring the literature for direction, questioned every authority of every stature I knew about what they knew, and began experimenting, more or less blindly, with salumi. I was driven by naïve enthusiasm. I knew I didn't know much, but I thought I had some basic idea; turned out, I understood less than I thought I did. I produced decent but very amateurish, very homemade, very inconsistent salumi. Some I secretly threw away.

I fell into curing prosciutto because of interest but also because of a particular problem we had with the Italian ones we'd been buying: We'd always found bone-in prosciutto to be the best tasting prosciutto, but the current FDA regulations had changed and suddenly their importation into the U.S. was prohibited. We'd moaned about it for a while, and finally though reluctantly we gave in to serving boneless prosciutto in the Café, because, different from the downstairs' predominantly French menu, its pan-Mediterranean menu demanded it. With all the naïveté imaginable, I suggested we attempt to make our own hams.

Prosciutto is complicated and contradictory: it is the simplest of all salumi but because of its size, it takes the longest time to cure. Its extraordinary flavor is the deepest and most complex of all salumi but it is made from the fewest number of ingredients: pork and salt. The conditions under which it's cured and dried are also quite simple, but if the specific

stages are not carefully controlled and absolutely correct, disaster will be your result. Plus, you will have spent a long time salting, curing, and aging the prosciutto before finding out it's been ruined.

So I started in. The difficult part was that the experimentation period was really long; I was aging the hams for around 14 months, the proscribed curing time I'd read about. Results were therefore a long time coming, and I made several years' worth of, let me say, below-grade hams: salty, dry, sometimes barely edible, always unimpressive and unexciting. I threw some away.

First, I shortened the riposo, or long resting time, trying to solve the dryness problem. I was happy about this idea, since it would in effect shorten the time it took me to reach a result. But that didn't work: the meat would not be fully and properly cured in the now 9 or 10 months, or sometimes less, that I had inched toward. I still didn't have a lot of happy success. I consulted with my dear friend Dario Cecchini, my brother really, who gave me a helpful if layman's book, *Le Delizie del Divin Porcello*, or *The Delights of the Divine Pig*, which helped my understanding a little, but in truth, it was a lovely gift but not the instructional piece I needed or sought.

About this time, a knowledgeable, well-traveled friend of Italian descent passed to me an Italian government article he'd found that outlines all (count 'em) Italian salumi, piece by muscular piece, region by region, allowed cuts that can go into them, percentage salt, everything. It was suddenly a new world for me, though I now had to learn to read Italian to understand the rules. These

were, literally, the laws of prosciutto, and of all the other salumi. From this I discovered that my main stumbling block was the size of the hams I'd been attempting to cure. They were from the typical market-size pigs, if well raised, ones, meant for roasting, braising, for the spit. Through sheer lack of knowledge and inexperience, I wasn't even close to the size required to make a good, moist, properly cured, Parma-style prosciutto. Inadvertently, from this new knowledge, I discovered that the salt level and curing process would almost correct itself when given the proper sized leg. Almost.

Needing an answer to the reason for my failure, and with prosciutto di Parma as my holy grail, I decided to travel to Italy to study the craft of prosciutto making. Over a period of 10 years, I spent time working in three regions: Langhirano, in the hills above Parma, where Parma hams are really from; in Carpena, near Modena; and farther south, in Tuscany, where prosciutto is more savory, saltier and slightly drier than in the other two areas. I remember one beautiful, cool day in Langhirano when my 4th generation prosciutto-maker host, Nicola Ghersetich, took me to lunch at a small albergo on the Via del Sale, the Salt Road, a Roman road that runs from the coast and over the hills into Emilia-Romagna, over which salt sellers would sneak to secretly avoid the punitive taxes levied on them by local taxman. The charming proprietor of the little inn, Roberto, served us slices thin as a silk handkerchief of one year-old pancetta from a rolled belly almost 10-inches across, from the lower quarter of a 300-kilo sow. After curing, it had been soaked in red

wine for three months, as if it were culatello, then dried. Life was never the same after that.

A special moment came on another of my Italian sojourns, in Tuscany. I had been having trouble in my shed behind the restaurant with the occasional appearance of a small fly, much like a fruit fly or mite that "attacked" the hams at a certain stage of their life. They arrived at the same point each time with each prosciutto. The flies never seemed to do any damage, so when they announced themselves, I would simply wash the hams with a little Cognac or grappa, and that took care of the problem. Still, I worried about them. I visited a well-known Tuscan butcher named Vincenzo Chini, whose family had been cutting and curing meats for many generations in the small hill town of Gaiole. Proudly, he took me into his prosciutto attic, which held what I estimated to be around 400 prosciutti and a few more salami of various descriptions and sizes. The building was a 16th Century stone structure cut into the hillside. When I leaned forward to sniff one of his beautiful prosciutti, I noticed flying about—they're so small they make no sound—the same small silent flies I had on my own hams. I was at once pleased and horrified: pleased, because this guy who knew what he was doing, who was a professional, had the same insect problem I did, so maybe there was hope for me; and scared speechless, because I felt I would be, as his guest, disrespectfully pointing out a flaw in his production, whether in English or my really bad Italian. I figured I'd try Italian so he might pity

me, or at least misunderstand what I said. Before I could ask, he noticed me eyeing his infestation, and he said, so calmly, "They appear at this certain point, you see, and they are harmless. In fact," he said, "they're beneficial." I breathed a sigh of relief at not having to embarrass myself, or him. I now felt a renewed assurance that I had figured out something positive about the prosciutto curing process.

Back in the U.S., I asked our Oregon supplier of exquisite pork, Paul Atkinson, to raise seasonal pigs to the size we needed, and he agreed. He'd been heading in the direction of raising them seasonally anyway, so the conversation was easier than it could have been. For the size legs I was after, in the 28 to 30 pound range, the pigs needed to be 350-400 pound carcasses and 16-20 months old. We built an insulated curing shed in back of the restaurant (compare that to Chini's four century-old stone cave) to accommodate our supply and give us the temperature and humidity we needed. We now had to deal with an every-two-weeks delivery of a mountain of pork, but it was spectacular, and very, very exciting for me. The pigs had the most beautiful, alabaster white fat you've ever seen, two inches thick on the shoulder and back; big, dense hams with firm, glistening flesh, iridescent like abalone shells; the carcasses perfectly butchered, with no cuts to the skin. At last I was onto the right road, la via del sale. Or perhaps it was la vita del sale.

After a several more years of changes and corrections, the prosciutti began to come around, and eventually I could consistently

and reliably produce a good ham. The lesson is, you learn little by little over time, but it's absolutely clear that the only way to learn was by finding someone—an elder—to help you understand. The craft had been passed down through generations in this way for centuries. People like to say "from father to son," and though they might be in the minority, I met several families whose salumi businesses were run by firm-handed women made of steel and wire.

Things have come along way in the past few decades, though a proper manual on how to make prosciutto still doesn't exist. People do know what such esoteric things as lardo and guanciale are; that they contain less saturated fat and less cholesterol than butter; and that the most esteemed lardo (and only DOP) comes from the coastal area of Tuscany, is inches-thick, and is cured in marble that comes from the same ancient mountains as the stone Michelangelo sculpted. I like to say, only half jokingly, "20 years ago you couldn't give away this much pork fat." It's more than half true. Artisan prosciutto is almost common now, certainly way more common than back in the day when I started. They're made from all breeds of pig: Berkshire, Tamworth, Ossabau, Mangalitsa, though no commercial source for traditional hand-made prosciutto truly exists. It will happen; just give it pork, salt, and, well, time.

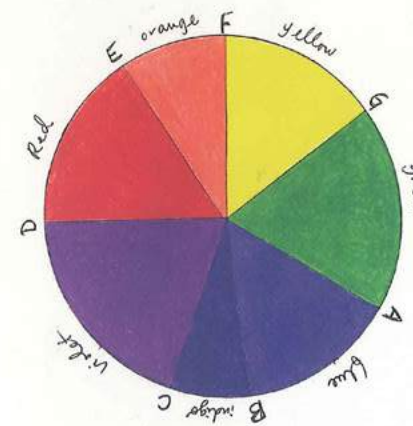
Roswell Rudd, the free jazz trombonist, said: "Everyone's your teacher, and no one's your teacher. The lesson is, you've got to teach yourself."

Music Performance

THE MAGIC PLACE

JULIANNA BARWICK

"The magic place" is notated here using Isaac Newton's color circle correlation with the musical scale. Every color of the spectrum corresponds with a note in the scale starting with D and red.



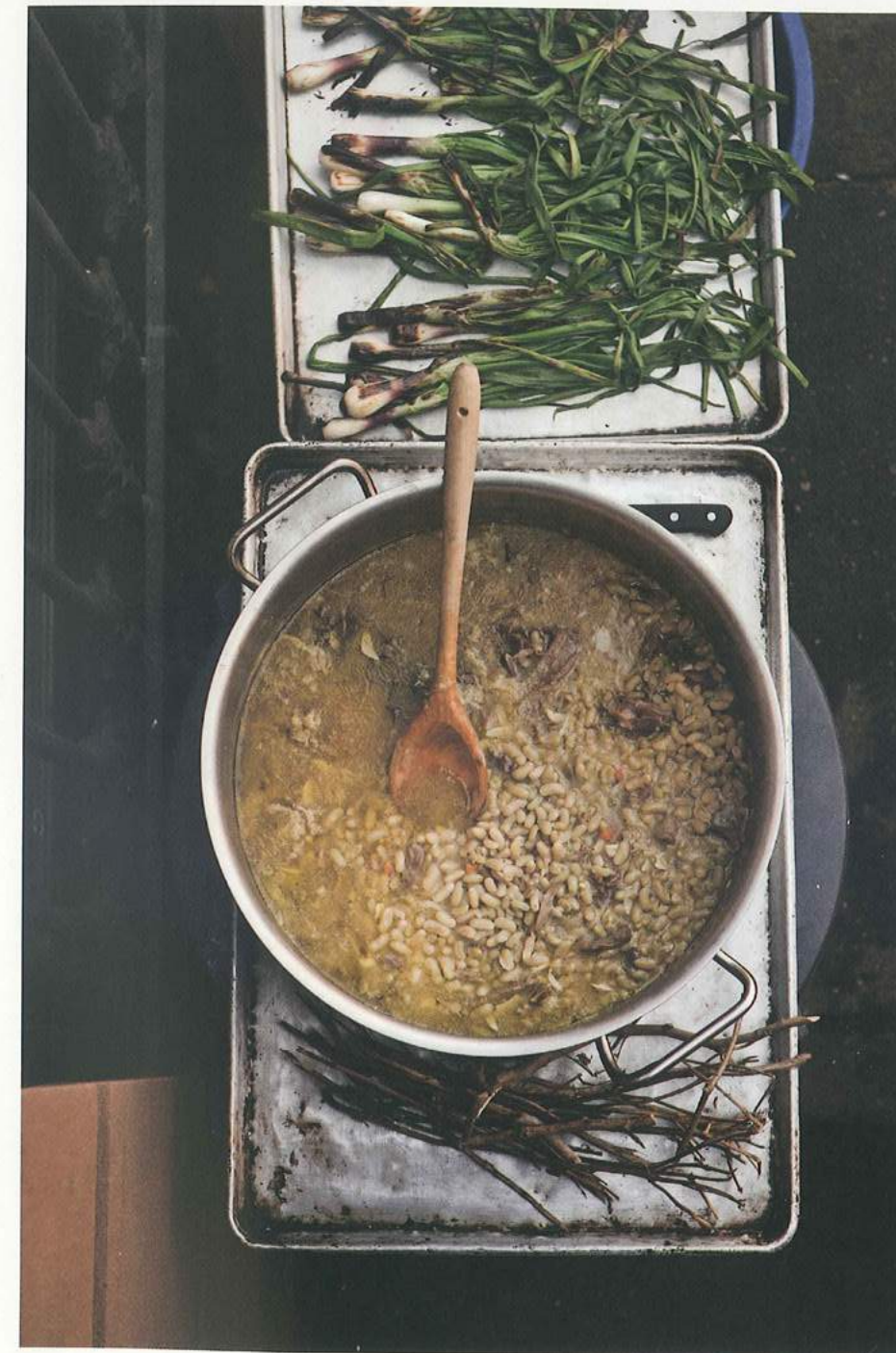


fig 4. Beans etc.

A little effervescence.
 Yes, which is truer to the way
 the Greek sounds if you hear the
 Greek and read the Greek.
 I also brought the Iliad if you
 want me to read some of this
 famous opening:

Tell me o muse of the anger
 of Achilles, Peleus's son who
 destroyed all the um

When you read this the Greek
 is so alive and the Fagles
 captures that.

What do you prefer?
 The Fagles but I was worried it
 was just because it is easier to
 read but perhaps it's the poetry.
 Yes, I think The Odyssey should
 be read out loud and the Fagles
 invites you to do so.

When I read the Fagles I often
 find myself speaking.

Have you ever read this Hart
 Crane poem called Voyages?
 No.

Look that up is a really amazing
 five part poem I read out loud
 recently and it echoed The
 Odyssey for me.

Hart Crane I'm slowly
 discovering
 Me too you know.

(Section 25)

What are you shooting?
 Oh, with the camera?
 It's an old land camera so I'm
 just trying to get a few snaps.
 It's no good with low light.

These chestnuts are beautiful.

In Charleston, Shepard Ferring is
 doing a mural.

What do you think August?

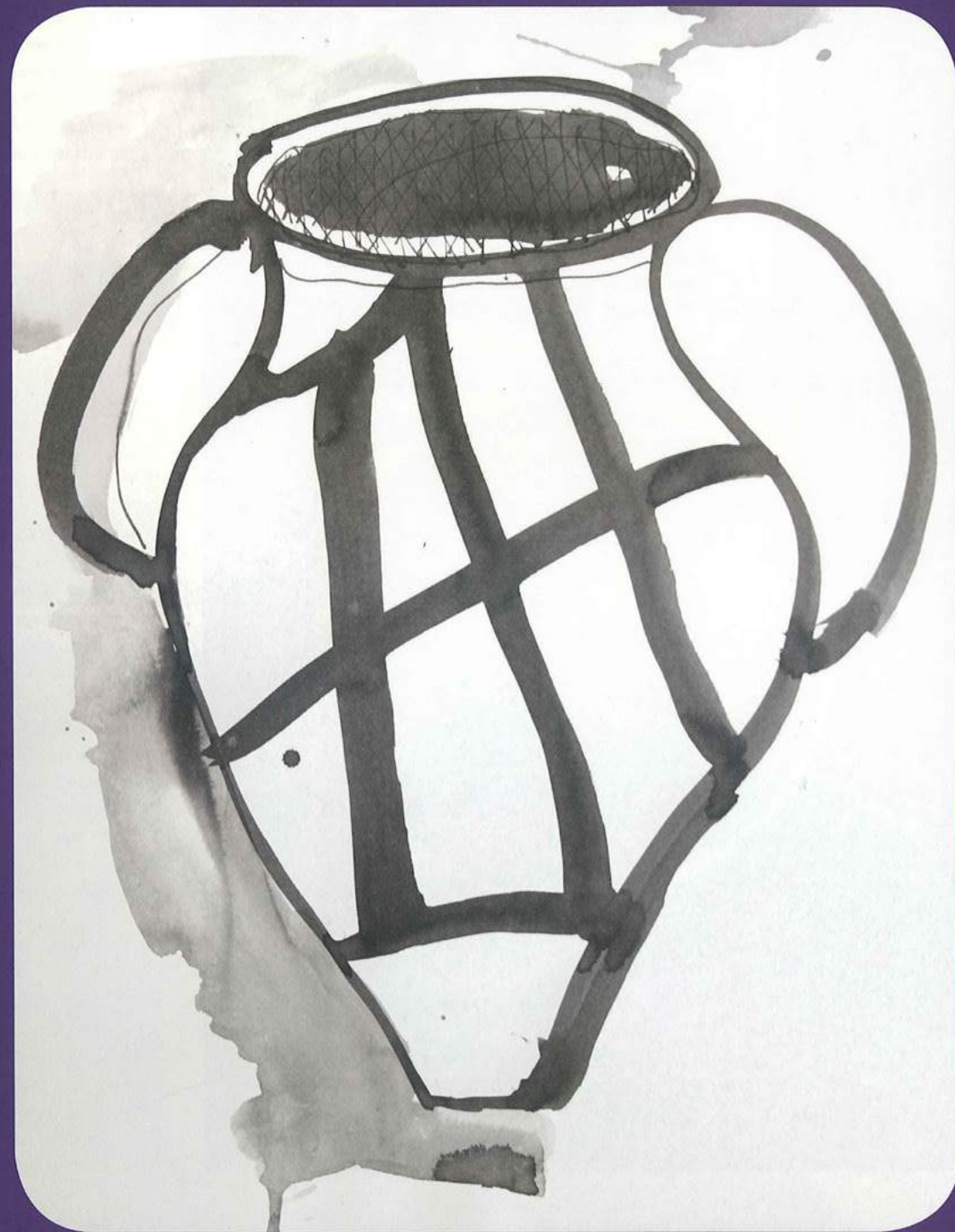


fig 5. αμφορέυς

A History

A M P H O R A

LEAH CAMPBELL

Amphoras were ancient clay vessels crafted for the storage and transportation of wine. In the 15th century B.C. the Canaanites began to store their wine in pottery instead of skins, and that pottery, or clay form, was perfected as the amphora, a good design idea that spread as wine spread on ancient Greek ships. The amphora reached the height of its form with the Romans, and then was finally overcome by casks of bowed fir—larger, lighter and stronger than their predecessors—as viticulture moved north with the Empire to cooler, wooded lands.

But in Hellenistic Greece, the amphora was still the best vessel of its kind. While the shape of amphoras varied widely according to their place of production, almost all had two handles, a rounded body, an elongated neck with a mouth small enough to be sealed, and a foot that came to a point. They were lined with beeswax and sealed with olive oil and resin. Their tapered base made amphoras easy to store in the holds of ships bringing wine to port and also saved the clay that a broader base would have needed. On land amphoras were simply laid in the cool earth, or stacked against a wall like folding chairs are today. More elegant still is the base design when we consider that the foot became a third handle when the amphora was lifted to pour out its contents.

Although amphoras were most often used for wine, such a surplus of them was produced that they were frequently re-purposed. They were containers for honey, oil, preserved fish, nuts, and even for water on long sea journeys. Cut in half, amphoras were just the right size for infant coffins, for which sadly there was a very real need in Hellenistic Greece. Broken into parts, amphoras became filler for construction sites and the foundations on which the city-state was built. Yet they were also light enough and still so abundant that they ended up as roofing for Early Christian buildings in Italy. The vessels extended in rays from the center, an easy bricolage laid foot to mouth with the smallest ones closest to the tops of the domed roofs of Byzantine skylines.

When in the 1930s a woman named Virginia Grace entered the field of Classical Archaeology, little attention had been given to the research of amphoras. In antiquity wine's demand, unlike that of other staples, did not depend on the financial climate, and wine, carried in the familiar clay form, was drunk in times of plenty and depression—in equally large amounts. By Grace's time, amphoras littered archaeological sites. They had been found at the bottoms of wells, under buildings, in cisterns, and

even neatly preserved in the hulls of sunken ships, but no one could read them. It was the excess of clues that hindered scholars; the amphoras varied too widely in clay type, shape, illustrative markings and dated stamps—which were the most promising earmark of the vessels to Grace.

Probably not least because of its intoxicating properties, wine drew the attention of philosophers and law-makers alike in ancient Greece, and its trade became a closely watched endeavor. Amphora handles were stamped with the name of the producer and the local government official in authority at the time. Virginia Grace understood that a comprehensive knowledge of the stamps would open up the ancient world to us. Grace categorized tens of thousands of amphoras by analyzing the context of handle shards found in the ruins of Athens's oldest public spaces—markets. The patterns of identification that Grace collected became a flickering map of human movement and an ancient economy. Thousands of years later, a commonplace vessel that had carried wine, an elixir for forgetting, now carried the key to unlocking the long forgotten pathways of an extraordinary civilization.





Seven Ways

GOAT

JUSTINE WENGER



This past summer my father announced that he was moving back to the farm on Wildlife Road and getting goats. My first thought was, well at least he won't be alone. Then it all happened rather quickly. House re-construction, new barn beams, fencing, fence painting, the goats and goat things, the donkey, birds at the feeder. His updates confirmed my new found appreciation for goats as company for my father, *I was hoping the goats would have bigger appetites and eat more of the weeds, but the weeds are big and the goats are small so the weeds are outgrowing the goats so far. The goats are doing well, they*

are very friendly and follow you around like a pack of dogs. They like to be petted and will stand at the fence and bleat when you leave them.

My brother and I went back to Wisconsin for the holidays. My father had been on the farm for just two months and it was a new homecoming for all of us. *You were just kids when you were here before my father kept reminding us. The farm belonged to my grandmother, but no one in the family had been living there for many years. I remembered it as a place where we would go to just walk around, hop the creek and play in the barn. Now that we weren't just kids*



What do you think August?
Everyone is documenting and
mark making?

The smallest cardigan in the
world.
Hey would you like a head
band on?

(the Pretenders: I'm gonna make
you make you make you want
this.)

anymore, and my father had moved our things there and introduced us to the goats, the farm had a purpose. And it felt like home because everything seemed in its immediate, rightful place. I could see the stakes in the snow where the spring garden would go, our beds were made up with familiar sheets and the goats were behind their fence, blank faces staring at us. *Now it's just me, two goats, and the donkey*, my father said as we unpacked our things inside the house. *Now* meant *now* that my mother and sister were living elsewhere, or *now* that the five other goats had been butchered.

If you want to host a party (not too big) a small animal sacrifice is a good starting point. Goats are feast animals. It's easy to imagine such a party, and friends, and family, and the table spread with wine and candlelight, feeding everyone with one animal. Goats in my mind are celebratory animals. They are for giving and sharing. Goat and goat accompanists. Before my father moved to the farm and proposed goats, I hadn't considered them in any other way. Just goats of the party.

The goats needed relatively little from us. There were just two after all. We set out fresh hay and water each morning. Their hillside around the barn was covered in ice but they trudged and ate and generally ignored us. The donkey was a bully. There was suddenly very little intrigue in these animals as friends for my father. Did they have names? *No*. We talked more about the goats of the future. The future buck who would arrive in the spring and breed with the two remaining females. Little goats. The goat herd, goat meat, goat trade and goat meals.

A simple meal is still composed of many things. Meat is often the

centerpiece. That first night on the farm I was excited to see three small, compact steaks already thawing on the kitchen counter. Since I have very little experience cooking goat, it became my first priority. And we were hungry. After a lot of seasoning and a few minutes on each side in a hot pan, the goat was cooked and ready and nothing else was done. I had only considered the goat and now the rest of the meal was an afterthought. My brother and father didn't seem to mind. I realized that growing up meals often happened just like that in my family, all at once. My father put plates on the table with cheese and knives. There was already a jar of pickled beets. And beer. I was proud when I served the steaks. We toasted our goat. And that was dinner, all at once.

For Christmas my father gave goat. The gifts were wrapped and placed in the freezer until my aunts and uncle and cousins arrived. Over the course of the holiday week we ate goat seven ways. Just as casual and focal as our first meal. Burgers, goat curry, tacos, goat roast, goat chops, goat ribs and steaks. Goat snack was my favorite. Nothing else needed thought. I could just pull the meat out of the afternoon pot and eat it with my fingers. Without ceremony. The banquet and guests and wine and dishes and candlelight disappeared. Now it was simply my father's goat. And he shared it with us. *The one thing I've learned is the longer you cook the goat and leave it alone, the better it tastes*. Maybe the goats won't exactly be friends for my father, but as my brother and I said goodbye and traveled back to Brooklyn, I was comforted by the prospect of their company for future visits. The future of the farm. The future of a new home. A future with goats.

I even looked up quarter life crisis.
They are dates.. chestnuts..
the glory of winter continues
undiminished.
Festival.

I can't really believe this.
The geekiest thing I have ever
done
was study ancient Greek and go
on and on about The Odyssey to
my friends.
Well one friend.

This will be a study in compare
and contrast.
Frank... in Etna, he used to be a
wine importer.
He's young very dynamic and
his idea of making wine is
close to doing nothing.

A cold radish.

The Munjebel. Some really old
vines
It's weird. It's fizzy.
Apart from the grapes being
weird on their own
this a pretty weird version of it.
It needs to be open for a while.
I actually sold one last night that
didn't get returned?
It tastes like beer and wine mixed
together.
It can't be helped because of the
soil.

(Living in a powder keg and
giving off sparks: Bonnie Tyler)

The allotment of this is 2006.
He brought these from France but
he didn't want to drink his own
wine.

Anyone have extra leather.
I grew up in California where



people wearing head bands was very common.

(Bob Dylan)

Catalogues are such a colossal waste but it's all I want to shoot. It just inundates our life. I know, we went to Havana two years ago and there no advertising still because of Communism...no billboards, no ads on trains. You forget what that looks like. It looks beautiful.

Isn't Vermont like that? They don't have billboards.

Hey guys look at me. Shutter click shutter click.

I like food that takes a little effort. Roman looks rock and roll. We adopted a dog today. The super mutt. Aw, how could you leave her. Oh, she's in Virginia we are driving down next week to get her. Airedale and otter hound. Look at that face. What is that? An olive?

(musical interlude)

Glow. We've got a dog here. It's name is the Senator. I'm not concerned if you're not concerned. Clink of glasses. Explosive utensils. Murmurs. Beef heart. There is olive oil on the table. Do you need a landing place? Leah will you hand me those tongs? Heart beat.

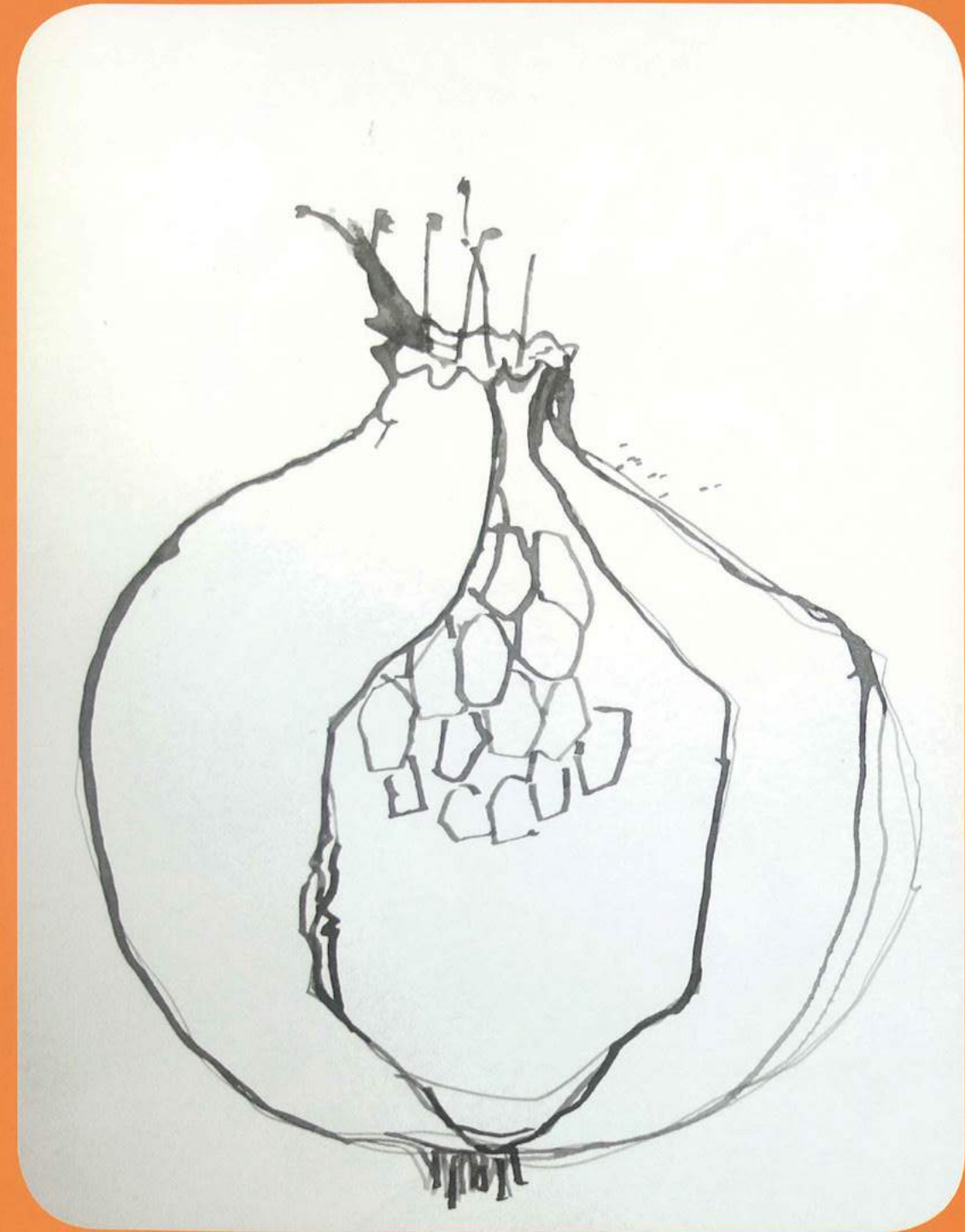


fig 6. Persephone



RECIPES

DG : DAVE GOULD
 BJ : BEN JACKSON
 SL : SCARLETT LINDEMAN
 AH : AUSTIN HALL
 SR : SEAN REMBOLD

CICERCHIE BEAN PUREE SL

1 quart cicerchie beans: small dried beans, that are a primitive form of chickpeas often used in Umbria, Campania or Puglia. Could be substitute with chickpeas or other dried beans.
 2 onions
 1 bulb fennel
 3 potatoes (peeled)
 1 or 2 carrots
 4 garlic clove
 one dried chile arbol
 olive oil
 salt and pepper

Soak one quart of cicerchie beans overnight. Drain cicerchie. Cover beans with cold water in a pot then bring to a boil on the stove. Drain again. Rough chop two onions, a bulb of fennel, three peeled potatoes, a carrot or two, and sweat with four crushed garlic cloves and a crumbled chile de arbol in good olive oil over medium heat until slightly soft and translucent. Add the beans and one quart of water. Simmer out until beans are very soft and liquid evaporates, adding small quantities of water if

needed, stirring often. Pass the beans through a food mill and season with salt and pepper. Whisk in a quart of your best olive oil, stirring until smooth.

HARISSA BJ Yields about 1 quart

½ cup cumin
 1 cup coriander
 1 cup caraway
 1 bay leaf
 1 cinnamon stick
 1 or 2 chili d'arbol
 2 ancho chilis (rehydrated and set aside for later)
 5–10 whole cloves of garlic
 4 shallots quartered
 4 medium carrots cut into pieces about the size of the garlic cloves
 salt and sugar

In a pan over medium heat, toast all of the spices together until golden and aromatic. Grind the spices all as fine as possible in a spice mill. I've found that the spice mix still needs to be passed through a chinoise to achieve the perfect powder conditions needed for a smooth end product. Use a small sauce pan and just enough extra virgin olive oil to cover the garlic, shallots, carrots. I find that in leaving all of the vegetables more intact, they roast a little more evenly together. Simmer over medium heat until caramelized. Strain and reserve the oil. Add the spice mix and re-hydrated chili to the vegetables and

blend using the reserved oil and water to achieve the desired consistency. In the restaurant we use the vitaprep, but a regular old blender would work fine. Adjust the seasoning with salt and sugar as needed. For harissa yogurt, just fold the paste into Greek yogurt and adjust seasoning with salt and lemon.

ROASTED GOAT DG

1 whole goat, butchered into pieces suitable for roasting
 good olive oil
 garlic
 black pepper
 coriander
 dried oregano
 rosemary
 coarse sea salt

In a mortar and pestle, prepare a marinade of crushed garlic, black pepper, coriander, dried oregano and rosemary. Separate the goat pieces for proper roasting. Shoulders can be boned out and tied, they will take the longest. Legs can be left whole, along with the racks and loins. Rub the marinade all over the goat with sea salt and a little good olive oil the night before you plan to cook it.

On the day of, bring all of the meat to room temperature for up to 3 hours. Prepare a charcoal or wood grill to moderate heat and start roasting. Shoulders

will take up to two hours and should be cooked until the juices run clear (165 F). Legs are best eaten at around medium (or rosy pink) and all of the chops can be cooked to a proper medium rare. Allow plenty of resting time, especially for the larger pieces and serve warm with coarse sea salt.

COOKED GREENS DG

Start with your favorite cooking greens: kale, rapini, spigarello, turnip greens. Boil them for two minutes, in small batches, in lightly salted water and let them cool on a sheet pan. Once cool, squeeze all of the water out of them. In a wide pot, fry a couple of crushed cloves of garlic in good olive oil. When golden, remove the garlic from the pot, swirl in some chili d'arbol, add the greens and season. Depending on how tough they are they could take between 5 and 20 minutes. Finish them off of the heat with more good olive oil and a squeeze of lemon or a dash of vinegar. Serve warm.

ROASTED ONIONS DG

This is best done in the moderate embers of a fireplace or charcoal grill. Nestle whole onions into the ember and ash and roast for about twenty minutes, turning once the

whole time. When they feel tender, but not falling apart, pull them out to cool. Once cool, carefully peel away the charred, blackened skin. Slice the onions into thick rings and arrange in an even layer on a serving dish. Dress them with extra virgin olive oil, and lemon or vinegar and even some chopped garlic and parsley. They should have a nice smoky, sweet flavor.

FLAGEOLETS W/ BRAISED GOAT OR LAMB SR

2 lamb shanks
olive oil
a few garlic cloves, bay leaf,
thyme, rosemary
(for meat)
1lb flageolet beans
one cup each of carrots,
onion, garlic and fennel
(finely diced)
water or chicken stock

Flageolet beans are amazing with goat and lamb. Therefore it's totally fine to use either for this recipe. When breaking down whole goats for the dinner party, Dave and I were left with the shanks, necks and ribs from which we wanted to obtain as much salvageable meat as possible. Braising them was the logical choice as all the meat pulls from the bone and you're left with a flavorful broth afterward. Your butcher may not have goat necks floating around,

but lamb shanks braised and then added to flageolet beans is an outstanding combination.

Start by seasoning the shanks, overnight if you can, with salt and pepper. Sear them in extremely hot oil in a pan on the stove or in a 500 degree oven. Discard the oil and cover $\frac{7}{8}$ of the way up with water or stock and then simmer in a 250 degree oven, adding aromatics like garlic cloves, a bay leaf and a few sprigs of thyme and rosemary. Simmer covered until the meat is fork tender or starting to fall from the bone. Allow to cool overnight.

Meanwhile, also a day in advance, soak a pound of flageolet beans. Cannellini or Great Northern beans are potential substitutions for the flageolets. Cover by 400% with water and refrigerate.

The following day, sweat in a soup pot some finely diced carrot, onion, garlic and fennel. About a cup of each should be ample. Use olive oil and low heat until the vegetables are soft. Add the beans, discarding their soaking liquid, and then cover with the braising liquid from the lamb braise. You can strain out all mushy garlic carcasses. Be sure and reserve the shank meat.

Add water or chicken stock for additional liquid necessary to cover the beans by an inch or so and simmer them until just cooked, about two hours give or take. Additional liquid may be needed in order to keep the beans submerged and not sitting on top of themselves and therefore creating raw spots. Stir often with a wooden spoon being careful not to crush all the beans. Finish by adding shanks or picked lamb or goat meat back into the bean mixture to re-warm. Serve in a bowl or on a platter depending on how thick you prefer your beans. A classic garnish would be thinly sliced parsley, a little minced garlic and citrus zest, also known as gremolata. A simple salad of arugula dressed with olive oil and a little lemon would also work well.

GRILLED BEEF HEART SKEWERS SR

A fairly straightforward dish involving chunks of beef heart, sinewy outside membrane removed and cut into one inch chunks. Marinate the heart lightly with just enough olive oil to coat (NOT cover) and sprigs of rosemary or oregano or thyme and a little sliced garlic. Allow to marinate overnight and then season with salt and

pepper before skewering loosely. Feel free to get creative with additional skewering items, be it chunks of red onion or bright purple bell peppers. The key is to not overcook the beef heart. Sear it on an extremely hot grill to rare or medium rare. The trick is to let the meat temper at room temp for 15-20 minutes before grilling. This should decrease the chances of obtaining an irony liver like flavor to the heart. Serve with bread salsa.

BREAD SALSA SR

or: Dave stole this recipe from the Chez Panisse cookbook and asked me to write the recipe. And a delicious recipe it is. For copyright infringement's sake, we used white wine vinegar instead of red.

Toast or grill a few slices of crusty bread with olive oil and a little salt and pepper. Blend the crumbs in a food processor, and if you feel like it, continue to dry them in a low temperature oven. In a mixing bowl combine a paste of finely minced or crushed garlic and anchovy fillets and capers. Use less garlic than anchovy and capers. If you're feeling nostalgic or maybe watching a Terrence Malick movie while you're cooking, use a mortar and pestle. Combine paste with

bread crumbs and fold in extra virgin olive oil until a salsa consistency is reached. The bread will continue to absorb oil so be prepared to add more oil as the solution sits. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a squeeze of fresh lemon. Fresh grated horseradish, crushed red pepper flakes or fresh herbs like parley or thyme may be nice improvisational touches as well. Serve at room temperature as a garnish to grilled meat or fish.

YOGURT SL Yields 1 gallon

1 Gallon of milk, plus
1 tablespoon
2 tablespoons of
unflavored yogurt

Heat a gallon of milk over medium-high heat, stirring occasionally. You want the milk to reach around 180 degrees. I recommend using a thermometer, though if you're a real badass, you can test the milk with your finger. It will be ready when you can dip your finger in the hot milk and hold it there comfortably for only two seconds. Remove the milk from heat and let it drop back down to around 115 degrees.

Inoculate the milk by stirring in 2 Tablespoons yogurt (use your favorite brand of unflavored yogurt) thinned with a Tablespoon or so of milk. Pour into a glass jar and let sit out at room temperate overnight. Perhaps two nights if it's chilly. The inside of a turned off-oven works well. The milk should transform into a thick-ish yogurt. Then refrigerate. Remember to save a small amount of your new yogurt to make the next batch!

THREE PIZZA BIANCA AH

Poolish
2 scant cups (300g)
all-purpose flour
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups (300g) water
(70 degrees F)
one pinch active
dry yeast

Mix together, cover and ferment for about 12 hours at around 70 degrees F. It will ferment faster in warmer temperatures and slower in cooler temperatures. When the poolish is ready it will be loose and bubbly, with a nutty aroma. If you are in doubt, drop a little of the poolish into water. If it floats, it's good to go. If the poolish has collapsed it is over-ripe. If you keep

a sourdough culture, feel free to substitute it for a portion of the poolish in the final dough.

Final dough

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups (235g)
all-purpose flour scoop
and level
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup (60g) whole grain
flour (wheat, spelt,
whatever)
all the poolish (585g)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (110g) lukewarm
water (around 80F)
1 scant tsp (3g) active
dry yeast
5 tsp (12g) kosher salt

In a large bowl mix together the poolish, flour and water. Then cover and let rest for about 30 minutes. As the flour absorbs the water, the gluten begins to develop, even though the dough is not being kneaded. After the rest incorporate yeast and salt and knead until the dough is supple, 8-10 minutes by hand or 2-3 minutes of high speed in an electric mixer.

Place the dough in an oiled bowl and cover. Ferment for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a warm area (75F), folding the dough twice, once at 30 minutes and again in 1 hour.

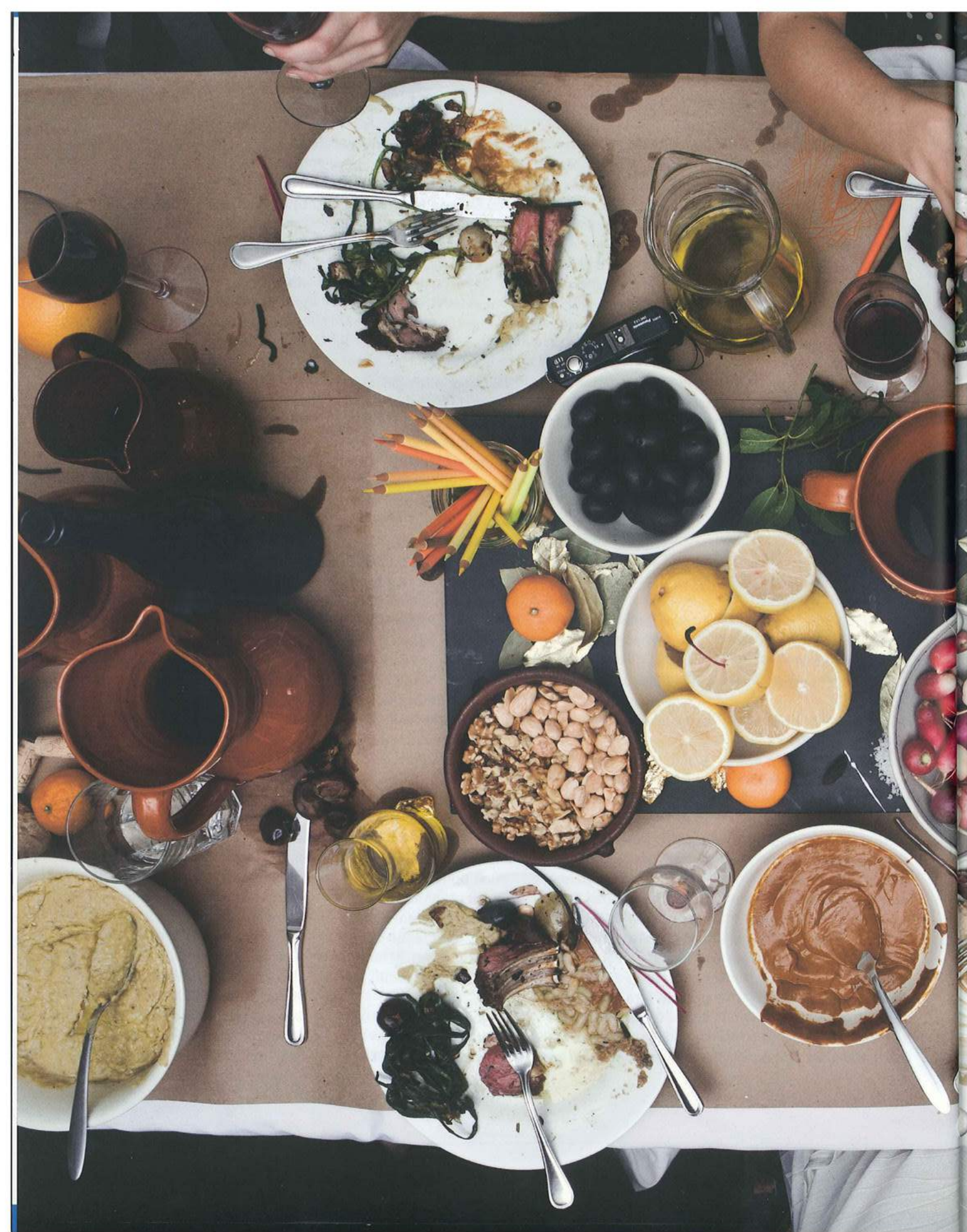
To fold the dough, turn it out onto a lightly floured surface. With

floured hands, gently give bottom edge of the dough a little stretch and fold it towards the center of the dough, taking care not to tear the dough. Then do the same for top, left, and right sides. Then gently grab the tidy little dough ball, flip it over, and drop it back into its container.

After the primary fermentation, the dough will be about double its original size. If you are unsure if the dough is ready, dust your hands with flour and give the dough a gentle poke with your finger. If the indentation remains or closes very slowly, the dough is ready to be shaped. If the dough springs back immediately give it more time. If the dough collapses it is over-fermented.

Turn the dough out onto a floured surface and divide it into three equal portions.

Gently shape each piece into tube or batard shape, preserving as much of the bubbles as you can while still adding some tension. Place the loaves on a floured surface and coat with olive oil and a sprinkling of coarse sea salt. This is a good point to think about preheating the oven to 500F. Let rise in



a warm place for about 1 ½ hours. Again, a gentle poke will tell you when the dough is relaxed enough to be stretched.

For the final shaping, have ready a lightly floured cutting board or pizza peel. Pick up one of the loaves and gently stretch as lengthwise as you place it on the peel. Dock the stretched dough with your fingertips and drizzle a little more olive oil over the dough. Continue to alternate docking and stretching the dough until it is about 2" thick overall. Try to avoid pinching the edges or they will burn. The goal is not to drive all the air from the dough, but to stretch the dough evenly.

Before loading into the oven (or onto the grill) tend to any places where the dough may have stuck to the peel.

Bake at 500F for 10–15 minutes or until the edges begin to brown.

In Stock

BASIC RECIPES

BY SCARLETT LINDEMAN

VANILLA EXTRACT

Making your own vanilla extract is about the easiest

project ever. You won't get the same body and richness as real vanilla extract but for amateur bakers and savory cooks, this is suitable. Any brown spirit will work though rum or bourbon is preferable because they already contain natural vanilla-y aromas.

1 bottle of rum or bourbon
7 vanilla beans

Split the vanilla beans lengthwise with a sharp paring knife. Take a gulp of booze to create space for the beans. Stuff beans into the bottle. Wait a month, shaking the bottle every week or so. Make sure you label the bottle as vanilla, so the butchers don't pour splashes into their sausage mixtures and ruin the batch.

BUTTER

Use cream that you like. We like Seven Stars Cream, which is pale yellow, insanely rich, and tastes almost cheesy. A quart of cream will make a nice fatty stick of butter. Pour the cream into a stand mixer fitted with a whisk attachment. Whisk the cream as fast as possible without splashing it all over the place. The cream will thicken, turning into a stiff whipped cream—keep going, the whipped cream will start to look chunky. Scrape down the

sides of the bowl occasionally. Keep the mixer going until you see a pale, clear liquid separating from the mass. This change is audible—you'll hear a sloshing sound as buttermilk is released from the fat molecules. Stop the mixer. You should have small granules of yellowish butter sitting in a pool of buttermilk. Pour the mess into a cheesecloth lined sieve. Gather up the corners of the cheesecloth and squeeze the mass, squishing out more buttermilk. Save the buttermilk to brine chicken, make pancakes, or drink. Squeeze the mass into a tight ball, tie the corners of the cheesecloth into a knot and hang over a sink spout. The butter ball needs to drain for an hour or two. Once the butter has drained, remove the mass from the cheesecloth and return it to a stand mixer bowl, breaking up the mass into chunks. The butter should be fairly soft and pliable at room temperature. With a paddle attachment, mix the butter for 30 seconds, then dump off any residual buttermilk that comes out. Continue to mix for a minute until the butter is smooth and homogeneous. You can add ½ teaspoon of salt while mixing if you like your butter lightly salted. Scrap the butter out of the mixer onto a sheet of plastic wrap and roll up into a

tight tube or press into a round and refrigerate. This butter is best used for simple eating—on toast, with prosciutto sandwiches, as a sauce for skate wing napped in butter and capers.

HUMMUS

Because hummus is so simple and infinitely variable it can be tricky to please the masses. Some like a lemony spread, some want no lemon, others crave tons of tahini rich with lashings of garlic. Traditional hummus leans towards a purist notion of just garlic and tahini, no citrus but I think a squidge adds necessary brightness. I started out making hummus for the store that tasted very "Italian" and have since brought the flavor back down to Lebanon—more tahini, less fruity olive oil. If you use a strong olive oil, it's going to taste just like the oil, so don't be afraid to use a little water to make a spreadable puree.

Soak a pint of chickpeas overnight. Cook beans in a pot of salted water until you can easily crush a bean with your fingers. Puree the beans in a food processor with a ½ cup of water, just to get the beans moving. Add 2 t of salt, 2 T of tahini, and ½ cup of olive oil, 3 smashed garlic cloves, the juice of ½ a lemon.

VINEGAR

Making vinegar exemplifies the kind of process that I find so satisfying about cooking. Taking the dregs and bits of wine like flat sparkling or quarter bottles left uncorked too stale to serve, and turning them, with patience and time, into a usable and amazing product that tastes unlike any vinegar you can buy in the store.

To make your own vinegar, start collecting the drips and leftover half-bottles in a glass container until you have a quart or so; what leftovers?—buy a drinkable bottle of wine and dump it into the container. It must be glass and it must have a wide-mouth for air flow. Buy a bottle of raw, unfiltered vinegar at a health food store, farmer's market; Bragg's is a good brand. Pour 2 cups into your wine container, cover with cheesecloth and sit in a consistently warm, quiet place. Wait. For like a month. The bacteria in the vinegar will start to take over and ferment the wine into vinegar—depending on your house's environment, warmth, and ratio of vinegar to wine, it can take two months or as little as three weeks. Check the flavor occasionally—the flavor will change, and perhaps even taste watery or weird, but be patient. It will start to

smell and taste sour, like vinegar and grow a thin film of whitest yeast on the exposed surface. This is good. If after a month it has colorful strange mold and doesn't smell like tasty vinegar or it still tastes just like the wine you started with; throw it out and start over. It's a fickle process that takes time to understand but well worth the patience. Once you have a liquid that tastes like what you would want to drizzle on a salad and eat—pour the mixture through fine cheesecloth into a container, saving at least 2 cups in the container to start a new batch, and bottle up your vinegar.

CHICKEN STOCK

There are great stocks and okay stocks but never a bad chicken stock: it's always better than water. You can spend days making a super fortified stock that becomes so rich, so intense and gelatinous you can sit on it but any roasted chicken carcass steeped in water will add layers of flavor to your soups and braises. If you have some chicken bodies laying around or can get some chicken bones from your favorite butchery, make a stock. You can freeze the results and use whenever, a rich chickeny arsenal to call out when needed.

In a hot oven, say 400 degrees, roast your bones: bones and cartilage are the important players, the meat you can cut off and use for another preparation. Turn the bodies occasionally so they brown thoroughly on every side. When brown and crispy, place into a pot with all accumulated fat and juices. Pour a cup of water on the hot pan and dislodge all of the stuck skin and brown bits—this is flavor. Dump it into the pot. Add enough water to barely cover the chickens. It's difficult not for me not to throw in an onion or carrot at this point— it's not necessary but can't hurt and looks so good bobbing around with the chickens. Bring the water up to a boil, then find the perfect level of heat when bubbles slowly rumble the surface— a light simmer. Simmer out for at least two hours, preferably four, skimming off the white scum that floats to the surface. Pour the stock through a strainer and use or chill for a later date.

HONEY CAKE

This is adapted from La Cucina Italiana. The original recipe calls for hazelnuts but I think walnuts marry even better with the honey. I also swapped in yogurt for the original milk because I think it gives it a slight tang and richness.

12 T butter, very soft
¾ cup walnuts
2 cups and 6 T flour
2 tsp salt
1 ½ t baking powder
1 t baking soda
½ cup honey
½ cup brown sugar
2 T granulated sugar
2 eggs
2 yolks
1 cup yogurt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Preheat oven to 350. Lightly butter two spring form pans.

Grind nuts into a fine powder in a food processor. Combine with the flour, salt, baking powder and baking soda, in a bowl. Whisk together.

In a stand mixer paddle butter, honey, and sugars til light and fluffy. Mix in eggs and yolks one at a time.

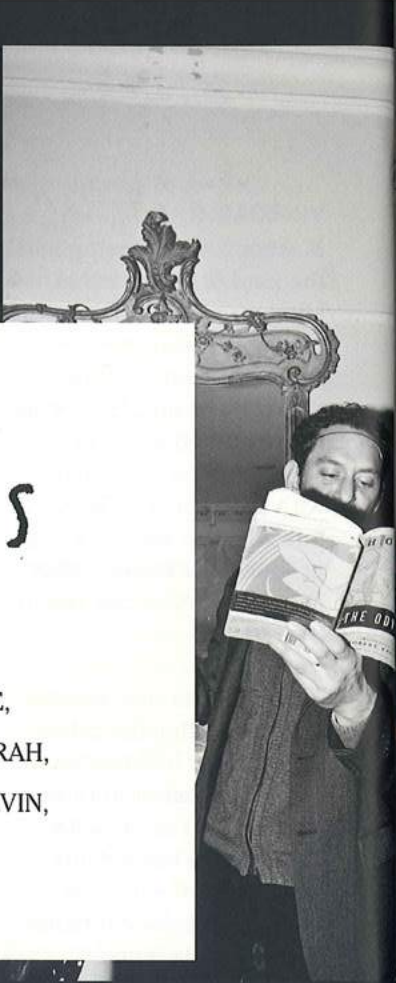
In another big bowl, whisk together yogurt and vanilla. Add half of the flour mixture, then half of the milk mixture, alternating til all is incorporated, to the butter mixture.

Pour batter into pans, and bake at 350 for about 45 minutes, until the cake springs back when touched. Drizzle the top with more honey.



TOASTS

MATT, HOWIE, SAM, BONNIE,
JESSICA, ANNA W., ANNA D., SARAH,
JONAS, VENITIA, CHRISTINE, KEVIN,
KATE & ANDREW, ROBERT



A central message of the *Odyssey* is how proper treatment of guests and proper conduct as a guest are fundamental to civilization: these practices are what, at the very core, separate man from beast. For this reason, the king of the gods, Zeus—who ruled the sky as well as the gods, whose anger resulted in the terror of lightning and the ear-shattering deep crash of thunder—was also the god of the stranger. Zeus cared very little for human crimes, except for one: improper treatment of strangers. For, in Ancient Greece, there were only the homes of others for the land-weary traveler. For the enterprising sailor, every storm could bring them into a hostile port. The universal condition of humanity included being a stranger just as it involved being at home. What separates the human from the beast, what makes us closer to gods than

to wolves, is our capacity to treat the stranger among us as one of our own. At least until it is time for the stranger to go . . .

And if a host was particularly good to a guest Zeus would bless them and if they were bad they were cursed.

A shin bone in the fire. The great epic poem of *The Odyssey* we attribute to Homer. I shall read the opening.

—Matt Smith

MATT
Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns driven time and again off course, once he had plundered the hallowed heights of Troy. Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds, many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea, fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home. But he could not save them from

disaster, hard as he strove — the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all, the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun and the Sungod blotted out the day of their return. . . .
(Fagles Translation)

More? The story of Athena coming. After that first moment Homer takes us to Mount Olympus and Zeus is looking down at this guy and Athena says wait a minute what about Odysseus? He's been lost ten years. I mean he's had great hosts Calypso, Circe but he knows he loves his Penelope..

So Athena travels to Odysseus' son Prince Telemachus whose house is ravaged by suitors:

He could almost see his magnificent father, here . . . in the mind's eye- if only he might drop from the clouds and drive these suitors all in a rout throughout the halls and regain his pride of place and rule his own



domain! Daydreaming so as he sat among the suitors, he glimpsed Athena now and straight to the porch he went, mortified that a guest might still be standing at the doors. Pausing beside her there, he clasped her right hand and relieving her at once of her long bronze spear, met her with winged words: "Greetings, stranger! Here in our house you'll find a royal welcome. Have supper first, then tell us what you need." (Fagles translation)



HOWIE

I was a little late. I worked at Chez Panisse last night and got done at 12:30. And should have gone to bed because I just bought a last minute flight for traveling across this country to end up here tonight in this womb of a room. But instead my friend Andrew Mariani, who makes horrible wine (laughs), was hosting a video shoot at the Hacienda, a beautiful old house built in 1890 or so in Sonoma. So I had to drive up there and ended up sitting around the camp fire chatting with ducks and goats. I left at 4:30 am for the airport. On the plane I slept. I'm here now and I can still smell the smoke of the camp fire here in New York. I just quit my job and I'm excited for the things unwritten. I'm not worried. I'm going to trust in people, people like Sam. I'm going to collaborate and make tiny

things better. I didn't plan this, the Sonoma smoke on me. But I've never felt better. He is on his journey to Polyphemus.

SAM

In the time of Odysseus the feasting was done laying down. And your feet were washed. The idea was to be removed from the earth and be closer to the divine and where we've evolved to is kind of circular. We have come to a place where we see the divine in the earth and all these products that have so gracefully and bountifully laden our table. This is gorgeous. This is divine. At this table there is a celebration of each foods own truth. The olives look like fruits from a tree, as do the almonds and dates. Grilled goat has a deep flavor and honest chew that reminds us that we are in fact eating another animal. These are, and in a way we are, products of fields and orchards that are in concert with living things. The plates we eat off of are dry hardened pieces of earth. The greens, beans, and oil each represent their truest expression well. Now, when we look for gods, we see them all around us, hiding in plain sight. There is wine to be drunk and honey for sweetness. They reveal themselves as we take them into our body. They offer us a spectrum from which to grow and thrive, information and energy, minerals and invisible life connecting us to the earth and each other. At this table, it is hard to tell if we are pulling food from the soil or if the earth is raising up to meet us. To connect to that is deeply important and special and makes all our hearts feel fuller and to be part of that with everyone makes me feel fuller.

BONNIE

I don't know about anyone else but my clothes smell of a goat roasting on

Claremont Avenue. I think it's highly illegal and it is something I will never smell again. Thank you.

JESSICA

I love all the bottles of wine that keep opening and opening and opening in front of my face.

ANNA W.

We adopted a dog today our family went from one to two to three. We will get her in Virginia next week. Virginia is for lovers.

Do you have something you want to talk about? Occasionally, no.

ANNA D.

I just discovered this Hart Crane poem called, Voyages.. it reminds me of the Odyssey. I'll read it but I don't know all the words so it might come out wrong. And I've only read it out loud once to my dogs. But then they don't know the difference.

III

Infinite consanguinity it bears— This tendered theme of you that light Retrieves from sea plains where the sky Resigns a breast that every wave enthrones; While ribboned water lanes I wind Are laved and scattered with no stroke Wide from your side, whereto this hour The sea lifts, also, reliquary hands.

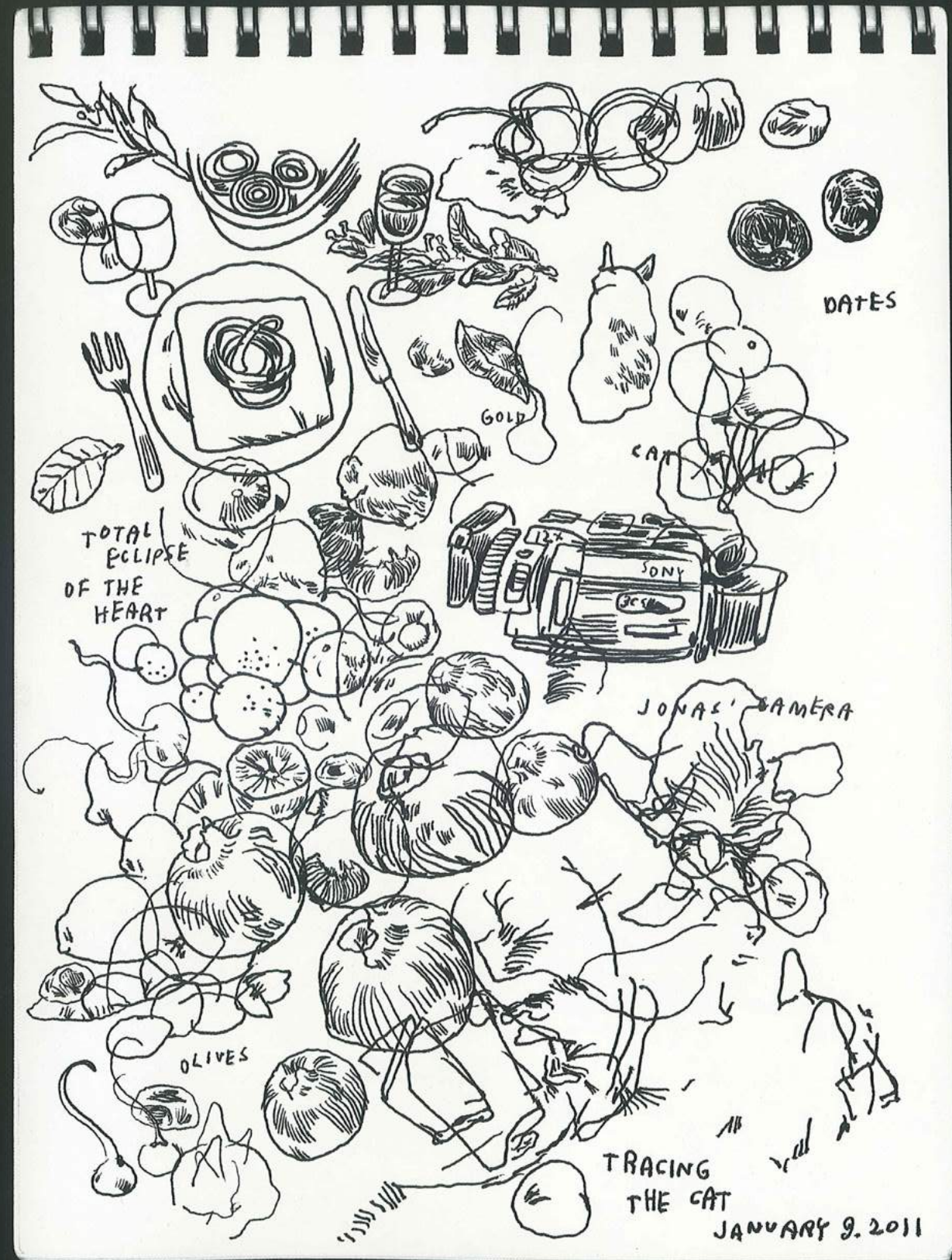


fig 7. Sketchbook



And so, admitted through black swollen gates That must arrest all distance otherwise,—Past whirling pillars and lithe pediments, Light wrestling there incessantly with light, Star kissing star through wave on wave unto Your body rocking! and where death, if shed, Presumes no carnage, but this single change,— Upon the steep floor flung from dawn to dawn The silken skilled transmemberment of song:

Permit me voyage, love, into your hands . . . —Hart Crane

VENITIA

Anna, Anna, Anna drunken sailor. Mermaid of the metronome. Sing of the grand central oyster bar, a billion breathing oysters of the Hudson Raritan Estuary. I give to you this breath of salty sureddness, non-electronic, vital vituals pulsing in my beef heart. I give you this, anointed in oil and what comes after oil.

SARAH

I have two toasts in one. A toast to love, to two loves journeys. Anna and Katy. August and Willow.



JONAS

I want to say something to Ulysses. You fool. You wanted to go back and what did you find there? A misery. You had to kill them all. Yes yes yes all the suitors. It was a misery. You should have gone forward. There are many worlds to explore, every minute, every second life begins. Everything begins from the beginning. And you went back. Stupid.

CHRISTINE

I want to recite some lines from Le Clezio's "Le Desert," as I remember them..

Depuis un si long temps que nous allions en l'ouest Que savions-nous des choses perissables? Et soudain à nos pieds Les premières fumées. Jeunes femmes! Et le pays s'en trouve toute parfumé.

My translation:

We've been traveling toward the west for so long What do we know of perishable things? Suddenly at our feet The first wisps of smoke. Young women! And the land becomes perfumed with them.

KEVIN

Wine can of their wits the wise beguile, Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile. —Homer, The Odyssey

According to myth, the Sirens were bird-women who with their passionate songs lured unlucky sailors to their shipwrecked deaths on the craggy shores....their nest, some scholars think, lay on the coast of Campania in Italy.

Cantina Giardino: Sophia is a siren...the forgotten, at best abased, Code di Volpe (fox tail). The grape raised in the volcanic hills just inland from this fatal coast. Its whole bunches sealed in amphora with beeswax, like a cocooning larva morphing into a bird-woman wine. It wreaks its unsuspecting revenge on the taster, luring it with its palate-song to a crunchy, mineral end... one's ship, the heart, is lost. More? All gone? *Faquéro!* (damn it).

Polyphemus outwitted by No One hurled boulders at his blinder's ship. Those rocks still stand off the coast of Aci Trezza at the base of Mount Etna in Sicily . . . He was plied with heady wine, wine from the Nerello Macalese grape, Etna's own, a wine much like the Munjebel from Frank Cornelissen.

KATE AND ANDREW

Does everyone have drawing materials? Paper and pens? I'm going to read the story of Admetus and Alsestic... *At length following the river as he road King Admetus beheld a strange shepard sitting alone at the stream playing on a lire and singing to himself. As he bent his golden head above his lire the sheep he should have been watching were straying to the farthest ends of the field. He was so intent upon his song that he did not hear the steps of the kings horse thudding softly on the moist grass. But continued to sing and touch the strings of the lire while king Admetus sat silent and listened. The shepard's music was so lovely that tears came to the king's eyes and thought his heart would break.*



ROBERT

A Toast on the Eve of the Ekphanestaton: Paper. The soft light of beeswax candles. What is the coming of the thing to be revealed? Like a super nova or a falling start that has set its life light traveling to the earth centuries and centuries in the past until it reaches us... The most ancient of truths take the longest of time to come to us and we are now to enter into a time of Ekphanestaton, a revealing of the truth. And its been heartening to be at this dinner with all of you to be at the beginning of this revealing. Thank you.



fig 7. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑ

Index

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Dirty Girl Produce
Joe Schirmer
111 Rathburn Way
Santa Cruz, CA 95062
831.818.6516

Martin Bournhonesque
Martin's Farm
Chualar, CA

OLIVE OIL
Agriturismo Benza
Via Dolcedo, 180 - 18100
IMPERIA
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CITRUS and POMEGRANATE
Beck Grove/La Vigne
Organics
P.O. Box 2890
Fallbrook, CA 92088
760.723.9997

ALMONDS
Marian Farms
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559.276.6185

WALNUTS
Dixon Ridge Farms
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Winters, CA 95694
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HONEY
Zippy Bee Kay Sera Honey
Richard Eagan
Upstate New York

RENTALS
First Choice Party Rentals
5 Terminal Road
West Hempstead, NY
11552
516.307.1450

BUTCHER PAPER
Imperial Bag & Paper
Company
59 Hooke Road
Bayonne, NJ 07002
201.437.7440

CANDLES
Beeswax Candle Company
109 13th Street
Lynchburg, VA 24504
866.724.9300

SUPER NOVA
The Death of a Star
Andromeda Galaxy
Island Universe
NGC 224

LYRE
creator: Hermes
materials: slaughtered cow
from Apollo's herd
Greece

ULYSSES
by James Joyce
Published by Sylvia
Beach's Shakespeare and
Company
Paris, France 1922

HUDSON-RARITAN ESTUARY
New York and New Jersey
Fresh and Salt Water

VOYAGES
by Hart Crane
White Buildings
Published by Bonnie and
Liveright, Inc.
New York, NY 1926

VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS
The Martin Agency
Richmond, VA

WINE
Frank Cornelissen
Munjabel
Via Nazionale, 281/299
IT - 95012 Solicchiata (CT)
Etna - Sicilia
Tel: +39 328/82.47.784

Cantina Giardino
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Goat Island
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Scribe Winery
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707.939.1858

CHEZ PANISSE
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Restaurant 510. 548.5525
Cafe 510.548.5049

THE ODYSSEY
by Homer
Translated by Robert
Fitzgerald
Published by Farrar, Straus
and Giroux
New York, NY 1998

THE ODYSSEY
by Homer
Translated by Robert Fagle
Published by Penguin
New York, NY 1996

ROCK and ROLL
Patricia Fields
302 Bowery
New York, NY 10012
212.966.4066

SHEPARD FAIREY
February 15, 1970
Charleston, SC

THE GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER BAR
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10017

LAND CAMERA
Invented by Edwin Land
Polaroid 1948-1983

SASHA DAVIES
The Guide to West Coast
Cheese
Timber Press
Portland, OR 2010

MANGALISTA
Curly Hair Hog
Blonde, Sallow-bellied
and Red

Mosefund Farm
315 Mattison Reservoir
Avenue
Branchville, NJ 07826
973.948.2473

CONTRIBUTORS

Sean Rembold is from Louisville, Kentucky. As a boy he enjoyed throwing rocks and the occasional jar of pickles at passing cars. Today he is the chef of Marlow & Sons and Diner.

Julia Gillard was born in Illinois and is a street photographer who often takes pictures of the food she eats. juliagillard.com

Christopher Lee has been a San Francisco Bay Area chef for over 35 years. He worked with Narsai David at his acclaimed eponymous restaurant from 1976 to 1986. In 1987 he joined the kitchen of Chez Panisse where he stayed for 16 years. He owned Eccolo Restaurant, in Berkeley, from 2004 to 2009. He has been a chef consultant since 2009, in London, New York and California. He has specialized in Italian-style cured meats for the past 25 years.

Photographer **Jeremy Liebman** was raised in Berkeley and Dallas, and now lives and works in Brooklyn. His work has been

commissioned by The New York Times Magazine, Japanese Vogue, and Wallpaper, while his personal work has been shown by Dossier, Vice, and Dazed & Confused. In 2010, he released the zine *À Rebours* with French publisher JSBJ, which is now in the library collections of the MoMA and the Pompidou Center. He is currently at work on a book project.

Jason Polan is an artist living in New York. His work has been exhibited all over the United States, Europe, and Asia. He is a member of The 53rd Street Biological Society and Taco Bell Drawing Club. Polan is currently drawing every person in New York. Polan's illustrations and projects have appeared in The New York Times, Metropolis Magazine, McSweeney's, The New Yorker, and ARTnews. He has made over 72 books. Mr. Polan is from Michigan.

Austin Hall is the bread baker at Roman's. He has baked at Hi-Rise Baking Company in Cambridge, MA and has also Bouchon Bakery and Sullivan St. in New York.

Ben Jackson is a sous chef at Marlow and Diner who draws culinary inspiration from North African and Spanish cuisine. He is thirty-three and while cooking with friends makes him feel alive and as though he is on a great adventure, he was born with twelve toes and with age has grown increasingly accident prone.

Matthew Noah Smith gesticulates wildly.

Dave Gould is the chef at Roman's. Well, well, well.

Jessica Niello is an Oakland based painter and potter. Her recent work with ceramics explores the connection between art and objects of utility and how to combine these two elements to create work that attempts to enhance everyday life.

Katy Porte lives in Bed Stuy with her cute dogs and cats and wife. Days find her cooking, drawing and puttering around the house. Nights she can be found selling booze all over town.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Julia Gillard (JG)
Jeremy Liebman (JL)

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