



COMMUNITY, COMMUNE, CULT

Our earliest communities are not of our choosing. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, great aunts and cousins. And while we all may struggle to unburden ourselves of this irony it seems as though we spend the eternity (or is it periods and phases) of our lives searching to find ourselves another and then another and another.

I've recently discovered one of the great joys of my life is sleeping in a room surrounded by friends. Maybe at the end of book club, or a family dinner. It's what my grandfather has been doing for half a century now. This may, more often than not, occur around times of great need, sickness or sadness but it never fails to delight me. Nothing quite compares to that slow drifting consciousness interrupted only by the soft clatter

of children, the barely bubbling voices of those who you love, who inspire you. It's freedom, I believe, in its purest form.

The recipes in this journal are mostly one-bowl dishes, like the kinds served at community dinners and potlucks, at tables where people gather. Dishes that, if they stood alone, wouldn't be very satisfying, but once shared with others become a wild combination of tastes and completeness.

These dishes are a sharp metaphor for why we all seek out communities, why we spend our lives finding, looking for, and creating our own—understanding if we are lucky we find ourselves not the center but a simple and important piece of something larger, a sense of unity and inspiration. The recipes are larger format dishes, meant to serve

multiple mouths—eight, ten, maybe with extra help, even twenty.

The word community is made of two parts: together and to give. It seems only natural that when we started, without agenda, snooping around after communities, communes and cults, people found inspiration in their fathers, friends, triumphs and failures.

And so after the years of wandering, we all find ourselves at the potluck called life. *Like a river that don't know where it's flowin'*. Call it a community, a commune, a cult. What it is is that we believe in each other. Life is simply the long road to belonging. There is nothing worse than standing alone in the cave. We are lucky. We need each other to survive.

—AD and SL

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RECIPES

SAVORY

By Scarlett Lindeman

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

2 CUPS MILK, WARM
2 PACKAGES YEAST
3 TABLESPOONS BUTTER, SOFTENED
2 TABLESPOONS SUGAR
1 1/2 TEASPOON SALT
6 CUPS FLOUR
MELTED BUTTER
SEA SALT

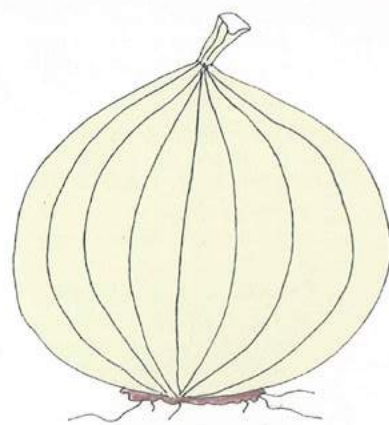
Preheat oven to 350. Dissolve the yeast in the warm milk. Add the butter, sugar, salt, and three cups of the flour. Mix well and let sit out at room temperature for at least four hours—this is the sponge. When sponge is light and bubbly add in the rest of the flour and stir well until incorporated. Let sit out again in a warm space, until it has doubled in size. On a floured surface, turn the dough out and knead until smooth and satiny. Roll out the dough until it is 1/2 inch thick and cut out 2 by 2 inch squares. Roll squares into balls. Place balls on a greased sheet tray, 1/2 inch apart. Let rise for 45 more minutes. Bake for 20-25 minutes. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with sea salt.

BRISKET

Even if you use a nice fatty portion of brisket, which we recommend, this dish turns out light and summery. Using a rich, clean stock is key and lots of scallions and green garlic.

6# BRISKET
6 QUARTS GOOD CHICKEN STOCK
4 BUNCHES SCALLIONS, PLUS MORE FOR GARNISH
2 BUNCHES GREEN GARLIC

Preheat oven to 300. Season brisket on all sides with salt and pepper. In a large saute pan sear brisket until nicely browned on all sides. Bring stock to a boil. Place seared brisket in a large braising pan and pour hot stock over. Season stock with salt and pepper. Cover pan and slide into oven. Braise the brisket until meat is tender, at least 2 hours. Once meat feels tender, remove the lid and add all the scallions and green garlic and continue to cook for 10 minutes, essentially blanching the onion matter in the braising liquid. Remove the pan from the oven, pull brisket from the braising liquid, strain the liquid to remove onion matter. Taste the braising liquid and season more if needed. Slice brisket into manageable portions and pour the stock back over. Serve warm with lots of freshly sliced raw scallion, spritzes of lemon, and good olive oil.



FRIED CHICKEN

A communal dinner is the perfect occasion to commit to an hour of deep frying because who puts up a pot of hot spitting oil for just one? Waiting 15 minutes or so for the chicken to cool down is advisable—fresh from the fryer chicken is mouth-scaldingly hot. Brining is a good idea too, though not completely necessary.

2 3# CHICKENS, CUT INTO PIECES
3 CUPS FLOUR
3 CUPS BUTTERMILK
OIL FOR FRYING

BRINE

1 GALLON WATER
1 CUP SALT
1/2 CUP SUGAR

AROMATICS

BAY LEAVES, THYME SPRIGS, GARLIC CLOVES,
BLACK PEPPERCORNS

Combine all brine ingredients and stir well to dissolve salt and sugar. Put chicken pieces in the brine and let soak, refrigerated, overnight. Remove chicken from the brine and drain well. Heat a heavy cast iron pot or kettle half filled with a neutral oil, grapeseed or peanut, to 350 degrees. Pour the flour into a plastic bag and the buttermilk into a bowl. In batches, dunk the chicken pieces in the buttermilk, and then place in the plastic bag, shaking and jostling the chicken pieces around to thoroughly coat. Shake off any excess flour and slip into the fry pot being careful not to crowd the pieces. Fry for approximately 12-17 minutes. Remove pieces and set on a sheet-tray lined with a cooling rack, to drain. Serve warm or room temperature.

HUSH PUPPIES

If you are going to turn on the deep fryer for the chicken, you may as well make some hush puppies too.

2 CUPS CORN MEAL
1 CUP FLOUR
3 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER
1 TEASPOON SALT
1/2 CUP WHITE ONION, MINCED
1 EGG
1 1/2 CUPS BUTTERMILK
1/2 CUP TOMATO JUICE

Stir together corn meal, flour, baking powder, and salt. Add onion and mix well. Beat the egg, buttermilk, and tomato juice together. Add to the dry ingredients and mix well to just combine. Drop batter by the teaspoon into the hot oil. Fry until they turn a deep brown. Remove from oil and sprinkle with salt.

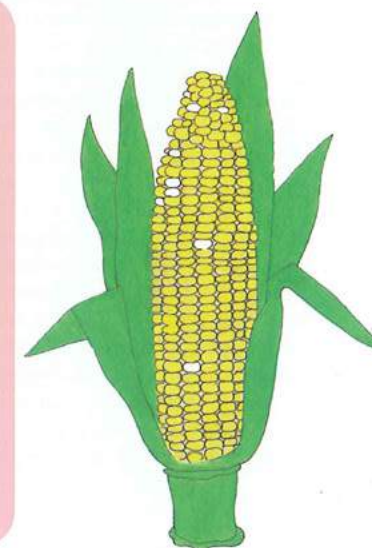
CORNBREAD

2 CUPS FLOUR
2 CUPS CORNMEAL
1/2 CUP SUGAR
2 TABLESPOONS BAKING POWDER
2 TEASPOONS SALT
2 EARS OF CORN

2 1/2 CUPS MILK
1 CUP MELTED BUTTER,
PLUS 2 TABLESPOONS FAT FOR
PAN GREASING
2 EGGS

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Get a large cast iron pan heating in the oven. Sift together dry ingredients in a large bowl. Mix together wet ingredients in another bowl. Cut kernels of corn from the cobs and whisk into wet ingredients. Slowly

pour wet ingredient into dry ingredients, mixing to combine. Flick in 2 tablespoons of fat—butter, pork fat, or bacon drippings, greasing all sides and bottom of cast iron. Pour into hot cast iron and bake for 25 minutes until golden.



CHICKEN & DUMPLINGS

2 SMALL CHICKENS, BROKEN DOWN INTO PIECES
WATER
BUNCH OF THYME
1 BAY LEAF
1 LARGE ONION, CUT INTO WEDGES
1 CARROT, DICED

1 CELERY RIB, DICED
2 GARLIC CLOVES, CRUSHED
2 CUPS FLOUR
2 TEASPOONS SALT
4 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER
BUNCH OF DILL

Season chicken pieces with salt and pepper. In a medium stock pot, slowly brown chicken pieces, skin-side down with a splash of olive oil. Once the chicken skin is golden brown, add the onion, carrot, celery, garlic, thyme, bay and enough water to just cover. Bring the water to a boil then reduce heat. Poach chicken until just cooked through; thighs will take a little longer than breasts. Remove the pieces and set aside to cool. Remove skin and bones from chicken pieces, shred the meat into large

chunks, and drop back into the pot. While chicken is cooling, mix together the flour, salt and baking powder. Skim the fat from the stock and whisk into the dry ingredients. Add enough chicken stock to the flour mixture to form a thick, moist, dough. Drop spoonfuls of dough into the simmering broth. Simmer the dumplings for 10 minutes; they will plump and float to the top of the broth. Season the broth with salt, pepper, and a handful of chopped fresh dill.

CHILI

Putting beans in a true Texas-style chili is absolute sacrilege. Tomatoes too. But I like both.

6 DRIED ANCHO CHILES
2 CHIPOTLE CHILES EN ADOBO
1/2# BACON, DICED
3 LARGE ONIONS
10 CLOVES OF GARLIC
1 TABLESPOON OREGANO
2 TABLESPOONS GROUND CUMIN
7# CHUCK MEAT, DICED INTO SMALL PIECES
1/3 CUP CORNMEAL
1 28 OZ CAN OF WHOLE TOMATOES
1# PINTO BEANS, SOAKED OVERNIGHT.

First, rehydrate the Ancho chiles by putting them in a bowl and pouring boiling water over them to cover. Set a smaller bowl on top of the chiles to weigh them down in the water. They should soften in about an hour. Once soft, remove the chile stems and puree them with two cups of water and the Chipotle chiles, in a blender until smooth. Meanwhile, in a large pot cook the bacon over moderate heat, stirring, until crisp. Add the onions and the garlic, and cook the mixture, stirring, until the onions are softened. Add cumin and oregano and cook for 30 seconds. Add the beef, beans, tomatoes, chile puree, and salt to season. Add water to cover the mixture and simmer, adding more water if necessary to keep the beef barely covered, for 2 to 3 hours until the beef is tender, beans are soft, and everything is looking homogeneous. Stir in the cornmeal and simmer the chili, stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes, until it is thickened slightly. Taste and season again. Serve with diced white onion and shredded cheese.

POTATO GRATIN

4 TABLESPOONS BUTTER, CUT INTO PIECES, PLUS MORE FAT FOR GREASING
3# OF WAXY, YELLOW POTATOES, PEELED, OR NOT
1 CUP GRATED GRUYERE OR PARMESAN CHEESE
2 CUPS CREAM
1/2 CUP CHICKEN BROTH
NUTMEG

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Grease a large gratin dish with butter; or if possible duck fat is especially nice. Slice potatoes into 1/8 inch thick rounds on a mandoline. Arrange them in shingled layers on the bottom on the pan. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, a layer of cheese and a light grating of fresh nutmeg. Layer more potato slices on top, seasoning and sprinkling cheese as you go.

Mix together cream and stock and pour over the potatoes, dot butter over the top, and sprinkle with the last of the cheese. Bake for 30 minutes covered with foil, then 30 more uncovered, until potatoes are tender and top is golden. Let sit for at least 15 minutes before serving.

CHICKEN POT PIE

PASTRY:	3 TABLESPOONS BUTTER
2 1/2 CUPS FLOUR	1/2 CUP FLOUR
2 TEASPOONS SALT	1 LARGE WHITE ONION, DICED
8 OZ. BUTTER, OR A MIX OF LARD AND BUTTER	1 GARLIC CLOVE, SMASHED
ICE WATER	2 CARROTS, DICED
FILLING:	2 RIBS CELERY, DICED
1 CHICKEN, CUT INTO PIECES	2 CUPS PEAS
BUNCH OF THYME	1/4 TEASPOON CAYENNE PEPPER
1 QUART CHICKEN STOCK	BUNCH OF PARSLEY, CHOPPED
(OR USE POACHING LIQUID FROM RECIPE)	1 EGG
	CREAM

Make the pastry first: Cut the butter into small pea-sized chunks. Refrigerate. In a stand mixer, mix flour, salt, and cold butter pieces until just combined. While mixer is going, pour in a 1/2 cup ice water, dough should start to look shaggy. Add a little more water. When you squeeze a clump of dough it should just stick together, without feeling too moist. Gather the dough into a large ball and briefly knead it once or twice until the dough comes together. Wrap dough ball in plastic wrap, flattening the dough into a flat circle. Refrigerate.

Cook the chicken: Cover chicken pieces in water. Throw in the bunch of thyme and season with a little salt. Bring water to a boil and gently poach until chicken is just cooked through. Separate meat from bones and skin. Return bones, skin, and any accumulated juice back into the poaching liquid and simmer for another hour. Strain off liquid and chill until ready to use. This will be your chicken stock for the dish. Tear meat into fork-size pieces. Reserve until ready to use.

Assemble the pie: Preheat oven to 350. Melt butter with a glug of olive oil over medium heat. Sweat onions and garlic until translucent, then mix in flour. With a wooden spoon, stir flour and onions around in the fat, cooking for just a minute. Add carrots, celery, peas, cayenne pepper and chicken stock. Cook until mixture starts to thicken. Add pulled chicken meat and season well with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Pour into a baking dish. Roll out chilled pastry dough until 1/4 inch thick and wide enough to cover the dish. Drape pastry over the baking dish, folding pastry over edges like a pie crust, pressing down to seal. Beat together one egg and a splash of cream then brush over pastry. Cut a slit in the top of the pastry or prick with a fork to release steam. Place on a baking sheet and bake for 1 hour, until top is golden and filling is bubbling.

BAKED BEANS

2# OF DRIED PINTO, GREAT NORTHERN, OR NAVY BEANS
6 THICK SLICES OF BACON, DICED
1 LARGE YELLOW ONION, DICED
3 GARLIC CLOVES, SMASHED
3 TABLESPOON GROUND MUSTARD
1 TABLESPOON TOMATO PASTE
1 TEASPOON CAYENNE PEPPER
1 CUP MAPLE SYRUP OR 1/2 CUP MOLASSES
1 BAY LEAF
2 QUARTS WATER
1 BOTTLE DARK BEER

Soak beans in cold water overnight. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cook bacon in an oven-ready pot with a lid over medium heat until some of the fat begins to render out. Add the onion, garlic, ground mustard, tomato paste, and cayenne pepper; sweat in the fat for 5 minutes. Add beans, water, beer, bay leaf and maple syrup, bring to a boil. Cover pot and slide into the oven. Bake for 2.5 to 3 hours until beans are tender. Remove the lid. Season beans generously with salt and pepper and continue to bake, stirring occasionally, until most of the liquid is absorbed. Remove from oven and stir in vinegar. Let rest 30 minutes before serving.

PULLED PORK

8# PORK BUTT	2 TEASPOON SUGAR
1 TEASPOON CUMIN	3 TEASPOONS SALT
1 TEASPOON CORIANDER	2 CUPS APPLE CIDER VINEGAR
2 GARLIC CLOVES	1 CUP WATER
1 CHILE DE ARBOL	1/4 CUP BROWN SUGAR
1 TEASPOON BLACK PEPPERCORNS	1 TABLESPOON CHILE DE ARBOL, CRUSHED

Pound dry spices with garlic, salt and sugar in a mortar until it turns into a dry paste. Rub paste all over the pork butt and let sit in a refrigerator overnight. If you lack a smoker or a wood-burning oven to smoke out the meat 10 hours, slow roast the butt in a large covered pan with an inch of water in the bottom in a 200 degree oven, overnight. If you have one, a slow-cooker crock-pot works too. Once the butt is tender, shred the meat and fat with two forks. Whisk together vinegar, water, sugar, and chile de arbol. Pour over meat and toss well.

COLESLAW

2 HEADS GREEN CABBAGE
1 SMALL RED ONION
3 CARROTS, PEELED
2 TEASPOONS SUGAR
2 TEASPOONS SALT
1 1/2 CUP MAYONNAISE
1/3 CUP WHITE WINE VINEGAR

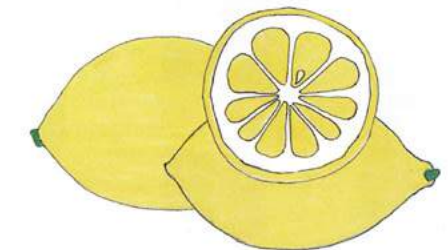
Thinly slice green cabbage, or grate on a box grater. Grate carrots, onion. Mix all ingredients together and season with salt and fresh ground black pepper. Serve chilled.

LEMONY COLESLAW

More often than not, I prefer a coleslaw without mayonnaise. This slaw can sit out for longer temperatures on hot summer days and is more sprightly than the traditional variety.

2 HEADS RED CABBAGE
1 SMALL RED ONION, THINLY SLICED
4 SCALLIONS, THINLY SLICED
2 LEMONS, JUICED
1/4 CUP WHITE WINE VINEGAR
1 TABLESPOON HONEY
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Thinly slice red cabbage. Toss together with all other ingredients and season well with salt and pepper. Cilantro is a nice addition.



Isle au Haut

BY SARA FRANKLIN

LETTERING and CYANOTYPES BY Becky Johnson

Careening down the hill into Stonington, Maine, braking to village speed despite my excitement, evokes a unique sense of giddiness in me. This is a feeling that emerges from some capped and buried well only as I come into town to catch the mail boat to Isle au Haut, an island located seven miles off the coast of Deer Isle in Penobscot Bay, Maine. For as long as I can remember, Isle au Haut, affectionately called "The Island" by residents and regular visitors, has had this magnetic pull on me. Despite missing a handful of summer visits to the Island due to the normal rebelliousness and busyness of adolescence, and later my mother's four-year battle with pancreatic cancer, the voyage north to the Isle au Haut feels like an instinctive migration, a homing.

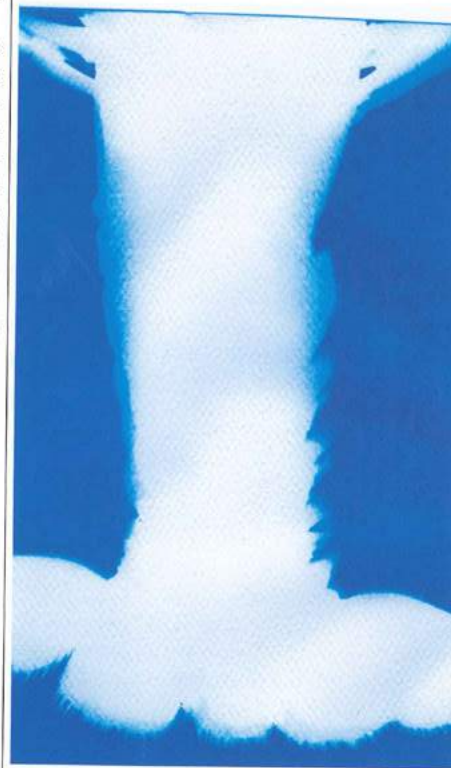
For me, those summer weeks on the Island, carefully stowed away in the eternal safekeeping of memory, are synonymous with the uninterrupted simple pleasures of living. Out of doors nearly every waking hour, never far enough from the sea to be out of earshot from the sound of waves lapping against the rocky shore. I have measured my years in visits to this remote spit of land; from the days of my early childhood, when I spent endless hours peeking under floppy piles of seaweed on the beach, hunting for crabs and collecting snails, to the first summer after my mother's death, when I kayaked out on a cloudy July afternoon to where the fishing weir used to be, and scattered ashes into the icy thoroughfare. It was her Eden too.

Though Isle au Haut is, for me, first associated by sight, sound and touch—its awe-inducing physical beauty, the sound of lobster boat motors warming up on their moorings in the half light of dawn, warm rocks beneath bare feet and the delicious chill of star-filled nights—there are also distinct tastes associated with this place. One cannot escape the ubiquitous salt, whether it be clean spray on a warm August day or the heavy (dare I say female?) musk of low tide, which suspends itself in the air and settles on the tongue. And though I am, admittedly, reflecting in this instance for a publication aimed at exploring the culinary world, it is by no means a stretch to declare that food has always been at the forefront of Isle au Haut's culture.

Islanders have been blessed with tremendous natural bounty. From the lumber offerings of the dense evergreen stands to the treasure trove patches of chanterelles and black trumpet mushrooms, from the deer, wild turkeys and maddeningly tangy wild huckleberries

and blueberries to the seemingly endless gifts of the sea—mussels, clams, crab, more species of fish than I can count and, of course, the ubiquitous Maine lobster—this Island and those who make it home have never wanted for resources.

But the Island's abundance is also its curse; like that of any island, Isle au Haut's culture has been built upon the pillars of self-sufficiency and resourcefulness, demanding of its year-round residents a hardiness and dogged will to "tough it out." The gift of food seems a meager peace offering by nature to entice community members to stay on for yet another brutally cold and isolating winter. To the best of our knowledge, even



the Native American communities who used to frequent the island canoed out to make camp only in the summer and early autumn, when they would fish, hunt and make merry until the chill settled onto the land, at which point they would retreat once more to the inland forests.

My personal relationship with the island has inarguably been one of privilege. My maternal grandparents purchased a home on Isle au Haut in the 60s, enamored with its physical beauty, the (then) relatively cheap price of waterfront real estate, and the group of Boston Brahmin summerers who allowed my grandfather to carry on with his socialite ways—as if he were at home in suburban

Massachusetts—even during his vacations. Summerers and Islanders have had, for the most part, a peaceful coexistence over the years, and I have cultivated a number of lasting relationships with peers that grew up on the island. That said, I have never had to confront the stark reality of watching my community struggle to survive, literally, and thus have a sense of distance from this isolated place. Isle au Haut today is in a fairly constant state of peril—if not enough children continue to reside on the island year-round, the tiny one-room school will cease to function, and without a next generation, who will perpetuate the community?

This past December, I made my first winter visit to the Island. As the mail-boat ferried me across the choppy Bay, I found it strange to watch the sun sink into the dark water at four o'clock in the afternoon, accustomed only to seeing that scene on long summer evenings that seem to stretch on forever. I had long awaited a visit to experience the stark beauty of the Island in the off-season, and was going headed to the Island under the auspices of examining questions of community and food, two topics that, I had an inkling, were more pervasively intertwined for Islanders than my summer memories alone could indicate.

During the first big snow of the year, I slipped and slid down the Town Hill to visit an old friend, Jason Barter, a fourth generation lobsterman on the Island whose family was one of the pioneering clans to settle Isle au Haut in the 1800s. As I peppered Jason with questions about the state of the lobster industry on the Island, it became clear that, from the inside, the outlook was bleak. The retail price of lobster has dipped perilously low in recent years, particularly when considered against the dramatic rise in the cost of fuel for the boats. Though, as Jason explained, regulations are getting tighter for lobster fishermen (those who want a commercial license must now go through an official apprenticeship program), in recent years, mainland lobstermen—many of whom have access to more financial resources and thus more sophisticated technology and larger crews on board—have been encroaching on Isle au Haut bottom territory. "In Head Harbor and out east, Stonington guys would come and cut off our traps," Jason explained, referring to the lobster wars whose participants' nasty ways have made national headlines. "Half of the income on the Island is from lobstering." Despite the loss of Isle au Haut's

own lobster pound—areas where lobsters can be kept alive in cages attached to the underwater side of floats—several years ago, Island lobstermen today, with the exception of one rogue, all sell their catch to Little Bay Co-Op on the mainland.

Though the modern marvels of GPS have led mainland fishermen into what Barter considers Isle au Haut's rightful turf, modern advances like sonar, GPS, and even the relatively simple technology used by lobster hatcheries have led to the dual boost of increased lobster populations and ease in finding them. Still, if current financial patterns persist—all the equipment involved in lobstering has skyrocketed in price—the numbers won't add up to livelihoods that will sustain Isle au Haut fishing families for generations to come.

When I asked Barter if he hoped his two sons would follow in his footsteps, he responded, unequivocally, that he wants his children to go to college first. If they return to lobstering after that, it will be their own prerogative, and not for lack of options. Options and diversification seem to be the answer of many who want to see Isle au Haut's economy evolve into the new millennium. Until the mid-90's, Isle au Haut had no telephone cables at all, creating a sense of isolation that was both geographic and informational. Today, in addition to landline telephones in most homes, high-speed internet access and even some spotty cell phone reception, Isle au Haut residents are beginning to tap into the benefits of regular communication despite their remote location.

Kate Shaffer, co-founder and owner of Black Dinah Chocolatier, represents the new guard of Island business owners. She and her husband Steve founded their artisanal chocolate business in July of 2007. Kate had been working at the Keeper's House, until recently an inn and restaurant based out of the Island's sole lighthouse. When the owners decided to call it quits, Kate and her husband Steve, having fallen in love with Isle au Haut, wanted desperately to find a way to stay. With Kate's background and experience in professional kitchens and Steve's never-ending stream of enterprising and community-minded ideas, they together hatched the idea of a candy business. Their product would be relatively shelf-stable, and shipped orders would play a vital role in their ability to market to the outside world.

After three years, thanks to a steady stream of summer tourists, publicity in

nationally distributed magazines and word of mouth, the business has taken off. Kate and Steve are in the process of building a commercial kitchen in an old barn on their wooded property. In addition to Maine farmers' markets, they sell their luscious chocolates in a number of retail locations in Maine, as well as via mail order nationally.

Speaking with Kate and Steve makes it clear that, despite their "from away" status, they have become doggedly attached to their adopted home. When I asked Kate why she thought it was important for communities like Isle au Haut to survive, she answered, "It just is." When pressed about what compelled them to stay on the Island and make a go of it, despite all odds, she answered, "We're digging in where we're at. I want to do work that's fun, with my husband, make some money, and have quality of life."

It is evident that, before the internet, Black Dinah chocolates wouldn't have stood a chance at being the sole source of income for the owners of such a cottage business. But with the use of modern technology, it seems that place-based businesses, particularly those that emphasize the natural resources available to the Island—namely its beauty and its abundance of native and cultivated food products—may play a vital role in carrying the community towards survival.

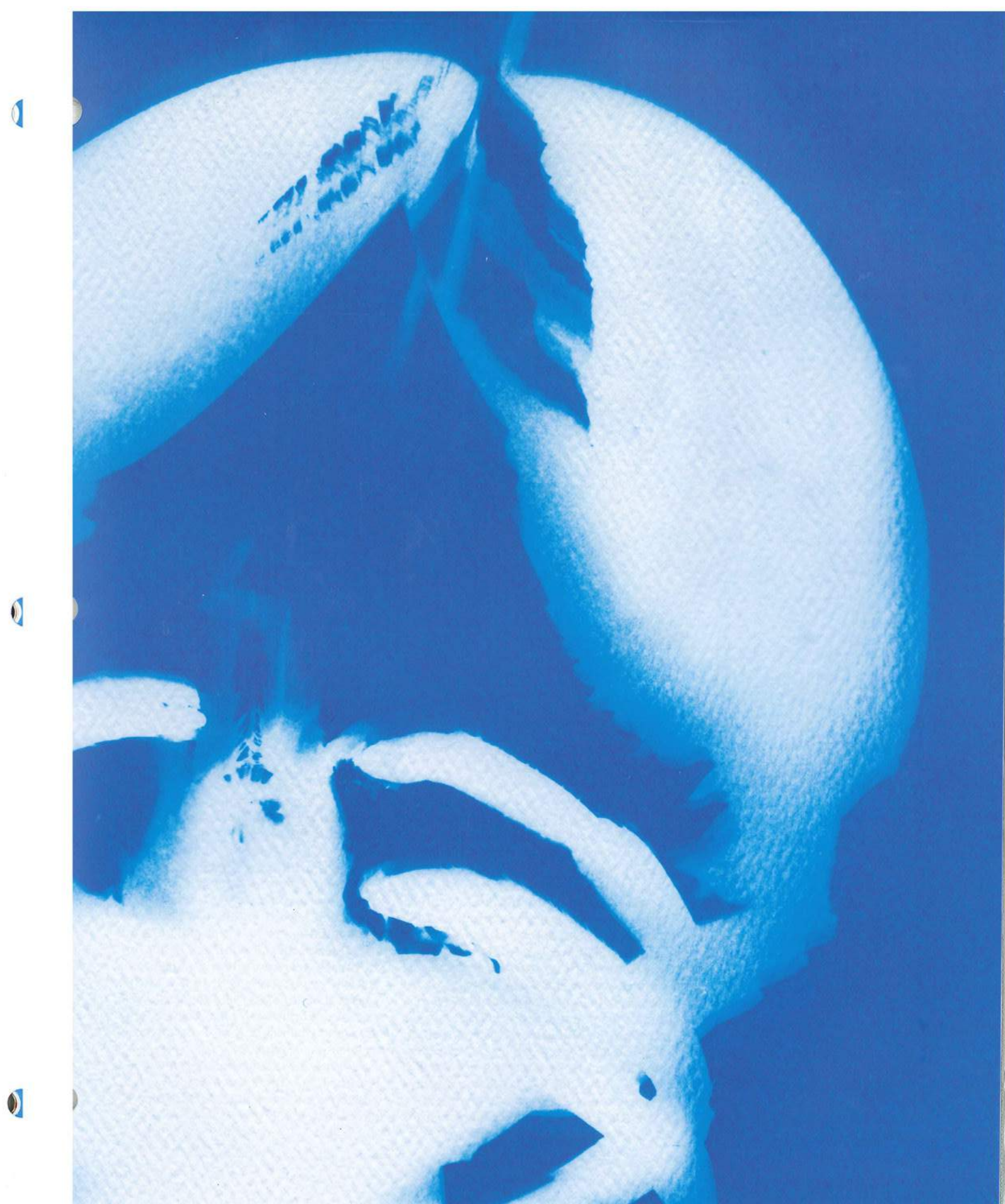
In addition to Black Dinah, the Island has become host to a widely acclaimed new inn and restaurant, the Inn at Isle au Haut. Innkeeper Diana, together with Kate and author-cum-fisherwoman Linda Greenlaw, host cooking getaways and culinary education programs. And new food business ideas are continuing to emerge. A pioneering father and son team are experimenting with growing oysters in the calm tidal waters of the Island's sheltered, relatively warm-watered harbors. Though 2010 was only their first year of experimentation, the duo already has interest from a high end chef in Portland, and can expect business from summerers and potentially from mainland restaurants and retail outlets as well.

As Kate explained to me, the Island itself has become something of a marketing tool. "It's a bit romantic," she said, noting that Isle au Haut's name has become better known with the success of Linda Greenlaw's books and television appearances. Kate mentioned that Island Institute, a local non-profit that supports a "balanced future for the islands and waters of the Gulf of Maine," has been

working for some time now on branding products from the islands. The remote location of Isle au Haut and surrounding islands alone is enough to make their products appeal to the emerging market for artisanal, unusual and handcrafted regional food products.

One night on the Island, as we huddled by the woodstove, my host ran down a list of those that were staying through the winter this year. The count was shockingly low, thirty people, give or take, depending on whether some took a couple of months' respite elsewhere in the dead winter. Those that remained were an eclectic Island bunch, a good sampling of the population at large—a few elderly (having toughed out the winters through the years), the schoolteacher, a newly married couple, a handful of lobstermen, three schoolchildren, a few crotchety folks too hard on the bottle, and a twenty-something woman and her partner placed on the island by a regional fellowship program. As my host, an Island native in his late twenties who left Maine for the Mountain West to attend college and stayed to run rivers in Wyoming for several years says, he is trapped in "the curse of Isle au Haut". Though he has traveled internationally and lived in a number of places that offer more in the way of job opportunities, the unique character, autonomy, solitude and stunning beauty afforded by Isle au Haut continue to pull him back. But what future does it hold for him, or for anyone seeking a life of relative comfort as defined by today's American standards?

It was bitterly cold the morning I woke to leave the Island. Down at the Town Landing, the mailboat's engine shook the dock. As we slowly chugged away from the Landing at dawn, wending our way through the moored lobster boats still in the water to finish out the season, I caught a glimpse of a strange site. Beside us, a lobsterman was shoveling the two feet of freshly fallen snow from the stern of his boat. The incongruity of this image struck me—I have, for so long, associated this stunning place and its people with the ease of summer. But the reality here is harsher, and it takes an exceptional breed to stick it out when modern America seems to be offering lives of such sedentary ease. A lump caught in my throat, and I wondered, if I came to revisit the scene in a few years time, would there be any locals preparing for another brutal day out on the winter sea, chasing the catch as ever, on such a December morning. ■





KOOL-AID

Spring & Summer Elixirs

BY LEAH CAMPBELL & AVERY WITTKAMP

The birth of an American panacea: 1927, Edward Perkins of Nebraska takes his Fruit Smack recipe, a liquid concentrate, and finds a way to dehydrate it to reduce shipping costs, leaving a fine and enchanting powder—Kool-Aid.

Perkins chose the name for his novel soft drink in a pouch seven years after the first Band-Aid entered the market, subtly tying Kool-Aid to popular medicine. Kool-Aid was, simply, a joyful cure for the heat. An ad from 1937 boasts, "Like a cool breeze off a mountain lake—that's how Kool-Aid makes you feel on a sweltering day."

For the rest of the twentieth century Kool-Aid was a cure for much more—numerous of society's ills, real and imagined. It was an answer for busy mothers in the sprawling suburbs of post-war America, a pool for the acid tests of the counter-culture, and a vessel of mass departure for the People's Temple in Jonestown. It has been an American elixir.

The power of anything consumed, when we measure it, when we attempt to measure it, is more than what it is. The word Elixir comes from the Greek *xerion* or "powder for drying wounds,"

from the root *xeros*, "dry." An elixir is a powder with the limitless power of transmutation when it is combined with the water of life, alcohol, a solvent. But an elixir's transmutative qualities are also always in part given to it by us. A vessel, and change, a liquid, aliquid. An essence, a material, imbued not with the water of life, but with our own lives, sicknesses, dreams.

Summer heat soon bearing down, we try our hand at three elixirs. We duck powder for some things April showers have brought in.



ROASTED RHUBARB & BLOOD ORANGE-AID
(Early Spring)

Rhubarb contains oxalic acid, and if the leaves are ingested raw or cooked they can be poisonous. Historically, the Chinese would cultivate the root of older rhubarb plants and transform them into healing powders for tonics and teas. A little blood orange juice will also certainly help keep scurvy at bay.

What you need:

4 BLOOD ORANGES, JUICED
1 POUND RHUBARB, ENDS TRIMMED AND REMOVED, DICED
1 CUP WATER
1.5 CUPS FLORAL HONEY, SUCH AS WILDFLOWER
SPARKLING WATER

What to do:

1. Toss the rhubarb pieces with 3 tablespoons of honey. Spread evenly in a roasting pan and bake in an oven at 350 F for 20 to 25 minutes or until the rhubarb is very soft, stirring occasionally.
2. Combine the remaining cup of honey and water. Bring to a simmer to dissolve honey. Remove from heat and add the blood orange juice, stir well.

When the rhubarb is done roasting, combine the blood orange syrup with the rhubarb. Pour into a blender and process until very smooth. Pass mixture through a fine mesh sieve, pressing down on rhubarb pulp to remove as much juice as possible.

3. Cool until ready to serve. When ready to serve, combine rhubarb-blood orange mixture with sparkling water over ice cubes. Garnish with blood orange slices.



SORREL CUCUMBER LEMON-AID
(Late Spring/Early Summer)

Sorrel is a perennial garden herb that is known for its sharp taste, also due to oxalic acid. Sorrel tea has long been used as a spring tonic, a treatment for scurvy and a medication to ease the pain of sore throats. When applied externally, the tea serves as a healing poultice and is said to be effective in the treatment of wounds and skin irritations.

What you need:

1 LARGE CUCUMBER
SMALL BUNCH GREEN GARDEN SORREL
1 CUP LEMON JUICE
1 CUP FLORAL HONEY, SUCH AS WILDFLOWER
AT LEAST 4 CUPS COLD WATER
LARGE PINCH FINE SEA SALT

What to do:

1. Make a simple syrup: Put 1 cup water and honey into a sauce pot and bring to a simmer so honey dissolves. Remove from heat and cool completely in the fridge before using.
2. Combine lemon juice, simple syrup, a few leaves of sorrel, and cucumber in a blender. Blend until the sorrel and cucumber are completely broken down. Taste to see if you would like the base more tart and lemony; if so add more sorrel! If you're sorrel is particularly strong you may need to add more water or honey syrup.
3. Strain mixture through a fine mesh strainer and pour into a pitcher. Dilute with water as you like it and season with fine sea salt. A healthy pinch will add a refreshing quality to the mixture on a hot summer day. Pour over ice and serve with thin slices of cold cucumber.



ELDERFLOWER TONIC
(Summer)

These blossoms are primarily foraged on the West coast, and macerating them into syrup is a multi-day process. In a pinch elderflower syrup can be purchased in fine food stores on the East Coast. Do keep in mind that only the flowers and berries are edible; the twigs and branches contain a cyanide that is toxic and should not be consumed.

What you need:

20 LARGE ELDERFLOWER CLUSTERS
1 QUART WATER
4 CUPS ORGANIC CANE SUGAR
JUICE AND ZEST OF 2 LARGE LEMONS

What to do:

1. Trim flowers into a large bowl, trying to remove as much stem as possible. Pick through the flower pile, removing as many little stems as possible, as most of the tree matter other than flower and berries is toxic.
2. Add lemon zest and juice to the large bowl. In a pot, bring water and sugar to a boil, and dissolve sugar completely. Pour over the flowers in the bowl and stir to combine and make sure blossoms are covered completely. Cover bowl completely with a large kitchen towel or lid and let sit for 3 or 4 days.
3. To bottle your syrup: Put glass bottles in an oven on low heat for around 10 minutes. Remove the elderflower heads by straining syrup through a fine mesh sieve lined with cheesecloth. Decant into the hot bottles. Store in a cool dark place until ready to use or in the refrigerator.
4. For a summer tonic: mix sparkling water, ice, and some elderflower syrup in a glass. Serve with large slices of lemon as this syrup will be more sour and lemony than sickly sweet.



ANNAPURNA

FULL OF FOOD

BY ANDREW RUNKLE

It takes an entire day to get home when home is in the middle of nowhere. This particular day for my brother and I started at my grandparents' cottage in the Pacific Northwest and went something like this: car, ferry, car, bus, ferry, bus, plane, airport, plane, car. After the last leg of the journey, a lethargic two-hour drive from the airport past regional fast food chains and truck stops, we arrived back in Fairfield, Iowa. Our home was a makeshift multi-level apartment in a converted fraternity house that we'd

been upgraded to when I was in high school. We walked into our fenced-in garden, through the sliding glass door and immediately towards the fridge. As I expected, the light inside the refrigerator was still out, but it didn't matter, no use for light when there is nothing for it to reveal. I always liked the challenge of a sparse fridge, but this was excessive.

It was 9:15pm and the stores had closed for the night. Luckily our father had been working for a small farm a few miles away so we drove out of town the

same way we'd come in. We chatted briefly about karma and agreed that "borrowing" a few vegetables from our father's employer didn't feel wrong. The farm was an extension of our family garden or so we reasoned. After five miles of nothing and one 90 degree turn, we killed the lights and engine and coasted to a stop.

The greenhouse door was unlocked, just like every other door in town. We methodically combed the aisles in silence. From across a few rows I could

see my brothers' headlamp repeating a pattern: darting around for a few seconds and then going still which meant he'd found a sizeable pepper or a perfectly ripe tomato to hone in on. The humidity encouraged an evening sweat, as did the weight of my basket overflowing with produce. The soundtrack of cicada bugs and Indian pundits chanting assured us we were home.

This greenhouse was created and run by the Transcendental Meditation Organization (or simply "The Movement") and was the fruition of one of many product lines they had launched. Initially they offered the Transcendental Meditation (TM) technique, yoga, and breathing practices but over the years they'd expanded their product line to include various herbal remedies, rare honey, a unique architectural style, astrology, and now "Maharishi Organic" produce. Their most loyal customers were the members of the intentional community in Fairfield, which was founded on the meditation technique and a lifestyle that supported the evolution of consciousness. Playing music to plants isn't that novel in itself, the same concept has been the subject of thousands of middle school science fair projects across the country, but this was just one of many unique aspects of our community within the town of Fairfield.

The town consists of ten thousand people, roughly thirty percent of which are members of the TM community. To most people driving through, it could pass as classically Mid-western with a town square at its center. Upon a little further investigating you'll find that three Indian restaurants (Gupta's, Mohan Delight, India Café) and three pizza & steak parlors (Torino's, The Pizza Ranch, George's) line the square.

Within the TM community there were those who were employed by The Movement and those who had "normal" jobs in town but who sent their kids to the TM schools and did group meditations twice a day. Those employed by The Movement strictly adhered to living a TM approved lifestyle, and were subject to greater scrutiny within the community if they strayed from it.

The kids whose parents had "normal" jobs seemed to have more normally stocked kitchens too. Not typical grocery store corporate processed garbage but more typical health-food store stuff and not just The Movement approved food. At lunches with these friends I ate dishes containing onions, garlic, and mushrooms—all of which were considered contraband—and later on my journey

to becoming a meat eater, I sampled turkey meatballs, and even fish filets (yes, in Iowa). Alcohol was strictly forbidden, but as kids we didn't even need to go to that length to rebel. We could simply eat an onion to spite The Movement.

Because my parents worked for the TM University, most of my meals were at the cafeteria, lovingly called Annapurna, Sanskrit for "Goddess of the Harvests." The cafeteria was entirely devoid of onions, garlic, and fully vegetarian except for Tuesdays when they served chicken. My friends and I usually wolfed down our meal of rice, dhal and overly steamed and utterly lifeless vegetables in less than three minutes (the tetherball pole was awaiting) but on Tuesdays I'd spend the full hour with my chicken. I dissected a drumstick week after week but never consumed it because I didn't know what to eat and what to avoid. When I was about ten, The Movement decided that no one should ever eat meat and the following Tuesday they were serving tofu stroganoff in place of chicken. Another setback in my eventual path to carnivorousism.

Perhaps to offset the new fully vegetarian diet they also decided that it was best for everyone to consume dessert at the beginning of a meal and not at the end. This was the best possible news for a 10 year old and my friends, and I exploited it to the fullest extent.

There was another ritual that began a meal amongst the most devoted community members: a ramekin of fresh ginger, lemon juice and salt, said to ignite the flame of the digestion. This hard core thermos clutching group, typically clad in loose white clothing (wearing light colors was considered life supporting) would then proceed in dousing their food with one of a few spice mixes, called churnas, which were subtle variations of Indian spices designed to benefit their specific constitution. They sat in their own private dining room within the cafeteria, where talking was strictly forbidden.

I remember a distinct phase my dad went through after he had seen a Vaidya (Indian doctor) where he was dumping a specific Churna on everything. Sprinkling a little on traditional Indian food was actually quite tasty but he was finishing every dish with it. Spaghetti, Churna. Scrambled eggs, Churna. Grilled Cheese, Churna. He'd lost or somehow damaged all of his taste buds or so I'd thought. It was sadening because I knew that eating was one of his deepest passions, and that

is one of few things I'll admit to have inherited from him. It was about this time in my life that I realized I needed to learn to prepare my own food.

I experienced many vegetables that most Iowans would consider obscure or even alien. However, I was starting to become more intrigued by meat and fish but within the community I didn't have much exposure to it. There were restaurants in town but nothing even close to being considered decent and we rarely ate out.

We spent a few weeks each summer on a little island off the coast of Vancouver Island where my grandparents had a cottage and it was here that I was exposed to quality meats and seafood. The limited arsenal of ingredients available in Iowa made the bounty of the summer months in the Pacific Northwest that much more incredible. Each year, we'd catch Salmon and dig for oysters right out in front of the cottage. In July we hosted the annual Lamb Barbeque for a troupe of about 100 friends, an event for which my dad routinely denounced his vegetarianism. We purchased twenty or so legs of lamb direct from a farmer and marinated them overnight in thick drum liners. The next day I'd help set up a series of makeshift grills on cinder blocks that stretched out forever along a patch of straw-like grass overlooking the bay. Although my grandparents would push oysters, fish, and lamb on me I would usually stick to my Grandad's infamous Caesar salad and garlic bread. Over the years I did end up trying morsels of meat and fish, and eventually I became a full-fledged carnivore.

Upon returning home from our most recent trip where we'd enjoyed Gran's roasted chicken, fresh sockeye salmon, sweet onion and cucumber salad, and wild blackberries it was hard to imagine anything comparing to the meals we'd eaten. But the produce we picked in the greenhouse back in Fairfield that night tasted incredible. We drove home sampling the raw vegetables and throwing the stems out of the car windows. We prepared a familiar vegetarian meal of ratatouille over spaghetti with shavings of parmesan that were foraged from the depths of the dark fridge drawers. After dinner I retired to my old bedroom which had since been turned into a makeshift office and fell asleep to the sound of Indian classical music coming from a small stereo in the corner of the room.



My dad had taken to calling me Pickle Jar. I was Pickle Jar because he had saved me a widemouthed Sweet n' Sour pickle jar to pee in while we drove. I refused to use it. I think my dad preferred using a jar over peeing in a bush. I was forced to plan carefully in order to avoid any use of my jar.

My dad is a truck driver. He takes a five-day break every five weeks or so. He lives on the truck and crisscrosses the country all year long, sleeping in the cab, reading library books, and eating fistfuls of trail mix. On any day, he might be driving broccoli to Texas, or Styrofoam trays of chicken parts to Missouri, or dropping deli meats in Louisiana. It's almost all Kraft products. Recently he drove 23,100 dozen fertilized chicken eggs to Laredo bound for a Mexican hatchery for Tyson. He doesn't celebrate holidays (they're for civilians), doesn't keep normal hours (he's a soldier of the road), and doesn't have an Internet connection. For a while he didn't even have a working radio.

Two years ago, I visited my dad on the truck for a week in late June. He picked me up in South Carolina, and we drove southwest through Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and up through Oklahoma to Colorado. It was muggy and hot, and my dad had a cigarette lit practically the entire time. He's been driving trucks for five years now, and I know the romance of the road has worn off.

The passage that led my dad to truck driving isn't exactly clear. When I ask him he just says, "It's the only thing I could do." Maybe it's the freedom, the space, the constant moving. He says the job opportunities are fewer in South Carolina. I don't believe that. I think that's an excuse. I think he wanted to do it, and now he's stuck doing it.

My father's fixations serve as markers on a timeline, making it easy to recall certain dates. For my 18th birthday, he took me to Costa Rica. At the time, he was enamored with cowboys; he wanted to ride horses. A lot. On a day trip headed for a volcanic waterfall, we followed a hired guide, Poche, "A real cowboy." We rode through tall grass, Poche leading, and Dad behind me. Dad was hollering something, maybe something he'd seen in a movie or maybe something he thought a

ILLUSTRATION BY **R. Kikuo Johnson**
FILM STILL BY **Danielle Pattavina**

cowboy would say, but I couldn't hear him. Turning back, I could see him struggling against the horse's stride to fit a cigarette into his mouth and light it. When I was 16, he bought a Harley Davidson, the leather jacket, gloves with foot-long fringe, and rode around with a lit cigar in his mouth. When I turned 15, he was faithfully rock climbing, leaving my mom saddled with six aimless kids on the weekend. I was a freshman in high school when he attended a massage-therapy institute for eighteen months. He only practiced for half a year. He has a degree in biology, and among other careers, was a nursing-home owner, an accountant, and, until my parents separated, a stay-at-home dad.

When I had finished high school, and we six kids were living with my dad, he cashed in airline miles for a one-way ticket to Nairobi, Kenya. He went. Just like that. Indefinitely. Weeks became months, and he rolled back around with a short ponytail and a dark tan; he was trying to "get black." Copper bracelets on both his wrists (healing powers), a machete in a woven sheath on his back, and ugali with dinner every night. We had to eat with our hands for weeks, "like the Kenyans." When he returned from his third trip to Nairobi with a new young wife and her toddler in tow, he up and moved from Massachusetts to South Carolina. He sold his vintage camera collection on eBay to get his commercial driver's license.

Truck driving is a little like camping. There's good excuses for not showering everyday, or frequent teeth brushing. You're alone a lot, and being scruffy is a good blending-in technique. There's an informal uniform, and though it doesn't require much maintenance, it's functional and intentional. Dad advised me how to pack for my visit. It seemed long-winded and excessively serious. "A woman on the yard doesn't dress attractively." My dad was firm with this rule, think: men's prison. "Bits of glass, stray screws and nails, cow and pig carcasses, and leaked oil are nasty booby traps." I wore my hiking boots everywhere. Truckers wear long sleeves even in a Texan July; oil, hot steam, and miscellaneous fluids can burn exposed skin. The hair is part of the uniform too: beards, extraordinary moustaches, and ponytails. My dad shaves, one-handed, with an electric razor while driving. Exercising isn't easy; truck stops don't usually house gyms. Instead, some truckers work out with a jump rope or free weights next to their truck in the evenings, or at the yards of warehouses



while they wait for a load.

There are, of course, exceptions to the norm. My dad dresses in loose tank tops and suede clogs. He's easy to spot amongst other drivers in line paying for fuel. While the truck stops entertain most drivers on their downtime, my dad holes up in the cab of his truck and reads bags of library books on his bunk, mostly mysteries. Looking down from the top bunk at my dad slung out on the mattress with a book and a Dr. Pepper, I thought, Maybe this is what he likes about driving. At all the major truck stops there are TVs in the restaurants and TVs in the trucker's lounge and TVs in the game rooms. The game rooms are stuffed with truckers, eyes fixed to video screens of shooting and casino games. My dad doesn't "socialize" in this way. He says

he'd rather paint a board and watch that dry than watch TV. Lately though, he has sent progress photos via text message of the handlebar moustache he's growing. It's gray and big for his face. Is he trying to blend in, or is it irony?

My dad knows where the good truck-stop restaurants are, seemingly only at the fading mom-and-pop stops. On Rte 287 in Jolly, Texas, population 188, we made a special stop for a "real" hamburger. We pulled in next to a cattle hauler shuddering with two floors of manure-caked cows. The driver scrambled up the side of the gleaming steel cage using the little openings in the side of the trailer as footholds and unremittently shoved a battery-powered prod into the cage at the noisy cows. I looked away. I thought I was witnessing something I shouldn't

be, but the driver, hooting and laughing, seemed to be just doing his job. Inside the Jolly Truck Stop store, we looked at plastic "taxidermy" armadillos dressed in sheriff garb. Through a cigarette haze, sipping sweet tea, we waited while beef was ground for our order. Our waitress, a young grandma, asked us to sign a release form for our medium-rare burgers. When the seven-inch-wide burger arrived my dad put the bun to the side and ate just the meat. It tasted fresh, and it broke when I tried to pick it up. I had to eat it with a fork and knife because the grind was so coarse, almost chopped. After lunch, in the parking lot, while my dad used the bathroom, I watched dirt kick up behind a flatbed hauling giant mesh bags of yellow onions. I chastised my dad for tossing his cigarette butt in the dusty lot. He said, "I'm participating in history. I can say, 'I smoked at the Jolly Truck Stop back when you could smoke in restaurants.'"

The Jollys are hard to find. Driving across the huge, dark country at night, familiar lighted signs mark the interstates. Unwilling to settle for the generally bad food sold at truck stops, my dad brings his own. He recently texted me 48 hours of eating:

0930 Brkfst Bear Naked fruit & nut granola w/unsweetened soy drink, hard-cookd boil egg w/salt, lg cup black coffee. **1200** Snack few handfuls trail mix. **1745** Snack Scraped all the squashed bugs off the windshield & ate them w/a jolly rancher. Dinner **2045** Homemade Greek lamb stew with Italian green beans & rice pasta. Made it a week ago & it stayed frzn in my cooler. **0730** Pnutbuttr cliff bar & 2 C black coffee. Brkfst **0845** Bacon & egg cheese burrito. Snack **1200** Few handfuls trail mix. Lunch **1500** An apple. Apple was @**1400**. **1630** 2 C coffee waiting 4 ldry. Dinner **1745** Greek lamb stew again.

Being in the truck with my dad for a week was, occasionally, a test of my patience. The cab is small and the AC isn't great. Sometimes I hoped he wouldn't talk, and we could just drive along looking out at the stretches of dirt or corn, the rusted out grain mills breaking the farmy monotony. But he filled up the quiet with trucking lingo and etiquette. Truckers don't wave, unless of course they do wave, then you wave, or, if you see a driver in the same company's truck, you wave, or if you're on a two-lane, and they wave, well then, wave. There are





nicknames, probably born of boredom, for things like the median on the road, *medium*, the perforated strip that runs along the highway, *braille line*, the on-ramp, get-on, and the ripped tire treads that happen when a truck tire is under-inflated or too hot from speed, *gators*.

Truckers have handles on the CB radio, but my dad doesn't participate. "The talk is filthy, just cursing and chatter." He does use the radio for emergency or in traffic. While driving through Louisiana we hit traffic, and my dad cranked on the CB. A shouting party of southern accents informed us of a truck carrying logs for lumber, stick haulers, blocking the road ahead. The talk quickly turned to "I had a sweet honey with a set you wouldn't believe..." and my dad squelched it. The CB is also for communication between you and the guard shack which controls the logistics of the yard. My dad uses "no sir" and "yes ma'am" over the radio.

A solo woman driver is more common than a female cab driver in New York City, but, still, most truckers are male. There are many married pairs of drivers, called driving teams, though marriage is not a requirement. Some married pairs are retirees out to see the country and make some money. Some drive as a budget-conscious pair in a tiny mobile home, or for "the love of the road." I asked my dad why his wife doesn't ride with him. "You know the saying, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder?'" he asked snidely.

As the sun sinks, the lot lizards come out dressed in flimsy clothing. As far as I know, it's mostly females in this profession. Prostitution is common in larger truck stops, which my dad says he drives out of his way to avoid. He mentioned once in a text, months before, that he'd had an encounter with a lot lizard. As we rolled west through endless meadows in Texas I broke the peace and asked him to tell me the story.

I got a knock on the door from a woman asking if she could use my radio. At first I had no idea she was a lot lizard, she was dressed casually and it was three in the afternoon. I was just sitting around, I guess I was a little bored, so I let her use the radio. I was curious but, at the same time, wanted to keep my distance. She told me her name was Blue Eyes and she had four kids to support. She was trying to solicit her services over the CB. The other drivers were messing with the her over the radio and saying, "Come on over honey I'm in the white

house by the fence." But there were five white trucks near the fence. They call the trucks houses. After she left I thought about all the things I could have asked her: Did she have a list of services? A price list?

Truckers have a variety of ways of keeping "house." Custom paint jobs are abundant. I saw a dazzling amber cab with gold dust swirled into it and a deep purple one, dark like a sky with tiny bronze stars. In truck-stop stores there are rims, hood ornaments, shiny exhaust pipes, foot pedals with flames, and chrome, Chrome, CHROME! There are chrome bull's testicles, a chrome shift topper cast in the shape of a human skull, and chrome naked ladies that attach to various parts of the cab. You can purchase a big mirror-clear chrome bumper for your truck. Lights in all colors for seemingly every part of the interior and exterior of the cab are available in blinking, even strobing, arrows. Just as common are drivers that drive stock trucks or trucks provided by the company, such as my dad. He lives in a rented apartment and other drivers reside in Vegas penthouses.

The interior is generic and functional. My dad outfitted it with a small thermoelectric cooler (keeps cold food cold) and not much else. He treats his stay impermanently, using only a sleeping bag and two small camping pillows on the bare bunk mattress, like any day he will dissolve this lifestyle. He doesn't have a television as most drivers do, and he doesn't have a laptop, which is common too. He uses his cellphone to text Google if he has questions such as: What's silage? General Robert E. Lee's horse's name? Drive time from Piedmont, SC, to Toomsuba, MS? What's a roustabout? Sometimes he uses it to text me poetry, though he uses that term lightly.

Headless prairie dog.
Shotgun pipes on pick-up trucks.
Ashes in my tea.

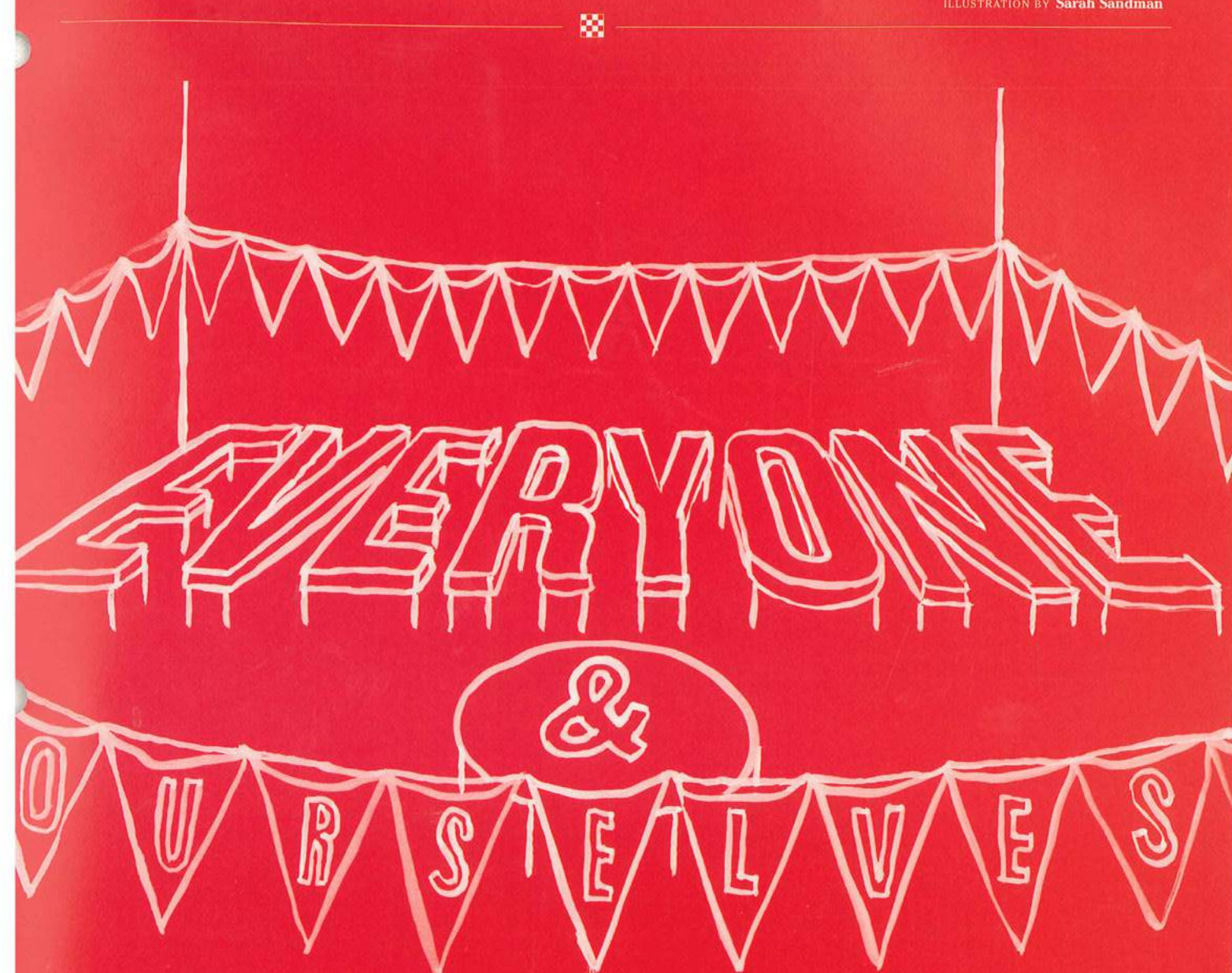
In Indian. Perfect day for a brush fire
but, the wind's so strong
I can't light a match.

On the last day on the truck with my dad
I asked him what he misses?

Being able to go home at night and
live in a house. Sometimes when I go
down the road I see people's houses
and imagine, That would be a nice
house for me to live in, and I get a little
jealous sometimes of people who

live at home and get to go home. I don't miss the home I'm living in, I miss the home I'd like to live in. I miss doing things like cooking, barbecuing meat, sleeping in a real bed, showering in a familiar place, knowing where everything is. Trucking is a way of life, it's more than just a job, it's a way of living, that sometimes can be difficult. Having to stay at a dusty truck stop in the middle of no place, going to wash up in the morning and sharing the bathroom with strangers, and strange smells, strangers' smells. The good has to outweigh the bad. The positive side is, it's worth going through all the trouble because I'm making a living... barely.

My sister directed while I drove. A pan of warm lasagna bumped around in the backseat over potholes. We were meeting Dad. It had been a year since I rode on the truck and eight months since I'd seen him at all. He had a load to deliver early the next morning in Elizabeth, NJ, under an hour by car from me. In a tangle of streets in an industrial park, we found Dad's truck quietly pulled off the side of the road, no other trucks, no one around. Visiting Dad on the truck is kind of like visiting Dad at his house. Pulling up in the car, he sees us through the window. He waves through the glass and lets himself out through the door, adjusting his collar as he walks away from his home to his daughters. Usually we eat in the truck. Here, in the late afternoon, we spread out blankets on a slip of grass. We brought salad, watermelon, bread, silverware, and plates from home. Eating off a glass plate means real dinner, no matter the setting. As the parking-lot lights flicked on and the sky got dark, we watched bats flit around overhead. After dinner, we walked behind the meat-processing plants, nowhere else to go. We've only visited Dad a few times in similar places; he doesn't pass through the Northeast often. Sometimes the visit drags on, and it's hard to know when to say goodbye. It's not that I want to leave, but sitting in the truck is like sitting in his cell. We've talked about every item in there: his horsehair fly swatter, the fuel log, his kidney stones saved in a jar. After I go, I think about him sitting alone for hours waiting to have the trailer loaded. When he first started driving, I texted him short lists of sites and places to eat in L.A., or Salt Lake, or Austin, wherever he was. But he can't leave the truck unattended; it's against company policy. He's stuck in the truck wherever it takes him. ■



BY DAVID MICHAEL PEREZ

"Para todos todo, nada para nosotros (everything for everyone, nothing for ourselves)."

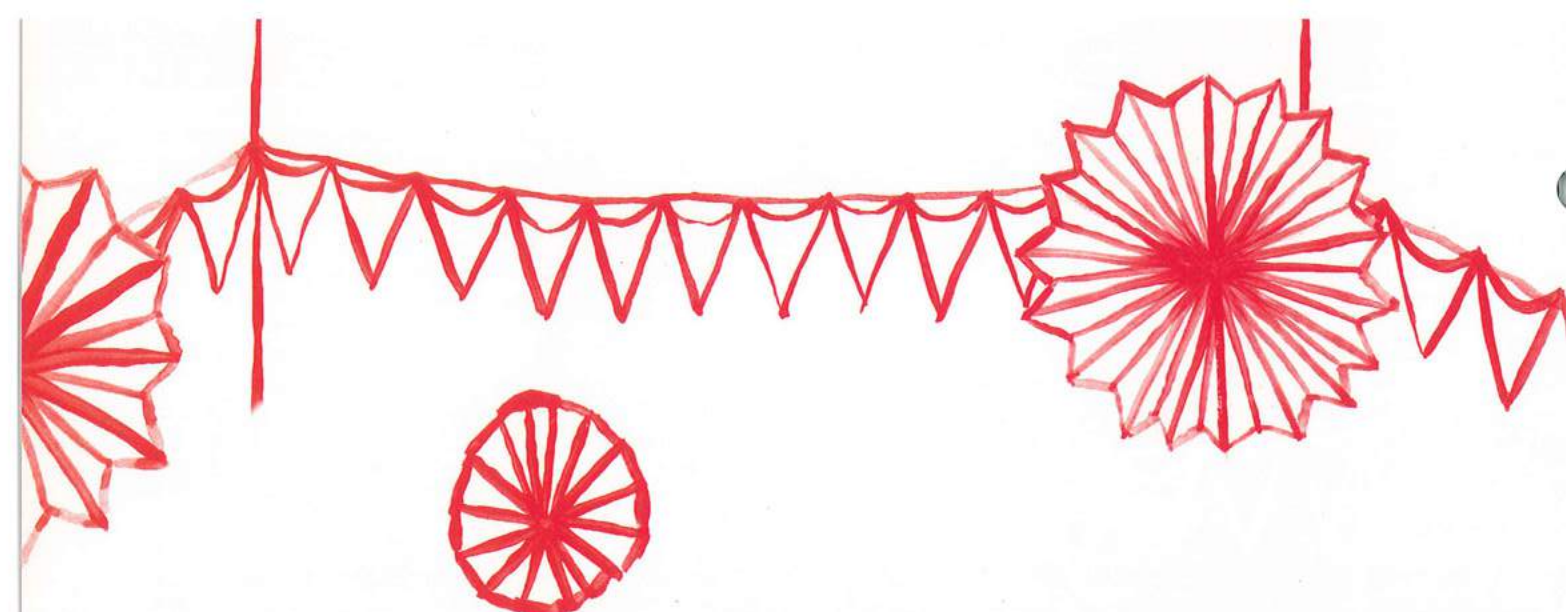
—Zapatista phrase

In the first grade my parents sent me to Catholic school. This was a bit strange as my family was not particularly religious, and I hadn't attended church up to that point, at least not that I could recall. At the end of the first week, the whole school went to Mass. The solemn formality of the ceremony made me take it very seriously even as it felt bizarrely foreign. Its apparent gravity transfixed

me. While I couldn't really follow all the details, I had an implicit sense that there was a narrative progression; all the little speeches, ceremonial flourishes, and gestures were leading to something, some sort of climax or resolution. Particularly when the Holy Communion was being prepared, I was filled with imaginative curiosity, not knowing that the comparatively mundane act of

eating pieces of paper was going to end this otherwise lavish procedure.

In my youthful naiveté, which up to this point viewed *The Never Ending Story* as its spiritual and narrative apex, I just knew that some kind of unbelievable magic was going to be enacted through these alchemical transactions. Surely all of these rituals must be working towards something spectacular. I



admit with only mild embarrassment, that I honestly believed a spirit was going to be visually summoned. I pictured a hologram forming in front of the altar, perhaps of Jesus or Obi-wan, somewhat like the way ghosts appear in the Haunted House ride at Disney Land. When the Mass ended, I was disappointed and puzzled at what I had witnessed, or rather not witnessed. Why all the fuss? That day placed in me a distinct skepticism of collective spirituality that took roughly twenty years to overcome.



The key gesture in any formation of a cultural, spiritual, or economic collective identity is often enacting a mythic story of origin. A legend of near-divine genesis. A temporal tree root from which everything grows. As the group or society grows, one of its primary yet implicit activities is maintaining the story of this origin, in some cases retroactively writing it from very little empirical information. Of course these narratives can have a wide range of effects on the individuals involved. In the case of contemporary Catholicism for instance, the individual is sublimated to the larger collective orthodoxy. In America's mythic narrative of "rugged individualism" – infused with the ghosts of Adam Smith and Hannah Arendt – the collective identification actually creates its negation, a collection of free individuals. In this story, we are distinct and unbound agents, pre-formed from society, who enter into a social contract seeking what is best for ourselves. The individual and the collective are

two mutually-exclusive entities. Much of the history of Western philosophy comes down to deciding which gets precedence, the individual or society. What often gets overlooked in these ruminations is how patently absurd this presumption is. There are no individuals without societies and no societies without individuals. The entire scoop of what we may call culture always exists in the middle, within the in-between. If we recognize this deceptively simple notion, all kinds of possibilities open up.



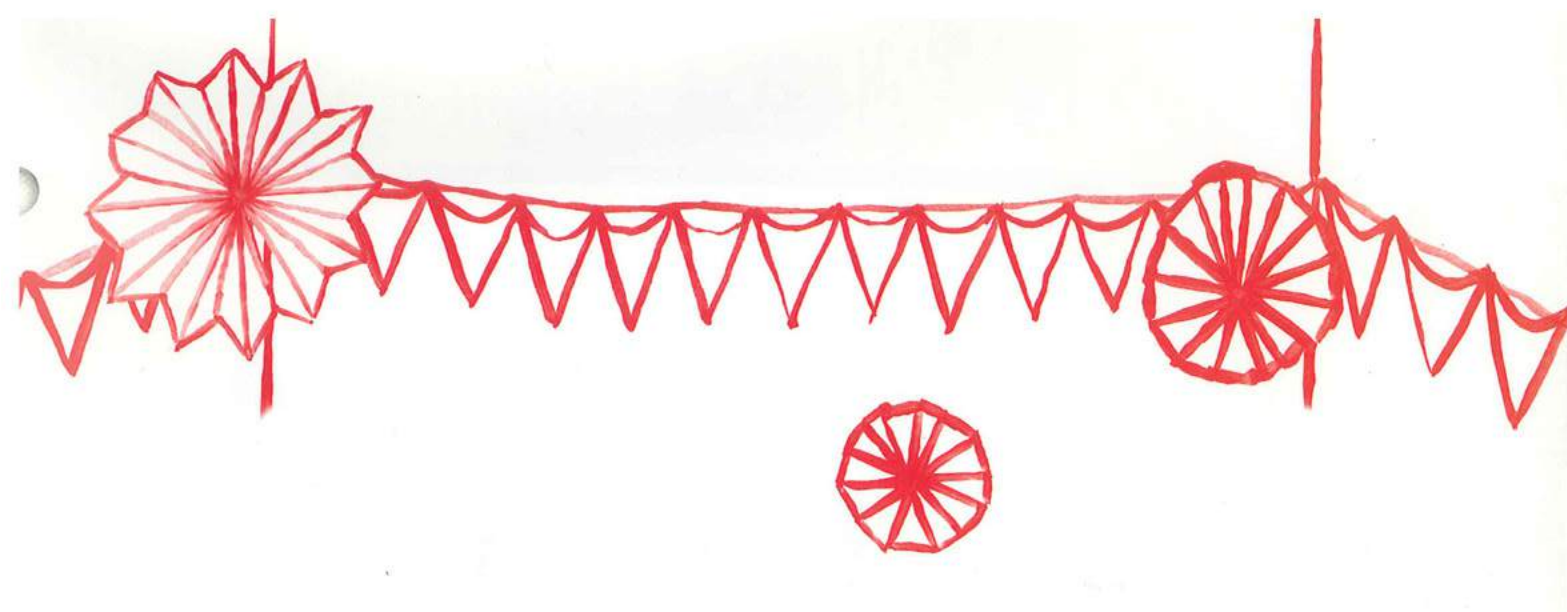
It was quite to my surprise that I became a part of a collective. While many of my socialist, radically democratic, and egalitarian beliefs lend themselves naturally to collectivity, I never intended to join one. As romantically tempting as it would be to tell you of a moment of epiphany, there isn't one. There was never a decision made, or a light switch that went off in my head. Like most of the powerful grand narratives that form our everyday lives, it happened so naturally and slowly, it sometimes seems like it was always there.

The transition from a circle of friends to a patchwork collective was in my case a decidedly subtle one. Instead of a moment of rupture, there was a multitude of overlapping, simultaneous, and intimate conversations between friends. For years a large group of us had been going on vacations together, for New Years Eve as well as the 4th of July. Twenty or so of us would head upstate, living, eating, and drinking communally for a few days. The more wholesome activities included recording songs

and writing and performing plays. At some point the ever changing cast of characters somewhat solidified and these activities extended into our daily lives in Brooklyn. We started making little books together called Hit Book, wherein without computers we would get together and make a book in one day, each around a given theme, August, DNC-RNC, and Stimulus.

In the fall of 2008, like most of our peers we were all concerned with eating and living as locally and sustainably as we reasonably could. The 'small' became the operating model of political engagement – eating from small farms, consuming from small businesses, etc. Yet in the arts, which most of us were in one way or another working in, we didn't see this conversation being addressed in any meaningful way. Thus we threw an event called F.E.A.S.T. (Funding Emerging Art with Sustainable Tactics) in the basement of a church where several of us picked up our CSAs. It was a night of dinner – a Ribollita soup whose recipe was taken from the pages of this very journal – drinks, performances, and presentations by artists in the community. At the end of the night we gave a bag of money to the winning artist, based on the votes from attendees. Even writing this now, it is hard to explain FEAST without sounding as if a critical decision was made. We had no idea we were starting an organization or even if any one would come. We just threw an event and invited everyone we knew. It feels like only later did it strike all of us that we were adopting the CSA model to art, using community financial support to fund projects that then serve that very community.

As FEAST became more and more



successful, and outside attention was paid to the organization, it seemed impossible to ignore the fact that I was a part of a collective. We are a collective. As much as the term 'collective' is somewhat maligned for those of us that grew up in a post-1960s world wary of grand political manifestos, skeptical of utopias, and hesitant of revolution through the state, it is still a natural if empty vessel to be filled with any and all qualitative values. I welcome the term even as it took time for me to feel comfortable using it publicly. It is a tricky proposition, being a collective, especially in New York City where all of us presumably moved here for recognition of our individual talents. As soon as one us tries to claim it, it crumbles. It is a contradictory entity that works best when everyone is just a bit unhappy. Yet just as there is not a clear dichotomy between the individual and the society. There is no 'Me' and the 'Collective,' it is a messy, joyous, sometimes tumultuous in-between. These two poles are always occurring simultaneously, and it isn't enough to merely oppose them, or to oppose collectivity to individualism. It started in the middle, and it continues in the middle. Without an origin or specific shared characteristic to reaffirm, it is in continual flux, never quite consolidating and never quite dispersing.

And of course the collective is always in the middle of an even larger relationship. This became more and more clear as FEAST projects started to emerge in other cities – FEAST MPLS in Minneapolis, FEAST Mass in Boston, FEAST Toronto. Other groups started similar projects with different acronyms – Philly STAKE, Baltimore STEW, and SPROUT in Seattle. Currently there are

way too many to mention and it seems like every week we get an email from someone in a new city inspired by this model, wanting to start their own. As this collective network has solidified it has become ever more important to note that FEAST Brooklyn drew direct inspiration from the Sunday Soup program by the group inCUBATE in Chicago.

While a critical discourse has emerged around the relative success of this now international network of public dinners and community based grants, tangential narratives and the usual criticisms present themselves. FEAST Brooklyn has sometimes been questioned for not addressing the broader injustices of capitalism or not being sufficiently radical in our scope. On the other hand, I am always deeply amused when people refer to FEAST or to this model as profoundly radical. To me we are doing something very simple. We are getting together as a community and deciding what we would like to see happen based on our imaginations and our shared needs. Central to each event, no matter where its location, is the act of sharing a meal together. It is absurdly tragic that we live in a society where something so simple could be construed as unconventional but also an affirmative reminder that transformative possibilities are everywhere.



In May of 2009, the attendees of FEAST Brooklyn awarded \$1000 to The Great Trans-Gowanus Canal, a project proposed by Benjamin Cohen & Sierra Pettengill to build a telegraph cable across the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn.

Placed at each end of the wire would be a telegraph keyboard and a guide to Morse Code. Participants would be asked to answer, in Morse code, Samuel Morse's first official transmission "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT," a phrase from the Book of Numbers.

On July 12th of that same year, my wife and I attended the project's unveiling. It was a warm beautiful night and as it started the sun was just beginning to set. Thirty or so young people had gathered at the edge of the canal, that perpetual environmental disaster and relic of a once bustling domestic shipping industry. There was the unveiling, champagne, performances, and personal and most likely poetic telegraphs transmitted across the water. I remember making out disco songs in the distance from a nearby warehouse party.

I loved everything about the project, especially the way it creatively engaged geography and history, but to me it was also an allegory to the political and collective endeavor many of us are quietly taking up in our everyday lives. It isn't one of having answers or speaking on behalf of the dispossessed, but of asking questions and facilitating an environment where the answers can accumulate until new questions are then necessary. It is a reminder that the past is always embedded in the contemporary moment and by logical extension the future is already occurring in the present. Daydream all we want, a comprehensible rupture isn't going to pronounce itself. Instead, your local collective—as well as our shared apocalypse—is already here, it is just happening so unevenly and naturally it all too often goes unnoticed. ■

42 1040 ID
43 Tattoo, in s
44 Mother, in
dialect
47 Z producer entirely from a feeling of em-
50 Tallahassee. "Kalkwerk" is four hours
51 Tent even life, including two escape routes

Kalkwerk
Adapted from the novel by Thomas Bern-
hard by Krystian Lupu, directed and de-
signed by Mr. Lupa, translated by Ernest
Dyck and Marek Feliks Nowak, music



Mr. Alan Light and Tony
(who is an Issue Project
board member) making
a custom-built hemispher-
e system that hangs
from the ceiling.
The idea of a big, off-
the-top-of-the-world
like Carnegie Hall
Mr. Jackson's "Number One"

dum chart, for albums released
more than 18 months ago; the top
10 slots were occupied by records
featuring Michael Jackson, and
two of Mr. Jackson's albums out-
sold the No. 1 album on the Bill-
board 200 chart. According to
data from Nielsen SoundScan,
Mr. Jackson's "Number One"

FEEDS 20

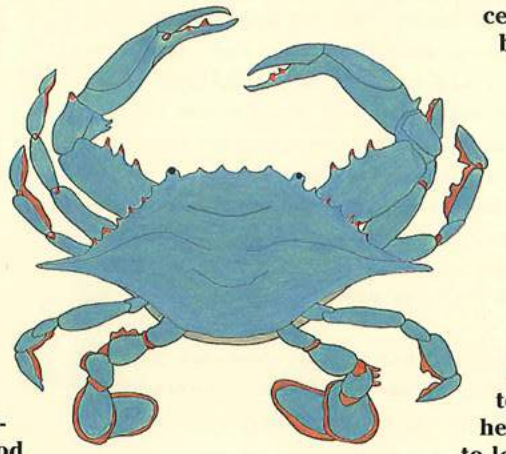
SPICE MIXTURE

- 1 1/2 CUP SALT
- 6 TABLESPOONS MUSTARD SEEDS
- 1 CINNAMON STICK
- 1 TEASPOON CLOVES
- 4 TABLESPOONS BLACK PEPPERCORNS
- 6 TABLESPOONS HOT RED PEPPER FLAKES
- 3 TABLESPOON CELERY SEEDS
- 4 TEASPOONS GROUND GINGER
- 3 TEASPOONS DRIED OREGANO
- 8 BAY LEAVES

CRAWFISH BOIL

- 30# OF LIVE BLUE CRAB, CRAYFISH, SHRIMP,
OR LOBSTER, OR A MIX OF EVERYTHING.
- 5 LEMONS, CUT IN HALF
- 3 WHITE ONIONS, CUT IN WEDGES
- 4# SMOKED SAUSAGE-ANDOUILLE, KIELBASA,
BRATWURST
- 4# SMALL THIN-SKINNED POTATOES
- 12 EARS OF CORN, SHUCKED AND BROKEN INTO
THIRDS
- 4 CUPS SALT
- HOT SAUCE
- BEER
- 4# DRAWN BUTTER

Buzz up all spice mixture ingredients in a spice grinder, in batches, and mix together. It should yield about 2.5 cups.



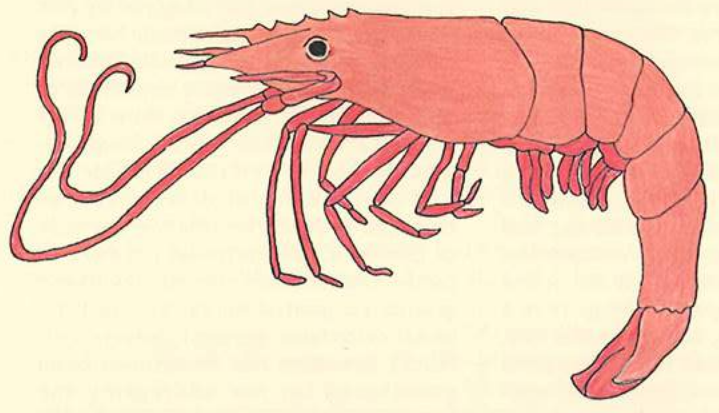
scallions included. Once the vegetables are in and the pot reaches a roiling boil, dump in 1/2 of your crustaceans, cover the pot, and bring it back to a boil.

- Boil for
- Crayfish/Shrimp- 4 minutes
- Crabs- 6-8 minutes
- Lobster-10-15 minutes

Once the crustaceans have boiled for the proper amount of time, they can soak up more spice by resting in the boil, with the heat off for 5-10 minutes. Some boil masters like to "kill the boil" by cutting the heat and dumping in a mess of ice to lower the pot temperature. The crustaceans will sink to the bottom of the pot where they'll hang out and absorb more flavor. After a little soak, fish out all friends with your spider skimmer. Transfer food to large pans and dump onto tables lined with multiple layers of newspaper. Beer and bowls of melted butter for lubrication. Let your friends attack! While people are eating, dump into a little more salt and the rest of the spice mix to the boil and get the second batch going to replenish the mountain. —SL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Nick Vokey

WELCOME TO A BOIL



A BOIL is a messy, festive affair with newspaper for plates and hands for utensils. Most boils feature one main ingredient—crayfish, crab, or lobster supplemented by whatever else can be thrown in the pot. You'll need many bodies, a space to throw down, and the largest pot you can buy.

Every coastal region has their version of the boil. New Englanders opt for a vinegar-laced pot that actually steams the bounty. This boil is Louisiana-style—spicy, fragrant and full of "mudbugs"—crayfish, which you can order easily over the phone from Louisiana Crayfish Company at (888) 522-7292. Down South almost everyone uses a pre-packaged spice mix, Zatarain's or Old Bay, and then gussies up their pot with beer, extra cayenne, and hot sauce. Here, we've made our own.

named for George III of Britain but later known as Uranus. (Mr. Holmes is much too spirited a writer to resist making a bon mot about the English pronunciation of that name.) Beyond entwine the story of

omy was no amateur's game. But Herschel charted the skies as if making musical notations. And when he lacked instruments with enough precision, he painstakingly invented a telescope with startling new powers of magnifi-

ence, philosophy and biography, as "The Age of Wonder." And Mr. Holmes's excitement at fusing long-familiar events and person-ages into something startlingly new is not unlike the exuberance of the age that animates his groundbreaking book

William Herschel, the German-born, star-gazing musician who effectively doubled the size of the solar system with a single discovery in 1781, was not regarded as a scientist. That word had

JANET MASLIN
BOOKS

7:00	The Insider (P) (CC)	8:30	CSI: Miami (N) (CC)
7:30	Entertainment Night (N) (CC)	8:00	Big Brother 11 Houseguest Elimination (CC)
7:30	Access Hollywood (P)	8:00	30 Rock "Up All Night" (CC) (HD)
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Superior Donuts" is t
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Rock' to Live O
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BRIAN ST

The Gleaners and Her and I

"G as in gleaning. To glean is to gather after the harvest.
A gleaner is one who gleanes." - AGNES VARDA

FALL becomes winter, as Agnes Varda's lens forages for men and women stooping along the landscape, filling up their sacks and buckets, looking for potatoes in a dumpster in Bauce, oysters in Noirmoutier flats after a low tide, grapes in an abandoned vineyard in Burgundy and who knows what in urban trashcans. I am watching French country side seen through her hand-held digital camera. Varda's inspiration arrives from "The Gleaners," Jean Francois Millet's painting of 1867, which depicts three peasant women collecting leftover grains after the harvest. Her modern day gleaners, on the other hand, range from a chef with 2 Michelin stars to gypsies and vagabonds going about their business in dignity.

"We are better off working in the field than shoplifting," says one as he stoops for unwanted potatoes and continues. "We're not afraid to get our hands dirty. You can wash hands."

"Parsley's full of vitamins C&E, beta carotene, zinc, magnesium. It's excellent," says another picking up a bunch from the ground, as he roams through an open air market after-hours. "Simply help yourself like in a real department store."

The grandmother of the French New Wave, Varda is in her seventies as she helps herself to a year long journey throughout France filming the 2000 documentary, "The Gleaners and I." Her curious, honest and loving manner lent to the characters she meets drives away the feelings of pity or any trace of antipathy that often arise around subject of gleaning. Snippets get stocked into a newly bought digital camera, her latest fascination. In between recording tête-à-têtes with rural and urban scavengers, farmers and proprietors, she points this new and unknown medium to her own self, zooming in to and out of her wrinkles and receding hairline. Forgetting to turn the camera off at some point, she once again honors her subject matter, allowing the minute long footage to stay in. After all, heart-shaped potatoes buried in a dumpster are not so unlike a lens cap waving atop the grass. For gleaners and Varda, they are important.

Gleaning is vital, political and environmental. And simply, communal. One of Varda's heroes remembers her youth as a gleaner of ears of wheat, "Evenings, we were exhausted. Once home with our bags and aprons, we'd have a good time laughing and drinking coffee together."

I remember having a good time with my grandmother late one summer, jumping over a stone fence into the garden of a neighbors' shuttered house to collect what was left behind. A cornucopia of vine leaves and over-ripe apricots filled up our beach bags, next to towels and sun lotion bottles. I didn't know at the time, but I was gleaning. At home we stuffed the leaves with fragrant rice and herbs, and the apricot halves with sweet clotted cream. Nothing dried out under the sun or oozed into earth, nothing was wasted. And it was a good memory after all.

BY NAZ SAHIN

SMALL POTATOES

Moments from *The Gleaners and I*

"THESE ARE GOOD TO
TO EAT WITH HERRING!"



A gentleman notes, after gleaning 250 lbs of potatoes in a day in Beauce.



Varda poses for camera. "There is another woman gleaning in this film, that's me."

25 TONS 36.000 GRATINS



In Beauce, 25 of the 4500 tons of potatoes harvested are dumped because they are not of the ideal size and condition. The gleaned potatoes go into Sunday gratin.



Jean-François Millet's 1867 painting *Gleaners (Des glaneuses)* hangs in Musée d'Orsay in Paris.

"LIKE THE GLEANER WHO, WALKING STEP BY STEP, GATHERS
THE REMAINS OF WHAT FALLS BEHIND THE HARVESTER..."

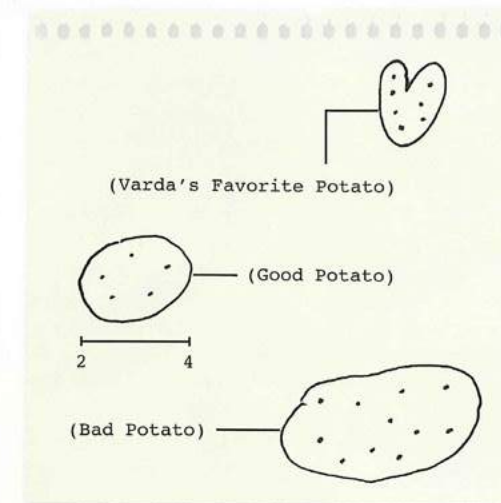
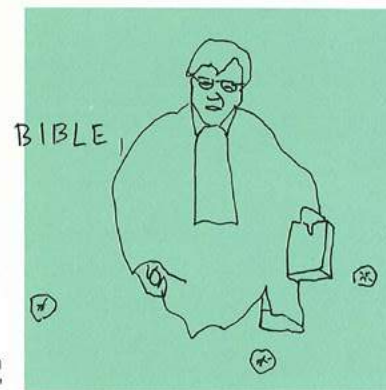
Jean Laplanche, a theorist and psychoanalyst and the owner of the longest continuous vineyard in Cote-d'or region of Burgundy recites Joachim du Bellay's poetry.



Oyster gleaning in Noirmoutier is tolerated even though neither gleaners nor farmers seem to be sure how many pounds of oysters are allowed to be gleaned.

"ALL THESE TOMATOES,
WHICH ARE JUST AS RED AS MY BIBLE,
THE PENAL CODE,
ALL CAN BE GLEANED."

A magistrate points out article R-26 that allows gleaning "from sunup until sundown and after the harvest."



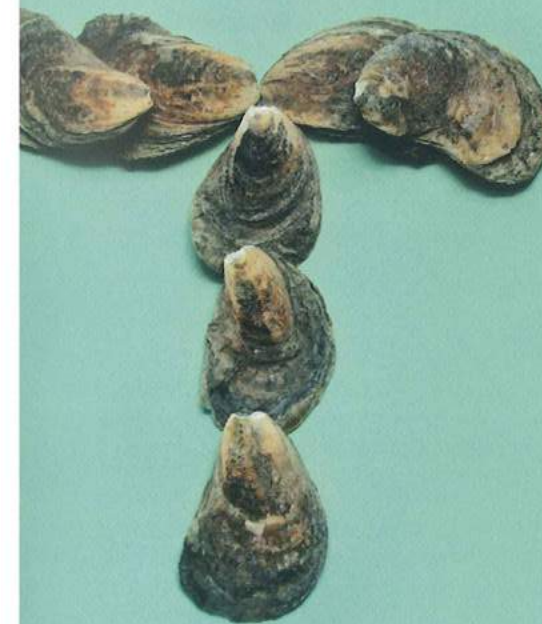
Dumpster potatoes are those that fall outside the range of 2 to 4 inches. Among many, Varda finds heart shaped ones. They go home with her.

NO SMALL POTATOES



Unlike Varda's France, gleaning is not a right in US. It needs to involve the cooperation of farmers and purveyors. Voluntary gleaning is overseen by bigger organizations who collect the produce and distribute it to soup kitchens, food banks, pantries and the like.

Between January and October 2010, 17,406 volunteers for The Society of St. Andrews salvaged and donated 20,713,150 pounds of fresh produce to feed ones in need.



BY CHRIS FISCHER

The great New Yorker writer A.J. Liebling describes the education of a gourmand as beginning with a good appetite and being rounded out when you, "have enough money to pay the check but not enough to produce indifference to the size of the total." Oysters fall into an interesting category of decadence with humble beginnings. In coastal towns, on a patch of clean water with proper tidal conditions, beds of oysters are still prevalent in most parts of the world. Sadly, some environs are failing and others just produce oysters of lesser quality. The waters around Manhattan, Brooklyn and Long Island were one of the most abundant places in the world for oyster beds over hundreds of years before pollution and over harvesting led to a collapse in the industry. The surrounding tributaries had offered the perfect amount of protection from massive ocean gales, filtration from the fresh watered Hudson and the regular ebbs and flows of ocean tides.

It is a classic story of human miscalculation and ignorance. Huge amounts of oysters were shipped to Europe when the earliest explorers colonized the eastern coast of the United States. Oysters are hard shelled and hardy when it comes to shelf life, so they could easily make the trip across the Atlantic back to Spain, France and England. I would suggest that it was our French counterparts who put oysters on the culinary map, where they still sit today at upper scale eateries all over the world. This demand was relentless and the wealth brought upon developing fishing communities large and small inspired uncontrolled population growth. From New Bedford whaling to Chesapeake Bay crab, industries blossomed and fell apart.

I grew up on the island of Martha's Vineyard, which is a small island off the tip of Cape Cod. The Cape is aptly named for the fish you used to be able to scoop up with a bucket over the side of a ship. Our waters are still clean and nutritious for all types of sea life. Our fishing industries fell apart because of greed alone. Fortunately, we still have oysters and other

bivalves that have stuck around and filtered our waters for centuries.

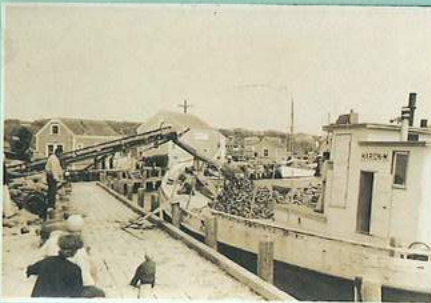
My father and I will often wade out in the pond on a Sunday, when the tide is low, to rake for clams or oysters, pull mussels off the rocks or dig on the shore for "piss clams" or "steamers." We are usually the only ones out there. When bay scallops hold their price at fifteen dollars a pound, the pond is flooded with little skiffs crammed with as many family members as possible, hoping to increase their haul with each body on the boat. Recently we have focused mostly on raking for oysters because they are the most rewarding mollusk to gather. Some of the



older wild oysters (farmed oysters are typically "ready" after one year) offer a plump mouthful of meat and before they are shucked can push upwards of one pound. Also oysters do not have to be dealt with immediately after harvesting and in my opinion improve with some dry aging in a cool and dark place. Some of my crustier friends here insist on waiting two weeks before really enjoying their oysters in any quantity. The flavor concentrates, matures and mellows.

Older fisherman remember the glory days when making a living fishing was realistic. They speak of solidarity and competition. Louie Larsen, who is 85, and still works every morning at his daughter's fish market helping her clean and prep for the day, has dredged for oysters on nearly every pond on Martha's Vineyard. He told me that he would, "go out alone with a deckhand and try to get more than the guy next to him." With the

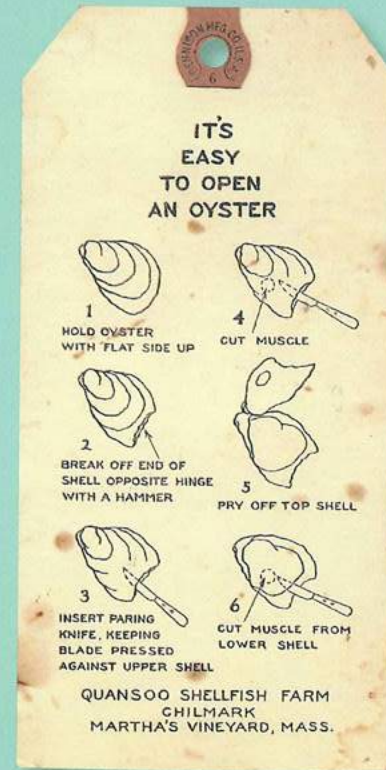
cost of living increasing everywhere, especially on our small island, oystermen are few and far between. Most that still partake in oyster fishing knowing that the financial benefits are nominal but the choice to motor around the pound gives them a rich life in tune with the elements and precious time to contemplate life. I know one oyster catcher who is thirty years old, named Devan Green. His boat and winch (used to haul the heavy dredges) run beautifully, but he sleeps where he can and can always crash with his mother if he needs.



More common today are oyster farms, where the production is calculated and there is less risk if done well. Oyster farms are currently plentiful and thriving brands with recognizable names such as Hog Island in California and Island Creek Oyster company in Massachusetts. Locally, we have shellfish farms in many ponds on the island, many subsidized by government grants. Some are successful while others have come and gone, leaving growing bags and tumblers strewn all over our shores. Jack Blake farms oysters on a one-acre lot leased from the town of Edgartown, he pays five dollars a year for this privilege. His farm is called "Sweet Neck," a play on the common name, "little neck," given to hard shelled clams that grow easily here. He started out growing clams but could not pay his mortgage despite being able to produce up to fifty clams per square foot, so he switched to oysters in the late nineties. He now ships his oysters all over the country during the winter when demand

is lower on the island and the shelf life of his oysters is much longer due to their tendency to hibernate while the water is cold.

His small operation is a thriving example of the unified effort of watermen to utilize our natural resources communally. He took a year-long course put on by the Martha's Vineyard Shellfish Group, learning all he needed to farm his own product. The nature of shellfish production has changed since those days of abundance when people could work on their own depending on what was grown naturally. Jack describes him-



self as a "farmer" now which places him in a new industry, one that has always been about the sharing of resources and information, because everyone involved knew the difficulties of turning a profit.

The best oysters here on Martha's Vineyard grow wildly in the Tisbury Great pond, but are very hard to come by. I tried to track down my friend Devan who still harvests these perfect, wild mollusks. My phone calls went unreturned. I wrote him a letter and gave it to his mom. Finally, I went to his shack deep in the woods, near a stream, where he often sleeps but all I found was an old sleeping bag and an empty backpack. I passed him later in the day driving, the bed of his truck carrying a fish basket overflowing with oysters. ♦

OYSTERS w/ MIGNONETTE SAUCE

Serve four oysters per person. This is the best and one of the simplest pairings I can think of. Especially in May, when oysters are sweet from the still frigid water. Have some prosecco on ice nearby, with fresh, lightly candied rhubarb from the garden and you will not go wrong with these pink bellini's and plump oysters.

OYSTERS, SHUCKED AND LAID OUT ON THEIR HALF SHELL ON RELEVANTLY SIZED SERVING PLATTER
2 TBSP SHALLOT, FINELY MINCED
2 TBSP RED WINE VINEGAR
1 TBSP WHITE WINE
FRESHLY CRACKED BLACK PEPPER

Combine shallot and red wine vinegar in a bowl and go about your business of shucking the oysters, harvesting rhubarb, putting your kids to bed, writing a poem with giant stencils on your kitchen table or any activity that takes 15 minutes. This gives the shallot and vinegar time to get to know one another. Add the white wine to your mixture. As with human relationships, this takes the edge off of things. Place mignonette in a small ramekin and grind pepper over the top. Spoon desired amount over each oyster to serve.



Recipes developed with Amelia O'Reilly and Nico Monday of "The Market" Restaurant in Gloucester, MA.

OYSTERS ROCKFELLER w/ STINGING NETTLE & LARDO

Oysters Rockefeller is an incredibly clichéd dish on uninspired menu's everywhere. We took basic principle of that dish, substituted nettle for spinach and added some lardo (cured pork back fat) because there may not be anything that is not improved with lardo.

OYSTERS, SHUCKED AND ARRANGED ON A BAKING DISH IN THEIR HALF SHELLS
LARDO, THINLY SLICED AND LIGHTLY FRIED IN LARD OR CRISPED UP IN SAUTÉ PAN (DON'T WANT TOO DARK BECAUSE BROILING WILL ADD MORE COLOR)
1 TSP UNSALTED BUTTER
3 CUPS STINGING NETTLE LEAVES (ERR ON HAVING MORE BECAUSE LEFTOVER'S ARE GREAT WITH EGGS)
1/2 CUP CREAM, SPLIT IN TWO EQUAL CONTAINERS
LEMON WEDGES

Start by harvesting as many oysters as you can, preferably not at a time when all ponds in your state are shut down due to excessive rainfall. Though you are not worried about E. Coli in your ponds, the shellfish warden is only doing their job by enforcing the ban. Dumping your haul into the back of their Chevy Silverado seems suspect, but gives you something to ponder while you head to the fish market to buy over priced bivalves that you could have just had for free. In other words, it doesn't matter how you get the oysters, but make sure they are good.

Stinging Nettles are fun to harvest in the spring while they are small and tender. If you are a wimp you will wear gloves, otherwise harvest barehanded and enjoy the tingling sensation for the rest of the day on the palms of your hands. It will keep you honest and alert. Soak the nettles in water to clean them, change water as many times as needed. Sauté the nettles gently in butter until softened, about 3 minutes, then stir in half of the cream and cook on low heat for another 2 minutes.

Preheat broiler on high for 10 minutes, placing an oven rack in middle for oysters.

Assemble Rockefeller's by spooning nettle mixture onto oysters, drizzle a touch of cream into each shell and top with small strips of lardo. Place under broiler for 3 to 5 minutes, making sure the lardo is not burning. You can turn oven off or move the baking pan to a lower rack if need be. Allow to cool for at least two minutes and serve with a hearty squeeze of lemon over the top.

Valli Unité

BY MICHAEL PAUL MESSENIÉ

LETTERING BY The Letter Office

PHOTOGRAPHY BY Savio Soares

Nestled high on the hill, Piedmont's magical Colli Tortonesi, and surrounded by fruit trees and vines, sits Valli Unite, a communal home of 25 friends living and working together in a biodynamic farming cooperative. They have maintained a sustainable lifestyle for roughly thirty years, each with their own role tending animal, plant and human alike.

The community was first dreamt as a means for founder Ottavio Rube and friends Cesare and Enrico, deeply attached to the land, to preserve local traditional farming methods in an ever



industrializing world. All of their contemporaries were moving off to the cities and the old farming ways of their fathers were being abandoned. The three soon found that merging vineyard land with livestock and agriculture leads to an easy balance and symbiosis. Providing organic, locally harvested feed to their animals enriched the vineyards and farmland with quality manure.

In the fields, honoring their unique soil, rich in clay and calcium, they limit their choice of crops to those cereals, medicinal herbs and grasses that require absolute minimal environmental impact. One unique grain grown at Valli Unite is the beautiful Monococcus, a strain of wheat similar to spelt that grew wild 13,000 years ago in the Fertile Crescent. Monococcus, like spelt, is quite high in protein and carotenoids and has a delicious nutty flavor that shines in breads and pasta. The herbs grown throughout

the farm provide homeopathic remedies to the community and are the substance of their biodynamic treatments for field and vineyard.

Nearly everything that is used at Valli Unite comes from the land, and everyone within the community has a unique role in providing it. Letizia makes cheese, Enrico the meat, Ottavio the wine, Carla cooks and Antonella plays host. Everything is handled in a way that prioritizes nature and the land. You see no chemicals being used, only hands working the earth and vines and a honest gratitude for what the land can provide. This is experimental living at its best and the practices employed reveal more of the nature of the people behind it than of the methods themselves.



Ottavio's wines are the only Valli Unite pleasure available to those of us off the commune and across the ocean. The wines are beautiful examples of their natural farming methods and dynamic energy radiating from and within Valli Unite. Vines are tended in the way of the ancestors, by hand and without the use of commercial farm chemicals (weed killer, antifungal, etc). Grasses between rows are cut by sickle. Fertilizer is simple farm manure enriched with local beneficial minerals at the composting stage along with clover and local grasses to produce "green manure." The team cultivates and picks by hand the local D.O.C. varieties of Barbera, Cortese, and Dolcetto as well as lower yield and more esoteric varieties

such Timarasso, Favorita, Chasselas, Moscato, and Croatina. These are used to make vibrant and honest wines full of varietal expression. The wines develop with minimal intervention, fermented using the indigenous yeast present in vineyard and cellar. This gentle and hands off approach allows the wine to develop in accordance with the internal dynamics and energy of the raw material. One of the beauties of Natural wine is the concept that it essentially "makes itself."

What is vital is a good custodian of the vineyards, producing healthy fruit with an active colony of native yeast poised for a lively fermentation. With this raw material, one simply crushes the grapes,



native yeast consumes the sugars, fermentation begins...voilà, natural wine. Of course there is a lot more to the finesse required producing good wine, but essentially this is the simple way of the ancestors that Valli Unite embrace. They have so far toyed with (or without) sulfites, wood fermentation, maceration and filtering, searching for whichever variable will produce power and freshness for the each varietal of wine. For the moment at least, the wines remain in stainless steel and the reds begin and end in cement. Cement tanks retain the full varietal expression and maintain consistent temperature, vital in wines with minimal use of sulfites. Methods aside, Ottavio always falls back this philosophy: We must find and renew the positive aspects of the traditional ways of working, which remind us all of our duty to respect the balance of nature. ■

LONG HAired MEN AND...

THE SOURCE, late 1960s

The Source Family began in the late '60s, when health food restaurant owner Jim Baker morphed into Father Yod and founded a spiritual commune in the Hollywood Hills. Run by Source Family members, The Source restaurant blossomed into an iconic and successful health food mecca in the 1970s. The family included many talented musicians who produced nine albums in different band configurations. Creativity flowed, and women designed the clothing for the Family. A woman of the Source Family had the power to choose the 'son' she wished to be with based on his vibration and the respect he showed towards women. If a 'son' had a woman, she would care for him, make his rich velvet or homespun cotton robes, cook meals, clean up after him, and give him a massage after a long day in the restaurant. Single sons in the Family didn't have these luxuries and some began to look so rough that Father Yod assigned women to become 'Mothers' who were given the job of caring for the group of single 'sons'.

The Source men wore their hair long and beards fuzzy.

Robes and shawls were made out of homespun cotton with unusual patterns and fancy embroidery.

Designed by Source Family member, Sunflower, "Tahuti Belts" were worn by all the sons. The large round buckle was silver, mounted on a bed of lead with a solid gold Yod in its circle, latched onto thick leather.

Source Family's Rainbow Salad: It was believed in the Source Family that you could eat this salad twice daily, for three weeks as a purifying "Rainbow Diet". Put the following into a bowl: sprouts (green), cubed pieces of raw eggplant (blue), sliced red onion (purple), sliced banana (yellow), chopped hazelnuts (orange), and chopped tomatoes (red). In a bowl, mash an avocado with minced garlic. Add tamari, Dr. Bronners seasoning salt or brewer's yeast, if desired. Spread mashed avocado/garlic over the salad like dressing and eat.

SHORT HAired WOMEN

BY KELLY RAKOWSKI

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, late 1840s

The Oneida Community was a religious commune based in Oneida New York led by John Humphrey Noyes. One of their most infamous tenets was Complex Marriage. Each individual in the community was married to all of the members of the opposite gender and allowed to engage in sexual relations, but not become attached to one partner. The community also believed in Equality of the Sexes. The commune made its income through businesses, two of the leading businesses were run by women, satchel-making and fruit preserving. Forward thinking community women embraced the 'rational dress' movement debuted by suffragettes. In 1848 it was officially written in the handbook—short dresses and pants were the look of an Oneida Community woman.

Diet and Dress: Tobacco and ardent spirits are not used in the Communities; neither are tea and coffee. The members are not Grahamites, yet use little meat, preferring fruit and a farinaceous diet. The short dress has been worn by the Community women since the summer of 1848; and it is supposed that the style originated at Oneida.

—Hand-Book of the Oneida Community, 1867

Community women cut their hair short.

Skirts fell a few inches below the knee. Legs covered by practical, loose, trouser-like pantalets.

horoscopes

ILLUSTRATION BY Molly O'Rourke

BY SARAH GASKINS & FRIENDS



GEMINI (May 21 - June 2)

A beaver, a barer, a sharer of eternity. You simple signal for a sailor. Castor and Pollux buy up some sand. You'll need a generous sum of money but the sky will come to you. Don't let anyone get in your way. If you're staying late, mix up the sweet wine.



LIBRA (September 23 - October 22)

Rhymes with zebra. Has Kanye tried that? Partnership and plenty. The scales are balanced for you, despite your fading magnitude. It's an exciting time to be instrumental. Work may feel heavy until you hold it in your other hand.



AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18)

Flooded, cup-bearing, smiling. Sing while the moon is out but beware of your persuasion. Use a bold style to communicate even if that means wearing short shorts. Is your age over? It's okay. Apocalypse. You're forever 21.



CANCER (June 21 - July 22)

Snappy, nostalgic, code red. Keep hitting the pinata, whether there is anything inside. You will be rewarded for your strength. Soon, there is a harsh light shining. You will see shell. You shall sea.



SCORPIO (October 23 - November 21)

Precise, kind and aggravated. Sharp-one, you try to make lightening but you fall for love too often. The venom in your heel keeps you from obligations and you wish the wine would stop. Find a way to move, to dance, before you hit the bottom.



PISCES (February 19 - March 20)

So serious, with lots of opposites surrounding your delirium. If you fishes need help you must untie the binding string. There will be plenty of fire upstream, but you may have to give up your sun so you can find a true path. Your honor will keep you suspended at great heights.



LEO (July 23 - August 2)

Eager, ferocious and faithful. You'll be tempted by the songs of ice cream trucks. It's time to chase the dandelions. Leave the desert and find the banks of the Nile. The sun is waiting for you to bask in it. Sink your paws in the sand.



SAGITTARIUS (November 2 - December 21)

Raw, willowy and good with money. If you want to conserve water, you can bathe together. Bold patterns are what will help you carry a heavy load from Dead Horse Bay. The blue stone you find will help you see. It is still up for debate, curious archer.



ARIES (March 21 - April 19)

Self deprecating, hard-working, tender lilt, good with words. Even though you're carved out of marble, you need to be hot and swingy. Let yourself sweat beneath your golden fleece!



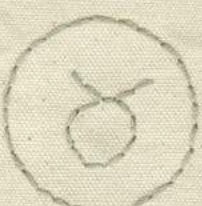
VIRGO (August 23 - September 22)

Serious, methodical, bouncy. You should negotiate your way to a new gravitationally bound system. Even though there are problems ahead you'll take someone's hand and squeeze it. You're the wild one once again without a date at prom. Don't fret. You'll get chosen starburst.



CAPRICORN (December 22 - January 19)

Knowing, wild and genuine. Use your horns to dig a cave and make a home where you can flourish. Start a fire and pick some flowers. Release control. Your luck will become your romance, yet you must sell something old and cherished.



TAURUS (April 20 - May 20)

Particular and focused, moody and fussy. You bulls help bring renewal, but for now lower your heavy head. Keep it flowy this summer. You've got to breathe. Take a ride on a roller coaster wearing loose fashions. Roll down the windows and open the screens.

RECIPES

SALADS & DESSERTS

By Scarlett Lindeman

The definition of a salad is a loose one: leafy greens come to mind but historically anything chilled, vegetal, or bound in mayonnaise or gelatin can be called a salad.

POTATO SALAD

1/4# BACON
6 LARGE THIN-SKINNED, WAXY POTATOES
3 SCALLIONS, THINLY SLICED
1 GARLIC CLOVE, SMASHED TO A PASTE
3 TABLESPOONS DIJON MUSTARD
2 TABLESPOONS RED WINE VINEGAR
1/2 CUP EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL
BUNCH OF CHIVES, THINLY SLICED

Cut bacon into large chunks and grind until coarse in a food processor. Cook bacon over medium low heat until the fat renders and bacon becomes crisp. Drain bacon bits from the fat. Boil potatoes in heavily salted water until a paring knife can pass through a potato with little resistance. Drain potatoes. Cut potatoes into large chunks or quarter them with your fingers. Whisk together Dijon, garlic, vinegar, and olive oil. Toss warm potatoes with vinaigrette and season with salt and pepper. Toss again with bacon and chives. Good warm or room temperature.

CUCUMBER SALAD

8 CUCUMBERS, MIX OF REGULAR GARDEN VARIETY, LEMON, AND ENGLISH CUCUMBERS
3 SHALLOTS, MINCED
1 BUNCH DILL, CHOPPED
1 TABLESPOON SUGAR
3 TABLESPOON MILD OIL, LIGHT EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OR GRAPESEED
WHITE WINE VINEGAR

Eat a slice of the cucumber. If the skin tastes bitter, you'll have to peel them. If not, leave the skins on or peel off stripes of skin. Cut small cucumbers into 1/2 inch circles. Cut large cucumbers in half lengthwise and slice into centimeter 1/2 moons. Toss cucumbers with all other ingredients and season well with salt. Best served very cold.

WATERMELON
Cut into wedges and serve very cold. Always good sprinkled with a little ground chile de arbol, lime juice, and salt.

WATERMELON SALAD

1 SMALL WATERMELON, OR A MIX OF RED AND YELLOW VARIETIES, CUT INTO 1 INCH CUBES
3 CUCUMBERS, PEELED AND CUT INTO 1/2 MOONS
1 BUNCH MINT
1/2 RED ONION, THINLY SLICED
LEMON
SEA SALT
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL
GROUND CHILE DE ARBOL

This salad does best plated so the watermelon doesn't crumble and bleed. Plate hunks of watermelon and cucumber on a large plate. It is good to thinly slice the red onion and then briefly soak in very cold, icy water. Swirl the onion around. It will crisp up, lose some of its pungency, and curl. Drain and lay on top of the watermelon. Douse with lemon juice, extra virgin olive oil, chopped mint, sea salt and sprinkle with ground chile de arbol.

CORN, BLACK BEAN, TOMATO SALAD

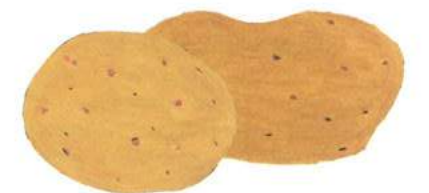
1# DRIED BLACK BEANS
8 EARS OF CORN
2 PINTS CHERRY TOMATOES, HALVED
1 BUNCH PARSLEY, CHOPPED
1 BUNCH CHERVIL, CHOPPED
1 BUNCH CILANTRO, CHOPPED
2 TEASPOONS GROUND CUMIN
LEMON
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Soak beans overnight. Cook beans in a pot until just tender. Add a handful of salt and cook 10 minutes more. Drain. Cut the corn kernels off of the cob. Toss corn, beans, and tomatoes together in a large bowl with lots of olive oil, lemon juice, and the cumin. Toss in the herbs and season well with salt and pepper.

CELERY SALAD WITH RADISH AND ANCHOVY

2 BUNCHES CELERY
2 BUNCHES RADISH-WATERMELON, BREAKFAST, FRENCH, MIXED
6 ANCHOVIES, CLEANED
LEMON
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Slice stalks of celery on the bias, into 1/4 inch slices. Soak in ice water. This will crisp up the celery and remove any grit. Pluck the celery from the ice water and let drain well. Quarter some of the radishes and slice some thinly on a mandoline. Mince the anchovy fillets. Toss the celery and radish with with anchovy, extra virgin olive oil, lots of lemon, and salt. It should be cold, punchy, and very refreshing.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY Nick Vokey

AMBROSIA SALAD

Can ambrosia salad be an ambrosia salad without whipped topping, dried coconut, and syrupy canned fruits? We think so. This recipe is as close to the standard while still being something we actually like to eat.

3# MIXED CITRUS—CARA CARA ORANGE, MINEOLA ORANGE, TANGERINE, GRAPEFRUIT, BLOOD ORANGE
2 LIMES, JUICED
2 TABLESPOON HONEY
1 PINT CHERRIES, HALVED AND DE-PITTED
1 PINT CRÈME FRAICHE

First you must remove the citrus peels with a sharp knife. Cut off a thin slice of the top and bottom of the citrus, so they can sit on a flat surface. Starting at the top of the fruit with your knife, following the curl of the fruit downward, slicing off the peel and any pith below, being careful not to cut off much of the juicy fruit underneath. Now you will have a gleaming, naked citrus fruit. Continue with all citrus, then cut into a mix of chunks, slices, and segments. Whisk honey and a pinch of salt into lime juice to dissolve. Toss citrus and cherries together gently in the lime juice mixture. Get a large platter and smear dollops of creme fraiche on the bottom of the platter. Plate the fruit on top of the creme fraiche. Serve.

PASTA SALAD 2

2# FARFALLE PASTA, COOKED TO AL DENTE AND DRAINED
1# FETA, CRUMBLed
2 BUNCHES DILL, CHOPPED FINE
LEMON
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Toss cooked pasta with cheese, dill, and lots of olive oil. Season with lots of cracked black pepper, salt, and a little lemon.

3 BEAN SALAD

8 OZ DRIED GARBANZO BEANS
8 OZ. DRIED KIDNEY BEANS
1# GREEN BEANS, TRIMMED
1/2 RED ONION, THINLY SLICED
3 RIBS CELERY, DICED
1 TEASPOON DRIED OREGANO
1 BUNCH PARSLEY, CHOPPED
1/2 CUP WHITE WINE VINEGAR
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Soak the garbanzo and kidney beans overnight, separately. Cook beans in separate pots of boiling water until tender, then add a handful of salt to each pot and cook ten minutes more. Drain. While beans are cooking, put up a pot of well-salted water and bring to a rolling boil. Get a medium sized bowl and fill it half way with ice water. Drop the green beans into the boiling water and let cook for one minute. Remove the beans from the boiling water with a spider skimmer and drop into the ice water to shock. After a minute in the ice water, drain. Cut the beans in half, if small, or thirds, if large. In a large bowl, combine the three beans, celery, onion, oregano, parsley, vinegar, and lots of extra virgin olive oil. Toss to combine and season well with salt and pepper. Let the bean salad sit and marinate, tossing occasionally, for at least an hour.

PASTA SALAD

This pasta is fantastic served hot with spaghetti but penne or any tube pasta is better for a room-temperature potluck table.

1.5# DRIED PENNE PASTA
2 TABLESPOONS BUTTER
1 GARLIC CLOVE, CRUSHED
6 EARS OF CORN
kernels cuts off
1 HOT PEPPER, JALAPENO OR SERRANO, SEEDS REMOVED, CUT INTO SLIVERS
1 PINT CHERRY TOMATOES, HALVED
1 BUNCH BASIL, TORN INTO PIECES
2 LEMONS
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Cook pasta in a pot of well-salted water until very al dente—it will continue to soften as it sits, so don't be afraid to pull it a little early. While pasta is cooking, saute the corn kernels in butter and a glug of olive oil over medium-low heat with a clove of crushed garlic. And the slivers of chile pepper and cook for 30 seconds, just to take off some of the raw. Season well with salt. Flick out the garlic clove. Toss al dente pasta with the corn mixture, tomatoes, basil, douse with oil, lemon, and season well with salt and pepper. You'll want to really lay on the oil and lemon in this dish, more than you might think— it's like a vinaigrette and adds needed richness.

EGG SALAD

2 DOZEN EGGS
1/2 CUP MAYONNAISE
1/4 CUP DIJON MUSTARD
BUNCH OF CHIVES OR 1/2 RED ONION MINCED OR 4 SCALLIONS, THINLY SLICED
LEMON
RED WINE VINEGAR
EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL

Boil a pot of water. Put your eggs into a bowl and slide them into the water. Wait until the water comes back up to a boil and start your timer—eggs should boil for 8 1/2 minutes. Pull eggs from the water and shock in ice water, peel immediately. Cut eggs in half. Get a medium bowl and a wire basket or a spider skimmer with centimeter-sized holes. Press the eggs through the wires so little squares of egg land in the bowl. Gently mix in mayonnaise, mustard, and a mix of onion matter. Squeeze lemon juice into the bowl, add vinegar, and a glug or two of olive oil. Mix well. Season well with salt and lots of freshly cracked black pepper. Serve with toasted brown bread.

BROCCOLI SALAD

3# BROCCOLI
1/4 CUP CURRANTS
1/4 CUP PINE NUTS
2 GARLIC CLOVES
1/4 CUP RED WINE VINEGAR
1 CUP EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OIL
LEMON

Cut broccoli into large florets. Bring a pot of well-salted water to boil. Blanch broccoli, in batches, cooking florets in the boiling water for only a minute or two; they should retain some crunch. Pull broccoli from the water and let dry on a sheet tray. Plump currants by pouring a 1/2 cup of boiling water over them and letting the steep for 30 minutes. Toast pine nuts in fry pan over low heat until golden. Pound garlic clove to a paste with some salt in a mortar and pestle. In a medium bowl, whisk garlic paste into red wine vinegar, season with salt and lots of cracked pepper, and whisk in olive oil. Toss broccoli, pine nuts, and currants in vinaigrette and let sit, tossing occasionally. Add a squeeze of lemon before serving.

PEACH COBBLER

TOPPING:
1 CUP FLOUR, SIFTED
2 TABLESPOONS SUGAR
1 1/2 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER
1/2 TEASPOON SALT
1/3 CUP BUTTER
1/4 CUP MILK
1 EGG

Preheat oven to 400. Mix together flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt. Cut in the butter until the mixture looks like coarse crumbs. Whisk together milk and egg, and add to the dry ingredients. Stir til combined. Set aside.

Combine cornstarch, mace, brown sugar, and water in a medium saucepan. Cook, stirring

FILLING:
5 PEACHES, SLICED
1 1/2 TABLESPOONS CORNSTARCH
1/4 TEASPOON GROUND MACE
1/2 CUP BROWN SUGAR
1/2 CUP WATER
1 TABLESPOON LEMON JUICE
2 TABLESPOON BUTTER

constantly, until mixture is thickened. Add peaches, lemon juice, and butter. Cook over medium heat until mixture is hot. Pour filling into a greased baking dish. Spoon the topping into eight small piles on top. Brush with a mixture of cream and beaten egg. Bake for 20 minutes or until topping is golden.

BANANA PUDDING

VANILLA WAFERS:
1 1/2 CUPS FLOUR
1 TEASPOON BAKING POWDER
1/2 TEASPOON SALT
8 TABLESPOONS BUTTER, SOFTENED
1 CUP SUGAR
2 EGG WHITES
2 TEASPOON VANILLA EXTRACT
2 TABLESPOON MILK

PUDDING:
1 CUP SUGAR
3 1/2 TABLESPOONS CORNSTARCH
1 LARGE EGG YOLK
3 LARGE EGGS
1/2 A VANILLA BEAN
1/2 TEASPOON SALT
3 CUPS MILK
2 TABLESPOONS BUTTER, CUT INTO PIECES

5 BANANAS, PEELED, CUT INTO 1/2 INCH ROUNDS, TOSSED WITH A LITTLE LEMON JUICE
3 CUPS CREAM, WHIPPED UNTIL FLUFFY WITH 3 TABLESPOONS SUGAR

Preheat oven to 350. Whisk together flour, baking powder, and salt; set aside. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Mix in egg whites until well incorporated. Beat in vanilla and milk. Mix in the dry ingredients until just combined. On greased sheet trays spoon rows of nickel-sized droplets of batter, 1 inch apart. Bake for 15-20 until golden brown. When cool, slide off the cookies and stockpile until ready to assemble the pudding.

In a medium saucepan, combine sugar, cornstarch, salt, eggs, and egg yolk. Whisk to combine. Add milk and scrape in vanilla bean seeds and whisk until everything is smooth. Cook over medium-low

heat, stirring constantly until mixture begins to thicken, about 5-10 minutes. Remove from heat and whisk in butter, one piece at a time. Pass the pudding through a strainer to remove any lumps. Pour into a bowl, and cover with plastic-wrap, pressing down the plastic onto the surface of the pudding, to prevent a skin from forming. Refrigerate until cool.

In a large glass dish, arrange a layer of bananas. Cover with a 1/2 of the cold pudding and then a layer of wafers. Then place another layer of bananas, then more pudding, and more wafers on top. Cover the whole arrangement with cold whipped cream. Serve cold, with extra wafers on the side.

GREEN TOMATO RELISH

3# GREEN TOMATOES, CHOPPED
4 RED SWEET PEPPERS, DE-SEEDED, CHOPPED
1 HOT CHILE PEPPER, DE-SEEDED CHOPPED
1 LARGE WHITE ONION, CHOPPED
1/3 CUP SALT
2 CUPS WHITE WINE VINEGAR
2 CUPS SUGAR
1 CINNAMON STICK
1 TABLESPOON DRY MUSTARD
2 TEASPOONS CELERY SEED

In a medium bowl, toss tomatoes, peppers, and onion with salt. Let sit for a couple of hours and drain off the liquid. In a saucepan combine tomato mixture, vinegar, sugar, and spices and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer until thick. Remove the cinnamon stick and serve as a condiment.

CONTRIBUTORS

Sean Donnelly

Sean donnelly is a filmmaker, animator and sometimes illustrator who lives in Brooklyn, NY. He also has lots of web sites: mrsean-donnelly.com for directing, awesomeand-modest.com for animation and seandrawings.blogspot.com for drawings.

Chris Fischer

Chris Fischer lives on Marthas Vineyard and runs his families 5 acre organic farm. He also designs and builds vegetable gardens and small farms for members of his community and cooks with the food from all his enterprises. He has cooked all over the world in many great restaurants. Today he decided to take up oil painting this winter as another form of historical preservation for his rich Island heritage.

Sara Franklin

Sara Franklin is a food systems consultant, oral historian and freelance writer. Her work has led her to many corners of the U.S. and abroad to South Africa, Turkey and Brazil. Though she found winter on Isle au Haut incredibly beautiful, she is looking forward to returning for warmer weather and longer days Island come August. She is currently based in Brooklyn, though she dreams of splitting her time between a farm in the Northeast and Rio de Janeiro.

Dan Funderburgh (cover)

www.danfunderburgh.com
Dan Funderburgh is a Brooklyn-based artist and wallpaper designer whose creations are rooted in the world of decorative arts. Dan was born in Seattle and reared in the Midwest, receiving a BFA from the University of Kansas with a focus in illustration. His work has been shown in galleries and museums, and his wallpaper is part of the Cooper-Hewitt's permanent collection. He currently lives and works in Brooklyn.

Becky Johnson

Becky Johnson is new to New York. She moved here to participate in the inaugural year of the Typeface Design Certificate Program at Cooper Union. Her approach to design is hands-on, stemming from a rich background in plants, food, and craft. When she's not making letters, she's wandering on her bike, working as a server at Marlow and Sons, and waiting for swimming weather.

R. Kikuo Johnson

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R. Kikuo Johnson's 2005 graphic novel, Night Fisher (Fantagraphics), began a career in cartooning and illustration. His drawings have since appeared in the New Yorker, the New York Times, Marvel comics, and in galleries in New York and LA. He teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design and lives in Brooklyn.

The Letter Office

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Elizabeth Carey Smith is a graphic designer, typographer and letterer at The Letter Office, a Brooklyn-based studio. She also teaches design and typography at NYU and City College, and is a member of the Type Directors Club. The only things she loves more than letters are her awesome husband and baby daughter.

Mitch Meseke (inside cover)

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Mitch Meseke is an artist.

Molly O'Rourke

Molly O'Rourke lives and cooks with her husband in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. When she's not whipping up F.E.A.S.T.s or lacing moccasins, she is known to take on overly-ambitious craft projects and indulge in too many negronis.

Michael Paul Messenie

Michael Paul Messenie is California native and wine consultant with Savio Soares Selections. He is a devoted advocate of natural viticulture and a generally thirsty guy. Outside of natural wine, he brews real ale and bakes naturally leavened bread. One could say he embraces the power and beauty of wild yeast.

Danielle Pattavina

Danielle Pattavina hopes her dad will still love her after reading this article. She has self-produced some short films of secret success. She regularly works in video and sound, mostly documentary. Last year, Danielle curated Videoart.net's "Video Art & Experimental Film Festival 2010". Most recently, DP traipsed around Donald Judd's sub-basement filming construction. dpattavina@gmail.com

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David Michael Perez is a writer, cultural theorist, DJ, and co-founder of F.E.A.S.T. who lives in Greenpoint, Brooklyn with his wife. Currently his favorite song is 'Club on Lock' by E-40.

Kelly Rakowski

www.nothing-is-new.com
Kelly Rakowski is a designer, blogger and weaver. In 2008 she founded Nothing-is-New.com, a site that looks at historic images to enliven new ideas. She weaves wall hangings with Alex Segreti, they call themselves New Friends. Kelly lives with signed copy of "The Source" after meeting Isis Aquarian. She grew up in Oneida County, NY.

Andrew Runkle

Andrew is a manager at Diner/Marlow & Sons. He likes to sneak messy foods into movie theaters. His contribution to this issue is the first thing he's written since high school.

Naz Sahin

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At the moment Naz Sahin is trying to decide if she is a designer who can cook or a cook who can design. She feels lucky when she could contribute to both worlds. She enjoys maintaining a blog called Feasting Never Stops, a visual collection of culinary artifacts revealing modern and ancient ways of growing, collecting, putting together and consuming food. She is from Turkey, she lives in Brooklyn.

Sarah Sandman

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Sarah Sandman is a professor of design at CUNY Hostos. She is an active member of FEAST and the collective, Hit Factorie. Her design practice aims to foster meaningful social experiences. She enjoys large groups of people having fun together.

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Mansi Shah is a New York based Graphic Designer, Illustrator and Surface Designer. She graduated from California Institute of the Arts in 2008.

Nick Vokey

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Nick Vokey is an artist, illustrator, and art director. He lives in Fort Greene, Brooklyn with his babe and his K9.

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Avery Wittkamp is the pastry chef of Marlow&Sons and Diner. Once a rumor spread among the staff that she was going to the Olympics for weightlifting. Turns out she does Olympic Weightlifting, which is just a sport.

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