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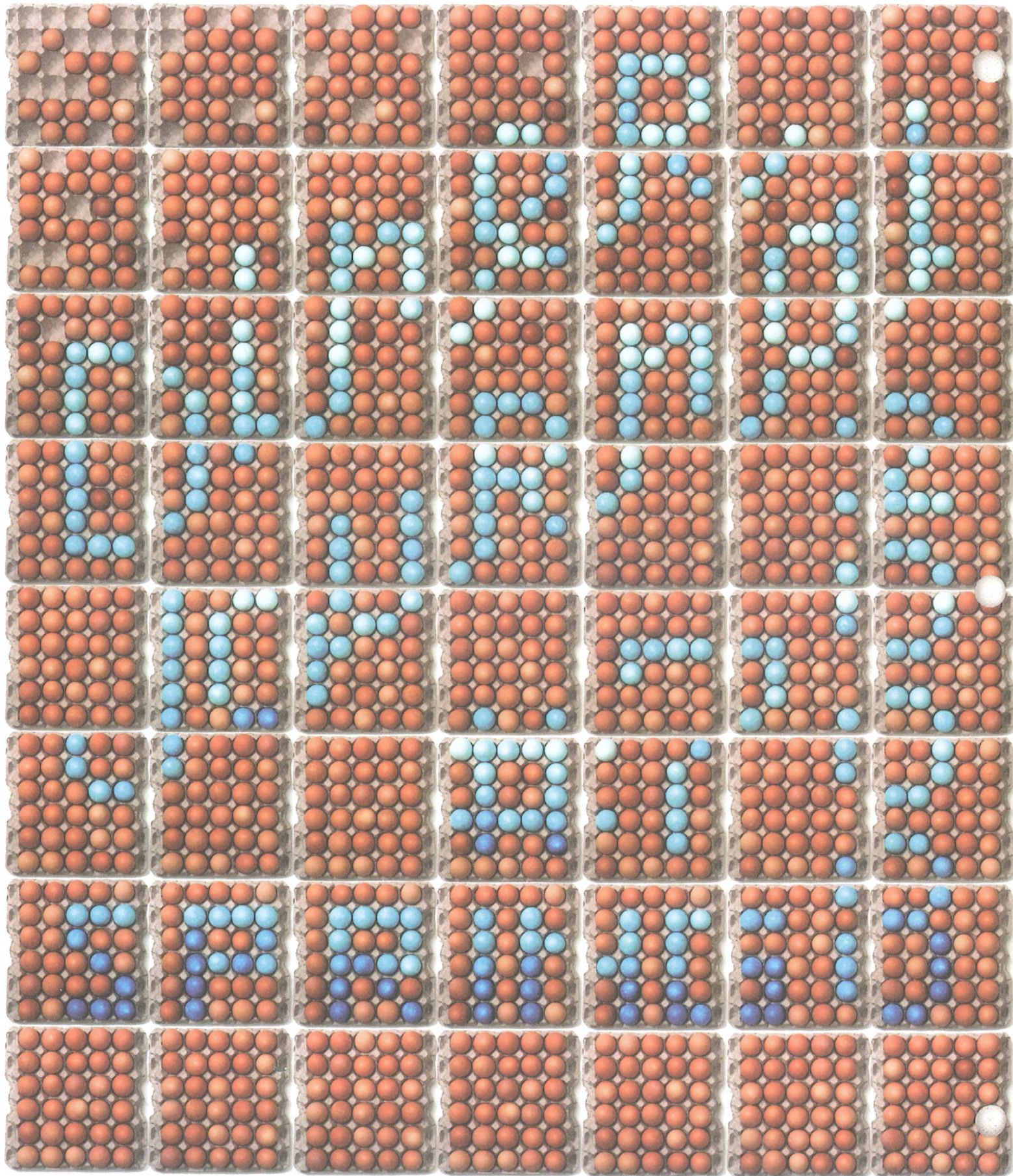
GOATS ♦ GODS ♦ GAYS

# DINER JOURNAL

ISSUE N°7 ♦ SPRING 2008







COVER: COSIMO CAVALLARO, SWEET SAINTS, 2007, CHOCOLATE, DIMENSIONS VARIABLE • EGG MATRIX BY DERICK HOLT W/ GRANT CORNETT AND KAREN EVANS • CENTERFOLD STILL LIFE BY GRANT CORNETT • BACK COVER PHOTO BY SASHA DAVIES • THANK YOU TO KELLY HOLT



# DINER JOURNAL

SPRING 2008

## TRADING TRANSPARENCIES

When I was a kid I liked churches when they were empty. Their cavernous quality mirrored some kind of integral quality I associated with the brain. The bounce of an echo equal to the reverberation of a memory. Later I found this feeling again in the early morning empty kitchen. Here though was a different reckoning. There is something starkly peaceful about the sleeping tools, the knives and water, and the hues, the base silvers and whites, of an awaking kitchen similar to the shimmering slate of a 5 am sky. That is, to know the chaos and movement, the breath and intensity that pumps through one room during a dinner service is to be able to recognize the lack thereof, to see its emptiness. Maybe the tumultuous night makes room to really hear the silence yawning its way through the early hours of a day. It has always fascinated me how collective spaces, offices, operating rooms, cabs, kitchens can in their lonesome moments open up and take on new roles.

We have more and more made it part of our proverbial "mission" to try to reach out to the larger community. Now rather than trying to will you in with an open invitation and good intent we have created a link, a swinging door from you to us. We now have a blog, [thedinerjournal.com](http://thedinerjournal.com), that is intended to create a more complex and open dialogue. Here we will inform staff of issues, air policies and curiosities, and allow you to experience our unique and growing community in the hopes that you will want in. We are trading in transparencies. And working under the possibly naive assumption that you are as interested in us as we are in you.

We had grand plans to codify this issue: GOATS, GODS, and GAYS. It was a working title and truly an inspiration to our imagining this issue. What better way to greet the new year and the new season than with a string of iconic words starting with the letter G. Powerful, controversial, transformational, and fun, our gimmick had to go but our spirit, although reborn, held fast. We had fun with this issue and we hope you do too. ➔ CF & AD

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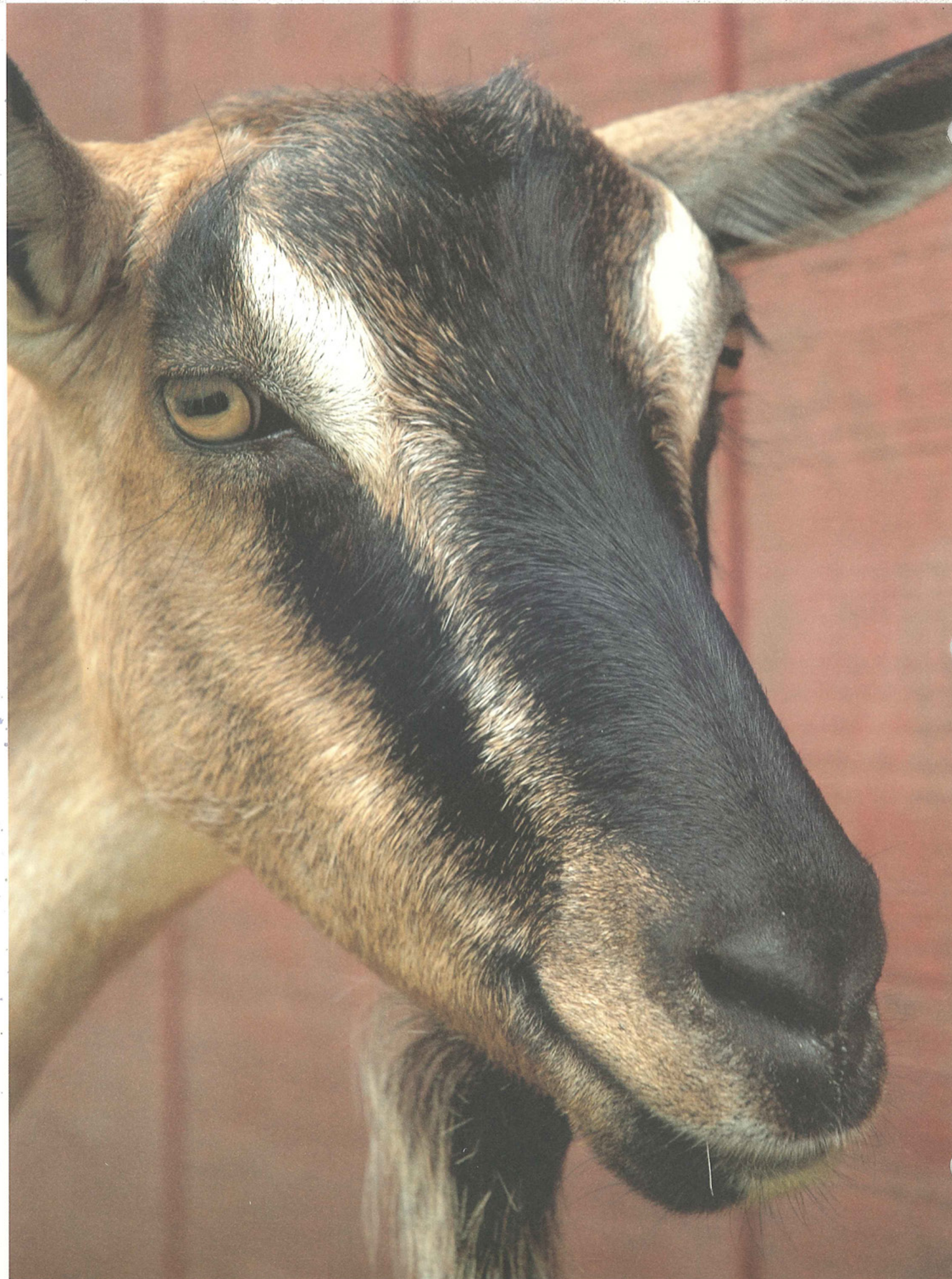
Thank you to **SEAN REMBOLD, DAVE GOULD, LAURA SAWICKI & MOLLY QUINN** for their work in creating and testing recipes.



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Spring. It seems that we have left the constellation of the seasons and instead are being pulled by the many strange, yet connected coincidences we find forming around us. I think we have tuned into something beyond ourselves in this issue. Divine intervention might be at play here. Goats, sacrificial and transformational. God, heavy-handed, his son laid out and his saints quietly waiting in service, standing by for another holy season where fear and hatred may lay claim to them. The heft of the lives of animals, the power of nature, the crimes of man. We have tapped into some of the magic and madness that governs the universe around us.

Goats have never really been a consideration for the restaurants. But oh, there they are, tugging at our apron strings, their demonic little horizontal eyes blinking at us seem to say, don't forget about us. Goats don't get to play the role they deserve to. Goat cheeses, both artisanal and everyday, are more than well represented in our food culture. But goats as 'what's for dinner' are unheard of in most restaurants in NY. While traveling across the country interviewing cheesemakers, Sasha formulated the question of where do all of the male kids go? She unassumingly stumbled upon a dirty, dark rumor about certain goat cheese producers and is now compelled investigate, fight for and possibly save them from their undocumented fate. Do they, as has been speculated, quietly drown them on the farm? Sasha, a long-time supporter and our newest cultural champion of the cheesemaker, is not about to implicate anyone with such a crime. But the question hangs.

So, in our own way, we try to eek out the answers and the questions. Maybe we could do something to save those little cuties from a death wasted in a field to a death welcomed in our kitchen. Our sense of morality and sustainability are constantly being tested. We cooked baby goat four different ways and discovered, most unsurprisingly, that it is delicious.

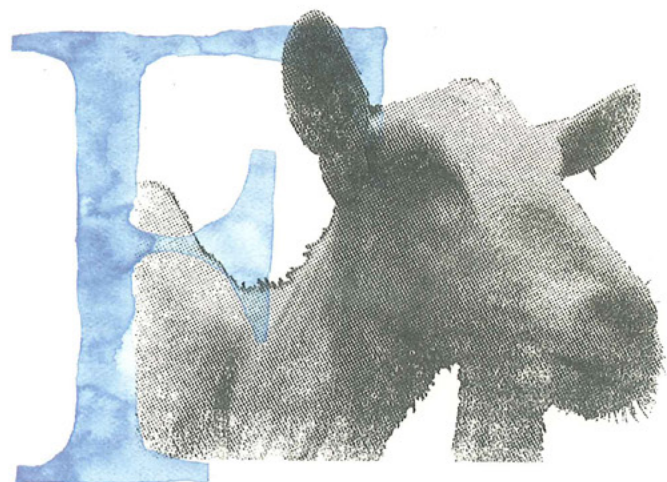
And then there's God and Gays, Chocolate and Easter. The celebration of Jesus and the Saints cast in chocolate reminds us of our own mortality and the impermanence of every day. This, in its essence, is how we know we are alive. Art that doesn't decay, that only accumulates imagined value and status, lures us into believing in our own power to overcome an uncertain God and our certain death. We are foolish to believe that the art we possess or create saves us from our very nature and fate. Cosimo points us here with beauty and craft. Stunning, aching, noble, divine. If you have the opportunity to look upon them you might for a moment wish to possess them and forget that they are not yours to have, they are quite simply traveling toward dust. Still, they remind you of the beauty of sacrifice and the divine in yourself and all around you.

And on the subject of the transformation celebrated at this time of year, there is the transformation of a young Marisa via lightning bolt and community, a goat playing an unexpected role in her passage to womanhood. Here the powers of nature, and certainly the divine, usher her into her universe, I'm sure much as Mary the virgin mother of Jesus must have been delivered into her role. CF & AD



# the REAL CHUPA. CABRA

words and photography by SASHA DAVIES



Five years ago I decided that I loved cheese enough to make it my profession and since then, food has become the lens through which I consider everything, from whether I like someone to where I want to live. Initially I was drawn to the industry by my love for consuming cheese. An enormous shift happened when I made my first visit to a dairy farm, a 40-cow farmstead cheesemaking operation run by two families. I realized that I knew nearly nothing about the realities of dairy farming starting with the most basic mammalian principle- in order for a female cow, sheep or goat to give milk they must give birth. At least half of these young animals born (the males) have no purpose on a dairy farm. They don't produce milk, and thus enter another part of the food chain- they are sold to be raised for meat. We see evidence of this in the mainstream market with veal (baby cow), beef, lamb (baby sheep), and mutton. But this is one dairy animal shy of the cheese plate trifecta.

Goats produce approximately one tenth of the volume of milk cows do and yet goat's milk cheeses have become ubiquitous. Chevre is available in most major supermarkets and is on restaurant menus of both fine dining and chain restaurants. Given the steady rise of goat's milk cheeses, and more recently yogurt and milk, it is interesting that most people I know have never been offered, let alone tasted goat meat. I, for example, have probably consumed my own weight in goat's milk cheeses and

yet I can recall only one instance where I've eaten goat meat. The most recently published USDA Agricultural Census Data (2002) shows a doubling domestic milk goat population between 1997 and 2002. Of course a fair amount of goat's milk cheeses are imported, but even with that I'm left wondering where the goat cheese producers that we purchase from send their cull goats (kids and milkers both).

The industry rumor is that goat dairy farmers euthanize male kids or offspring from low ranking milkers at birth by drowning them, slitting their throats on the field or walking them into a freezer and leaving them to die. While many dairy farmers talk about this, almost none admit to ever having done it themselves. The average birth rate for dairy goats is 200%. This means that smaller goat dairies with a herd of 25-30 goats could be dealing with upwards of 50-60 kids during kidding season. Even if the farm is expanding, an average of at least 50% would be males. So where do these animals go? The response to this question was unanimous: New York and New Jersey.

There is a booming market for goat meat. Most goats going through processors (slaughterhouses) in New York and New Jersey are transported from places like Maine, Indiana, and Texas. Goat farmers of all types; fiber, meat, breeders, and dairy in the Northeast are at least closer to the large ethnic markets consuming goats. In some states it is challenging to find an auction where there is any interest in goats. With many kids being sold as young as possible, there can be high mortality rates on the long distance trips- sometimes referred to as the "shrink rate." Imported goat meat also has a solid market in the U.S. largely because it is cheaper than its domestic counterpart. Most of the imports are coming from Australia and New Zealand, where goat production is piggy-backing on lamb production, taking advantage of a fully developed infrastructure with streamlined slaughterhouses and packaging for export. Those countries have also benefited from their relationship with other Commonwealth countries, like India and Jamaica, that provide stable markets for goat meat. Often the imported goats are frozen and considered lesser quality than fresh, domestic goats but exporters are responding to this with fresh, cryovacked goat meat now being flown into the U.S.

Cultural shifts in the U.S. over the last 30 years have led to a rise in ethnic cuisine as immigrants have been more inclined to maintain connections to their culture and traditions. If you're looking for goat meat you will find it in Greek, Italian, Hispanic and Arabic markets, and not at the local C-Town. The domestic goat meat market would be helped immensely if the consumer base expanded and if the demand for goats was more consistent year-round. These two challenges could be helped by selling goat meat in smaller, specialty food markets where retailers have more interaction and more opportunity to educate customers.

With demand high enough to support an import market, right in our own backyard, why would a dairy goat producer ever kill off a kid goat? The same reason for so many seemingly "bad" decisions in farming: economics. Dairy farmers, whether they are selling their milk to creameries or selling it themselves in the form of fluid milk, yogurt or cheese, are almost guaranteed a loss on any kids they raise for the meat market. Any goat milk the farmer would feed those kids would pay better in the cheese vat. The pricing structure in the market gives dairy farmers incentive to discard the unwanted kids, raising them to a minimum weight required for them to be picked



up by someone who will sell them at auction or raise them at a different facility. On average it takes two months to get a kid to a desirable size (30-40 pounds) for the majority of the goat market customers. For example, if a cheesemaker wanted to raise milk fed goat kids, they would put approximately 75 gallons of milk into it to get the kid to weight, milk would be worth much more if it were turned into cheese.

Again, goat dairy farmers are making choices in line with what their market will bear. And the market is surprisingly seasonal as well as based in locality. "It's been difficult in Maine because there hasn't been a good outlet. My friend who raises sheep has lots of land, and can get premium prices for her lamb meat, as well as milking the sheep and selling me the milk, resulting in a truly diversified farm. As I've never been able to get decent prices for kids, it's never been a dependable source of farm income, just gravy if it happens to be a good year and the market isn't flooded," says Caitlin Hunter of Appleton Creamery in Appleton, Maine. Caitlin is a farmstead cheesemaker with a small herd of about 35 goats, and she could still have as many as 70-80 kids to manage each season, requiring a considerable amount of labor. Compounding this issue is the strong seasonal element to goat meat demand. Most often consumers are searching for goat meat for specific religious holidays. Scheduling kidding according to holiday calendars seems like a great strategy for the farmer but it can backfire if the market is flooded when a couple holidays fall too close together.

Occasionally, dairy farms are lucky enough to connect with someone who wants to purchase all of their unwanted kids and raise them to selling weight for the meat market. There are not enough livestock farmers interested in doing this to meet the need, and this imbalance drives the price down further on unwanted kids. The livestock farmer taking them on is also faced with some challenges. Raising goat kids away from their mothers means feeding them some form of milk replacer. This practice generally has a higher mortality rate and even for those who live to make it to market are considered by some meat buyers to be lower quality than kids raised completely on milk. Vermont Quality Meats, a processor and wholesaler, will only purchase milk-fed kids, both because of taste and their belief that it is a more sound way to raise kids.





ften kids are raised to a week old and are then sold at a country auction for \$1 or \$2 a piece, and even at this point, they represent a loss for the farmer because of labor. Here they might be purchased by a dealer who can relocate them to markets where feeders will purchase them and fatten them up before selling them at a terminal auction. The worst-case scenario for an unwanted goat kid is a distribution chain with five handoffs. Each handoff can represent transit of considerable distances and varying degrees of attention to their needs. In my experience speaking with people who raise livestock, one of their chief considerations is how animals are treated during these days where they are en-route to be fattened up or slaughtered.

Euthanasia at birth almost begins to look more appealing than appalling. For the farmer it is not only often a better financial choice, but it also might be the lesser of two evils for them emotionally. If the goat kids die on their farm, at least it means that they know exactly what happens to the animal rather than sending them off to a place that is out of their control. Livestock farming needs to be sustainable for farmers both financially and emotionally, and most of the farmers that I support are seeking a methodology that allows them a certain integrity surrounding their choices. These farmers are interested in a system that considers the treatment of the animals and currently, not many of them have direct access to that.

One example of what might be possible is the business model of one of my favorite cheese producers in New York state, Karen Weinberg of 3 Corner Field Farm. She milks a herd of 100 sheep and raises all of the lambs born on their farm, selling their meat and skins at the farmers market right alongside sheep milk, cheese and yogurt. Lambs spend two months on their mothers before being transitioned to pasture for the remaining months before slaughter. The meat sells for a higher price than imported and even many domestic lamb producers, yet she is selling it successfully at the market and to a handful of restaurants in New Jersey and NYC. The animal husbandry requirements for kids are different than lambs and the market for kids is slightly different than lamb, favoring younger animals. Sheep dairies are not a precise model for goat dairies to follow but they do offer some useful basic concepts.

If a market for local, milk-fed goat meat were strong enough to support what it actually costs to produce that kind of meat, then farmers might feel like they have a good option. There are some goat dairy farms forging the path to a broader goat meat market in Maine. Marge Kilkelly and Joe Murray had been keeping a few goats for their own consumption on their diverse homestead farm and realized that the meat they were eating was so good that other people would also enjoy it. As their herd grew beyond their capacity to consume they didn't want to send their goats off to auction yards. They suspected that neighboring farmers might feel the same way and reached out to others raising goats in their area. Before long they found three farms interested in partnering with them and founded a cooperative called Thyme for Goats. The cooperative established a relationship with a meat processor who shares their goal to provide a stress-free experience all the way through to the end of the goats' lives.

Animals are collected from multiple farms and taken to the processor where they are slaughtered and butchered into cuts that are appropriate for individual customers (i.e. not whole and quartered animals). The focus is on more familiar cuts of meat such as sausages, ground meat, osso bucco and roasts to attract novice goat consumers. The cooperative began selling goat meat



at farmers' markets locally and have recently expanded to online sales- both have been successful. Speaking with Marge Kilkelly, it is hard to understand why no one has latched on to goat meat yet from a health/wellness perspective- for starters it is 50-65% lower in fat while maintaining a protein content similar to that of beef.

One of the highlights of the Thyme for Goats Cooperative is their commitment to providing high quality care to the animals right through to their slaughter. Farmers selling goats to the cooperative can rest assured that even if goats will be picked up a day or two before their scheduled slot at the processor, they will be kept at one of the four cooperative founders' farms and receive the same treatment as the resident herds. Consumers are just beginning to ask that animals be treated ethically and humanely, the next step for us is to be willing to pay a price that supports this request.

Growing numbers of us have decided to say no to conventionally raised beef, pork, chicken, and lamb, but as soon as we step into categories of meat that are less familiar to us, we tend to stop asking questions. We think we don't know the questions to ask or maybe we don't want to know the answers. Unwanted kid goats touch on one of the biggest nerves in our food system: by and large we don't take full responsibility for the impact of our food choices. Of course, industrial agriculture has groomed us for this by moving us farther and farther away from the actual production of what we eat, but we've marched along with our heads down. The free turkey that came with your \$100 grocery tab at the supermarket and that dirt-cheap chevre both have consequences. I'm not advocating for bottomless, carnivorous guilt- this is a plea for an increased awareness that might motivate us to make choices that are better for everyone... even the kids.

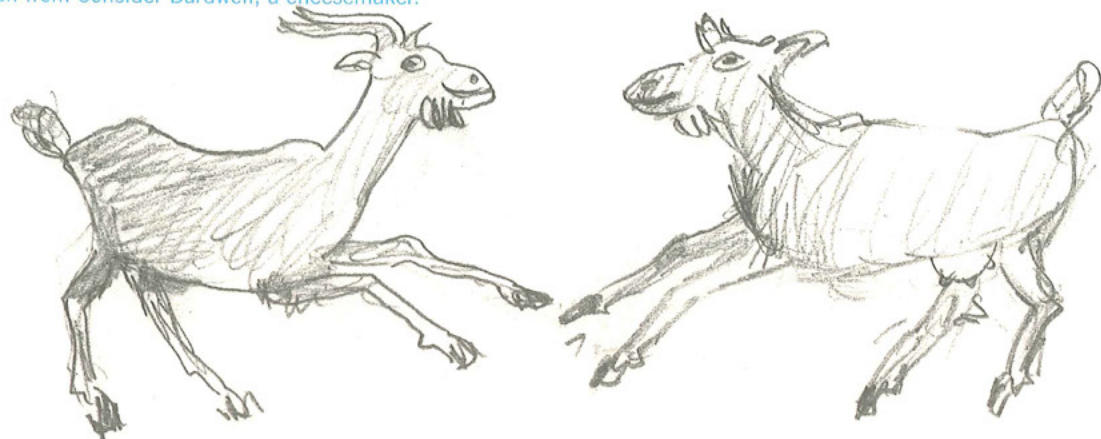


# RECIPES

The kid was smaller than we expected. Much smaller than the ice chest it came in, enough maybe to feed our Sunday dinner, but not nearly enough to be divvied up about a busy restaurant service. The problem was that we were only offered an Italian Hothouse Kid. The Italian Hothouse is synonymous with Easter or suckling kid; milk-fed, no older than 10-12 weeks and weighing approximately 25 lbs. This yields a light, mild meat. Some might say the problem lies in the language.

Largely inspired by our resident animal enthusiast's article on what happens to baby male goats, we set out one snow-flurried Sunday afternoon to find a delicious and financially viable way to work with goat meat at home and in the market place, or rather, our market place. We had an expectation that the meat would be weird and gamey which was largely due only to ignorance. When was the last time we ate goat meat? Once as a child. Never. Once in Spain. Once in Africa I ate a baby camel....

Much of the reason that there are no goats on the menu is that goats have not been made available to us through the farmers and purveyors we do business with. When we first opened the restaurant I was chased around for months by a woman from the Cornell Cooperative who was trying to enlist me to buy goat meat. I was inexperienced and couldn't understand her motivation. Why me? Why goat meat? When I finally agreed, she never delivered and I never saw her again. In retrospect, she was probably trying to do what we are now, connect goats with consumers, particularly in restaurants. Since then, the only goat meat that has been offered to us has been from Consider Bardwell, a cheesemaker.



The kid cost us \$9.00/lb. We pay \$4.00/lb. for a whole steer or pig. That's a big difference and a small animal yields much less usable meat than a large animal. To confuse things further, since we bought and liked the goat meat from Consider Bardwell they are not certain they will sell meat next year. Though we now understand that there is a market for goat meat, there is still a disconnect between the goats born on a dairy farm and a public, namely restaurateurs, who might be interested in helping them. Sure there are goats out there being sold at auction and passed from hand to hand until they finally end up in New Jersey, but that's not what we're looking for. We're looking for a direct connection to the source and that is not yet apparent and available.

One notion is that we reach out to other goat dairies and try to resolve the issue of the baby boys. But we alone can't change the economics of goat even if we occasionally pay a premium for the meat. As a result, I don't know how we can lift the kids out of the infernal cycle of commodity. I do know, however, that we could make very good use of them. So we went about it four ways.

In preparing to cook our "Goat Four Different Ways" we decided to look up recipes on-line and follow them exactly. This is not something we usually do but it seemed to make sense because we were approaching goat as total novices. It also allowed us to use some flavors that we don't normally associate with the restaurants and cook in a style that one would at home. As a result these are not original recipes. Thanks to all of those we lifted from.

## JAMAICAN GOAT CURRY

*This was pick-pocketed from Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall. We love all things Hugh. It calls for marinating the meat overnight but we didn't have time and it still came out great.*

**3-4# goat, preferably braising cuts, cut into 2" cubes**

### MARINADE

- 2 cups canned plum tomatoes, crushed**
  - 2 onions, diced**
  - 6 cloves garlic, sliced**
  - 2 habanero or scotch bonnet chilis, seeds removed and finely diced**
  - 1 Tablespoon thyme, picked**
  - 1 large bunch cilantro, leaves and stems separated**
  - 2 Tablespoons HP Sauce (An English brown Ketchup, that is an A1-like condiment.)**
- salt**

### CURRY SPICE MIX

- 1 Tablespoon coriander seeds**
- 1 Tablespoon black peppercorns**
- 12 cardamom pods**
- 1 Tablespoon fenugreek seeds**
- 1 cinnamon stick**
- 1 Tablespoon ground ginger**
- 1 Tablespoon ground turmeric**

*Season meat well with salt and pepper. Dry roast whole spices (except peppercorns) in a sauté pan and then pound with a mortar and pestle or grind in a coffee grinder or spice mill. Mix with the ground ginger and turmeric.*

*In a large bowl mix the spice mix with the marinade. For the marinade use only the stems of the cilantro, chopping them finely. Reserve the leaves to garnish the stew. Add the meat to the marinade and rub well. Allow meat to marinate for a few hours or overnight.*

*Remove the meat from the marinade, season again with salt and pepper, and brown in a large sauté pan. This will need to be done in batches. Transfer meat to a Dutch oven. Add the marinade to the pan and cook until the onions are soft. Add this mixture to the meat in the pot. Deglaze the pan with water or chicken stock and add to the meat. Cover the meat 2/3 of the way with either stock or water. Season with salt and then cook covered on a low flame until tender, 2-3 hours. Serve with rice and cilantro.*

## GOAT TAGINE

*Although we don't know who he is, we used Greg Malouf's recipe for Ras al Hanout and adapted his Harissa recipe. The Tagine recipe was found while surfing the internet super-highway on alisterlindsay.com, a goat meat purveyor in Australia.*

*This recipe involves many complex components. Ras al Hanout and Harissa can both be purchased from specialty food stores. It's worth the effort to avoid the metallic flavor of canned Harissa and, of course, you'll be able to sleep more peacefully knowing you made your own Ras al Hanout. Making the spice mix is tedious but key to the recipe's success. Although it requires a lot of ingredients and focus this is a pretty straightforward and good curry.*

*Note: Andrew Tarlow, stating "they never tell you to use enough spice," dumped all the Ras al Hanout into his Tagine. We discovered that he is probably right, but he went too far. We have recommended a more moderate dosing but please add to taste.*

**3-4# goat, preferably braising cuts, cut into 2" cubes**

- 1 cup golden raisins**
- 1 small butternut squash, cubed**
- 1 large onion, diced**
- 6 cloves garlic, sliced**
- 2 carrots, cut into 1/2" slices**
- 2 Tablespoons Ras al Hanout**
- 2 teaspoons ground cumin**
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon**
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger**
- 1 large pinch saffron**
- 2 cups chicken stock**
- 1/4 cup honey**
- 2 Tablespoons Harissa**
- 1 large bunch coriander**
- 1 bunch mint**
- 1 bunch parsley**

*Season meat well with salt and pepper.*





## RAS AL HANOUT

- 1 teaspoon cumin seed
- 1 teaspoon coriander seed
- 6 cardamom pods
- ½ teaspoon black peppercorn
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- 1 cinnamon stick
- 1 teaspoon cayenne
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon whole allspice
- 3 cloves
- ¼ teaspoon caraway seed
- ¼ teaspoon anise seed

Dry roast all whole spices and then grind everything with a mortar and pestle or spice grinder.

## HARISSA

- 10 ancho chiles
- 10 chile de arbol
- 2 cloves garlic, sliced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cumin seed
- 1 teaspoon caraway seed
- extra virgin olive oil

Place ancho chiles in a pot and cover with water. Bring to a boil and then remove from heat and let cool. When cool enough to handle, remove stems and seeds from chiles and then roughly chop. Toast cumin and caraway. Place anchos, chile arbol, garlic and spices into a mortar and pestle and pound into a paste or process in a food processor. Add oil as necessary to loosen.

Heat a large saute pan and brown goat meat well on all sides. This will need to be done in batches. Transfer browned meat to a large Dutch oven. In the same pan cook off onion, garlic, squash and carrots until they start to soften. Add 3 Tablespoons Ras al Hanout, cumin, cinnamon, ginger and saffron to the vegetables and allow to fry for a minute. Deglaze with a cup of chicken stock and then transfer vegetables to the Dutch oven with the meat. Mix in raisins, honey and 2 Tablespoons harissa. Add more chicken stock until meat is covered ¾ of the way. Season with salt and then cook covered on a low flame until tender, 2-3 hours. Serve with rice and fresh herbs, harissa and yogurt sauce.



## CORSICAN GOAT

This was found in *Saveur Cooks Authentic French*. We followed this recipe exactly. While it appears simple it was a group favorite and really allows the goat meat to show through without a reliance on heavy spice.

- 3-4# goat, preferably braising cuts, cut into 2" cubes
- 2 large onions, sliced
- 12 cloves garlic, sliced
- 2 cups canned plum tomatoes, crushed by hand
- 1 Tablespoon tomato paste
- 1 bunch parsley, chopped
- 1 small bunch thyme, picked (2 Tablespoons)
- 2 cups red wine
- 1 Tablespoon flour

Season meat well with salt and pepper. In a large sauté pan brown the meat on all sides. Transfer browned meat to a Dutch oven. In the same pan cook the onions and garlic allowing them to brown a little and soften. Add the tomatoes and the tomato paste stirring well to deglaze the pan and dissolve the tomato paste. Transfer to the Dutch oven. Add the wine and herbs, mix well and then stir in the flour. Season with salt and then cook covered on a low flame until tender, 2-3 hours. Serve with roasted potatoes or noodles.

## YOGURT SAUCE

- 1 container greek strained yogurt
- 1 bunch scallions
- 1 Tablespoon white wine vinegar

Mix above together in a bowl, season with salt and a little olive oil if necessary.

## ROAST GOAT

This is our basic recipe for leg of lamb applied here to goat. This allowed for the truest goat experience. It was delicious but we suspect it was so because of the breed and age of the goat we were offered; the infamous Italian Hothouse Kid.

- 1 goat leg, 3-4#
- 12 cloves garlic, sliced
- 4-6 sprigs rosemary, picked
- ½ cup extra virgin olive oil
- 12 good quality flavorful potatoes, fingerlings or adirondack reds
- 2 lemons, sliced

Season goat with salt and pepper. Marinate with garlic, rosemary and olive oil and let sit overnight. Toss potatoes with salt, pepper, lemon slices and olive oil and arrange on the bottom of a large roasting pan. Place goat leg on top of the potatoes and into a 400° oven for the first 20 minutes. Turn the oven down to 350° and continue to cook goat to medium rare, about 1½ hours. If goat is not browning turn the temperature back up.

Serve warm with potatoes.

## LAMB WITH RADISHES MINT AND FETA

Cook the lamb in the same manner as the roast goat, marinating overnight and then roasting in the oven. You could also bone, butterfly and grill the lamb. To do this remove the bone from the leg of lamb by carefully following the bone with your knife and removing it from the muscle. Lay the lamb out on a cutting board and butterfly by slicing the large muscles in half but not cutting all the way through, creating a flap. Continue on until lamb is all the same thickness throughout. Marinate the lamb in the same manner, overnight. Heat a grill and then place the entire leg on the grill, cooking on both sides. For medium rare cook for about five minutes on each side. Slice and serve.

## RADISHES, MINT AND FETA

- 1 bunch radishes
- 1 small bunch mint, rough chopped
- goat feta
- extra virgin olive oil
- lemon

French feta is usually made from goats milk. It is a milder feta than that made from sheeps milk. Clean and trim radishes and cut them into quarters. Toss with feta, extra virgin olive oil and lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper. When seasoned and ready to serve add mint, toss.

## NIR'S ISRAELI MEATBALLS

- 1# ground lamb (optional)
- 1# ground beef
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup dried cherries, finely chopped
- ½ cup pistachio nuts, finely chopped
- 1 small onion, minced
- ½ cup cilantro, chopped
- ½ cup parsley, chopped
- 2 Tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1 teaspoon chile arbol

Either chop the cherries and pistachios well by hand or rough chop them and then place them in a food processor to mince. Place all of the above ingredients in a large bowl and season well with salt and pepper. Test for seasoning by frying up a meatball. When properly seasoned roll into golf ball sized meatballs. Heat a pan with olive oil and then brown meatballs all around. Place meatballs in a hot oven and cook for about 5 minutes. Serve with yogurt sauce, farro salad and pickled beets.









# EDIBLE DEITY

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN *Cosimo Cavallaro* & *TED MINEO*



"WHEN THE WEATHER GETS ROUGH AND IT'S WHISKEY IN THE SHADE IT'S BEST TO WRAP YOUR SAVIOR UP IN CELLOPHANE."

TOM WAITS, *CHOCOLATE JESUS*

In March of 2007, artist Cosimo Cavallaro was told by Bill Donahue, president of the Catholic League, to display his art in New Jersey because that's where New Yorkers dump their trash. Cavallaro's show, *Sweet Jesus*, featuring a life size anatomically correct Jesus figure cast in chocolate, had just been pulled from Lab Gallery at the Roger Smith Hotel due to death threats and religious outrage. One grey morning I was blasting Bruce Springsteen and grinning behind the counter at work. Cosimo came in and with a wink and a high five accused me of being in love. I knew then we would be friends. Recently Cosimo made a new Jesus and eight Easter Bunny sized saints for an opening at The Proposition. Cosimo seems to be constantly combating preciousness, questioning our need to be satiated and committed to examining our mortal tight-wire of angers and desires. In Cosimo's words, "When we eat we are battling death." Shortly after the show opened Ted Mineo and I sat with Cosimo for an afternoon and, well, mostly listened.

**TM:** So it's on its way to Las Vegas? What's it going to do, win it big?

**CC:** Yeah. It's on its way to a show in a gallery called *Dust*. Appropriate. Ha. It's located on the first strip in Vegas where *Star-dust* was. Apparently they are converting all that into galleries. Which I'm not happy about.

**TM:** That they are converting it?

**CC:** No, that I have to keep continuing with this thing. I want to bury it, you know? It was made not to last and now they are trying to make it last. Why am I doing this?

**TM:** Also your relationship to it is not about the object, it's more about the primary experiences around it.

**CC:** Yes and it's not ending.

**TM:** What's the end point for you? The thing about this piece is that its life expanded way beyond its life in the gallery. Now it exists in the mind of millions of people who encounter it through the Internet, through mass media, etc.

**CC:** Why did it evolve? It's the opposition that makes it exist. And they are crazy. It has to do with fear. How do I move on from that? I go deeper. I read an e-mail in which someone said if they caught me they would shove a cross up my ass.

**TM:** That's so much more offensive and vulgar than a chocolate Jesus.

**CC:** And it continued to go on to say, until it comes out your throat. It's just astounding that someone could visualize me in that way. It was so much angrier than what I had done and then for the next few days I had this feeling of hatred and pain and then it started to feel as though I had a thousand crosses in my gut.

**TM:** The thing about a person who writes that is that they very rarely have the ability to imagine, to empathize, to think of the reality of the thing that they are saying and its effect on another human being.

**CC:** Right, he is saying, you will hemorrhage to death by the cross.

**TM:** It's interesting because the crucifix is a torture mechanism. They base teachings of love around it but the emblematic symbol is that of someone being tortured.

**CC:** Well, love is still pain and sacrifice? Maybe. But I want to stay away from making a comment on what I do. Sometimes I just think of something that makes me laugh. I just did the Jesus because it's what I thought of, you know? And when I did it I thought 'wouldn't it be funny if they actually put this in a church.' And now I'm getting calls from churches. I know that they need membership. How far are they going to go to get membership?

**TM:** It's interesting because its materials make it that much more connected to the body, more than a typical Christ figure.

**CC:** I guess that's what they want you to do when you look at Christ. One guy told me I was a loser because I didn't believe in Christ. He didn't know if I did or didn't.

**TM:** Well it's a lot about policing the borders of their specific worldview. And you, for whatever reason, threaten that.

**CC:** It doesn't take much. Some chocolate.

**TM:** And good timing too because that was Holy Week. I'm interested what happened this time around. This was All Saints Day?

**CC:** Yeah, but it doesn't matter. You could throw a dart and end up on some Christian holiday. But the difference is that this time around I was getting death threats and I had to do it but I didn't want to do it. You know, no matter what, that energy has an effect on you. All of a sudden I'm thinking 'oh my god do they know where my mother lives?'

**TM:** Well, it's interesting how different making the same thing twice can be. The first time you had no idea how people would react and this time you're living with a certain amount of dread.

**CC:** The first time was like being hit by a bat, you know? I was 15 when I moved to New York and I was walking out of the apartment building that I was staying at. I left, bang. I got knocked out. And I woke up on the sidewalk and I thought an air conditioner had hit me on the head. Why? Because I was so impressed by how many air conditioners were hanging off



the buildings. And I walk to the subway and I don't have my wallet on me. I go back to the apartment and I can't find it and my friends are looking at me and ask me what happened. And I say an air conditioner fell on my head and I can't find my wallet. And they tell me someone hit me and took my wallet and I say impossible there was no one in front of me. They were behind me and I had never thought of that. It had never occurred to me that someone would hit me from inside the building, not to fight me, not because they hate me, but to take something from me, my wallet, or like I was eating a meal, my food. That was how I felt the first time around.

**TM:** It's got to be incredibly harrowing to receive death threats.

**CC:** You know what's worse is getting a phone call from an old lady on her death bed crying, asking you to stop what you're doing, what you're doing to her Jesus and redeem yourself, so she can die in peace. Can you imagine the paralysis? It's as though she was asking me to stop living so she could die in peace. I've resigned to the idea that if I want to make you laugh I'm going to make you cry. If I want to make you cry I'm going to make you laugh.

I love Pollock and Duchamp, but I love them for what they make me aware of and not what they were aware of. I mean, here you are dripping paint and they call you Jack the Dripper. Why? Why is he so threatening he is called Jack the Dripper? What's the point?

**TM:** Well, again he's breaking their worldview.

**CC:** I guess I'm looking for the natural reaction. I want to find the purest communication. And the only thing I can think of is how can I get you to push me to react? This one guy, this is right before I did the cheese house, this guy says to me 'oh so you make paintings with cheese and apples and stuff?' I think he meant still life but the first thing that came to my mind was, I'll fucking plaster your whole restaurant with cheese you asshole. But then I went home and I did it to a chair because that's how I could deal with it. And the chair reminded me of my father; it was his chair.

**TM:** That was the spark.

**CC:** Right, this guy that was really traditional like my father and this anger toward him and my anger toward this chair that was my fathers. And I thought 'That's great!' But I didn't know it until I did it. But of course I look like I've lost my mind. You're putting good cheese on a good chair? But it excites me like I'm dancing on nails. And this woman looks at me, and I know she has the right negativity and she just tells me I'm nuts. I'm wasting two good things.

**TM:** It's interesting how two good things put together create such negativity.

**CC:** I feel like I'm doing it all the time. Look at the Chocolate Jesus. The body of Christ in chocolate. Positive and positive creating a great negative. And I think I must really like to be pushed to the ground, because I like to fight it.

**TM:** You're combining elements that create electricity in your life. And then you're charged up. And the next moves you make will leave a different deeper footprint.

**CC:** Unfortunately, it has made me more cautious I fear. For me it has to be visceral, and cerebral. But if I had to choose one it would be visceral, because that's how I grew up. It's rather Catholic I suppose. Tell me no and I'll think of every way possible. Tell me yes, it doesn't matter.

**TM:** Well, in all your work there is a kind of cognitive dissidence, a certain wrongness to the scene that you're making, be it the material you're using, the ham bed. A kind of round peg trying to fit in the square hole. There is something that does not compute and that puncturing of reality is where the art is happening.

**CC:** Yes. Everyone had this expectation I was going to neatly slice this ham and make a nice duvet. And people came and were like "hey you just threw it on the bed?" As though they were participating with a visual expectation of a "ham bed or a bed with ham on it" which of course doesn't really exist. And I was trying to resist that. I was really just slicing and pitching it over my shoulder at the bed so I couldn't see it, then I was getting into the sound of the ham hitting the other ham. Then I was turned on by the fact that I wasn't going to turn around or end this experience until I was out of ham. What it looks like means nothing to me.

**TM:** People were watching you?

**CC:** Yes, which was not the initial idea. I was going to go in at night at do it but that seemed like window-dressing to me. I don't want that reflective time between the act and what the audience is going to experience. I need them to be closer.

So there are all these people outside the window, some holding signs about me wasting food, some cheering me on and I spot this one guy. All alone right? A weird guy carrying a can of soda, in the back just staring. And staring. And he comes in right and no one is talking to him but he's being filmed. And we watch the film right and he starts talking to himself and he says, "Amazing. Just amazing. Unbelievable. Just like Jack the Ripper." And then he leaves.

**TM:** Creepy.

**CC:** Right and the camera pans over and there are these two little kids on the other side of the bed, picking up the ham and eating it. And people were looking at me like a guy in a deli. You know? And yet this deli is not a deli because somebody says this deli is art. No one is asking for it on a bagel.





# EL GALLINERO DE MI ALMA

When I called from Spain to tell my mom I was gay, she responded like many surprised by a loved ones admission. Denial.

*"Hi Mom. I'm calling to tell you I'm a Lesbian."*

*"Well that's nice dear."*

*"How is the town you're staying in?"*

I had spent the previous nine months traveling, marking the end of the millennium and the beginning of my twenty-first year. I drove from Puget Sound to New Orleans, sold my car, bought a plane ticket to Miami, Christmas in Connecticut, New Years in Paris, Saint Patrick's Day in Dublin, and Amsterdam on my way to Spain. A very, very small town in Spain. Two important life events happened during my stay. I came out to my parents as being gay, and I stopped being a vegetarian.

I went to Spain as a WWOOFer. World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms is an organization that creates a network of farmers who are practicing organically and connects them with volunteers interested in learning about sustainable agriculture. In exchange for labor on the farm, the volunteer receives room and board. I arranged to stay for one month with a couple, Brian and Geniviva, who had an organic smallholding called Finca La Gallinera in the small town of Requiñada. Requiñada is a village in the province of Segovia in the middle of Spain. It sits in the foothills of the Sierra Guadarrama Mountains. La Gallinera, or The Chicken Coop, was made up of a modest one bedroom house that was a remodeled chicken coop (hence the name), a new chicken coop, a barn, two gardens, five dogs, a horse and a small herd of goats.

I tilled the garden, gathered eggs, stuccoed walls and milked the goats. I felt very nervous the first time I milked the goat. First you entice the female goat away from the herd and into the barn. Then you get her to stand on the milking platform and

make sure there is enough grain in her bowl to keep her entertained. The udders and teats need to be washed with warm water to remove any dirt or manure. This teat massage helps to relax the goat and release oxytocin which helps the milk let down. Grabbing the teat you create a ring by touching your thumb and forefinger to trap the milk like a balloon in the lower part of the teat. You then slowly and firmly squeeze the teat starting with your third finger, then ring finger and finally pinky.

The feeling of the warm teat in my hand surprised me. It felt intimate and exploitive. I had the acute awareness that I was taking milk intended for this goats' kid. I felt bad. After a few mornings of milking the goats however, I stopped feeling bad. The goats were well taken care of and there was enough milk for the two kids and for us humans. It seemed like a mutually beneficial arrangement.

This was not the first time in my life I had been around goats. As I child we had a pet goat named Spritz. When we brought him home from the goat farm we fed him milk out of a huge two-liter soda bottle with a large nipple. He was ridiculously cute and I loved him like a puppy. My brother and I would walk him around our neighborhood on a leash our Grandfather made for us. Soon Spritz was too big for either of us to control and our neighborhood walks ended. We then tried to pretend he was a horse and ride him around the backyard. Goats don't like to be ridden, they just run really fast away from you, bleating bloody murder. We finally settled on beach ball. My goat loved to play ball. I would toss and he would head-butt it back.

Being around the goats at El Gallinero reminded me of how much I liked them. Goats are funny, playful, intelligent and sometimes belligerent animals. The baby goats are the cutest and at El Gallinero there were three playful kids that reminded me of Spritz.





After I had been there about three weeks my hosts went on a short impromptu vacation to the south of Spain. I was left to feed the chickens, walk the dogs and milk the goats until having my goat sitting post relieved by a neighbor. She lived in the next town over and would ride her bike through the fields to come and keep me company. We would spend hours talking and watching movies. She taught me how to make tortilla espanola. I was totally enraptured by the sound of her voice. Spanish is the best language for flirting as it has lots of double entendres. My hosts were surprised to find upon their return, that they had two goat sitters and not one.

As a "thank you for farm sitting" gift they brought her a whole Jamon Serrano. I received a pretty refrigerator magnet that looked like a tile from the Alhambra. Jamon Serrano is a whole dried and cured pigs leg including hoof. I was disgusted. I was still a vegetarian.

My decision to become vegetarian came around age twelve after reading Diet for a New America. Mr. Robbins outlines gruesome industrial farm details, the environmental effects of a meat-based diet, as well as its negative health effects. As a typical all-knowing pre-teen, I made the decision never to eat meat again. I watched, horrified, as my new love positioned the hoof end over her shoulder and, resting the thigh on the table, began to carve off slices of pig flesh. I started to have second thoughts....about the pork.

The next month was May. Eschewing my traveling plans to Barcelona, I went to stay with Mi Amor in a nearby town. It was a beautiful time. Spring was in the clean mountain air and the wild lavender was beginning to blossom. Neither one of us were working. We ate that pig leg and drank Cava every day.

During this time Geniviva and Brian decided to kill Jorge, one of the baby male goats, for meat. When you are a small farm, you have to keep your goat population stable. I felt conflicted about the killing and eating of this cute little animal. Aside from the fact that he reminded me of my childhood pet, the intimacy of getting to know my food alive and then dead was a new experience for me.

I also knew that just like his life, his death would be respected. He would be killed in the most humane manner possible. He was not trapped in some horrible disease-infested cage, being pumped full of hormones and antibiotics. On the contrary, he lived a free life, a calm, healthy life, even if it was, ultimately, a short life.

In the end it would have been disrespectful not to eat him. The day Brian killed him was somber. He didn't have a freezer to store Jorge in, so Mi Amor lent him hers. She felt uncomfortable that he was in there. I thought it was fun to taunt her by opening the door to the freezer and making bleating goat noises like Jorge was calling out to her from his frosty grave. Also funny was that she could carve up that ham no problem, but the emotional attachment of knowing Jorge made him more than what's for dinner.

Eventually, Brian made Jorge into dinner. We sat down at the wooden table and stared into the steaming bowls of goat stew. The four of us drank Rioja and laughed, and felt a little sad. I don't remember what it tasted like. The meal was memorable for another reason; I ate Jorge because in the context of the farm's small ecosystem, his life and death made sense. It made sense that he was born because his mother was a milk goat and had to have kids to continue producing milk. It made sense that he would spend his short life playing with the other kids and running around carefree. It made sense that the small farm could not support an animal that was not able to contribute to the system. The chickens gave eggs, the goats milk, the gardens vegetables, the rooster his crow, and little Jorge gave his meat.

Being so close to my food gave me a new appreciation for life and death and food and meat. It is important to be viscerally connected to our food. I think about food too much to make unconscious decisions about it. I don't want to eat something that I can't reconcile where it came from. I can't eat in denial.

# SANGUE DI GIUDA

*"THE ASCETIC, AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM (FOR THE GLORY OF GOD), DEGRADES AND MORTIFIES THE FLESH; JUDAS DEGRADED AND MORTIFIED THE SPIRIT. HE RENOUNCED HONOR, GOOD, PEACE, THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, AS OTHERS, LESS HEROICALLY, RENOUNCED PLEASURE."* - JORGE LUIS BORGES "TRES VERSIONES DE JUDAS"

Wine, in even its most secular context, has always been celebrated and characterized as a life-giving bounty or the drink to good health, happy harvests and hearty living. Ancients thanked Dionysus for granting "to rich and poor...the delight of wine, that makes all pain to cease." Essentially, wine is a function of, supplier to, and symbol for a good time. Why then, would anyone make or drink wine called Sangue di Giuda or the BLOOD OF JUDAS?

Sangue di Giuda, rarely represented in any major wine encyclopedia, usually receives notation as an odd, possibly cute, never significant, underachiever. The books and importer spreadsheets habitually list the specs: this semi-sweet, frizzante wine is usually made from Croatina, which in Oltrepo Pavese, the wine region, is known as Bonarda. Often the Bonarda is blended with Uva Rara. The wine I tasted also has Barbara grapes blended and weighs in at about 7 to 7.5 % alcohol - not the most potent libation.

The story of the name is what drew me to this wine. One anecdote was related by Paolo Verdi, son of Bruno Verdi, whose own Sangue di Giuda Paradiso is one of the growing number of bottles available outside the region. His version is that the wine apparently earned its name from local priests who sought to discourage its consumption. They believed the wine to have aphrodisiac powers over the young. Bear in mind the low alcohol level and the significance of the name Judas in Western thought, and this story seems rather tame.

The story of Judas is one of the more esoteric and convoluted mythologies of the Christian faith. To some, and most likely the aforementioned priests, he represents unforgivable evil; that of betrayal, wanton pride and greed. Others see him as a piece to a larger, unknowable puzzle: he is a vessel of the will of God. Jorge Luis Borges, whose short story "Tres Versiones de Judas" creates a modern mythology of Judas, ascertains

that it is actually Judas who is the savior of humanity. By subjecting himself and the memory of him to the most terrible damnation and damned infamy, Judas' spirit touches the depth of abject asceticism.

Broni is a village located in the Oltrepo Pavese region of Lombardia, Italy. Regional habits often make for regional curiosities. The town is the center of a legend that paints Judas as the savior of the vines. The story is that Judas was given a chance at redemption by Christ and was reconstituted in flesh and bone in Broni, where a blight persisted on the vines. The citizenry recognized him and decided to kill him for his former treason. Judas was stoned, and his blood ran through the vineyards, seeping deep into earth and healing the failing vines. Judas' sacrifice was rewarded by his salvation, and the Broni winemakers dedicated the name of their sweet red wine to him. The violent and colorful account of viscera seeping into the ground is consistent with most Biblical accounts of Judas' death. The book of Matthew (26:36-56) contains a widely agreed-upon depiction in which Judas supposedly returns the fabled thirty pieces of silver paid to him for his betrayal. Judas then hangs himself and after some time, his swollen body bursts and spills over the ground. Yet another story states that Judas bought a field, grew very swollen with anguish and burst onto the field. The early Christian Papias states that Judas walked the earth, again swollen with anguish, until he burst.

I know that the next time I open the bottle of petulant, inky sweetness, I will be thinking of the people of Broni. Perhaps Judas simply walked into town and perhaps the people of Broni found a way to absolve him. By immortalizing Judas in the stuff of merriment, it is possible this small, wizened, rural community has by way of its eremitic sensibilities found a new, profound and intoxicating way to understand forgiveness.

written by PETER HALE



## PICKLED BEETS

- 1 bunch beets
- 2 cups apple cider vinegar
- 2 cups water
- 1/2 cup salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- mixed whole spices: allspice, clove, star anise, coriander, mustard seed, black peppercorn

Remove their tops and wash the beets. Toss with a little olive oil and salt and place in a roasting pan. Place enough water in the pan to just cover the bottom. Cover beets with aluminum foil and roast in a 400° oven until they are tender when pierced with a knife. Remove beets from the oven and when they are cool enough to handle peel and slice them into 1/4 rounds.

Place the remaining ingredients in a pot and bring to a boil. When sugar and salt are dissolved pour mixture over the sliced beets. Allow to cool and then place in the refrigerator. Beets will be ready to eat in a day.

## FARRO SALAD

- 2 cups farro
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced
- 1 bunch chives, cut into 1/4" slices
- 3-4 Lemons, juiced
- extra virgin olive oil

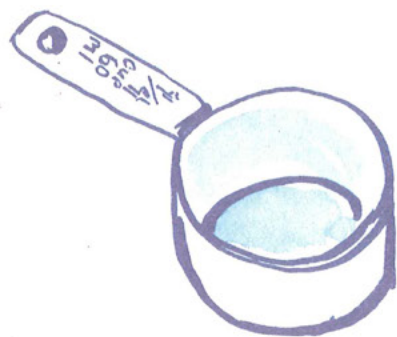
Heat a small pot with 3 Tablespoons olive oil and saute onions. When sweating and starting to brown add the farro, season with salt. Stir the farro with the onions and olive oil to coat the grains. Add 4 cups of water and simmer the farro uncovered until tender. You may need to add water as the farro cooks. When farro is tender, drain through a colander or sieve (if necessary) and place in a bowl. Dress the farro with olive oil and lemon juice while it's still warm. Season additionally as needed with salt. When the farro is cool add the scallions and chives. Taste again for seasoning and serve room temperature.



## ARTICHOKES AND GUY JONES

I never thought we could grow artichokes in the Northeast but we can. If you can ever find them locally, buy them. Unfortunately, any farmer that grows them probably doesn't have enough to bring to the New York City market. When you see an artichoke on the stalk you realize what an agricultural feat they are to grow. They are huge plants that yield one choke if you're lucky, and some yield nothing. I'm sure commercial artichoke growers grow some sort of hybridized plants that bear what they need but we're not enticed by that here. Here we have Guy, if you want a local artichoke go to his farm stand in Blooming Grove, NY in October or November, or in the spring when the wintered over crops hopefully return. It's worth the trip. The difference you will find is that these artichokes are delicate. They have not developed an inedible choke or the leathery exterior leaves and harmful spikes of the California crop.

For local artichokes remove the outer leaves if necessary, cut off only the very tops, then cut them in half. They will cook quickly in a pan in a few minutes with nothing more than olive oil. Allow them to brown, cut side down. I ate them tossed with some of Guy's baby arugula and some shaved pecorino. They were transformational and reminded me that pleasure and perfection are in the small delights that we are sometimes lucky enough to encounter or even better, create for ourselves.



## FRIED ARTICHOKES w/ YOGURT SAUCE

So after all of that romantic talk about the local artichoke and the snide brush-off of the California crop, I have to admit that regardless of the fact that the local is superior and worth seeking out, I am not willing to live without artichokes. So we order them from our produce purveyor in the spring and though they need a little more coaxing, they are a treat.

Prepare artichokes by removing the tough outer leaves. When you reach the interior yellow leaves, stop and cut off the hard green top. With a paring knife, clean up the base of the choke and peel the stem. Cut the artichoke in half and then cut out the choke. If using large artichokes, cut each half into thirds. Place prepped artichokes into heavily acidulated water.

## BATTER

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup cornstarch
- 1-2 cups seltzer

In a large bowl whisk the flour and cornstarch. Pour in seltzer, whisking as you go until batter is not too thick but still clings to the artichoke. When dipped in the batter the artichoke should just barely hold on to the batter, it will freely run off the vegetable. Meanwhile set up a fryer by placing an inch of oil in a heavy bottomed pot. Test the oil by putting some batter into it. If it immediately begins to bubble and fry the oil is ready. Dip artichokes into batter and then lower them into the oil. Let them brown on one side and then flip to brown on the other side. Remove with a slotted spoon onto paper towels. Season with salt and drizzle with yogurt sauce.

## ANOTHER YOGURT SAUCE

The difference between this recipe and the other is that you want to have a loose sauce, not a thick sauce to drizzle over the fried artichokes. Using unstrained yogurt makes the difference.

- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 1/4 cup mixed chopped herbs, parsley, chives, mint, cilantro, dill
- 1-2 Tablespoons white wine vinegar
- salt

Season yogurt with a splash of vinegar and salt. Add herbs.



## SEAN'S ARTICHOKES

- 12 large artichokes
- 12 cloves garlic, sliced
- 2 yellow onions, sliced
- 4-6 carrots, thinly sliced on the bias
- 1 bunch thyme, tied in a bouquet
- 1 cup extra virgin olive oil
- 2 cups white wine
- 1-2 cups water or chicken stock
- 1 Tablespoon saffron

Prepare artichokes as in the above recipe except only cut them in half, place in acidulated water. Heat a large sauté pan with the olive oil. It may seem like a lot of oil but you want this richness for the braise. Sizzle the garlic and then add the onions and carrots, season well with salt and pepper and a pinch of sugar. When onions are translucent add white wine and water or chicken stock. Remove artichokes from the water and place in a roasting pan. Pour the liquid and vegetables over the artichokes, they should be mostly covered. Add the bouquet of thyme, burying it under the artichokes. Cover with aluminum foil and cook in a 350° oven until knife tender. Remove from the oven and add the saffron to the liquid allowing it to steep as the artichokes cool. Serve warm or chilled.





# DESSERTS

## GOAT CHEESE CHEESECAKE

### CRUST

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 3 Tablespoons melted butter
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Place graham cracker crumbs in a bowl. Pour melted butter and vanilla over crumbs. Mix well and then press into a 9" springform pan.

### FILLING

- am cheese
- 8 oz goat cheese
- 1½ cups mascarpone
- ½ cup sugar
- 4 eggs

In a kitchen aid or with a hand held mixer whip cream cheese and goat cheese until fluffy and free of lumps. Add mascarpone and incorporate. Add sugar. Scrape down the sides of the bowl and then add eggs one at a time, incorporating fully between additions. Pour filling into the springform and then wrap the springform with aluminum foil. Place in a water bath and bake at 300° until firm and brown on top.

## GOAT MILK CUSTARD

- 12 egg yolks
- 1¾ cups sugar
- 3 cups goat milk
- 3 cups cream
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract

In a large bowl, whisk egg yolks and sugar until pale yellow. Scald the milk and cream and slowly whisk into yolks. Add vanilla. Pour mixture into 6-8oz. ramekins or coffee cups. Place ramekins into a deep roasting pan. Fill pan with hot water ¾ of the way up the ramekins. Cover with foil and bake in a 300° oven until just set. The very center should be a little jiggy. Remove roasting pan from the oven, uncover and let custards cool in the water bath. When cool pull custards from pan and refrigerate.

## GRANT'S GOAT MILK FUDGE

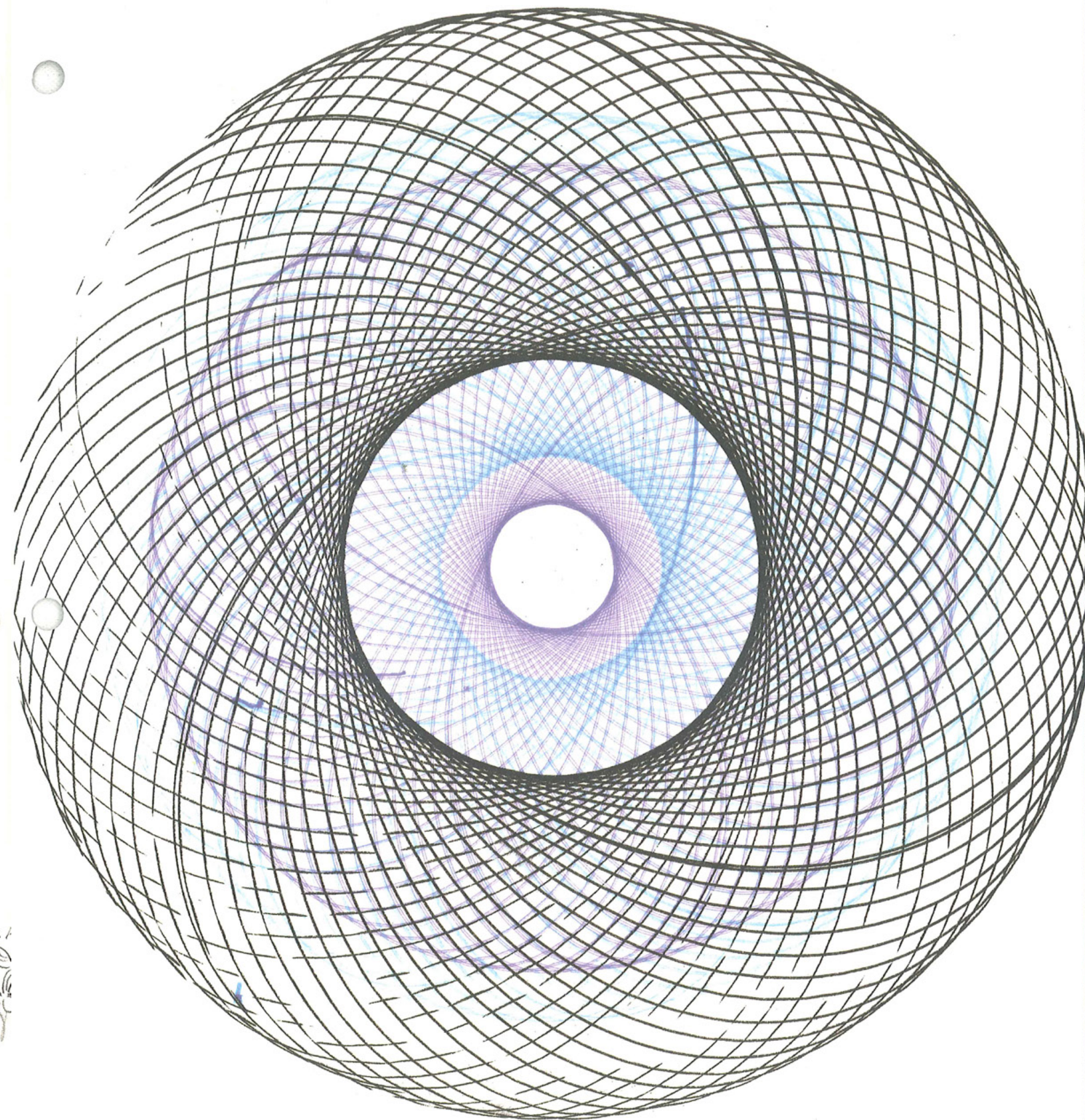
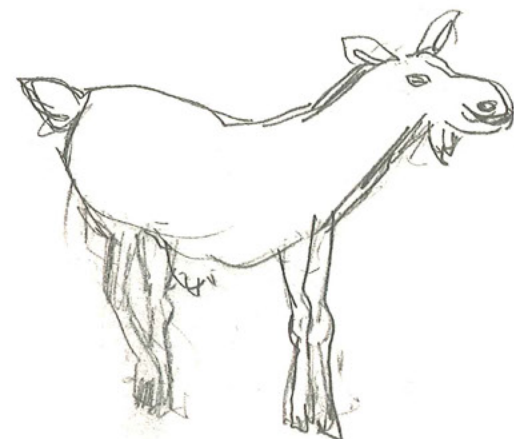
- 3½ cups sugar
- 36 oz goat milk
- 18 oz bittersweet chocolate
- 8 oz marshmallow fluff
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 8 oz goat butter, cut into cubes
- 1 cup toasted hazelnuts

Place goat milk in a pot and reduce by ⅓ to around 13 oz. Add the sugar to the goat milk and stir until well incorporated. Remove from heat and stir in the remaining ingredients. Spread out onto a sheet tray and cool. Cut and serve.

## CHOCOLATE TRUFFLES

- 1½# bittersweet chocolate, finely chopped
- 1½ cups creme fraiche
- 2 Tablespoons flavoring; cognac, cassis, cointreau, rum, etc.
- 2 cups bittersweet cocoa

Place chocolate into a bowl. Scald the creme fraiche and pour over the chocolate, do not mix, cover with plastic wrap and let sit for 10 minutes. Uncover the chocolate and stir. Add the flavoring. Place cocoa into a shallow pan. Scoop truffles with a small ice cream scoop, they should be about ½" in diameter, and then immerse in cocoa. Continue until all of the truffles are scooped. Shake pan with cocoa to cover the truffles well. Place pan into the freezer to set up the truffles. Remove from freezer and shake off the excess cocoa.



Graphic created using a Kitchen Aid mixer modified with a drawing implement.  
See the video on our new blog, [www.thedinerjournal.com](http://www.thedinerjournal.com). created by Derick Holt





**the KIDS ARE ALRIGHT**



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