

GATHER

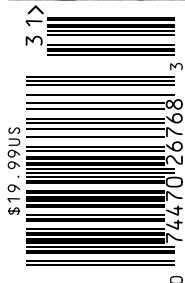
JOURNAL



ROUGH CUT
SUMMER FILM ISSUE

Seasonal Recipes and Exceptional Ideas

spring/summer 2013





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Photograph by Jeff Rutherford

You always remember your first. The first kiss—brief, awkward, thrilling. The first time you have sex—also brief, awkward, thrilling. The emotional charge of your first concert. The utter absorption from the endless listening of that first album. And, of course, the overwhelming and dazzling experience that is the first movie. When the theater lights dim into darkness, chattering voices descend to a hush and everything goes still for a few moments until those first scratchy flickers flutter across the big screen. My own first was, at age six, *The Neverending Story*. I watched it rapt, wide-eyed, little hands gripping the velveteen armrest (or my dad's shirtsleeve) as Atreyu sailed giddily through the clouds on the back of luck dragon Falcor, as the doll-like child empress begged through tears for Bastian to call out her real name, and as the majestic white horse Artax sank into the swamp because he had let sadness overtake him. I was in awe.

Audrey Hepburn once said, “everything I learned, I learned from the movies.” And while perhaps not entirely true, I did learn plenty. I saw how I wanted to dress (Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, Sloane in *Ferris Buller*) and developed my first crushes (River Phoenix in *Stand By Me*, the entire cast of *The Outsiders*). I shed tears (*E.T.*), I felt fear (*Jaws*) and I laughed until my belly hurt (*Police Academy*). I learned about love (*Say Anything*), friendship (*The Big Chill*, *Beaches*), and sex in, admittedly, lurid detail (*9½ Weeks*, *Fatal Attraction*). And I discovered fiery female characters to take solace in (Winona Ryder in *Heathers*, Cher in *Moonstruck*, Molly Ringwald in *Sixteen Candles*).

Back then, movies were a textbook; what they remain today and for always, is an escape. Movies can, after all, take you everywhere. From pulsing city streets to eerily quiet backwoods, from spectacular sandstone valleys to verdant mountains, from the bygone Victorian era to the, well, future—for those two hours when you are engulfed in that story you are transported. The same is true of a meal: It's an experience that can, in a few courses, take you somewhere extraordinary. Anywhere, really. Because just as cinema is a universally understood and revered language, so too is food.

In this, the Rough Cut issue, our third edition of Gather, we focus our attention on film. Specifically, summer movies—all their various sub-genres inspired an assortment of recipes as eclectic as the films themselves. We pay homage to the oeuvres of two directors admired for their distinctive, albeit very different, visual approaches; we recall memories of summer camp food, both personal and fictional; we re-imagine famous cinematic food scenes; and we laud the everlasting power of the movie soundtrack. In movie-speak a rough cut is not the final product we see on screen, and we chose those words as the beacon for the issue because neither is this a comprehensive or authoritative survey of film. Just a snapshot—a rough cut—of the movies that have humored us and turned us on, made us squeeze our eyes shut in terror and keep them wide open in curious anticipation, filled us with joy and sadness. We hope, like many of these movies, that the recipes we have dreamt up to evoke them are something you will want to revisit again and again. The feature presentation starts now...

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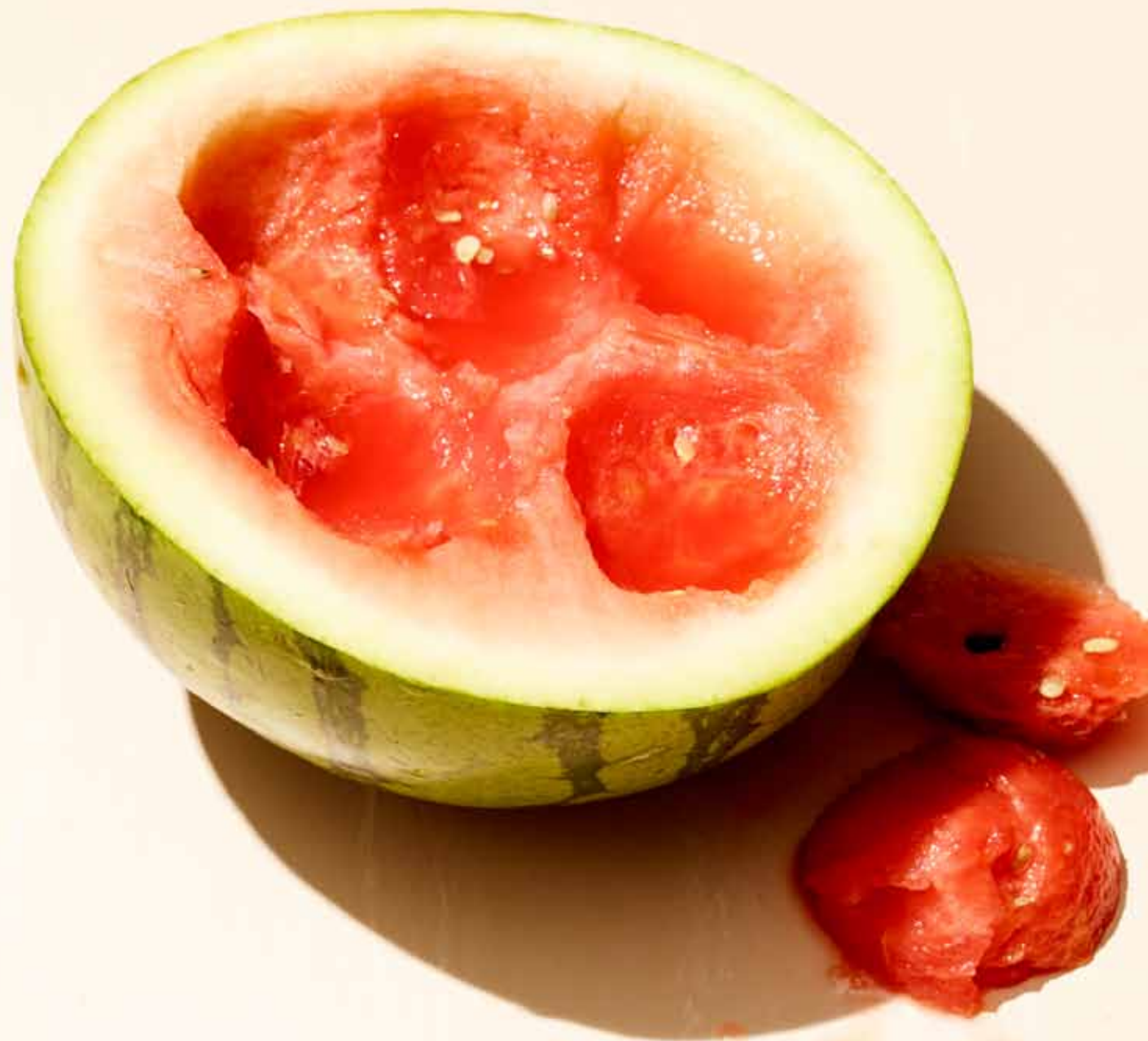
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AMUSE BOUCHE & COCKTAILS

Summer in the City

Often summer's heat can be more deeply felt on the city streets—where the impenetrable haze rises in steaming wisps from the sidewalk and settles like a heavy blanket between the buildings. That legendary urban swelter has, on screen, ignited tempers, passion, lunacy, and, yes, even, spontaneous dancing. Here, it inspires a duo of potent cocktails, an icy tomato granita, a Champagne-drenched onion dip, and a gorgeously greasy marriage of egg and cheese. Each intended to spark the palate and, just like the best previews, leave you anticipating what is to come.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Martyn Thompson FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH (1955)

CHAMPAGNE ONION DIP

After Richard ships his wife and son off to the country to escape the Manhattan swelter he soon descends into his old bachelor ways—smoking, eating breakfasts of peanut butter sandwiches and whiskey sours, and carousing with his new upstairs neighbor, a ditsy blonde model from Denver played by the big screen’s most famous bombshell, Marilyn Monroe. Our dip takes its cues from the only two items in her icebox (potato chips and Champagne), well, besides her underwear. A slightly dizzy dip for a very dizzy blonde.

Makes about: 1 ½ cups

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 medium onion, finely chopped 1 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil 1 sprig fresh thyme 1 clove garlic, smashed ¼ tsp each salt and pepper ¼ cup Champagne or white wine ½ cup plain yogurt ½ cup sour cream ½ cup mayonnaise potato chips
(we like Herr’s Ripples) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Gently cook onion in oil along with the thyme, garlic, salt, and pepper in a skillet, covered, over medium-low heat, stirring occasionally, 5 minutes. Uncover and cook, stirring occasionally, until golden, about 20 minutes more. Add Champagne and cook until evaporated. Discard the thyme and garlic and cool to room temperature. Fold in the yogurt, sour cream, and mayonnaise. Season to taste. Serve with potato chips. |
|---|---|

HOT FIZZ

“A married man, air conditioning, Champagne and potato chips—it’s a wonderful party!” declares the effervescent Marilyn Monroe in *The Seven Year Itch*. Merely credited as “The Girl,”—the ditsy blond who unwittingly drives her neighbor to distraction when she invades his apartment during a heatwave—it was one of her finest comedic roles. The film—much like the fact that AC was a rarity in 1950s Manhattan—may seem quaint now, but back then it was incendiary: The allusions to adultery and Monroe’s flimsy wardrobe (including a certain white halterneck dress) had the propriety police in a tizzy. I thought of this not long ago, while drinking Champagne with a married man (my husband, as it happens) during a power outage. We had emptied the fridge and put the contents on our patio to keep them cool—but the Champagne, well, it couldn’t be good for it to go from cold to hot and back to cold again, right? It was an unforgettable New York moment that felt like a throwback to a simpler era: With no AC, no TV, no computers, there was nothing to do but crack open the bubbly and enjoy each other’s company. Proof, as Monroe’s Girl surely knew, that Champagne will forever be the classiest way to toast old-fashioned fun—and it never tastes better than on a hot summer night. APRIL LONG





WEST SIDE STORY (1961) AND A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)

BLOODY MARIA & BOURBON ARNOLD PALMER

Two cocktails with a wild streak to reflect the flaring tempers and aroused passions in these city-bound (New York and New Orleans, respectively) summer films.

BLOODY MARIA

Snap, snap, snap. A pulsating Leonard Bernstein score frames *West Side Story*'s clash between rival gangs, the Jets and the Sharks; amidst the fighting, true love is found. Just as when dashing Tony first sets eyes on the innocent Maria (a young Natalie Wood) and everything goes fuzzy, our spicy Bloody made with New York deli staple, Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray soda, will have a similar knee-knocking effect. You too may never stop saying Maria...

Makes: 1 cocktail

- 1.5 oz (3 Tbsp) chilled vodka
- 1.5 oz (3 Tbsp) chilled tomato juice
- .5 oz (1 Tbsp) fresh lemon juice
- ¼ tsp prepared horseradish
- a splash of Tabasco
- 3 oz (a generous ⅓ cup)
Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray soda

Add vodka, tomato juice, lemon juice, horseradish, and a splash of Tabasco to

BOURBON ARNOLD PALMER

In *A Streetcar Named Desire* Tennessee Williams focuses on a personality clash between coarse Stan (played with singular sensual brutality by Marlon Brando) and Blanche, a fading Southern belle clinging to decorum—the two share a distaste for each other and a serious taste for the hooch. While they take their bourbon straight, we add black tea and lemonade to refreshing effect. As she says, “a hot bath and a long, cold drink always give me a brand new outlook on life.”

Makes: 6 cocktails

- ¾ cup sugar
- 4 bags simple black tea
- 1 cup fresh squeezed lemon juice
- 6 oz chilled bourbon (about ¾ cup)

In a bowl, stir together 2 cups boiling water and sugar until dissolved. Add teabags, steep 4 to 5 minutes then discard. Stir in 3 cups cold water and chill completely. Stir in lemon juice and bourbon. Serve in tall ice-filled glasses.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

In the canon of cocktails, the Bloody Mary is the most star-crossed. It fits poorly on the spectrum between sweet, bubbly *Sex and the City* froth and brutal, burning shots of cowboy swagger served neat. We are not drinking bloodies in nightclubs or at happy hours or barbecues. It's a weekends-only relationship: We drink it because we're hungover and not sure we can hold down much more than a stick of celery or an olive. When we raise our lips to it, it's not to sip as much as kiss, to hope for some of that wake-a-princess-from-slumber, frog-to-prince magic to revive and transform us. And lo and behold! Suddenly our sunglasses have turned from a cloak to costume jewelry. Our scratchy voice gets sexy and we get as adorably clownish as, say, a street fight choreographed with ballet and jazz-hands. To hell with star-crossed. There we are at the outdoor café, peace and quiet and open air. The hangover death sentence is forgiven and now there's a place for us, a time and place for us. Brunch! Say it soft and it's almost like praying. RICHARD MORGAN

DO THE RIGHT THING (1989)

SPIKE MAGIC TOMATO GRANITA

"It's the hottest day of the summer. You can do nothing, you can do something, or you can..." So read the tagline of director Spike Lee's groundbreaking survey of one historically sweltering summer in Brooklyn. Anything icy was, understandably, a relief—kids bought ices from a street vendor, Rosie Perez dipped her head in an ice bath then was treated to an ice cube massage. Our tomato granita nods to the pizza parlor around which much of the action revolves, and to the director himself—it's doused with throwback pantry favorite Spike® Original Magic! spice.

Serves: 6

2 lb ripe tomatoes

1 Tbsp sugar

large handful fresh basil
chopped

1 Tbsp lemon juice

1 tsp Spike® Original Magic!
seasoning

Bring a pot of water to a boil and fill a bowl with ice water. Cut a shallow x in the bottom of the tomatoes (opposite from stem end) and blanch in batches in boiling water for 10 seconds. Immediately transfer to the ice water and chill about a minute. Gently peel off skin using the x as a starting point.

Quarter the tomatoes and purée along with sugar in a food processor or blender. Strain into a bowl through a fine mesh sieve pressing out liquid. (Discard solids.) Stir in basil, lemon juice, and Spike. Chill at least ½ hour to allow flavors to infuse then strain out the basil.

Pour into a glass, stainless, or enameled 8 to 9-inch dish and freeze just until partially frozen and slushy, about 1 to 1½ hours. Stir, smash, and scrape with a fork breaking up any clumps. Return to the freezer, scraping a few times until granita is evenly frozen into icy flakes, about 2 hours. Scrape again just before serving.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

It was the summer of '89 in the cultural bricolage that is Bed-Stuy. Spike Lee's incendiary film *Do The Right Thing* opens at the crack of dawn with Rosie Perez's riotous fly girl dance montage. DJ Mister Señor Love Daddy proclaims the forecast as "HOT"; Old grizzly Da Mayor dodders up and down the street swilling Miller High Life; stuttering Smiley hawks postcards of Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. All is good in the 'hood. But as the temperature rises, so do tempers. As is his MO, Lee brings the heat to a simmer as racial epithets ricochet between characters, sweat bubbling on their brows and spite seething under their skin. Radio Raheem pumps Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" from his jumbo boombox, exasperating everyone on the block; Buggin' Out bugs out when a white neighbor scuffs up his new Air Jordans; pizzeria owner Sal charges two dollars for extra cheese, after he refuses to display black icons on the joint's Italian-American wall of fame. It's this last affront that causes this melting pot to boil over, climaxing with Radio suffocated at the hands of police and Sal's up in flames. *Do The Right Thing* may run hot and cold, but is palpable, still and all. And that's the truth, Ruth. SAMANTHA GURRIE



DOG DAY AFTERNOON (1975)

MOZZARELLA IN CARROZZA

It's said that the heat can make you do crazy things. And in the summer of 1972 when it was so hot you could fry an egg—a quail egg, even—on the sidewalk, it did. Sidney Lumet captured New York in all its gritty glory in this true story of Sonny and Sal's attempt to rob a local Brooklyn bank. They would fail, but in grand fashion, creating a sideshow (*Attica! Attica!*) for the neighborhood in the process. Our gooey mozzarella in carrozza garnished New York-style, with pizza spices, is as sizzling as summer's dog days.

Makes: 6 little half sandwiches

- 6 (¼-inch thick) slices soft white Italian bread
- 3 (¼-inch thick) slices fresh mozzarella
- 2 Tbsp pizza or marinara sauce plus more for dipping
- red pepper flakes
- 1 large egg
- ¼ cup whole milk
- ⅓ cup flour
- about ½ cup olive oil
- 6 quail eggs

1 Make sandwiches of mozzarella, pizza sauce, and a sprinkling of red pepper flakes. Trim off crusts and press down to slightly flatten.

2 Beat together the egg and milk and season with a little salt and pepper. Dredge sandwiches in flour covering them completely and shaking off excess, then dip in egg mixture.

3 Heat enough oil to come up about ¼-inch in a heavy skillet over medium-low heat until hot—test with a piece of discarded crust; when it sizzles, oil is hot. Fry sandwiches on both sides until bread is golden and cheese is melting, about 3 to 4 minutes per side. Don't rush it; you want cheese melty and the bread cooked through.

4 Meanwhile heat a small nonstick skillet with a little oil. Fry quail eggs sunny side up.

5 Cut sandwiches in half and top each half with a seasoned fried egg. Serve at once with pizza sauce for dipping.

THE REAL JOHN LEGEND

Four characters, five films (*The Godfather*, *The Conversation*, *The Godfather II*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Deer Hunter*), five Oscar nods for best picture. John Cazale's career, while brief (he died of lung cancer at 42 in 1978), was enormously impactful. Impactful enough that Al Pacino said, in the 2009 HBO doc, *I Knew It Was You*, extolling the virtues of the long-overlooked actor, "I learned more about acting from John than anybody else." Co-stars Pacino, Gene Hackman and Robert DeNiro revered his knack for nuanced mannerisms and inspired improvisation—that famous line about Wyoming in *Dog Day*? It was off-the-cuff. But for those of us peering in from the outside, Cazale's genius was all about his ability to imbue every character with a palpable humanity, no matter how weak or peculiar or tormented they were. (And they all were.) Those dark, somber eyes that Lumet kept zeroing in on in *Dog Day*, had a vulnerability that, while we didn't entirely understand, we felt and related to. It seems that what made Cazale truly extraordinary on screen was his profound regard for the ordinary in life. *EV*





STARTERS

Beach Escapes

The beach is summer's most iconic visual expression—the rolling dunes of glimmering mineral-flecked sand, the gently lapping ocean water in a Pantone range of blues and greens, the lush waxy vegetation skirting its edges. A paradise, but, as the beachy movies we selected show, also a release, a hazard, and a circumstantial home. We celebrated the beach's essence with plump, head-on coconut shrimp, petite fish tacos, beer-batter dipped conch fritters, pork belly doused in a tropical (banana) ketchup, and a mash-up of two classic fish dishes: cioppino and shrimp cocktail.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY *Gentl and Hyers* FOOD STYLING BY *Maggie Ruggiero*
PROP STYLING BY *Theo Vamvounakis*

JAWS (1975)

SEAFOOD “CHUM” COCKTAIL

The most terrifying movie about the beach, and the worst PR campaign for great white sharks ever conceived, *Jaws*'s titular (and very hungry) underwater beast may have been mechanical, but he was no less menacing. Characters in the movie fled the water, and so too would the legions of kids who saw it on the big screen and were promptly traumatized. Our seafood cocktail, a spiced Clamato-based bath swimming with monkfish chunks, pays homage to his blood-thirsty ways and the means by which they tried to catch him—by chumming the waters.

Serves: 4

- 1 (7 to 8-oz) piece monkfish fillet
- 4 Tbsp extra-virgin olive oil
- ¼ tsp paprika
- 1 cup chilled Clamato
(or a mixture of ⅓ cup clam
and ⅔ cup tomato juice)
- ¼ cup finely chopped white onion
- ⅓ cup fresh lime juice
- ¼ cup ketchup
- 2 Tbsp chopped cilantro
- 1 clove garlic, finely chopped
- 1 tsp Tabasco sauce or more
to taste
- ½ pound crabmeat, picked through

Preheat oven to 425°F. Place monkfish on a foil-lined baking pan. Drizzle with 1 Tbsp oil and sprinkle with paprika, salt, and pepper.

Roast, without turning, until just cooked through, 10 to 15 minutes. Cool to room temperature. Cut into bite-sized chunks.

Stir together remaining 3 Tbsp oil, Clamato, onion, lime juice, ketchup, cilantro, garlic, and Tabasco. Gently stir in fish and crabmeat. Serve well chilled.

MARTHA, MY DEAR

Richard Dreyfuss being weirdly hot, Robert Shaw's (Quint) vaguely prophetic hipster/nautical facial hair, Roy Scheider's amazing tan, the iconic theme song that will forever send a certain generation scrambling for the shore—*Jaws* conjures up many images. But for me *Jaws* means Martha's Vineyard, where the blockbuster was filmed, and where I was lucky enough to pass fourteen glorious Julys as a child swimming in the cold Atlantic waves. The last summer was also spent bearding pounds of mussels, simmering vats of stock (hacking raw chicken carcasses, it should be said, is far gorier than any shark attack), and blending gallons of that mainstay of late '90s cuisine, egg-free Caesar dressing, as a prep cook mere miles away from Quint's docks. At the Tisbury Farmer's Market you could find Freejack, the burnished hippie whose towheaded children ran around barefoot, mouths full of wheatgrass. While the swimmers at State Beach in *Jaws* fled the great white, we devoured baskets of fried clams at Nancy's up the road, chased with the ethereal Snickers ice cream from Mad Martha's. For the characters in *Jaws*, it was a place of beachfront nightmares. For me, it was paradise. LARA BELKIN

POINT BREAK (1991)

BEER-BATTERED CONCH FRY-UP

Federal agent Johnny Utah goes undercover as a beach bum (not really a stretch for our fair Keanu Reeves) to bust a gang of surfers who moonlight as bank robbers. Led by adrenaline-seeker Bodhi (the bodacious Patrick Swayze) the ex-presidents hold up banks to finance their wave-following ways. Our, ahem, Presidente beer-battered fry-up of conch, Fresno pepper rings, and lemon and avocado wedges feels like the ultimate SoCal surf break feast.

Makes about: 16 2-bite fritters

- about 8 cups vegetable oil
- 1½ cups AP flour
- ½ cup finely crushed tortilla chips
- 1½ tsp baking powder
- ½ tsp salt
- ¼ tsp cayenne
- 1 large egg
- 1 (12 oz) bottle lager-style beer (we used Presidente)
- 1 (6 oz) can conch (scungilli), drained and coarsely chopped
- 2 scallions, chopped

FRIED MISCELLANY RECOMMENDATIONS

- Fresno pepper rings
- thin slices of lemon
- avocado wedges
- lime and lemon wedges or favorite hot sauce

Heat about 2 inches of oil in a medium saucepan to 375°F using a deep fat thermometer; it will take about 15-18 minutes over medium heat.

Preheat oven to 250°F.

Whisk together flour, tortilla chips, baking powder, salt, and cayenne. Then whisk in egg and beer. Divide batter into two portions stirring conch and scallions into one portion.

Fry rounded small spoonfuls of conch batter until golden, turning over once or twice, about 3 to 4 minutes. Drain on paper towels then transfer to a baking sheet and keep warm in oven. Fry remaining fritters in batches, returning oil to 375°F between batches.

Along with fritters, fry miscellany of choice dipped lightly in the batter without conch. Be careful with lemon slices or vegetables with a lot of moisture as they can spatter.

Sprinkle with salt and serve with lime, lemon or favorite hot sauce.

HAIKU TO BODHI

Salty blond. Sun dipped.
In a wave, he found freedom.
Then, the sea swallowed. *fv*



LORD OF THE FLIES (1963)

ROASTED PORK BELLY WITH BANANA KETCHUP

"We've got to have rules and obey them. After all, we're not savages. We're English!" So decreed choir leader Jack after a plane crash leaves the boys castaways. But it's Jack who would be first to descend into the savagery and brutality that would be their undoing. Pig—the wild variety they rapaciously hunt and Piggy, their bespectacled classmate who earns plenty of ribbing—figures large, so we made a succulent roasted pork belly and tropical-style ketchup.

Serves: 4 to 6

PORK

- 1 lb piece pork belly, skin removed
- 2 tsp salt
- 2 tsp sugar

BANANA KETCHUP GLAZE

- ½ medium onion, coarsely chopped
- 2 Tbsp vegetable oil
- 1 clove garlic
- 3 pitted dates, chopped
- 2 Tbsp tomato paste
- ¼ tsp salt
- ¼ tsp ground allspice
- ¼ tsp ground ginger
- ¼ tsp freshly grated nutmeg
- ⅛ tsp cayenne
- ¾ cup water
- 1 large very ripe banana, chopped
- 2 Tbsp cider vinegar
- 2 Tbsp packed dark brown sugar
- 2 Tbsp honey

1 Rub pork with salt and sugar and chill covered with plastic wrap 6 hours or overnight.

2 Preheat oven to 350°F. Pat pork dry and place fat side up in a baking pan preferably just large enough to hold it. Pour in 1 cup of water and seal pan tightly with foil. Roast until pork is fork tender, about 2 hours.

3 While pork cooks, sauté onion in oil in a medium saucepan over medium heat until translucent, 6 to 7 minutes. Add garlic and cook 1 minute. Stir in dates, tomato paste and spices and cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and simmer, uncovered, stirring occasionally, 10 to 15 minutes, until thickened. Cool slightly then purée in a blender or processor.

4 After two hours increase temperature of pork to 400°F. Uncover dish and drain off any liquid. Brush pork with some banana ketchup. Roast, turning and brushing with additional ketchup every 10 minutes, until meat is well glazed and very tender, about 30 minutes.

5 Serve with grilled bread and additional banana ketchup.



Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN (2001)

CILANTRO LIME FISH TACOS

When Luisa, Julio, and Tenoch head out of their Mexico City homes for the summer in search of Boca del Cielo (Heaven's Mouth), they discover more than just a fantasy beach enclave. But what transpires between the three of them there, while spectacular, is fleeting; nothing would be the same again. Our tender fish tacos with cilantro lime mayo capture both the utopic beauty of the beach and, with only a few bites to enjoy, the idea of passing pleasure.

Serves: 4 (2 tacos each)

CILANTRO LIME MAYO

- 2 limes
- 1 large egg yolk
- ½ tsp Dijon
- ½ cup cilantro leaves
- ½ cup grapeseed or canola oil
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil

TACOS

- 2 lb skinless pollack or firm white fish cut into 16 (½"-thick) pieces
- 16 small corn tortillas
- 2 cups shredded green cabbage
- 16 skewers, water-soaked if wood
- thinly sliced radishes, handful cilantro leaves, lime wedges

Zest limes and squeeze 2 Tbsp of juice. Pulse in a food processor along with the yolk, Dijon, ½ tsp salt, and cilantro until finely chopped. Combine the grapeseed and olive oils. With the processor running, pour in the oil in a very slow, steady stream, until thick and creamy.

Heat a grill over medium-high heat. Wrap tortillas in foil and place on edge of the grill where the heat is indirect, just to warm them through. Thread fish onto the skewers, drizzle with olive oil and season with salt and pepper. Grill 2 minutes, then turn and grill until cooked through, about another minute.

Double layer the tortillas, spread with cilantro mayo and top with shredded cabbage. Place two fish skewers on each taco and remove wooden sticks. Top with radishes and cilantro.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO

At 21, I spent six months in Mexico. The pretense was studying Spanish, but the goal was to see the world in colors other than concrete and boredom. Amidst verb conjugation, I drank Bohemias and learned to sip tequila, ate ceviche on the beach, and gobbled tamales at the market. There were dancefloor makeouts with handsome strangers, rooftop parties, and a late-night motorcycle ride. I called my parents. "I'm staying here," I said. 'Like hell you are,' they replied, and I flew home. My friends were still consumed with shitty jobs and boring boyfriends. There were few dancefloors and fewer sexy strangers. The reds and blues and limes of Mexico began to fade. I could no longer taste the salt on my tongue. When *Y Tu Mamá* started playing, I went by myself. In a dark, frigid theatre, I found Mexico again. There were the colors, the sounds, and a dancefloor makeout so potent it curled my toes. And I cried. I know now that going back to Mexico doesn't mean I can get it back, that 'it' that was a heady mixture of innocence and lust, fearlessness and insecurity, a desire for experience so strong that it makes your whole being vibrate on a higher frequency. But there is always, at least, the food. *KATE WILLIAMS*





THE BLUE LAGOON (1980)

COCONUT MARINATED SHRIMP

"I have a funny feeling in my stomach," said Richard. "Me too," Emmeline replied. So uttered *The Blue Lagoon's* cousins before they finally, after years marooned on a deserted island, succumb to the twinges of desire bequeathed unwittingly by puberty. The story—from the impressive beach house they made, to the baby they can't figure out how they made—may be absurd, and the nudity, gratuitous, but the idyllic setting is downright dreamy. Our coconut marinated shrimp takes its cues from the lush tropical isle; its spice from the inappropriate relationship.

Serves: 4

3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
thumb-size piece of ginger,
peeled and finely chopped

1 habanero chili, thinly sliced
(with seeds)

1 stalk lemongrass,
white part only, finely chopped
small handful cilantro, chopped

½ tsp turmeric

¾ teaspoon kosher salt

¾ cup coconut milk

1 lb large shell-on shrimp
(1½ lb if head-on)

Combine everything and chill, covered, at least two hours.

Heat a grill or grill pan over medium-high heat.
Remove shrimp from marinade and grill until just cooked through and slightly charred, about 2 minutes per side.

PARADISE FOUND

As a child I was obsessed with *The Blue Lagoon*. From Brooke Shields' golden tan and sea-swept, breast-blocking locks to the heightened, coming-of-age sensuality that blew my innocent little mind, it was the ultimate fantasy. The tropical island where Emmeline and Richard were shipwrecked was about as far away from my gray, suburban English town as you could get. I would sit in the garden, lemon juice on my waist-length hair, trying to achieve Emmeline's sun-streaks, and waded in local streams, cracking open mystery mollusks in the hope I'd find a dazzling pearl. Per the film's tagline, the duo "thrive on the bounty of the jungle and the lagoon," resplendent with coconuts and fresh seafood, thanks to the fact that they were stranded with a cook who taught them how to forage and fish before meeting his end at the bottom of a barrel of rum. To spice things up, the adolescent lovers would have been wise to marry the flavors of the forest and the ocean by marinating luscious shrimp in coconut, lemongrass, ginger, and chili. These days, when cabin fever strikes and I long for a Pacific paradise, I fire up the grill, fix a Planter's Punch, turn on the tiki tunes and do just that. NATALIE SHUKUR





GATHER

MAINS

Road Trips

The allure of the open road may be as old as the road itself. It has been beckoning seekers for countless decades, with the promise of adventure, romance, thrills, and, perhaps most of all, freedom. And in this chapter's summer movies, the road is itself a character; a star, at that. Its wild and wondrous spirit infused into a picnic-ready platter of fried chicken legs and deviled eggs, skewered heart kebabs, sausage and cactus salad, a kaleidoscopic array of grilled vegetables nestled in silky labne, and a perfectly bloody burger. Every bite, a joyride.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Marcus Nilsson FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis

O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? (2000)

FRIED CHICKEN LEGS & DEVILED EGGS

Homer's *Odyssey* influenced this bucolic Coen brothers tale about three convicts who, in the throes of one sweltering Mississippi summer, escape rock-breaking duties on the prison chain gang to head off in search of buried treasure. Along the way they pick up a guitar player who sold his soul to the devil, have a run-in with the Klan, aid and abet a baby-faced bank robber and, oh right, record a hit single as the Soggy Bottom Boys. Our fried chicken legs and deviled eggs (courtesy of one of our favorite chefs April Bloomfield; they are on the menu at The Spotted Pig) are perfect Southern-inspired picnic fare.

Serves: 4

FRIED CHICKEN

- 3 cups buttermilk
- 5 tsp cayenne pepper, divided
- 4 tsp salt, divided
- 1½ tsp black pepper, divided
- 1 tsp ground mustard
- few dashes hot sauce
- 8 drumsticks
- 2 cups flour
- about 2 qts vegetable oil
- flaky sea salt for sprinkling

APRIL BLOOMFIELD'S DEVILED EGGS

Makes: 12 deviled eggs

- 6 large eggs
- 3 Tbsp mayonnaise (see recipe, right) slightly chilled
- 1 Tbsp champagne vinegar
- 1 Tbsp crème fraîche
- 1 tsp Dijon
- Maldon or other flaky sea salt
- 2 Tbsp finely chopped chives
- 1 Tbsp finely chopped chervil
- cayenne or paprika
- extra virgin olive oil (optional)

Stir together buttermilk, 3 tsp cayenne, 2 tsp salt, 1 tsp black pepper, ground mustard, and hot sauce. Marinate drumsticks, covered and refrigerated, at least two hours or overnight.

Preheat oven to 250°F and set a baking sheet fitted with a wire rack alongside stove. In a large, heavy bottomed saucepan, add enough oil to come up 2-inches and heat to 360°F using a deep fat thermometer.

Meanwhile, mix flour, remaining 2 tsp cayenne, 2 tsp salt, and ½ tsp black pepper in a shallow bowl. Remove half the chicken from the marinade letting any excess drain off. Thoroughly coat in seasoned flour and tap to shake off loose flour. Using metal tongs, carefully lay chicken in oil. Fry, turning once or twice and maintaining oil temperature, until golden brown and cooked through, about 15 minutes total. Transfer to the prepared baking sheet and place in the oven to keep warm. Repeat with remaining chicken. Sprinkle with salt to serve.

DEVILED EGGS: Fill a medium pot halfway with water and bring to a boil. Gently add eggs to water and cook 10 minutes. Drain and chill in ice water until cold. Peel and halve lengthwise. Press the yolks through a sieve into a small food processor. Add the mayonnaise, vinegar, crème fraîche and mustard and process until smooth. Season with salt. Transfer to a piping bag or resealable plastic bag (snip a corner before piping) and chill 30 minutes. Chill whites too. Pat whites dry and pipe filling into each. Top with a sprinkling of herbs, a dusting of spice, a pinch of salt and a drizzle of oil.

April's Mayonnaise: Combine 4 large egg yolks, 2 tsp Dijon mustard, 2 Tbsp champagne vinegar, and ½ tsp Maldon or other flaky sea salt in a bowl and whisk vigorously until yolks go pale and mixture is frothy, about 1 minute. Slowly drizzle in a steady stream of slightly more than 1 cup peanut or sunflower oil, whisking continuously and vigorously until all the oil is really well combined and mayo is pale and silky.

WILD AT HEART (1990)

FIERY HEARTS & SLAW

“The whole world’s wild at heart and weird on top,” says Lula. And in David Lynch’s twisted love story that follows her and Sailor as they try to get far away from Lula’s hysterical witch of a mother (played with pitch-perfect craziness by Diane Ladd), it sure is. Their road trip is, in true Lynch fashion, littered with a motley crew of bizarre characters (without a doubt, Willem Dafoe at his most demented). Our grilled chicken hearts and blood-red slaw evoke the film’s strange passion and repeated crimson imagery (fire, nails, smeared lipstick).

Serves: 4

HEARTS

20 chicken hearts (about ¾ lb)

1 Tbsp sugar

kosher salt

2 cloves garlic

2 Tbsp olive oil

4 skewers, water-soaked if wood

RED SLAW

1 lb thinly sliced red cabbage

1 medium red beet, shredded

2 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil

1 tsp paprika

¼ tsp ground cumin

a pinch cayenne

2 Tbsp red wine vinegar

½ tsp salt

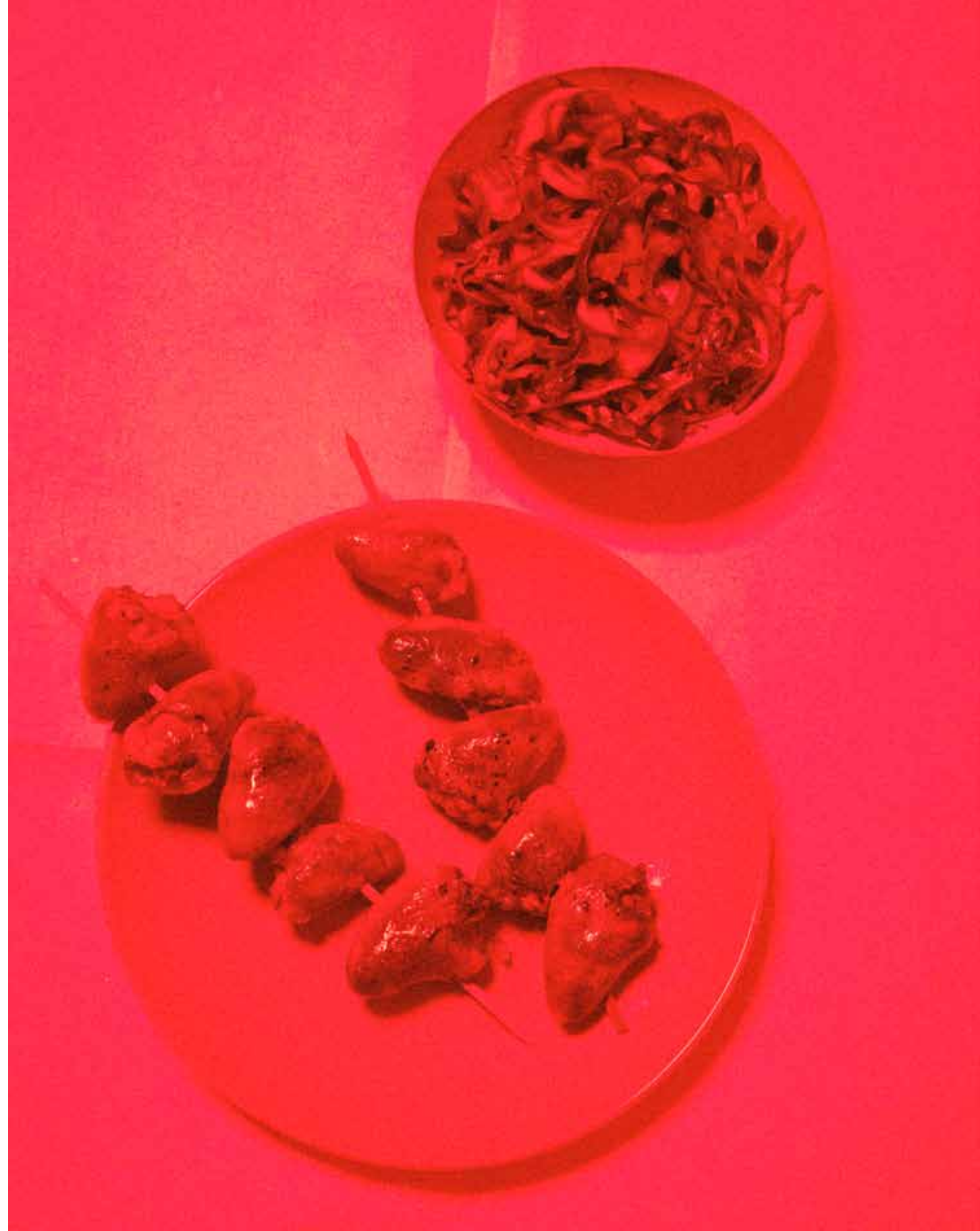
Trim hearts of anything grisly, but leaving fat. Stir together 2 cups cold water, sugar and 2 Tbsp salt. Add hearts and brine, chilled, at least 3 hours.

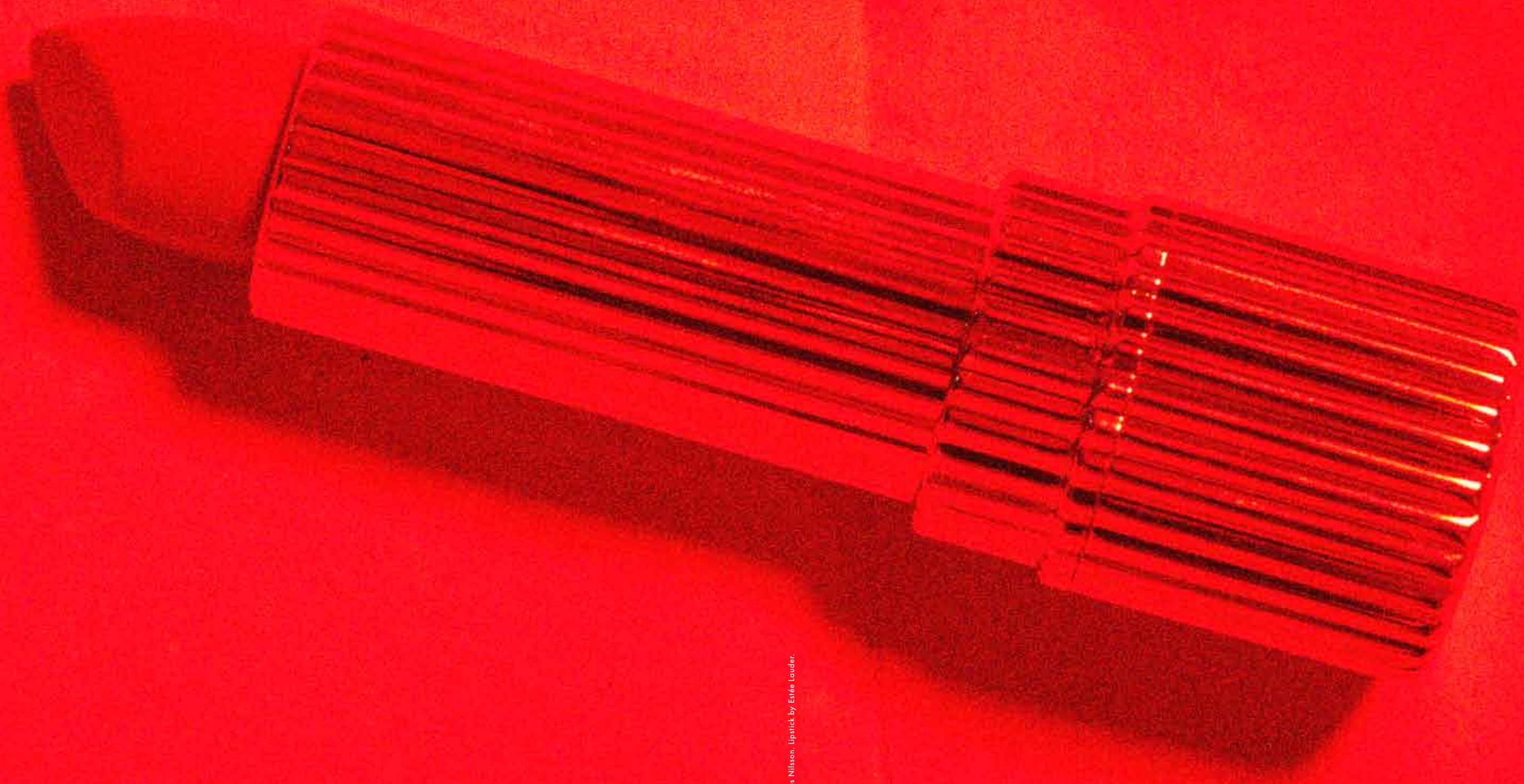
Put cabbage and beets in a large bowl. Gently heat oil and stir in paprika, cumin, and cayenne. Cook stirring 1 minute. Cool slightly then stir in vinegar. Season with salt and toss with slaw. Let stand while grilling hearts.

Drain and rinse hearts then pat dry. Smash and chop garlic together with 1 tsp salt into a paste. Rub on hearts then arrange on skewers. Drizzle with oil and season with pepper. Grill over direct heat, turning, 4 to 6 minutes.

MOMMY DEAREST

If you want to put some distance between you and mom but don’t have the energy to drive across country, then feed her the part of the chicken that would have never made it into her casseroles. Nothing says “you don’t own me” like serving her these tender, charred hearts at the next birthday dinner and slow-chewing each one while staring into those judging eyes. She may not smear her face with red lipstick and put a hit out on your partner, but you’ll get the point across effectively. Soon enough, this dish will become the defining symbol of your individuality and belief in personal freedom. PIERCARLO VALDESOLO





THELMA & LOUISE (1991) AND
THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA, QUEEN OF THE DESERT (1994)

GRILLED SAUSAGE & CACTUS SALAD

Two female best friends and three drag queens hit the open road—the former for a vacation that turns into a crime spree, and the latter for a nightclub gig—in these road trip classics about the journey, not the destination. Our bright cactus salad and grilled sausage (we can imagine a few characters might be eager to skewer one) feel well-suited for their dusty, desert environs.

Serves: 4

- 1½ lb fresh nopales, about
6-8 fresh cactus paddles
(the canned variety will
work if you can't find fresh)
- 6 scallions, divided
- 2 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil
- 4 fresh sausages, like spicy
chorizo or mild chicken sausage
- 1 lime
- 1 jalapeño, thinly sliced
- handful cilantro leaves
- 4 oz queso fresco, crumbled

1 Being careful not to touch or grab hold of the thorns, trim them off nopales with a small, sharp knife or vegetable peeler. Then trim all around edge. Cut off thick base at stem end and rinse well. Slice into 2 to 3-inch strips.

2 Trim and chop four scallions. Heat oil in a saucepan over medium-low heat and cook scallions until soft, about 1 minute. Add nopales and a couple of pinches of salt. Cover and cook, stirring occasionally, until nopales begin to wilt and release their liquid, about 10 minutes. Uncover and cook until liquid has evaporated into a glaze, 5 to 10 minutes longer. Let cool to room temperature.

3 Grill or sauté sausages until cooked through and browned.

4 Thinly slice remaining two scallions. Squeeze lime over nopales and top with scallions, jalapeño, cilantro and queso fresco.

ROAD TO SOMEWHERE

Rape revenge films. My chosen focus for one college thesis. A '70s horror sub-genre the plot goes as you'd expect: Woman is brutally raped, survives, and vows to get revenge, often culminating in penis chopping. And in the mid-'90s with my feminist rebellion in full swing—Bikini Kill on repeat, Take Back the Night rallies, vagina photo series for AP art—the chance to screen *I Spit on Your Grave* for class at my stuffy Jesuit college was, admittedly, thrilling. But what *Thelma & Louise* did was far more subversive; they brought the notion of women exacting revenge to the mainstream. When Louise shoots Harlan (“in the future when a woman is crying like that, she’s not having fun”), it was payback for *Thelma and herself*. So began their adventure, which, just as in any male outlaw film, came with gun brandishing and sexual conquests. The road was their freedom—freedom from dead-end jobs, from domineering husbands and non-committal boyfriends, from utter boredom. After *Thelma* brazenly robs a store she says, “something has crossed over in me. I just can’t go back. I feel awake, wide awake.” And even when, soon after, the pair found themselves cornered by police at the precipice of the Grand Canyon, she still felt that, encouraging Louise to go on. They kissed, grabbed each other’s hands and gunned it. In death they found the liberation they didn’t have in life; this was their happy ending. **FV**





FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (1998) AND EASY RIDER (1969)

VEGGIE RAINBOW & LABNE

Two decades, two iconic counterculture films about men on the open road in search of real America, with the help of a deluge of drugs and alcohol. Our bright green, basil oil-painted vegetable plate (mushrooms included, naturally) is a feast for the eyes and the senses...though it won't get you high.

Serves: 4

- 3 cups Greek-style yogurt
- 2 cups lightly packed basil leaves
- ½ cup olive oil, plus more for grilling vegetables
- ½ lb mixed mushrooms, such as beech, oyster, shiitake, or enoki, halved or torn into small clusters
- 1 Asian eggplant,
1 medium summer squash,
1 medium zucchini,
all cut into ¼-inch thick slices
- 2 red onions,
cut into ½-inch wedges
- 4 tomatoes, halved
- ½ bunch thin asparagus, trimmed
- salt and pepper, to taste
- flatbread

Set yogurt in a strainer over a bowl and let chill while preparing rest of dish or overnight. Discard any liquid.

Basil oil: Bring a small pot of water to boil. Have a bowl of ice water on hand. Blanch basil 30 seconds then plunge into ice water. Squeeze out as much water as possible then wrap in paper towels and continue to squeeze until basil is thoroughly dry. Put basil, oil, and ¼ tsp salt in a blender or food processor and process until basil is very finely chopped. Strain through a fine mesh or cheesecloth-lined strainer, pressing to extract oil.

Meanwhile, prepare your vegetables. Heat a grill over medium-high heat and toss vegetables with olive oil, salt, and pepper. Grill in batches until tender, a few minutes per side.

Grill flatbread and serve alongside basil oil-drizzled vegetables and yogurt.

TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT

Food can be a psychedelic experience. If you experiment with vibrant colors and trippy flavor combinations, an out-of-mind sensory overload might just occur. Certain foods, especially those that grow close to the sun, are said to have a high vibrational frequency that lifts your mood and keeps body and brain buzzing. Hunter S. Thompson's favorite food was the endorphin-boosting grapefruit—the tangy citrus fruit is mentioned constantly throughout the book *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and, curiously, grapefruit is said to cause major drug interactions. In *Easy Rider*, the communal living-off-the-land lifestyle was applauded (while it lasted) and your local CSA delivery is sure to provide a weekly dosage of good vibes. I, for one, prescribe to the idea that processed beige food from a box dulls the senses, while a big plateful of roasted veggies and magic mushrooms with glistening oils and taste bud-tingling herbs sets me up for a high. So, next time you get the munchies, why not ditch the Doritos and taste the rainbow? And if you don't have an abundance of psychedelic produce on hand, do as certain peace-loving foodies hypothesize and raise the vibration of that bag of Cool Ranch by imagining sparkling white light with green swirls surrounding it. Far out, brussel sprout. NATALIE SHUKUR

TRUE ROMANCE (1993)

BURGER WITH SPICED KETCHUP

It's the kind of love story only Quentin Tarantino could dream up. When Alabama, the call girl with the syrupy Southern drawl, meets Elvis-obsessed Clarence, it's love. After stealing a bag of cocaine from her pimp (Gary Oldman with a glass eye and dreads), the '90s-era Bonnie and Clyde skip town. Besides being quintessential road fare, the burger—ours is extra bloody and doused with spicy ketchup—happens to be Clarence's favorite meal.

Serves: 4

SPICY KETCHUP

3-4 chile de arbol (or more!)

4 chile guajillo

1 small onion, chopped

2 stalks celery, chopped

3 cloves garlic, finely chopped

1 Tbsp olive oil

4 lbs ripe tomatoes, chopped

2 tsp kosher salt

a few good grinds black pepper

½ cup cider vinegar

¼ cup dark brown sugar

BURGER

2 lb ground beef

4 burger buns

accompaniments like sliced pickles, red onion, and lettuce

Ketchup: Heat a small skillet over medium heat. Cook chilies until lightly toasted and fragrant, 1 or 2 minutes per side being careful not to burn. When cool enough to handle, discard stems and tear chilies into small pieces.

Cook onion, celery, and garlic, with oil in a medium saucepan until softened and translucent, 10-15 minutes. Stir in chilies (with seeds), tomatoes, 1 cup of water, salt, and pepper and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 30 minutes. Cool slightly.

Working in batches, purée tomato mixture in a food processor or blender, then strain through a fine sieve into the cleaned saucepan. Add the vinegar and sugar and simmer, stirring occasionally, until ketchup consistency, about 2 hours. Cool completely. Season to taste.

Burgers: Heat grill to medium-high. Form burger patties each with a small indentation in the middle. Sprinkle each side generously with salt and pepper. Grill burgers about 3-4 minutes on each side for medium. Toast buns just until charred, about 30 seconds. Serve burgers with add-ons and plenty of Spicy Ketchup.

MY DARLING, MY HAMBURGER

"That's probably the best goddamn fuckin' hamburger I ever had in my entire life. I've never had a hamburger taste this good." So says Clarence, the comic-store-clerk-turned-vigilante after shooting up a pimp's drug den (that would be his girlfriend Alabama's pimp), sparking a cross-country escape. Because hey, sometimes the only thing to satisfy your hunger after a multiple homicide is a juicy burger. The ideal "on the run" meal, it represents boundless choice (how bloody do you want it?) and upward mobility (from the golden arches to DB Bistro). With their journey, Clarence and Alabama join a long line of American outlaws, as he puts it, "living fast, dying young, and leaving a good-looking corpse"—essentially, taking what they can get and not looking back. In this case, that's a bloody quarter-pounder with a side of no regrets. HOLLY SIEGEL





FOR THE LOVE OF MOVIES

THE OUTSIDERS When the movie theater is New York City itself, it can be a food-lovers paradise. Showtime begins after dark, but preparations start in the waning light of daytime hours. Our bags and baskets boast Italian antipasti and cured meats on crusty ciabatta. A bowl of olives and stinky French cheese that we sincerely hope won't offend moviegoers mere inches away. Garlicky hummus and velvety baba ghanoush ready to be scooped up with shards of still-warm pita. Cold wine poured precariously into tiny cups. Before the feast begins, we must make sure that our blanket is spread on prime viewing real estate, so we arrive just as the sticky heat of the day begins to give in, the sun gliding lazily towards the horizon. Then,

Dream a Little Dream Call me old fashioned, but some things are indubitably romantic. Jane Austen novels. A shared chocolate egg cream. An offer of a coat on a chilly night. A whispered I love you in the dark. A car door opened. A drive-in movie theater. I've had the good fortune to experience all of these, but the latter, still, only in my dreams. The drive-in. A quintessentially American destination. A retreat to a simpler time. Rows of cars, windows and tops rolled down, moviegoers exposed to the open air as twinkling stars pierce holes in the natural darkness of this theater. Old speakers alive with the voices of muffled scenes hooked on side view mirrors and car doors. Sodas and hot dogs and boxes of candy dance across the screen. No worries about finding seats side-by-side since you bring your own. Take your shoes off, curl up on the roomy, cushioned bench seat, without a pesky armrest to prevent a snuggle under the blanket. OK, so the movie isn't that great, but the drive-in of my dreams, that never disappoints. CK

our legs stretched out and bounty surrounding us, wait for night to fall so those opening credits can roll, the iconic skyline, our backdrop. CARRIE KING

JUNIOR MINT LEAGUE

Nothing is more embarrassing than pulling up to the bus that will take you to sleepaway camp and finding a brown blob on your butt. The culprit? A handful of errant Junior Mints. Yet I didn't mourn my ruined dress—the peppermint filling so stubbornly clung to the fabric that my mom promptly threw it out—but rather my parents' decree banning my consumption of the nickel-sized candies anywhere but the movie theater (this was, admittedly, not my first meltdown, but certainly the worst). It was never clear why our local cinema was exempt, but ultimately I couldn't argue; after all, is there any treat more perfect for movie viewing than a box of Junior Mints? From its inception the Sugar Babies' sibling seemed destined to accompany darkened room entertainment; named after the 1940s play *Junior Miss*, it has since had multiple run-ins with pop culture, including that infamous *Seinfeld* episode. I'll, however, take a melted Junior Mint over one dropped into a patient's abdomen mid-surgery any day. REBECCA WILLA DAVIS

BUTTER FINGERS The girl behind the counter paused with the half-full popcorn bag in hand alongside the familiarly alien popping machine. "Butter the first half?" she asked. A salt freak whose addiction to movie popcorn has only grown since childhood, I was intrigued, to say the least. Could this be the solution to a lifetime of frustration over dry, salty bags of popcorn with only a thin layer of buttered goodness up top? (In which scenario you must monitor your companion closely lest you end up with no buttered popcorn at all—the unthinkable!) "Yes, you can do that," she assured me, sensing my bewilderment. So we buttered the first half, and then the second half, and the results were glorious: An overflowing bag of delightfully artificial popcorn buttered perfectly evenly from fluffy, fragrant top-of-the-heap to tooth-cracking final kernel. A revelation. SARA CARDACE

Illustration by Randy Grskovic

DARK EMBRACE

It usually started with bent legs veering towards each other in the darkness. Young stomachs dropped in anticipation as knees first touched, then rubbed voraciously. Soon one hand found its way over, timidly caressing, beckoning for another to clasp. Hands held, fingers slowly tracing the length from tip to palm until every strand of hair on fuzzy forearms stood up in alert. Sideways glances stolen between scenes, each one hopeful that there was more to come. A sweaty palm reached for a flushed cheek, pulling faces together. Eyes fluttering nervously, too nervously to close entirely. Breath, warm and heavy. Lips, finally met, soft and hesitant at first, then greedy. Tongues, still coated with a tacky film of soda residue and popcorn butter circling an uncharted mouth's every warm corner methodically. Bodies leaned in, thirsty, breathless. And then, just as quickly as it started, the credits began their slow roll, the lights came up, and it was over. Hair was smoothed, lips wiped, and shirts adjusted. What movie was that again? RV

DESSERTS

Summer Flings

There is no season more apropos of a passionate (and passing) affair than summer—when it's hot outside, so too are we for each other. But just as quickly as summer elapses, so can that once burning desire. Summertime's ephemeral lust has long been celebrated on screen, and here, whether innocent or intense or downright messy, it inspired something sweet. Minty gin-soaked watermelon balls, a honeyed pistachio-strewn ice cream sandwich, a splendid clutter of summer berries, and a ch ch ch ch ch Cherry Bombe—all of them, brief, beautiful encounters.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Johnny Miller FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis



DIRTY DANCING (1987)

“CURIOUSLY STRONG” WATERMELON BALLS

In the annals of teen films, *Dirty Dancing* ranks high. After all, it was the summer love story of many a teen dream: You begrudgingly go on vacation with your family and get swept up in an affair with a hunky older guy your parents would find totally inappropriate. Swoon. Since when Baby utters “I carried a watermelon”, anyone who once felt just as desperately uncool—basically, anyone who remembers being a teenager—related, we made the quintessential summer fruit the star of our “curiously strong” (those are Altoids® in the syrup) balls.

Serves: 4

- 1 cup water
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 peppermint Altoids®
- 10 juniper berries, crushed
- ¼ cup gin
- about 25 watermelon balls

Bring water, sugar, Altoids®, and juniper berries to a simmer, stirring to dissolve sugar and mints. Cook until reduced to about ¾ cup then strain. Chill syrup then stir in gin and pour over watermelon balls before serving.

I CARRIED THE GEFILTE FISH

Like most girls my age, I grew up watching *Dirty Dancing* religiously, dreaming of carrying watermelons and mambo-ing with Johnny Castle in my Keds. The summer I was 16, I took the Short Line bus up to Sullivan County to waitress at a borscht belt hotel—but it wasn’t all produce and pachanga. The reality: I mixed endless batches of tartar sauce and had an unrequited crush on an older guy (the rest of the waitstaff were in their 20s; I was a family friend). The menu was static in time, as most guests were ancient annual clientele. There was a full sterno-mounted breakfast buffet. It overflowed with all manner of oatmeal and watery scrambled eggs and lox studded with briny capers. Most meals featured an impossible number of little monkey dishes of pickled beets and chicken liver and gefilte fish. I wasn’t a good waitress; it didn’t really matter, although going a day without spilling something would have felt like a small victory. My dilapidated bungalow (deemed unfit for guests) had no TV. I couldn’t go to bars with my coworkers. It was a pretty sad summer of smoking pot over a Glade candle. I’d sneak into the kitchen at night and stand in the walk-in, eating strawberries while klezmer music played in the distance, waiting for someone to try and put me in a corner. HOLLY SIEGEL

SUMMER LOVERS (1982) AND VICKY CRISTINA BARCELONA (2008)

HONEYED PISTACHIO ICE CREAM SANDWICH

Postcard-perfect Mediterranean settings, a tall, dark, and handsome leading man, and raging hormones a plenty are the markers of our summer threesome films. Since adding a third body to your beachfront (or darkroom) carousing can make things understandably well, sticky, we drenched these pistachio-rolled ice-cream sandwiches in plenty of honey.

Serves: 4

COOKIE DOUGH

1 stick unsalted butter, at room temp, plus more for pan

1 cup AP flour

½ tsp baking powder

¼ tsp salt

½ tsp anise seeds, crushed

½ cup sugar

1 large egg

¼ tsp vanilla

FOR ASSEMBLY

1 pint vanilla frozen yogurt or ice cream

honey

½ cup raw pistachios, chopped

Preheat oven to 350°F. Butter a 9 x 13 baking pan. In a small bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, salt and anise seeds.

In another bowl, beat butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and vanilla until well combined. Reduce speed to low and beat in flour mixture until just combined.

Using an offset spatula, spread dough into a thin, even layer. Bake, rotating pan halfway through cooking until cookie is still pale but set and edges are golden brown, about 20 minutes. Cool completely.

Using a round pastry cutter, cut out eight 2¾ to 3-inch cookies. Sandwich a scoop of vanilla ice cream and a drizzle of honey between cookies then roll edge in chopped pistachios. Freeze at least 30 minutes or until ready to serve. Just before serving, drizzle the sides of each sandwich with honey if desired.

HAPPY ENDINGS

Some say chocolate is better than sex. But lest we forget this aphrodisiac fueled scandalous lovers from Montezuma to Casanova. And what of other confectionary indulgences? The word dessert is derived from the French verb *desservir*—to remove what has been served—and there is something seductive about a meal consumed, a table cleared, but something left to be desired. In Victorian times, the ritual of cutting the wedding cake symbolized de-virginizing the bride. In Ancient Rome, the fertility god Priapus and goddess Demeter were unceremoniously honored with pastries that replicated their reproductive organs—the former of which men ate for virility. It was a stickier situation further east, in 1131, where India's King Sômesvara III served his concubines *gôlamu*—sugar-soaked, cardamom-scented donuts, that's right—to inspire "sensual feelings." So feel free to have your cake, and eat it too. SAMANTHA GURRIE



I AM LOVE (2009)

ETON MESS WITH FRESH BERRIES

Emma Recchi's affair in the exquisitely beautiful *I am Love* is twofold—she is sleeping with her son's talented chef friend Antonio, but is equally enamored with the sublime food he cooks for her. Things get, predictably, out of control, and our lovingly disheveled Eton Mess made with crumbled meringue, cream, and an assortment of ripe berries (after one passionate alfresco romp Emma lets the juices from a fresh-picked bunch seep through her fingers), honors that.

Serves: 4

MERINGUE

- 1 vanilla bean
- 3 egg whites
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

ASSEMBLY

- 5 cups mixed berries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 cup cream

Preheat the oven to 200°F. Split vanilla bean and scrape out the seeds. Add seeds to a mixing bowl along with egg whites and beat with an electric mixer at medium speed until they just hold soft peaks. Increase to medium-high and very slowly, while continuing to beat, add the sugar in a gentle, steady stream. When all the sugar has been added, increase to high and continue to beat until whites are glossy and hold stiff peaks.

Line a baking sheet with a piece of parchment. Dollop the meringue into four even rounds about 1-inch thick. Bake two hours. Don't open the oven. Turn it off and let meringues cool inside, 2 hours or overnight.

Just before serving, place the berries and sugar in a bowl and mash lightly with a fork. Let stand about 15 minutes. Whip the cream just until it holds soft peaks.

Break meringues into pieces and layer with berries and their juices and cream. Save a bit of meringue to crumble on top. Serve immediately.

JUST LIKE HEAVEN

"To the Recchi wives!" three generations of women—Allegra, Emma and Eva—toast with a bottle of 1995 Bergheim Riesling Altenberg. The characters in Luca Guadagnino's lavish film, *I Am Love*, are part of an elite Milanese dynasty. For Emma (Tilda Swinton) all the trappings of her luxe lifestyle recede during a lunch-cum-epiphany at an upscale restaurant. The menu is outlined innocuously enough: marinated egg yolk, pea cream and zucchini flowers; prawns with ratatouille and sweet-and-sour sauce; fish with vegetables that the chef grows himself in the Italian countryside. But when the first plate arrives, the scene changes: The light shifts to spotlight Emma, the conversation around her mutes, the screen is suddenly a fetishistic montage of her eager lips and closed eyes. It's an exquisite food moment, or what *The New Yorker's* Anthony Lane deemed "a gourmet's parody of Mary at the Annunciation". Emma's appetite riotously transcends her mannered life, astonishes her, accesses something dormant. Her surge of enjoyment, verging on libidinous, is a holy grail of sensual experience—something we each secretly hope for, on and off the plate. SARAH MOROZ



BODY HEAT (1981)

CHERRY BOMBE

The coastal southern Florida town of Pinehaven is in the midst of a brutal heat wave. And after philandering local lawyer Ned meets the smoldering (and married) Matty (Kathleen Turner in her first big screen role), it's not just the weather that's hot. Their torrid love affair soon fuels a murderous plot; one with a rather, ahem, explosive ending. Our sweet cherry bombe meets Baked Alaska melding of meringue, chocolate, and cherry is as hot and cold as Matty herself.

Serves: 6 to 8

3 pints cherry or cherry vanilla ice cream, slightly softened

1 pint darkest chocolate ice cream

6 egg whites, at room temperature

¼ tsp fresh lemon juice or a pinch of cream of tartar

¾ cup sugar

Line a 7-inch diameter bowl (2 to 2½ qts) with cherry ice cream leaving a hollow center. Freeze until firm, about an hour. Slightly soften chocolate ice cream then press into hollow and freeze completely.

Beat egg whites with lemon juice or cream of tartar and a pinch of salt until they just hold soft peaks. Increase speed to medium high and very slowly, while continuing to beat, add sugar in a steady stream. When it's all added, increase speed to high and continue to beat until whites are glossy and hold stiff peaks.

Turn out bombe onto a cookie sheet. Spread meringue over ice cream completely. Freeze at least 30 minutes (you can keep it in freezer for 3 to 4 hours). Briefly bake bombe in a 450°F oven just until meringue is tinged with brown, or brown with a blowtorch. Quickly transfer to a rimmed platter. Freeze briefly or serve at once.

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

In the annals of pastry, credit for the Baked Alaska goes to a sous chef at Delmonico's, who conceived the dish to celebrate the nation's purchase of Alaska in 1867. Of course, this history comes with its share of annotations. For one, the French seemed to have already invented an identical dessert—the omelette à la norvégienne. And then there's the fact that the name "Baked Alaska" came later. Initially, the dish appeared as "Alaska, Florida"—a menu listing that, though it evoked the same juxtaposition of cold and hot, struck me as slightly odd. At least until I experienced the Baked Alaska at Oleana in Cambridge, Massachusetts. True to type, it arrived, a crown of torched egg whites curling toward me like a rogue wave. My fork tapped through the brûléed shell, then turned greedy as it plundered cumulous meringue, dense ice cream, chewy macaroon (replacing the usual sponge cake base), and warm caramel sauce. At first, I could only feel the different elements clashing on my tongue; then suddenly I could taste them—a salvatory marriage of coconut (ice cream, macaroon) and passion fruit (caramel). Cold and hot; arctic and tropics. It was Alaska, Florida. And it was delicious. CHARLOTTE DOUGLAS







DEATH BECOMES HIM

"Give them pleasure. The same pleasure they have when they wake up from a nightmare."
- Alfred Hitchcock

Dark humor. False accusations. Perfect crimes and not so perfect crimes. Double crossing. Complex relationships and passionate affairs. Deception and danger. Guilt and innocence. Mistaken identity. Sexual tension. Twists of fate. Murder, intrigue, and a devastatingly beautiful blonde. Just some of the recurring themes that have earned Alfred Hitchcock the moniker, the Master of Suspense. He was. So much so, that he once admitted: "I'm frightened of my own movies. I never go see them. I don't know how people can bear to watch." But Hitchcock's means of translating terror on the big screen was a thing of elegance nothing like modern-day horror's perpetual bloodbaths. It was that signature chilling approach that informed our slashed black-and-blueberry pie, eerily luminous milkshake, candy-stripe beet salad, hacked black chicken, and strozzapreti with potatoes and capers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Grant Cornett FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis

DEEP DISHES

Hitchcock was a gourmand—and glutton—and that affinity for food found its way into his films.

Here, ten memorable culinary cameos. ALIA AKKAM

Rebecca, 1940

The second Mrs. de Winter remains nameless throughout the film, amplifying how powerless she is against the ghost of Rebecca, the original Mrs. de Winter. When the couple sits down to their first dinner, across a big, formal table in the haunting Manderley estate, it symbolizes the deep chasm between the newlyweds. Rebecca, casting a shadow over the marriage, is present, an unwanted visitor.

Shadow of a Doubt, 1943

What is served during this film noir's finely wrought dinner scene is far less important than what is revealed. When Uncle Charlie icily declares his hatred of rich widows during the meal, describing them as "horrible, faded, fat, greedy women," it kicks off a bizarre dinner conversation. A slow burn of mounting clues that eventually convinces the niece that her uncle is in fact wanted serial killer, the Merry Widow Murderer.

Notorious, 1946

In the midst of an epically long kiss on a Rio balcony, Alicia, daughter of a convicted Nazi spy, tells government agent T.R. it's too beautiful to leave for dinner. "But you don't like to cook he replies." "No, I don't," she confesses between nuzzling, "but I have a chicken in the icebox and you're eating it," joking the lovebirds may need to use their hands. In this "very strange love affair," food is foreplay.

ON DESIRE

An inexplicable mass-migration of crows, blonde femme fatales and their doubles, possession, madness. The tagline of *Suspicion*: "Each time they kissed, there was the thrill of love...the threat of murder!" Which makes the thrill all the greater. In Hitchcock's films, fear is secondary only to desire. *Rear Window's* Jimmy Stewart falls deeply in love with Grace Kelly when he sees her beyond the familiar world of his apartment, scaling the walls of the foreboding tenement opposite. In *Vertigo*, Cary Grant roams San Francisco, seeking a beautiful blonde mysteriously possessed by a dead woman. In *Psycho's* most famous scene, we are as horrified by not seeing behind the shower curtain as we are by the murder itself. For the daring, the art of intrigue can be applied to the table—a black, oozing pie is more tantalizing than any rhubarb. Even in food, we wander straight into the dangerous unknown: hypnotic beets, a blackened bird, a frothy cocktail of intrigue whiter than the full moon. The darkest and most desirable table of all. MAUD DOYLE

Rope, 1948

At friends Brandon and Philip's dinner party the buffet is spread out on an old chest in the living room. None of the guests are aware, as they reach for the paté that brazenly tucked inside the chest is the body of David, the young men's former classmate, who they strangled. In this apartment, with panoramic New York views, murder is another privilege of the elite, feasting atop a corpse, a sheer thrill.

Rear Window, 1954

His leg in a cast, L.B. Jeffries, watches his neighbors' banal lives pass through a window. In one tender moment: a dolled-up woman sets a table for a mythical dinner for two, with candles and air kisses. This bittersweet vignette is juxtaposed with Jeffries' own culinary fate: pristine lobster and French fries from New York's fabled 21 Club, an unheard-of luxury, delivered by his socialite girlfriend. "It's perfect, as always," says an agitated Jeffries.

To Catch a Thief, 1955

The French Riviera is the setting for glorious food. Retired cat burglar John Robie serves Quiche Lorraine to an insurance adjuster—"You'll enjoy this," he says, heaping a slab on his plate—who describes the crust light as air. Then Robie and Frances halt a scenic drive to tuck into fried chicken. Would he fancy a leg or a breast, she asks? An innocent meal, but an intimate one.

The Man Who Knew Too Much, 1956

At dinner while on vacation in Marrakech, married couple Dr. and Mrs. McKenna from Indianapolis, dig into chicken served in a mammoth tagine pot. Dr. McKenna asks nervously, confounded by the accompanying puffy bread, "Does it chew better than it tears?" He then is warned to eat with two fingers—only from the left hand, never right—"It's messy but worth it."

Vertigo, 1958

James Stewart and Kim Novak may be the stars, but Ernie's, the now-shuttered, once venerable San Francisco restaurant is just as important a character. What meals are consumed here we do not know, only that it is where Stewart first lays eyes on the voluptuous Novak, where he imagines her, and where he brings her "doppelgänger" for dinner. At the end of the film, just before Novak's Judy Barton clasps her telltale ruby necklace, it is a steak at Ernie's she craves.

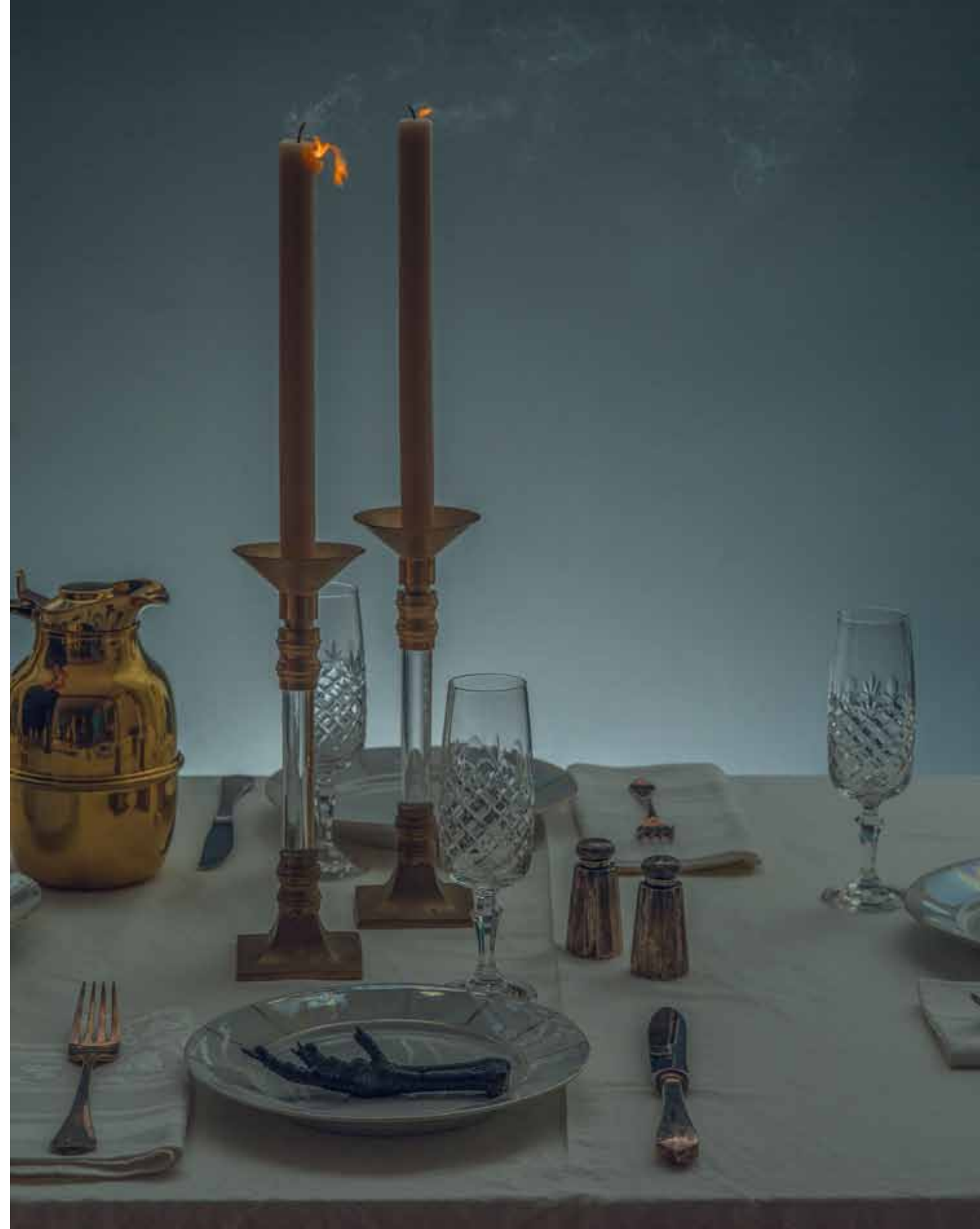
Psycho, 1960

There is a diner ten miles away, but Marion Crane, who just checked into the Bates Motel, does not go. Instead, she is charmed by the awkward Bates' invitation for a humble dinner of sandwiches and milk. "I don't set a fancy table, but the kitchen's awful homey," he says. After Crane overhears a shouting match between Bates and his mother, he comes back with a tray and suggests they dine in the parlor instead. "You eat like a bird," Bates tells her as she takes demure bites of bread. It would be her last supper.

Frenzy, 1972

All Chief Inspector Oxford wants is a steak and potato, but instead he must endure the failed culinary experiments inspired by his wife's course at the Continental School of Gourmet Cooking—pig foot smothered in a French sauce for tripe, a soupe de poisson bubbling with aquatic creatures. It adds a layer of dark humor to a plot about a wrongly accused strangler, just like images of vibrant apples and zucchini in the market scenes are juxtaposed with menace.

RECIPE FOR FAKE BLOOD: Pour a ½ cup warm water in a small bowl. While whisking, lightly sprinkle ½ tsp xanthan gum, whisking constantly to incorporate. Whisk in another ¾ cup water to get a nice blood consistency. Color with a few drops red gel food color and the tiniest hint of black. Bonus: it's gluten free!





TWISTS OF FATE

"One doesn't often get a second chance...you're my second chance," John "Scottie" Ferguson tells Madeline Elster, the object of his obsession in *Vertigo* (1958). But working against him is a sense of the inevitable pervasive in Hitchcock's films. Whether driven by fate, or time, or human longing—or something altogether darker—it rises up repeatedly. We see it in *The Birds* (1963) and *Psycho* (1960): a force, mightier than Hitchcock's characters, that hangs over them and shadows their lives. It's especially powerful in *Vertigo*, in which Scottie loses, then miraculously rediscovers Madeline. Its presence lingers prominently as the lovers, their fate still unwritten, wander in the hush of a redwood forest, Madeline lamenting "all the people who've been born and have died when the trees went on living." While they contemplate a felled sequoia—its thousand rings like time made solid—she indicates the moments, but a few centimeters apart, of her own birth and death.

An homage appears in Chris Marker's *La Jetée* (1962): an unnamed man travels through time, pulled back to the Paris of his youth by the image of a woman seared into his memory. The two soon meet and fall in love and, as in *Vertigo*, encounter a cutaway sequoia during their courtship. In Marker's inversion, the man points out to his lover the era not yet arrived, beyond the edge of the tree, that he comes from. The scene's dreamlike mood captures their hazy relationship, which, as in Hitchcock, runs up against the cold inevitability that ultimately rules over their lives. DIEGO HADIS

AND...SCENE

Chefs share the movie moments that have inspired them in the kitchen. *Stephanie Wu*

"Watching *Babette's Feast* as a little girl confirmed my desire to live in France and obsession with the language and cuisine. While in Paris I remember teaching myself how to make puff pastry by taping off and sanitizing a section of the floor in my tiny apartment and calling that my counter space."
—Katie Buttons, executive chef and co-owner of *Cúrate*, Asheville, NC

"The main character in the old Italian movie *Un Americano a Roma* is a Roman obsessed with being American. He comes home one night and sits in front of a bowl of pasta his mother has left for him. He had tried to eat a mish-mash of American food but finally

gives up and attacks the pasta, consuming the whole thing with deep satisfaction!"
—Sara Jenkins, chef and owner of *Porsena and Porchetta*, NYC

"In *A River Runs Through It* there is ultra-hot Brad Pitt, fly fishing and natural settings with a wild intensity. I'd like to do a theme night around it at home with Sunburst Farm trout and wild purslane, charred onions, and smoky bacon tossed in a sungold vinaigrette served on grilled country bread."
—Aimee Olexy, chef and owner, *Talula's Table, Talula's Garden, and Talula's Daily* in Philadelphia, PA

"The '70s B-film *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes!* is so memorable it inspired a yearly festival at JCT. It features Atlanta's best chefs and mixologists creating crazy tomato tastings like tomato jelly donuts, tomato ice cream sandwiches, and

heirloom tomato dip'n dots."
—Ford Fry, chef and owner of *The Optimist, JCT, No. 246, King and Duke*, Atlanta, GA

"The main meal in Ang Lee's *Eat Drink Man Woman* reminds me of Sunday brunches growing up in India. After mass my mom made Kerala beef stew with chunks of meat and seasonal vegetables slow-braised in a coconut milk broth—absolute deliciousness in a bowl."
—Asha Gomez, executive chef and owner of *Cardamom Hill*, Atlanta, GA

"In *Jiro Dreams of Sushi*, Jiro's constant drive to learn is remarkable. His dishes look streamlined, but it's amazing how complex they really are. Because of him I was inspired to make a green walnut ice cream, chocolate buckwheat cake, and sorrel cream."
—Erica Ohrling, pastry chef at *Vinegar Hill House and Hillside*, Brooklyn, NY

"*Smokey and the Bandit* was a classic when I was a kid. Burt Reynolds and a Trans-Am—what's better? We created a cocktail in homage with chipotle-infused White Pike whiskey, smoked brown sugar syrup, and lime juice. We send an inverted glass filled with smoke to the table; it gets turned over and the drink contents poured in."
—Rob Newton, chef and owner of *Nightingale 9*, Brooklyn, NY

"I adore Audrey Hepburn. When I was a young girl, I loved her looks; when I was a teenager, I loved her adorable, sly humor; and when I started to work in food, I loved everything about her in the film *Sabrina*. My favorite part is when she learns how to crack an egg at Le Cordon Bleu. The instructor says, 'It's all in the wrist,' but really, it's all in Hepburn's face. The film is almost 60 years old, but the image is fresh: I think of it every time I crack the 24 eggs that go into a batch of French vanilla sablés."
—Dorie Greenspan, author and co-owner of *Beurre & Sel*

"My favorite is the opening of *Eat Drink Man Woman*, where Chef Chu is preparing a meal for himself and his daughters. From properly frying a fish, to deboning a chicken with his bare hands to make a simple soup, to slicing vegetables perfectly. With all the unnecessary gadgets and additives and hydrocolloids being thrown around these days, that scene shows that being really good at the simple things is the only thing you need to make delicious food."
—Justin Yu, chef and owner of *Oxheart* in Houston, TX

SUSPICION (1941)

LUMINOUS EGG CREAM

It doesn't take much effort for debonair playboy Johnnie (Cary Grant, naturally) to woo sweet, bookish Lina (Joan Fontaine)—she's looking for an escape from her dull life in the English countryside, and he's looking for access to her family fortune. Lina soon realizes Johnnie is a thief, gambler, liar, and, quite possibly, a murderer, and begins to fear for her own life. Our luminous egg cream (made, as many New Yorkers will say, as it should be, with Fox's U-Bet syrup) is a take on the frothy glowing glass of milk he serves her one night, and she dare not drink.

Makes: 1

3 Tbsp vanilla or chocolate syrup
(Fox's U-Bet is the original and
best for this)

In a tall glass, stir together syrup and milk. Add seltzer,
stirring feverishly with a spoon while adding.

¼ cup whole milk

about 6 oz seltzer

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

It starts with an innocent meeting on a train and leads to intrigue (on her part) and desire (on his). She shouldn't have fallen for it; he was in the wrong cabin class, but his wit and charm seemed to reel her right in. Lina had her ulterior motives, like an escape from predictability and privilege. And there was Johnnie's handsome face that allows him to get away with almost everything. A romance unexpected, tangled with...suspicion. His dapper appearance, like a luminous shake, was so pure, and befitting something old fashioned—whether a glass or Johnnie's tweed suits. They both hide so evenly what's beneath the surface; for him, a gambling mess of debts and past associates, stories so grand; for it, a syrupy sugar that tastes like the sweetest chocolate. And they share the lust for more: Lina's mind driving her mad with queries about whether Johnnie has murdered his friend, if he is actually after her, what he is scheming and if he is on her side. And then there's the shake, which is dessert but isn't, for which one is not quite ever enough, and whose white color belies what's inside. It is as if you were served one by Hitchcock himself. **REBECCA SINN KELLY**



VERTIGO (1958)

CANDY-STRIPE BEET SALAD

A retired San Francisco police detective (James Stewart) with a bad case of acrophobia. A haunted heiress (the frostiest of Hitchcock blondes, Kim Novak). A dangerous obsession that leads to tragedy. Everything is not as it appears in this breathtaking thriller, which takes many a dizzying turn. Our salad of candy-stripe beets, with their naturally kaleidoscopic interior, is meant to evoke a similar daze.

Serves: 4

1 lb small candy-striped beets
(also called Chioggia beets)

2 Tbsp chopped flat-leaf parsley

2 Tbsp finely chopped mint

1 Tbsp finely chopped chives

juice of 1 lemon

¼ cup extra virgin olive oil

salt and pepper, to taste

4 oz block creamy feta cheese,
thinly sliced

Trim and peel the beets. Slice very thinly by hand or using a mandolin-type slicer.

In a bowl, combine beets, herbs, lemon juice, and oil. Toss gently to combine. Season to taste. Sprinkle with feta and serve.

BOTH SIDES NOW

Hitchcock was famously afraid of eggs. “I’m frightened of eggs, worse than frightened, they revolt me,” he said. “Blood is jolly, red. But egg yolk is yellow, revolting.” Based on that argument, it seems fair to assume that the Master of Suspense would have liked beets. Beets, you see, are bloody. Their iron-rich juice actually served that purpose in early horror films. Chioggia beets—named for their Italian origin and also known as candy-striped or bulls-eye beets—lack the gore factor of their common cousins. Served raw and sliced, they’re instead suggestive of—and as visually compelling as—the (bloodless) 1958 masterpiece *Vertigo*. Their concentric Technicolor circles evoke both the dizzy mania of acrophobia and the spiral-shaped motifs of John “Scottie” Ferguson’s fatal obsession: possessed aristocrat Madeleine’s corkscrew updo; those twisting tower stairs; that round bouquet of flowers, whirling out of control in Scottie’s animated nightmare. Indeed, when you think about it, beets and *Vertigo* have a lot in common: Both are studies in duality. How, they ask, can two specimens be the same and yet so different? Beets, like Kim Novak’s character, can be humble or haute, a vulgar salesgirl or an icy heiress, soggy habitués of the plastic to-go container or the shining market-sourced stars in a salad of uncommon beauty. At times maddeningly elusive, Chioggias are the Madeleine Elster of the species. Go ahead, stalk them. EVIANA HARTMAN



FRENZY (1972)

STRANGLER PASTA WITH FINGERLING POTATOES

Hitch himself was the son of a green grocer so it's fitting that the fruit and vegetable market would figure into this shocker about a serial killer prowling the streets of London for his next victim. The killer's modus operandi is strangulation by necktie, so we made a twisted strozzapreti pasta (Italian translation, "priest strangler") with fingerling potatoes since one of his victims turns up in a flatbed truck full of spuds.

Serves: 4

½ lb pasta, preferably strozzapreti

½ cup frozen peas

½ lb fingerling potatoes, cut into
¼-inch thick rounds

1 cup water

2 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil

4 strips lemon peel (yellow only),
cut into very thin slices

½ cup pitted picholine or other
green olives, halved

¼ tsp salt

¼ tsp pepper

¼ cup chopped parsley

3 Tbsp capers, chopped

1 | Cook pasta in boiling, salted water until almost al dente.
Stir in peas and cook 2 minutes longer. Drain.

2 | Meanwhile, put potatoes, water, oil, lemon peel, olives,
salt, and pepper in a skillet and simmer, covered, just
until potatoes are tender, 8-10 minutes. Stir in pasta and
peas and cook just until heated through. Stir in parsley
and capers. Check seasoning, and serve.

GRAPHIC DESIGN

Frenzy was released in 1972, a year after *A Clockwork Orange* and *Straw Dogs* and the same year as *Deliverance*. Hitchcock either found himself finally able to realize his misogynistic fantasies in lurid detail or was desperately trying to play catch-up with the level of graphic content now permissible in mainstream cinema. This was after all the decade that went on to swallow *Deep Throat*. More than any other Hitchcock movie, *Frenzy* has a tactile, salty, even grubby feel to it. The film's accused, Richard Blaney (played by Jon Finch), is a far cry from the doe-eyed James Stewart of *Rear Window* or Cary Grant as the amiable buffoon in *North By Northwest*. Blaney is irritable, self-pitying and, frankly, unlikable. The glamorous women and sharply tailored suits of Hitchcock's 1950s and '60s oeuvre have been replaced by brown kipper ties and, erm, actresses of the plainer variety. But what remains is arguably Hitchcock's funniest film; one that still contains the bravura flourishes of single-take tracking shots and a camera swooping along the Thames to an ironically bombastic score. Unnecessarily foul-mouthed and at times full frontal, *Frenzy* has even more spit but no less polish than you'd expect from the Master of Suspense. WILL MORLEY



THE BIRDS (1963)

HACKED COLD CHICKEN

Pretty, our hacked Hainanese-style cold chicken (we used a black one for effect) most certainly is not, but then again, neither were the birds on screen in this petrifying Hitchcock tale about a prim San Francisco socialite under attack.

Serves: 4

FOR CHICKEN AND BROTH

- 1 whole chicken (the traditional, not black variety)
- 1 Tbsp kosher salt
- 8 thin slices fresh ginger
- 2 scallions, cut into long pieces

FOR RICE

- 2 cups Jasmine rice
- 3 Tbsp canola oil
- 3 shallots, finely chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 2½ cups broth from chicken
- ½ tsp salt

accompaniments like sliced cucumber, soy sauce, sesame oil, sriracha, lime wedges and cilantro

Season chicken inside and out with salt. Bring a large pot of about 3 qts water to a boil with ginger, and scallions. Add chicken, breast side down, and return to a boil. Simmer 15 minutes then turn off heat and leave chicken in hot broth, covered, until just cooked through about 20 minutes.

Lift chicken from broth and chill in a bowl of ice water, reserving broth. Chill for 10 minutes then drain and bring to room temperature.

While chicken is chilling, rinse rice in a colander until water runs clear. Heat oil in a saucepan over medium heat. Cook shallots until golden. Add garlic and cook 1 minute longer. Stir in rice and cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Stir in broth and salt and bring to a boil then reduce heat to low and simmer covered until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender, 15 to 18 minutes.

Hack breasts and legs into pieces or remove meat from bones and slice.

Serve chicken over rice with accompaniments.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

I have a thing for birds. I don't peer at them through binoculars; nor would I dream of owning one. But if you look around my apartment, they're everywhere. A 1950s ceramic cardinal perches on a windowsill; a flea-market robin on a bookcase. Framed illustrations of feathers (and a poster for *The Birds*) in my living room; there are even birds in the wallpaper. It's a bit unnerving. But then, so are birds. They're tiny singing dinosaurs with air-filled bones, mysterious internal compasses, and extraordinarily long memories. They are also, in New York, one of the last links to nature. Maybe that's why they flit around the edges of my subconscious so persistently: They remind me that there's something else. It's what Hitchcock tapped into with *The Birds*—that nature (too often underestimated and mistreated) might turn on us—and it's more terrifying in this era of extreme environmental unpredictability. Consider the sinister denouement of the Daphne Du Maurier story on which the film is based: "Nat listened to the tearing sound of splintering wood, and wondered how many million years of memory were stored in those little brains, behind the stabbing beaks, the piercing eyes, now giving them this instinct to destroy mankind with all the deft precision of machines." I love birds, but perhaps we'd better eat them before they eat us. APRIL LONG



PSYCHO (1960)

SLASHED BLACK & BLUEBERRY PIE

After Marion (Janet Leigh) impulsively swindles her boss of \$40,000, she skips town with the hope of starting a new life. Alas, after deciding to rest at the Bates Motel, Marion meets Norman and her end—not long after serving her dinner in a parlor festooned with ominous stuffed birds he, in one of cinema's most iconic murder scenes ever, stabs her to death in the shower. Hitch used Bosco chocolate syrup for his blood; our slashed pie, oozes with smashed black- and blueberries.

Makes: one 9-inch pie

PASTRY DOUGH

- 2½ cups AP flour
- ½ tsp salt
- 2 sticks (8 oz) cold unsalted butter, cut into small pieces
- ⅓ to ½ cup ice cold water
- 1 egg yolk beaten with 1 Tbsp water

FILLING

- ⅔ cup sugar
- 3 Tbsp cornstarch
- ¾ tsp cinnamon
- 5 cups mixed blackberries and blueberries

Pulse flour, salt and butter in a food processor until it forms a coarse meal. Pulse in water just until dough starts to get clumpy. Divide dough into 2 disks, one just slightly larger than the other then wrap disks in plastic. Chill at least 1 hour or overnight.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Set a foil lined baking sheet on a rack in lower third of oven.

Roll out the larger of the two disks on a lightly floured surface into a 12-inch round. Fit dough into a 9-inch pie plate leaving some overhang and chill. Roll out remaining disk into an 11-inch round and chill.

Stir together sugar, constarch, and cinnamon then stir in berries. Fill pie shell with berry mixture then set on top crust, trimming, tucking, and crimping to seal well. Slash top then brush with yolk/water mixture.

Bake pie on hot pan 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°F and bake until filling is bubbling and crust is golden, 30 to 45 minutes longer. If crust starts to get too dark before filling is bubbling, cover loosely with foil. Cool completely on a rack.

A CUT ABOVE

We asked pro knifewielder, Erika Nakamura of L.A.'s beloved (and female-owned) Lindy + Grundy butcher to share three of her slicing go-tos.

Victorinox 8" Rigid Rosewood Breaking knife

The rosewood handle absorbs excess fats that develop from long hours of cutting. As the handle gets conditioned, it really starts to fit your hand like a glove.

K Sabatier 10" Cimenter Carbon Steel knife

This was a gift from my wife Amelia and Josh at Bernal Cutlery. Unlike most Cimenter knives, this is lightweight and easy to use for butchers with small hands like me.

Vintage 6" Carbon Steel Meat Cleaver

I found this for \$20 at a flea market in Cape Cod. It is lighter and sharper than most cleavers, which makes it a joy to work with. Of all my knives, it's my favorite.





DAYDREAM BELIEVER

If Hitchcock is the master of suspense, then Wes Anderson is the master of quirk. And his aesthetic, love it or hate it, is something instantly recognizable. There is that saturated color palette and the meticulously curated sets, the precision framing and Futura font, the dreamy slow-mo scenes and the bizarre family dynamics, the soundtrack of '60s nuggets and Bill Murray. Our mango lassi and Indian spiced nuts, petite grilled quail, lavish fruits de mer platter, butterscotch pudding, and egg and tomato white bread sandwiches all honor that tidily stylish sense of nostalgia that has become Anderson's trademark.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Keirnan Monaghan FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis



THE DARJEELING LIMITED (2007)

MANGO LASSI & INDIAN-SPICED NUTS

After their dad dies, three brothers (Adrien Brody, Jason Schwartzman and Owen Wilson) travel to India to surprise their mother (Angelica Huston) in her Himalayan nunnery. On the journey, there are blessings, snakes, an affair with a bespectacled stewardess, a life saved, a life lost, and a man-eating tiger. The titular train is the colorful backdrop for much of the activity. We imagine them snacking on our mango lassis and spiced nuts in a traincar while hatching another hair-brained scheme.

MANGO LASSI

Serves: 2

- 2 small mangos (preferably Champagne variety) or 1 large mango, very ripe, peeled, seeded and chopped (about 2-2½ cups)
- 1 ½ cups plain yogurt (not Greek-style)
- ½ cup coconut milk
- 3 Tbsp sugar
- lime wedges

Purée mango, yogurt, coconut milk, and sugar in a food processor or blender until smooth. Pour into two glasses and serve with lime wedges.

INDIAN-SPICED NUTS

Serves: 8-10

- ½ tsp ground cumin
- ¼ tsp ground coriander
- ¼ tsp turmeric
- ¼ tsp ground cardamom
- 1 tsp kosher salt
- 1 Tbsp canola or peanut oil
- 3 cups mixed roasted cashews, peanuts, and almonds
- flaky sea salt for sprinkling

Preheat oven to 325°F. Stir together spices and kosher salt. Toss nuts with oil then stir in spice mix. Spread onto a baking sheet and bake, tossing halfway through, until nuts are toasted and fragrant, about 15 minutes. Lightly sprinkle with flaky salt. Let cool.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Salman Rushdie's novel *Midnight's Children* conjures a 1948 film sequence created when the on-screen kiss was forbidden. A beautiful film star, Pia, places her luscious lips on the skin of a fruit, and hands it to her steamy opposite; he, "viriley", does the same. They begin kissing everything—teacups, swords, and in the climactic moment, giant, reality-dwarfing mangoes. I always remember the mangoes. The mythology of the Vedic cupid Kama holds that the arrow tipped with a mango blossom is the most potent of all, inspiring lust, love, rivalry in his human targets. The clever, elephant-headed divinity Ganesha won a particularly rare mango, the fruit of knowledge, back in the 4th century, and is still depicted holding it: The attainment of perfection. Through Indian film and literary history mangoes, like gossip, extend to anything juicy—sex, breasts, testicles, rot, envy, passion, fertility, youth, wealth, temptation, life itself. The Pandora's Box of fruit. Perhaps this is why in winter, I am often found standing in my kitchen, eating mango pickle from the jar. And, on summer mornings, slicing the slippery orange fruit and anticipating the day to come. MAUD DOYLE

THE LIFE AQUATIC WITH STEVE ZISSOU (2004)

FRUITS DE MER

The mythic jaguar shark. That's what Captain Steve Zissou (Bill Murray) and his quirky crew of seafarers are after. Why? Revenge, of course; the colossal spotted predator ate Zissou's partner. There is a divine soundtrack of Seu Jorge-sung David Bowie hits, a cameo by the one-and-only Jeff Goldblum as Zissou's nemesis, and plenty of breathtaking seascapes with all manner of aquatic creatures. And what more fitting homage to the sea than a gorgeous array of its bounty?

Serves: 2

An assortment of shellfish for boiling and some to be eaten raw

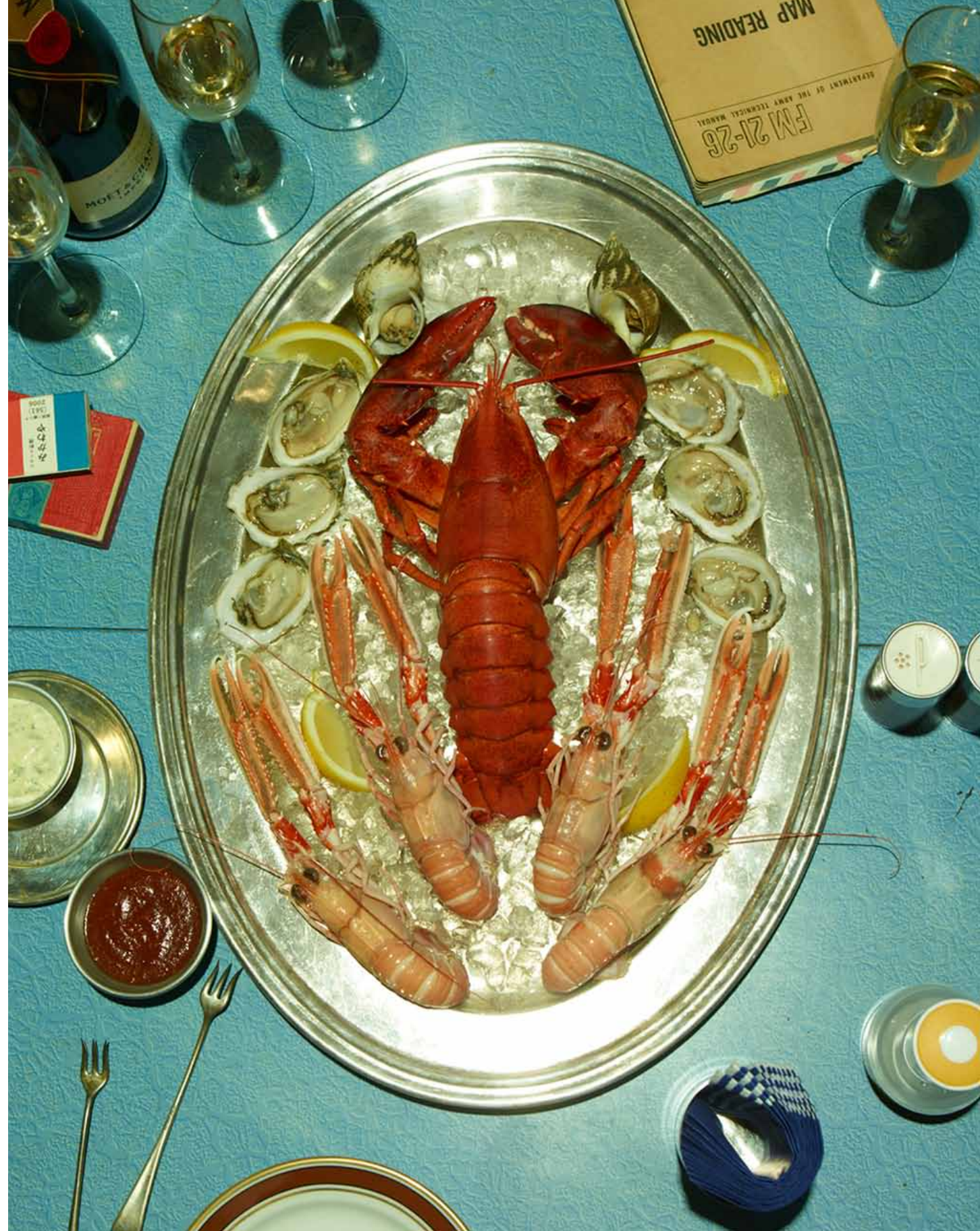
Including, perhaps: oysters, clams, cleaned shrimp, langosteens, whelks, stone crab claws or snow crab legs, and a (1½ lb) lobster

lemon wedges, cocktail sauce and mayonnaise mixed with some lemon juice and zest, chives and parsley

- 1 Bring a large pot of water to a boil. Have a bowl of ice water on hand.
- 2 Boil shrimp just until just cooked through. Chill after boiling.
- 3 Boil the lobster 10 minutes for a 1¼ lb lobster; up to 15 minutes for a 2 lb lobster.
- 4 Boil langosteens 2 minutes; they don't change color.
- 5 Whelks need to be rinsed a couple times and even soaked for an hour or two. Boil 12 minutes.
- 6 Stone crab claws and snow crab legs are sold pre-cooked. Use a nutcracker to get into them.
- 7 Shuck the clams and oysters.
- 8 Serve seafood on ice with lemon wedges and condiments.

MAROONED IN PARADISE

A few years ago a friend and I took a trip to Los Roques, a tiny archipelago of idyllic islands off the coast of Venezuela. Our first morning there we hitched a ride with a fisherman to a nearby islet. We hadn't bothered to eat breakfast, and it didn't occur to us to bring water, but we only realized these details mid-day, when we were both, suddenly, famished. We headed down the beach. There were some wooden lean-tos filled with fishing odds and ends, a long stretch of empty sand and then, finally, a small cement structure. It was more shelter than house, but there was a stove and a roof and a friendly young couple who invited us in. We sheepishly admitted we'd had nothing to eat all day, and upon hearing that the guy walked directly into the water, as easily as heading to the garden for tomatoes, and emerged with four lobsters—in the seafood stew his wife cooked their meat was unexpectedly sweet, and so fresh it was practically crisp. Just as we finished eating the fisherman returned. "Did you think I'd just leave you here?" he asked, laughing. We zoomed back to the main island, the moon rising, the boat leaving a slim wake in the water behind us. MOLLY LANGMUIR





ANDERSON'S CHEF D'OEUVRE

Directors delve into the realm of the senses, deploying their mad skills to disturb us at a visceral level. In so doing, they reveal their own vulnerabilities and compulsions. We see what fascinates and arouses them, what whets their appetites. But can we extrapolate from their directing style how they approach the stove? Indulge me for a moment as I speculate.

It's easy to imagine Sam Peckinpah searing a rib-eye black-&-blue and washing it down with a Bloody Mary. Pedro Almodóvar's technicolor paella would be mounded high with dangerous quantities of seafood and spicy sausage. We know for a fact that the great Nora Ephron whipped up comfort foods as wonderfully rich and cozy as her movies. And Paul Thomas Anderson—he of the slow, anguished simmer—most certainly dabbles in sous-vide. But what of Wes Anderson? Despite his lofty production values, the pyrotechnics of molecular gastronomy seem to fly in the face of his reverence for all things vintage. His every move is so carefully considered and obsessively calibrated, his aesthetic fetishization so extreme, that it can only evoke the sublime gastronomy of *kaiseki*.

Derived from the elaborate 16th-century rituals of the Japanese tea ceremony, *kaiseki* is a highly formalized meal that unfolds according to elaborate rules. Like any dramatic art, it has storytelling at its core. Every element must work in harmony. Ingredients perform together like the ultimate ensemble cast and even the plates are art-directed. It's all very Wes. Under his Yankee stylings, *kaiseki* evolves into the apotheosis of American culture. His *amuse-bouche* would be a tiny corndog, its stone-ground crust fried to a crackling crisp, skewered on a hand-whittled birch twig, accompanied by a sorghum-sweetened puree of heirloom tomatoes, garnished with a single starry-eyed borage blossom and presented on a tiny porcelain rendition of the classic paper plate. Course after mind-blowing course would employ local, seasonal, artisanal and theatrical to spectacular effect.

Like *kaiseki*, Wes Anderson is *sui generis*. On the silver screen or on today's menu, his imprint is unmistakable. He always serves up a masterpiece. LAURA SILVERMAN

WHAT'S OLD IS NEW

We've never shared a meal with the Whitman brothers aboard the Darjeeling Limited or had lunch with Max Fischer at school, but watching these stories unfold reminds us of something we have been a part of, and of a place we'd like to return to. That is the fine art of Wes Anderson. He crafts stories brimming with a dream-like sense of nostalgia and bittersweet sentimentality, and creates remarkable worlds that manage to be simultaneously fantastical and believable. Recall the acutely organized Tenenbaums game closet or the magnificently specific color palette of *Moonrise Kingdom*—that poignant attention to detail demonstrates the love Anderson has for his medium. And time spent on a precisely devised meal is just as much a unifying expression of love. We don't question any outlandish plot point nor any far-fetched character Anderson asks us to invest in, just as we wouldn't dare question any component of a meal that's already swept us away with the first bite. Anderson presents on screen exactly what we yearn for on our plates—a sense of something new and familiar. It's that pairing that always keeps us coming back for more. EMILY KASTNER

PRÊT-À-PORTER

Make no mistake, Anderson is a dedicated follower of fashion. Here, our top five moments.

The Red Barrette

Besides a cigarette and melancholy expression,

the other accessory Margot Tenenbaum is never without.

The Iconic Headwear

Anderson loves him a hat: Fox's bandit hat, team Zissou's red beanies, *Bottle Rocket*'s robber stockings,

Moonrise's coonskin cap, Eli Cash's cowboy hat, and Max Fischer's red beret.

The Fishhook Earring

From the knee socks to the Peter Pan collar to the beret, *Moonrise*'s Suzy has many a style

signature. The most lasting (literally): the green fishhook earring.

Adidas

Chas Tenenbaum and his twin sons opt for matching red tracksuits, and team Zissou has limited-edition sneakers.

The Corduroy Suit

A favorite of Anderson himself, the slim corduroy suit is also Mr. Fox's uniform.

Honorable Mention:

The Cape: Paired with pants—tucked into socks, of course—by Ash Fox.

FANTASTIC MR. FOX (2009)

HERB GRILLED QUAIL

When Mr. Fox (magnificent voice work by Mr. George Clooney) moves his family above ground into a sprawling treehouse, the one problem is its proximity to the adjoining farms of horrible brothers Boggis, Bunce and Bean. The temptation proves too great for Fox. Because in this Anderson romp contentment and poultry are one and the same, we marinated a flock of quail in herbs and lemon, then grilled them to succulent perfection.

Serves: 4

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 quail</p> <p>2 Tbsp finely chopped fresh rosemary</p> <p>1 Tbsp finely chopped fresh oregano</p> <p>1 Tbsp finely chopped fresh thyme</p> <p>2 lemons</p> <p>extra virgin olive oil</p> <p>salt and pepper</p> <p>accompaniments like green beans and green salad</p> | <p>1 Heat a grill over medium-high heat. Pat the quail dry and arrange on a plate.</p> <p>2 Place the herbs in a bowl. Zest the two lemons into the herbs and season generously with salt and pepper. Rub herb mixture all over quail.</p> <p>3 Halve the lemons. Drizzle quail and lemon halves with oil.</p> <p>4 Grill quail, turning every few minutes, until cooked through, about 10-12 minutes. Grill lemons until charred, 1 to 2 minutes.</p> <p>5 Serve quail along with beans and greens with grilled lemon squeezed over.</p> |
|--|---|

TREASURE HUNT

The Fantastic Mr. Fox is the best kind of love story: hokey, sweet, a little bit sad, a little bit scary. It's a love story that begins with the foxy stars setting off on a date that ends with bloody, fresh-killed quail hanging from their mouths. It's a love story that is as much an affair with food as it is an affair between two foxes—a ménage-a-trois, if you will, between two foxes and their food. "Can a fox ever be happy without, you'll forgive the expression, a chicken in its teeth?" asks Mr. Fox of his friend, Kylie, the googly-eyed opossum. And that's the movie's central conflict: Mr. Fox adores Mrs. Fox and wants to give her the safe, simple life she desires, but he can't seem to stop courting disaster thanks to his insatiable urge to have a pantry full of poultry. But isn't that a quandary with which any food-loving romantic can empathize? So, find yourself some quail. Sprinkle them with herbs and dream of madcap chases and the thrill of the hunt as they roast fragrantly on the grill. And be sure to end your culinary adventure as the *Fantastic Mr. Fox* does—with a toast and a dance party, surrounded by family and friends. SARA CARDACE



THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS (2001)

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Meet the Tenenbaums. Dad Royal, a disbarred lawyer separated from mom Etheline, an academic. Son Chas, an obsessive whiz with mini-me sons mourning the recent loss of his wife. Adopted daughter Margot, a sullen kohl-eyed playwright with frequent writer's block in a loveless marriage to neurologist Raleigh, but secretly enamored with brother Richie, a fallen tennis star. Absurdity, obviously, ensues. Our butterscotch pudding, inspired by a shared moment between Royal and Margot, has a comforting nostalgic quality we think they could all use a few spoonfuls of.

Serves: 6

- ½ cup heavy cream
- 2½ cups whole milk, divided
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ cup water
- 3 large eggs
- 3 Tbsp cornstarch
- ¾ tsp salt
- 1 Tbsp scotch
- ½ tsp vanilla extract
- lightly whipped cream,
for serving (optional)

1 Combine the cream and 2 cups milk and set aside.

2 In a medium saucepan, heat sugar and water stirring until sugar is dissolved. Once dissolved, boil, without stirring, swirling pan occasionally, and washing down any crystals that form on side of pan with a brush dipped in cold water. When caramel reaches a deep amber color, remove from heat and slowly and carefully add the milk mixture. Caramel will bubble up furiously. Whisk well until caramel is completely dissolved.

3 Whisk together eggs, cornstarch, salt, and remaining ½ cup milk. Stir into saucepan and simmer over medium heat, whisking until thickened.

4 Transfer pudding to a bowl and stir in scotch and vanilla. Place a piece of waxed paper directly on surface of pudding and cool. Serve warm or chilled with whipped cream.

ACROSS THE TABLE

"I'll have a butterscotch sundae, I guess," Margot Tenenbaum cedes impassively, after she tells her father she won't stay. Royal cleverly leverages his daughter's sweet tooth to get her to sit with him longer. Her deadpan manner, adapted from a lifetime of enduring her father's callous jabs, isn't something a butterscotch sundae can fix entirely, but it does allow for a tête-à-tête, even one that happened begrudgingly. If the dining table emblematically brings disparate family members together, it also can provide an impartial setting that neutralizes emotionally loaded conversations, somewhat at least. When my dad visits, the reunion doesn't always go well; we have a checkered history that never quite stays buried in the past. But even if things didn't go smoothly the last time we met, we'll always still have a meal together the next time around. There's a regularity to it that our relationship hinges upon: I pick the restaurant and he shows up; he gets fish and I get steak. The rhythmic meter of cutting the food, the regular intervals of sipping from the glass, create a cadence that our otherwise unsteady relationship lacks. Dining creates something shared: at worst by proxy, at best by genuine connection. SARAH MOROZ

MOONRISE KINGDOM (2012)

EGG & TOMATO WHITE BREAD SANDWICH

It's the 1960s, and on a tiny bucolic island off the coast of New England, 12-year-old Sam, in a coonskin cap and thick-rimmed glasses, escapes Khaki Scout camp to rendezvous with pen pal Suzy, the enigmatic girl with the portable record player who captured his heart. We imagine Suzy wrapping these simple white bread sandwiches (crusts removed, of course) with sea salt and vinegar mayo, ripe tomatoes, and hard boiled eggs in wax paper and packing them in her yellow suitcase along with her storybooks.

Makes: 4 picnic worthy sandwiches

- 4 eggs
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 1½ Tbsp cider vinegar
- ¼ tsp sea salt
- pinch of sugar
- 3 to 4 ripe tomatoes
- 8 slices white bread, crusts removed

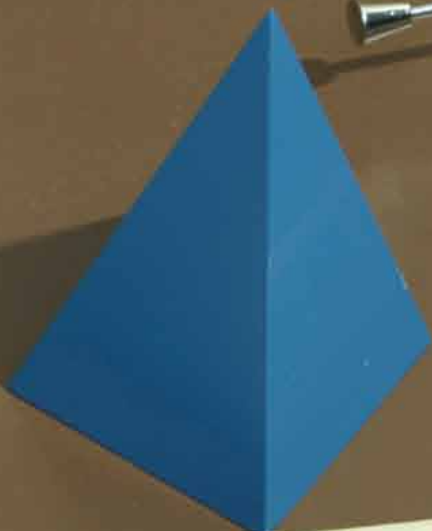
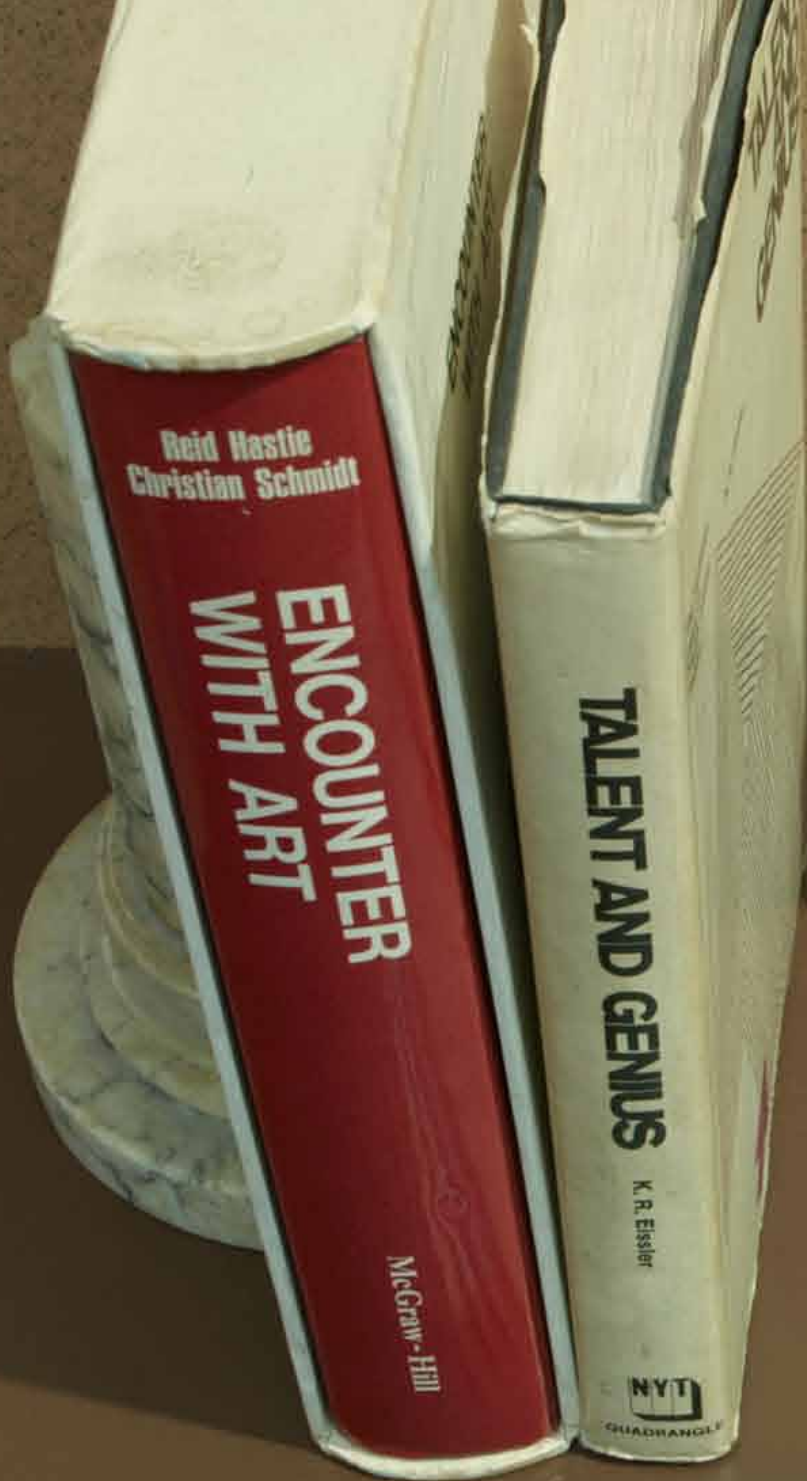
Put eggs in a small saucepan with just enough water to cover and bring it to a boil. Once boiling, remove from heat and let stand covered, 10 minutes. Drain and chill completely in ice water. Peel eggs and thinly slice.

Stir together mayonnaise, vinegar, salt, and sugar. Spread bread with some mayo and top with slices of egg and tomato. Wrap in waxed paper and take far and wide.

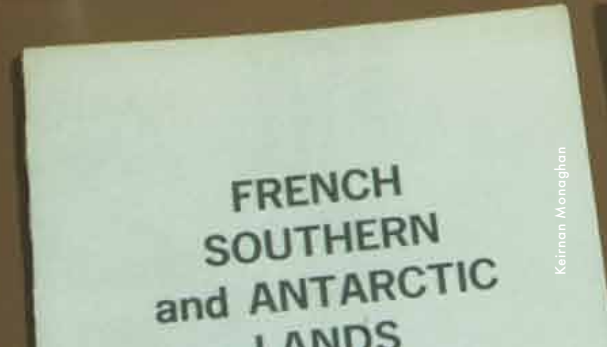
WONDER YEARS

In my undergraduate Decadence course I was taught that all truths are ephemeral. But in reality, I learned that lesson at six years old. While staying with my Aunt Margaret for a few days one summer, many differences stood out between her household and mine: Her kids always had fruit for dessert, as opposed to Flying Saucers. My cousins also spent countless hours outdoors and didn't appreciate the finer points of animated programs like *He-Man*, airing at exactly the same time. But it was watching my aunt prepare sandwiches, when I finally spoke up. "Aunt Margaret, don't you have any real bread?" I asked. "Joanna, what is real bread?" she replied. I paused, incredulous: "You know, the one with red and blue balloons on the wrapper like my mother buys." Wonder® Bread—that iconic white loaf of happiness, packed with preservatives and soft as a pillow. It was the only bread of merit in my world. My aunt politely told me she did not have any, and continued making sandwiches with slices of seed-speckled whole wheat. Her truth was not my truth, and it made for one delicious homecoming. JOANNA PRISCO





100



Keirnen Monaghan



LOVE, LIES, AND WHAT I ATE

Camp memories from the summer of '93

Looking back, it really should not have come as a surprise when that pack of raccoons attacked our bunk. It was the second to last night of camp and as I packed my trunk with the 15 other 11-year-olds I had been living with between those four cedar walls, the pine-soaked air thick with dread for the long, tearful goodbyes we'd be saying to one another in 48 short hours, we purged our cubbies of a staggering amount of contraband food: canisters of Pringles; boxes of Triscuits; cans of EZ cheese; and an arsenal of assorted candy, often snuck in through the mail (or via stuffed animal innards, if your parents were really inventive), that made Halloween look like amateur hour. It took eight long weeks to amass the bounty—and a matter of minutes for that trio of crafty, placental mammals to sniff it out. I've been afraid of raccoons ever since.

It's memories like these—and when Zach Isaacs, the cutest boy from bunk four, asked me to be his girlfriend by spelling it out with shaving cream on a rock just below our porch—that has earned the *Meatballs*-modeled, summer camp-as-film genre such a special place in my heart. To this day, Michael Showalter and David Wain's 2001 *Wet, Hot, American Summer* ranks as one of my favorite movies of all time. An undeniably great spoof, it still hits home for how accurately it manages to portray what I thought were quirks unique to my personal experience at Camp Ramah in the Poconos, but are, in fact, universal camp truths: the unstable, PTS veteran-turned-chef; the musical talent showcase that was a summer highlight for all involved (I played Ariel

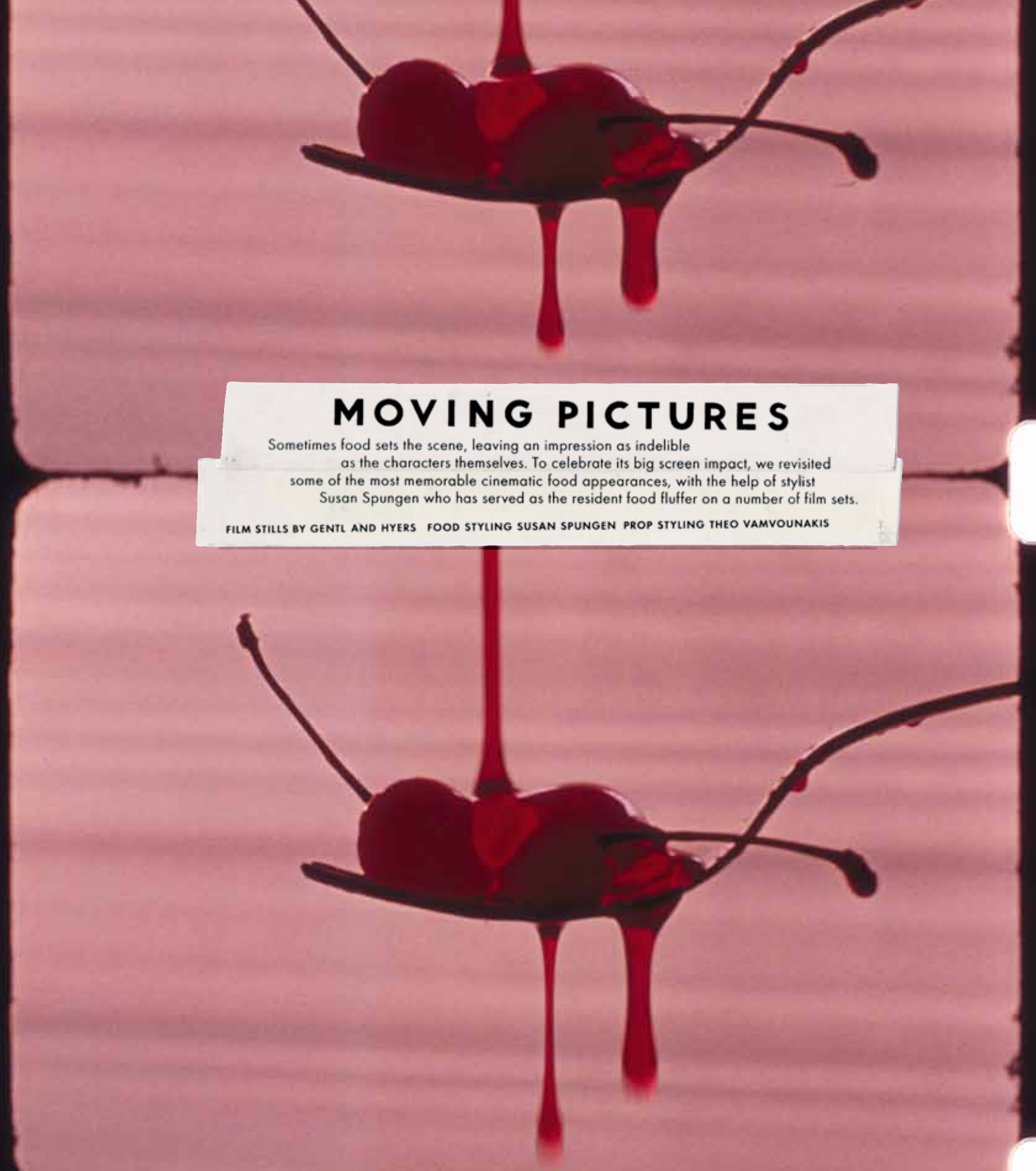
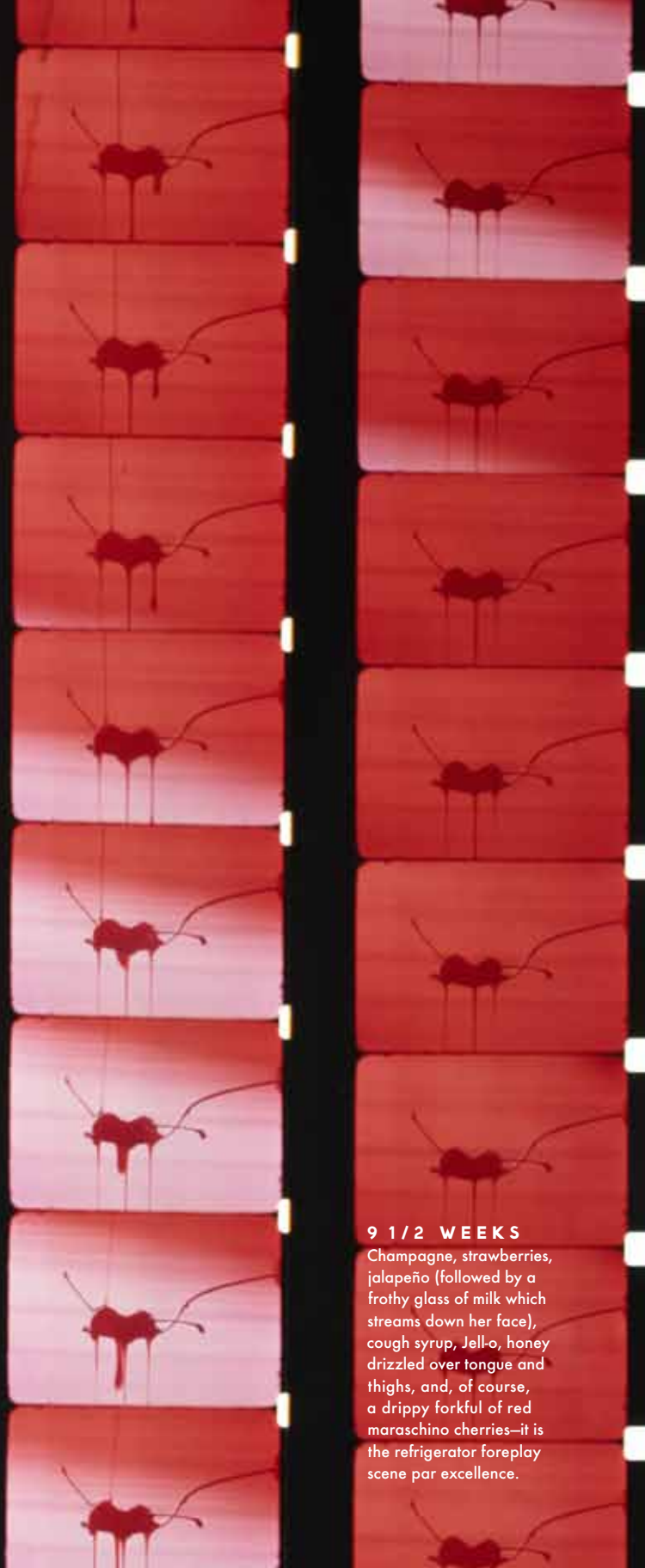
in the *The Little Mermaid*); and the maniacal way we'd all chew gum in anticipation of that first kiss (following the shaving cream incident, I did indeed kiss Zach Isaacs that summer. His lips tasted distinctly like Wrigley's Doublemint bubblegum dust).

Whereas Showalter and Wain alluded to the fact that East coast campdom is a predominantly middle-class Jewish pastime, it wasn't so much of a subtext as a daily reality at Camp Ramah. Ariel's solos were all sung in Hebrew; the Canteen was stocked with coveted Ben & Jerry's Rainforest Crunch Peace Pops alongside Beasli, the only-available-in-Jewish-specialty-stores Israeli savory snacks; Saturday, the day of our lord, was spent in prayer and eating cold cereal, cold cut sandwiches, and hardboiled eggs that did not require any prep cooking; and mixing meat and dairy simply wasn't allowed in accordance with the laws of keeping kosher—except once, as far as I know.

Following an unfortunate incident involving my finger and an electric band saw, one of the senior counselors took me to the hospital in town to get stitches—and a cheeseburger at Friendly's, my reward, I imagine, for being such a trooper (and presumably to avoid any impending lawsuit were my recollection of the whole ordeal not so positive when I ultimately relayed it to my parents). We agreed to keep it between us and he asked the waiter to ring it in as Hawaiian chicken sandwich, just to be on the safe side. I've kept it a secret—and another cherished camp memory—for twenty years. CELIA ELLENBERG

Illustration by Jenny Mörtzell





MOVING PICTURES

Sometimes food sets the scene, leaving an impression as indelible as the characters themselves. To celebrate its big screen impact, we revisited some of the most memorable cinematic food appearances, with the help of stylist Susan Spungen who has served as the resident food fluffer on a number of film sets.

FILM STILLS BY GENTL AND HYERS FOOD STYLING SUSAN SPUNGEN PROP STYLING THEO VAMVOUNAKIS

9 1/2 WEEKS

Champagne, strawberries, jalapeño (followed by a frothy glass of milk which streams down her face), cough syrup, Jell-o, honey drizzled over tongue and thighs, and, of course, a drippy forkful of red maraschino cherries—it is the refrigerator foreplay scene par excellence.



TOM JONES

Flirtation has never been so messy. The way Tom Jones and Mrs. Waters voraciously tear into their meals—slurping oysters, smashing lobsters, and seductively hooking and snapping a wishbone—is a prelude to the ravenous bedroom activity ahead.



CHOCOLAT

As the name suggests, chocolate is the star here. And no matter how it is manipulated in Vianne's able hands—cocoa powder dust sprinkled over a cake, dense batches molded into decorative tins or bowls of the molten variety in all its gooey glory being stirred—it has as much sex appeal on screen as her roguish love interest.



JULIE & JULIA

All it takes is one morsel of the Sole Meunière, pan-seared and redolent with the aroma of sizzling butter, to drive Julia into a fit of pure ecstasy. As the movie's opening scene it's the ideal preview of the incredible food veneration that is to follow.

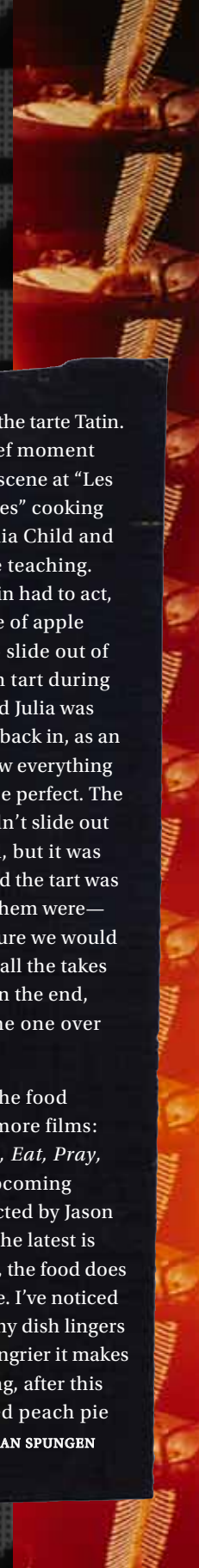


The way all of the many parts of a film production come together to make a whole reminds me of a recipe. The ingredients really matter, but the technique is equally important—if any of those ingredients are less than they should be, or if the cook is off his game, the final result won't sing. And when the food steps forward to become the star, sing it must. It's something I learned on the set of *Julie & Julia*, the first film I worked on.

The opening shot in *Julie & Julia* of the now famous Dover Sole almost didn't happen. We were shooting in the old Provence space on MacDougal Street before it became Hundred Acres. It was the one scene that Nora Ephron had recruited a favorite neighborhood chef to prepare the dish for. So I brought the fish—only six, because they were expensive—and waited for our chef. But as soon as he arrived Nora realized his filleting skills would be needed table-side during the scene so off he went to wardrobe to be fitted for a waiter costume, never making it to the kitchen. I was left scrambling to prepare the plot's most important dish (it's the meal that made Julia decide to become a chef). All the fish was sticking terribly and I was panicked. Finally one came out intact and it was flown upstairs to have its big moment. Nora considered it a triumph—for me it was more of a miracle.

And then there's the tarte Tatin. It only had a brief moment on screen in the scene at "Les Trois Gourmandes" cooking school where Julia Child and Simone Beck are teaching. But this tarte Tatin had to act, literally—a piece of apple was supposed to slide out of the upside-down tart during the big reveal and Julia was meant to push it back in, as an illustration of how everything doesn't have to be perfect. The slice of apple didn't slide out exactly as hoped, but it was good enough, and the tart was beautiful. All of them were—I made 12 to ensure we would have enough for all the takes and angles, but in the end, we used the same one over and over again.

I've since been the food stylist for three more films: *It's Complicated*, *Eat, Pray, Love*, and the upcoming *Labor Day*, directed by Jason Reitman. While the latest is not a food movie, the food does play a crucial role. I've noticed that the longer any dish lingers onscreen, the hungrier it makes people. A warning, after this one you will need peach pie immediately. **SUSAN SPUNGEN**



GOODFELLAS

When you're a made man you aren't relegated to traditional prison grub. In their private corner of the joint the wise guys got smuggled deliveries of lobster, steak, salami, cheese and wine for their lavish daily meals. Pauly, who was doing a year for contempt, sliced the garlic paper-thin with a razor so it would liquefy as soon as it hit the pan.

EPPP UEUC BWAH



EAT, PRAY, LOVE

Love or hate the movie, what can't be disputed is the phenomenal beauty that is the plate of spaghetti with fresh tomato basil sauce gracefully showered with a flurry of finely-grated cheese and heartily consumed to the tune of a sweeping operatic aria that convinces Liz of food's transformative power.



SUMMER OF LOVE

Who better to dream up a summer dinner mix for our film issue than writer/director/hardcore music enthusiast **Cameron Crowe**? Best of all, he made it a double. Stream it via Spotify at gatherjournal.com.

SUMMER DAYS . . .

Got to Give it Up Marvin Gaye
Meet Me in the City The Black Keys
Hang 'Em High Booker T. & The M.G.'s
Save it For Later The English Beat
Escapade Janet Jackson
Hard Sun Eddie Vedder
Holiday Jessie Baylin
Mutineer Rob Dickinson
Bron-Y-Aur Stomp Led Zeppelin
Midwest Joseph Arthur
Rock & Roll Woman Buffalo Springfield
Swim Until You Can't See Land Frightened Rabbit
A New Life Jim James
Freeway Kurt Vile
Outstanding (Original 12" mix) The Gap Band
Rock Wit U (Awww Baby) Ashanti
Penelope Pinback
Specks Matt Pond PA
Half Moon Blind Pilot
So Sad About Us The Who

. . . AND SUMMER NIGHTS

Cabinessence The Beach Boys
Found Out About You Gin Blossoms
4th of July, Asbury Park (Sandy) Bruce Springsteen
New Mama Neil Young
Halls of Columbia Pickwick
High Time Paul Westerberg
Strawberry Letter 23 Brothers Johnson
Fight the Power (Pts. 1 & 2) The Isley Brothers
Mona (single version) Bo Diddley
She's the One Bruce Springsteen
Fourth of July Dave Alvin
Silver Springs Fleetwood Mac
I Wish I Didn't Love You So Marvin Gaye

Writer Chuck Klosterman, he of the acerbic cultural musings, once posited a theory about John Cusack and his eternal appeal to a certain generation of women. “Every straight girl I know would sell her soul to share a milkshake with that motherfucker,” he wrote. “They don’t love John Cusack. They love Lloyd Dobler. When they see Mr. Cusack, they are still seeing the optimistic, charmingly loquacious teenager he played in *Say Anything*.” Now, imagine for a moment, that, when Lloyd gallantly holds the boombox aloft outside Diane Court’s window, the song playing is Billy Idol’s “To Be a Lover”. That was the plan, until director Cameron Crowe heard Peter Gabriel’s “In Your Eyes” and knew nothing else would do. If there was anyone qualified to make such a decision it would be Crowe. After all, this is the man who graduated high school early for a gig at *Creem*; who was the youngest-ever *Rolling Stone* columnist; and who went on to conceive of some of the most enduring match-ups of scene and song. In *Fast Times*, Jackson Browne’s “Somebody’s Baby” as Jennifer Jason Leigh loses her virginity to the sleazy stereo salesman at “the point” and The Cars’ “Moving in Stereo” as Phoebe Cates emerges from the pool. In *Singles*, Pearl Jam’s growling “State of Love and Trust” when Kyra Sedgwick discovers the guy she’s dating with another, and Paul Westerberg’s hopeful “Dyslexic Heart” at the movie’s end as the camera pulls back in a slow pan over Seattle. In

Jerry Maguire, Tom Cruise exuberantly crooning Tom Petty’s “Free Fallin’” in his car after losing his job. And in *Almost Famous*, Crowe’s sweetly earnest love letter to music, there are endless endearing pairings. Cat Stevens’ “The Wind” as Penny sashays barefoot around an empty trash-strewn venue (the lyrics—“I let my music take me where my heart wants to go”—say it all); Zoey Deschanel declaring “this song explains why I’m leaving home to become a stewardess” before playing Simon and Garfunkel’s “America” for her mom and brother; and the band reconciling after a rough night with an impromptu tour bus sing-along to Elton John’s “Tiny Dancer.” What has made Crowe so remarkably adept at cultivating music for film is simple: he’s a fan. And that’s something, I’m quite certain, will never change. FV

Illustration by Beth Hoeckel



THE SOUND AND THE GLORY

A brief ode to the music of the movies.

Black Sabbath's "Paranoid", Sweet's "Fox on the Run", and Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Tuesday's Gone"—their melodies would escape with thick plumes of smoke from the cranked-down windows of my clunky 1985 Volvo. When the tape deck was busted, as it so often was, I would perch a boombox on the mustard vinyl backseat so that no drive might be had in silence. In the mid-'90s it was those songs on the *Dazed and Confused* soundtrack that got repeated play. The Richard Linklater film had felt like a revelation back then—contextualizing the joyfully careless attitude of those teenage years. Each time the album's throbbing guitar riffs and trippy Moog synthesizer bled through my scratchy car speakers, I was reminded of the movie all over again. And therein lies the beauty of the soundtrack: At its best it takes us back to the contented experience of seeing the film (see *Saturday Night Fever*, *The Big Chill*, *Pulp Fiction*, *The Graduate*), and, occasionally, surpasses the movie in appeal entirely (see *Purple Rain*, *The Virgin Suicides*, *Romeo + Juliet*, *Empire Records*).

Sometimes all that transporting quality is in one song. Can you ever hear Simple Minds' "Don't You (Forget About Me)" and not think of the bittersweet end of *The Breakfast Club* as Bender crosses the football field, a shiny new diamond stud in his ear, throwing his fist to the sky in triumph? Iggy Pop's "Lust for Life" captured all the brash grit of *Trainspotting* in a mere few minutes as part of the frenetic opening scene with Renton's rapid-fire "Choose Life" diatribe. U2's "All I Want is You" in *Reality Bites*, the ultimate paean to slackerdom, framed Troy and Leilana's drawn-out realization after plenty of

sullen pondering and Marlboros, that they were in love. Lyndsey Buckingham's perky "Holiday Road" will forever recall *National Lampoon's Vacation*, Michael Sembello's "Maniac", rigorous *Flashdance* workouts, and Otis Redding's "Try a Little Tenderness", Duckie desperately lip-synching to woo Andie in *Pretty in Pink*; even though, you know in the end she chooses Blane (to the tune of OMD's "If You Leave", no less).

Movies can also breathe new, and different, life into a song. The Righteous Brothers' "Unchained Melody" resurfaced on the charts three decades after its release thanks to a certain pottery wheel love scene in *Ghost* (1990). In *Blue Velvet* (1986), Roy Orbison's "In Dreams", an obsession for the maniacal Frank Booth, took on a dark emotional weight the singer never imagined when he wrote it in '63. And, once in a while, songs innocuous on their own, become so intertwined with a creepy scene it's difficult to dissociate the two—recall Buffalo Bill's dungeon-side dance in *Silence of the Lambs* to Q Lazzarus' "Goodbye Horses", Mr. Blonde's ear removal to the strains of "Stuck in the Middle With You" by Stealers Wheel in *Reservoir Dogs*, and Patrick Bateman's penchant for Huey Lewis' "Hip to Be Square" while bludgeoning in *American Psycho*.

Though there is the rare occasion when music turns me off to a movie entirely—it sold 20 million copies, but Celine Dion's "My Heart Will Go On" had me rooting for the iceberg in *Titanic*—more often the soundtrack is as crucial a character as the stars themselves, driving the plot, setting the scene and nudging our emotions. And that will always be music to my ears. FIORELLA VALDESOLO

Illustration by Beth Hoeckel



THE MARKETPLACE

Essential pantry additions, summer-ready accessories (including the second limited-edition *Gather* tote bag), and a few quirky extras, make up this curated collection inspired by the season and the issue's cinematic theme. Shop for it all online at gatherjournal.com.

Photograph by Gentl and Hyers Prop Styling by Theo Vamvounakis

1 . Hex Bottle Opener by Iacoli & McAllister

An unassuming, but fundamental, kitchen accessory gets an elegant, streamlined reboot. The matte brass hex bar will tarnish over time; embrace the duskier hue or use a polishing cloth to restore luster. **\$48**

2 . Helmut Red Limited Edition Lipstick by House of Exposure

Helmut Newton, the iconic photographer known for his sexually charged images, was the inspiration for this powerfully sultry red. Paint your lips or smear it all over your face à la Marietta Fortune (of *Wild at Heart*). **\$25**

3 . Pepper Sauce by A&B American Style

A natural hot sauce made with nothing more than Red Fresno chili peppers, white vinegar, carrot, habanero, salt and pepper, we doused this issue's fried chicken, conch fritters and Bloody Maria recipes with it. **\$12**

4 . Pocket Knife by Bare Bone Supply

The Brooklyn-born brand's singular takes on simple tools have an instant heirloom quality. Because

they are made with scrap wood, each pocket knife has a unique grain, plus stainless steel implements. A picnic pre-requisite. **\$30**

5 . Red Claw Lobster Cracker

It may be shaped like a lobster, but this sturdy fire engine red cracker will suffice for all manner of seafood breakage, crab claws included. Pack it for a beachside crab boil. **\$8**

6 . Shark Tooth Necklace by Thorn

The delicate brass shark tooth necklace (on a 23" chain) has a lovely understated beauty about it; and frankly, it's the only shark we ever want around our neck. **\$120**

7 . Spike® Original Magic Seasoning

Thirty-two flavors and then some, literally. A retro pantry mainstay, Spike® Original Magic seasoning blends 39 herbs and spices to delicious effect. Sprinkle it over anything and everything. **\$4**

8 . "Rough Cut" Tote Bag

For a green market schlep or everyday toting, our limited-edition tote bag (emblazoned with our favorite *Dirty Dancing* line) will prove indispensable. **\$15**

9 . Kitchen Cloths by Fog Linen

The bright blue and pink gingham kitchen cloths from Yumiko Sekine's collection of refined linen products for the home have a summery retro vibe that feels very Wes. **\$15 each**

10 . Patrick Swayze 7" single LP

Actor, singer, dancer, horse whisperer—was there anything Patrick Swayze couldn't do? Needless to say the *Dirty Dancing* soundtrack wouldn't have been complete without his power ballad, "She's Like the Wind." The LP is a must for hardcore Swayze fans. **\$10**

11 . Wild Honey by Old Field Farm

Drizzled over buttered toast, spooned into herbal tea, or swept across pistachio-strewn ice cream sandwiches, this sustainably harvested honey from wild bee pastures in Cornwallville, New York will go fast. **\$14**

12 . Lemon & Sea Salt Microwave Popcorn by Quinn Movies and popcorn

just go together. Our favorite flavor is a summery blend of grapeseed oil, lemon and sea salt. **\$6**





Grant Cornett
Photographer Cornett lives by a lake in upstate New York with his two great loves: a beautiful painter and a standard poodle. He has shot for *Esquire*, *The New Yorker*, *Gastronomica* and *Coca Cola*, among others. You can get a glimpse of his life's goings on at thelivestl.com. See his work at grantcornett.com.
Favorite movie food moment: Monkey brains in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

Celia Ellenberg
Currently the senior beauty editor at *Style.com*, Ellenberg has held staff positions at *Nylon*, *T: The New York Times Style Magazine* and *Jane*. The Brooklyn-based writer and editor also contributes to *New York*, *Lula* and *Canada's Fashion* magazine.
Favorite movie food moment: The chocolate cream pie incident in *Overboard*, where the twins put superglue on the back of the dessert plates and Goldie's hands get stuck when she tries to serve it! It's what broke her in the movie—and also allowed her start falling in love with Kurt.

Gentl and Hyers
Partners in photography and life, Andrea Gentl and Martin Hyers met while students at the Parsons School of Design. Focused on food, travel, interiors and portraits, clients include *Condé Nast Traveler*, Bergdorf Goodman, and Grey Goose and they've picked up a number of SPD

awards. Gentl also shoots and writes the blog hungryghostfoodandtravel.com. See the couple's work at gentlandhyers.com.
Favorite movie food moment: Joe Pesci questioning a witness about how to make grits in *My Cousin Vinny* (Gentl) and Glenn throwing M&Ms at his son to show how fast he is in *Raising Arizona* (Hyers).

Randy Grskovic
The Toronto-based collage artist and curator is the former owner of experimental galleries *The Age of Info(rmation)*, *Cutty Contemporary*, and *Good Luck*. Nowadays he shows and curates exhibitions in galleries across Canada. See his work at randygrskovic.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The ending of *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*.

Beth Hoeckel
The Baltimore-born artist, earned a degree from the prestigious The School of the Art Institute of Chicago where she studied painting, printmaking and photography; her medium of choice nowadays is mixed media painting and collage. Hoeckel has also lent her talents to a number of bands (album art) and magazines, like *Bust*, *GOOD*, *Lucky Peach* and *Rookie*, where she is the staff illustrator. See her work at bethhoeckel.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The scene at Jack Rabbit Slim's in *Pulp Fiction*—"God damn that's a pretty fucking good milkshake."



Johnny Miller
Originally from Lawrence, Kansas, Miller came to New York to study photography at Parsons; after graduation he went on to assist Mary Ellen Mark. Nowadays Miller's clients include Target, Chase, *Martha Stewart*, *Dwell Studio*, *Field + Stream* and *Williams-Sonoma*, and his work is part of the permanent collection at The New York Historical Society. Miller is also the co-author of *Coney Island* (Trans Photographic Press). See his work at johnny-miller.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The live fish and chips scene in *A Fish Called Wanda*

Keirnan Monaghan
The Brooklyn-based, New York City-raised photographer decided on his chosen craft early on. As a young boy, Monaghan could be found late at night at the bodega on the corner of 35th and Third Ave perusing the magazines on display. It was while paging through copies of *Hit Parader* and *Circus* that he first considered his passion for photography. See his work at keirnanmonaghan.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The entire movie, *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*

Jenny Mörtzell
The Stockholm native has been drawing since she was a child; she and her sister would create illustrated horse comic books to sell at the local supermarket. Mörtzell studied printmaking and graphic design, and was headed for a career in fashion magazines when she re-discovered her love of drawing. Now a full-time New York-based illustrator, her work has appeared in

Nylon and *Flaunt*. See her work at jennysportfolio.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The "I can't stand people" bar scene in *Barfly* with Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway.

Marcus Nilsson
Born in Malmö, Sweden, Nilsson moved to New York for art school. After working as a chef, he decided to pursue a degree in photography. Since 2006, when Nilsson first combined his passions, making food his subject, his client list has grown to include *Bon Appétit*, *Departures*, *New York*, *Travel + Leisure*, *Swallow*, and *The New York Times Magazine*. When he's not shooting the avid wine collector enjoys throwing dinner parties in his East Williamsburg digs. See his work at marcusnilsson.com.
Favorite movie food moment: Lemmy Kilmister of *Motörhead* cooking chips in the documentary *Lemmy*

Maggie Ruggiero
Gather's co-recipe editor and food stylist entered the gastronomical world after selling her East Village bar and using the proceeds to attend culinary school. She logged time in the kitchens of a number of the city's most esteemed restaurants before shifting her focus to food styling and recipe development. Simply put, she lives to style food for print and video and cook. Those potatoes modeled with a foot in the Hitchcock chapter? They were later baked and served to unsuspecting friends. See her work at maggieruggiero.com.

Favorite movie food moment: The Thanksgiving meal in *Pieces of April*

Molly Shuster
Gather's co-recipe editor Shuster started off her career in publishing at Harper Collins before changing courses completely to attend the Institute of Culinary Education. Since earning her degree she has worked as a freelance food stylist and recipe developer, dividing her time between New York and Boston. See her work at mollyshuster.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The montage in *Amélie* of her favorite things, including the feeling of sticking her hand into a sack of split peas, and the sound of cracking the hard caramel top of *crème brûlée* with a spoon.

Susan Spungen
The longtime New York-based food stylist's work can be appreciated in both print—she is a regular contributor to *Bon Appétit*, *Food & Wine*, *O* and *More* magazine—and on screen: she is responsible for the dishes in major movies like *Julie & Julia* and *Eat, Pray, Love*. Spungen is also an accomplished cookbook author; her third effort, *What's a Hostess to Do?* is out in May 2013 from Artisan. See her work at susanspungen.com.
Favorite movie food moment: The big reveal of the tarte Tatin in *Julie & Julia*

Martyn Thompson
The Australia-born, New York-based image maker started out creating avant-garde, glam rock-influenced clothes before deciding to document them instead. Thompson worked as a fashion photographer in Paris, then moved to London and into the world of interiors. He is a founder of "the Tree," a New York art collective, has exhibited extensively, and contributes to *Architectural*

Digest, *W*, *The New York Times Magazine* and *British Vogue*. His most recent book on beautiful spaces is *Interiors* (Hardie Grant). See his work (and sign up for his newsletter) at martynthompsonstudio.com/blog.
Favorite movie food moment: Bette Davis in *All About Eve*; the party scene where she, martini in hand, says "I think it's gonna be a bumpy night" is as high camp as you can get. Fabulous.

Theo Vamvounakis
Canada-born, Brooklyn-based Vamvounakis studied photography at the Rochester Institute of Technology before embarking on a career as a prop stylist. Her clients include American Express, Anthropologie, West Elm, Estée Lauder and *Bon Appétit*.
Favorite movie food moment: There may not be any food or drink, but I love the dancing in the café scene in *Band of Outsiders*.

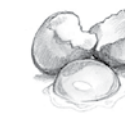
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WE ARE



Michele Outland
Creative Director
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Favorite movie food moment: Cousin Eddie's daughter Vicki stirring a pitcher of Kool-Aid with her arm and Clark's dog pee-stained sandwich dance in *National Lampoon's Vacation*



Fiorella Valdesolo
Editor
fiorella@gatherjournal.com

Favorite movie food moment: Mouth-to-mouth egg yolk swapping (sexy!) in *Tampopo* and Steve Martin ordering wine in *The Jerk*—"Bring us some fresh wine, the freshest you've got. Something from this year; no more of this old stuff."

Maggie Ruggiero and Molly Shuster
Contributing Recipe Editors

Isabel
Staff Mascot



Favorite movie food moment: The Baby Ruth candybar floater pool scene in *Caddyshack*

We'd like to give an extra special thanks to everyone who contributed their talent and time to this issue of *Gather*, particularly all those listed to the left. Plus, these other awesome folks for their endless support: the Outland family, the Valdesolo family, Nate Martinez, The Brothers Mueller, Janine Iversen, the entire Vamvounakis-Monaghan family with special shout-outs to Joan & Little Horse.

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Gather Journal Issue 3

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ENDLESS SUMMER

Above all seasons, summer is the most anticipated and fleeting, when everything and nothing at all seems possible. We dream of it for months leading up to its arrival and lament its departure late into the winter, when the sky darkens much too early. August marks the curtain closing, when we remember all too well that the chill is just around the corner and our ephemeral summer nights are left behind on the shores, the beach houses, and the picnic greens. The frilly white blouses and cutoff shorts get packed away and sent to the back of the closet to hibernate. My favorite summers, like my favorite movies, are saccharine-fueled and drippy, salty and grainy, muggy and wet, loud and pink, yellow and green, illuminated by fireworks and accompanied by annoyingly catchy pop songs that disappear as quickly as they overtook the radio waves. The summer movie isn't an escape; it's embracing the very present. KASEY FLEISHER HICKEY

Photograph by Brian Outland

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