

GATHER

JOURNAL



S P E C T R U M

THE COLOR ISSUE

Seasonal Recipes and Exceptional Ideas

summer 2015



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JOURNAL



Can you see color with your ears? Ken Nordine's 1966 album *Colors* did just that. His paean to the spectrum in audio form is best appreciated lying down, eyes closed, ears peeled for Nordine's iconic voice, rich and resonant, as it spins you around the color wheel, inventing personas for every shade. Lavender, "keeper of dark corners and black-blue blood, lady of the soft edges." Orange, "the silly old color who lives next to red, the one that is orangely out of its head." Ecru, "is a critic, loves to see the show, just doesn't know when to say yes, and when to say no." And white, "is just a dream of a dream, even now, if you close your eyes tight, and let your brain go to where it's whiter than snow, you'll see, you'll know." Nordine understood a simple truth: Color is imagination.

For artists, color is also possibility. French chemist Michel Eugène Chevreul helped to open up this new world of chromatic prospects; his 1839 book, *The Laws of Contrast of Colour*, delved into the principles of how colors play off of each other when juxtaposed (e.g., deep purple will look more intense near yellow, than alongside black). His findings would serve as the basis for simultaneous contrast, a concept further elucidated a century later by Bauhaus artist Josef Albers in *Interaction of Color*. He wrote: "If one says red and there are 50 people listening, it can be expected that there will be 50 reds in their minds." You see, color is not static, but rather something constantly in flux, often shaped and influenced by individuals and their respective histories.

And just as we all see color differently (my turquoise may not be yours), some creatures—and a few humans—actually see *more* of it. Many animals are dichromats (their eyes have two color receptors), while humans are trichromats (three receptors), but butterflies? They have five or six receptors. And the magnificent mantis shrimp? Its kaleidoscopic appearance is apropos: It boasts up to a staggering 16 receptors. There exists even a tiny percentage of human tetrachromats (women only; sorry gents) who are able to see an astonishing 100 million different colors—every single day a spectacle.

That it is dynamic, that it is open to interpretation, that it holds infinite possibilities, that it is a vehicle for the imagination to run wild—all of these things make color, in our estimation, quite akin to cooking. And, therefore, an ideal beacon for this, the seventh edition of *Gather*. Spectrum signifies a range of colors or concepts, and this issue is just that: a food voyage with color serving as our peerless guide. After all, we eat with our eyes before anything else. And like Hitchcock, who once surprised guests with a lavish dinner entirely in blue (blue soup, blue trout, blue bread, blue ice cream), we organized our chapters by color family—yellows and oranges, greens, neutrals, pinks and reds, black and white, and rainbow—each one conjuring a full meal within that shade range. We have a story devoted to eating by way of the multi-hued chakra chart, one that envisions individual fruit's inner auras (a note: they're mind-bending), and musings on artists whose work with food or color have been particularly impactful. This issue is a freewheeling ride through our own color spectrum, a world to step into like Dorothy gingerly opening the door to Oz. Join us as we go over the rainbow. FV

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YELLOWS & ORANGES

“How wonderful yellow is. It stands for the sun.” So said Van Gogh. Wonderful, indeed—yellow is associated with joy and optimism, zest and abandon. It is the color of a million rubber duckies; of the submarine the Beatles sailed up to the sun; and of Joan Didion’s Corvette Stingray that we like to picture her cruising up the California coast in, wind whipping her hair. Our brunch spread in yellow, and its spectral neighbor orange, reflects that sunny-side-up sentiment. A pair of drinks in polished amber; a bowl of yogurt festooned with fruit in a sunset stretch; a soft heap of scrambled eggs and gilded tomatoes begging to be burrowed into; and a buttery apricot Danish in a shade of saffron you’ll be just mad about.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY David Abrahams FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROPS BY Theo Vamvounakis

MENU

Amuse-Bouche
Buy Her Candy
Cocktail & Carrot
Papaya Shrub

Starter
Morning Glory
Yogurt

Main
Soft and Slow
Scrambled Eggs,
Roasted Cherry
Tomatoes &
Duck Fat Potatoes

Dessert
Apricot Danish

AMUSE-BOUCHE

BUY HER CANDY COCKTAIL & CARROT PAPAYA SHRUB

A traditional color of warning used on street signs, life preservers, and safety vests, orange simply grabs your attention. Our duo of orange-hued drinks—one boozy, one not—will have a similar effect.

BUY HER CANDY

A luscious blend of peach liqueur, apple brandy, and rum, this brunch tippie by **Jane Danger** of New York's Mother of Pearl goes down easy any time of day.

Makes: 1 cocktail

- ¾ oz lemon juice
- ¾ oz peach liqueur
(we like Orchard Peach)
- ¼ oz Demerara syrup*
- ½ oz golden rum
(we like Appleton VX)
- 1 oz Lairds Apple Brandy
- 2 dashes Bittermans Tiki bitters
- wheels of lemon for garnish

Shake all ingredients with ice. Strain into a coupe glass and garnish.

**Demerara syrup:* Bring equal parts water and Demerara sugar to a simmer, stirring to dissolve sugar. Cool and chill.

CARROT PAPAYA SHRUB

Jason Eisner of L.A.'s Gracias Madre offers up this greenmarket beauty: a zesty shrub (or drinking vinegar) which swaps the traditional sugar for raw honey.

Makes: about 3 cups

- 1 lb carrots, peeled and grated with a box grater
- 1 mango-sized papaya, peeled, seeded, and chopped
- 2 Tbsp finely grated, peeled fresh ginger
- 3 Tbsp lemon juice
- 1 cup apple cider vinegar
- ½ tsp kosher salt
- 1 cup mild raw honey
- sparkling water

Place all ingredients except sparkling water in a pot and macerate one hour, mashing the papaya. Bring to a boil, then remove from heat. Steep for 30 minutes, then strain through cheesecloth, squeezing out juices. Store shrub in refrigerator for up to a month. To serve, pour one ounce of shrub to four ounces of sparkling water and shake in a cocktail shaker. Strain into a Collins glass and add ice.

A BRUNCH HAIKU

Lunner? Dinfast? No.
Only two meals become one...
Pretext for day drink. fv



STARTER

MORNING GLORY YOGURT

In Hindu mythology the mango tree was synonymous with love—its' leaves hung outside the house, a symbol of luck and fertility. We find them lovable, too. Our mangoes (and carrots) get the compote treatment, before being strewn atop a pool of yogurt with passionfruit.

MORNING GLORY YOGURT**Serves:** 4 to 6

- 1 qt plain Greek-style yogurt
- carrot compote (recipe at right)
- mango compote (recipe at right)
- 2 to 3 passionfruits

Serve yogurt piled with compotes. Halve passionfruits, scoop out, and drizzle on top.

CARROT COMPOTE**Makes:** about 1 ½ cups

- 1 lb carrots, grated on the large holes of a box grater
- 1 large lemon, zested using medium holes of a box grater, then juiced
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1½ cups water

Mix ingredients in a heavy saucepan and bring to a boil. Reduce to a simmer, then cook, stirring frequently, until carrots are glassy and liquid is syrupy, about 1½ hours. Cool completely, then cover and chill.

MANGO COMPOTE**Makes:** about 2 ¼ cups

- 2 lb firm-ripe mangoes, preferably Champagne variety, peeled and chopped
- 1 lemon, zested on a microplane, then juiced
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 1⅓ cups water

Mix ingredients in a heavy saucepan and bring to a boil. Reduce to a simmer, then cook, stirring occasionally, until syrupy, 20-25 minutes. Cool completely, then cover and chill.

VISION QUEST

I remember the day clearly. I remember the exact moment. I remember the very words Mrs. Reynolds, my third grade teacher, said in front of the class. "Jonathan, I understand you're supposed to be wearing your new glasses today. Please put them on." God, no. Don't make me wear my new glasses. Mortified, I pulled out the plastic monstrosities from my backpack. Everyone stared me down—the newest source of ridicule. So shoddy was my vision that even when playing with friends over the weekend, I had to wear an eye patch like some beast in a 1920s silent horror film. But, what's this? Over dinner, my mom is telling me that eating carrots can improve my eyesight. I beeline for dad's Encyclopedia Britannica and look up "carrot". Yes, they're rich in thiamin, niacin, vitamin B6, folate, magnesium, fiber, and vitamin A. A—the thing that helps the eye convert light into a signal that is transmitted to the brain. A—the thing that'll help me see better. A—what I need to get rid of these infernal glasses! Carrots would solve my problems. So I ate them constantly. By the handful. By the bagful. Horses ate less carrots than I did. Rabbits ate less. I would simply eat every single carrot I could find until my sight was fully restored. They would make a statue of me in the town square: the four-eyed nerd who ate carrots and now had superhuman vision. The 1920s silent horror star turned matinee idol, a carrot in hand! Alas, carrots never fulfilled their promise: decades later I still wear glasses. Though, after my youthful overdose I avoided carrots for years, I'm now starting to appreciate them for a different reason: the taste. JONATHAN SHIPLEY



MAIN

SOFT AND SLOW SCRAMBLED EGGS & ROASTED CHERRY TOMATOES

Studies have found that when you read yellow highlighted text, you are more likely to remember it. We like to think eating a perfect yellow plate of food—say, fluffy eggs, golden tomatoes, and duck fat potatoes fried to a burnished bronze—will prove just as memorable.

Serves: 4

ROASTED CHERRY TOMATOES

- 2 pints yellow cherry tomatoes, halved crosswise
- 2 sprigs thyme, leaves stripped off
- flaky sea salt, such as Maldon, for sprinkling
- 1½ Tbsp extra virgin olive oil

SOFT AND SLOW SCRAMBLED EGGS

- 8 large eggs
- ¼ cup whole milk
- 3 Tbsp unsalted butter
- chopped chives, for serving, optional
- buttered toast

Preheat oven to 300°F. Arrange tomatoes on a baking sheet cut-sides up. Sprinkle with thyme and salt, and drizzle with oil. Bake until just shriveled, about 1¼ hours.

Before serving, whisk together eggs, milk, and ¼ tsp salt. Melt butter in a large, heavy skillet over medium-low heat. Cook eggs, stirring continuously, until just scrambled but still soft, loose, and slightly wet, about 8 minutes. Be careful not to overcook! Eggs will continue to cook slightly when removed from heat.

Serve eggs immediately (sprinkled with chives if you'd like) along with roasted tomatoes and buttered toast.

DUCK FAT POTATOES: Place 1½ lbs Yukon Gold potatoes (about 3 large), peeled and cut into 1-inch chunks, in a large saucepan and cover with 2" of cold water. Salt generously. Bring to a boil, then simmer until potatoes are just tender but retain their shape, about 8-10 minutes. Transfer with a slotted spoon to a paper towel-lined plate. In a large heavy skillet, melt ¼ cup duck fat over medium heat. Add potatoes and increase to medium-high. Fry, turning occasionally, until golden, about 15-20 minutes. Transfer with a slotted spoon and toss with 1 Tbsp finely chopped parsley and flaky sea salt. Serve immediately.

STREAM OF BRUNCH-IOUSNESS

He'll have a cup of coffee with milk, a bloody Mary, please, then two eggs, scrambled, with a side of hash browns and toast, thank you very much. I'd like a cup of coffee, black, the Campari with fresh grapefruit juice cocktail? You still have that? Good, then today's special omelet with a salad, lemon dressing on the side. Oh, and one of those house-made pretzels staring at me from the pastry case? They're still warm? Um, make it two. Does it come with mustard? Ohhh, butter. That's fine. You'll have some, right? Actually, can we also order a starter? We'll split the lobster bao. It was a late night! What time did we get home? I don't even remember. Thank God we slept in. I really needed to catch up after this week. This was such a great idea. The wait wasn't even that bad, right? Plus, they let you order a drink while you stand outside, which I really needed. Oh my god, what are those people eating? Sigh. That's the challah French toast. I knew I should have ordered it. The caramelized crust literally cracks as you cut into it, like crème brûlée. It's unreal. But I just felt more savory today, y'know? JOANNA PRISCO



DESSERT

APRICOT DANISH

In the annals of morning pastry history, the Danish has icon status—our take coils its buttery edges around cream cheese and apricot.

Makes: 10

DOUGH

- ½ cup well-shaken buttermilk
- 1 (¼ oz, about 2 ¼ tsp) packet active dry yeast
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 large egg
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1¾ sticks (14 Tbsp) very cold unsalted butter, cut into ½" pieces

FILLING

- 4 oz cream cheese, at room temperature
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ lemon, finely grated and juiced
- 5 apricots, halved and pitted or 10 apricot halves from a can
- 2 Tbsp apricot preserves

Heat buttermilk until lukewarm (105-110°F); don't worry if it looks broken. Transfer to a medium mixing bowl and stir in yeast and a pinch of sugar. Let stand until mixture bubbles slightly and becomes creamy looking, about 5 minutes.

Beat in ½ cup flour until combined. Then, beat in egg, sugar, and ½ tsp salt until smooth. At low speed, beat in remaining 1½ cups flour, ½ cup at a time until combined. Beat in butter until bits are evenly distributed but still visible and distinct. Cover with plastic wrap and chill 6 hours or overnight.

On a lightly floured surface, pat dough into a rectangle. Roll dough out to ½-inch thick then fold in thirds like a letter. Roll the dough again into a ½-inch thick rectangle. Fold and roll two more times ending with a fold. Cut the dough in half crosswise and chill, wrapped, 30 minutes.

Line 2 baking sheets with parchment. Working with one piece of dough a time, roll into a long rectangle about 6-by-20-inches. Trim the long edges so you have clean lines. Cut lengthwise into 5 strips. Twist each strip into a rope, then coil it around to form a round. Tuck the end beneath the round and press to seal through the middle. Transfer to baking sheet. Form 10 pastries. Rest pastries at room temp, loosely covered with a clean towel, 30 minutes. (If you like, once formed, pastries can be chilled overnight. Let stand as described at room temp 1 hour before proceeding.)

Preheat the oven to 375°F. Mix cream cheese, sugar, lemon juice and zest until smooth. Press a thumbprint into the center of each round. Spoon about 2 tsp of filling into each round and then top with an apricot half. Thin preserves with a little water, and then brush over pastries. Bake until golden brown, about 25 minutes.

A DINNER IN ORANGE

Sometimes it's a smell, a taste, a sound that propels us back to our childhood. For me, it's a color. A key piece of my childhood dining experience was "orange dinner." A ritual revolving around, you guessed it, the color orange, this meal had one rule: every piece of food on the table must fit into that triangle on the color wheel.

Generally prepared for company (the company of a nine-year-old being other nine-year-olds) these color-themed fêtes were my first inadvertent introduction to my future career in food styling. In preparation, I rummaged through my parents' home, pulling out linens and sorting through serving pieces. I spent an inordinate amount of time picking out the most beautiful wedges of canned mandarin oranges (what I wouldn't give to gift my former self a sturdy set of tweezers). I chilled soda glasses for that distinctive frosted look.

The menu suited the tastes of my youth: The icy glasses filled to the brim with Orange Crush® soda, a platter of said mandarin oranges arranged in an overlapping spiral pattern, a salad of thickly grated carrots and sharp cheddar cheese piled high in a shallow blue and white bowl. And the pièce de résistance, an extra-creamy macaroni and cheese sat front and center, garnished last minute with a flurry of finely grated cheese.

While I can't imagine a meal of canned fruit and over-salted boxed pasta would garner such attention to detail these days, I find myself channeling the spirit of my orange dinners on a regular basis. I still sort through every piece of fruit for the perfect piece and delight in building a salad one leaf at a time. The one change? I'm much more likely to pull a few frosty coupes from the freezer in lieu of those soda glasses.

REBEKAH PEPLER

IN LIVING COLOR When I was in middle school, my friends and I tried to turn ourselves a brighter shade of carrot by eating only orange foods for a week. We had learned that babies who were fed too much orange mush could turn a funny apricot hue. This was around the same time that Billy Bob Thornton was rumored to be eating this monochrome diet (presumably for reasons other than to change his complexion). We read about a study in West Africa showing that to turn orange is not a phenomenon reserved for pale skin: a diet rich in red palm oil has a similar effect on people there. Flamingoes turn pink because of their crustacean diet, and koi become more brilliant when their food is supplemented with carotenoids. It was a club we goofily wanted to belong to. We spent a couple of days blithely snacking on jars of baby food, and cooked one elaborate meal of carrots, sweet potato, and squash before we tired of the whole thing and leafy greens suddenly had unprecedented appeal. In the end, only one thing turned orange: our fingertips. But, despite our childhood fantasies, that had more to do with the excessive handling of orange vegetables than with any internal transformation. ANJA RIEBENSAHM

ON DEATH AND APRICOT DUMPLINGS

My Czech great-grandmother is the ballerina twirling around in my strongest food memory box. Thrice yearly, she would stay in our guest bedroom for the weekend. The contents of her suitcase only ever included one nightgown, nylon stockings, unreasonably massive underpants, and all the necessary ingredients for apricot dumplings. She would mold the sweet dough carefully with her long, elegant pianist fingers, her skin thin as tulle, halving fragrant little apricots as I surveyed, solemn and sporting my favorite petticoat and dress from the American Girl doll catalog. Once the dumplings were ladeled into an enormous pot to boil, they would steam and bump around each other like chubby snowballs releasing a sweet aroma as they cooked; like eggs, they were bright white on the outside, with an orange-yellow apricot nucleus nestled inside. After devouring the thick, chewy treats drizzled in brown sugar, we would change into our equally anachronistic nightgowns and climb into bed together, the syrupy fruit flavor still lingering in our mouths. She would then, without fail, beseech me to pray "for Jesus to take her" during the night, that it was "HIGH time," that she had "never been more READY." I would, of course, refuse. Hourly though, I would awake to peer over at her, whispering, "Grandma...? Are you still... Grandma?" My pleas falling on her mostly-deaf ears, I could nevertheless be assured of her vitality by warm traces of apricot breath fitfully snoring in my direction. KIRA HESSER



Shot at Columbia Products Studio.

GREENS

At its core, green is a color and word synonymous with the notion of all that is fresh and new, flourishing and full of vitality—a symbol of both nature and life itself. For Muslims, it is even holy: The favorite color of the Islamic prophet Mohammed, it is revered as the color of paradise. Green is just as cherished on the plate. We exalted its myriad incarnations with a creamy dip of avocado and basil to be plunged into with taloned artichoke leaves; a cluster of herbaceous gnudi; fish perched alongside a leafy green tomato panzanella; and a sweet duet of desserts: coconut matcha pound cake and pale slivers of mint- and basil-strewn honeydew. All of it, our very own version of paradise.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Stacey Mark FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis

Select props by One Kings Lane. See page 126 for a full list of credits.

MENU

Amuse-Bouche
Artichoke with
Avocado Basil
Dip & Isla Verde
Cocktail

Starter
Herby Gnudi

Main
Sea Bass with
Spring Panzanella

Dessert
Coconut Matcha
Pound Cake &
Minted Honeydew

AMUSE-BOUCHE

ARTICHOKE WITH AVOCADO
BASIL DIP & ISLA VERDE COCKTAIL

There are more shades of green discernible to the human eye than any other color, and in our amuse you will find a miniature spectrum expressed by way of avocado, artichoke, basil, and Chartreuse.

Serves: 4

- 4 large artichokes
- 1 or 2 lemons
- 1 ripe avocado, chopped
- ¼ cup loosely packed basil
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil

1 Fill a large pot half-full with lightly salted water and bring to a simmer. While the water comes to a boil, trim off stems from the artichokes so they can sit upright. Pull off the tough outer leaves. Cut one inch off from the top of each artichoke. If the leaves are pointy, snip tips off with a scissor. Rub the cut surfaces with a lemon half to prevent discoloring, then add the lemon half to the boiling water. Simmer the artichokes with a plate or lid resting on them to keep them submerged. Simmer until the bottoms are tender when pierced with a small sharp knife, about 25-30 minutes.

2 While artichokes cook, squeeze 2 Tbsp juice from the other lemon half (use additional lemon if needed). Add juice to a blender along with the avocado, basil, ½ cup water, ¼ tsp salt, and ⅛ tsp pepper. Blend until smooth. With the blender running, slowly pour in the oil until combined. Add a Tbsp or two more water to thin mixture to the consistency of a light mayonnaise.

3 Drain the tender artichokes. Wait until cool enough to handle. Loosen the leaves with your fingers and scoop out the small center leaves and fuzz with a melon baller or spoon to form a well in the center of each artichoke.

4 Serve artichokes warm or room temperature with sauce poured in the center for dipping.

ISLA VERDE

That it's called Green Island is no mistake; this bright blend of rum, Thai basil, and cucumber by **Justin Elliott** of Austin's Qui tastes like a tropical escape.

Makes: 1 cocktail

Gently muddle 8-10 leaves Thai Basil and ½ oz green Chartreuse in an Old Fashioned glass. Shake together 1½ oz Mount Gay Black Barrel Rum, ½ oz lime juice, ½ oz cucumber juice*, and ½ oz simple syrup** with crushed ice. Pour over muddled basil and top with fresh crushed ice if needed. Garnish with sprig of mint and Thai basil leaf.

***Cucumber juice:** Peel and chop a seedless cucumber, removing the center seeded section. Purée in a blender then strain through a fine mesh sieve (or, if you have one, use a juicer). Keep chilled. One medium cucumber yields about 1 cup.

****Simple syrup:** Bring equal parts water and sugar to a simmer, stirring to dissolve sugar, then cool and chill.





STARTER

HERBY GNUDI

Verdigris, the ancient vibrant green pigment, was both beautiful and, because of its unstable nature, ephemeral. Our herb-laced gnudi—gnocchi's more plush and pillowy cousin—are also a passing pleasure: Prepare for them to vanish as soon as they hit the plate.

Serves: 4 (makes 12 gnudi)

- 6 oz fresh ricotta (about $\frac{2}{3}$ cup)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Tbsp finely chopped parsley
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Tbsp finely chopped basil
- 1 Tbsp finely chopped chives
- 1 large egg yolk
- 1 Tbsp all-purpose flour, plus more for shaping
- 2 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup extra virgin olive oil
- 1 small lemon, zest grated on medium holes of a box grater (preferably not a microplane)
- a pinch red pepper flakes

Stir together the ricotta, Parmesan, herbs, egg yolk, flour, and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt until combined. Dust a small baking sheet with flour and pour a small mound of flour onto a plate for shaping. Using dusted hands, form the ricotta mixture into 12 small balls, about 1 Tbsp each. Transfer to baking sheet, cover with plastic wrap and chill, at least 30 minutes or up to 3 hours.

When ready to serve, sauté garlic in olive oil until lightly golden. Add the zest and pepper flakes and cook until just fragrant, about 30 seconds. Keep warm.

Bring a pot of salted water to boil. Add gnudi. Once they have risen to the surface, simmer 1 minute. Using a slotted spoon, transfer to warm plates. Serve immediately with oil spooned over.

HOW GREEN IS MY VALLEY

Though our lifeblood is red, I want green coursing through my veins. Lush leaves pulsating with verdant vitality are my chosen pick-me-up. I have a taste for chlorophyll. Perhaps not surprisingly, it is said to have a chemical composition very similar to hemoglobin. In case you were dozing in science class, chlorophyll is the biomolecule critical to photosynthesis, allowing plants to absorb energy from light. It abounds in the darkest green leafy vegetables, like spinach, arugula, and parsley. Its high magnesium content supports strong muscles and regulates blood pressure. Rich in antioxidant properties, chlorophyll scavenges free radicals and helps protect the body from inflammation at the cellular level. And it's what renders phytoplankton visible, imparting its vivid color to these single-celled plants that dwell in the sunlit upper layer of almost every ocean and freshwater basin. Though extracted chlorophyll in liquid form is unstable, modern methods of freeze-drying now preserve it for future use, including culinary preparations. This is how I came to enjoy a sublime taste of the sea when dining at Blue Hill at Stone Barns. Chef Dan Barber whisks powdered phytoplankton into a mayonnaise of a shockingly intense hue. Just one bite and I was instantly transported to greener pastures. LAURA SILVERMAN





MAIN

SEA BASS WITH SPRING PANZANELLA

A verdant panzanella, the age-old Tuscan salad made with crusty or day-old bread, is a lush accompaniment to crisp, seared fish.

Serves: 4

¼ cup capers, roughly chopped

¼ cup white balsamic vinegar

2 anchovies, minced

1 clove garlic, minced

2 Tbsp lemon juice

⅔ cup extra virgin olive oil

½ lb haricot vert or green beans

5 cups torn, crusty bread

2 Tbsp canola oil

4 (6-oz) pieces skin-on
Chilean sea bass fillet or
other mild white fish

3 ripe, green tomatoes,
cut into wedges

6 cups lightly packed spring
lettuces

1 cup parsley leaves

1 cup basil leaves, torn if large

1 shallot, very thinly sliced

1 Preheat the oven to 350°F. In a small bowl, mix capers, anchovies, garlic, vinegar, and lemon juice. Slowly whisk in olive oil. Season with a little pepper.

2 Cook green beans in boiling salted water just until crisp but tender, about 3 minutes. Drain and chill.

3 Toast bread, in single layer on a baking sheet, until dry and lightly golden, about 12 minutes. Cool completely, then transfer to a bowl.

4 Heat canola oil in a large, heavy skillet over medium-high heat. Season fish with salt and pepper. When oil is very hot (but not smoking) add fish, skin-side down, and cook until skin is crisp and golden, about 4 minutes. Turn over and cook until fish is cooked through, about 3-4 minutes longer, depending on the thickness of fish.

5 Add about ½ of the dressing to the bread and toss to coat. Add beans, tomatoes, lettuces, herbs, and shallot and drizzle with enough dressing to lightly coat. Serve bread salad alongside fish.

BEYOND THE BASKET

Zuni Café in San Francisco is known for their chicken for two. Many might argue the highlight is the chicken, and while delicious, yes, I believe the real reason this dish is so magical (and entirely worth the 30-minute wait) actually lies in the unassuming bread salad that accompanies it. Made with the sort of rustic, country bread that has a deep, flavorful crust and a chewy, airy center, it's drenched and flavored intensely by the chicken's juices, then generously bejeweled with dried currants and pine nuts. It is a side worthy of main status and one I've recreated at home countless times. And I have Zuni to thank for cementing in me the notion that a loaf of bread should never ever go unfinished—in fact, it can be just as extraordinary the morning after...or even the morning after that. KASEY FLEISHER HICKEY

DESSERT

COCONUT MATCHA POUND CAKE AND MINTED HONEYDEW

In feng shui, using green is believed to help calm nerves and improve focus; matcha, the greenest tea of them all has a similar purpose. Our moist coconut pound cake is heartily streaked with it. Paired with honeydew slices drizzled with honey, it's a match made in green.

Serves: 8

- 1 ½ cups all-purpose flour
- 4 oz cream cheese, softened
- 1 ½ sticks unsalted butter, softened
- 1 ¼ cups sugar
- 3 large eggs
- ¼ tsp vanilla extract
- 1 Tbsp matcha powder (either premium or the less expensive culinary grade works)
- ½ cup sweetened, flaked coconut

Preheat oven to 325°F with a rack in the middle. Butter and flour a 9-by-5-inch loaf pan. Stir together flour and ½ tsp salt in a small bowl. Beat together cream cheese and butter in a large bowl at medium speed until creamy and smooth. Beat in sugar until mixture is fluffy, about 4 minutes. Add eggs, 1 at a time, beating well after each addition then beat in vanilla. At low speed, add in the flour mixture just until evenly combined.

In a medium bowl, stir matcha together with 2 Tbsp warm water until smooth. Stir in ¾ cup of batter and set aside. Add the coconut to the plain batter, stirring to combine. Spoon layers of coconut batter alternating with thin layers of matcha batter into loaf pan.

Bake until toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean, about 65 to 75 minutes. Cool 15 minutes in the pan then remove from pan and cool on a rack completely.

MINTED HONEYDEW: Stir together 1 Tbsp coconut butter, 1 Tbsp fresh lime juice, and 1 Tbsp plus 1 tsp mild honey until smooth. Drizzle over wedges of honeydew and scatter with a small handful of mint and basil leaves, torn. Serves 4.

EVER GREEN

Everyone is in love with matcha lately, yet there is so much more to it than the current craze accounts for. This seemingly simple ingredient (merely ground tea leaves) is actually quite complex. And while fun to use in various recipes, I'm dedicated to enjoying it the old-fashioned way. Mastering the ritual of matcha is like learning a new language or skill. It requires special tools: a *chawan* (bowl), a *chasen* (whisk), a *chashaku* (bamboo ladle), and a proper sifter. I like to think of these as implements for a good life. Making matcha feels so precious at first; carefully measuring, sifting, whisking. But soon it becomes second nature; that's when it starts to feel like magic. The process turns into something unhurried and meditative, leaving room for daytime reveries while you whisk up a frothy drink rich, creamy, full of umami, and decidedly green. Grassy. The buzz you feel from the tea is warm and gentle, and fades gradually—no hard crashes. In matcha's current state as a trend ingredient, people speak of health benefits, of which, I'm sure, there are plenty. But really, it's just delicious. KRISTY MUCCI



GREEN LIGHT

The matcha craze may have originated with obsessive tea drinkers, but these concoctions take the hearty green tea far beyond its traditional realm. STEPHANIE WU

Matcha Bee's Knees

"Our refreshing take on matcha is a riff on the classic Bee's Knees. We replaced lemon with yuzu, infused Four Roses bourbon with Yamamoto matcha powder, and added honey syrup and mint for a hit of freshness. It's a balance of something healthy—matcha—and our favorite vice, bourbon."
—**Amarit Dulyapaibul** of *Ramen-san*, Chicago

Iced Matcha Seasonal Fizz

"Our fizz draws inspiration from the world of craft cocktails. It's a shot of matcha over ice with house-made lemon cordial, simple syrup, and topped with sparkling water. The deep, earthy flavors of the matcha and the acidity of the lemon are balanced by the sweetness of the syrup."
—**Ramon Puyane** of *Chalait*, New York City

Matcha Rum Iced Tea

"Matcha always tasted like a bowl of grass to me so I wanted to come up with a variation I would enjoy. I concentrated matcha into a syrup, using lemon to take away the bitter

grassiness, and combined it with Gosling's rum, fresh lime juice, and a touch of St. Germain. It turned out delicious."

—**Peter Kreidler** of *Clay Pigeon Food and Drink*, Fort Worth

Sansei

"The cocktail marries Japanese and Brazilian elements—a mix of Leblon cachaça, green Chartreuse, mezcal, matcha tea syrup, and yuzu. The balance between the vegetal complexity of the tea and fresh floral nature of cachaça and yuzu is complex but easy to drink."

—**Adam Rothstein** of *Seamstress*, New York City

Matcharita

"Tequila proved to be a wonderful match for matcha because of the botanical flavors. Our Matcharita starts by respecting the traditional Japanese tea ceremony—using the bowl and whisk to stir the green tea into lime juice. Then we combine the matcha-lime mixture in a shaker with tequila, curaçao, maraschino liqueur, and plenty of ice."

—**Juan Coronado** of *Barmini*, Washington, DC.

SEASON OF OUR CONTENT

Our so-called summer of green drinks was far more successful than the prior one of blue drinks had been. The blue flavor profile had been, well, limited: they all contained blue curaçao. But with green, we branched out into the leafy, fruity, herbal reaches of our garden and the dusty bottles at the back of our liquor cabinet. It began with a bottle of green Chartreuse and the quest for a palatable cocktail to contain it. It took all summer to complete our quest, and on the way we created many a green cocktail. There were lime margaritas, gimlets, and daiquiris; then absinthe-based green drinks, the standout favorite creation being a "Green Witch" (that's absinthe, lime, simple syrup, and soda). Extra mint from the garden found its way into mojitos, and extra basil inspired basil mojitos, made that much more green by the addition of a basil syrup. The green drinks were enjoyed poolside or in the garden after a trip to the beach, our hair full of salt and sand, our eyes full of water and sky. In the end, we arrived at the Femme Fatale, which contained our hard-to-mix Chartreuse, vodka, and champagne. The Femme Fatale was so deadly and so delicious, we celebrated the success of our quest and ended the summer feeling a bit green about the gills. We were ready for a change, ready for a quiet study in the subdued ambers, reds, and rosés of autumn. HEATHER LONG

LUSH LIFE

I imagined the land would be flat and dry and coated in red dust. I pictured fat steaks and goblets of shiraz. I saw Mel Gibson in black leather, tearing through the outback in a modified Ford Falcon. But when I arrived at the edge of the world, it was green. I was in southwest Australia in the Margaret River wine region, hopscotching between microclimates: limestone ridges off the Indian Ocean, ancient Karri forests, lush vineyards where, if you ignored the kangaroos, you'd swear you were in Bordeaux. One night, at a winery called Knee Deep, I ate native crayfish seasoned with dead green ants. The ants were a conversation piece. Someone said they tasted like dried citrus, which is pretty accurate. The next day I sipped Sauvignon Blanc made by a good witch who plants grapes by the moon cycles and buries crushed quartz in the ground to promote healthy soil. The wine didn't look green as much as it tasted it—lime-y and a little grassy. I ended the trip surfing (poorly) in saltwater so foamy it seemed carbonated. Afterward, I celebrated not dying on that surfboard by drinking more of the witch's wine and pondering travel's ability to shatter one's assumptions.

CHRIS CLAYTON



NEUTRALS

That they are also known as earth tones makes perfect sense—from muslin to caramel, saddle to umber, these are nature's first colors. The shades of the world's topography and prehistoric cave art (like Argentina's eerie assemblage of hazy handprints at Cueva de las Manos). In 2002, neutrals took on new import when researchers at Johns Hopkins announced they had discovered the color of the universe...and it was beige (or, rather, cosmic latte). Our menu spans the globe of earth tones: taupe-y pickled mushrooms and a cheeseball; a shallot tart in glistening russet; a duck and lentil salad in a painter's palette of browns; and tiramisù, a sweet stratum rendered in cream and coffee, colors and flavors.

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

MENU

Amuse-Bouche
Pickled
Mushrooms,
Cheeseball &
Monchino Cocktail

Starter
Glossy Shallot Tart

Main
Mahogany
Duck with Lentils

Dessert
Tiramisù

AMUSE-BOUCHE

PICKLED MUSHROOMS, CHEESEBALL & MONCHINO COCKTAIL

The cheeseball: Some say tacky, we say sublime. We rolled our orb in bacon-fried walnuts and paired it with pickled mushrooms.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

Serves: 8

- 1 ¼ cups white wine vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, smashed
- 1 tsp whole coriander seed
- ½ tsp black peppercorns
- ½ tsp fennel seed
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 Tbsp sugar
- 12 oz assorted wild mushrooms such as beech, maitake, and oyster, separated and trimmed (about 4 cups)
- extra virgin olive oil for drizzling

Combine vinegar, ¾ cup water, garlic, spices, bay leaf, sugar, and 2 tsp kosher salt in a saucepan and bring to a simmer. Stir in mushrooms and simmer 1 minute. Transfer to a jar and cool, uncovered, to room temp. Liquid should just cover mushrooms. Cover jar and chill overnight or up to 2 days. Serve drained, at room temp, drizzled with olive oil.

MONCHINO

This tawny barrel-aged gin and sherry sipper by **Steve Wildy** of Lo Spiedo in Philadelphia is a newfangled take on a classic Martinez.

Makes: 1 cocktail

Stir 1 ½ oz. barrel-aged gin (we like Bluecoat Barrel Reserve), 1 oz. Amontillado sherry, ¾ oz. Amaro (we like Nonino for a lighter, citrus note), 3 dashes orange bitters vigorously over ice, then strain into a chilled coupe or martini glass. Garnish with a generous orange peel.

BACON-FRIED WALNUT CHEESEBALL

Serves: 8 to 12

- 4 strips bacon
- 8 oz cream cheese, at room temperature
- 4 oz goat cheese, at room temperature
- ⅓ cup finely grated Parmesan
- 2 Tbsp finely chopped parsley
- 1 Tbsp finely chopped chives
- ¼ tsp black pepper
- ⅔ cup chopped walnuts
- crackers for serving

Cook bacon in a skillet until crisp. Reserve bacon fat in a bowl. When cooled, finely chop bacon. Beat cream cheese and goat cheese together with a wooden spoon until creamy. Stir in crumbled bacon, Parmesan, herbs, and pepper. Transfer the mixture to a sheet of plastic wrap and, using the wrap to help, form into a ball. Chill at least 2 hours. Heat a small skillet with ½ Tbsp reserved bacon fat. Add nuts and cook, stirring, until lightly toasted. Transfer to a shallow bowl and cool. Roll cheeseball in nuts to evenly coat and chill. Let stand at room temp about 1 hour before serving.



STARTER

GLOSSY SHALLOT TART

Peel back a shallot's papery layers and the striated flesh is palest lavender, but time spent lingering in a skillet will render the bulbs a rich sienna. Clustered atop a tart, it's a garden of earthy delights.

Serves: 6 to 8

1 ¼ cups all-purpose flour

1 stick (4 oz) cold, unsalted butter, cut into small pieces

about 4 Tbsp ice cold water

about 1 ½ cups dried beans or rice for baking tart shell

3 Tbsp sugar

1 Tbsp unsalted butter

10 to 16 shallots, peeled, separated into lobes, and halved

2 Tbsp sherry vinegar

4 oz spreadable chicken or duck liver mousse or, for vegetarians, walnut lentil paté

Pulse flour, butter, and ¼ tsp salt in a food processor until it forms a coarse meal. Pulse in water just until dough starts to get clumpy. Form dough into a disk, then wrap in plastic. Chill at least 1 hour or overnight.

Roll out dough to an 11-inch round and fit into a 9-inch tart pan with a removable bottom. Chill 1 hour.

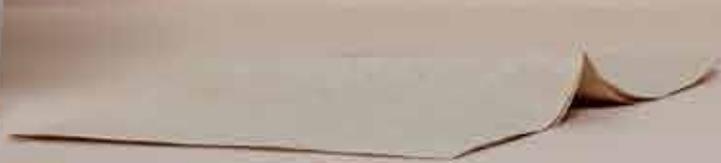
Preheat oven to 375°F. Poke shell with fork tines, then line with foil and spread beans evenly on top. Bake 15 to 20 minutes until sides set. Remove foil with beans and bake until golden, about 15 minutes longer. Cool to room temp.

Place sugar, butter, ¼ tsp salt, and ½ cup water in a medium skillet. Add shallots, cut sides down, and bring to a simmer. Cover skillet with a tight-fitting lid and cook over medium-low heat, swirling pan occasionally, checking that there is still liquid, until shallots are tender, 10 to 14 minutes. (This can be done several hours ahead.)

Uncover skillet and cook, swirling pan occasionally, until liquid has evaporated and sugar is caramelized to a deep brown, about 10 minutes. Add vinegar and a few grinds of pepper. Swirl to combine and remove from heat. Spread mousse or paté in tart shell then arrange shallots on top and drizzle with caramel. Tart is best served warm.

ONCE UPON A TART

My head swirled at the worldliness of it all. It was my first meal at Balthazar. The lofty room was bathed in a soft, yellow light and buzzing with chatter, laughter, glasses clinking. My tiny table faced the oversized mirrors, an ideal vantage point from which to surreptitiously survey this habitat of exotic creatures—stylish women gliding to their tables, couples nuzzling on low leather banquettes, their towering seafood platters all but obscuring them from view. I was transfixed, until, that is, a warm goat cheese and caramelized onion tart materialized in front of me. Suddenly, nothing else mattered. The silky onions floating in that crumbly, creamy goat cheese, all of it nestled into a perfectly flaky crust, commanded my rapt attention until the last crumb had been devoured. I had never tasted anything like it. To this day, I still order every varietal of onion, shallot, or leek tart whenever I see it on a menu, always with the hope that I will be as dazzled as I was the first time. MELISSA LIEBLING-GOLDBERG



MAIN

MAHOGANY DUCK WITH POMEGRANATE LENTIL SALAD

The 17th-century Flemish painter Anthony Van Dyck made such frequent use of a murky brown pigment known as Cassel Earth in his lavish works that the shade would come to be known as Van Dyke Brown (it's also a photo technique). For Van Dyck, that brown was his secret weapon, the hue that distinguished his work; with our seared duck and warm lentil salad, it's another brown—a gleaming secret sauce of pomegranate molasses—that helps set it apart.

Serves: 4

- 2 (12-16 oz) duck breasts
- 2½ Tbsp pomegranate molasses
- 1 tsp sugar
- ⅛ tsp cinnamon
- ⅓ cup plus 2 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil, divided
- rounded ¼ tsp ground cumin
- 1 garlic clove, finely chopped
- ⅔ cup brown or green lentils, rinsed
- 1 carrot, finely chopped
- ¼ cup finely chopped red onion
- ¼ cup finely chopped parsley
- 1 head fennel, shaved into thin slices

1 Cut a shallow cross-hatch pattern in the skin of the duck breasts and season all over with 1 tsp salt and ½ tsp black pepper. Cover with plastic wrap and set aside.

2 Whisk together pomegranate molasses, 1 Tbsp water, sugar, cinnamon, ¼ tsp each salt and pepper, and ⅓ cup oil until emulsified. Set aside.

3 Cook cumin and garlic in 2 Tbsp olive oil over moderate heat in a medium saucepan until fragrant, about 2 minutes. Carefully stir in 3 cups water and lentils. Bring to a boil then simmer until lentils are tender but not falling apart, about 15 to 20 minutes. Drain and toss warm lentils with 3 Tbsp pomegranate dressing. Cool slightly, then toss with carrot, onion, parsley, and fennel. Season to taste.

4 Pat the duck breasts dry, then lay them skin side down in a cold, large heavy skillet. Set pan over medium-high heat and cook until skin is a crisp deep golden brown and fat is rendered, about 5 minutes. Pour most of the fat into a heat-proof bowl and save for another use. Leave a Tbsp or two in the skillet. Lower the heat to medium. Turn the duck breasts over and cook another 8 minutes until medium rare (about 135° to 140°F on an instant read thermometer.) Let duck rest on a cutting board 5 minutes before slicing. Slice duck and divide among 4 plates. Serve with lentil salad and additional dressing.



DESSERT

TIRAMISÙ

Of the many tall tales around tiramisù's origins, our favorite is that it was birthed in a house of ill repute as an energy boost, thanks to those espresso-soaked wafers, for the patrons or the courtesans (stories vary, of course). In fact, this widely-loved—so wide Starbucks transformed it into latte form—pick-me-up was crafted at Treviso's Le Beccherie restaurant in the 1970s, but, like so much else, it's our mom's (editor Fiorella's mom, Cristina Valdesolo) version that we think is the best.

Serves: 12 to 16

6 large eggs, separated

5 Tbsp sugar

1.2 lbs (500 gr) mascarpone
(look for an Italian brand)

3 cups brewed espresso
(or 3 Tbsp instant espresso
powder dissolved in 3 cups
boiling water), at room
temperature

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet Marsala wine

48 (2 7-oz/200 gr pkgs)
Savoardi cookies (crisp Italian
ladyfingers, not the spongy
ones; we like Balocco brand)

1 to 2 Tbsp unsweetened cocoa
powder

In a large bowl, beat the egg yolks with sugar using an electric mixer until thick and pale yellow. Beat in mascarpone until just combined. In a separate bowl, with clean beaters, beat whites until stiff peaks form. Gently fold the whites into yolk mixture until evenly combined. In a separate shallow bowl stir together the coffee and marsala.

Working with one cookie at a time, briefly dip (don't soak) 24 cookies into the coffee mixture. As you dip, arrange them snugly to completely cover the bottom of a 13-by-9-inch serving dish (ours had a removable bottom for flashy presentation). Trim cookies to fit if needed. (Practice arranging before dipping to find the best fit.)

Spread half the mascarpone cream evenly over cookies. Using the remaining cookies, dip and layer a second layer on top, then spread with remaining mascarpone cream. Sprinkle cocoa evenly over the top using a fine mesh sieve. Cover and refrigerate the tiramisù at least six hours, or, better yet, overnight.

**This recipe contains raw eggs so use the freshest ones you can find.*

IMAGINARY HERO

There's an Italian restaurant I've been trying to find for years. I've wandered through the narrow streets of Soho time and again, seeking out anything that looks familiar, never with any luck. It's been 15 years since my mother and I stumbled in on a rainy night. A candlelit hole-in-the-wall, the restaurant felt like a neighborhood secret that we were fortunate enough to be let in on. Neither my mother nor I can recall its name. What I can remember is what we tasted: tiramisù. It wasn't my first, but I've never been able to forget this rendition. A frothy blend of eggs, creamy mascarpone, and espresso-drenched ladyfingers with dark cocoa shaken across the top, it was sweet and decadent, the pinnacle of what tiramisù should be. I've come to accept that the restaurant no longer exists—a victim of the ever-changing tide of the New York restaurant industry. But, each time I have tiramisù now, its memory lingers in my mind. MAI LYNN MILLER NGUYEN



COLOR THEORY

Color has a powerful effect on our perception of taste. Bite into a butter-poached lobster tail with your eyes closed and life is good. Open your eyes to find it is actually mud brown and you might wretch at what you've just eaten. Food scientists have known for a while that a diners' palate can be manipulated with a clever palette. Farm-raised salmon is dyed pink because its natural grey color makes it taste less fresh. Dye white wine red, and even expert sommeliers will start tasting more tannins. Crystal Pepsi was the exact same recipe as regular Pepsi, but did anyone think that shit tasted good?

Restaurants are on to the fact that colors matter and they are starting to try to use it to their advantage. Serve a dark-colored cake on a black plate instead of a white one, and diners think the dessert is sweeter and more intense. Match the color of the food you are serving to the color of the plate and people eat more.

Our expectations about what colors foods should be seem to matter the most in explaining what we'll like. These expectations are a result of the associations we develop over the course of our lives. If we've grown up eating Kraft singles, then black cheese looks and tastes pretty offensive. On the other hand, some colors that in any other context would look absolutely disgusting can make our mouths water. A chunky meat sauce simmering slowly in a pot looks heavenly, but imagine that exact same substance pooling on the subway seat next to you. You probably wouldn't want to dunk your bread in it. PIERCARLO VALDESOLO

EARTHY SCIENCE

Most authorities on making roux advise utter devotion to the task: Don't look away from the pan, don't walk away from the stove, definitely don't try to have a conversation. Lose your focus for too long and you risk disaster (or, at least, starting over). But making a roux is also a visual feast, a trajectory in earth tones through seemingly infinitesimal gradations of hue, from the palest malt to burnished sable (or deep cocoa, for those schooled in Cajun particulars). Like pushing thin slices of onion around in a pan of butter and watching them go from straw-colored to amber; or simmering a translucent slurry of sugar, water, and peanuts until its color crystallizes into the tawny tan of brittle. It's watching for cumin to tip from khaki to russet as it toasts, for walnuts to trade their dull tan for a golden one, for leeks to roast to the barest edge of copper, for breadcrumbs to brown to terracotta. You could miss spots in these processes, while you maximize a minute or two with another chore, but here I wage war on multitasking. Color is what tells you when to pull from the heat, when you've met your mark. And it's in that heat-coaxed sequence of shades that something seemingly ordinary becomes a spectacular color display. EMILY HORTON

BROWN OUT

The myth of all British food being uniformly bland is a cheap joke that has been disproved many times over. However, I have truly happy memories of my Dad making a meal that could possibly count as a human rights violation if plated in prison. It was a unique dish reserved for when my Mum would be working late for parent-teacher night or tutoring after-school classes. Her absence was the perfect excuse for Dad to throw out all concerns of nutritional value—which he was conscious of, as even in our modest garden he grew his own vegetables. His hand-made cold-frame produced the *best* tomatoes. But if Mum was out, and it was a Friday, all bets were off. He and his factory mates finished at midday, so it could be guaranteed he'd be suitably sozzled by the time I got home from school. (The '80s were a crazy time for childcare.) DUI (Dinner Under the Influence) is best prepared with a cigarette hanging from the corner of the mouth and a can of lager in hand. Simply brown some mince, heat new potatoes (from a tin, obviously), and then mix together with onion gravy. No flavor bombs, no nuance, and zero attention to presentation. It was brown. It was shovelable. It was the best. WILL MORLEY

PINKS & REDS

Our very essence is red. It is the blood pulsing through our veins. It is love and lust, but also violence and death. It is how we gauge shame and humiliation. Red is primal and, like all of us, full of contradictions. While red weaves a complex symbolic web, pink seems far simpler: from Shelby's (*Steel Magnolias*) blush and bashful to Schiaparelli's shocking pink, it is a color of happiness, fun, and romance. These ideologically contrasting colors find harmony on our menu: a smorgasbord of cured meats in a full sweep of pink and red, a cold borscht in velvety claret, a duo of cameo-colored salmon and harissa eggplant, a dripping strawberry semifreddo in dusty rose, and a galette of the richest carmine.

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

MENU

Amuse-Bouche
Smorgasbord &
The Chapultepec
Cocktail

Starter
Chilled Summer
Borscht

Main
Seared Salmon
with Harissa-
Glazed Eggplant

Dessert
Strawberry Vanilla
Semifreddo
Flushed Fruit
Galette

AMUSE-BOUCHE

SMORGASBORD & THE CHAPULTEPEC COCKTAIL

A red-letter day is one that is pleasantly noteworthy or memorable. Our chromatic cornucopia—radishes, radicchio, figs, and cured meat—and hibiscus-tinted cocktail mark the beginning of a red-letter meal.

SMORGASBORD

Serves: 4

sliced cured meats such as speck, Mortadella, and sopressata

leaves of radicchio or Treviso

radishes

softened butter

ripe figs

pink salt

crackers or breadsticks

Arrange on a platter. We like the radishes dipped in butter with a sprinkle of pink salt.

THE CHAPULTEPEC

This at once sweet and smoky affair by **Diego Sanchez** of New York's Cocteleria (@cocteleriany) gets its vermilion heart from hibiscus flower-infused gin.

Makes: 1 cocktail

1 ½ oz hibiscus-infused gin*

1 oz Gran Classico by Tempus Fugit (Aperol will also work)

1 oz Dolin Rouge vermouth

¼ oz mezcal joven (we like Ilegal)

1 dash Bittermens Orange Cream Citrate bitters

orange peel

Pour all ingredients in a mixing glass. Stir with 4-6 ice cubes for about 30 seconds. Strain over a rocks glass filled with fresh ice. Peel a twist off an orange and press oils out over the cocktail, then rub around the rim and drop it in the glass.

***Hibiscus-infused gin:** Measure out 1 ½ cups of dried hibiscus flowers to one 750ml bottle of gin. Incorporate the two in a glass jar and let sit for a day. Strain. Keep chilled.



STARTER

CHILLED SUMMER BORSCHT

Beets are, as vegetables go, pretty transformative. On an episode of MTV's *House of Style* (essential viewing in the '90s) designer Todd Oldham showed viewers how to convert a plain button-down into a printed wonder with just beets, salt, and a Sharpie. Eat an ample amount of beets and they will, well, make their presence known again later. And, as for borscht, it would cease to exist without beets. Our version, light in heft but not in flavor, adds shards of fennel into the mix and tops it all off with a dollop of crème fraîche.

Serves: 6

- 6 small (not baby) beets, well-scrubbed
- 1 small bulb fennel with tops
- 2 tsp sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp salt
- 2 to 3 tsp red wine vinegar
- crème fraîche, to serve
- chopped chives, to serve

Place the beets in a large pot with 10 cups of water. Cut the tops from the fennel and add to the pot. Simmer until the beets are tender, about 30-35 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer the beets to a plate and discard fennel tops. When cool enough to handle, peel beets. Cut in half and slice into thin slivers. Quarter the fennel, cut out the core, and slice into spoon-sized slivers.

Pour 6 cups of the beet cooking liquid into a large bowl making sure to leave any grit from the pot behind. Stir in the salt and sugar until dissolved. Add the beets and fennel slivers. Cover with plastic wrap and chill several hours or overnight. Before serving, stir in vinegar to taste and check seasoning. Serve with a generous dollop of crème fraîche and a sprinkling of chopped chives.

THE BEET GOES ON

I learned pretty early on in my relationship that dating my boyfriend also meant dating his family. And not just his nuclear family, but his extended family of aunts, uncles, and cousins. All 20 of them. A tight-knit group raised on a steady diet of German-Jewish and Russian-Jewish traditions tinged by American values. My first trip away with Ira? It was spent at his family's home in Rockport, Maine. With his grandmother. And his aunt. And her husband. But that cold, wintry weekend is also when I was introduced to what would become another constant in our relationship: Lubo's Borscht. Lea "Lubo" Luboshutz was Ira's great-grandmother and a world-renowned concert violinist from Odessa who, as part of a trio with her two siblings, performed at Tolstoy's state funeral and provided regular entertainment at the Romanov's court. When the Russian revolution sent her into exile—first to Berlin, then to Paris—she was scouted by an American promoter who brought her to the States for a U.S. tour that ended with a teaching contract at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Lubo played the Stradivarius Nightingale like few others; she also made a mean borscht. Her rendition of the popular Eastern European beet soup with shin bone broth resembled a beef stew when Ira proudly made it for me for the first time, using a recipe that had been turned into a poster-size illustration—first in 1970 by his grandmother, who drew it with a border of watercolor carrots, beets, and violins; and later by his sister, a fine artist, who re-rendered it as a gift for each member of the family, including Ira. And me. CELIA ELLENBERG





MAIN

SEARED SALMON WITH
HARISSA-GLAZED EGGPLANT

Here, the full chromatic scope of our chapter is expressed on one plate, from the palest fleshy rose of the seared salmon to the rich garnet hue of harissa to the sparkling amethyst of skillet-cooked eggplant. Delicious served warm in your kitchen and even better, as all summer things are, at room temperature on a blanket outside.

Serves: 4

- 6 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil, divided
- 1 ¼ lbs slender Asian eggplants, about 3, halved lengthwise and cut into 2-inch pieces
- 1 red onion, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 1 to 1 ½ Tbsp harissa (we like Cava brand)
- ¼ cup roughly chopped mint
- 4 (6 oz) pieces salmon fillet with skin

Heat a large, heavy skillet with 4 Tbsp oil until hot. Add eggplant, skin side up, and cook until golden brown, 4 to 5 minutes. Turn the eggplants over and cook 1 more minute. Transfer to a plate. Turn heat down to medium and add 1 Tbsp more oil to the skillet. Stir in the onion, garlic, and ½ tsp salt and cook until onion is translucent, about 5 minutes. Stir in harissa and cook 1 minute. Stir in eggplant, sprinkle with 1 Tbsp water, and cook, stirring, until eggplant is tender but not mushy, about 2 minutes longer. Transfer eggplant to a bowl and set aside.

Wipe out skillet and reheat with remaining 1 Tbsp oil over medium high heat. Season salmon with salt and pepper. Sear, skin side up until golden, about 4 minutes. Turn salmon over and continue cooking until fish is just cooked through, about 4 to 6 minutes longer. Sprinkle eggplant with mint and serve with salmon.

MAGIC GARDEN

When I was a child we would dye Easter eggs using scraps of vegetables; prickly pear for pink, spinach for green, and turmeric roots that stained everything a deep, sunny yellow. It filled me with an indescribable joy to plunge my hands into the colored water, swirling the eggs around and around with my multicolored fingers. But vegetable dyeing isn't just for the Easter-celebrating children of hippie parents; you can use natural dye to transform cloth, paper, even tint your hair. Purple is one of the easiest colors to approximate with vegetable dyes; you can use onion skins for a delicate pinky mauve that looks like blush and sunsets, beet peelings for a deeper violet, or red cabbage if you want your purple tinged with melancholy blue. Just cover your vegetable parings in water (the ratio is generally two parts water to one part organic matter) and simmer for an hour. You can use the resulting dye on any natural fiber, but I've found that linen works best; simply let the fabric soak in your dye until it reaches the desired hue, stirring occasionally to achieve a consistent saturation. You can use a wooden spoon for this, of course, but I like to stick my hands in up to the elbows and mash the fabric around, watching my palms turn pink. EMILY BEYDA

DESSERT

STRAWBERRY VANILLA SEMIFREDDO

Her official title (really) was chief mistress to Louis XV, but in 18th-century France, Madame de Pompadour, was more cultural influencer than mere plaything. The champion of Rococo style was rarely seen without her signature rose accessories (depictions of her were to feature it prominently), so much so that the shade would come to be known as Pompadour Pink. No doubt our swirling strawberry semifreddo in a similar hue would have passed muster with the Madame.

Makes: 1 quart

1 lb strawberries, chopped

1 vanilla bean, scraped

1 Tbsp lemon juice

1 cup sugar, divided

4 large egg yolks

2 cups very cold heavy cream

Simmer strawberries, vanilla bean seeds, scraped vanilla bean, lemon juice, and ½ cup sugar in a medium saucepan until liquid is just syrupy, 10 to 15 minutes. Cool completely. Discard vanilla bean.

Using a double boiler (or metal bowl over a saucepan with an inch of simmering water beneath), vigorously whisk yolks and remaining ½ cup sugar until pale and thick, about 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir until cool.

Whip cream until it holds soft peaks. Fold one third of cream into the egg mixture to lighten. Fold in strawberries, then fold in remaining cream.

Pour into a 9 x 5-inch loaf pan and cover with plastic wrap. Freeze at least 6 hours or overnight before serving.

COLD COMFORT

Staying in Buenos Aires through Christmas seemed like a good idea at the time—the time being midway through my college semester abroad, when the South American metropolis was in the midst of its pleasantly mild spring, I had an arsenal of *porteños*, and my homestay abode seemed charming in its lo-fi glory. But then December arrived and the weather turned scorching, the friends retreated to their families' country homes for the holidays, and the circa-'50s fan sitting in my miniscule room refused to turn on. My only solace? Las Malvinas, an *heladeria* just two blocks from my apartment where, wedged between tubs of ice cream parlor mainstays like *fresa* and *dulce de leche*, you could find their in-house special: *limon Jamaica*. It was a tangy lemon ice cream dotted with chocolate chips and raspberry swirl, and completely unlike anything I'd ever tasted before; creamy, tart, rich, sweet, refreshing, heavenly. And just as I passed no judgment on their stubborn politicized allegiance to what the rest of the world knows as the Falkland Islands, they passed no judgment on me during my daily visits, when a pint of *limon Jamaica* to-go—scooped into a sturdy Styrofoam container that would accompany me during my afternoon strolls through the now-empty, overheated city streets—served as my lunch. REBECCA WILLA DAVIS



DESSERT

FLUSHED FRUIT GALETTE

Red raises pulses and turns heads; scientists have found that it can even influence the perception of someone's attractiveness. Our lady in red—a fruit galette with its plump berries, cherries, and plums left alluringly exposed—has never looked so lovely as she does tonight.

Serves: 6 to 8

PASTRY DOUGH

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- ½ tsp salt
- 1 stick (4-oz) cold, unsalted butter, cut into small pieces
- ½ cup cold buttermilk, plus 1 Tbsp for brushing
- turbinado sugar for sprinkling

FOR FILLING

- 3 plums, about 1 lb, cut into ½-inch thick wedges
- 1 cup pitted sweet cherries
- 6 oz raspberries (about 1 cup)
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 ½ Tbsp flour
- 1 Tbsp very finely chopped ginger
- 1 tsp lemon juice

Pulse flour, salt, and butter in a food processor until it forms a coarse meal. Pulse in ½ cup buttermilk just until dough starts to get clumpy. Form into a disk and wrap well in plastic wrap. Chill 1 hour or overnight.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Toss the fruit with, sugar, flour, ginger, juice, and a pinch of salt until evenly coated.

Roll dough into ¼-inch thick round on a lightly floured surface. Gently roll the dough up around the pin and carefully unroll onto a parchment-lined, rimmed baking pan. Arrange fruit in the center leaving a 4-inch border all around. Fold up the sides onto the fruit. Brush dough with buttermilk and sprinkle with turbinado. Chill the tart 15 minutes.

Bake until fruit is bubbling and crust is deep golden brown, about 50-55 minutes.

BETTER OFF RED

I like red. I always have. Historically, it may be a color intertwined with power and seduction and anger, but I'm attracted to it for a very different reason: for its sweetness. When I was young I found that sweetness in Dorothy's ruby red slippers and in licorice candy coins and Shirley Temples bobbing with maraschino cherries. Today it's in the rows of red shoes I continue to amass (the perfect charming touch for any outfit), the piles of strawberries that comprise the bulk of my summertime diet, and, thanks to the influence of a former crush's mom, my own kitchen décor. I remember visiting his mother's Upper East Side apartment and marveling at the burgundy-patterned French pottery, red oven mitts, and matching shiny, red lacquered countertops in her tiny kitchen. I told him how lovely I thought it all was. Later, as we were looking for a spot to have dinner, he pointed towards the crimson door of an Italian restaurant and said, "Let's go there. You like things that are red." I smiled. He was right, and the moment was sweet indeed. KENDALL JANE MEADE



IN THE PINK

My first memories of pink are from the girls toy aisle at Target. It was the '80s and rumblings of gender-neutral parenting were still decades away, so packed with Barbies, baby dolls, and toys that mimicked household chores (ooh, a broom!), this aisle was a hot pink beacon for my four-year-old self. In high school, I discovered feminism and became wary of pink's marketing power: A pink Dustbuster, women will love this! By college, *Sex and the City* mania was in full swing. I waited tables, removing my nose ring and dark lipstick before shifts, knowing I was in trouble whenever a group of women ordered a round of cosmos. But I reserved most of my waterly disdain for those who asked for white zinfandel by the glass. "No," I'd reply, "We don't have a white zinfandel... at all." I'm not sure when I finally came around to pink, and especially pink drinks. It was probably somewhere around the time when I got over myself and realized that I could just like what I like. Or maybe it was when I realized that pink lipstick looked better than black, and that on a warm summer day, whiskey be damned because nothing could beat a glass of rosé.

KATE WILLIAMS

LA VIE EN ROSÉ

So fervent is Erica Blumenthal and Nikki Huganir's love for the pink wine (or as they call it, summer water) that it birthed *Yes Way Rosé*, an Instagram meme turned full-blown movement devoted to spreading the gospel of rosé. Here, the modern-day pink ladies share their five favorite rosés, from palest blush to full-on flush.

● **Croteaux 2014 'Chloe' Sauvignon Blanc Rosé, Southold, NY**

At the rosé-only Croteaux vineyard on Long Island's North Fork (New York's closest thing to Provence) you can find nine beautiful rosés including the unique Chloe, available both still and sparkling. It's a special blend of crisp Sauvignon Blanc that, once blended with Merlot skins, gets a hint of pink. The dreamy, barely-there color is the lightest we've ever seen.

● **Matthiason Rosé 2014, Napa Valley, CA**

This pale peachy-pink Napa Valley rosé from 2015 James Beard semifinalist

Steve Matthiason is a bright and aromatic blend of Grenache, Syrah, Mourvedre, and Counoise. Its light body and delicate acidity makes it the ultimate summer BBQ rosé.

● **Wölffer Estate 2014 Rosé, Sagaponack, NY**
Wölffer's elegant blush rosé is fit for epic summer days (it's made in the Hamptons, after all). The 2014 vintage is an especially good year because, among other delicious reasons, it's their first rosé with a beach-ready screw cap. Easy access is everything!

● **Robert Sinskey Vin Gris 2014, Los Carneros, CA**
The winemaker behind this

salmon-hued Pinot Noir-based wine with a vibrant taste and bone-dry finish likes to say, "If it goes with the food on your table and puts a smile on your face, it has done its job." His always does the trick.

● **Love Drunk Rosé 2014, Willamette Valley, OR**
Sommelier and winemaker André Hueston Mack is the genius behind memorable creations like O.P.P. (Other People's Pinot) and Knock On Wood Chardonnay. But, obviously, it's his aromatic, fruit-forward Love Drunk Rosé that's our favorite, inside and out—the label design makes it worthy of prominent display.

DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES

If a wedding attendant started nibbling at the bouquets, we'd consider her barbaric. But what of a cocktail party attendant in, say, 2005, munching on that decorative bed of kale that the appetizers rest upon? If ugly kale can find its moment, why not beautiful flowers? Beebalm petals taste minty, begonias sour, carnations sweet, marigolds citrusy. There are certainly unlikelier foods: artichokes, coconuts, eggs. Many of us recall with fondness the childhood memory of plucking honeysuckles for their sugary dew, dining in hummingbirds' portions. And yet, all grown up at a botanical garden, I recoiled when a friend began snacking on peppery nasturtium petals. Megastar restaurants like Noma serve flower petals and any humble hipster gastropub has a dandelion or two in its salads. Unsatisfied with the quasi-cheat of fried, ricotta-stuffed zucchini blossoms (wouldn't newspaper stuffed with ricotta and batter-fried taste the same?), I went to an organic florist, bought a bouquet of roses and filled a bowl with red, pink, and purple petals. It looked like I was eating an Indian wedding or a particularly ambitious Von Furstenberg wrap dress. Being roses, I hoped it would somehow taste romantic. With each bite, I mused: did I love it or did I love it not? Alas, it was plain, like lettuce with a faint hint of green apples. I mixed in a bit of rose petal confit. Is that OK? Who knows? These are flowers' Wild West days. At an outdoor wedding at a California garden, I nearly licked the groom's boutonniere. There are no rules (although wedding licks are probably frowned upon). Imagine getting in on the ground floor of sandwiches or sundaes, omelets or pizzas, sushi or even salads. What a wonderful chance to let your palate bloom! RICHARD MORGAN

THE BODY ELECTRIC

The Sanskrit word for wheel, chakra refers to the body's seven spinning energy centers. And, when it comes to maneuvering these colorful life forces, it turns out, you are what you eat.

BY NATALIE SHUKUR

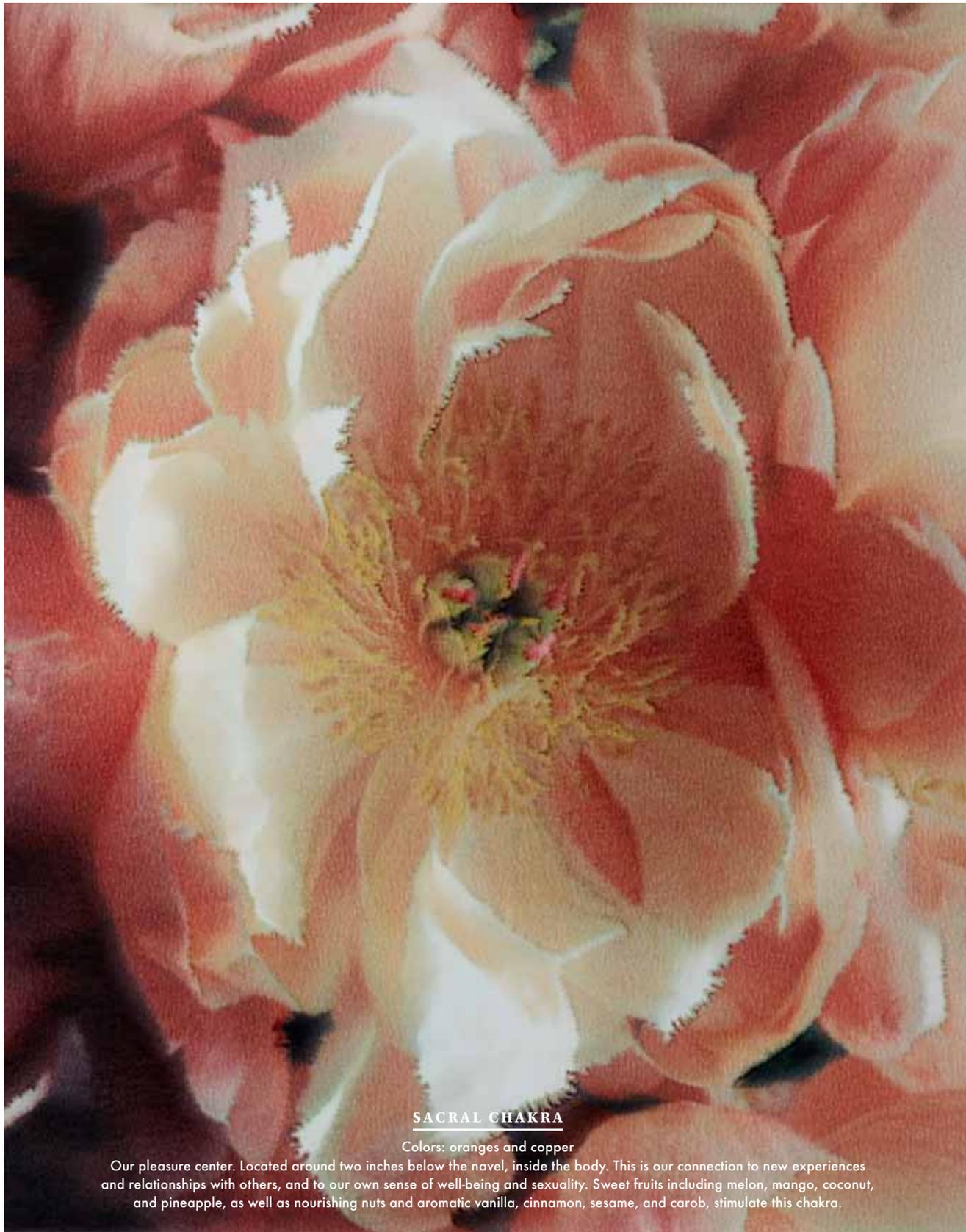
I wear a string of turquoise beads around my neck most days. I have done so ever since I picked them up at a store on the tiny Greek island of Ios when I was 18. I'm drawn to these simple beads more than any other trinket or talisman I own, and I feel naked without them. An ex-boyfriend used to joke that they were my protection, and, in retrospect, he was right. When worn around the throat chakra, turquoise, the warrior stone, aids self-expression. I believed it protected me in work meetings and social situations, allowing me to voice my opinion—energetic armor for a person whose default setting is shy, attempting to navigate a heady New York scene. Years later, when I became better attuned to my body through dedicated hours on my yoga mat, the spectral subtleties of the chakras were revealed in vibrant color. We are made of energy. Our bodies are the vessels that carry this energy—where it flows, pools, sometimes stagnates, and emanates, finding its groove along the seven chakras, from our crown right down to our root. As one becomes more tapped into one's own vessel, it's a rather funky and fascinating thing to play around with these energy centers—to push our own buttons if you will—through the way we breathe, move, the items that we place on and around our bodies and, perhaps most potently, the things we literally consume. Just as we can use meditation to ground our frazzled beings or go for a run to create a burst of levity and zest, food and drink has the power to change our frequency. Tune in next time you feel a certain way, and use your meals, snacks, or refreshments to dial the different chakras up or down—to open your heart, focus your mind, or heighten your sensuality. It's a useful tool to connect within and come back to the whole, and another reason to give prominence to good food and drink.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTYN THOMPSON

ROOT CHAKRA

Colors: reds and dark earth tones

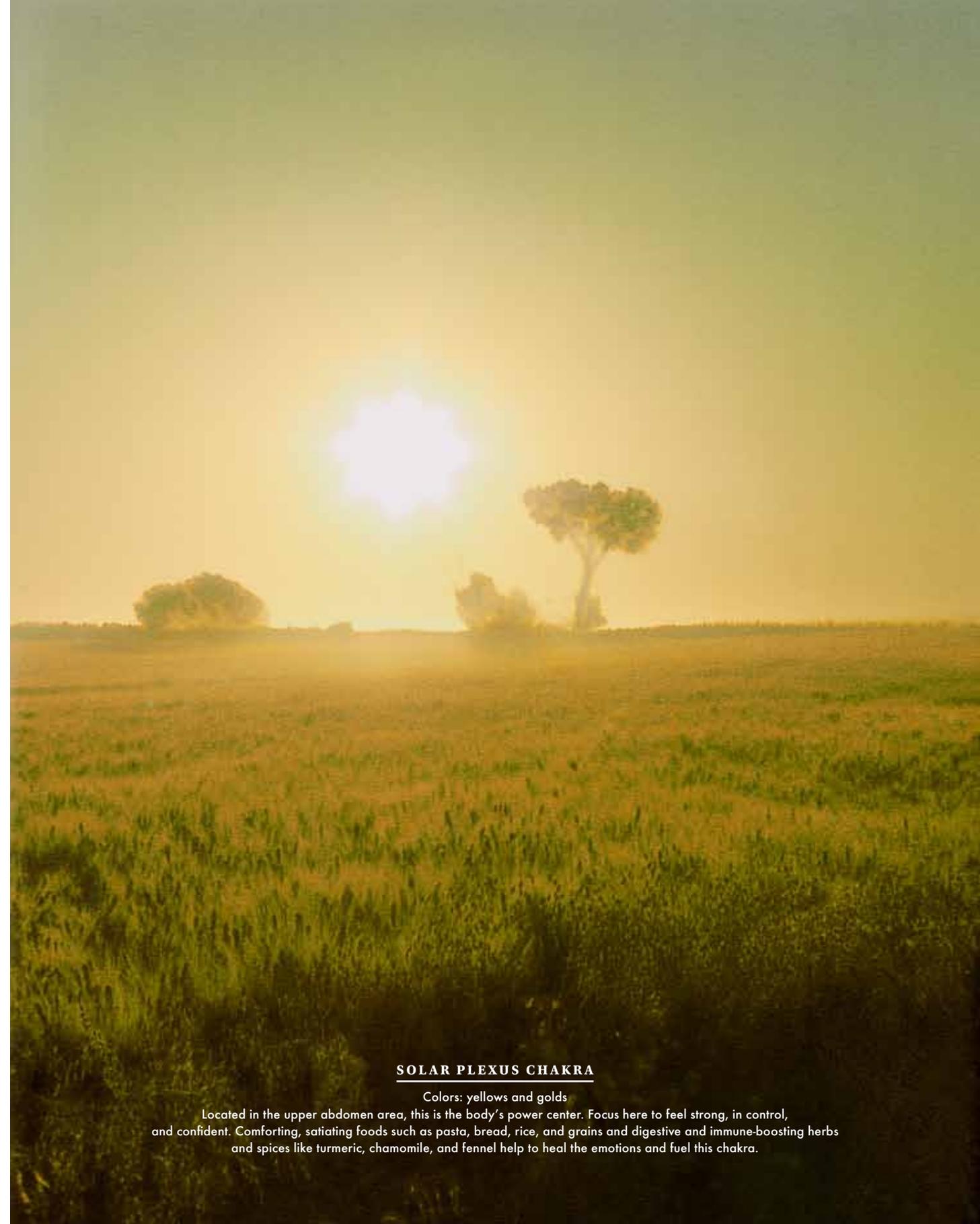
The foundation of our being; our connection to the earth. Harbors our survivalist instincts such as the need for food and financial independence. Located at the base of the spine. To enhance the qualities of the root chakra, eat, ahem, root veggies including beets, carrots, potatoes, and parsnips, and warm spices like cayenne, ginger, and pepper.



SACRAL CHAKRA

Colors: oranges and copper

Our pleasure center. Located around two inches below the navel, inside the body. This is our connection to new experiences and relationships with others, and to our own sense of well-being and sexuality. Sweet fruits including melon, mango, coconut, and pineapple, as well as nourishing nuts and aromatic vanilla, cinnamon, sesame, and carob, stimulate this chakra.



SOLAR PLEXUS CHAKRA

Colors: yellows and golds

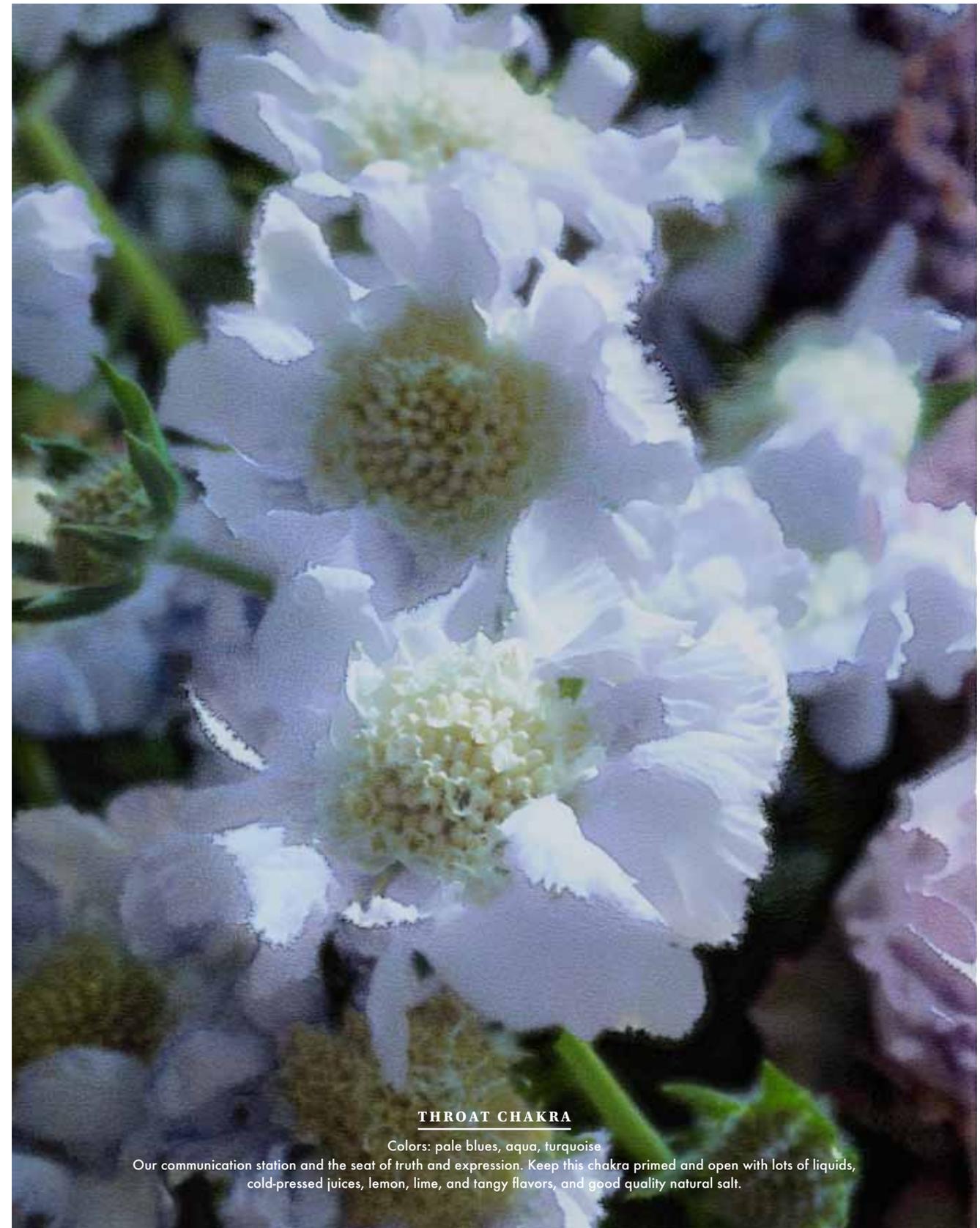
Located in the upper abdomen area, this is the body's power center. Focus here to feel strong, in control, and confident. Comforting, satiating foods such as pasta, bread, rice, and grains and digestive and immune-boosting herbs and spices like turmeric, chamomile, and fennel help to heal the emotions and fuel this chakra.



HEART CHAKRA

Colors: greens

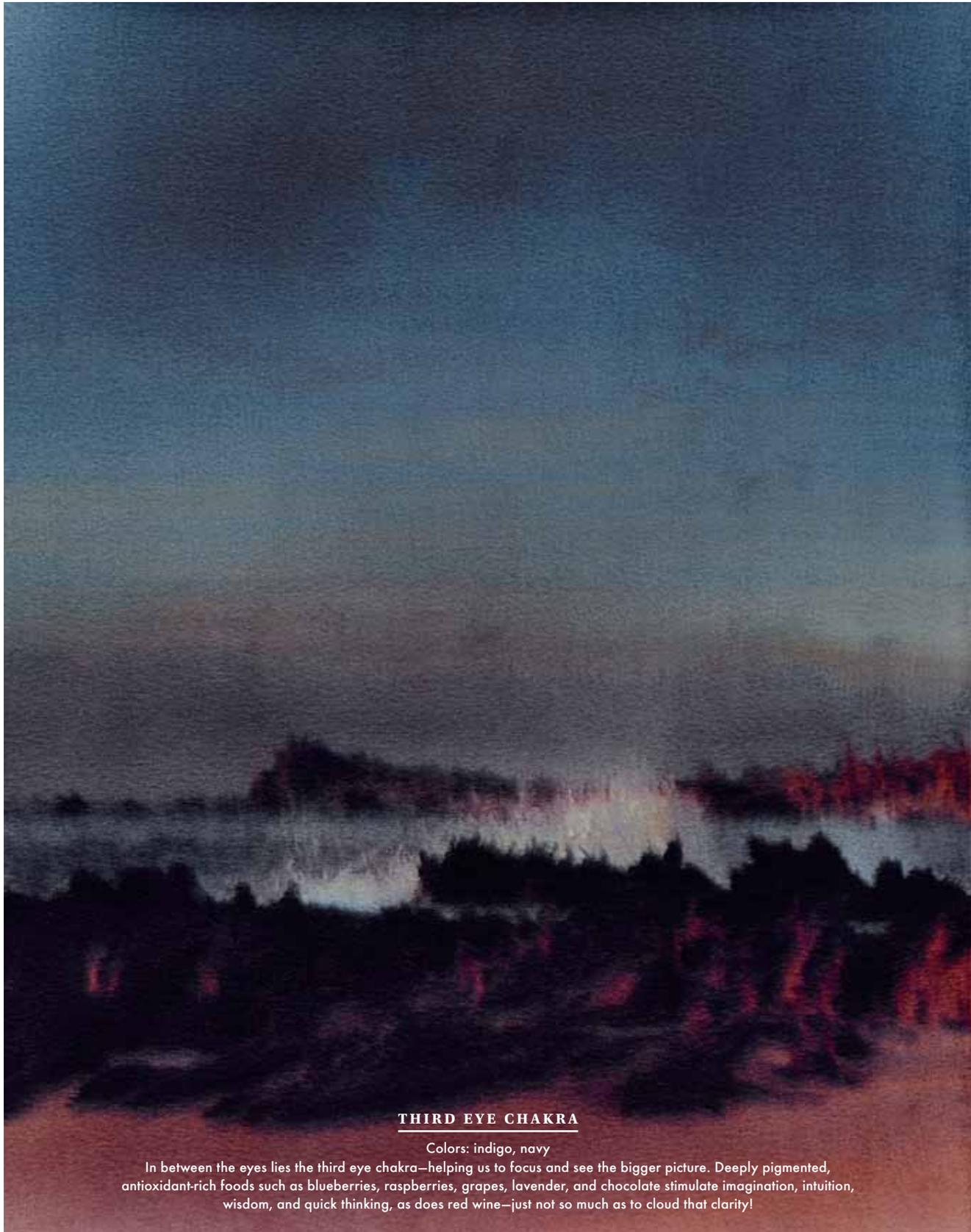
Governs our ability to love, to be open to new people and experiences, to stay flexible and alive. Green veggies such as spinach, kale, and lettuce, as well as light and cleansing cabbage, cauliflower, sage, thyme, and basil soothe the heart chakra and enhance joy and inner peace.



THROAT CHAKRA

Colors: pale blues, aqua, turquoise

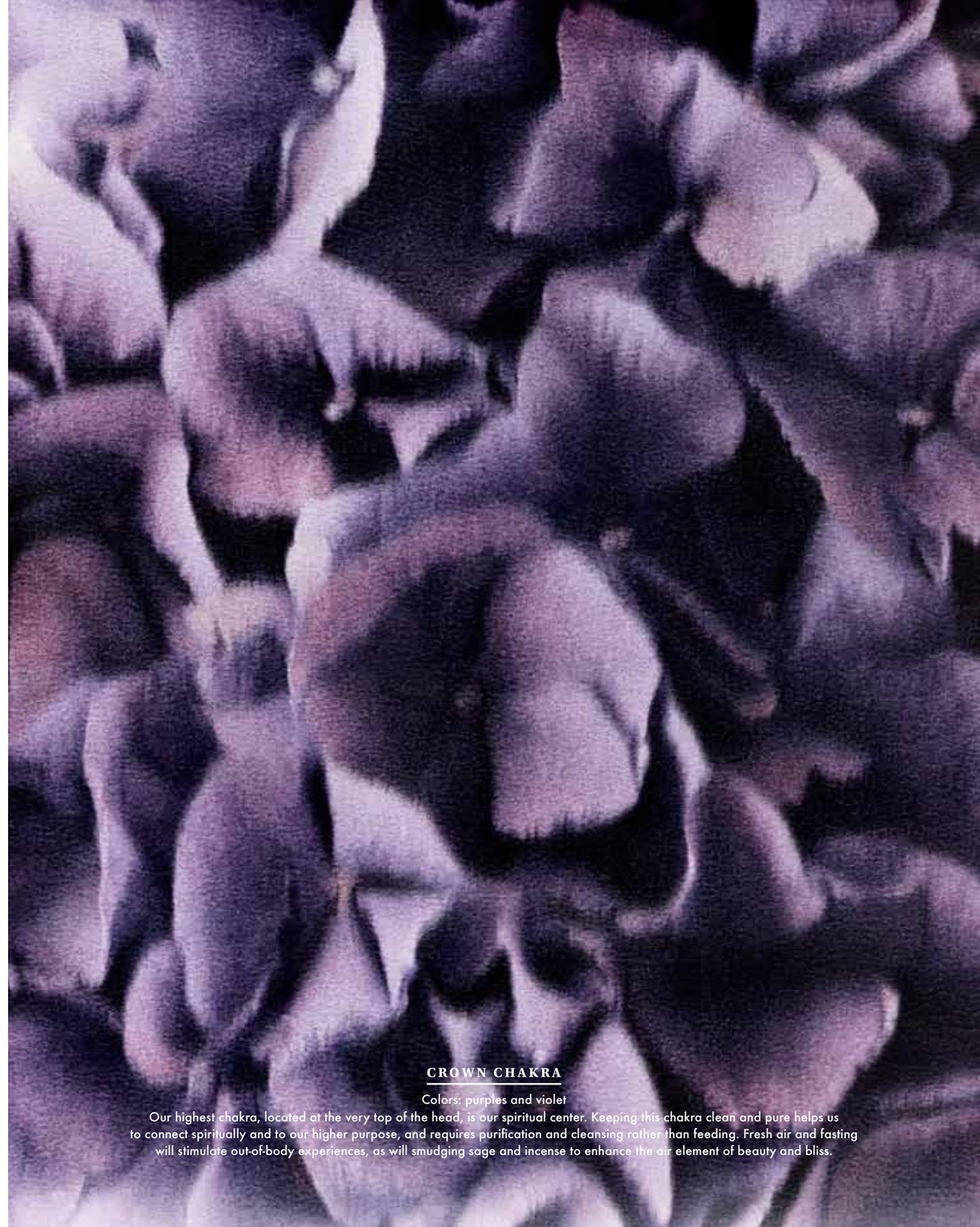
Our communication station and the seat of truth and expression. Keep this chakra primed and open with lots of liquids, cold-pressed juices, lemon, lime, and tangy flavors, and good quality natural salt.



THIRD EYE CHAKRA

Colors: indigo, navy

In between the eyes lies the third eye chakra—helping us to focus and see the bigger picture. Deeply pigmented, antioxidant-rich foods such as blueberries, raspberries, grapes, lavender, and chocolate stimulate imagination, intuition, wisdom, and quick thinking, as does red wine—just not so much as to cloud that clarity!



CROWN CHAKRA

Colors: purples and violet

Our highest chakra, located at the very top of the head, is our spiritual center. Keeping this chakra clean and pure helps us to connect spiritually and to our higher purpose, and requires purification and cleansing rather than feeding. Fresh air and fasting will stimulate out-of-body experiences, as will smudging sage and incense to enhance the air element of beauty and bliss.

RAINBOW

It was Isaac Newton's 1672 experiment with two prisms that taught us that all white light was made up of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. A rainbow is itself a phenomenon—since raindrops are prisms we all see them differently depending on our vantage point. Each rainbow crafted for your eyes only. The dishes we conjured with its colorful arc in mind are just as unique: A parade of bruschettas reflect every chromatic band; a terrine acts as canvas for an artful cluster of vegetables; a bibim guksu makes a meal out of the color wheel; fairy bread is dessert through the eyes of a child; and snow cones and a swirled cheesecake are singular viewing and eating experiences from any angle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Will Anderson FOOD STYLING BY Maggie Ruggiero
PROP STYLING BY Theo Vamvounakis

MENU

Amuse-Bouche
Agua Fresca Trio
Bruschetta Rainbow

Starter
Wild Garden
Terrine

Main
Bibim Guksu

Dessert
Color-Dazed
Cheesecake

Treats
Tart Lemon
Snow Cone
Fairy Bread

AMUSE-BOUCHE

AGUA FRESCA TRIO &
BRUSCHETTA RAINBOW

AGUA FRESCAS

Their intention is in their name. Agua frescas, or fresh waters, are designed to cool you down in the steamy throes of summer. **Jason Marcus** of Brooklyn's Xixa shares a trio that spans the color and flavor spectrum.

Makes: about 1 quart each

WATERMELON HABANERO

2 qts diced watermelon
 ½ cup sugar
 ¼ cup orange juice
 ¼ cup lime juice
 a few tiny slivers
 of deseeded orange
 habanero
 (Proceed with caution!)

Purée all ingredients except habanero in blender. Add 1 small sliver of habanero and re-blend. Taste. Add a tiny bit more habanero and re-blend if you want it hotter. Chill well. Serve over ice.

APRICOT THYME HABANERO

1 cup dried apricots
 ¾ cup sugar
 1 cup lime juice
 ½ tsp fresh thyme leaves
 a few tiny slivers
 of deseeded orange
 habanero

Bring apricots and 4 cups water to boil, turn off heat, and let sit 30 minutes. Purée until smooth in a blender. Add sugar, lime juice, thyme, and a sliver of habanero, and re-blend. Taste. If you want it hotter, add a bit more habanero. Re-blend. Chill well. Serve over ice.

TOMATILLO AGUA FRESCA

1 lb peeled, rinsed
 tomatillos
 ½ cup lime juice
 ½ cup sugar

Purée tomatillos with 3 cups water in a blender. Strain through a fine mesh sieve. Stir half of the tomatillo pulp back into the strained juice. Whisk in sugar and lime juice. Chill well. Serve over ice.

BRUSCHETTA RAINBOW

Bruschetta is reliable party fare: a crusty baguette acting as the trusty vehicle for whatever your whim. We used two cheeses (ricotta and blue) as our binding agents for a Pantone array of toppings.

Thinly slice a **baguette** and brush with **olive oil**. Toast in a 350°F oven until golden, 10-15 minutes.

Simmer ¼ cup of **balsamic** until reduced by half and cool.

PURPLE: Spread toasts with **ricotta**. Top with halved dark grapes. Drizzle with **balsamic reduction**, **extra virgin olive oil**, and a sprinkling of salt.

RED: Top toasts with **ricotta**, thinly sliced **grape tomatoes**, and a few **capers**. Drizzle with **balsamic reduction** and **extra virgin olive oil** and a few grinds of **black pepper**.

ORANGE: Spread toasts with **ricotta** and a few leaves of flat

leaf parsley. Top with spicy **white anchovies**. (Store-bought or marinate your own with oil and harissa or sriracha.)

YELLOW: Top toasts with **ricotta**, **prosciutto**, slices of **pineapple**, a drizzle of **extra virgin olive oil**, and a few grinds of **black pepper**.

BLUE: Spread toasts with **mild blue cheese** or **ricotta** and top with **blueberries** and gently smashed **blackberries**.

GREEN: Toss julienned **zucchini** with a little **extra virgin olive oil** and **lemon juice**. Top toasts with **ricotta**, dressed zucchini, chopped **pistachios**, and a **caper berry**.



STARTER

WILD GARDEN TERRINE

The beauty of a terrine is unveiled with the first slice, the moment of its exquisitely layered interior's big reveal. Ours, a mélange of colorful vegetables suspended in a tunnel of ghostly white that, if you squint just so, looks almost Miró-esque, continues to evolve with every serving.

Serves: 8 to 10

- 4 or 5 small purple potatoes, peeled
- 8 shiitake mushrooms, stems removed
- 1 leek, white and pale green parts only, trimmed to length of pan
- 4 or 5 medium rainbow carrots, peeled and trimmed
- 9 asparagus, trimmed
- 8 pieces canned baby corn
- 4 small precooked baby beets, drained and patted dry
- ¼ cup heavy cream
- 1 (¼ oz) package unflavored gelatin
- 1 lb fresh goat cheese, at room temperature
- extra virgin olive oil for drizzling
- chives, finely chopped, for sprinkling

Place potatoes in a small pot with enough lightly salted water to cover. Bring to a simmer and cook just until potatoes are tender, 12 to 16 minutes. Meanwhile, blanch the vegetables in another pot of boiling salted water just until tender; 1 minute for mushrooms, 4 to 5 for carrots, 6 to 8 for leek, and 3 to 4 for asparagus. Transfer the potatoes and vegetables as cooked to ice water to chill briefly. (No need to blanch the corn or beets.) Pat the vegetables dry.

Very lightly oil a loaf pan and then line with plastic wrap smoothing out as many wrinkles as you can and leaving any overhang on the long sides.

Put 3 Tbsp water in a small saucepan and sprinkle evenly with gelatin. Let stand 3 to 4 minutes to soften. Add cream and heat gently over medium heat, bringing just to a simmer, stirring to dissolve gelatin. Transfer to a bowl and whisk in goat cheese, and a rounded ½ tsp black pepper.

Spread about ½ cup of cheese mixture on the bottom of the pan. Reserve ¼ cup for dolloping over the top. Layer in vegetables randomly, spooning in a dab of cheese here and there to act as mortar when terrine is pressed. Dollop with reserved cheese. Fold the plastic over and weight with another pan or something that fits inside to press everything together. Chill 8 hours or overnight before slicing. Let it sit 30 minutes at room temp before serving. Drizzle with oil and sprinkle with chives.



MAIN

BIBIM GUKSU

The traditional Korean dish can be appreciated year round, of course, but in the warmer months the cold, spicy noodles feel especially fitting. For optimal enjoyment, take care to artfully arrange your egg and vegetable toppings (a beautiful plate beckons that much more) and don't skimp on the gochujang; as flavor goes, its role is pivotal.

Serves: 4

- ¾ lb somen noodles
- 4 Tbsp olive oil
- 5 oz spinach
- 9 oz shiitake mushrooms, thinly sliced
- 1 medium yellow squash, julienned
- 1 cup red cabbage, thinly sliced
- 1 carrot, julienned
- 1 Asian pear, sliced
- 1 cucumber, julienned
- 2 scallions, thinly sliced
- 1 small watermelon radish, thinly sliced
- 1 cup kimchi
- 4 hard-boiled eggs, peeled and halved
- gochujang sauce (recipe at right)
- ¼ cup toasted sesame seeds, divided

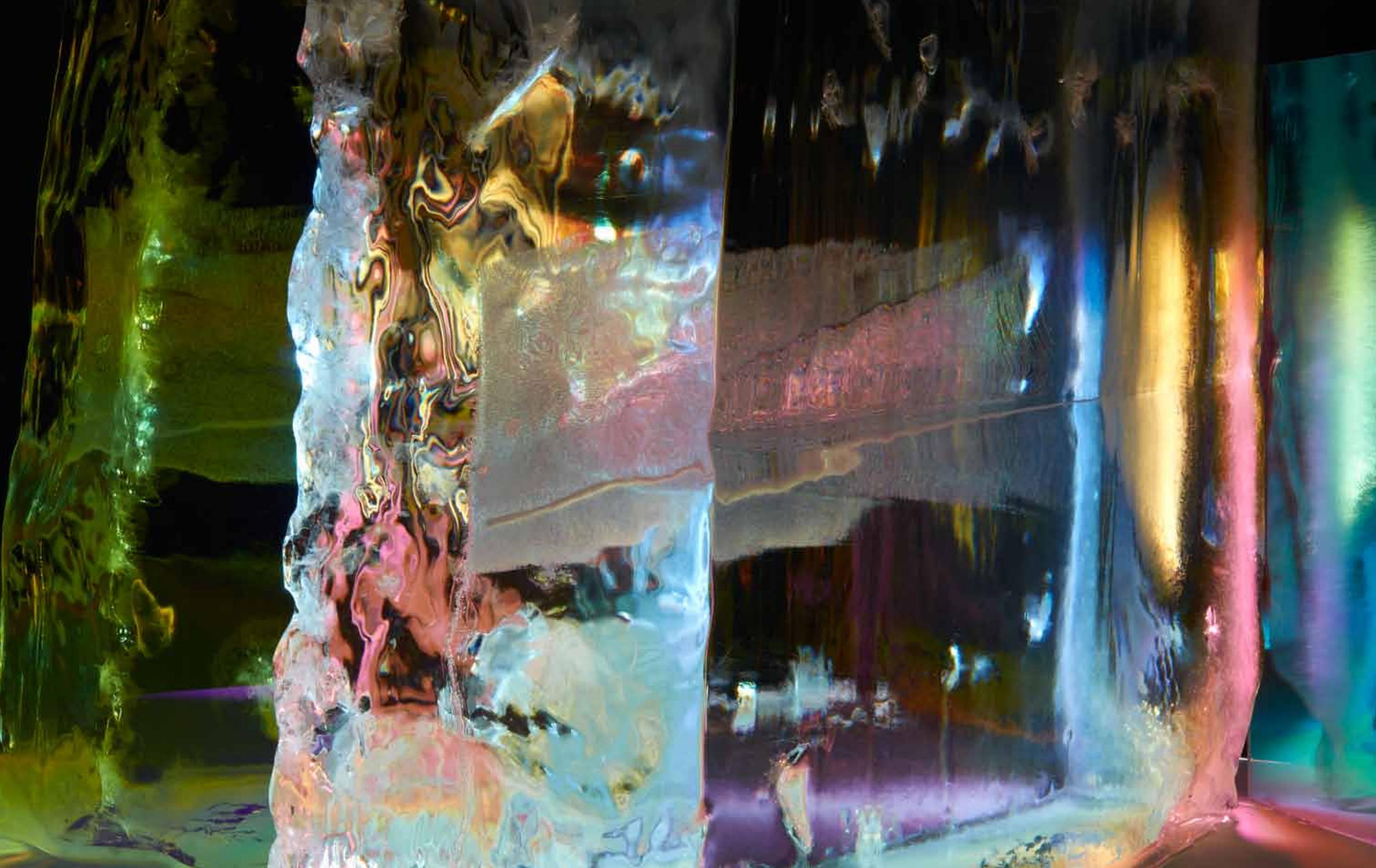
1 Cook somen noodles according to package directions, and then drain, rinse with cold water, and drain again. Cover with plastic wrap until ready for use.

2 Heat 1 Tbsp oil over medium-high heat. Add spinach and sauté until just wilted. Set aside on a plate. Add 2 Tbsp oil to the skillet and cook mushrooms until tender. Set aside with spinach. With the remaining Tbsp oil, sauté squash until tender and set aside as well.

3 Arrange the kimchee, cooked and fresh vegetables, and eggs on top of noodles. Serve with sauce and remaining sesame seeds.

GOCHUJANG SAUCE: Mix together ⅓ cup gochujang paste; 2 Tbsp toasted sesame oil; 1 Tbsp low-sodium soy sauce; 1 tsp unseasoned rice vinegar; 1 Tbsp honey; 1 small garlic clove, very finely chopped; and 1 Tbsp toasted sesame seeds.





SUMMER IN THE BYWATER

The houses in the Bywater are powder brush pink, vivid green, magenta, and turquoise blue. Walking past old men chewing tobacco and spitting at the afternoon sun, I am taken aback by the serenity gifted by the moist heat this far south. Jazz tumbles through the cracks in the city's sidewalks, mingling with weeds and leftover spring sprouts that have clustered together at the edges of crosswalks. People told me it was a bad idea to move to New Orleans for the summer, but here I am. The heat is unforgiving, the humidity stifling. All I want are bright, tangy, cold foods that match the myriad colors of the buildings I have come to call dear. I find solace from the weather by indulging in sno-balls from the local stand (Piety Sno-Balls) at the corner of Piety and Chartres, a different flavor for each day of the week—black cherry, sour grape, mint green tea, hibiscus pomegranate, and Vietnamese coffee with a generous dollop of condensed milk. Most days I take my dessert to the banks of the Mississippi River, lounging barefoot and chatting with the smiling locals as the colored syrup drips down my forearm. There's something about the energy of this place that makes the days blend together seamlessly. And you, you become steeped in the steady hum. RACHEL EVA LIM

TREAT

TART LEMON SNOW CONES

Around the world, shaved ice—that quintessential summer treat—takes on myriad forms, but it's the snow cones of New Orleans (where they should only be called sno-balls), wild in appearance and flavor, that inspired ours. Bonus: you'll have enough syrup left over for a pitcher of lemonade.

Serves: 4 cups syrup

- 8 to 10 organic lemons
- 2 cups sugar
- food coloring
- heaps of shaved ice
(we found an inexpensive snow cone machine online)
- paper cones or cups

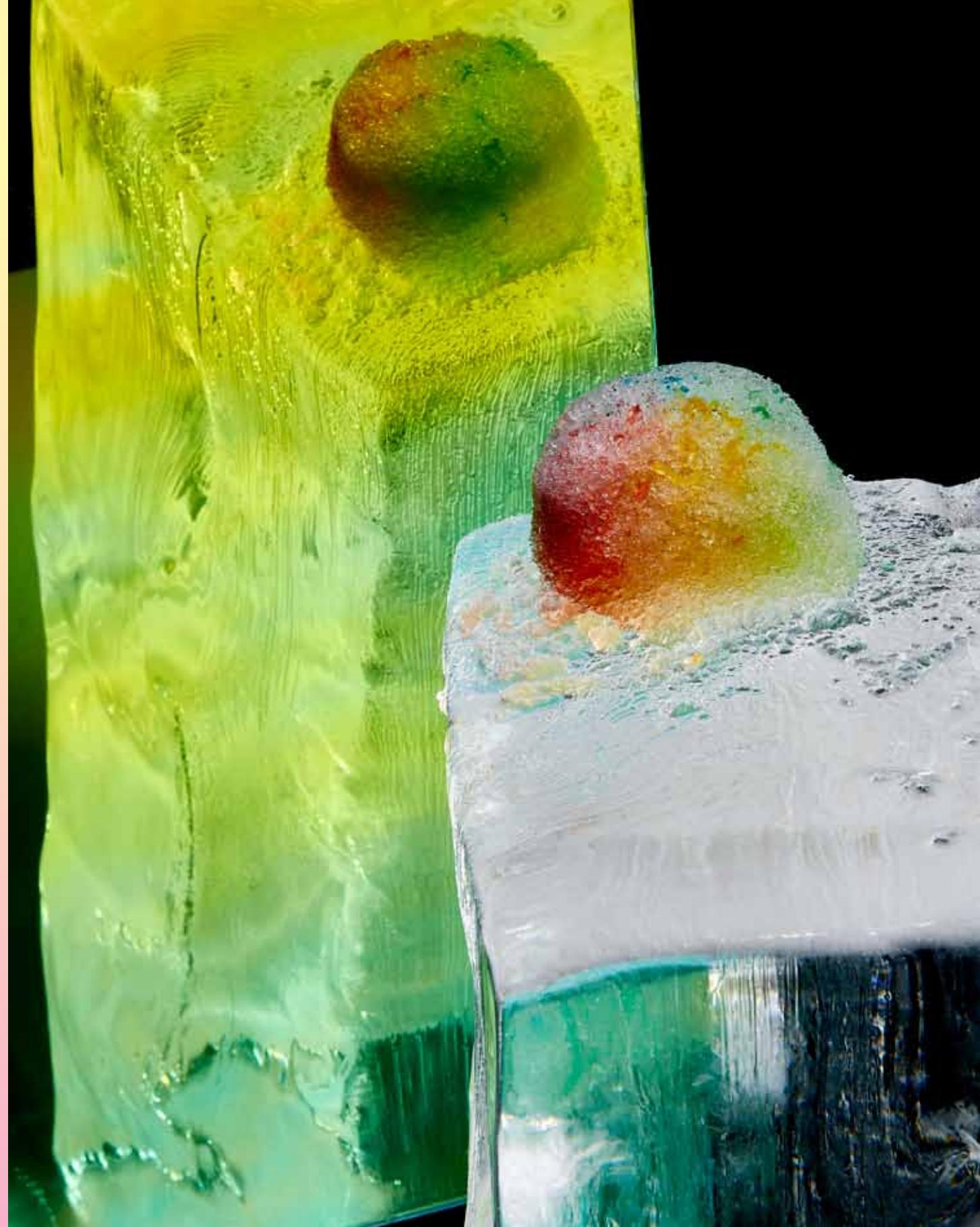
▮ Zest 5 lemons with a vegetable peeler, removing only the yellow. Juice enough lemons to make 1½ cups juice. Add ¾ cup juice to a saucepan and chill the remaining ¾ cup. Add zest, sugar, and 1½ cups water to the saucepan and heat gently, stirring to dissolve sugar without boiling.

▮ Remove syrup from heat, and strain. Cool completely. Stir in remaining lemon juice. Chill well.

▮ For 6 rainbow snow cones, divide about 1¼ cups syrup into 6 cups or bowls and tint with food colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple. Drizzle in a rainbow over paper cones of shaved ice.

SNOW ANGELS

Growing up in sunny Southern California there were but a few moments when I would have traded sun for snow. Like the moment I realized that 75-degree December days just didn't seem right after a *Christmas Story* marathon. Or the inevitable afternoon mid-August when the temperature would climb to 120° and even swimming pools began to boil. The closest thing to a solution for those blisteringly hot days was the only form of snow I was intimately familiar with: snow cones. The desert's very own version of a snow angel. Variations of the summer treat exist the world over, presumably to combat similarly horrendous heat, but you shouldn't be too quick to assume that all icy-syrupy-stuffed-in-a-paper-cup delights are the same. Every country seems to have their own—from Japan's *kakigori* to Cuba's *granizados*, from Italy's *granitas* to India's *chuskis*. Most vendors offer a rainbow of flavored syrups, but the most crucial distinction is the preparation of the ice itself. The soft shaved ice of Hawaii, like New Orleans's sno-balls and Taiwanese cotton ice is shaved to order and has a consistency reminiscent of a powdery snowfall, while the snow cones of California school carnivals are generated through the grinding of ice blocks that produce larger, crunchier granules. But to me, all of it is the snow that summer dreams are made of. ALICA FORNERET



DESSERT

COLOR-DAZED CHEESECAKE

Paint a rainbow in your heart. So beseeched Rainbow Brite, who lived in a magical kingdom at the end of the rainbow with colorful cohorts like Red Butler, Lala Orange, and her faithful equine companion, Starlite. Her quest was to bring color and happiness to people everywhere, and so too will our rainbow-swirled cheesecake; that it requires no oven time only adds to the contentment.

Serves: 10 to 12



- 6 oz chocolate wafer cookies (about 30 Nabisco Famous Wafers, or about 1½ cups crushed)
- 1 cup Fruity Pebbles or other colorful cereal
- 1 stick (8 Tbsp) unsalted butter, melted
- 2 (8 oz) blocks cream cheese, at room temperature
- 1 (14 oz) can sweetened condensed milk
- ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 cup plus 2 Tbsp white chocolate chips
- ½ cup heavy cream
- 3 Tbsp corn syrup
- food colors (candy or water based)

Process cookies in food processor until finely ground. Transfer to a bowl. Process Fruity Pebbles until almost finely ground and stir into cookie crumbs along with butter. Press into the bottom and 1½ inches up the sides of a 9-inch springform pan. Chill at least 30 minutes.

Beat cream cheese with an electric mixer until smooth. Beat in condensed milk until evenly combined. Beat in juice and vanilla. Pour into prepared crust and chill at least 3 hours.

Place chocolate chips, cream, and corn syrup in a microwave-safe bowl. Heat about 30 seconds, then stir. Microwave for another 30 seconds and stir again. As needed, microwave 10 seconds and repeat, stirring between each heating, just until chocolate is smooth. Do not over-microwave. Chocolate can look firm but should be creamy when stirred.

Take cheesecake out of refrigerator 30 minutes before decorating. Divide the chocolate into 6 microwave-safe cups, about 3 Tbsp each. Add a few drops of color to each; we used yellow, orange, red, green, blue, and purple. Before decorating, briefly microwave colored chocolates, 5 to 10 seconds each. They should be warm and creamy for swirling.

Spoon colors onto cheesecake and quickly swirl or feather with a knife point or toothpick as desired. Chill cheesecake until ready to serve.

TREAT
FAIRY BREAD

“Come up here, O dusty feet! Here is fairy bread to eat.” So begins the Robert Louis Stevenson poem that may have inspired this Australian childhood delight. Bread (white, sliced), slathered with butter, and scattered with a dusting of rainbow sprinkles—it is whimsy in snack form.

Serves: 6

- 6 slices soft white bread, crusts optional
- 2 Tbsp softened butter
- rainbow sprinkles

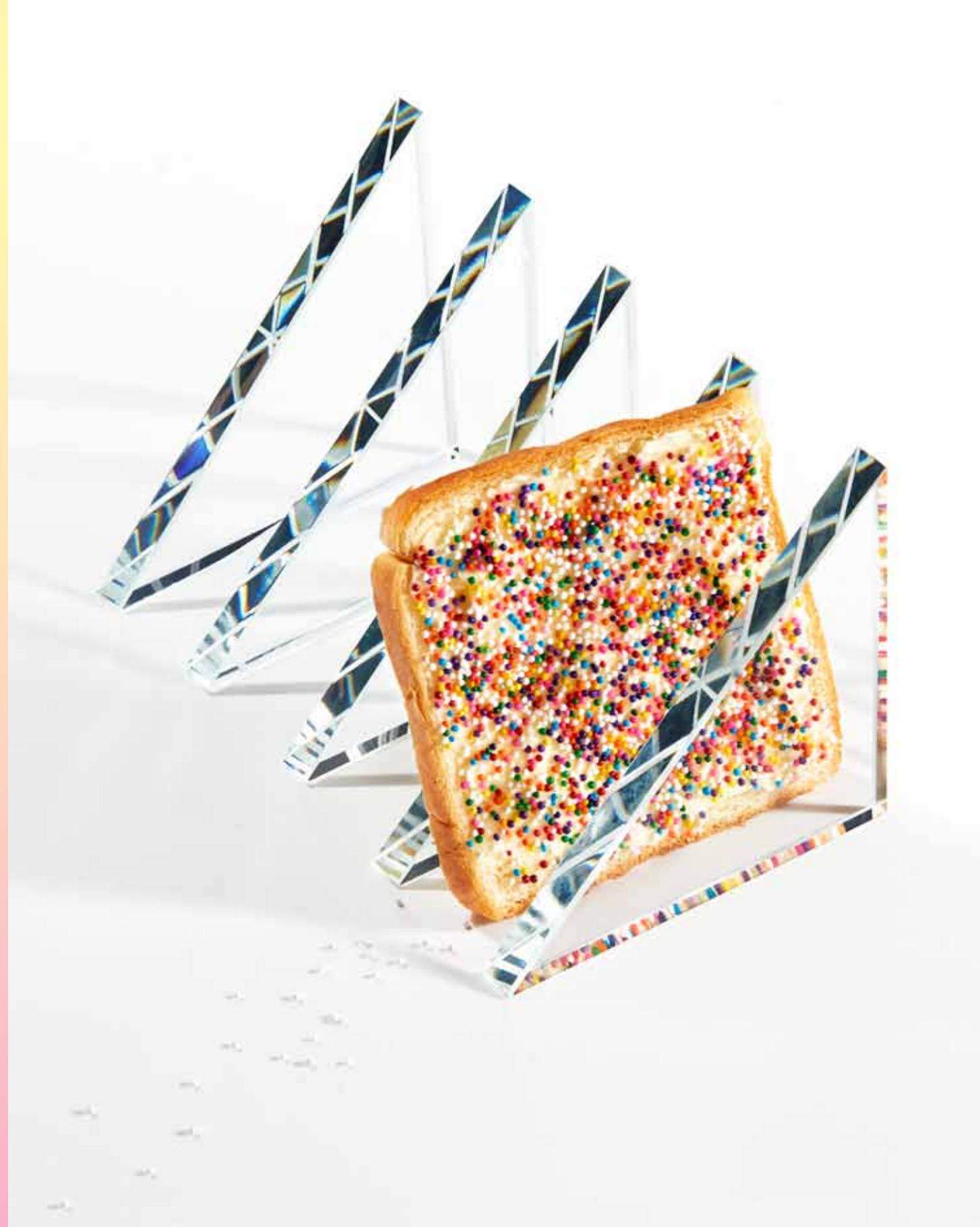
Spread bread with butter and shower with sprinkles whilst channeling fairy powers. For smaller mouths, cut into triangles.

FAIRY TALE

Throughout her childhood, my friend Shannon had a lengthy succession of pets: an injured flying squirrel that did not, I was disappointed to discover, actually fly; enough cats for a coven; chickens; and an ornery, balding Chihuahua named Coyote. Whenever I went over to her house, which was often, Shannon’s mother put me to work—walking Coyote, cleaning out the chicken coop—and sometimes, as I remember it, at least, even while Shannon was allowed to keep playing. Maybe it had to do with the fact that I lived in a neat cul-de-sac while their ramshackle house only had a wood stove for heat. Maybe there was just a lot more to do. When we weren’t taking care of chores, Shannon and I were outside in the woods near her house, usually climbing trees. The ones we liked the best had little crooks in the bases, which we decided, for reasons that are now lost to me, were doors to fairy homes. Prompted by her mom, we eventually began leaving them gifts and discovered when we did they sometimes left us little presents in return. At the time it felt like we had established direct contact with the ethereal. But it seems no less magical now, recognizing that it wasn’t the fairies who were responsible, but Shannon’s mom, this woman I thought of as so imperious, stepping her way through those woods looking for our small piles of cookies, leaving in their place two pink quartzes, never saying a thing. MOLLY LANGMUIR

**THE
 WONDER YEARS**

I didn’t know the pleasures of fairy bread growing up, but my family often enjoyed its less maximalist cousin, cinnamon toast. The carb of choice? If you were born after 1920, you can probably guess. Wonder Bread may now occupy a spot on the not-really-food spectrum, somewhere between Twinkies and the McRib, but there was a time you may remember when the world—inspired by Wonder Bread’s comforting non-taste and unaccountably malleable constitution—took to inventing. In my house we painstakingly cut it into rounds to be topped with crackly Taylor Ham. We took stacks of slices and smashed them into dense, inexplicably satisfying snack-balls. We sometimes subjected a whole loaf to death by rolling pin, a method that yielded such pleasures as gummy tuna-salad pinwheels and what we called bacon roll-ups: flattened white bread spread with cream cheese and sprinkled with bacon bits, rolled up, dotted with butter, and baked in the toaster oven. (I was under the impression that this creation was a German delicacy until far too advanced an age, and my love of its flavor profile lingers.) These days, the singular appeal of Wonder Bread and its slightly more elevated counterparts still satisfies certain demands for which there are simply no substitutes: Spongy sauce-soppers for classic Texas barbecue. Crustless book-ends for a perfect egg-and-cress. And that *ne plus ultra* of white bread achievement to which all baby loaves aspire: Butter-crisped toast points topped with crème fraîche and caviar. SARA CARDACE



Shot at Pure Space NYC.



Model: Shannon Maldonado. Make-up Artist: Yvona Wang. Beauty credits: Lipstick Queen Silver Screen lipstick in Play It.

SUMMER SCHOOL

I cut my teeth in the kitchen, working for a popular caterer in the Hamptons, where summer's aesthetically pleasing farmstand offerings are often as abundant as the fancy sports cars lining the Montauk Highway. Every Saturday I spent a good portion of my night crouched over various marble countertops, slicing and dicing a carefully edited mixture of ingredients, from ornery ginger root to bright purple onion and all manner of aromatic herbs. And when it came time to plate the food, the arrangement directions were as explicit as the recipes. Perfect discs of creamy, white mozzarella and the ripest red tomatoes were to be carefully layered with leaves of fragrant basil in colorful mosaic form to accompany a delicately blackened filet mignon. A salad of polished black beans; julienned orange pepper; bright yellow slivers of sweet, fresh-from-the-cob corn; and a precisely arranged flurry of cilantro rounded out the palette. In fact, the final effect was often so rife with color and texture that it elicited appreciative oohs and aahs when the dishes were presented, before anyone even took a bite. If those summers spent slaving away in the rarefied kitchens of the East End's elite taught me one thing, it's that food should be as pleasing to the eye as it is to the palate. Oh, and please use the guest bathroom only; it's in the back.

BRYN KENNY

RAINBOW CONNECTION

Does "eating the rainbow" bring to mind that kid you babysat for who would only eat red foods for 6 months and endless afternoons spent trying to convince him a Babybel cheese counted? It does for me. His refusal to eat outside a single hue was frustrating mostly for its logistics... like the tantrum when the zoo concession was out of cherry Blow Pops. But "eating the rainbow" is not, in fact, another way to obsess over food. To "eat the rainbow" is to devour the full spectrum of produce, from the bloodiest beet to the greenest green pea, the brightest banana to the bluest blueberry; ideally, on a daily basis. Pay no mind that bananas are actually near white inside, that the blueberry may in fact be the only true blue fruit (and is actually as purple as any purple potato)—this method has nutrition behind it in a way that Skittles, the rainbow cookies at Mazzola, and the rainbow icie at Pino's Pizza can only imagine. You'll find vitamins A, C, and some B6 in the red and orange family along with manganese, fiber, and lycopene; a potassium boost in the yellows; A, C, K, plus iron and calcium in greens; and additional antioxidants packed in purples and blues. The universal appeal is only underscored by the popularity of rainbow carrots, potatoes, and chard—all so viscerally appealing. That little twerp didn't know what he was missing.

HOLLY SIEGEL

ITALIAN LESSONS Once the plates of lasagna are cleared, after the last of the Bolognese sauce has been sopped up with chunks of crusty semolina, it is time to pour the espresso and slide the red-and-white twine off that bulging white bakery box. Out come the rainbow cookies: moist, almond-tinged layers of yellow, green, and pink sponge cake shellacked in chocolate, stacked and sealed with a ribbon of sticky apricot jam. This edible kaleidoscope elicits pure joy. It is the same wide-eyed happiness sparked by wandering into a gilded Sicilian pastry shop and spotting the impeccable rows of round, ricotta-filled cassata cakes sheathed in vivid pastel-colored marzipan and strewn with candied orange peel. Deep in Brooklyn, far from the rooftop pool-crowned condos, another real-life Candy Land moment is awakened at L&B Spumoni Gardens. The namesake Italian ice cream is often served slab-style, but sometimes, like at this fabled take-out window, spumoni's trifacta of contrasting hues—icy mounds of delicate cocoa, bright pistachio-studded emerald and vanilla-scented ivory—simply beckons from a no-frills cup ordered in a post-pizza haze. There is no spoon necessary, just an eager mouth to slurp up a collision of melting, mingling flavors that encapsulate summer.

ALIA AKKAM

MASTERS OF THEIR DOMAIN

Six odes to artists whose work has plumbed the depths of food, color, or both.

COLOR CODED

In her 1997 series “The Chromatic Diet” — “Le Régime Chromatique” — French conceptual artist Sophie Calle diagrammed her consumption of color-coordinated meals for six days, meticulously pairing photographs of place settings with listings of their contents. The premise mimicked the behavior of a character from a Paul Auster novel—who, in a meta-twist, was actually modeled after her.

The series has a visually arresting layout, though the actual preparations look rather... unappetizing. But it’s a fun pastime to dream up any number of colorful remixes. Here’s how I might revamp Calle’s menu. SARAH MOROZ

ORANGE

Original: Purée of carrots, boiled prawns, cantaloupe, orange juice.

Remix: Pumpkin and coral lentil soup. Salmon mi-cuit with julienned carrot salad and maple-glazed squash. Persimmons. Aperol spritz.

RED

Original: Tomatoes, roasted red peppers, steak tartare, pomegranates, Lalande de Pomerol (1990).

Remix: This combo isn’t bad. I’m a veritable freak for kimchi, so I might just eat a heaping bowl. Is that gross? What if I class it up with a deep red wine from the Languedoc-Roussillon region? Better? I think so.

WHITE

Original: Flounder, rice, fromage blanc, milk.

Remix: Pan-fried sea bass with sea salt, lightly grilled cauliflower, creamy mashed potatoes. Soft chèvre on open baguette. Rice pudding. Coconut water.

GREEN

Original: Cucumber, broccoli, spinach, green basil pasta, grapes and kiwi, mint cordial.

Remix: Marinated artichoke hearts, green olives. Mâche with sliced avocado and green tomato sprinkled with herb oil, chopped parsley, and chives. Gimlet, very heavy on the lime.

YELLOW

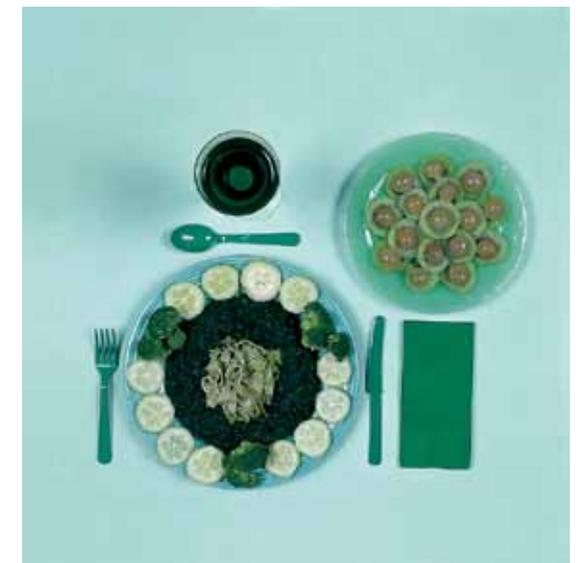
Original: Afghan omelet, potato salad, fizzy lemon drink, banana mango ice cream.

Remix: Whole grain mustard-crust chicken, polenta cake, grilled yellow zucchini. Fresh pineapple chunks. A very yellowy white wine from the Jura.

PINK

Original: Ham, taramasalata, strawberry ice cream, rosé wine from Provence.

Remix: A large plate of assorted cured meats from Italy (prosciutto di Parma, sopressata) and Spain (jamon Ibérico de Bellota, jamon Serrano, chorizo), a thick slice of rabbit terrine, halved fresh figs, radishes. Raspberries. The rosé can stay in the picture!



© 2015 Sophie Calle / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. Courtesy of Sophie Calle and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York

In his 1992 novel *Leviathan*, Paul Auster thanks me for having authorized him to mingle fact with fiction. And indeed, on pages 60 to 67 of his book, he uses a number of episodes from my life to create a fictive character named Maria, who then leaves me to live out her own story. Of Maria, he writes: “Some weeks she would indulge in what she called ‘the chromatic diet’, restricting herself to foods of a single color on any given day”. In order to bring Maria and myself closer together, I decided to go by the book.



DANCE FOR YOUR DINNER

At a recent dinner party hosted by performance artist Jennifer Rubell, art cognoscentii including Marina Abramovic, Charlotte Gainsbourg, and Klaus Biesenbach bludgeoned rubber chickens like piñatas until smoked paprika burst forth, blitzing a display of deviled eggs below. Waiters clad in assless chaps served suckling pig and feathered pheasants, while vegetarian guests straddling sawhorses hacked roasted Brussels sprouts from stalks the size of small children. Dessert spoons were swapped for hammers, with which honored artists shattered tables, their savagery rewarded with chocolates, cookies, and candy. It was a spectacle of decadence and depravity—only a little more overt than the prodigal fundraiser but a lot more fun. Rubell is no stranger to avant-gardism. The daughter of contemporary art collectors Donald and Mera Rubell and niece of Studio 54 cofounder Steve Rubell spent her formative years in the company of icons: Warhol, Haring, and Schnabel, to name a few. She donned many hats, from chef to food columnist, before she found one that fit; her debut fête as a culinary conceptualist, inspired by Genesis, was a primordial *mise en scène* of felled apple trees, a cornucopia of ribs, and a sugar cube that could seat four. And Eve was only the first woman put on a pedestal; Rubell has elevated the visceral feminine acts of creating/serving/entertaining to an art form (in “Portrait of the Artist” she even hosted guests in the hollowed-out womb of a giantess sculpture of herself). In an art world where, as Picasso so famously professed, good artists borrow and great artists steal, Rubell has cooked up a palatable, if ephemeral, alternative to the rule. SAMANTHA GURRIE

SUPERSIZE ME

“Pop art is basically about two things: ordinariness and eating,” wrote *The New York Times* critic Holland Cotter. “It’s about daily consumption; the democratic appetite, ravenous for meat, sweets, life on the street, and getting more of everything, cheap.” And no artist echoes this sentiment more literally than Claes Oldenburg, whose supersized sculptures of tchotchkes and foodstuffs are lumpy, glutted proxies for the culture that so insatiably consumes them. There’s the Herculean ice-cream cone, capsized atop a shopping mall in Cologne, its vanilla innards melting down a window. Or the armchair-sized BLT, a haphazard stack of deli cuts skewered with a toothpick, he exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in 2013. Oldenburg’s pneumatic smorgasbord may have been sewn from the fabric of a burgeoning East Village in the early ’60s, but it’s no less relevant today. The recipe for accessible art calls for equal parts wit and grit, and we’ve always got room for dessert. SAMANTHA GURRIE

RED TIDE It was Mark Rothko who said he wanted to “ruin the appetite of every son-of-a-bitch who ever eats in that room.” The room was The Four Seasons restaurant in New York City. Rothko was awarded the commission to create pieces for the new space, but he would refuse to continue on the project after seeing it: He felt it too pretentious and inferior to his art. He did create the art, however. 40 paintings in total. Three full series in dark reds and browns. To complement the restaurant’s interior, he created them in a vertical format: blood red squares, blood red boxes, blood red stripes, blood red bars. Dark, ominous, melancholic, thick blood red. They stayed in Rothko’s storage, his masterpieces, after all was said and done, until 1968. They’ve since been broken up and scattered. Pieces now hang at the Tate Modern, Japan’s Kawamura Memorial Museum, and the National Gallery of Art. The commission was the main thrust of the 2010 Tony Award-winning play *Red*, starring Alfred Molina as Rothko and a young Eddie Redmayne as his assistant. Rothko died in 1990. He committed suicide. He was found with his arm cut deep; dark, ominous, melancholic, thick red blood everywhere. “There is only one thing I fear in life, my friend,” as Molina speaks in the Broadway play, “One day the black will swallow the red.” JONATHAN SHIPLEY

STATE OF PLAY

What energy does color give to food? What makes us think that green tastes different than yellow? To design food is nature’s (and sometimes science’s) job, but Marije Vogelzang doesn’t blueprint food; instead, she designs from the verb to eat. Her food-based installations are the closest that I’ve ever gotten to winning a Golden Ticket to Willy Wonka’s chocolate factory. From walls of chocolate to clouds made from marshmallows, Vogelzang has invented edible “animals” for vegetarians and turned the steam from boiling pasta into a sauna. But it all started with color. Shortly before graduating from the Design Academy Eindhoven, she staged “White Funeral Meal”. Western culture associates black with death, but in many other societies, like Japan, it is white that symbolizes death. White food was served on white crockery, creating a tranquil environment to share a meal and memories.

A color-coded meal comes in all variants. Each yields a different mood, a phenomenon that inspired her project “ColourFood” at a children’s clinic in New York. Curious about the picky eaters that children tend to be, Vogelzang scrapped the healthy-unhealthy spectrum and replaced it with color. Instead of the usual food groups, snacks were grouped chromatically and presented under posters describing their properties. Yellow was paired with happiness, orange with courage, green with balance, red with energy, and purple with emotions. Vogelzang wants us to play with our food. Play increases awareness; it further engages us with what is on our plates. And to play with food is to play with color. SASHA GORA



FIRST LIGHT

Our moods can be influenced by color, but we’re not always conscious of this happening. The first time I was aware of it was when I found myself in a circular room with walls bathed in constantly changing light. It seemed like a symbol from a dream, but it was real: an installation, “360° Room for All Colours” (2002), by the artist Olafur Eliasson. In the piece, which appeared at the Museum of Modern Art for Eliasson’s 2008 exhibition, “Take Your Time,” a glow fluctuated subtly across the spectrum, shifting from red to blue, green to orange, as hundreds of fluorescent tubes shone in various combinations from behind the projection-screen walls. This installation was the most eye-opening experience I’d had in terms of how color can affect mood. When everything suddenly turned daylight yellow, my spirits lifted—and the looks of wonder on the faces around me suggested I wasn’t alone. I’ve since seen fantastic installations by James Turrell, Robert Irwin, and others associated with Southern California’s Light & Space movement, which greatly influenced Eliasson. These works, especially in Turrell’s brilliant retrospective at LACMA, have been just as moving. But that first time at Eliasson’s show was revelatory, and the memory of my feelings shifting to match the color of the room is still totally exhilarating. DIEGO HADIS

BLACK & WHITE

Color is a stirring means of creative expression, but the absence of it can have just as much of an impact. The tenet of the ancient Chinese black ink wash painting style *shui-mo hua*, was to not simply depict, but to convey the spirit of a landscape or subject, a task for which color was often deemed superfluous. Our menu in black and white embodies that same spirit with a pair of cocktails, contrasting in pigment but similarly refined in essence; summer rolls of gossamer rice paper stacked with jicama wands; an inky trumpet mushroom and kohlrabi composition; a steak sandwich that crosses from pitch to pale; a sesame pudding in greyscale; and a decadently darkened cake.

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

MENU

Amuse-Bouche
White Lady
& Night Owl
Cocktails

Jicama Rice Roll

Starter
Ricotta with
Black Trumpet
Mushrooms
and Kohlrabi

Main
Charred Steak
and Black Olive
Sandwiches

Dessert
Blackout Cake
Black Sesame
Pudding

AMUSE-BOUCHE

WHITE LADY &
NIGHT OWL COCKTAILS

Tipples have been conjured in every Crayola color, but, much like a photograph, stripped of their pigment they take on a new elegance.

WHITE LADY

Jeffrey Morgenthaler of Portland's Pepe Le Moko gives the ethereal sour classic an herbaceous spin.

Makes: 1 cocktail

- 1 ½ oz London dry gin
- 1 oz thyme-infused Cointreau*
- ¾ oz fresh lemon juice
- 1 tsp rich simple syrup**
- ½ oz egg white
- orange peel

Chill a coupe. Combine gin, infused Cointreau, lemon juice, simple syrup, and egg white in a shaker. Shake without ice until white is frothy. Add ice and shake again until chilled. Strain into a chilled glass. Express and discard orange peel.

***Thyme Cointreau:** Combine 1 cup thyme sprigs, gently bruised, and a 750-ml bottle Cointreau in a 1-qt canning jar. Let sit for 1 week, agitating regularly. Strain through a strainer lined with a coffee filter over a bowl. Infused Cointreau should keep indefinitely.

****Rich simple syrup:** Gently heat 2 parts sugar to 1 part water until sugar is dissolved. Chill.

RHAPSODY IN BLACK AND WHITE

The first black-and-white film I saw went something like this: a country girl opens the door of her drab Kansas farmhouse into a Technicolor blast of witches, munchkins, and yellow brick roads—her journey from reality to magic unfolding as B&W to RGB. But now I see this as backwards—we live in a world of color, and black and white is the realm of the other. The only things that live there are the ones we chose to capture. Even the washed-out plains of Depression-era Kansas seem sweet with nostalgia when filtered through a Sepia lens. A Bacall noir goddess flitting through a reel of Eastman Plus-X, your Paris romance lurking in Brassai's Bergheil plates. In black and white I would smell like jasmine and cigarettes, and you could reach for secrets in the shadows of my hair. I will always be the girl I was on the day you took my picture, forever as beautiful as the best I've looked to someone else. TANIA STRAUSS

NIGHT OWL

The enigma of this moody-hued cocktail by **Natasha David** of New York's Nitecap lies in the Ancho Reyes, a spicy thread woven through a core of dueling rums.

Makes: 1 cocktail

- 2 oz aged rum
(we like Zacapa 23)
- ¾ oz Antica Formula sweet vermouth
- ¼ oz Ancho Reyes chile liqueur
- 1 tsp dark rum
(we like Cruzan Blackstrap)
- orange peel

Stir the cocktail ingredients with ice for 15-20 seconds. Strain into a coupe glass. Express and discard orange peel.



AMUSE-BOUCHE

JICAMA RICE ROLL

Bánh tráng, or rice paper wrappers, are an essential component of Vietnamese cooking. Ghostly white, translucent, and diaphanous, they are a flimsy outfit for their contents. Ours wraps itself around stark jicama wands and deep purple basil and kale for come-hither appeal.

Makes: 12 rolls

12 (6-inch) Vietnamese spring roll rice wrappers

2 Tbsp hoisin sauce

about 24 leaves from a bunch of basil, preferably opal basil

about 24 leaves from a bunch of mint

about ½ a medium jicama, cut into ¼-inch matchsticks

several leaves purple or Russian kale, ribs discarded

black sesame seeds for sprinkling, toasted

Soak one wrapper in a shallow bowl of water until softened and translucent and then transfer to a work surface. Fold the wrapper in thirds like a letter, top to bottom. Streak a ½ tsp of hoisin down through the center. Arrange 2 leaves of basil, 2 leaves of mint, 4 or 5 sticks of jicama, and a few torn pieces of kale on top of the hoisin. Fold the two sides in and over to make a little open-ended roll and transfer to a platter. Keep covered with damp paper towels while making the remaining rolls. Cover well with plastic wrap, leaving the damp towels in place, and chill if making these ahead. They can wait, chilled and wrapped, 4 hours.

Serve sprinkled with black sesame seeds.

NEUTRAL GROUND

A perfumer's primary tool is their sense of smell, but a perfumer who has synesthesia, a neurological tightening of the senses, brings something more to the bottle. For Dawn Goldworm, it is this: She smells in color. "I realized I had it in perfume school. I've always seen letters and numbers in color. What color is seven? It's yellow," says Goldworm, who is matter-of-fact about the connection she makes between color and emotion, taste, music, and smell. While honing her craft, she learned to manipulate fragrances based on the colors she wanted them to be. To make a plum-colored scent, she would use blackcurrant, violet with labdanum, or amber. "Amber can either smell like a deep burgundy or it can smell like a gold," she says. "It depends on the [quality and sourcing of the] ingredient." At 12.29, the company she runs with her identical twin Samantha, she specializes in corporate scenting, which means diffusing custom fragrances into the air at fashion shows, boutiques, and hotel lobbies. Her work undoubtedly leads to sensory overload, so Goldworm has figured out how to cope: "Our office is completely white. There's no color at all. I don't allow anyone to have any color," she says. The same rules apply at home. "My apartment is neutral." At the end of a long day, she will sit and stare at a white wall to decompress. She finds it meditative. JAMIE ROSEN GREENBERG

STARTER

RICOTTA WITH BLACK TRUMPET MUSHROOMS AND KOHLRABI

Shadowy horned black trumpet mushrooms announce themselves in appearance and taste (rich, smoky, irresistible) alongside creamy ricotta and crisp batons of kohlrabi in this *chiaroscuro* creation by chef **Joel Hough**, our favorite menu item at New York's Il Buco Alimentari.

Serves: 4 to 6

PICKLED TRUMPET MUSHROOMS

- 16 to 20 black trumpet mushrooms
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 cup sherry vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, smashed
- 2 sprigs thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 lemon, zested with a vegetable peeler and juiced
- 1 Tbsp sugar
- 1 tsp coriander seeds
- 1 tsp black peppercorns
- ½ tsp sea salt

SALAD

- 1 kohlrabi bulb
- ⅓ cup hazelnuts
- 1 lb good quality fresh ricotta
- 12 leaves fresh mint
- pickled black trumpet mushrooms (from above recipe)
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
- a few leaves wild arugula or watercress for garnish

Mushrooms: Carefully clean mushrooms by tearing the “trumpet” lengthwise and removing any pine needles. If sandy, gently rinse in cold water and dry between paper towels. Bring a pot of water to boil and season heavily with sea salt. Cook the mushrooms 5 seconds, then drain and lay out on paper towels to dry. Transfer to a bowl or jar.

Stir together the wine, vinegar, and 1 cup water in a small saucepan along with garlic, thyme, bay leaf, peel, sugar, spices, and salt. Bring the brine to a simmer, then let steep 5 minutes. Strain over mushrooms and let sit, uncovered, overnight.

Salad: Peel tough outer skin from kohlrabi and cut into thin matchsticks. Place into a bowl of ice water to crisp.

Preheat oven to 300°F. Toast the hazelnuts until pale golden and skins are loose. Rub off the skins and when cool, crack with the side of a knife.

Spoon about ¼ cup ricotta onto each plate. Tear the mint and toss with mushrooms, kohlrabi, oil, and lemon juice (reserved from pickled mushrooms). Season with sea salt and fresh cracked black pepper to taste. Arrange a small amount of the salad on each mound of ricotta. Sprinkle some hazelnuts over each and finish with a few leaves of wild arugula or watercress.





MAIN

CHARRED STEAK AND BLACK OLIVE SANDWICHES

Bone black—the deepest darkest pigment favored by the likes of Rembrandt—is made by heating bones (animal, not human, as it was once rumored) with coals in a crucible until the desired blue-black hue is achieved. Our steak—skirt, not flank, for optimal tenderness—benefits from a similar char before burrowing against a jet-black olive relish, dusky Kumato tomatoes, and twilight-hued lettuce.

Serves: 4

1 ¼ lbs skirt steak, cut into 4 pieces

1 Tbsp olive oil

4 ciabatta rolls

red lettuce or purple watercress

sliced Kumato tomatoes

mayonnaise

OLIVE RELISH

1 ½ cups pitted Kalamata olives,
finely chopped

¼ cup finely chopped basil

2 Tbsp drained capers

1 tsp balsamic vinegar

Lightly season the steaks. Heat a skillet or grill over high heat. Lightly oil the skillet or brush the steaks with a little oil if grilling. Sear or grill, turning occasionally; for medium rare, about 6-7 minutes total for the thicker pieces, and about 3 minutes for any thinner pieces. Let rest 5 minutes before slicing.

While steaks rest, stir together the olives, basil, capers, and vinegar.

Serve sliced steak on rolls slathered with plenty of black olive relish and mayonnaise, then topped with lettuce and tomatoes.

PRIME MEAT

Black & blue, a euphemism for the rarest way to order a steak, barely cooked and “still moving” as they say, polarizes even the most adventurous eaters. A hard, quick sear may seal in the meat’s juices, and when cut, we say a steak “bleeds out”. This isn’t blood; it’s actually myoglobin, a protein found in muscle tissue. It reacts less to oxygen and more as a meter of moisture content. The redder an interior piece of meat, the juicier and more tender it is believed to be. Nitrates, which are commonly found in charcuterie and other long-cured meats, were originally used to prevent bacteria growth and spoilage, but we now find them being employed to skew our perception of “freshness,” tinting a piece of uncooked meat more pink than red, preventing oxidation, and less accurately showing its age. Country hams can be aged for years, and because of their looks, some producers even put “freshly sliced” on their labels. How does this affect taste? Well, as mentioned in Eric Schlosser’s book *Fast Food Nation*, a study in the 1970s treated test subjects to steak and fries in a room equipped with a special colored light. The majority of subjects enjoyed their meal, but when that filter was turned off, it was revealed that the steak was blue, and many people began to feel ill. Seeing isn’t always believing. MICHAEL HARLAN TURKELL

WHITE NIGHTS

My culinary landscape was transformed during my two summers as a prep cook in high school. Having been shuffled into the kitchen after spilling a bottle of red wine onto the chinos of a remarkably forgiving customer, I learned how to beard bushels of oysters and blister peppers on a gas burner. This was the mid-'90s, we were cooking by the beach, and my chain-smoking, Martha's Vineyard-born and -bred chef's go-to vegetarian cookbook was *A Taste of Heaven and Earth* by Bettina Vittell. Vittell shared recipes for everything from vegetarian sushi (of which I rolled hundreds of appetizer portions) to whole-wheat pizza with kale and tofu, which my chef wouldn't allow anywhere near her menu—this wasn't Moosewood, after all. But the most magical item we conjured from Vittell's pages was white gazpacho—truly revolutionary to me after a childhood of the tangy, spicy, tomato-based version my mom made. Cool and satiny, with cucumbers and avocados, mildly spiced with poblano, kissed with garlic, and finished with a sprinkling of cayenne and cilantro, this white version flew in the face of everything I had known gazpacho to be. Sometimes we'd make red also and pour each carefully into its own half of the bowl, a gazpacho yin and yang (oh, '90s plating), but I always preferred the white on its own: porcelain-hued and perfect, spooned up greedily in the walk-in after a long night in the kitchen. LARA BELKIN

GREY AREA

My husband is standing in a pose of bent-over frustration, his lanky six-foot-four frame tense and defeated, an open cookbook scrunched between his balled hands. It seems we have forgotten to get parsley, the third ingredient in the recipe he is laboriously trying to replicate. "What can I substitute?" he asks me, a look of failure creeping into his eyes. "Just leave it out!" I call casually from the living room. "It will be just fine." He insists, "But the recipe calls for it. It will be ruined." There are, in my estimation, two kinds of cooks in the world: those who follow the recipe—rigidly, exactly, religiously. And those who view recipes as more of a suggestion, a platform from which to spring into the depths of one's own particular palate. Black versus white. My husband, a designer by training and someone who appreciates order, belongs in the first camp, while I find myself firmly in the latter. I walk into the kitchen. The soundtrack to *Stand By Me* is blaring and I start to dance a little. "Babe, in cooking you can do whatever you feel like doing." He smirks and counters, "Within reason." I twirl opposite him. "Within reason," I say. He grabs my hand and pulls me closer to him and leads me in a little back and forth dance. "Maybe, I can leave out the parsley, just this one time. Even though the book *does* call for it." I laugh. "Rigidity only belongs in baking," I say. He spins me around our tiny kitchen, the parsley forgotten amid our own shades of grey. AERIEL BROWN

BLACK ICE Many regions lay claim to an iconic black-and-white dessert. Manhattan has the cakey, face-sized black-and-white cookie. Maine and Pennsylvania Amish Country have a fierce rivalry when it comes to ownership of the Whoopie Pie. New Englanders have their thick, frothy black-and-white frappes. All of America has the Oreo. And for me, growing up in the Philadelphia suburbs, I had the gelati. The gelati doesn't possess the far-flung fame of, say, the black-and-white cookie (see *Seinfeld*). It also has nothing to do with gelato, except that it's also cold and dessert-y. The gelati is, rather, the brainchild of Rita's Water Ice, a chain that started as a small string of water ice shops in Pennsylvania but is now franchised as far away as California. Water ice is the crucial base. To someone who didn't grow up eating the stuff, water ice has a very specific texture, ice-granule-wise—loose enough to be eaten with a spoon (as opposed to scraping with a wooden paddle a la Italian ice), yet taut enough to be, well, eaten with a spoon (as opposed to sucked through a straw like a 7-Eleven Slurpee). There are insane amounts of flavors, but the core offerings are mango, cherry, and—my favorite—chocolate. Water ice transforms into gelati when the icy base gets layered with fat swirls of frozen custard (I always opt for vanilla) that are so rich and thick that they barely seem to retain any chill. The finished product is a beautiful study in contrasts: of dark and light, of refreshing and fatty, of icy and smooth. The black-and-white layers are striking at first, but the look is fleeting—not too long after the gelati meets the sun, it becomes a sludgy, grayish mess. And that, of course, is part of its charm. LEAH MENNIES



DESSERT

BLACKOUT CAKE

First created and popularized by Brooklyn's legendary Ebinger's Bakery (open from 1898-1972) the Blackout Cake got its moniker from the era in which it was born: It was named for the civilian blackout drills of World War II. In modern-day Brooklyn, the Blackout tradition is being carried on at **Ovenly**, whose mind-numbingly delicious version—it's all about the frosting, a decadent mash-up of pudding and buttercream—has an army of acolytes. The recipe may not be a cakewalk, but the pay-off is very sweet.

Makes: one, two-layer 9-inch cake

SALTED DARK CHOCOLATE PUDDING

- 2 cups whole milk, divided
- 2½ Tbsp cornstarch
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 oz bittersweet chocolate, chopped (preferably 60-70%)
- 3 Tbsp black cocoa powder or dark Dutch-process cocoa powder (*Gather* uses King Arthur's black cocoa)
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- ¾ tsp sea salt

BLACK CHOCOLATE STOUT CAKE

- softened unsalted butter and all-purpose flour, for preparing the baking pan
- 1½ cups Brooklyn Brewery Black Chocolate Stout (or other chocolate stout)
- 3 sticks (12 oz) unsalted butter, cut into ½-inch pieces
- 1½ cups black cocoa powder or dark Dutch-process cocoa powder

Make the pudding: In a small bowl, whisk together ¼ cup milk and cornstarch until smooth. Set aside. In a medium saucepan, combine the remaining 1¾ cups milk, sugar, chocolate, cocoa powder, vanilla, and salt. Heat over medium-low heat, whisking, until chocolate is melted. Whisk in the cornstarch mixture until fully incorporated. Reduce the heat to low, and continue to stir briskly with a wooden spoon or a heatproof spatula. The mixture will come to a simmer and slowly begin to thicken. Continue to cook 1 to 2 minutes, or until the pudding coats the back of the spoon and slowly drips off. Remove from heat and transfer to a bowl. Cover with waxed paper directly on the surface. Chill well. You'll have extra and that's fine; keep it in your snack arsenal to dip into when no one else is around.

While pudding chills, make cake layers: Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease two 9-inch cake pans with butter and dust with flour. Line pans with parchment rounds and then grease the rounds.

In a large heavy saucepan over medium heat, bring the stout and butter to a simmer. Remove from heat and whisk in the cocoa powder until smooth. Let cool 5 minutes.

Whisk together the flour, sugar, baking soda and 1½ tsp salt in a large bowl. In a separate large bowl, whisk together the sour cream and eggs. Whisk the stout

cake ingredients list continued on next page! >>

BLACKOUT CAKE, CONT'D

<<

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2¾ cups sugar
- 2¼ tsp baking soda
- 1 cup sour cream
- 3 large eggs,
at room temperature

DARK CHOCOLATE PUDDING
BUTTERCREAM

- 2 sticks (8 oz) unsalted butter,
cut into small pieces, at room
temperature
- 7 cups (almost 2 lb) confectioners'
sugar, plus more for thickening
- ½ cup black cocoa powder or
dark Dutch-process cocoa
powder
- ¾ cup salted dark chocolate
pudding (from recipe on
previous page)
- a few Tbsp heavy cream
as needed

mixture into the egg mixture, and then, using a rubber spatula, stir in the flour mixture, until incorporated and the batter is smooth, scraping the bottom of the bowl to incorporate any dry bits. Divide the batter equally between pans and bake until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean, about 35 to 40 minutes. Transfer to a rack to cool completely.

▮ **Make the frosting and assemble the cake:**

▮ Once you have cooled pudding, begin the frosting base. In the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with a paddle attachment, combine the butter, 3 cups confectioners' sugar, cocoa powder, pudding (¾ cup), and ¼ tsp salt. Mix on low until just incorporated. Next beat on medium-high until the mixture is creamy and ingredients are incorporated, about 1 minute. Scrape down the sides of the bowl with a rubber spatula. Add more sugar, 1 cup at a time, and mix on low until the frosting is thick but spreadable. Beat for 1 minute after each addition. (You may not need to add all the remaining sugar.) Raise the speed to medium-high and beat for 3 to 4 minutes, or until very light and fluffy. If the buttercream appears too thick, add some cream, 1 Tbsp at a time. If it appears too thin, add more confectioners' sugar, 1 heaping Tbsp at a time.

▮ Once the cake layers have cooled, frost the cake with the dark chocolate pudding buttercream.

Adapted from *Ovenly* by Agatha Kulaga & Erin Patinkin (Harlequin Nonfiction).
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SOUL FOOD

The first black-and-white photograph, a *real eye-catcher*, was produced by French inventor Nicéphore Niépce in 1826. When my husband clued me in to his color blindness a long time ago, it took all my moxie not to think of his world as a black and white picture show, an old film reel posing as modern day (barring a much longer runtime and sound aplenty). *Over there, next to the house with the blue door*. I would say things like this a lot, unconsciously referencing color, not once correcting myself, then awing with pity when he'd dispassionately counter, *That doesn't help me*. I constantly prod if being color deficient leaves him sad, but the answer is always the same. (*For the last time, no.*) American photographer Andri Cauldwell once said, "To see in color is a delight for the eye but to see in black and white is a delight for the soul." I think of this quote often when I know he cannot see how *red* the sweet early strawberries I've brought home from the market are, or how *golden* the beets are glittering amid a tangle of crisp watercress, because it is all I can do to keep from being sad myself. If he is delighting deep down, then that is all that matters. SYLVIE MORGAN BROWN



DESSERT

BLACK SESAME PUDDING

Of the many connotations commonly associated with black—mourning, solemnity, mystery, severity—there is also the notion of its permanence. There is no other color quite so enduring. Be prepared for our silky black sesame pudding with a whirl of whipped cream atop it—as easy to make as it is to devour—to assume a fittingly permanent place in your cooking repertoire.

Serves: 4 to 6

- 1 Tbsp unflavored gelatin powder
- 3 cups whole milk, divided
- 6 Tbsp sugar
- 6 Tbsp black sesame paste
(available at Japanese markets
and online)
- lightly sweetened
whipped cream for serving

1 Sprinkle gelatin over 1½ cups milk in a medium saucepan. Let stand at least 5 minutes for gelatin to soften. (It takes longer to soften in milk than in water.) Stir in sugar and heat gently until sugar and gelatin are completely dissolved. Mixture can come to a simmer, but don't boil.

2 Transfer to a blender and stir in sesame paste and remaining 1½ cups milk. Blend until well combined.

3 Divide between 4 (6-oz) ramekins or 6 (4-oz) ramekins, stirring occasionally while dividing. Chill until set, at least 5 hours or overnight.

4 To serve, quickly dip ramekins in warm water to loosen, then overturn puddings onto dessert plates and top with a little whipped cream.

GOOD SEED

In *One Thousand and One Nights*, Ali Baba is admitted entry into a cavern of riches by uttering the words, “open sesame.” As referenced in this enchanting phrase, the sesame seed evokes a sense of wonder. Today, when sesame seeds are most ubiquitous on fast-food hamburger buns, that status seems to have been lost over the centuries. Yet, if there's a seed that still evokes some allure, it is the black sesame, an ebony version with an earthier, more fragrant tinge than its lighter counterpart. In the Japanese kitchen, black sesame provides both decoration and a gentle texture to sushi and rice dishes. But the seed's versatility extends even beyond these uses, as its merits are also celebrated in the realm of Japanese desserts. Here, black sesame is elevated from subtle condiment to central ingredient. Besides serving as a base for mochi and ice cream, black sesame is also ground with sugar for a pudding known as *kuro goma purin*. Silky and smoke-colored, the dessert is light in consistency yet forceful in its sweet, nutty taste. While black sesame seeds may be diminutive in size, their flavor delivers a trove of treasures. MAI LYNN MILLER NGUYEN



a light that never goes out

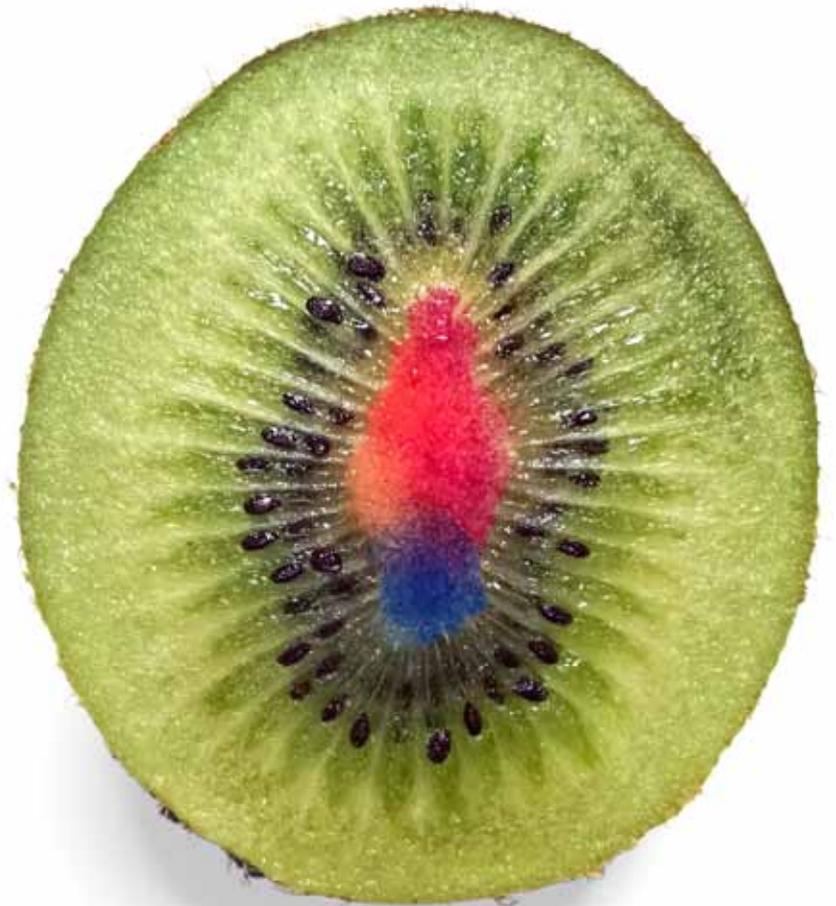
artist dan flavin once said of light, the hallmark of much of his work, "it is what it is and it ain't nothing else." his extraordinary light installations were not, in his view, designed to bear any sublime meaning.

but what of auric light? the aura, those luminous bodies of light that surround us all like halos are thought to reveal the essence of an individual—the light, and the colors it assumes, our very own divine frequency.

while the colorful radiance of our auras exist all around us, imagine instead that they were only revealed when we were halved and exposed. like a fruit. artist jason polan did just that, slicing fruits to bear what we imagine to be their inner auras. a mesmerizing symphony of colors. we're beginning to see the light...

art by jason polan









A RAINBOW FULL OF SOUND

Color, in all its various incarnations, is instrumental in helping to set a scene, and so too is music. What's an amazing dinner without the backdrop of an equally amazing soundtrack? We've got three, each of them curated with the vast color spectrum in mind. Stream them via Spotify at gatherjournal.com/mixtape.

TWIN SHADOW

Though you can hear twinges of the '80s on *Eclipse* (Warner Bros), the latest album from George Lewis Jr., a.k.a Twin Shadow, the sweeping synth-pop effort—created by the one-time New Yorker in his new home city of L.A., he even recorded some tracks in the Hollywood Forever cemetery—remains firmly rooted in modern times.

By Your Side Sade
Blue in Green Miles Davis
Body and Soul Dave Brubeck Trio
'Round Midnight Thelonious Monk
Killing Me Softly with His Song Fugees
All I Want Is You Miguel (feat J. Cole)
Strawberry Letter 23 Shuggie Otis
Yèkermo Sèw (A Man of Experience and Wisdom) Mulatu Astatke
Dhun Ravi Shankar
Running Jessie Ware

RUBAN NIELSON OF UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA

Qualify Unknown Mortal Orchestra's distinctive sound as a color and it would be kaleidoscopic. Leading the sonic charge is visionary frontman Nielson, whose psychedelic leanings are both clear and compelling. Their new album, *Multi-Love* (Jagjaguwar), is out in May.

Fugue in D Minor Egg
A Certain Kind Soft Machine
Crunch Cake Isotope
Hey, Hey Gershon Kingsley
The 8:17 Northbound Success
Merry-Go-Round Margo Guryan
Rejoice Argent
Gracias Por Tu Amor Los Brincos
Telegram Tuesday Blossom Toes
Sniper Elite J Dilla and Doom
Mr. Rainbow Slapp Happy
Saure Gurke Aksak Maboul
Just Like Arcadia Psychic TV

HOLLY HERNDON

That the trailblazing California-based sound artist and composer seems to take an academic approach to electronica is no surprise: Herndon is currently working towards a PhD at Stanford. On her inventive new album, *Platform* (4AD), the incorporation of voice gives her electronic meanderings a distinct emotional nucleus.

Puttin' on the Ritz Taco
D7 08 2A 8D 2A 37 FA FE 17 OE 62 39 06 81 C8 A1 49 30 6F ED 56AD 5E 04 D7 08 2A 8D 2A 37 FA FE 17 OE 62 39 06 81 C8 A1 49 30 6F ED 56AD 5E 04 TCF
La Distanza Valerio Tricoli
Track Three Scott Walker
Captivated M.E.S.H
Archangel Burial
Words Are Useless AGF
II Florian Hecker & Mark Leckey
Wicked Game Chris Isaak
Constant Craving k.d. lang
Losing My Religion R.E.M.



THE MARKETPLACE

As the 1980s dressing bible *Color Me Beautiful* decreed: Find your colors, find yourself. Color you will discover in our kaleidoscopic den, including two products custom-made for this Spectrum edition of *Gather*. Shop for everything online at gatherjournal.com.

Photograph by Stephen Kent Johnson

1. Rainbow Drawing Hue Variations by Billy Ocallaghan

California-based artist Ocallaghan has displayed his chromatic creations at both the New York and L.A. Art Book Fairs, and the Victoria & Albert Museum has collected his 'zines. Each one, including this utterly enchanting 144-page miniature rainbow zine, is a work of art. \$39

2. Rainbow Sprinkles

Because, simply put, rainbow sprinkles are happiness in confection form. \$3

3. Ceremonial Grade Matcha Green Tea by Panatea

Hear ye hear ye, the matcha revolution is now. Whisk this lovely green powder into a hot or cold matcha drink, and use it in our coconut matcha pound cake—for some matcha on matcha action, enjoy them together. \$39

4. Hibiscus Flowers

Brew these dried, deep burgundy-hued flowers into a hot or iced tea, or, do as we did, and infuse them in a bottle of gin to make The Chapultepec cocktail. \$5

5. Playing Cards by Fredericks & Mae

Rest assured you will always have a winning hand with this rainbow deck by the clever Brooklyn-based art/design team of Jolie Mae Signorile and Gabriel Fredericks Cohen. \$13

6. Titanium Quartz Crystal Clusters

Also known as the dark rainbow quartz, it is the colors of these crystals that boost their healing powers. These high-energy beauties will open chakras and aid with creativity and clairvoyance...and who doesn't want that? \$20

7. Vintage

The Aura Book by Walter J. Kilner
The February 5th, 1911 edition of *The New York Times* announced: The human aura has at last been photographed. And it's Dr. W.J. Kilner of London who the world can thank. \$12

8. Kaleidoscope Glasses by Auroravizion

Tangerine trees and marmalade skies will soon be in your sights with these kaleidoscopic glasses. A note: Objects in glasses are not as outrageous as they appear. \$28

9. Chakra Fragrance by NOVA

Nova, the brainchild of perfumer Julia Zangrilli, is a niche (and custom) fragrance house with a knack for conjuring up wildly creative scents. With notes of rose, tobacco, leather, and wood, the unisex Chakra is lush, inviting, and—appropriate, considering the name—energetic. \$60

10. Limited-Edition Spectrum Tote Bag

Brooklyn-based brand Upstate (helmed by designer Kalen Kaminski) is beloved for its artful dye techniques. After they worked their colorful magic on our custom tote bags, we screen-printed them with a line from one of our favorite Rolling Stones tunes. A tote for wherever the summer takes you. \$25

11. Custom Stained Glass Color Spectrum by Colin Adrian

This California-born stained glass virtuoso has amassed many a devotee with his signature feathers. For this issue Adrian designed a custom "Spectrum"; hang it near a window for optimal prismatic effect. \$80



CONTRIBUTORS

David Abrahams

Originally from the north of England, Abrahams moved to London to study photography. He has worked for Nick Knight and Selfridges and his clients include *Elle UK*, *InStyle*, *Bella Freud*, *Urban Outfitters*, and *Jaeger*. See his work at davidabrahams.co.uk.

Favorite colorful food or drink: A good glass of red and traditional British (Indian) curry; fom bright red tikka masalas to amazing yellow dals, they are alive with color.

Will Anderson

The Brooklyn-based photographer from Newcastle Upon Tyne, England, trained as a graphic designer before getting behind the lens. He has published a number of books (*Apt. 301*, *Garden*), including his most recent, *Death in a Good District*. His favorite shoots are always for *Gather*. See his work at willandersonphotography.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: Cheetos sandwich on white and a tequila sunrise.

Grant Cornett

Photographer Cornett wanders the woods in the Catskills, where he lives with his beautiful wife, lovely new daughter, and two standard poodles. He is currently shooting this and that for the people. Glimpse his life's goings-on at thelivest1.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: A Negroni, though I can't drink them anymore. I mean, I can, but it's bad...

Barrett Hanrahan

Originally from Portland, OR, Hanrahan studied industrial design at RISD and Copenhagen's Danish School of Design. The studio director at Lindsey Adelman she lives in Brooklyn and loves to bake pies. Find her on Instagram at [@barrett_h](https://www.instagram.com/atbarrett_h).

Favorite colorful food or

drink: Electric green pesto at summer's end when the basil is intense and sun-soaked.

Stephen Kent Johnson

Photographer Johnson has worked as an art director at *Martha Stewart Living* and *MAC cosmetics*, and shot for *The Wall Street Journal*, *Bon Appetit*, and *Martha Stewart Weddings*. See his work at stephenkentjohnson.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: A blue raspberry or sour apple Blow-Pop once in a blue moon.

Stacey Mark

Mark logged time as a studio assistant for Steven Klein, as the photo director at *Nylon* magazine, and a photo researcher at *Vogue* before turning her attention to photography full-time. Her collaboration with actress Asia Argento led to her first solo show, *Some Girls Wander By Mistake*. Mark's clients include *Purple*, *Lula*, *Russh*, *Lady*, and *Vice*. See her work at staceymark.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: Momofuku Milk Bar's birthday cake.

Johnny Miller

Originally from Lawrence, Kansas, Miller came to New York to study photography at Parsons. His clients include *The New York Times Magazine*, *Target*, and *Young & Rubican*. Miller's images are also included in the permanent collections at the George Eastman House, the Library of Congress and the New York Historical Society. He is the co-author of *Coney Island* (Trans Photographic Press) and is currently at work on his next project, *Pop Pills*. See his work at johnny-miller.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: Bomb pops.

Keirnan Monaghan

Monaghan is a native of New York City. He currently lives in Brooklyn with his wife Theo, and two Cornish Rex cats, Joan and Lois. The focus of his work are portraits, still-lives, and landscapes. See his work at keirnanmonaghan.com.

Sarah Moroz

Born in New York City, Moroz moved to Paris in 2009 and has stuck around, largely due to the quality bread baskets. She writes about everything from photography to fashion to gastronomy for *The New York Times*, *New York* magazine and *The Guardian*, among others, and moonlights as a translator and copywriter. She lives next to a lovely park in the 19th arrondissement.

Favorite colorful food or drink: Vivid pink chilled watermelon soup with flecks of mint in the summertime.

Jason Polan

The Michigan-born, New York-based artist has exhibited all over the world and made over 100 books, including *The Every Piece of Art in the Museum of Modern Art Book*. His drawings have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Lucky Peach*, *ARTnews* and *The New York Times* and he has collaborated with *Warby Parker*, *Levi's* and *The Criterion Collection*. Polan is currently drawing every person in New York (he's at 36,000), some of whom you can see this fall in the upcoming book *Every Person in New York Volume 1* (Chronicle). See his work at jasonpolan.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: A cheeseburger with ketchup, lettuce, and extra pickles.

Maggie Ruggiero

Gather's food stylist and co-recipe editor entered the gastronomical world after selling her East Village bar and using the proceeds to attend culinary school. She logged time in some of the city's most esteemed restaurant kitchens before shifting her focus to food styling and recipe development. See her work at maggieruggiero.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: I like to eat the avocado-green end of the spectrum.

Natalie Shukur

Formerly the editor-in-chief of *Russh*, fashion features editor at *Nylon*, and editorial director at *Urban Outfitters*, the writer, editor, and creative consultant is now based in Byron Bay, Australia. Shukur is a dedicated yogini, hardcore nature lover, passionate cook, and wannabe surfer.

Favorite colorful food or drink: I'm all about eating the rainbow. I love a big plate of pickled beets, kimchi, and fava bean tempeh cooked in coconut oil, roasted sweet potato, seasonal greens, quinoa, and avocado—all of it sprinkled with dulce flakes, pomegranate seeds, and lemon turmeric tahini sauce.

Molly Shuster

Gather's co-recipe editor, Shuster started off her career in publishing at Harper Collins before changing courses 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 colorful food or drink:** A bright red steamed lobster with plenty of melted golden butter.



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Martyn Thompson

The New York-based image maker created avant-garde clothes before deciding to document them instead, working as a fashion photographer in Paris, before moving to London where his scope broadened to include interiors and still lifes. Author of *Interiors and Working Space: An Insight into the Creative Heart*, he recently launched Martyn Thompson Studio, creating textiles, murals, and other works based on his photographs. See his work (and sign up for his newsletter) at martynthompsonstudio.com.
Favorite colorful food or drink: I'm a lover of green food.

Theo Vamvounakis

Canada-raised Vamvounakis studied photography at the Rochester Institute of Technology before embarking on a career as a prop stylist. *Gather's* resident prop stylist lives in Brooklyn with one husband, two cats, and many, many, many props.

Sara Zin

Born in Seoul and raised in Buffalo, Zin received a degree in interdisciplinary visual art from the University of Washington. The painter and graphic designer is behind the blog *Starving Artist Recipes*. Currently living in L.A., Zin's focus is watercolor and pen illustrations. Her clients include Amazon, *Darling*, and Lipstick Queen. See her work at sarazindesign.com.

Favorite colorful food or drink: Korean bibimbap

And also...

Alia Akkam, Lara Belkin, Emily Beyda, Erica Blumenthal, Aeriell Brown, Sylvie Morgan Brown, Sara Cardace, Chris Clayton, Rebecca Willa Davis, Celia Ellenberg, Alica Forneret,

Sasha Gora, Jamie Rosen Greenberg, Samantha Gurrie, Diego Hadis, Kira Hesser, Kasey Fleisher Hickey, Emily Horton, Joel Hough, Katherine Hubbard, Nikki Haganir, Pearl Jones, Bryn Kenny, Agatha Kulaga, Molly Langmuir, Melissa Liebling-Goldberg, Rachel Eva Lim, Heather Long, Shannon Maldonado, Kiyomi Marsh, Kendall Jane Meade, Leah Mennies, Nicole Michalek, Richard Morgan, Will Morley, Kristy Mucci, Mai Lynn Miller Nguyen, Rebekah Peppler, Victor Prieto, Joanna Prisco, Anja Riebensahm, Scot Schy, Jonathan Shipley, Holly Siegel, Laura Silverman, Tania Strauss, Michael Harlan Turkell, Piercarlo Valdesolo, Kate Williams, Yinna Wang, Stephanie Wu.

One Kings Lane products featured in the Green chapter:

pg 20-21: Bar tray, Highball glasses, Selenite crystal; pg 24: Rock bookends; pg 26-27: Glass cocktail table, Marble bookend, Ceramic feather tray, Oversized gold dice, Leather portfolio clutch; pg 31: Crystal pyramid, Ribbed glass, Oversized gold dice, Fish figurine; pg 32: Brass champagne bucket, Embossed gold clutch. Similar vintage products are available at onekingslane.com

This issue was shot primarily at these amazing studios:

Columbia Products Studio columbiaproducts.com

Pure Space NYC purespacenyc.com

A special thanks

to Hemlock Printers and lynx Opaque (made by Domtar) for always going the distance and helping us to deliver such a high-quality product.

WE ARE



Michele Outland
Creative Director

michele@gatherjournal.com

Favorite colorful food or drink:

The memory of my childhood babysitter giving me red Jell-O squares as a snack sparked a life-long love of Jell-O in every hue.



Fiorella Valdesolo
Editor

fiorella@gatherjournal.com

Favorite colorful food or drink:

Pitch black squid ink linguini; ripe, bright orange persimmons; magenta *frutti di bosco* gelato; and neon green *acqua e menta*.

Maggie Ruggiero and Molly Shuster
Contributing Recipe Editors

The Brothers Mueller and Mercury
Contributing Digital Gurus / gatherjournal.com

Favorite colorful food or drink:

A Negroni; it reminds us of our favorite color Jungle Red.

Isabel

Staff Mascot

Favorite colorful food or drink:

Carrots or whatever Michele drops.

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, Frits Kouwenhoven, Scot Schy, Kiyomi Marsh, Rida Chin and Pure Space NYC, David Malosh and Adrienne Anderson and Columbia Products, Shannon Maldonado, Lea Jafarova, Jeffrey Kurtz, and the entire Vamvounakis-Monaghan family.

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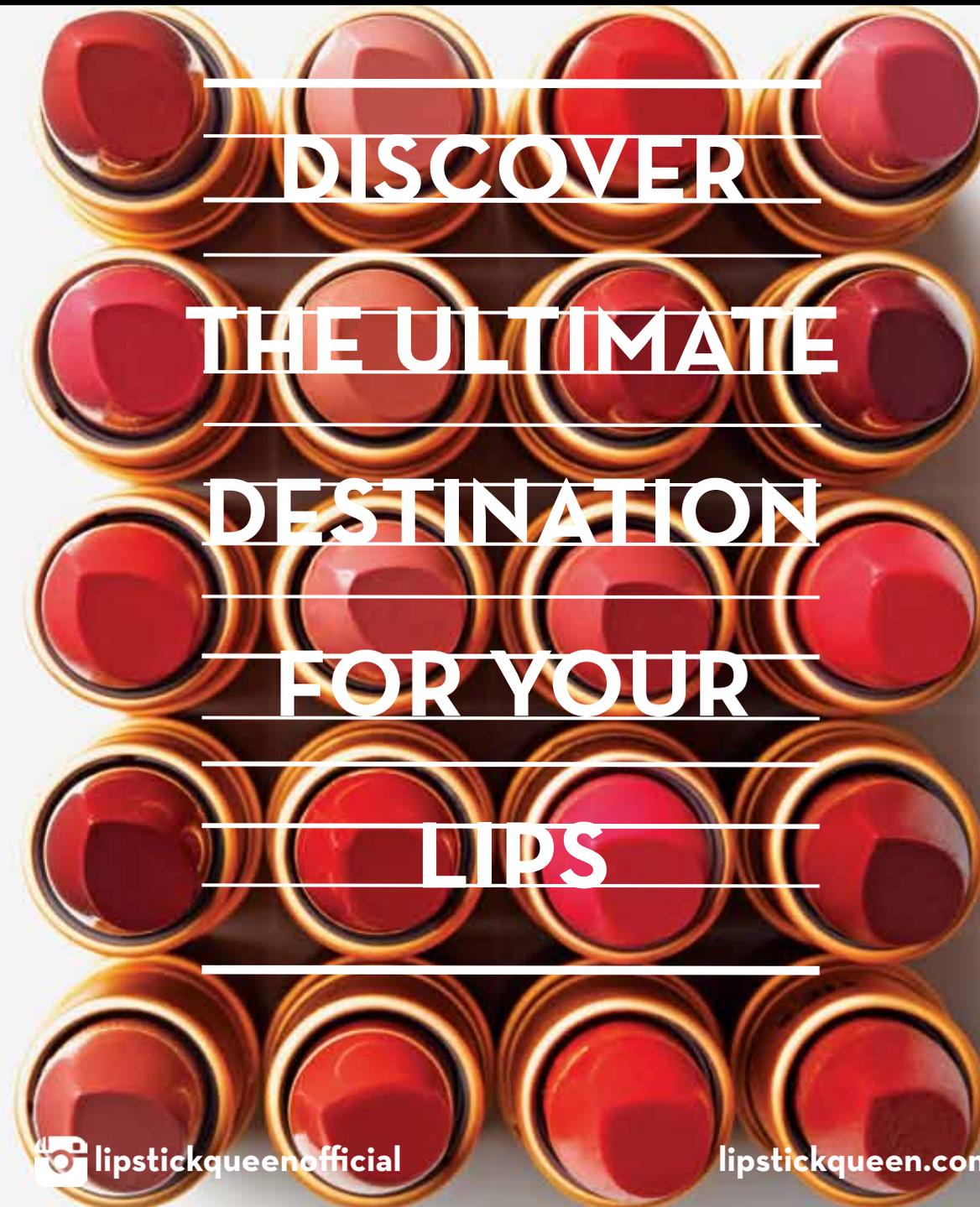
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ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Growing up, my house was a house of real colors. Messy bouquets of viridian parsley and dimpled tangerines, tangles of mushrooms from tan to tawny, and heaps of bulging tomatoes in all the shades of a desert sunset. Little did I know that there was a world of color—electric color—lurking beyond my immigrant family’s kitchen. It was on visits to friend’s homes that I learned to eat from a different kind of rainbow. I found cereals in cartoon colors that, if you let them linger, transformed their milk baths into swirling sand jar art. I discovered the boundless joy of Hostess Sno-Balls, those plush saccharine spheres doused in fluorescent pink “coconut” flurries; of Kraft Macaroni & Cheese, whose gooey goodness came thanks to a packet (or, as I opted for, two) of magic neon orange dust; and of crystallized rock candy swizzle sticks in the full spectrum of Technicolor. And to wash it all down there was the Dew. Fruity, with a low-grade buzz, it was the color—that most extreme end of the yellow spectrum—that had me hooked. And it was the color that made it urban legend: The yellow dye (tartrazine, to be exact) was believed to have a destructive effect on sperm count, leading some—enough that Dear Abby had to devote a column to dispelling the notion—to do the Dew in lieu of birth control. Now, while my adult kitchen more closely resembles the one of my youth, peer into the far reaches of the fridge or a cabinet corner and you’ll find hints of childlike color abandon—the natural and supernatural together at last. *fv*

Illustration by Sara Zin



Mary Wallis with her Light Line



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