

SPEAKING BROADLY

CONVERSATIONS
WITH HUMANITY

THIS ZINE
IS A
TIME CAPSULE

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ESSAYS
INSPO
TRAVEL
GAMES
RECIPES

THIS ZINE IS A TIME CAPSULE.

It was conceived, assigned, designed and edited before the pandemic, to be published April 2020, to amplify the wisdom of extraordinary women in hospitality who'd appeared on my podcast *Speaking Broadly*. When the world went into lockdown, this zine got locked away, too. 'Til now.

I nervously opened up the edit files, holding my breath as I went through, wondering if the stories and design would still feel fresh. So much thought and love had gone into every page, so many people donated their time and talent, most especially my co-pilot Creative Director Meagan Bennett. I wanted to believe the zine transited unharmed through the Covid era. I concluded that its honest storytelling and simple entertainment withstood the test of time. I'm hoping you feel the same. I'm publishing the zine almost exactly as it was created, with a couple of exceptions. We updated the travel recommendations in "A Locals' Guide to Mexico City," revised the Contributors section and added an Epilogue so the authors could fill us in on what had changed for them in the last two years.

At the heart of *Speaking Broadly* is the generosity of women and awe of the whole human experience—from heartbreak to humor.

With gratitude to this amazing community,
Xx



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EVERY AUTHOR IN THIS ZINE WAS A GUEST ON MY PODCAST,
SPEAKING BROADLY, ON HERITAGE RADIO NETWORK. THE
NUMBER INSIDE THE HEADPHONES REFERS TO THE EPISODE
ON WHICH THEY APPEARED. THOUGH THERE IS ONE EXCEPTION,
DANA FRANK, WHO WAS INTERVIEWED IN PORTLAND, OREGON,
AT FEAST FOR EPISODE 298 OF THE *HRN ON TOUR* PODCAST.

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part. You can always IG DM me @speakingbroadly or email me at hello@speaking-broadly.com
if you have questions. Plus I'd love to know what you think of the stories!
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LOVE
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MY FATHER'S
LAST
MEAL

STORY & RECIPE BY
ZAHRA TANGORRA



~~~~~  
CHEF ZAHRA TANGORRA'S BELOVED FATHER WAS LYING IN THE HOSPITAL, IN BAD SHAPE, ANGRY AND AFRAID. COULD SHE KEEP HIM ALIVE FOREVER BY MAKING HIM A PERFECT MEAL?

**T**ODAY IT IS 609 DAYS since my father died from complications of multiple myeloma. On February 1, 2018, John Michael Tangorra stopped breathing.

When he was a boy, everyone in the family would call him John Michael to differentiate him from my grandfather, also named John. “John Michael, go pick tomatoes from the garden.” “John Michael, turn that music down.” “John Michael, stop doodling and do your schoolwork.” John Michael never did turn that music down—he lived and breathed it and would play it so loud in his house that we’d both have to shout at each other to have a simple conversation. John Michael went on to become a chef and an artist and a father and a true eccentric.

John Michael was dead. I called him Dad, or Johnny. Dad was dead, Johnny was dead. It was a little after 7am and I was all alone in his two-bedroom, two-bathroom, ranch-style house just outside Asheville, North Carolina. I’d had a dream the night before that he and I were at the beach, and a tidal wave sucked him out into the ocean in one slurp.

I was thinking about the dream when the phone buzzed, a call from the hospital to tell me my father was dead. The symbolism was obvious: losing him to the great abyss of the open black water. I’m still on shore, but traumatized by the enormity of the wave. If I could’ve held on to his hand, would I have kept him on land, or would he have dragged me out to sea with him?

The last time my father was well enough to visit me in New York City, he begged me to take him to Jones Beach. I reluctantly complied, knowing that it would be nearly impossible for him to walk the distance from the car to the water, across 100 yards of hot sand. He barely made it, and when he finally sat down he crushed the fold-out chair we’d just bought. He lay there in the sand, on top of the crushed chair, and I was unable to move him. I wanted to look anywhere but at him.

He was nearly 350 pounds—I was no match for this collapse. Two strong young

men saw what happened and came to help, and after my father caught his breath, we walked the 100 yards back across the hot sand to the car.

I’d made chocolate-chip banana bread to bring him for breakfast to eat in the hospital, a recipe he’d taught me when I was a little girl. My father was an excellent cook and an even better baker. I had always admired him, and every time he’d teach me a recipe, I would feel one step closer to becoming a real person, collecting information to give me value in this life. Perhaps that’s why I became a chef. Perhaps that’s why he became a chef, too.

After getting off the phone with the hospital, I walked out into the kitchen and saw the banana bread. I grabbed the whole thing in one hand and squished it. Useless mass of bananas and sugar and flour and chocolate and pecans. It moved through my fingers like wet sand.

Two days before the dream and the phone call and the banana bread, I was in my father’s hospital room, sitting on the thinnest sliver of his bed, trying to be as small as possible and not smell anything or look at the bedpan or the tubes or the hazardous waste cans, or directly into his face. I was attempting to calm him down after a difficult episode the night before. He had stayed up to watch Donald Trump’s State of the Union address on TV and had become so enraged by the president’s comments regarding healthcare that he had to be physically restrained—which led him, later, to pee the bed. He was nothing if not passionate in his convictions.

**IN AN EFFORT TO LIFT HIS SPIRITS,** I asked him what he’d want to eat if he could have anything in the whole wide world. There simply had to be something to shift this, to get him out of the hospital. If I could make something he would eat, life could go back to normal and I wouldn’t be left alone in this world without him. My father was my best friend. He was a handful, he was in bad shape,

but he was, and remains, the only person in the world to ever truly get me.

“What can I make you to eat? If I make it, do you promise to not leave me?” As a chef, it’s my reflex to treat people’s wounds with food, to reverse the tide with a stew or a roast or a plate of cookies. He said, without any hesitation, “Roast beef sandwich with cheddar, tomato and mayo.” This surprised me, as he’d had almost no appetite for the past month. Everything I’d tried to feed him, he’d take a bite or two and then push away, or spit out, or throw up. But he knew he wanted a roast beef sandwich. Maybe he’d had the same dream. A beach. A wave.

I left the hospital later that night, and as he lay in the bed that was too small for him, sweating and uptight and in utter contempt of the fact that he was dying, I went home to his lonely but beautiful house and made roast beef from scratch. He’d purchased a ton of ingredients from the fancy grocery store in anticipation of my visit for a late Christmas celebration, but a day before my arrival he’d been rushed to the hospital after complaining of difficulty breathing. He never shopped at the fancy grocery store for himself, instead eating soup from cans and hot dogs that were on sale. But when I came, he bought butter from grass-fed cows and local cheeses. He was devastatingly considerate. There was an uncooked roast beef already in the fridge, and a ripe hothouse tomato.

#### **I STOPPED AT THE FANCY GROCERY STORE**

on my way home from the hospital for some nice cheddar, and at the regular grocery store for the Martin’s Potato Bread. There were no blinds anywhere in the house and, as a city person, I always feel exposed and a little afraid in the suburbs. I turned on all the lights and watched reruns of *The Office* as I roasted the meat. I went to bed with all the lights still on, in front of the TV.

The next morning, I assembled his sandwich before I left for the hospital. I made sure the cheddar went all the way

to the edges of the crust and sprinkled a little extra salt on the hothouse tomato. I spread a little soft butter on the bread first so it wouldn’t get soggy from the tomato juices—he’d taught me that trick. I let one of his dogs eat a few scraps of roast beef even though he had a sensitive stomach. Ten minutes after I gave it to him, he threw up on the carpet.

I arrived at the hospital and gave my father a hard time about some unresolved bills, in what I now see as a way of separating myself from the immense pain of the situation. I wish I had just played “Blood on the Tracks” for him in his hospital bed and held his hand and let myself cry. I wish I hadn’t been too scared to see his body after he died. I wish I hadn’t mentioned the bills.

A few hours into our visit, I fed him the sandwich.

I tore the potato bread to make tiny manageable bites. I wiped the mayo from the corners of his mouth. I moved the straw to his lips so he could sip a Diet Coke. I didn’t know this would be the last thing I’d ever cook for him, but looking back it makes sense. Maybe having his favorite sandwich was his way of letting go of my hand. If I had known that, would I have made it for him? Or would I have made 3000 sandwiches that day?

I had tried to keep him alive with my cooking for the past ten years. If I just keep cooking, then he’d stay alive, and I’d feel like I was being useful. I was a scared little kid not wanting to let her daddy get pulled into the dark. A lasagna takes at least a month for him to eat—there’s another month I can keep him in my universe. Twenty servings of veggie chili, another month. Control. He was hyperconscious of food waste. But I only made one sandwich. And he died the next morning.

The phone rang a little after 7am on February 1, 2018. I’d never be able to make a stack of sandwiches big enough to keep us together forever. I’d never be strong enough to keep both of us on shore.

# MY FATHER'S LAST SANDWICH

## ROAST BEEF ON POTATO BREAD

I'm not typically one to procrastinate, but I'll admit that I put off writing this recipe and taking this photo. Because doing these things meant I needed to make the sandwich again, and the prospect of doing it was daunting in a way I hadn't anticipated. I usually roll with the punches, I face the music, fear is not a stop sign. And yet I was avoiding the packaged bread aisle. I couldn't even imagine asking my butcher for roast beef. Just the words "roast beef" made me sweat. On the day of my deadline, I found myself sitting on the couch, staring at the wall and sobbing. I had managed to gather the ingredients, but I couldn't make myself go near them. What was happening to me?

So I called my dear friend and former sous chef Steven, and told him that I had to make this sandwich and it had caused me to unravel and that I needed help. He said he would come over. And that was the kindest thing anyone has ever done for me. He stopped by after work, and we drank beer and talked for a bit, and then we went into the kitchen and made that goddamn sandwich. When it was done I took a few pictures, and then I squished it in my hand and threw it in the garbage. And then Steven and I ate a few nibbles of plain potato bread, cleaned up and went to the couch for more beer and chatting. Grief isn't linear. Friends can save you. Fear is, in fact, not a stop sign.

**Soft butter**  
**2 slices Martin's Potato Bread**  
**Lots of mayo**  
**4 slices yellow cheddar cheese**  
**¼ pound thinly sliced rare**  
**roast beef**  
**2 thick slices tomato**  
**Salt and pepper**

To assemble, spread some soft butter on the bread; this helps to prevent the tomato juices from making the bread damp. Then spread a thick layer of mayo on each slice of bread. Then lay two slices of cheese on each side. Pile the roast beef on one bread slice. Top the beef with the tomato slices. Sprinkle salt and pepper on the tomatoes and top with the other slice of bread.

This sandwich is best served uncut down the middle, as are all sandwiches in this chef's opinion.



## NEW ORLEANS

5

DISHES

## THAT TASTE LIKE LOVE

STORY & RECIPE  
BY NINI NGUYEN

CHEF NINI NGUYEN'S FAVORITE NEW ORLEANS RESTAURANT DISHES AND GRANDMOTHER'S STEW BRING SOLACE AND JOY EVEN DURING THE TOUGHEST TIMES.

**G**ROWING UP IN NEW ORLEANS, MY BROTHER, Bobby, and I used to play in the kitchen pretending to be on *Iron Chef Japan*. (He'd complain because I always made him the sous chef.) As adults we shared an apartment and worked together as line cooks until I moved to New York. I think our parents secretly dreamed I'd come back home and that Bobby and I would run a restaurant together.

Then, in 2016, Bobby was diagnosed with stage 4 stomach cancer at the age of 27 and the doctors informed us he only had a few months to live. I rushed home, passing up an opportunity to audition for *Top Chef*. Just as our mom and grandmother and aunts and uncles had shown us affection our whole lives by feeding us our favorite foods, I began bringing special treats to the hospital to show Bobby my love.

People always ask chefs, "What would your last meal be?" For Bobby, that question became a reality. Through all of the sadness, there was a sweetness in knowing that Bobby didn't have just one last meal, but many.

1



I brought Bobby pâté chaud, a Vietnamese pork and caramelized onion pie, from **Dong Phuong Bakery**. Chefs from all over the world make the trek to this small, unassuming place. When Hurricane Katrina forced us to evacuate New Orleans, pâté chaud became a delicacy that Bobby and I would dream about.

2



I'd travel to the Irish Channel neighborhood to pick up Bobby's favorite sandwich from **Stein's**. Although I live in New York City, home to many excellent Jewish delis, Stein's is still my all-time favorite. Bobby loved their beef tongue sandwich with coleslaw, Swiss cheese and Russian dressing on rye bread.

3



When Bobby and I lived together, we went through a phase where we would practice making gnocchi on our days off. When the gnocchi didn't come out too great, we would go to **Ancora**, a pizza restaurant that serves the best gnocchi in the city. Bobby always preferred theirs to ours, and I don't blame him.

4



There is an addiction to donuts in my family and our absolute favorite place to get them is **Bakers Dozen**, in Jefferson. I introduced these glorious pillows of fried dough to Bobby, who paid it forward and introduced them to his friends. That's why it was extremely touching when his friends brought his favorite blueberry jelly and Bavarian cream donuts to the hospital.

5



Sometimes I'd arrive with cháo gà, a comforting and restorative Vietnamese rice porridge simmered with ginger and chicken, which I made following my paternal grandmother's recipe exactly because it was Bobby's favorite. Because she was from South Vietnam she'd use two types of rice, jasmine and sweet glutinous. (Recipe on the following page.)

## CHÁO GÀ

## GRANDMA'S SOUTH VIETNAMESE PORRIDGE

*The dish that represents my love language is cháo gà, a healing rice porridge with ginger and chicken. This recipe, my paternal grandmother's, calls for "a chicken that walks"—a rough translation for "free-range chicken" in Vietnamese.*

**YIELD: 6–8 portions**

**1 whole chicken**  
**4 quarts water**  
**Salt**  
**2 Tbsp neutral oil**  
**2 Tbsp minced garlic**  
**1 cup sweet glutinous rice**  
**1 cup jasmine rice**  
**1 large onion, diced**  
**¼ pound organic fresh ginger, peeled, cut into 2-inch lengths and julienned**  
**Fish sauce**  
**Thinly sliced scallions**  
**Fresh cracked black pepper**

## OPTIONAL GARNISHES

## FRIED SHALLOTS

Cut shallots to ⅛ inch slices and place in a saucepan. Cover with oil and fry on medium heat until shallots are golden brown. Strain the shallots, drain on paper towels and season with salt.

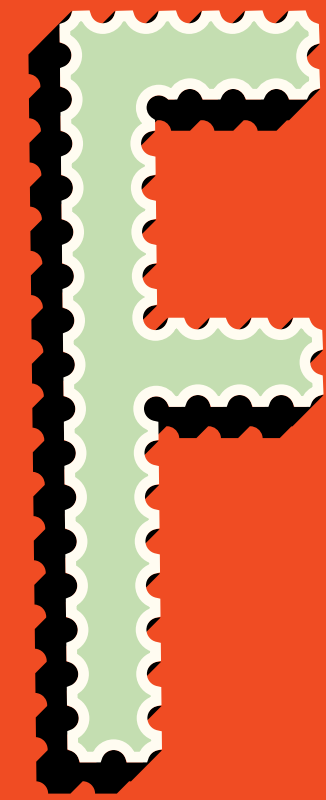
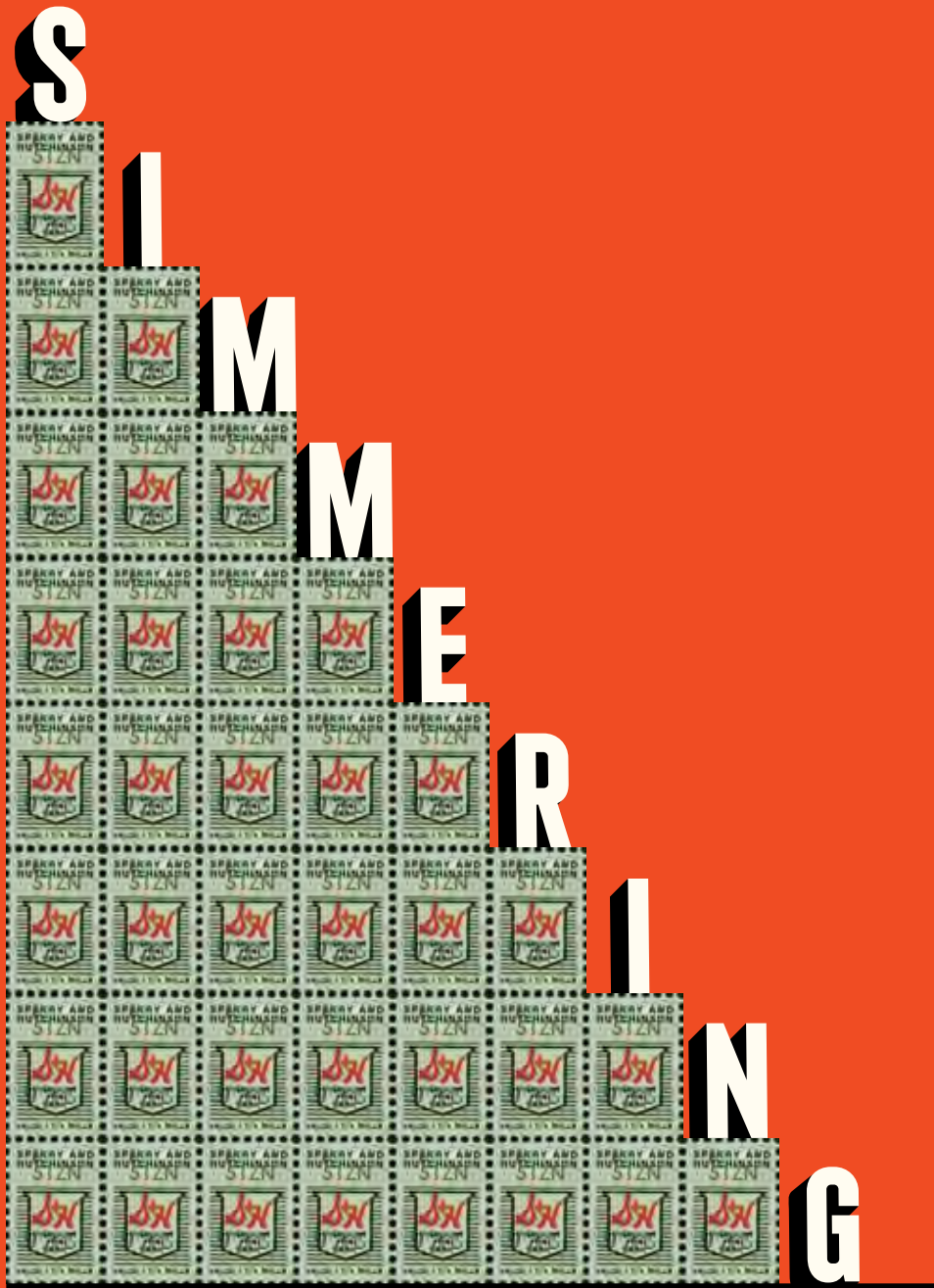
## GINGER-SCALLION SAUCE

In a food processor, pulse one bunch coarsely-chopped scallions and one 4-inch piece peeled chopped ginger with 1 cup neutral oil and 1 tsp each sugar and salt until the ginger is minced. Scrape into a sauté pan. Cook for 1 minute, or until the sauce turns bright green. Cool and serve.

- 1 In a large stockpot, place whole chicken, 4 quarts of water and a few pinches of salt. Bring to a simmer and skim any foam from the top. Simmer until the chicken is cooked through; at least 1 hour. Transfer the chicken to a large bowl and let cool. Reserve broth.
  - 2 In a large heavy-bottomed pot, heat the oil. Add the garlic and fry until it is fragrant and turns golden.
  - 3 Add glutinous and jasmine rice, stir constantly to toast until rice is opaque.
  - 4 Add onion and ginger to the rice and start ladling the chicken broth into the pot, stirring.
  - 5 When all the broth is added, simmer, stirring occasionally, until the rice is tender and the porridge is soupy, about 30 minutes.
  - 6 Pick all the meat from the chicken. Shred the chicken and add to the porridge.
  - 7 Ladle porridge into bowls and season with salt and fish sauce.
  - 8 Garnish with sliced scallions and cracked black pepper.
- Optional: garnish with fried shallots and ginger-scallion sauce.







STORY & RECIPE BY  
~ CHEETIE KUMAR



# HISTORY

**FREEZING COLD DURING HER FIRST BRONX WINTER, FAR FROM HER FAMILY'S HOMETLAND IN PUNJAB, CHEF CHEETIE KUMAR FOUND THAT A POT OF SLOW-COOKED BEANS PROVIDED COMFORT AND CONNECTION TO BOTH A PAINFUL PAST AND A HOPEFUL FUTURE.**

**WHEN I CAN BE STILL FOR LONG ENOUGH** and listen to the silence, I speak to my mother. I now understand why she was so quiet so much of my life. I thought she was lost in thought. Someplace far away. But now I think, she, like me, could only talk in silent conversation to her mother, who was gone, in a plane not of this world. She connected with her over the stove and I suspect her mother was whispering into her left ear, the sometimes simple, often difficult steps to the path forward. I wonder, now, how long after she witnessed her parents brutally massacred, did she still her mind long enough to feel her mother's hand guiding hers? Did some innate genetic wisdom guide her as she kneaded the atta, pushed the rolling pin, and pinched generous but careful tosses of spices into the pot just at the moment it was ready for the next heady layer? It seemed that nobody taught her—she just knew.

She was just a girl of nine or so when Pakistan was forming. Before that cruel year, hers was a highly respected family living what I always heard was a peaceful, rich life filled with bounty, promise and a community full of good cooks and abundant meals. They were Hindus living in western Punjab in what was still India.

My mother often described her childhood home to me—a large, open courtyard surrounded by a compound of many rooms to house their large family. They were wealthy from her grandfather's mining businesses. Her father would come home, and she remembered him yelling up the stairs to his wife, my grandmother: "RAJ KI MA" (which meant "Raj's mom")—their first-born son was named Raj. I don't know if that sweet call of her father's arrival was why she loved rajma so much. The hearty Punjabi dish of brightly spiced, piping hot red kidney beans was almost always served with plain rice, cold, cold yogurt and, on my mother's plate, a little mound of sweet and pungent mustardy pickled autumn vegetables. That perfect combination will never stop reminding me of her, and I

suspect it always carried her back into the mother's lap she yearned for her whole life.

As Britain loosened its iron clutches on India, internal tensions between Hindus and Muslims mounted and long-standing harmonious communities began to simmer with baseless distrust and suspicion. In my mother's town, things quickly became particularly dangerous. Regardless of how close their family had been to their Muslim neighbors, there was one betrayal after another—a fire set to their basement in the middle of the night; an uncle eviscerated on a train home—the signs could no longer be ignored. They had to abandon everything and leave. They had been on board a train bound for the new, arbitrary border-crossing for just an hour, when it was stopped by a violent, angry mob of men armed with axes and knives. All 1500 adults on the train were slaughtered. A handful of children, my mother and her two younger siblings among them, hid and somehow managed to survive. I never quite learned all the details. She never could form the words that would confirm the unthinkable had really happened. She would get close to recounting that day, but a faraway look in her eye told me she would go no further. We spent many days in our first months in America talking about the days before Partition. The move had somehow awakened all those bittersweet memories and she futilely sought solace in storytelling and reading the *Gita* with me close by her side.

**IF I HAD BEEN A LITTLE OLDER** when we moved, I would have paid closer attention to how we settled into our daily American life. Where did my mother find spices? How did she find good rice and the right flour? In those early, dark days, she made some compromises: canned beans, frozen vegetables and fast food. Looking back, she must have been depressed and so lost, but she made goals. If not big ones, then little ones marked by small yet significant achievements.

We started going to the A&P down the street, and she realized she could collect and redeem her receipts for discounts on housewares. I would often be her companion to the store and the day we went to get the slow cooker stands out in my memory.

She and I marched down our block head first through the wind tunnel created by our building and Montefiore Hospital, and hung a right on Gun Hill Road in the Bronx. My mother dragged a collapsible cart behind her, and I regretted wearing the bright green cotton minidress (with woolen tights). It was made especially for me in India in June, a distant few months ago, just as we left our home in Chandigarh, Punjab. I loved that dress more than anything else, until September came. I quickly abandoned it after my first day of school when I blamed it for making me stand out even more as the new, awkward, "off the boat" girl in my diverse urban public school fourth grade. But on weekends, when I was still a grateful daughter, I would wear it and walk with my mother to the A&P four blocks away.

**TODAY WAS SPECIAL.** My mother had accumulated enough A&P "green coupons" to get that coveted slow cooker, our first appliance. My memory of The Cooker is focused on a pre-faded cornucopia in many muted shades of brown and olive. My mom was happier than I'd seen her in a long time. We could finally have proper rajma from scratch any night of the week!

Her plan was simple—I would sort and soak the dry kidney beans after dinner and she would "put them on" in the morning before we all scrambled to get out for work and school. Then I would get home at 3 o'clock, call her and get my instructions: "Soak 1 1/2 cups of rice, but make sure you rinse at least three times. Don't be lazy!" I would turn the cooker off and carefully take the brown ceramic insert out with the now just tender and plump beans and let them cool before they overcooked. Salt and beat the yogurt;

**“THROUGH THIS DISH, I MADE AN UNSPOKEN PROMISE THAT I WOULD BE THE WILLING VOLUNTEER WHO WOULD CARRY SOME OF HER OVERWHELMING GRIEF AND GUILT.”**

stir in the cumin and black pepper. She was very particular, but she never made me feel stupid. Not deliberately anyway. I knew when my prep wasn't up to muster.

We ate rajma about once a week, but I still always looked forward to it. She loved that I loved it so much, and that made me feel like I was closer to her than anyone else. I imagined that I understood her. Maybe, I thought, in her broken child-heart—that call from her father to her mother, the flavor of those Pakistani rajma and the longing of a home and family that was innocent to the horror that lay ahead were all tied together in that humble, delicious pot. It represented hope for her children in what was yet another new land for her. It was in those first few months in the Bronx that this dish took on a special quality for me. This connection to who she was, what she saw and left behind when she was the same age I was at that moment. Through this dish, I made an unspoken promise that I would be the willing volunteer who would carry some of her overwhelming grief and guilt.

So, I never protested as she showed me over and over how to cook the onions, add the garlic and ginger, then the tomatoes and then the ground spices, and cook them patiently till they all married into one robust masala. Add the cooked beans and their liquid and shelve the disappointment that, at this point, it tastes like a bland, watery soup. Time will fix it. It always did. It taught me hope. Wait and be patient. A pot started with deliberate attention and good intention will always be rewarded with magic beyond expectation.

# RAJMA

## ADARSH'S PAKISTANI POT OF BEANS

**½ pound dried red kidney beans**  
 (I love the Camellia brand from Louisiana)  
**2 tsp ground turmeric**  
**Salt**  
**2 Tbsp ghee (or 1 Tbsp canola oil and 1 Tbsp butter), plus more as needed**  
**1 black cardamom pod (optional)**  
**1 large bay leaf**  
**2 small onions (½ pound), finely chopped**  
**2 Tbsp peeled and minced fresh ginger**  
**1 fresh green cayenne or serrano pepper, slit the long way and leave whole**  
**1 Tbsp finely chopped garlic**  
**1 ½ tsp cumin seeds**  
**½ tsp ground cumin (freshly ground if possible)**  
**1 ½ tsp ground coriander (freshly ground if possible)**  
**1 Tbsp garam masala (homemade is best of course but an MDH brand from an Indian market is fine)**  
**3 ½ cups diced plum tomatoes**  
**¼ tsp Kashmiri chili or cayenne (more or less to taste)**  
**½ tsp freshly ground black pepper**  
**Juice of 1 lemon**  
**A good handful of chopped cilantro**

**Serve with basmati rice, yogurt and an Indian pickle or chutney. In late summer, add wedges of tomatoes.**

- 1 Rinse the beans and soak them in water for 8 to 10 hours at room temperature.
- 2 Drain and place beans in a big pot. Cover with 5 cups of water. Add 1 teaspoon turmeric and simmer over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until the beans are cooked all the way through, but not mushy; about 40 minutes. Season the water with salt after about 30 minutes. Remove from heat.
- 3 In a heavy-bottomed pot, heat up your ghee over medium-high heat. When hot but not smoking, add the black cardamom pod, bay leaf and onions. Add salt and stir the onions around to coat. Turn the heat down to medium-low and let the onions cook till starting to caramelize/turn golden. Add the ginger and slit pepper and cook till the onions are fully golden brown. This takes patience and shouldn't be rushed.
- 4 Add garlic and cook for about 1 minute. Add ½ cup of water and scrape up the browned bits. Turn the heat down and let this cook down till no more water remains, about 5 minutes; you'll see the fat being released from the onions. Add another ½ cup of water and repeat this process until the aromatics are totally soft.
- 5 Push everything to one side of the pot and add a little more water. Add the cumin seeds, and once they sizzle, in 2 second intervals, add the ground cumin, ground coriander, 2 teaspoons of garam masala and the remaining 1 teaspoon of turmeric. Combine everything in the pot, and then stir in the tomatoes. Salt again.
- 6 Stir the beans and their liquid into the soup pot, add the remaining teaspoon of garam masala and cook for another 15 to 20 minutes. Add the Kashmiri chili and black pepper. Taste for salt.
- 7 Finish with lemon juice, chopped cilantro and a little ghee.





# RESCUING A PASTA FROM EXTINCTION

STORY BY ~  
EVAN FUNKE



LOS ANGELES CHEF EVAN FUNKE IS ON  
A MISSION TO SAVE THE PASTA SHAPES  
CREATED BY ITALIAN MAMMAS.

**A**BOUT TEN YEARS AGO, I visited a medieval walled city in Umbria called Bevagna, where there is literally nothing to do (my favorite kind of Italian town). I ate at Redibis, a restaurant in a cavernous underground room that had been gouged out from rock by ancient Romans.

I think I was the only diner at Redibis that day, watching the brilliant light streaming in and the chef working in the windowed kitchen. On the menu was a pasta shape I had never heard of, strapatelle. I asked the waiter, What does strappare mean? And the guy said, it means “to tear.” I thought, wait, what?! I’d studied pasta for years and had never heard about this torn pasta.

When I ate the strapatelle in a tomato and wild marjoram sauce, I thought, this is insane. So I asked the waiter, Can I go into the kitchen? And he said no, to which I replied, Please, you don’t understand. Can I please? Finally, he relented.

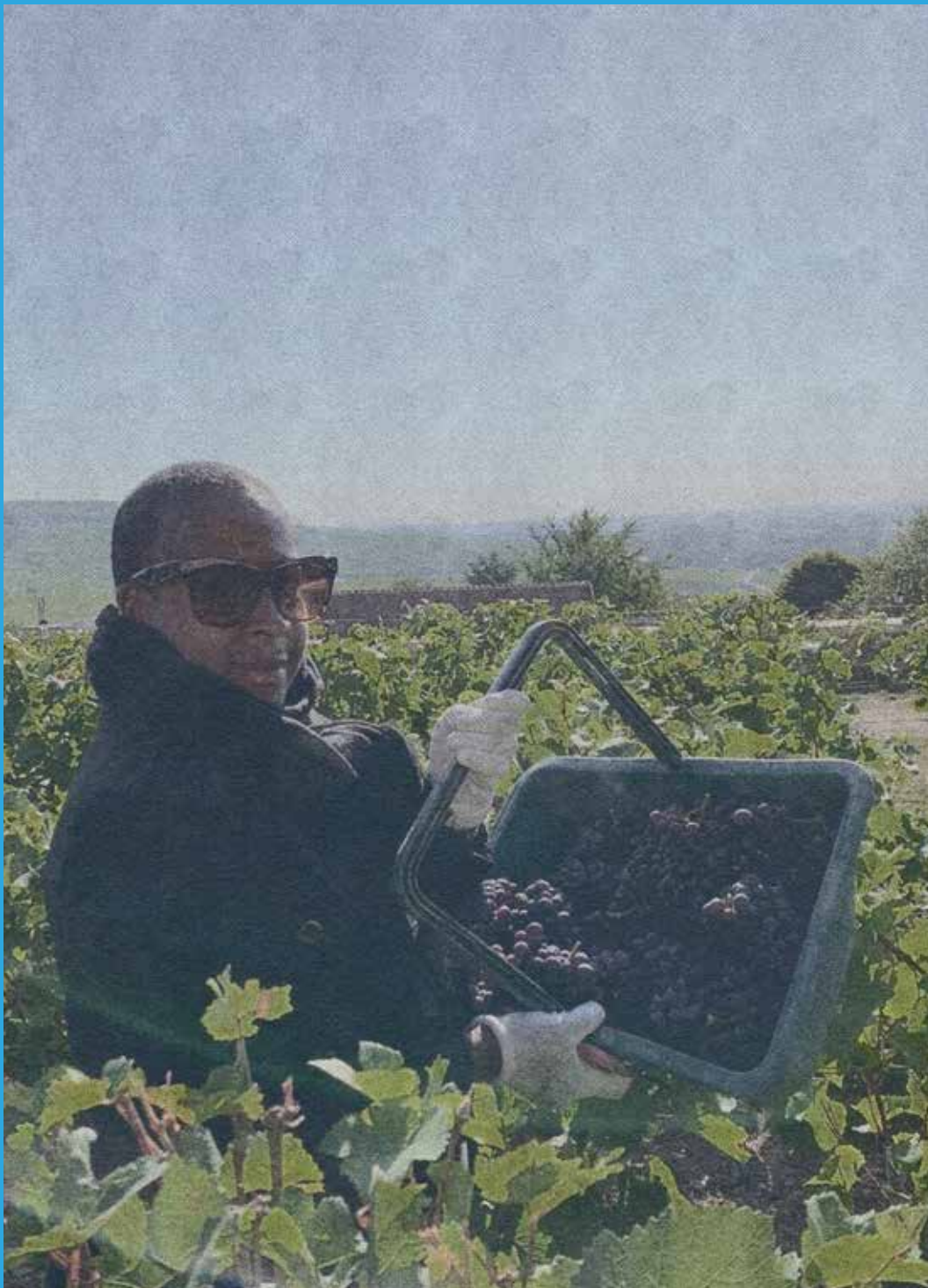
The chef had shoulder-length hair. Stark white. And she was wearing a clean white apron with just one tiny spot of red sauce on her left shoulder. She was rotund, as any professional eater should be. I asked to see the process of making strapatelle, and she said, Of course! She spoke to me in Italian, so I got maybe 15 percent of what she was saying.

I learned that strapatelle is a byproduct of making leavened bread. After you’ve prepped the day’s dough, you tear off pieces and boil them. People have been boiling bread dough for pasta since forever, but strapatelle was new to me. You know the part of a really good pizza dough that touches the sauce, that steams a little in the oven? That’s the texture of strapatelle.

I returned to Bevagna years later to shoot a documentary about the opening of my Los Angeles restaurant, Felix, and found out that the chef who taught me how to make strapatelle had died, and the new chef (young, male) was doing molecular stuff instead. (Not into it.) Our whole production team scoured the town trying to find someone who made this pasta shape, stopping random strangers to ask, Have you heard of strapatelle? Everyone said no.

I’ve essentially set out to become a custodian of rare, obscure and dying pasta shapes. It is my responsibility to make strapatelle to honor its lineage, honor this woman, honor the history. Gives me chills.

To all the Italian mammas who make these disappearing pasta shapes, I’d like to say: If you don’t have a daughter or a granddaughter who can inherit your knowledge, pass it on to me. I will be your godson.



# CHAMPAGNE & ME

STORY BY  
JULIA CONEY 

FOR WINE WRITER JULIA CONEY, ALL IT TOOK WAS ONE VISIT TO THE CHAMPAGNE REGION OF FRANCE TO TURN HER FROM A FAN TO A FANATIC.

**I**N APRIL 2016, when I had literally just switched from blogging about beauty to writing about wine, I took a trip to the Champagne region of France. Before hitting Moët & Chandon in Épernay, my friend and I decided to have a little lunch at a small restaurant wine bar and wine shop across the street called C Comme. We ended up having an incredible five-course tasting menu with foie gras and caviar, each dish paired with a different Champagne, many from small producers I'd never seen before. We bought so many amazing bottles that we had to get a wine suitcase to lug it all on the train back to Paris. Now, three years later, I'm studying for my Champagne Master-Level with the Wine Scholar Guild. And all the beauty that I see is in the wine! Here are five favorite Champagne pairings:

1

**DEMIÈRE  
SOLERA 23**

The Solera 23 is the 23rd iteration of their top Champagne. It's such an elegant one, it deserves to be poured with an exceptional meal. I'm a good cook, but not good enough!

2

**BAUGET-JOUCETTE  
BLANC DE BLANCS**

My friend Summer recommended this bottle to me and I was blown away. It's what I call a first-course wine, perfect for an hors d'oeuvres tray.

3

**SANCHEZ-LE GUÉDARD  
CLOS SPÉCIAL CLUB  
SAINT HÉLÈNE**

This Champagne has a big personality, but it's also more affordable than other Premier Cru. I pair it at home with duck, seared rare.

4

**LAHERTE FRÈRES  
ULTRADITION ROSÉ**

Bone-dry and acidic, it prickles the gums. I drink it with Lay's potato chips (Ruffles don't have enough salt for the wine).

5

**LALLIER  
GRAND ROSÉ**

My house Champagne. Last night I had it with lamb meatballs. I live with a pescatarian, and it's perfect with fish, too.

# A LOCALS' GUIDE TO MEXICO CITY

THESE **SPEAKING BROADLY** TASTEMAKERS  
KNOW MEXICO CITY INSIDE OUT. HERE'S  
A LIST OF A FEW OF THEIR GO-TO PLACES.



## 82 BERTHA GONZÁLEZ NIEVES CASA PEDREGAL @CASA\_PEDREGAL

A dear friend of mine, César Cervantes, owns Casa Pedregal, a house that was originally designed by a very important Mexican architect, Luis Barragán. It's a neighborhood place with a library and a store as well as a restaurant, Tetetlán. Here I order the Tlayuda, a traditional Oaxacan dish, served with quesillo and chapulines (cheese and grasshoppers). Even though it might not sound appealing, it's a must try.

## 128 CLAUDETTE ZEPEDA COSTELA @COSTELARESTAURANTE

Chef Alexander Suastegui, originally from Tijuana, Baja California, brings her unique take on seafood dishes to Costela. The flavors wake up your senses with the acid and salinity in every bite, as well as an unbridled approach to spice in the well-balanced hot and cold dishes.

## EXPENDIO DE MAÍZ @EXP\_MAIZ

The menu at Expendio de Maíz will put to rest forever the idea that Mexican food is only "fast food". The team at Expendio is continuing the beautiful labor of grinding some of the corn they use on a metate (slanted/flat volcanic rock mortar and pestle), actively working to preserve the many heirloom corn varieties of Mexico. Jesús Salas and team have done a beautiful job in working maíz into their entire menu, giving comfort to locals and visitors.

## EM @EM.REST

At Em, Lucho Martinez and his team join our culture's culinary treasures with Lucho's past restaurant experience while adding his own voice; it is a beautiful thing to witness. The highlight of my last visit was the nopal dashi tea amuse bouche. My eyes opened wide as

I took a sip—so much depth drawn from the ingredients we grew up with as kids in Mexico. The dish is elevated in such a simple yet elegant way.

## 98 GABRIELA CÁMARA DULGERÍA DE CELAYA @DULGERIADECELAYA

The best place to find an extraordinary selection of traditional Mexican sweets. It has been around since 1874 and the shop downtown is beautiful.

## AL ANDALUS @ALANDALUS\_MX

A traditional, delicious Lebanese restaurant. I love sending people there as the popularity of Lebanese food in Mexico is not that well known outside the country.

## 48 CHRISTINA LECKI ESQUINA COMÚN IG DM @ESQUINACOMUN FOR RESERVATIONS

If you want to feel like you've been invited to a very well-curated dinner party at the apartment of someone who happens to be an amazing chef, then this secret dining room is the spot for you. Chef Ana Dolores and her partner Carlos Pérez-Puelles are the talents behind this small, heartfelt project.

## ELLY'S @ELLYSMX

Former NYC private chef Elizabeth Fraser opened a high-design Mediterranean restaurant focused on local ingredients and wood-fired cooking in the Juárez neighborhood. It's a perfect place to go when you need a break from tacos. A fabulous soundtrack of vinyl classics is curated by Elly's partner Andrés Herrán.

(continued on p84)

# SPOTTING TEA



**HENRIETTA LOVELL OF THE RARE TEA COMPANY TAUGHT US THE NUANCES OF SOURCING, TASTING AND SELLING CAMELLIA SINENSIS. FIND THAT WORD AND 15 OTHERS BELOW, SEARCHING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!**

Y N W U N E E T I Y Y T T F K X N  
 S H A E N P T N V X S S K S M O N  
 I I P I O F F P J M S A E T I H W  
 D A S L J U U H L H A F F T G R M  
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 W J R I E J F W L C G A G X N V S  
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 Y N H I E L I T S T D R N E A S O  
 S U N R A E D S X C N B Y Q I S T  
 J C F M H H L E A E Y H M S C A F  
 O O L O N G D I B I W S U L H M C  
 Q U T V T L T H N Z L I C T A P J  
 E Y R J O A G K L G D L Z J G V Y  
 U N V C Q P P F Q C B G E I J L P  
 F A E L E S O O L D Z N U M D W V  
 J I V U A Y M K U C S E S A A E N  
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- |                  |                  |           |              |
|------------------|------------------|-----------|--------------|
| CAMELLIASINENSIS | DARJEELING       | GRASSY    | NANOPLASTICS |
| ASSAM            | ENGLISHBREAKFAST | INFUSIONS | OOLONG       |
| NEPAL            | FUJIAN           | LOOSELEAF | UNFURL       |
| COLDEXTRACTION   | GENMAICHA        | MALAWI    | WHITE        |

# FOR SALE

# TINY

# KITCHEN

# MIRACLES

FORGET PAID INFLUENCER ENDORSEMENTS: HERE ARE FIVE INEXPENSIVE, TRANSFORMATIVE ITEMS FOR THE KITCHEN THAT DESERVE MORE HYPE. NO PROMOTION FEE NECESSARY.



## *Spanish Town Kitchen* **JERK MARINADES**



I'm a heat seeker with a love of Jamaica, so Spanish Town Kitchen's Red Hot Jerk Marinade seasoning is heaven. Founder Pat Marrett also has a Mellow Yellow for zesty types, and Go Green for herb lovers. The base for all is a bracingly delicious combo of Caribbean peppers, spices and herbs.



EMIE DUNAGAN



Baker



# LOUISMILL ORIGINAL SMOKED CORNBREAD MIX

I don't typically bake from a mix, but Louismill's smoked cornbread mix is next-level. Louismill, in Anchorage, Kentucky, turns local, organic, non-GMO dent yellow corn into a slightly gritty meal that bakes up yellow with orange flakes, then smokes it—it's beautiful. Louismill blends that cornmeal with baking soda, baking powder and salt for a mix you'll want to use for more than just cornbread.



“  
It's my  
favorite  
cornmeal.  
”

## SMOKED CORNMEAL BUTTERSCOTCH SQUARES

*When I was chosen for the LEE Initiative's Women Culinary and Spirits Program, one of the benefits was an externship with Mindy Segal at Hot Chocolate in Chicago. These squares were the first thing I made in my new apartment there, to remind me of my Kentucky roots.*

YIELD: 16 squares

### BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

2 sticks unsalted butter  
2 cups packed dark brown sugar  
4 tsp pure vanilla extract or  
2 tsp vanilla bean paste  
1 scant Tbsp kosher salt or  
2 tsp Bourbon Smoked Sea Salt  
½ cup heavy cream

### CRUMB TOPPING

½ cup Louismill Original Smoked  
Cornbread Mix  
½ cup all-purpose flour  
¼ cup packed dark brown sugar  
4 Tbsp cold butter

### BATTER

4 Tbsp butter, softened  
½ cup reserved Butterscotch Sauce  
¼ cup packed dark brown sugar  
2 whole eggs  
½ cup Louismill Original Smoked  
Cornbread Mix  
½ cup all-purpose flour

### BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

1 In a medium saucepan, melt the butter on medium heat. Stir in the brown sugar and bring to a simmer; simmer for 2 minutes. Add the vanilla and salt. Take a spoon, dip into sauce, LET IT COOL, and taste: Butterscotch is a balance between four flavors—butter, brown sugar, vanilla and salt—so when tasting, try to sense each ingredient. If it needs more salt or vanilla, add more. Once the sauce is balanced, turn off heat and stir in the cream. Let cool slightly. The sauce makes about 2 ½ cups. Reserve ½ cup for the batter.

2 Preheat oven to 350°. Spray an 8x8 pan with nonstick spray. Line the pan (bottom and sides) with heavy duty foil.

### CRUMB TOPPING

3 In a small bowl, whisk the Louismill Original Smoked Cornbread Mix with the flour and brown sugar. Using your fingers or a pastry blender, work the butter into the dry ingredients until it is in pea-size pieces.

### BATTER

4 In a bowl, combine softened butter, reserved ½ cup Butterscotch Sauce and brown sugar. Add the eggs. Mix until combined. Fold in Louismill Original Smoked Cornbread Mix and flour, and mix until just combined. Pour the batter into the prepared baking pan and sprinkle evenly with the crumb topping.

5 Bake for 25 to 35 minutes, until a toothpick inserted in the center of the pan comes out clean. Poke 16 holes (4 across and 4 down) into the cornbread with a knife. Drizzle the Butterscotch Sauce evenly over the cornbread and let cool completely. Cut into squares.



# Sindyanna of Galilee OLIVE OIL

“  
It tastes  
exactly  
like the one



my family  
makes.

”

Back home, in the Galilee, a group of Palestinian and Israeli women have formed a cooperative called Sindyanna that sells an amazing olive oil. I forced my husband to do a blind taste test between Sindyanna and some Greek and Italian olive oils, and the Sindyanna was by far the best—it tastes exactly like the one my family makes.

## MUSTARD GREENS WITH LABANEH & OLIVE OIL

In the Levant, a wild green known as *hwairneh*, or hedge mustard, grows on the roadside in late winter and early spring. My mother would finely chop *hwairneh* and mix it with labaneh, which was and still is one of my favorite ways to eat this very sharp and peppery green. (It's actually quite a common preparation for many bitter greens that grow wild in the Middle East.) It's not easy to find *hwairneh* in the West, but mustard greens have an almost identical flavor, so since living abroad I have been using them as a substitute. This dip is delicious eaten with bread or as a side to grilled meats.

**YIELD: 1 cup; serves 4 as part  
of a spread**

**5oz / 140g mustard greens (about  
one small bunch, including stems)**

**½ tsp salt**

**1 small green chili (such as  
jalapeño), finely diced**

**¾ cup (3oz / 90g) labaneh**

**Good quality olive oil, for drizzling**

**Aleppo pepper, for garnish**

**Note:** Labaneh varies drastically from one brand to the next in moisture content, texture and saltiness. I use homemade for this recipe, which is salty and sour, more reminiscent of feta and goat cheese in flavor than cream cheese. You could certainly use store-bought, but just keep in mind the sour/salty flavors you are looking for and adjust the seasoning accordingly. Alternatively, you could use Greek yogurt, but the texture will be looser and you will definitely need to increase the salt in the recipe and add a squeeze of lemon.

- 1 Finely chop the mustard greens, including the stems, and set in a colander. Sprinkle with salt and let sit for 15–30 minutes. Squeeze the greens between your hands to release excess water.
- 2 Transfer greens to a bowl, add the diced chili and labaneh and mix until evenly combined. The prepared dip will keep in an airtight container in the fridge for up to three days.
- 3 To serve, spoon onto a serving plate, drizzle with olive oil and top with Aleppo pepper.



# Mr. Clean MAGIC ERASER

“

The Mr. Clean Magic Eraser is the greatest



thing that's ever been invented.

”

The Mr. Clean Magic Eraser is the greatest thing that's ever been invented. I had a professor at Bowdoin College who said the only two products that have ever been better than advertised are the iPhone and Mr. Clean Magic Eraser, and it is beyond true.



# LILLIE'S of CHARLESTON Hot Sauce

“

I've been putting Lillie's of Charleston hot sauce on everything.

”



I met Tracey Richardson, the CEO, when she came through one of the James Beard Foundation's Owing It programs. Ever since, I've been putting Lillie's of Charleston hot sauce on everything. It's a family-owned brand and they make all these different flavors. They've got heat, but it's sweet and spicy heat. Plus, the bottle is really cute!

# AGEWORTHY RUSTIC REDS

5

NEBBIOLO IS THE KING OF GRAPES IN NORTHWESTERN ITALY'S PIEDMONT REGION.

NEBBIOLO ←

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4

2017 KELLEY FOX 'MIRABAI' PINOT NOIR

It's full of ripe strawberry and red currant aromatics, with a touch of leaves from a crisp fall walk.



3

It has a lovely balance of fruitiness (think red cherry and raspberry) with earthiness (think damp soil) and is almost always guaranteed to be aged in oak barrels. Here's where you'll find some glimmers of what Gaglioppo offers.

2

Pinot Noir is best grown in cool climate zones like Burgundy, France and Oregon's Willamette Valley where it can maintain its acidity (that's the bright zing you find in the finish of a Pinot).

1  
HERE'S A GRAPE THAT MOST PEOPLE FEEL COMFORTABLE BUYING AT A SHOP OR ORDERING OFF A WINE LIST.

PINOT NOIR →

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LET'S GET YOU DRINKING SOME GAGLIOPPO FOLLOWING THIS PATHWAY!

6

At its grandest in a bottle of Barolo, Nebbiolo can be brooding, tannic and need 20 years of age before being ready to drink.

7

Italian Nebbiolo has the same fruit and earth yin and yang that Pinot Noir and Gaglioppo have, but with mouth-drying tannins and acidity dialed up to 10.

# TASTEBUD TRAINING COURSE

BY DANA FRANK



Gaglioppo (pronounced gah-lee-OH-po) is a red Mediterranean grape found in the small region of Cirò in Calabria, the 'toe' of the Italian boot.

I love Gaglioppo; it's a red seaside variety that expresses saltiness, fruitiness and earthiness. It has the seriousness of Barolo, the fruit of Pinot Noir, but costs a fraction of either of them.

Many of the most famous red wines in Italy come from further north (Barolo and Barbaresco, Valpolicella, Chianti Classico), so the reds of Southern Italy are often overlooked, or thought of as simple table wines. Gaglioppo is one exception, making age-worthy, rustic wines.

16

2012 SERGIO ARCURI CIRÒ ROSSO CLASSICO SUPERIORE RESERVE

Notes of black cherries and sun-dried tomatoes mingle with a sun-baked dusty road.

15

Take yourself on a short trip to the southern coast of Italy, nestled in Calabria where you'll be well-rewarded with warm Mediterranean fruit, electric brightness and a textural, finely tannic wine.

YOU DID IT!

14

WHILE IT'S AN UNCOMMON WINE, AND MAYBE MORE HIGH-TONED AND TANNIC THAN YOU'RE USED TO, PLEASE GIVE IT A TRY.

9

2018 CASCINA DELLE ROSE LANGHE NEBBIOLO

It's softly fruited with warm spice aromatics, mild tannins and ample acidity to remind you it's Nebbiolo.

8

Barolo is the gold standard, but for a wine that's easier on both wallet and palate, opt for one labeled Langhe Nebbiolo. It will be a nice step up from the softness of Pinot, but not quite as aggressive as Gaglioppo.

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BARBARESCO →

10

IF BAROLO IS THE KING OF PIEDMONT, BARBARESCO IS THE QUEEN.

11

It's also made from Nebbiolo, but with more oomph (tannins and acidity) than its easier drinking cousin labeled Langhe Nebbiolo.

KEEP GOING!

12

Here you'll find more of the tannins and tea-like qualities that Gaglioppo delivers, getting you closer to this unusual variety. And if you can find a Barbaresco with 5 years of age on it, even better. The fruit will have tamed a little bit, making room for more earthy notes.

13

2012 PUNSET BARBARESCO

It has the brightness typical of Nebbiolo, but also pretty notes of cherry, eucalyptus and black tea.

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↑  
GAGLIOPPO

**LEARN TO LOVE ORANGE**

WHILE THE AROMATICS AND FLAVORS OF ORANGE WINE MIGHT, AT FIRST, SEEM CHALLENGING, THIS PATH WILL MAKE YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH THE UNFAMILIAR!

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**CHARDONNAY**

**THIS WAY**

**1**  
LET'S START WITH A CHARDONNAY FROM THE JURA, MADE IN THE OUILLE' STYLE. THE JURA, NESTLED IN EASTERN FRANCE ON THE SWISS BORDER, IS PARADISE FOR CAVE-AGED WINES AND CHEESES.

**2**  
The Chardonnay grown here exemplifies the notion of *terroir*. Given its proximity to Burgundy, it's no surprise that Chardonnay is one of the main grapes in the Jura.

**3**  
It's made in several styles, one of which is what most of us would consider a traditional style; that's to say, the wine is aged in barrels and kept topped up throughout the winter and spring so no oxidation can occur. These are Chards of weight and richness, but with plenty of stony acidity.

**14**  
**VALDESPINO AMONTILLADO 'TIO DIEGO'**

Warm, toasted nuts abound, with equal salty-sheepy-caramel notes to keep you on your toes.

**N  
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T**

**FRIULANO**

**15**  
**YOU MADE IT TO ORANGE**

**16**  
Now that you're an expert on the flavors of *sous voile* and *flor*-affected wines, and you understand a little more about the nuances of oxidation in wine, you're ready to pop a bottle of orange wine!



**17**  
Like all wines, orange wines run a very wide spectrum of flavors, so you may find that you like some and not others.

**18**  
So much depends on the grape that's used, how much skin-contact time the wine has, and of course the climate and weather where the fruit is grown.

**19**  
Start with a wine made from Friulano, in the North-eastern Italian region of Friuli. You'll find plenty of options since it's a hotbed of orange wine, then expand to other wines from Friuli to discover favorites.

**4**  
**2018 DOMAINE PIGNIER CHARDONNAY 'À LA PERCENTETTE'**

Rich with white floral and citrus notes, this ain't your mama's Chardonnay.

**20**  
**2014 RADIKON 'JAROT'**  
Made from Tokaj (the name spelled backwards on the label), here you'll find mouth-drying tannins dancing with burnt orange and zippy minerality.

**YOU DID IT!**

**N  
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T**  
**MORE CHARDONNAY**

**13**  
Amontillado sherries are dry and bear notes of dried orange peels, sea salt and warm spices, all things you're likely to find in an orange wine.

**12**  
*Flor* lends yeasty, nutty aromas, and after the yeast veil dies off, the sherry keeps aging away in barrel, gaining complexity and taking on some oxidative characteristics (think damp tree bark and baked pineapple).

**10**  
It shares so many of the attributes of a *sous voile* Jura Chardonnay, but with the intensity dialed up to the max (which is similar to many orange wines).

**11**  
Hailing from southwestern Spain's Andalucía region, Amontillado is a style of sherry that's spent part of its life under *flor*, which is strikingly similar to the yeast veil found in the Jura.

**TASTEBUD TRAINING COURSE**

BY **DANA FRANK**

Orange wines are complex and multi-dimensional in a way that almost no other wines are. They're mysterious and hard to define, and no two are the same. They can taste like wild-fermented farmhouse beers, dry fruit ciders, kombucha, and are often quite earthy and savory. And, given their layers of flavors, they are amazing food wines. Named for their orange-y color (anywhere from a warm, deep yellow to a dark amber), think of these as a white wine made like a red: the juice and pulp of the grapes stay in contact with the skins, seeds and stems for a prolonged time in order to lend color, tannins and texture to the finished wine. This is where the term 'skin-contact' comes from.

**9**  
**SHERRY IS A GREAT STEPPING STONE TO GET FROM WHITE WINE TO ORANGE WINE.**

**AMONTILLADO SHERRY**

**N  
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T**

**8**  
**2011 LES MATHENY ARBOIS CHARDONNAY '6 ANS SOUS VOILE'**  
Think about the greatest hits of a long-cooked pork shoulder: rich, salty, umami, all bound by a toasted nuttiness.

**KEEP GOING!**

**7**  
What you'll be tasting will be much more savory and nutty, with an almost brown-buttery note. There will still be acidity and freshness, but balanced by a whole lot of complexity that comes from the *voile*.

**6**  
Let's have you try a Jura Chardonnay, but made in the traditional *sous voile* style. Here, the barrels aren't topped up, and as the wine slowly evaporates over the winter and spring, it forms a magical yeast veil (that's the *voile*) that adds Jura-specific aromas and flavors.

**5**  
**STICK WITH CHARDONNAY, BUT MOVE TO AN OXIDATIVE STYLE IN ORDER TO START BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN WHITE WINE AND ORANGE WINE.**

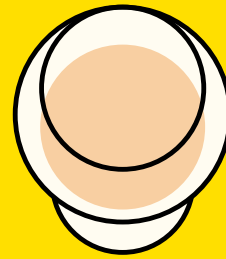
DO'S & DON'TS  
OF

ROSE

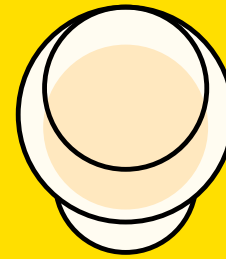
BY  VICTORIA JAMES



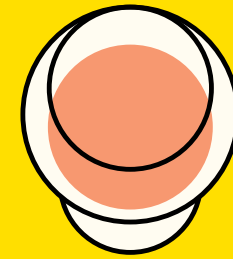
SOMMELIER VICTORIA JAMES OF COTE IN NEW YORK CITY RESCUES PINK WINE FROM IGNOMINY WITH A GUIDE TO DISCOVERING THE BEST THAT ROSÉ HAS TO OFFER.



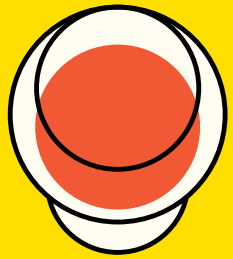
DOMAINE DE REVILLY  
Loire Valley  
France



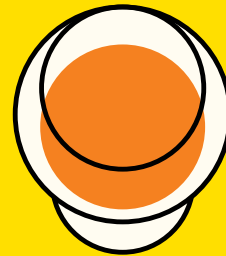
DOMAINE TEMPIER  
Provence  
France



EDMUNDS ST. JOHN  
El Dorado County  
California



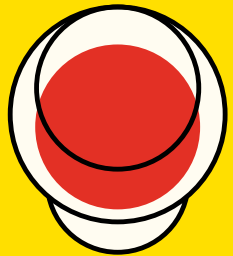
CHANNING DAUGHTERS  
Long Island  
New York



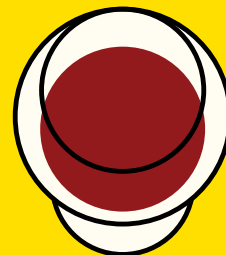
LÓPEZ DE HEREDIA  
Rioja  
Spain

**DON'T**  
JUDGE A ROSÉ  
BY ITS COLOR

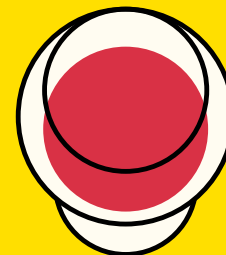
Paler ones aren't necessarily lighter in body and lower in sugar, while darker ones aren't always richer and sweeter. With rosé there's no correlation between color, body and sugar levels. Try all different shades and you'll see!



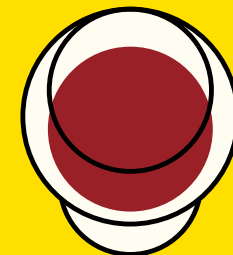
FRANZ STROHMEIER  
Steiermark  
Austria



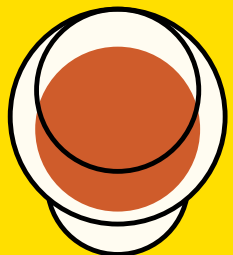
CHÂTEAU SIMONE  
Provence  
France



BUGEY-CERDON  
Savoie  
France



DOMAINE ECONOMOU  
Crete  
Greece



ANNONA  
Cerasuolo d'Abruzzo  
Italy

1

DO

... **TRY ROSÉS FROM SPAIN, CALLED ROSADO**, and Italy, known as rosato. You'll notice they each have a distinctive character. Rosados can be chunkier, with higher alcohol and therefore more body, offering baked-fruit flavors; rosatos tend toward savory and herbal.

2

DON'T

... **HATE ON ROSÉ** just because it's trending. It's popular for a reason: It can be ridiculously delicious.

3

DO

... **SEARCH FOR ROSÉ FROM HIGH-QUALITY IMPORTERS** and distributors such as Grand Cru Selections, Skurnik, Louis/Dressner, Kermit Lynch, Rosenthal Wine Merchant and De Maison.

4

DON'T

... **DRINK ROSÉ FROM PROVENCE**, with very few exceptions. While the region once made good juice, the majority of the rosés are now pink swill. To find the best quality, look for certain small villages within Provence, such as Palette, Bandol and Cassis.

5

DO

... **TRY SPARKLING AND SWEET VERSIONS** of rosé like Bugey-Cerdon from Savoie in eastern France and the Steiermark specialty in southern Austria of Schilcher, a historical style that is often sparkling with just a touch of sweetness. Bubbles and sugar make rosé even more versatile, and especially good with rich foods like cheese and charcuterie.

6

DON'T

... **FALL FOR LABELS THAT SEEM RITSCHY**, with marketing-driven names that don't speak to where the wine is from or who it is made by. If the name sounds gimmicky and cutesy, the quality probably isn't there.

7

DO

... **SEEK OUT ROSÉ WITH AGE**. López de Heredia, Clos Cibonne, Château Simone, Domaine Tempier, Valentini and Praesidium all make examples that just become better with time. The youthful fruit flavors evolve, becoming more like those in a lean and racy Pinot Noir. I've had some 20-plus-year-old rosés that are still holding their own!

8

DON'T

... **SAVE ROSÉ FOR SUMMER**. It's great with food year-round.

9

DO

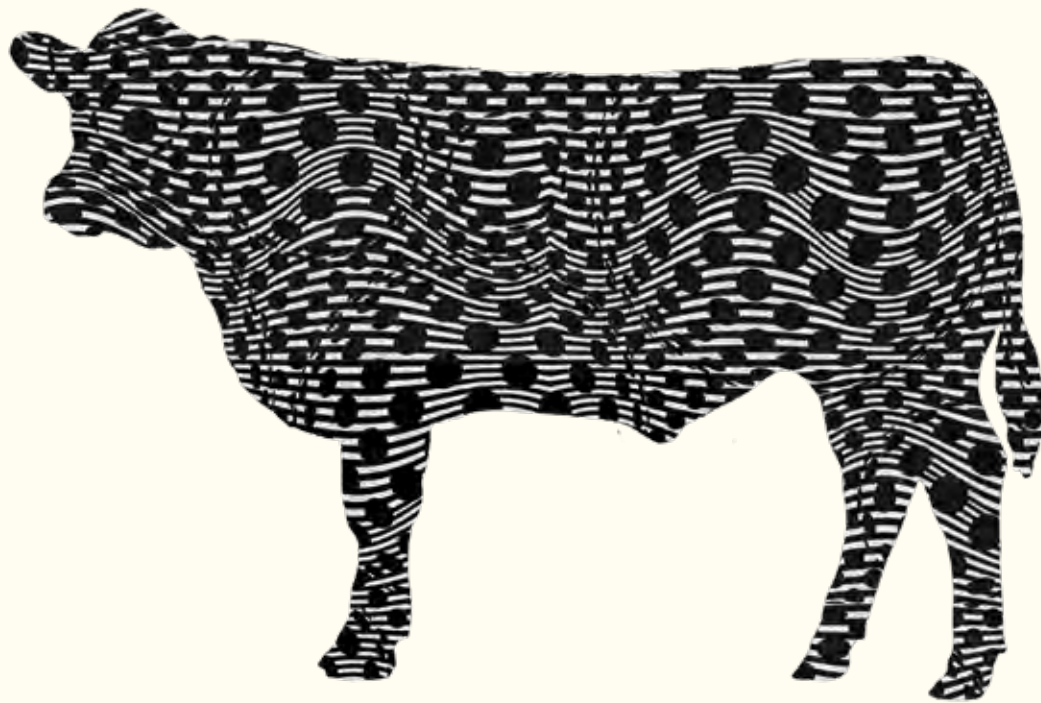
... **PAIR ROSÉ WITH RED MEAT**. Unlike white wine, rosé has tannins that result from a small amount of grape-skin contact during winemaking. This added structural element allows rosé to stand up to heartier dishes like grilled beef and roasted game.

10

DON'T

... **DRINK A GOOD ROSÉ ICE-COLD**. To get the full flavor experience, you want it between 45 and 55 degrees Fahrenheit. There's a reason people serve cheap rosé super-chilled: It hides the flaws.

# MEAT YOUR MATCH



BY  
HEATHER THOMASON



HEATHER THOMASON OF PHILADELPHIA'S PRIMAL SUPPLY MEATS PROVIDES A LEXICON OF KEY BUTCHER TERMS. TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE BY MATCHING THE WORD ON THE LEFT TO THE DEFINITION ON THE RIGHT.

**Aitch**

**Bavette**

**Pellicle**

**Denude**

**Tallow**

**Round**

**Render**

**Spatchcock**

**Lard**

**Scabbard**

**Ribeye cap**

**Truss**

**Shank**

**Osso buco**

**Caul**

**Twine**

**Marbling**

**Coppa**

**Silver skin**

**Cimeter**

Remove sinew layers

Hip bone

Netting of fat

Sirloin flap steak

Spinalis dorsi

Butterfly

Dry-aged crust

Knife holder

Shin

Rear leg of beef

Pork neck

Bone with a hole

Intramuscular fat

Shimmery connective tissue

Melt and clarify fat

Rendered beef fat

Rendered pork fat

Curved butcher knife

Strong thread

Tie up



# SHOUT OUT BROADLY

# SHOUT OUT BROADLY



ON EVERY EPISODE OF *SPEAKING BROADLY*, THE GUEST GIVES A SHOUT OUT TO A WOMAN SHE ADMIRES. NOW WE'RE GOING A FEW STEPS FURTHER WITH THE FIRST EVER #SHOUTOUTBROADLY CHAIN. THE ZINE'S FOUNDER, DANA COWIN, KICKS IT OFF WITH SISTERS MICHELLE AND SUZANNE ROUSSEAU, CO-OWNERS OF SUMMERHOUSE AT THE LIGUANEA CLUB IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA. THEY EACH SHOUTED OUT A DIFFERENT WOMAN, WHO THEN CONTINUED PAYING IT FORWARD.



DANA COWIN

SHOUT OUT



SUZANNE ROUSSEAU  
RESTAURATEUR

SHOUT OUT

CHERYL DAY

“

After falling for her cookbook, we visited Cheryl at Back in the Day Bakery on our first trip to Savannah, Georgia. Her place has a Southern charm, a quirky, vintage style and great energy that says love. Her pastries are crave-worthy and decadent.

”

CHERYL DAY



BAKER

SHOUT OUT

SARAH O'BRIEN

“

I understand how hard it is to run a small independent business, and I really appreciate the love and care Sarah puts into The Little Tart Bakeshop in Atlanta. She also makes some of the best pastries I've ever tasted.

”

SARAH O'BRIEN



BAKER

SHOUT OUT

LISA LUDWINSKI

“

Lisa's business goals go far beyond profit. She also cares deeply about her Sister Pie team and her Detroit community. Plus she's got some killer dance moves, so follow her on Instagram (@lisalouiselud) if you need a reason to smile.

”

LISA LUDWINSKI



BAKER



MICHELLE ROUSSEAU  
RESTAURATEUR

SHOUT OUT

FANY GERSON

“

Fany's an incredible pastry chef, pioneer and entrepreneur. As the founder of Dough in Brooklyn, she elevated the doughnut with small-batch cooking and exotic flavor combinations. Don't get me started on her glazes—hibiscus, café au lait, passion fruit...

”

FANY GERSON



BAKER

SHOUT OUT

DR. JESSICA B. HARRIS

“

Dr. Jessica B. Harris is one of the smartest and most beautiful women I've ever met. I am constantly inspired by her work as a historian, teacher, author and speaker giving voice to the richness of Black culture that is sadly not highlighted enough.

”



DR. JESSICA B. HARRIS  
CULINARY HISTORIAN

SHOUT OUT

FANY GERSON, NICOLE TAYLOR,  
OSAYI ENDOLYN, JULIA TURSHEN,  
GABRIELLE E. W. CARTER,  
VON DIAZ, ELLE SIMONE

“

My Shout Out Broadly list is infinite. But here's a sample of women who are powerful, collegial and changing the world.

”



FANY GERSON  
BAKER



NICOLE TAYLOR  
WRITER



OSAYI ENDOLYN  
WRITER



JULIA TURSHEN  
WRITER



GABRIELLE E. W. CARTER  
CULTURAL PRESERVATIONIST



VON DIAZ  
DOCUMENTARIAN



ELLE SIMONE  
CHEF



# REVIVE YOURSELF

STORY BY  
HOLLY WHITAKER



SOMETIMES THERE'S A SINGLE MOMENT WHEN YOU REALIZE YOUR LIFE NEEDS TO CHANGE. IN THIS EXCERPT FROM *QUIT LIKE A WOMAN*, HOLLY WHITAKER TAKES US BACK TO A TIME WHEN EVERYTHING CAME APART—AND TOGETHER—FOR HER.

Excerpted from *Quit Like a Woman* by Holly Whitaker. Copyright © 2019 by Holly Whitaker. All rights reserved. No part of this excerpt may be reproduced or reprinted without permission in writing from the publisher.

The harder I tried to be more perfect—the more cleanses I did, books I bought, and budgets I made, the more things I bought to cover up and paint over the mess that was my life—the harder it became to keep it together. The attempts to fix me only added more chaos, the chaos added more pain, and so I added more wine. And pot. And cigarettes. And food. And clothes. I was a monster who couldn't stop consuming things I thought would make me the human I was supposed to be.

Until one morning, just three months after my trip to Costa Rica, it all broke. Or rather, I broke. I woke up in my rent-controlled San Francisco apartment to the aftermath of one of my binges, one of my failed attempts at escape. My bed had no sheets. My mattress was stained with food and wine and puke. My computer was still on, so was the TV, and bags of trash and half-eaten food cartons and empty beer bottles were strewn about my apartment. My throat ached of bulimia and hangover, and I was still drunk; a pint of Jameson was in my hand. It wasn't the first time I'd woken up to this scene, but it was the first time I couldn't make myself pretend that I was okay and that this was normal thirty-something shit I'd grow out of.

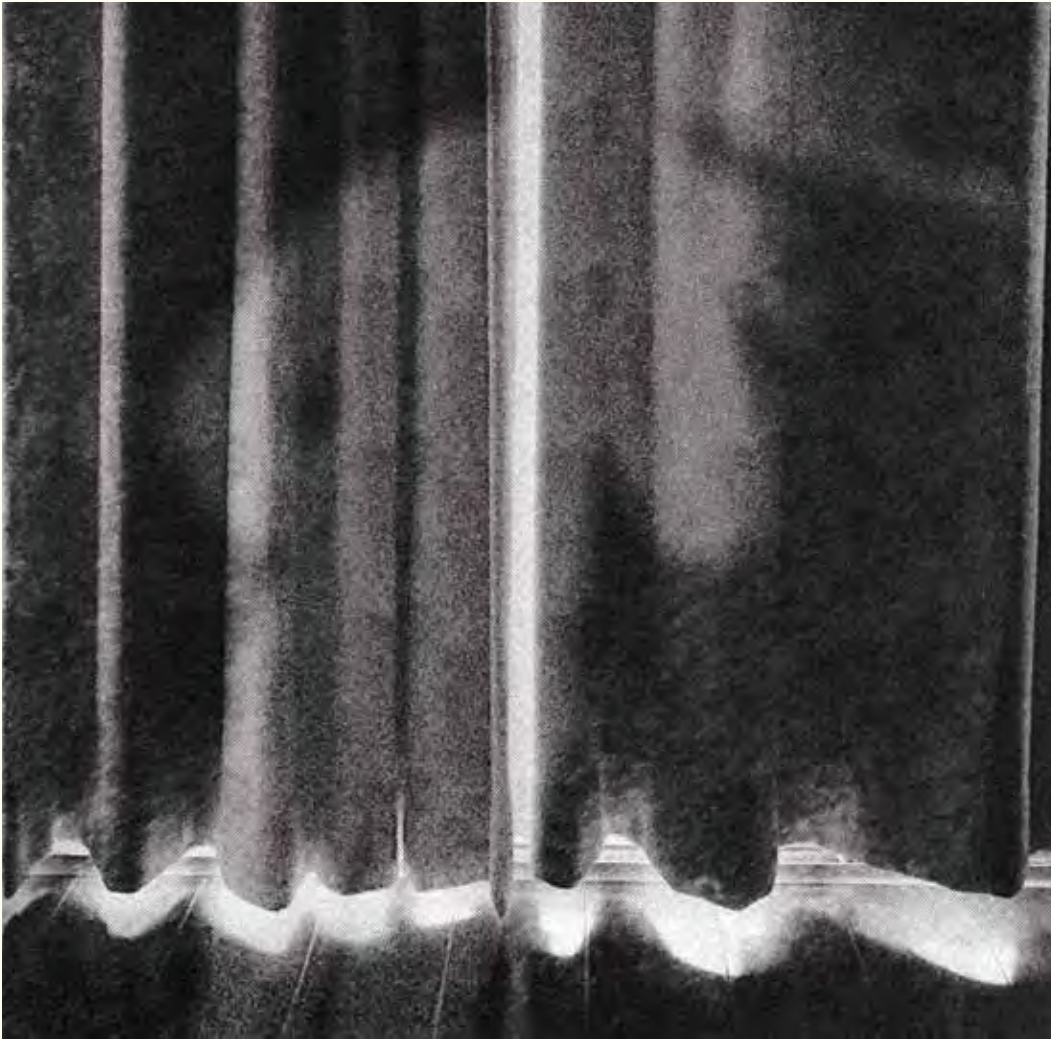
Here is where I fell prostrate on the floor and asked God for help. Here is where I stopped running.

Here is where I made eye contact with myself in the mirror again.

Here is where I finally heard the part of me that I'd tried to quiet with career and clothes and status and food and drink and drugs; the part of me that was screaming she couldn't settle for this bullshit for one more minute.

There is the life that most of us live, and then there is the life we have buried deep inside us, the life we know we're supposed to be living. Up until that moment on the floor of my apartment, the life I was supposed to be living eluded me; it eluded me so hard that it broke me into a thousand million pieces that I kept barely stitched together with Paige jeans, whiskey neats, and a really good title at work. But somehow in that moment on the floor, the jig was up. I could no longer keep it up and keep it together. Staring at the detritus in my living room that day in October, it finally occurred to me that I had no other choice but to actually start risking everything I'd settled for in order to have the life I had buried inside me, the one that wanted to run to an island, the one that had dreams of actual happiness, the one I'm writing from today. The life I'd attempted and forced from all angles except the one that required me to look at myself in the mirror and ask the girl staring back who she was and what she wanted from this life.

The girl staring back did not fuck around. She knew the booze had to go first.



# RECONSTRUCT YOURSELF

STORY BY ~~~  
ERIN SCHRODE 

~~~~~  
**A TRAUMATIC SCOOTER ACCIDENT
LEFT ACTIVIST ERIN SCHRODE
STRUGGLING TO RECOVER HER
SENSE OF SELF.**

SPEAKING

52

BROADLY

I want to look at myself and see ME again. And ever since the accident, I don't.

Today, I stared in the mirror for an extended period, studying the ways in which my face has changed—a process which continues to shift every day, since a scooter crash slammed my face into the asphalt, the full weight of my body landing on my eye socket and mouth. I was rushed to the hospital by ambulance, with a gouged eye and gashed lips requiring sets of stitches, knocked-out teeth, fractured jaw and major concussion. The medical complications continue to reveal themselves, and multiple surgeries, treatments and unknowns lie ahead.

I'm a real piece of work, all scarred, scraped, swollen, saggy—a battered and crooked version of someone I once knew. When I removed the bandages and touched lightly around my eye, I didn't just wince in extreme pain, but also in shock—because beyond being misshapen visually, it protrudes harshly in new places, boasts nasty scabs and is wildly discolored. I looked at the deepening shades of red and pink across my upper lips, then felt the craggy lump inside (asphalt still lodged in there), painfully turning my lips to examine the mangled mess that is now my mouth, filled with dental contraptions to immobilize the damaged teeth, already changing color from decay, before extraction and whatever oral surgeries are to come. I can't smile or speak properly, I can't emote or express myself, I can't laugh or look at anything too closely or for too long, let alone eat normal solid foods.

Facial trauma is a unique beast. It's more than just the physical injuries or neurological complications of head trauma, though all are serious and shockingly complex. Not knowing if or when I will recognize MY own face again leaves me questioning my very identity, a difficult notion to grapple or come to terms with right now. I am not seeking reconstructive, plastic and oral surgeons because I want to look "perfect," "normal," the same or fit anyone else's standards of beauty to confirm to set expectations, but rather because I want my body to feel right and function properly, now and in the decades to come. I want to be me.

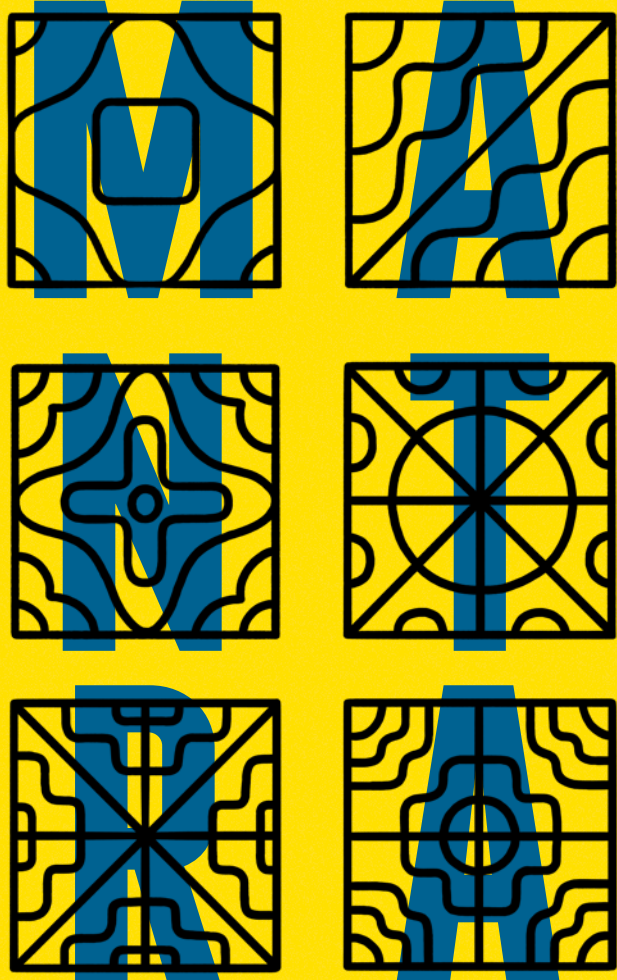
While I know that each day brings me closer to full healing, restoration of strength and however my new normal will look, any such headway is not discernible in small intervals and stalls frequently, which proves exhausting, challenging and infuriating, generating an onslaught of negative feelings. Recovery is far more challenging, serious and drawn out than I could have foreseen, leaving me staring at a face and body in which I feel trapped, reeling from a shockingly dark state of mind-numbing confusion, deep despondency and intense sadness. Nothing about these new physical and mental realities is easy to process.

I lived with one Erin for 28 years, and really did grow to love every part of her. Learning what it means to embrace a new version of me is not something that happens overnight, but I will get there, I pray.

SPEAKING

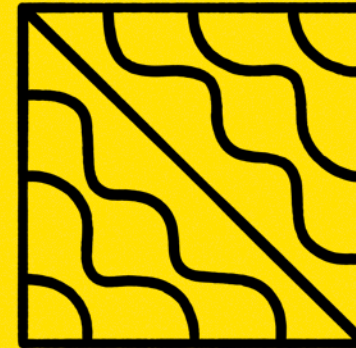
53

BROADLY



~~~~~  
EACH EPISODE OF *SPEAKING BROADLY* PROVIDES  
LESSONS TO LIVE BY. HERE'S A SAMPLING.

MANTRA FIG. 1

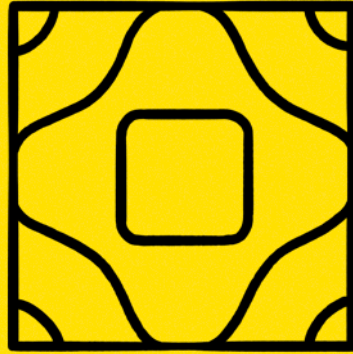


ZOE ADJONYOH  
CHEF & ENTREPRENEUR



~~~~~  
**Let yourself
be carried away
by the momentum
of big ideas.**

MANTRA FIG. 2

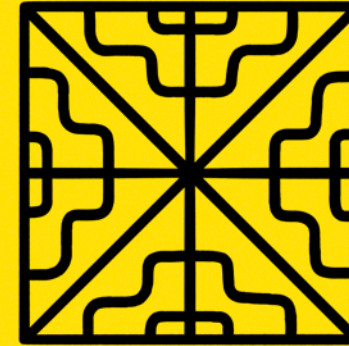


HAILE THOMAS
ACTIVIST



**Start a GTPT list,
which means
“Grateful to Prioritize Today.”
Your to-do list
isn’t a punishment.**

MANTRA FIG. 3



NASIM ALIKHANI
RESTAURATEUR



**Leaving something
is as freeing
as starting
something new.**

MANTRA FIG. 4

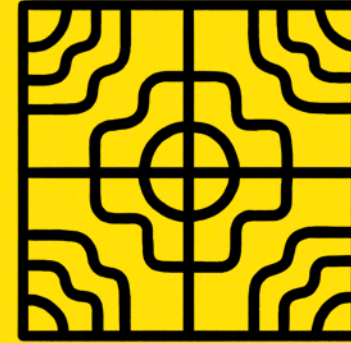


MARTHA HOOVER
RESTAURATEUR



**Embrace micro-ambitions
and set reasonable goals.
Then don't stop.**

MANTRA FIG. 5



CARLA HALL
CHEF & ACTOR



**If your boss
doesn't give you
a chance to succeed,
she's failed you.**

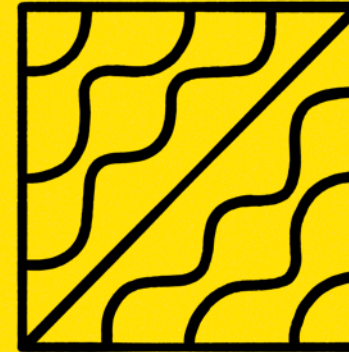
MANTRA FIG. 6



KRISTEN KISH
CHEF



MANTRA FIG. 7



PRIYA PARKER
AUTHOR



**Until you live your truth,
it's like living life
with the mute button on.**

**Learn how to belong
without disappearing.**

SCHOOL SY YOURSELF

A LOT OF SO-CALLED EMPOWERMENT MESSAGING PROMISES YOU'LL BE HAPPY IF YOU TRUST YOUR GUT, ENJOY THE JOURNEY, EMBRACE UNCERTAINTY. BUT THAT CAN BE REALLY HARD. HERE, FOUR INCREDIBLE WOMEN TELL US HOW THEY ACHIEVED SUCCESS ON THEIR OWN TERMS.

Career Building at the Speed of Sound

STORY BY ~~~~~ CAITY MOSEMAN WADLER  57

I

I **N 2013**, when I left my comfortable job at a promising biotech startup to pursue a master's degree in food studies at NYU, I wasn't exactly sure what kind of work I would look for after graduation. While I was still in school, I was awarded an internship at Heritage Radio Network, an all-food, not-for-profit radio station through a Julia Child Foundation Food Writing Fellowship.

Fourteen whirlwind months later, I was stunned when my boss, Executive Director Erin Fairbanks, told me that she was moving on, and that she wanted me to step into her position, making me the only full-time staff member in the office. After her generous three-month transition,

it was obvious that there would be no one looking over my shoulder or telling me what to do. It was up to me to figure it out. These are the lessons I learned from plunging into a job I had no idea how to do.

GOOGLE YOUR WAY TO WISDOM

Whenever I confronted a new problem or an unfamiliar task, I started with a flurry of online research. Faced with the challenge of expanding the reach of our programs, for instance, I searched “free marketing for nonprofits”—and learned we were eligible for an easy-to-secure \$120,000-per-year advertising grant from Google. I was surprised to see how asking the most obvious questions led to the most useful results and how saying “I don’t know” opened the door to

figuring it out. Even when Google didn’t surface the answer, it helped me build up lists of leads and strategies and introduced me to incredibly helpful online professional groups like the Nonprofit Leadership Lab.

BE VULNERABLE AND ASK EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS

As the Executive Director of HRN, part of my job requires me to raise funds for our operating expenses—a role for which I was entirely unprepared. I was stumped. Even Google couldn’t help me. I was talking to a media buyer and I couldn’t understand what she was asking me; I didn’t get the jargon. It was embarrassing, but I asked her to explain the industry standards and acronyms to me. She not



HRN on Tour crew at Feast in Portland. Caity, second from left. Dana, second from right.

only answered my questions, but helped us secure game-changing underwriting funds. I ran into a similar conundrum when we faced an unexpected legal issue. I called a friend from graduate school who had a law degree and, completely baring my soul, explained that I was totally underwater, in unknown territory. I was uncomfortable asking for free advice, but we had no money to pay a lawyer. She saved my butt by showing me a path to a solution, and then went the extra mile and helped us establish a pro bono counsel relationship with one of the best law firms in the world. So while sometimes it may be beneficial to “Fake it till you make it,” other times extreme vulnerability and a humble ask for help are better.

I still get very nervous about taking advantage of someone’s generosity, so I’ve spent a lot of time thinking about the best way to frame a question that shows respect for their time and expertise. One key is keeping the request limited and actionable. I also have a rule to never ask someone a question without Googling it first.

FREE UP BRAIN SPACE

As I began to get comfortable with the basic functions of my role as executive director, I needed to think about how to find space to think about strategy and relationship-building. I leaned on technology to free myself up.

Having the right equipment can make all the difference—I realized that my out-of-date desktop computer was taking forever to load, and I was completely losing my train of thought during these momentary delays. I decided the expense of a new laptop was justifiable if it meant my work could be more streamlined. Sometimes in nonprofits there is a mindset that you can’t have nice things; that there should always be this sort of deprivation. But that self-sacrificing mentality can backfire.

I’m also a huge nerd about keyboard shortcuts. I use a keyboard-controlled virtual assistant app, Alfred, to find files, do quick math, or pull up contacts. I’ve heard that walking through doorways makes you prone to forgetting what you were doing, and I think that translates to the virtual world, too. I fight the impulse to multitask by banishing interrupting thoughts to cloud-based notes.

THINK LIKE A SCIENTIST

My science training taught me that a negative result is still valuable, even if it’s disappointing or frustrating in the moment, because when an experiment doesn’t go as you’d hoped or expected, you still learn something. Failure can reveal surprising factors you may not have considered, and these insights can steer you toward the right path. Failure is OK, and in fact necessary, to learn and improve.

In science, it’s also vitally important that your results are repeatable, even when someone else performs the work. So, I remind myself that cross-training (especially on small teams) and documentation are critical to any organization’s health.

BONUS: BE PROUD OF YOUR BRAVERY

We all muddle through. No one actually knows everything about a job or a field. Pursuing any new skill, knowing you won’t be perfect at it right away, or maybe ever, requires a lot of guts, so don’t forget to be proud of your bravery!

The Invisible Baker Makes Herself Seen

STORY BY ~~~~~
VALLERY LOMAS 



AFTER HITTING SNOOZE twice already, it was only 4:15am. I quickly did the math to see if a third snooze was an option: 10 minutes to roll the dough, 30 minutes to rest the dough, 60 minutes to bake, 20 minutes to cool, 60 minutes to style and shoot (there should be sunlight by then), 25 minutes to throw on clothes, blend a smoothie...that was nearly three-and-a-half hours. If I got up right away, I would be on my way to work by 8, and at my desk in lower Manhattan ready for a full day of lawyering by 9.

No time for a third snooze.

Rolling out the cold dough I'd prepped the night before, I marveled at the marbling of butter that would ensure a flaky crust. I showered, and ironed my pants and blouse

while the pie baked. Finally, I was slicing the pie, arranging it on the pie plate, then on dessert plates, creating a scene worthy of that one photo you need in any shoot: the money shot. The hero image.

I stood on top of a chair and then, with the balance of a tightrope walker, stepped onto my windowsill for a higher vantage point. I had already rearranged the furniture in my small studio apartment to make room for me, the food, my tripod and my camera. There was no point in trying to be on time for work at this point; I was in too deep.

Around 9:20, I raced to the subway, stomach empty, face bare, hair barely combed—but the shot I got was gorgeous! I edited the photo on my phone on the ride from 125th Street to Fulton Street.

This routine persisted for about two years. I loved making baked goods to share with friends and photograph for Instagram, and I'd even become a social media influencer for clients. But I was burning the candle at both ends. In fact, I was almost sure there was no wax left. I had little time for friends and family, let alone dating or a social life (pretty essential for a single gal in her early 30s!). According to my therapist, this was not sustainable.

I wanted more—not just a hobby, but a full-blown career in baking. I didn't know what that would look like. I knew it didn't involve commercial baking in a traditional sense (I had done that already with a failed macaron business back in 2011). I wanted to create things, new things, involving recipes, writing, photos, videos.

The practice of law is based on precedent, but precedent wasn't much help as I tried to map out my second career. I knew of bloggers-turned-cookbook authors, but they all seemed to fit a profile that certainly wasn't mine: married or boo'ed up, sharing life (and cake!) with a partner. Plus, they had crazy popular blogs with juggernaut followings.

“IN WHAT FELT LIKE A SPLIT SECOND, I DECIDED TO YET AGAIN BET ON MYSELF. AND BET BIG.”

I just had me, in my studio apartment, standing on a windowsill.

Then, in 2017, I got an email asking if I would consider auditioning for *The Great American Baking Show*. Ultimately, I was not only cast as a contestant, I actually won the whole thing! I was convinced this *deus ex machina* would rescue me from the nutty routine of essentially having two jobs.

And so I returned to my legal work, patiently waiting for the show to air, feeling certain that this win would open opportunities for me—book deals, TV appearances—as it had for others.

But there was a snag. After only two episodes had aired, the show was canceled because one of the judges was accused of sexual harassment. It was the height of the #MeToo movement, and, as everywhere, industry giants were being toppled. My big win never arrived, putting all my plans on hold—seemingly indefinitely.

MY MEMORIES OF THE DAYS AFTER the show's cancellation are a blur, but I do recall that food had no taste. I felt so gobsmacked, ironically punished for the alleged bad actions of a man against other women. I somehow put on an “I'm fine” face for my colleagues, my family, the world.

I thought there was still a chance I could sweep up the crumbs and make something. Maybe not a tiered cake, but at least mash the crumbs up with some frosting and make cake balls. I tried to write a book proposal, but the agent I'd spoken with earlier didn't think I could sell a cookbook anymore because, I was



told, no one knew who I was. Days passed, then weeks, months.

It was April, five months after the show was canceled. I was sitting at my desk reviewing an appeal when I was suddenly overcome with the feeling that I needed to make a major move NOW. In what felt like a split second, I decided to yet again bet on myself. And bet big. I was going to quit my job to give myself a real chance at this food thing. The book thing. The TV thing. All of it. And so, after a few months of tying up loose ends, I finally walked away from my attorney job after eight years of practicing law.

But here's the thing about writing a cookbook. You have to sell a proposal first, and that can be harder to write than the book because you have to conceptualize the whole thing. And, well, if you've never done that, there is quite a steep learning curve.

Three months went by while I worked with clients to create #SponCon for social media and put off finishing my book proposal. I kept reminding myself, "You didn't leave your job to promote someone

else's business. You did it to share your story and recipes in a cohesive way." But anxiety gripped me.

I knew I couldn't do it alone (no one does it alone). So, I sent an email to Dana Cowin, the woman behind this zine who had interviewed me on her podcast, *Speaking Broadly*, who had been so compassionate yet inspiring during that dark period that followed the show being canceled.

I told her I needed to finish my book proposal, but that I was having trouble. She agreed to meet up with me. In about an hour, we combed through the issues I was having: what I wanted to do and how I needed to get over my writer's block. She told me I could finish it in a week. "So, just finish it this week!" she said with unbridled confidence in my capabilities. Holding on to those words, I managed to complete a first draft in about 10 days.

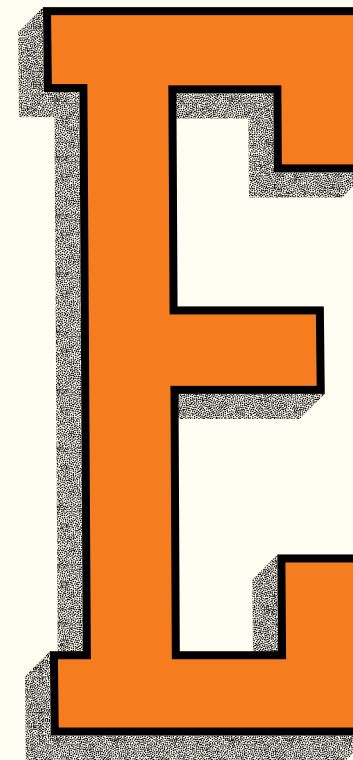
I re-worked that draft several times with my new agent, Judy Linden, until we were both happy with it. Cookbook author Julia Turshen, another woman who had encouraged me, shared insight that enabled me to confidently choose an editor and publisher. I sold my book proposal to the editor and publisher of my dreams, Raquel Pelzel, the editorial director at Clarkson Potter.

For the first time in my professional career, in law or food, I felt that I had mentors I could turn to for advice. Women like Nancy Hopkins, Jamila Robinson and Kat Kinsman championed me, throwing my name in the hat for features, appearances, judging and board positions. After filming a few live classes with the Food Network's digital platform, I created a six episode digital series, *Vallery Bakes Your Questions*.

I try to pause and experience a moment of gratitude for each milestone. I know there are more opportunities ahead, but also more challenges. This is only the beginning.

A Winemaker Learns to Trust Herself

STORY BY ~ TARA GOMEZ 



EVER SINCE I WAS A KID I've known that I wanted to be a winemaker. It started with a love of science—I still have my Fisher-Price microscope from when I was four. When I was older, my parents would take me on winery tours, and one time we passed by a lab and saw people in white coats doing titrations. In an instant I knew the direction I wanted to take.

There have been moments when I've had doubts and still forced myself to plow ahead. Let me tell you about three challenges that helped me discover a new me.

LEARNING ABOUT WINE...WITH ADHD

At Fresno State, I was one of only a few students in the enology program who didn't have a background in winemaking, and one of only a handful of women. The coursework was intense, and even tougher for me because of my ADHD, which had not yet been diagnosed. I was always the last person to turn in an exam because

“THERE HAVE BEEN MOMENTS WHEN I’VE HAD DOUBTS AND STILL FORCED MYSELF TO PLOW AHEAD.”

it would take me forever: I would read the test, read it, read it, over and over again. Even though I was struggling, I kept everything inside until I almost exploded. It got to the point where I thought, maybe enology isn’t for me.

Even though I had to repeat a class or two, I managed to stick with the program. I studied twice as hard as everyone else, stayed after class to ask questions, worked in the winery on campus to build my experience, came out of my shell.

The enology program began with about 100 students, and by the end, only 12 of us graduated, including only one other woman.

FACING DOWN THE DOUBTERS AT HARVEST

When I became winemaker at Kitá Wines in Santa Barbara County, I started calling all the shots. I had worked with great winemakers at Fess Parker and J. Lohr, and at wineries in the Pyrenees region of Spain, but at Kitá I really didn’t have anyone to bounce ideas off of. It was just me.

A little back story: In 2010, my tribe, the Santa Ynez Band of Chumash Indians, purchased a 1400-acre property from Fess Parker’s estate in order to build additional housing. The land, called Camp 4, came with a vineyard as a kind of bonus.

The financial support of the tribe had made it possible for me to get my enology degree, so I was excited to make wine for them from the new vineyard. It took some convincing—the tribe elders didn’t really know anything about the wine industry, and I think they still saw me as a child. They finally gave me the green light saying, “Figure it out and make

some wines, and we’ll see.” I knew I had to prove myself.

Although the 2010 vintage was one of the hardest to produce in the history of Santa Barbara County winemaking, I wasn’t worried because of my experience working with temperature extremes in the Pyrenees. When I told the vineyard management team that I wanted to pick earlier than other winemakers, they pushed back. I remember being questioned a lot: “Are you sure you want to pick this early?” And my confidence dropped.

When I talked about this with my father, he reminded me to trust my gut. And once the reviews of the wines started coming in, the questioning began to stop. In fact, I think 2020 is my best vintage to date.

ENGAGING YOUR ADVERSARIES

In January 2019 I was asked by a very wealthy and conservative private club to speak about Kitá Wines. I knew going into it that many members of the club had unfavorable feelings toward our tribe because of our casino, which had faced a lot of opposition. Yet, when their president asked me to come, I agreed.

I arrived at the club and rang the bell. I remember the anxiety I felt, not only because I was Native American, but because I had brought my wife with me. With her by my side, I was able to compose myself and speak from the heart, and I think that’s what captured the audience’s attention. Somewhat to my surprise, a lot of people came up to me afterward to thank me for sharing my story and the story of my tribe. I later learned that the club had asked a few times for members of our tribe to come speak, but I was the only one who’d agreed.

Today my old Fisher-Price microscope is on display at one of our tasting rooms, a symbol of where we began and how far we’ve come.

Supplying a New Perspective

STORY BY ~~~~~
TAYLOR LANZET 

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Y COVER LETTER SAID, “I believe our national food system marginalizes and exploits farmers, workers and the act of eating itself.” I was ready to upend the status quo in food. But first, I needed a job.

That’s how I became the support chief at Dig Food Group in New York City, which basically meant refunding \$1.50 to customers who weren’t happy with the guac, and naming our conference rooms (one is still called Baby Carrot, TYSM). This wasn’t exactly what I’d dreamed I’d be doing after college, where I ran a nationally recognized CSA and created Rhode Island state legislation to support small-scale farming. But the job got me close to the people building out Dig’s

supply chain, the ones who figured out what to buy, from vegetables to salmon to takeout bowls. And that's exactly where I wanted to be to help radically change the food system.

I TRIED TO LEARN as much as I could about our supply chain, asking questions like: Why can't we work with more independent farmers? Why can't we commit to longer contracts? Why are we only working with white men? I also badgered and cajoled Dig founder Adam Eskin, convincing him to invest in a farm in Chester, New York, so we could grow our own vegetables.

After about two years, I presented Adam with a vision of the future. And he gave me a shot, moving me over to head Dig's supply chain and putting me in charge, overnight, of buying millions of dollars of vegetables a year.

That first year, I went to the Produce Marketing Association Fresh Summit or PMAs (think VMAs but for produce) to meet the people I'd been speaking to



on the phone and to set up contracts for the next year. The PMAs are dominated by corporations like Walmart, Costco and Kroger, and also by white men double my size wearing branded poly-cotton polos.

Vegetable businesses are passed down through generations in families—fathers and sons and uncles and brothers and nephews who sell potatoes by the 50-pound case because that's what grandpa said was best. They take their customers out for golf because, who doesn't love to golf? When an industry is run by the same people—and the same types of people—for generations, we're all missing out.

Walking the show, I searched for diversity—the women, the young people, the people of color, the indigenous communities, the immigrants—that are crucial to our food system and are often the forgotten and ignored hands that feed us. But at a show like the PMAs, diversity doesn't really exist.

Booth after booth, I was turned away. I felt like the last kid picked for the kickball team because I couldn't get anyone to talk to me. No one took me seriously, assuming that I wasn't the one making



“WHEN I DECIDED TO PUT MY PREFERRED PRONOUNS OF SHE/HER, THEY/THEM IN MY EMAIL, I WAS SCARED THAT SOME SUPPLIERS OR VENDORS MIGHT DROP OUR ACCOUNT...”

buying decisions or, worse, that I was in marketing and not purchasing. My strategy in the beginning was to only talk to the women at the booths; but because there wasn't a woman at every booth, I still couldn't get through. It was exhausting, and I was devastated.

Finally, I recruited a friend's dad, Peter Robbins, who is an industry legend, to walk the show with me. I will be forever grateful to Peter. Having him by my side resulted in major produce contracts and validation from an industry that I so desperately needed (and wanted).

That moment of success wasn't typical in my first year, because “I didn't get it.” Or at least that's what I was told by suppliers and vendors nearly every single day. Other faves I heard a lot:

“Well, I don't know what to tell you.”

“Listen, sweetie, let me explain how this works.”

“Can I speak to your manager?”

“Oh, you're Taylor? I was expecting a man.”

“You sound beautiful.”

As a queer nonbinary-presenting human, I get mis-gendered a lot, which adds to my feelings of isolation. When I decided to put my preferred pronouns of she/her, they/them in my email signature, I was scared that some suppliers or vendors might laugh, or choose not to work with Dig anymore and drop our account, or say something rude to me that I would likely have to swallow and ignore. I had nightmares that I would have to tell my boss that we lost a supplier because they didn't want to work with me.

I tortured myself for months—I didn't sleep and I feared every day that I was going to make the wrong call or not know enough and blow up the P&L. But I discovered ways to make it better. I found the people who believed in me. Peter (an old white man, btw) would send email introductions to industry folks and say, “Bob, our industry needs new faces and inspiration and you need to work with Taylor—she is one of our most trusted and reliable partners and is building a supply chain we have only dreamed of.” I took the layup; how could I not?

I also figured out how to flip the table and not just sit at it. That meant prioritizing sourcing from marginalized farmers and building relationships that focused on long-term farm viability, financial success (aka longer contracts and paying upfront), true seasonality and all the emotional support in between.

Dig buys 10 million pounds of vegetables each year and we've become very intentional about where we spend our money. I keep asking myself the same questions I asked when I was support chief—and hold myself and my team accountable for finding better answers.

BUILDING A DIVERSE TEAM is the most important thing I've done. I focus a lot of energy on creating a positive experience for the kinds of people that I didn't see at that first PMA. I'm proud that the Dig supply team is now 11 people—it is a team of women, queers, people of color, first generation, and young folks. Even in just a few years I can feel the shifts around me; the shows and conferences are more diverse and people who are applying for jobs at Dig want to know about our supply chain. We're working to build a model that values the best and most creative parts of the industry's past while building a more just system.

THEN

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NOW

MOST OF THE WORK WRITTEN FOR THIS ZINE WAS COMPLETED IN LATE 2019, ALMOST TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS AGO. CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT HAD CHANGED FOR THE AUTHORS, WE ASKED A FEW FOLLOW-UP QUESTIONS. THE ANSWERS FROM THIS SMALL GROUP ARE OFTEN BEAUTIFULLY SPECIFIC, BUT THEY ARE ALSO REPRESENTATIVE OF AN INSPIRING, SEISMIC CULTURAL SHIFT THAT PRIORITIZES EMOTIONAL WELL-BEING AND QUALITY OF LIFE OVER SPEED AND EXTERNAL SYMBOLS OF SUCCESS.

JULIA CONEY (P22)

REGENT PROJECT:

Black Wine Professionals, a resource for wine industry employers and gatekeepers, professionals and the food and beverage community. Our goal is to lift up the multifaceted Black professionals in the world of wine.

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

Traveling. Which I'm looking forward to doing more of. I missed traveling.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I was busier than ever in 2020 and 2021. Now, I'm taking great pauses. I'm giving myself grace and allowing myself to not be so busy and to say no.

"I AM GRATEFUL FOR THE OBJECTIVITY I GAINED WITHIN THE LONELINESS AND STILLNESS. I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE TIME I HAD TO REFOCUS MY CAREER."

— ZAHRA TANGORRA

CHRISTINA LECKI (P24)

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

I am spending less money, meditating, exercising and taking no one in my life for granted. Savoring every moment.

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

I was completely inspired by the tenacity of my friends in the restaurant industry. I also became very obsessed with music, especially the history and origins of cumbia, blues and reggae.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I don't try to think much of pre-pandemic me, I am forward-thinking only and accept that the world has changed. I am much more aware of the fragility of our planet and human existence.

CHEETIE KUMAR (P14)

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

Learning how to protect my boundaries and maintain an internal dialogue that isn't work related. I also started a journal that I'm still struggling to incorporate into a regular practice.

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

That was tough. I realized that exhaustion is the enemy of inspiration. I found that a little outdoor time, exercise or just rest helped more than I had imagined.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I view my life as so much more open-ended, with a sense of detachment from "outcomes," which I definitely didn't have before. Shattering the illusion of control over our lives was a blessing for me. I feel like pre-pandemic me was incarcerated in a structure not of my choosing. I'm working to release her!

VICTORIA JAMES (P40)

REGENT PROJECT:

Cote Wine Club! Although the idea was born out of the pandemic, we now ship nationwide and offer exclusive access to events, tastings and our restaurants. It's been such a fun process to bring our selections to a whole new audience at home!

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

I'm a mum now! My daughter, Simone, is now my main focus; it's really just a wild and incredible world.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I have some real battle scars and am much stronger and more confident—I mean, we survived the impossible! I still relate to the curiosity and hopefulness of my pre-pandemic self; I'm not completely jaded and crusty yet!

VALLERY LOMAS (P66)

REGENT PROJECT:

My cookbook, *Life is What You Bake It*. It has over 100 of my favorite baking recipes—everything from the winning recipes from *The Great American Baking Show* to recipes inspired by my upbringing in Louisiana, as well as recipes that have been in my family for generations.

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

With everyone at home and eager to bake, it was thrilling to be able to communicate with new audiences by sharing teaching videos on both social media and traditional media.

“I REALIZE NOW THAT I CAN ACHIEVE MORE BY DOING LESS.”

— HENRIETTA LOVELL

CARLA HALL (P59)

REGENT PIVOT:

I have been focusing on my personal path across all aspects of my life. The past few years have seen major pivots all around. As I observed them, they inspired me to be brave and focus on what I want to accomplish. I'm working on a major pivot—more/new opportunities around acting/voice acting.

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

The double-edged sword of success is that I was caught in a whirlwind of saying yes to everything because I felt grateful about the “success” part. I've learned to be more intentional about resting and spending quality “nothing” time at home as a way to recharge my creative flow. It's a balance that I am still figuring out.

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

Suddenly, I was spending so much time thinking about health that I realized I had not been valuing it for a long time. To start changing those habits, I began interacting with other people, creating a positive energy feedback loop. I began sharing a 10 minute recess every day on Instagram. I only did fun activities: hopscotch, jump rope, skip ball, roller skating with Matthew! So many people joined me or just cheered me on. Those 10 minutes were really inspirational for me and changed the trajectory of my own health journey.

EMIE DUNAGAN (P30)

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

Each day during the pandemic, while I was staying with my grandparents in Louisville, I challenged myself to make us a meal with absolutely no recipes. I would just open the fridge and see what I had to work with and make something new.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

Pre-pandemic me was definitely more strict and stubborn. With all the changes that occurred continuously during the pandemic I have learned to be much more flexible and adaptable with myself and my plans.

ZAHRA TANGORRA (P4)

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

I am constantly inspired by the human spirit and people's capacities to thrive and create and capture even the tiniest ray of light in the darkest of times. I was and continue to be inspired by folks from all walks of life who find a way to joke and laugh and cry and fight all in a day's time.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I have definitely slowed down in some ways, and accelerated in others. I look back on myself pre-Covid, and mourn my social life and all the fun and excitement that came with it. I miss my friends who moved away. I miss going to restaurants. I miss not worrying. But I am grateful for the objectivity I gained within the loneliness and stillness. I'm grateful for the time I had to refocus my career. That is a privilege that I am very much aware of and trying to handle with gratitude and care.

HENRIETTA LOVELL (P26)

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

Staying in one place for any length of time. I used to travel six months of the year to visit tea farms and customers. I realize now that I can achieve more by doing less.

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

Our tea farmers and tea communities. Many of them faced far harder difficulties than we did in the relative security of the West. If I thought times were tough, that was nothing compared to marginalized communities with no access to furlough schemes or healthcare. And they needed our support more than ever.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I'm way more relaxed. I just couldn't maintain that level of anxiety. Something had to give. And somehow, somewhere in all the difficulties we all faced, I found some perspective.

TAYLOR LANZET (P71)

REGENT PROJECT:

I'm working on my first venture, Anytime Spritz, a new product in the ready-to-drink canned space with my best friend, Maddy Rotman. I have learned about some incredible beverage makers globally, have enjoyed drinking some out-of-this-world concoctions, and am exploring what it means to build a business from the ground up.

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

I don't text from my computer anymore: life-changing. It has transformed my relationship with my phone. Oh, and I'm making a lot of fresh pasta at home.

DANA FRANK (P36)**ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:**

Working less! I'm still working a lot, but I've really prioritized my work-life balance in ways that I never have before. It's pretty wonderful to spend so much time with my family and friends.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I'm almost not sure who that person is anymore! I've had a lot of time to think about the insane pace of life over the course of my career, and I can't believe I had normalized working and living that way.

ERIN SCHRODE (P52)**PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:**

To be of service is my driving force, guiding light and strongest motivator. In just eight months of the pandemic, at my nonprofit Turning Green, we served over 18.7 million organic meals to students, and sourced millions of pounds of fresh, local, organic food from farms and food businesses, with tremendous direct positive impacts for our soils, climate and local economies.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

In many ways, I feel like I got a head start on the radical transformation no one could avoid during the pandemic. I was self-isolating and quarantining beginning in September 2019, due to my accident, six months before Covid changed everyone's behavior. We are all fundamentally transformed. We have survived. We are stronger than we knew, more powerful than we ever imagined, and, I pray, more resilient than we believe.

**MARGUERITE ZABAR
MARISCAL (P34)****RECENT PROJECT:**

I am most excited that we're bringing Momofuku to where our customers are. We've moved outside the four walls of a restaurant by serving customers through Goldbelly, offering virtual cooking classes and launching the Momofuku home cooking line. This line was in development for several years and, while the middle of a pandemic feels like a crazy time to debut a new idea, it ended up being the perfect way to bring Momofuku to all our customers stuck at home.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

Since March 2020, I've learned that Murphy's Law is true. But also totally okay! I had to learn to love flexibility and an openness to experimentation. I would also emphasize the importance of rest and recharging, which can feel counterintuitive when you're dealing with an onslaught of pandemic obstacles.

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

Like everyone else in New York, I now own a dog. Her name is Carmela.

NINI NGUYEN (P10)**PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:**

I have really come into my own during the last few years. Pre-pandemic me was still trying to figure out what sort of chef I wanted to be and how to get there. Now, I have a business doing something I absolutely love (teaching) and I feel like the unrealistic goals I once had are now attainable.

**“WHAT IF AMBITION IS
JUST A DELUSION? WHAT
IF OUR PURPOSE IS FAR
MORE ABOUT LIVING
THAN ACHIEVING?”**

— HOLLY WHITAKER

HOLLY WHITAKER (P50)**RECENT IDEA:**

After stepping down as CEO of Tempest, the company I founded, plus all the changes in our world, the idea I'm most excited by is this: What if ambition is just a delusion? What if our purpose is far more about living than achieving?

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

Sleeping! A lot. “Enjoying” not having the answers.

PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:

I took the space to think critically about things we take as given around how we spend our lives and what we value. I read a lot about work, as well as entropy and the second law of thermodynamics; weird and obscure. And I took inspiration from anthropologists and physicists like David Graeber, James Suzman and Brian Greene! I also read a lot of Pema Chödrön.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

She was tired, and she had a different idea of what would make her happy. I love her because she got me here.

TARA GOMEZ (P69)**PANDEMIC INSPIRATION:**

Since everything was shut down, I had to think of creative ways to reach our clients, so we developed wine kits and Zoom tastings. It was a great experience to be able to connect in the comfort of our own homes.

PRE-PANDEMIC YOU VS CURRENT YOU:

I honestly believe I didn't change much. It made me think outside the box a little more, but that's about it. I am still the same person.

HEATHER THOMASON (P44)**RECENT PROJECT:**

The pandemic forced us to move our business online and to explore how best to reach and serve our local market there, including how we can use content not just to sell pasture-raised meat, but also to reinforce our mission and values through education. We're still learning.

ACTIVITIES 2022 VS 2020:

Resting! At the start of the pandemic I was already moving fast, which accelerated—there was a constant need to react, respond and pivot quickly. We learned to throw our plans in the air, think short term, take shots in the dark and try new things. I started to rewire myself in order to live and work that way, until I realized that it was survival mode and not a sustainable or lasting approach. Now I prioritize taking time to move thoughtfully and to make sure that I am healthy, rested and ready for whatever comes next. It's important to remember it's always about the long game.

CONTRIBUTORS

ZOE ADJONYOH is a chef, author, entrepreneur and founder of Zoe's Ghana Kitchen. Zoe has been pioneering modern West African food in the forms of supper clubs, her own restaurant in Brixton, pop-ups, street food and events since 2010. In 2017 she released her debut cookbook *Zoe's Ghana Kitchen*, which was republished and released nationwide in the U.S. in 2021.

NASIM ALIKHANI is the chef and owner of Sofreh, the acclaimed Persian restaurant in Brooklyn. She emigrated to the U.S. from Iran as a student, pursuing law. While finishing school, she worked as a waitress, nanny and family cook. Her career veered in many directions—from owning a copy shop to opening a foundation in Iran. Through it all, her passion for cooking and her dream of opening a restaurant were a steadfast beacon. Finally, after 25 years, in 2018, Sofreh's doors opened.

ELLEN BENNETT is the Latinx founder & Chief Branding Officer of Hedley & Bennett, a workwear brand that makes aprons and gear on a mission to inspire and empower creativity and confidence in the kitchen. In April 2021, Ellen released her first book, *Dream First, Details Later*, which outlines her personal playbook of putting your inner worrier on silent and leaping into action.

GABRIELA CÁMARA is the restaurateur, chef and cookbook author behind restaurants Contramar, Entremar, Itacate del Mar and Caracol in Mexico City, as well as Cala in San Francisco. Named to the 2020 *TIME* 100 list, the 2019 *Bloomberg* 50 list, in addition to being recognized as one of *Fortune's* Most Innovative Women in Food & Drink, Gabriela continues to pioneer sustainability practices and cultivate equitable environments at her restaurants while highlighting modern Mexican cuisine.

JULIA GONEY is a Washington, D.C. and Houston-based wine writer, consultant and speaker. Julia is the recipient of *Wine*

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EMIE DUNAGAN, a Louisville native, is now the pastry chef at Apiary Fine Catering & Events in Lexington, Kentucky. Pre-Covid Emie worked under her LEE Initiative mentor, Mindy Segal at Hot Chocolate in Chicago, until its closure.

DANA FRANK owns Bar Norman, a cozy natural wine bar in Portland, Oregon, that revolves around good music, fun people and quality wines. She's a mother, wife and sister, loves cooking and walking, and has always possessed a serious travel bug.

EVAN FUNKE is a two-time James Beard-nominated chef, master pasta maker and author based in Los Angeles. His critically acclaimed pan-Italian restaurant, Felix, continues to be one of the toughest reservations in town after almost five years. His new flagship Mother Wolf, a grand ode-to-Rome, recently opened and is a fierce rival to Felix in demand and popularity.

TARA GOMEZ pursued a degree in enology with the help of a scholarship from her tribe, the Santa Ynez Band of Chumash Indians. She launched Kitá Winery for the tribe in 2010; it ceased operations in 2022. After 24 years in the wine industry, Tara now has her own winery, Camins 2 Dreams, which she shares with her wife.

BERTHA GONZÁLEZ NIEVES is the CEO and co-founder of Casa Dragones Tequila, the renowned small-batch, independent tequila company. She is the first woman to be accredited as a Maestra Tequilera by the Academia Mexicana de Catadores de Tequila. She has served as a Board member of Editorial Mapas in Mexico City and Legal Momentum in New York City, as well as on the marketing committee of El Museo del Barrio in New

York City and the Board of Endeavor, a global nonprofit that transforms emerging countries by supporting high-impact entrepreneurs.

CARLA HALL is a trained chef and cookbook author who has worked in professional restaurant kitchens in and around Washington, D.C. She spent seven years co-hosting ABC's popular lifestyle series *The Chew*, and is currently featured on the Food Network in shows such as *Thanksgiving, Holiday and Halloween Baking Championships* (judge) and *Worst Cooks in America*. Her latest cookbook, *Carla Hall's Soul Food: Everyday and Celebration*, was published in 2018.

MARTHA HOOVER, six-time James Beard Foundation semifinalist, is the founder and president of Patachou Inc., a successful collection of restaurants in Indianapolis, Indiana: Café Patachou, Petite Chou Bistro & Champagne Bar, Napolese Pizzeria, Public Greens, Apocalypse Burger and Bar One Fourteen. In 2013, Martha created The Patachou Foundation to feed healthy meals to food insecure children in Indianapolis.

VICTORIA JAMES is a partner and the director of beverage with Michelin-starred COTE in NYC and Miami. She is also the author of *Drink Pink: A Celebration of Rosé* and *Wine Girl: The Trials and Triumphs of America's Youngest Sommelier*, and creator of her own cool and warm region signature stemware series with Lenox. Additionally, she co-founded Wine Empowered, a nonprofit that offers tuition-free wine education to women and BIPOC in the hospitality industry.

REEM KASSIS is a Palestinian writer whose work focuses on the intersection of food and culture, history and politics. She is the author of the best-selling, award-winning cookbooks *The Palestinian Table* (2017) and *The Arabesque Table* (2021). Her other writings have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Atlantic*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Washington Post*, *The LA Times* and various academic journals.

KRISTEN KISH is a chef/partner at Arlo Grey in Austin, Texas. She's the author of *Kristen Kish Cooking: Recipes & Techniques* and *It's All in the Sauce: Bringing Your Uniqueness to the Table* and co-host of *Fast Foodies*. She was the *Top Chef* Season 10 winner and was featured as an alum judge.

CHEETIE KUMAR is an Indian-born, Bronx-raised Southerner, musician and chef. She cooks multicultural menus at her beloved Raleigh restaurant, Garland, where she blends flavors of South Asia and the surrounding regions with the bounty of local North Carolina. She is a six-time James Beard Awards semifinalist and was a finalist for Best Chef: Southeast in 2020 and 2022. She also serves on the board of the Independent Restaurant Coalition.

TAYLOR LANZET is the senior director of Strategic Sourcing at Daily Harvest, a meal-delivery business. Taylor has led procurement and supply chain teams at Everytable, Chipotle and Dig Food Group. She focuses her energy around best practices to scale regenerative agriculture, build farmer-centric sourcing models, and uplift women and marginalized queer and BIPOC farmers.

CHRISTINA LECKI is a chef currently based in Mexico City, who is embedded in the cultures of Mexico, researching natural fabric dyeing and sustainable practices in restaurants.

VALLERY LOMAS is the author of the cookbook *Life Is What You Bake It*. The former attorney is best known for winning ABC's *The Great American Baking Show*. She is a frequent contributor to *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*. She has also appeared on NBC, Fox, CNN and the History Channel.

HENRIETTA LOVELL is known around the world as the Rare Tea Lady. She is founder and CEO of the award-winning, global brand, Rare Tea Company, which she started in 2004.

MARGUERITE ZABAR MARISCAL is the CEO of Momofuku. She's been featured as *Forbes* 30

Under 30 (2018), and in outlets like *The New York Times*, *Condé Nast Traveler* and *Yahoo Finance*.

NINI NGUYEN is a chef, instructor and former contestant on Bravo's *Top Chef: All Stars*. After living in New York for almost a decade, Nini has returned to her hometown, New Orleans, to reconnect with her Vietnamese roots. She is cooking up Vietnamese food through the lens of a New Orleanian.

PRIYA PARKER is a facilitator, strategic advisor, acclaimed author of *The Art of Gathering: How We Meet and Why it Matters*, and executive producer and host of *The New York Times* podcast *Together Apart*. Trained in the field of conflict resolution, Priya has spent 20 years guiding leaders and groups through complicated conversations about community, identity and vision at moments of transition.

ERIN SCHRODE is an activist and social entrepreneur. Since co-founding environmental education and advocacy nonprofit Turning Green in 2005, she has devoted her life to sustainability, social impact and humanitarian causes.

ZAHRA TANGORRA is a chef, restaurant consultant and writer living in Brooklyn. She is the chef and owner behind the cult favorite Italian American popup, Zaza Lazagna, and also the former chef/owner of beloved Cobble Hill restaurant Brucie. Zahra currently co-hosts *Life's a Banquet* and *Processing* on Heritage Radio Network.

HAILE THOMAS is an international speaker, wellness and compassion activist, content creator, writer, co-founder of wellness teahouse Matcha Thomas and the nonprofit HAPPY (Healthy, Active, Positive, Purposeful, Youth).

HEATHER THOMASON is a butcher and designer. In 2016, she recognized that Philadelphia was ready for community building and change within its food supply chain and founded Primal Supply Meats, a modern butchery committed to local sourcing and whole-animal practices.

COLLEEN VINGENT, director of Culinary Community Initiatives for the James Beard Foundation, is a vocal champion for diverse leadership in all sectors of the hospitality industry. She is also the co-founder of Black Food Folks, a fellowship of Black folks working in food and drink to promote and support each other for mutual success.

CAITY MOSEMAN WADLER is the executive director of Heritage Radio Network, a nonprofit food podcast network. She oversees 35 weekly shows and special programs on topics including agriculture, beverages, dining and culture. Caity holds an M.A. in Food Studies from New York University and a B.A. in Molecular Biology/Biochemistry from Middlebury College. She received the Julia Child Foundation Food Writing Fellowship at Heritage Radio Network in 2015 and was recognized in 2018 as one of the New York City Food Policy Center's 40 Under 40.

HOLLY WHITAKER is the author of *The New York Times* bestselling book, *Quit Like a Woman: The Radical Choice to Not Drink in a Culture Obsessed with Alcohol*. Her work has been featured in *Vogue*, *The New York Times*, *TIME*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Fortune* and many others. Holly's work focuses on understanding the intersections of systems, culture, individual experience and identity through the lens of addiction and recovery. She writes a weekly newsletter called *Recovering*.

CLAUDETTE ZEPEDA is a San Diego-based chef and James Beard Foundation Best Chef West semifinalist known for her fearless culinary style and bold approach to regional Mexican cuisine. As Consulting Chef for VAGA in San Diego's North County, Claudette oversees the restaurant's creative vision, authoring a love letter to her hometown with a menu that celebrates local flavors and influences.

ANSWERS

CAMELLIASINENSIS DARJEELING GRASSY INFUSIONS NANOPLASTICS
 ASSAM ENGLISHBREAKFAST LOOSELEAF OOLONG
 NEPAL FUJIAN MALAWI UNFURL
 COLDEXTRACTION GENMAICHA

(continued from p25)

FORTE

@FORTEBREADCOFFEE

Rafa Rivera's new location in Juárez is a haven for coffee geeks and pastry lovers and an excellent place to stay for a full menu of his creations. Unlike the Roma location, here they serve his famous pizza every night of the week.

MARI GOLD

@MARI.GOLD.MX

Norma Listman and Saqib Keval are pretty much my heroes in this city. Their passion for cultural transparency, sustainability and food systems deeply inspires me and makes me want to stay in Mexico. They recently opened a restaurant Mari Gold as a follow up to their well-known Masala y Maíz. Their harmonious blend of Mexican, Indian and East African ingredients makes for a profoundly tasty dining experience. Next door to Mari Gold is their shop Super Cope, a cooperative that supports small independent makers of wholesome foods, wine and spirits, skincare and home goods.

FOOD VENDORS AT MERCADO EL 100

@MERCADOEL100_

Worth getting up early on a Sunday to see and taste top-notch organic ingredients from farms in and surrounding the state of Mexico. Check out the vegan pastries and pies as well. At the end of the market is a stand called Oztilotzi where I often go for a tlacoyo or taco. My faves are rabbit (*conejo*) tinga or swiss chard (*acelgas*) with nopales, beans and cheese. They often have pulque, so give it a try! It's guaranteed to be frizzy-fresh.

TACOS SONOLOA

@SONOLOA

A small but mighty place with very fresh ingredients serving Northern-style tacos.

There's a lot of attention to detail with hard-to-find, flavorful flour tortillas and fresh salsas. To note: This is a meat-centric place, not vegetarian friendly.

TAQUERIA REVOLUCIÓN

AV. REVOLUCIÓN 722, NONOALGO

Revolución is an off-the-radar spot for a delicious al pastor, gringa or volcán. Their style of al pastor is very traditional so don't expect to see pineapple with your taco. Open from 6pm until 2am, it is a great place for tacos after a night out.

ELLEN BENNETT LOS TOLUCOS

@LOSTOLUCOS

Los Toluco is my favorite pozoleria in Mexico City. It's one of those spots your *abuelitas* take you to on Sundays with the family and the only people around you are locals. Get the green posole, a side of crema, avocado and tostadas.

TAQUERIA EL CALIFA

@ELCALIFA_MX

When I lived in D.F. over a decade ago, my taco love affair was with El Califa. I think of it as a bougie taco stand not because of the vibe, but because of the quality of the meat. Get the ribeye tacos, a side of the roasted onions, and al pastor tacos just to start.

MAQUE

@MAQUECAFE

It's hard to describe the magic of a perfectly moist corn muffin from my favorite bakery in Condesa. I usually finish my first one before I leave the bakery and the next before the end of the block. Get at least 6 to share with your friends (maybe).



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