

# Zingdish!

the inside scoop on all sorts of  
flavorful events around the Zingerman's  
community of businesses

**Zingerman's**  
DELICATESSEN

422 Detroit Street, Ann Arbor MI 48104  
Deli: 734.663.DELI, Next Door Café: 734.663.JAVA



## deli tastings

Upstairs at the Next Door Coffee Shop  
7-9pm (unless otherwise noted)

### Pig-Pig-Pig-Piggie-Pig 3rd Annual Going Whole Hog

Wed., September 9th • 7-9pm • \$20 adv./\$25 door  
Squeal for the Pig! You can eat everything but  
the oink! Salami – Pancetta – Prosciutto – Ham  
– Chorizo – all from the same “Magical” animal.



### 5770—The Year of Cheese & Honey (Pre-Rosh Hashanah Celebration!)

Wed., September 16th • 7-9pm • \$20 adv./\$25 door  
September 19th begins the year 5770 of the  
Jewish calendar. Sound the shofar! Ring in the  
new year with one of the tastiest traditional  
combinations, cheese drizzled with honey.  
With innumerable permutations (given our vast  
selection of both), we've chosen only the most  
flavorful duets for this tasting.



### Live from New York!

#### A Chocolate Tasting with Joan Coukos-Todd of Chocolat Moderne

Tues., September 29th • 7-9 PM • \$30 adv./\$35 door  
Prepare to fall in love with chocolate all over  
again. Joan Coukos-Todd, the spitfire chocolatier  
behind NYC's Chocolat Moderne, is coming to the  
Deli to host the chocolate event of the year. Joan  
makes bonbons, caramels and pralinés with an  
adventurous spirit and an unwavering sense of  
good taste. She will bring her favorites to share  
with us, including some of her new (positively  
swoony!) toffee-crunch chocolate bars. This tast-  
ing will have you talking all winter!

### French Cheeses

Wed., October 7 • 7-9pm • \$20 adv./\$25 door  
Come sample the spectrum of French cheeses  
with Thomas, French native and Deli retail  
superstar. From majestic mountainous Comte to  
soft, stinky sexy époisses. Neither Notre Dame  
nor the Tour D'Eiffel is as iconic to the Deli's  
Francophiles as fromage.

### Sweet and Sour

Wed., October 28 • 7-9pm • \$20 adv./\$25 door  
Though firmly rooted in Chinese cuisine, the  
combination of sweet and sour transcends  
cultures. The French have vinaigrettes, and we  
have BBQ sauces. Pairing all these flavors are  
guaranteed to stimulate your palate. This tasting  
will be full of recipes and samples.

### Steep: A Tea Tasting Tradition

Every other Tuesday • 7pm  
September 1, 15, 29  
October 13 & 27  
\$10 adv./\$15 door  
Maximum of 8 people per tasting



### 24th Annual Paella Party

Sun., September 20 • 11am-3pm • Deli Tent • Free  
The Deli's annual  
September celebration  
of the fabulous foods  
of Spain featuring  
three kinds of tradi-  
tional Paella—Chicken/  
Chorizo, Seafood and  
Vegetarian grilled over Mesquite. The show is  
free—the Paella is sold by the pound.

special Paella  
presentation by Ari  
Weinzweig at noon!

### 4th Annual Zingerman's Halloween Hootenanny

Tues., October 27th, 4-7 PM  
Heated Big Top Tent • \$5 in advance/\$8 @ the door

The Hootenanny is a fall-themed, Zingerman's  
style celebration for kids. Our Big Top Tent will be  
toasty warm and filled with fun decorations and  
activity stations for you to explore. There will be  
Pumpkin Drawing, Kooky Cookie Decorating, a Ci-  
der Press and more! Enjoy music and snacks, and  
don't worry about dinner that night: We'll have a  
tasty hot dog (vegan and regular) dinner available  
for purchase for \$4.99. Costumes are not required,  
but they are encouraged!

### ZingFeast Francais

Thurs., October 22nd, 7-9 PM •  
\$40 advance/\$45 @ the door

Sit-down  
dinner at  
the deli!

Put on your favorite fall scarf and join us for  
our last Zingfeast of the year—the annual  
Zingerman's French Feast. During this soirée, we  
toast the onset of autumn with a table of local  
foods prepared à la française. With reverence  
for classic French country cooking, we serve  
up courses of astoundingly simple, unapolo-  
getically rich food. Crisp apples, ripe cheeses,  
fire-y arugula and creamy squash. Only the best  
food of the moment will make it on the menu.  
Book early and bring your favorite friend.  
Bienvenue!

Please call 734.663.3400 to save a seat • See our full schedule at [www.zingermansdeli.com](http://www.zingermansdeli.com)

**Zingerman's**  
**COFFEE**  
COMPANY.

### "First Tuesday" Tasting!

Sept 1st & Oct 6 • 5 to 6pm  
610 Phoenix Drive, Ann Arbor



Join us monthly for an open-to-  
the-public, no-reservation-required  
cupping. Sit down with Zingerman's  
Coffee Company managing partners  
Allen and Steve and sample some  
new offerings, some old favorites,  
some experimental batches and learn  
how to discern the subtle distinctions  
among the world's coffees.

Future tastings will  
happen the first Tuesday  
of each month, 5-6pm

**Zingerman's**  
**roadhouse**

### Cornman Farms Heirloom Harvest Dinner #3

Tues., September 15 • 7pm • \$45 dinner

The late summer season brings us favorites  
like Provenzano, German Red Strawberry  
and Aunt Ruby's German Green tomatoes;  
Italian roasting peppers like Lipstick and  
Italia; other peppers such as Hungarian hot  
wax and Hinklehatz; Bintje and German But-  
terball potatoes; yellow, orange and purple  
heirloom carrots; lots of spinach, arugula,  
Cherokee red lettuce and radishes will make  
a comeback.

### BENEFIT FOR FOOD GATHERERS 4th Annual Vampire's Ball

October 28 • 6:30pm • \$126



For reservations to all events stop by  
2501 Jackson Rd. or call 734.663.FOOD

Roadhouse Special Dinners are 5-course  
family-style affairs with a little history and a  
LOT of food and feature writers, chefs, authors  
and more from our own community and from  
all around the country.

### 3rd Annual Native American Dinner Traditions of the Native Peoples of the Michigan Territory

Tues., October 13 • 7-10:00 pm • \$45

Explore the history and culinary traditions of the Ojibwe,  
Potawatomi and Ottawa Indians, known as the Three Fires Con-  
federacy, or Anishinaabe peoples in the Great Lakes region and  
learn how those traditions live among the people today. It features  
a menu that highlights the history and foodways of the Great Lakes  
during the early years of the republic and a talk by our special  
guests, UM Professors Margaret Noori, Michael Witgen, Howard  
Kimewon and Phil Deloria, this evening promises to be a lively and  
full-flavored encounter with the living history of Michigan's earli-  
est inhabitants.

Special guest Elizabeth Kostova (author of *The  
Historian*) will give an advance reading of her forth-  
coming book *The Swan Thieves*. Sponsored by our  
friends from Kerrygold Irish Butter. For more infor-  
mation, see page 4.

[www.zingermansroadhouse.com](http://www.zingermansroadhouse.com)

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upcoming  
classes  
with our new  
wood-fired oven



### Naturally Leavened Bread

Sat., Sept. 5 • 8am-5pm • \$250  
Sat., Nov. 7 • 8am-5pm • \$250

Learn to make our famous farm  
bread, the 8 grain 3 seed bread,  
and our Better than San Francisco  
sourdough bread.

### Power of Flour

Sat., Sept. 26 • 9am-5pm • \$250

Experience first hand the power  
of gluten and how whole grains  
change a dough. In this full day  
class. You'll make 4 batches of  
baguettes using several different  
combinations of flours.

Check out the full schedule  
and register for classes at

[www.bakewithzing.com](http://www.bakewithzing.com)

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### Stop by the Creamery Cheese Shop

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[www.zingermanscreamery.com](http://www.zingermanscreamery.com)

### creamery tour

Every Sunday • 2pm  
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ISSUE # 216 • SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2009



# Sourcing Soup

## The Story Behind Really Amazing

It's no surprise to most of you that I mostly love really simple food. Not exclusively, for sure. There are certainly plenty of more complex dishes that I like a lot. But in my own cooking, which usually doesn't happen until I get home at nine at night or later, I'm rarely about to embark on anything overly long and complicated. And although I'm up for ordering something that's hard to make when I go out to eat (which isn't actually all that often), what I really like are dishes that bring out great flavors and let me taste something that's really true to what it is and where it came from. Last summer I was in the Abruzzo visiting the Peduzzi family who make Rustichella pasta. The best foods of the visit? Their spaghetti cooked very al dente (the better to taste the pasta) and served with the traditional Abruzzese hot chile peppers, garlic and bread crumbs. Really excellent little lamb chops (from a lamb raised in the village in which the chef lives) cooked on the grill with nothing more than salt and pepper. Porchetta (whole roast pork, rubbed with garlic, salt, pepper and olive oil) made from a pig that ate nothing but wild forage its whole life. All simple stuff, all fantastic. All of which I wanted to eat more of although I managed restraint given how many other good foods we had over the course of the week.

So, to put it in terms of the subject you were expecting when you read the headline of this piece, I don't like fish just because it's simple. I like it because . . . I think I've just always liked it, even back in the days when my mom used to make us Mrs. Paul's Fish Sticks® for dinner. While I don't crave them in the least now, I do have rather good memories of them. I liked 'em cooked on the crispier side. (Even then I suppose I was into "dark crust." I can send you way more on why I love dark-crust breads if you want to email me: ari@zingermans.com.) In case you're curious, Mrs. Paul's started in 1946 in Philadelphia. Two guys with the initials JP started making frozen crab cakes to wholesale out to make extra money while the plant they were working in went on strike. The company was named for one of their mothers—Mrs. Paul. The whole thing was sold off in 1982 to the Campbell's soup company for something like \$70,000,000. I'm glad I was able to contribute to their success in some small, dark-crust way.

It's funny that these fish stick reminiscences are coming up. I started out to write a pretty straightforward essay about fish freshness, filets and a few of my favorite ways to cook them. Seriously, that's really all I had in mind. But somehow talking fish with the folks at Foley's led me back to family; to memories of going out for fresh perch, of big servings of fried smelt, of stories of my great grandparents and, in a completely otherwise irrelevant culinary footnote, to a drink hardly anyone's ever heard of called Green River. One of the funny and, I think, really great things about writing is that good stuff sneaks up on you. Fingers tap, pen scratches and from some mental room I didn't mean to be in emerges a story that I hadn't had in mind in the least. Here I sit, fish in the forefront but right behind it a mess of memories, some sadness about the death of my mother 18 months ago, a link to Spain, a connection to Portugal, a restaurant serving a whole lot of fresh fish, a lot of good fish cooking in my own kitchen, and, I hope, in yours as well.

All in all, I guess it's just a whole bunch of fish tales, but in this case, all are real and not exaggerated. The Midwest, which is where I grew up, isn't exactly what most of the country thinks of as a place for great food. In *Food of a Younger Land*, an excellent, recent publication of the never-completed writing work done as part of the Works Progress Administration during the Great Depression, author Mark Kurlansky notes, "The Midwest is often thought of as that part of the country that isn't part of anywhere else." Not all that appealing really. While the Great Lakes region is a bit different, much of the Midwest is not exactly known for great fish. But my family *always* ate a lot of fish. Granted, it's not like I grew up on the docks, mending nets, going out to sea six days a week or anything of the sort. We lived in Chicago, not on the coast of Maine, and my parents never owned—nor, I think, it's pretty safe to say, ever really even set foot on—a fishing boat. Fish came straight from the grocery store, not from the sea.

Having given it a bit of thought, though, I realize that I do have a pretty personal connection with fish; one that goes back three generations. My great grandfather, Bzalel Perlis, was a fish seller in Russia—"White Russia" my grandparents

used to say. Today Byelorussia is its own country, but in Bzalel's day it was part of the Tsarist Empire. My great grandfather earned his living by going from his village of Wolcowisc to the port each week, then carting the fish back to the shtetl for sale before the Sabbath on Friday evening. When he made his way to Chicago—in 1916 if I remember it right—his name was changed to "Charles," an Ellis Island adaptation of his Yiddish nickname "Tsali," which was short for Bzalel, and he got a job working with fish. This time, though, the work was smoking the stuff, not selling it. I don't remember him at all really although I've seen some pictures. Tall thin man with short straight hair and wire-rimmed glasses. I recall his youngest daughter (my great-Aunt Lil), my mother (one of his many granddaughters) and others sharing stories of him bringing home bags of smoked fish for the family to eat every Sunday morning. Smoked whitefish, smoked salmon, little golden skinned smoked chubs. I can't quite verify it all now. My mother isn't there to check in with anymore. Although mourning wasn't where I was headed when I got down to starting this essay, it is where the fish led me when I let the emotional line out after sinking the hook. And, honestly, it's these sort of unreturned emotional "calls" into the ether that get to me most when it comes to her passing.

I do remember when we were kids that my grandmother, Bzalel's daughter-in-law, always used to tell me that, "fish was brain food." We were supposed to eat a lot of it because it was going to make us smarter. Whitefish was probably what she cooked most. Nothing fancy, but I did really like it. Just pieces of fresh whitefish, lightly floured, salted, peppered and then pan fried 'til it was sort of golden-brown and really good. I'll somewhat grudgingly admit (I don't want to sound spoiled) that she used to always try to give me the tailpiece. It didn't have any bones, and, as the oldest grandchild, I was in the privileged position at the table so she was always pushing it in my direction. I suppose she was thinking too that the more I ate the smarter I was going to get and the more likely I was to work my way into medical or law school like I was supposed to. I doubt when she was putting that still hot piece of pan-fried fish on my plate that it ever even crossed her mind that I'd end up as some sort of fish seller like her father-

### EXCLUSIVE EDITIONS OF ZINGERMAN'S GUIDE TO BETTER BACON



Available only at Zingerman's Deli, Roadhouse, Bakehouse, Creamery and from zingermans.com and zingermanspress.com, this edition is signed by Ari Weinzwieg and comes with the Camp Bacon welcome packet that features bonus recipes, Zingerman's illustrated postcards, and more AT NO EXTRA COST. Pick up a copy for yourself and don't forget your bacon-lovin' friends!

### Oyster and Bacon Pilau

This is a dish that's been at the top of my cooking regimen of late. It's so good, and so easy to do, that I just keep making it over and over again. You know from the name that the dish has oysters in it. By contrast, the word "pilau" may not be one you recognize right off, although when I tell you that the other main ingredient in the recipe is rice, you'll pretty quickly realize that pilau is likely an early American version of "pilaf."

I was inspired to make this version with oysters while flipping through Matt and Ted Lee's *Southern Cookbook*. We'd been selling huge amounts of oysters at the Roadhouse and had the new-crop Carolina Gold rice (it arrives in late November or early December) in at the same time, so it was sort of an obvious choice. Below is my adaptation of the Lee brothers' recipe.

I like the Arkansas peppered bacon for its spice, or the Edwards' for its intensity, but you can follow wherever your taste buds lead you. Adapt at will!

Ari



#### Ingredients:

- 8 ounces sliced bacon (about 4 to 6 slices)
- 1 pint shucked oysters, plus liquor
- 1 teaspoon extra virgin olive oil
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 stalk celery, diced
- 1 cup Anson Mills Carolina Gold rice
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 teaspoon coarse sea salt, plus more to taste
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground Tellicherry black pepper, plus more to taste

#### Procedure:

- Rinse the rice 3 times, or until the water runs clear. Drain.
- Fry the bacon in a skillet over medium heat until crisp. Remove from pan, drain and chop.
- Add the oysters to the pan, leaving liquor aside for now. Turn the oysters gently to cook on all sides—about 2 minutes total, but do not overcook. Remove from the pan with a slotted spoon and set aside.
- Add olive oil to the pan. Toss in the onion, celery and 1 teaspoon each of salt and pepper. Cook until soft.
- Add the rice to the pan and toast lightly with the vegetables for 2 minutes, stirring gently but constantly.
- Add the oyster liquor and chicken broth. Stir to combine. Bring to a slow boil, then cover and reduce heat to low.
- Cook for 12 minutes. Turn off heat and allow rice to steam for another 12 minutes.
- Uncover. Add the oysters and chopped bacon and gently fold into the rice so as not to break up the grains. Add salt to taste. Serve immediately, with lots of freshly ground pepper.

Serves 2 as a main course

# Superior Seafood

## Why Fish at Zingerman's Roadhouse

in-law had been. I cook the same pan-fried whitefish at home now and again. It's much milder in flavor than my modern day preference for mackerel and bluefish, but for obvious emotional reasons I still like to serve it. Rest assured that when I get to the fish market I do make sure to get the tailpiece.

I cook a lot of fish, a) because I like it and b) when one starts with superior seafood, it's simple and easy and a really great way to make a pretty special meal without spending more than a few minutes cooking. So, with that in mind, fresh fish is what I have for dinner two, three, four times a week. While my childhood fish fascination has stayed strong, I've expanded my range of favorites a lot. Lake fish is great, but there are oceans full of other options that my family never really accessed. The main characters in my fish cooking these days are mackerel and bluefish, with a recent big role for branzino (really great stuff from the Mediterranean if you haven't yet had it). Sometimes though I cook trout, char, whitefish, hake, cod or catfish. I'm big on good scallops, oysters, and clams as well. And when I don't go with fresh, I'm often enjoying really good tinned stuff—tuna, sardines, and anchovies.

Between cooking fresh fish at home so often and then all the work that's gone into buying, cooking and serving it in every night for the last six years at the Roadhouse, I realize that I sometimes take good seafood far more for granted than is good for me. When I go to work we have fresh sardines (actually one of my favorites), scallops, striped bass, wolffish, oysters and all sorts of good stuff on the menu pretty regularly. When I shop, I simply go to Monahan's in Kerrytown for fresh fish, or to the Deli for smoked fish, and also for all that very terrific tinned stuff that we get from Spain and Italy.

But taking anything for granted is a sure sign of trouble, and

the country's best seafood houses, and a long standing supplier to us here—there are five things that we've come to look for in our fish sellers. They all apply to Foley's but also to the folks at Ortiz (see page 7), located on the other side of the Atlantic on Spain's north coast. And really with everyone else we buy fish from too. Ready, here we go:

### five really good reasons we like foley fish

#### 1. Shared Values and Strong Relationships

As I've mentioned, we get exceptionally good fish from the M.F. Foley Company out on the Massachusetts coast. While the Foley's folks aren't "local" in the sense of having an office or a dock down on South State St., they do actually fill the bill for us in that sense rather remarkably well. The key for us when it comes to our drive to localize is that we have a positive, meaningful relationship with the people and products we work with, and that we carry the benefits of that good relationship all the way through to our customers who buy and (I hope) benefit from what we sell.

Paul (Saginaw, my co-founding partner) has been working with Foley's since his days as kitchen manager at the Real Seafood Company over thirty years ago. It's a relationship

energy that arises as they get into their passions. And fish at Foley's is definitely a passion, not just a way to make a profit. I'm sure they have their cynics here and there (as we all do), but most everyone I've talked to at Foley's over the years puts their fish passion out there pretty quickly, forcefully and consistently.

Peter is no exception. We spent a bit of time talking through the history of the company, the basics of what made better fish better, how Foley's worked in such different ways than the vast majority of fish sellers out in the market. Maybe the most interesting element of the entire conversation was that what he told me was actually almost identical to what his father-in-law and grandfather-in-law had told me thirty years ago, which is a tribute really to everyone at Foley's. While the world has changed, and they've certainly adapted, the basic principles of who they are and what they do have barely changed at all. In that sense the Foley's folks are very much the same as us really. Check this bit I took off their website:

"First and foremost, we don't want to be bigger, we want to be better. We search high and low for the very best source for each seafood item we offer our customers. This means finding the oyster harvester who leaves his oysters in the bed for an extra year—moving them twice, just so the meat gets plumper. This means trips to salmon farms across the Northeast to find the one farm with exacting husbandry and special, all natural feeds which produce a firmer, better tasting salmon. This means our scallops are never soaked in sodium tripolyphosphate because this standard industry practice destroys the natural flavor and texture of the scallop. People think we're a bit crazy about our buying standards, we think this is the only way to secure the best tasting seafood for our customers."

Like us, the folks at Foley's have a long-standing belief that their best customers are going to be those that know the most about fish. To that end, back in 1980 the family founded the Foley's Fish School, which is basically their equivalent to ZingTrain, our training and consulting company. It's currently one of Laura Ramsden's passions and is open to anyone here at Zingerman's that will make their way there. It's a series of two day training courses where customers like us can come and learn the ins and outs and ups and back dock discussions that make up the fish world.



(cont. on page 4)

### save the date!

Peter and Laura Ramsden from Foley's will be our special guests at the Roadhouse Fish Dinner

Wednesday, Dec. 2, 7pm

Reserve your spot at 734.663.3663



I do try to be mindful and appreciative of all I've got around me. We've come so far in our understanding of how flavorful heirloom, freshly-picked produce can be, of what contributes to the complexity and quality of a fine olive oil, the difference between artisan cheese and what comes from the big factories, or what makes one chocolate great and another just so-so. But there's seemingly very little discussion that I can remember about what makes better fish taste better.

Mind you, I'm not saying that fish has been out of the news. It's just that coverage mostly seems to have been around the subject of sustainability, which is, most certainly, a good thing to be talking about. But, that said, I'm not sure that we in the food world have done a very good job of getting the word out there about what quality really means other than oft-repeated notions about freshness. (For a lot more about this, check out Jim Petersen's classic book, *Fish and Shellfish* or Mark Bittman's *Fish: the Complete Guide to Buying and Cooking*.)

With all that said, when it comes to fish, you could say that it's sort of a given that "freshness" is the big buzzword, just like "fairness" in politics and "great service" in the business world. Every fish house has the "freshest fish around," every politician preaches "equality," and every business "loves its customers." But, of course, there are a lot more people in all three categories saying the right thing than there are that actually deliver on what they've preached and promised.

Here at Zingerman's we've worked to deliver much more than just lip service. From talking to the folks at Foley's—one of

he built and enhanced even further when he partnered with Mike Monahan to start Monahan's Seafood in Kerrytown in 1979. Frank Carollo—managing partner at the Bakehouse for the last seventeen years who taught me how to cook the line in restaurant kitchens back in the 70s—also ordered fish from Foley's in the years when he was a kitchen manager and then when he joined Mike and Paul as a partner at Monahan's for a number of years. Alex Young—now chef and managing partner at the Roadhouse—started working with the Foley family not long after that as well. Mike Monahan still brings in a lot from them today, which means that you and I can buy the same Foley fish we serve at the Roadhouse for your own house simply by stopping off at Kerrytown. I probably purchase fish from Monahan's to cook at home two or three or sometimes four times every week. And there's another local connection as well since Peter and Laura (Foley) Ramsden, the fourth generation to own and run Foley's, went to school here in Ann Arbor and were regular Zingerman's customers while pursuing their studies. Given all that, it won't come as a surprise that when we were getting ready to open the Roadhouse six years ago, Foley's was the natural choice to be our primary East Coast fish supplier.

As with any good relationship, the past is all well and good, but it's important to keep things current. So in mid-June, as I was working to prep for my talk for the Portuguese-American Fish Dinner we did at the Roadhouse, I figured I'd call Peter to catch up on things. I'm very glad I did. It's always inspiring to talk to people who are inspired by what they do, to hear the

**Zingerman's roadhouse** Hurry! These always sell out weeks ahead of time. Call 734.663.FOOD (3663) to save your spot.

Celebrate the Season with **Cornman Farms Harvest Dinners** Two Down, Two To Go!

**HARVEST DINNER #3**

**Fall's Bounty** Tuesday, Sep. 15 • 7pm • \$45

**SAVE THE DATE! • Harvest Dinner #4: Preserves** Wednesday, Nov. 11 • 7pm • \$45

## 2. History, Culture, Passion

As much as one might reasonably argue that business today is totally different than it was a hundred years ago, at many levels I don't think it's really changed all that much. Michael Foley took the boat over to Boston from his home in County Tipperary in Ireland (home of Cashel Blue cheese if you're thinking dairy instead of seafood) back in 1906. He started Foley Fish down by Faneuil Hall, leasing a small retail space and selling fresh fish by the pound or the piece. A few years later he began to build his business by calling on cooks in the wealthier neighborhoods of the city. Each morning he'd go by to see what they'd be interested in, then head back to the docks to buy it. Orders in hand, he'd finish the day by delivering the freshly landed fish to the cooks in time for dinner service. Within four years Foley's was considered the foremost fish retailer in the city.

By the time 1920 rolled 'round, Mr. Foley had begun shipping seafood across the country on refrigerated rail. As the years passed, his son Frank took over and became known in his day as "the Dr. Deming of the seafood industry" for all his work to build quality control into the daily activities of his business. I first met Frank when I went to Boston to visit Foley's, probably in about 1980, and I remember him coming out to visit Monahan's any number of times over the years. Tall, lanky, in good shape, bald head, big positive energy, very Boston Irish and a very good and very businesslike fish-loving guy. By the time Alex, Paul, Frank and I got going with the firm, Laura's dad (and Peter's father-in-law), Mike (a former Harvard football and rugby star who, the Foley's folks say, might have been the "tallest fishmonger in history" at 6 foot 4 inches) and her mother Linda had begun running the company.

A few years back, in '05, Peter and Laura (the two U of M grads) bought out her parents and took over. "Laura and I are the fourth generation," was one of the first things Peter told me when we talked. "When you have your name on the roof everything changes." I certainly know that feeling. By the way, notice Peter's choice of words. Obviously he wasn't running the business in 1906, and he actually married into the family, so it's not really even his name on the roof. But he still—as I would, and I think he should—uses the word "we" whenever he talks about the company. For him, and everyone at Foley's, it's really about the whole organization doing the right thing to create success for everyone involved, not just for themselves.

The cool thing is that, as in all healthy and successful organizations, the drive to do great things and the passion for the product isn't isolated at the top. It runs through the entire culture of the company. That became totally clear to me after spending some time on the phone with Johnnie Bettencourt, who's been working at Foley's longer than most anyone else in the company. He was kind of the perfect foil to Peter—the latter a fourth generation owner of the business, raised in New England, a Michigan MBA with formal training in finance; the former a first generation immigrant from the Azores, with almost no schooling, who can barely get through a sentence without sticking in four or five swear words, who started fishing at about the age of four, and began his career at Foley's as a driver and dock worker for Frank Foley back when Peter was still playing with toy boats. The great thing is that although their backgrounds are about as different as Foley fish would be from what you'd get at Red Lobster, everything

Johnnie said really just stood behind what Peter had put forward in a far more measured and "proper" manner a few hours previous.

Truth is Peter was moderately reluctant to connect me with Johnnie. "His language can be uh . . . a little colorful," he told me with a touch of a smile and caution at the same time. I assured him that I could handle it, and within a few hours I had a voicemail from Johnnie. I called back and got him on the phone where we proceeded to talk for easily an hour. From the start he called me "Senhor." (That's the Portuguese, not Spanish). We talked about fish, his feelings about Foley's and filets, and a lot about the life he left behind on the Azores. In many ways, writing about it a month later, I realized that his story is really just another version of my great grandfather's arrival in America. While the religion, the location, the language and the timing were totally different, the poverty in the old country, the drive to do better, the effort to assimilate without losing track of where one had come from, all sounded familiar. That and the clear attachment to, reliance for income on, and deep affection for, fish.

"Where I'm from?" he started out. "Portugal. The Azores. It's in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean from here. Nine islands. I came from one of those islands. In my time—and I'm 64 years now—we was very poor. You never had a pair of shoes until you was 50 years old and then only on Sunday. Where I grew up, you don't go to college. You go to work. You go to school in the morning and then, after, you go to work. I went to work like in these places that were like an open street. No machines. We did everything like by hand."

Between his accent and the content of what he was conveying I was already fascinated. It's the real life, food-based oral history I love. His relationship to fish was there throughout. "My family was a poor family. I used to go with my mother to catch the fish off the rocks. I was like 12 when I went to work in the tuna fish factory. Then I went to the army and then I went to Africa. And then after that, I went to Portugal. And then I went back to the tuna fish factory. I came to the US . . . 1970."

If my math is correct, that means he was about 24 or 25 when he arrived. "When I got here to America I went to work first with what they call gold- and silver-plating work. I couldn't speak a word of English. One day I heard about a guy looking for someone to work with the fish. When I heard 'fish' I thought it would be tuna fish like I knew from the Azores. Then Frank (Foley) himself, he went to my house and he was talking to my wife—she spoke more English." (BTW, I'm leaving out the swearing so you can embellish in your imagination if you like.)

Business then, as now, is still a lot about getting great people into the organization. For whatever reasons of wisdom or insight or gut feel, Frank saw something he liked and decided to ignore the language issues and brought Johnnie on board at Foley's. "Russell, who used to be the buyer, was needing help and that was the job," Johnnie explained. "When I got down there with him to the docks . . . I was shocked." It was pretty clear from his tone of voice as well as his words that this was a different world of fish here in North America. "In the Azores . . . I never seen a piece of ice in my life. I find out these boats in Boston are out there at sea two weeks. And I learned . . . they have bad fish and they have good fish."

It struck me that Johnnie was like one of those low round draft choices in professional sports that go on to be solid

stars for way more years than higher picks with far fancier pedigrees. Johnnie was hired to help out Foley's main buyer and here he is filling the lead role himself nearly thirty years later.

He paused for maybe ten seconds, and then started up again. The man is hardly short of stuff to say, and he probably stuck almost as many strong opinions into our hour long talk as he did swear words. "One thing Frank never allowed Russell to do was to handle a boat," he said pretty seriously. Not speaking Boston dock dialect, I really had no clue what he was talking about. Basically, I gradually deduced, it means you work out an agreement with the boat to take a captain's entire catch. It's pretty common, I guess. It's just more expedient for everyone. The skipper is certain he'll sell his whole load and the buyers know they'll have something to sell.

It seemed reasonable enough, but it was obvious from Johnnie's tone that it wasn't a good thing. "So why wouldn't Frank let Russell 'handle a boat'?" I asked. "Because," Johnnie explained, "If you handle the boat you got to take the whole boat. And when everyone else says, 'I don't want this stuff,' you still gotta take it. You can make more money that way. Sure. But Frank would never allow that. People who does the same job that we do they make more money than we do. But the fish they sell . . . it's not the same."

That I knew already. I'd asked Peter much the same thing. While he was appropriately reluctant to commit to any hard and fast numbers, it seems from what he's said that buying top line fish like Foley's means paying about 20 to 40 percent more per pound than we would for the perfectly-acceptable-to-most-of-the-American-market stuff that gets sent out all over the US every day. "The average people," Johnnie said, "they think fish is fish, a filet is a filet." He paused for a second, then added, with gusto, "Bull----!"

"Back then, I couldn't hardly speak a word in English. When Russell retired, Frank told me I was taking over. For the rest of the week I was sick to my stomach, worried. Eventually a guy like me . . . mostly on the docks they were the kind they would screw me in a minute but Frank was always behind me always. I've been doing this for a long time now."

Listening to Johnnie tell his stories definitely pushed me into memory mode of my own. In fact, my most prominent memory was pretty much the opposite of Johnnie's—driving about an hour to eat fish at this place in Hammond, Indiana that was called Phil Smidt's. I remember going with my grandparents—my great grandparents had already long since passed away—my mom and dad, my sister, and some assemblage I can't quite recall of cousins, aunts and uncles. I don't think it was particularly high end though without my mother to ask I don't know what they all thought it was like to go there. I was just a kid, and what I remember very vividly is that when we went there we got "all you can eat"—fresh perch, I think smelt, and most definitely French fries. The latter was a big draw for me as an eight year old, but I totally remember being into eating the fish, too.

The other thing about Phil Smidt's is that they served this fountain soda (what we in the Midwest refer to as "pop") called "Green River," which I used to totally love to order. Hardly any place else ever seemed to have it. McDonald's definitely did not, and I know we never got it at home. Not many other people around here have heard of it, and I can safely say that Johnnie definitely didn't grow up with it in

**Zingerman's roadhouse**

**\$45 dinner**

**2nd Annual Native American Dinner**  
**Traditions of the Native Peoples of the Michigan Territory**  
 Tuesday, October 13 • 7pm

**special #80 dinner**

We'll explore the history and culinary traditions of the Ojibwe, Potawatomi and Ottawa Indians, known as the Three Fires Confederacy, or Anishinaabe peoples in the Great Lakes Region and learn how those traditions live among the people today. With a menu that highlights the history and foodways of the Great Lakes during the early years of the republic (when the entire region was known as the Michigan Territory) and a talk by our special guests, UM Professors Margaret Noori, Michael Witgen, Howard Kimewon and Phil Deloria, this evening promises to be a lively and full-flavored encounter with the living history of Michigan's earliest inhabitants.

a benefit for **Food Gatherers**

**4th Annual Vampires' Ball**

**Wednesday, October 28**  
 6:30 pm - Beverages and appetizer  
 7pm - Dinner

**\$126 dinner**

**Four reasons to come to this year's Vampire's Ball!**

1. Get a sneak preview of *The Swan Thieves*, the forthcoming (Jan. 2010) novel from bestselling author Elizabeth Kostova who will be on hand to read passages from the book.
2. The money raised at this event for Food Gatherers will provide over 11,000 meals for people in need in our community.
3. It features a terrific menu crafted by James Beard Award-nominated chef Alex Young.
4. It's really fun!

**Kerrygold**



the Azores. Thinking about it now, as I write, I've always wondered what Green River really was. I think I ordered it as a kid as much for the color as the flavor. Although I could only, going from memory, have described the flavor as "green," it actually was a lime soda. And, explaining why almost no one else I know in the US seems to have heard of the stuff, it turns out to have been a product of Chicago. Green River got going in the 19-teens, not long after my great-grandfather arrived and started smoking fish. No idea if he ever drank one. Probably not. Too much of a frivolous luxury. In any case, the company that made it closed in 1950 but, as is obvious since I wasn't even born by then, Green River stayed the course in what's called the "Chicagoland" area as a fountain drink for many years afterwards.

I've often, and now again, wondered what made it the color it was. There can't have been much made in nature that would have made a soft drink as bright in the glass as this stuff was. I mean, at least in my memory, Green River was nigh on fluorescent; a green you could call "Kelly" if you're going from the language of the Crayola box. Turns out that the same principles applied in blending of naturally occurring primary colors seem to work when you're using artificial ones too. Mix up some yellow #5 and a bit of blue #1 and you get . . . green! Or in this case, Green River.

Back in 1918, two years after my fish smoking great grandfather got to Chicago, Eddie Cantor actually wrote a little ad blurb for it,

"For a drink that's fine without a kick,  
Try Green River,  
It's the only soft drink you should pick,  
Try Green River."

Turns out, too, that one of my favorite songs of my youth—Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Green River"—was actually named for the drink. (Hmm . . . maybe we can find a way do John Fogerty a favor and revive it now. . . .)

### 3. Direct, Bought on Spec

To stick in a paraphrase from one of my favorite authors, Sam Keen, "You can starve to death trying to eat cookbooks." No matter how long the Foley family's history, how wonderful their website might be, how strong the company's culture, or Johnnie's passion for seafood, in fish, as in all things I suppose, the key to a good catch is still about content. Which is what makes Foley's so special. You can't eat yesterday's fish—it has to be good today or it doesn't count for much. The folks at Foley's get that.

"What differentiates us from the typical model is that we are a process-to-order seafood house," said Peter. That probably doesn't mean much to most of the world that's never bought and sold seafood. But to anyone "in the industry" who's buying fish at the high end, it's huge. Most of the other houses go to the dock and buy what they buy, then bring it back to their plant and put out the price list and hope to sell it. Foley's works in reverse—first they get our order, then they go to buy, and then bring the newly purchased fish directly back to the plant to clean, cut, filet and ice and then ship it to us. No sitting around and no second grade (more about this in a minute).

To some degree I guess that would put Foley's into the world of "Bespoke fish." It's a term I learned about not all that long ago

from James Norwood Pratt who's written so much stuff about great tea. Although I'd never heard of it, the term is apparently quite commonly used in the clothing world. Wikipedia posits that, "The distinguishing points of bespoke tailoring are the buyer's total control over the fabric used, the features and fit, and the way the garment should be made. More generally, bespoke describes a high degree of customisation, and involvement of the end-user, in the production of the good." Which, to me, still sounds a lot like buying fish from Foley's.

### 4. Freshness and Handling

Having sold, served, bought and cooked fresh fish for a long, long time now, I'd say the most commonly asked consumer question one hears is pretty certainly some version of, "When did this fish come in?" While the query is quite well intended, it's pretty much really the wrong question to be asking because when something arrived here in Ann Arbor has little certain connection to when it came out of the water, and none whatsoever to how it was handled en route.

By contrast a more effective question to be asking would be something along the lines of, "When was the fish caught?" And, if you wanted to really investigate, you could follow that up with, "How was it kept between the time it came out of the water and when the server brought it to the table?"

Here's the scoop. Modern day fishing vessels are often out at sea for a few weeks at a time. As Peter explained to me, "economically it's really the only way that most folks can make it work at any kind of scale." The thing for us, and for Foley's, though, is that we totally do NOT want the fish from anything other than what's brought on board near the end of the trip. "We only buy in off the part of the catch from the last day or so the boat is out," Peter began this part of the conversation. Coming back to where he started on this point, "We're not interested in a boatload. We'll take only the last day or so. We're known as 'cherry pickers' and 'cream skimmers,' and while we might be a pain in the ass for some, the fact that we're a regular customer and pay our bills they're all happy to do business with us."

(All of this stuff Peter shared was said, I should add, with a serious Boston accent so stick that sound in your head as you read his words. Quite the contrast to Johnnie's jaunty Azorean-accented English and to my own. If Peter were the one putting this down on paper, he'd probably say that I have a "nice flat slightly nasal Midwestern Chicago accent with an overlay of lower Michigan.")

Another important thing to mention is they don't use middlemen. I'm not saying that distributors or middle persons are bad people. But, in very general terms—and there are exceptions—they tend to diminish the connection and quality of relationship that our sense of local relies on. Happily, it's a non-issue with Foley's. "We only ship directly," Peter said. "There are other processors that will cut anything that's landed and then ship to a distributor. They buy on speculation and then they sell that way." By going only direct to their restaurants and retailers, Foley's has a far higher shot at staying connected and keeping the quality of the product we cook, serve and eat at a very high level. Since, as we know from the wholesaling we do at our own Bakehouse, Creamery and Coffee company, the product the consumer tastes may leave here in great shape but can still be subpar if the people we wholesale to don't handle it well.

(cont. on page 6)

## Getting down with gefilte fish

The other thing I'll always remember is my grandmother making gefilte fish. In Chicago we made it with lake fish, but families who lived by the sea would certainly have used the sorts of fish that the Foley's folks sell. Although most every Jewish family of northern and Eastern European origin will have its preference, the reality is that gefilte fish is about almost everything other than the variety of fish it's made from. Literally, these little rounds of poached fish—usually with spicy horseradish served alongside—are about celebration, prestige, regional roots, legal codes, poverty, superstition and the spirit of generosity.

There's an old Jewish saying: "Without fish, there is no Sabbath." This was applied to all the big holidays, including Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur and Passover; my grandmother most certainly made it for all of the big holidays and, on occasion, for our weekly Sabbath dinner on Friday night as well. Fish meant celebration. Fish was also thought to be exempt from the evil eye, to bring good luck, and, per my grandmother's admonition, to help with better brain development. Regional rivalries came into play as well. Galitzianer Jews (from the Polish region of Galicia and west of there) generally make theirs on the sweeter side. Litvaks (or Lithuanian Jews, like my grandmother) and other communities to the east, (like my great-grandfather's family in White Russia), skipped the sugar and got out the salt and pepper. Their versions (and what we make here now) are more on the savory side of things.

Why serve gefilte fish and not work whole fish? Gefilte fish can be made in advance and made it possible to avoid cooking—which is prohibited—on the Sabbath. And, in one of those many long and legalistic Talmudic discussions, it was determined many centuries ago that pulling bones out of fish was considered to be work. "Borer," meaning "selection," (in this case separating bones from flesh) is one of the 3 dozen-plus activities that are prohibited on the Sabbath. Because it was boneless, gefilte fish was good to go. The fish, in my great grandfather's day would usually have been ground, stuffed back into the skin and poached.

The gefilte fish tradition also is rooted in the poverty of Eastern European Jewish society. If Johnnie Bettencourt had grown up in an Ashkenazi Jewish family instead of in the Azores, he'd probably have eaten a lot of it. Tradition dictated that everyone should have a piece of fish on the Sabbath or holidays, but of course many people couldn't afford it. Gefilte fish made it possible to serve a small piece of fish to everyone in the family.

Speaking of families, I'm quite certain that no one in the Foley family grew up with it, but for me gefilte fish was very much a regular thing. Although I only eat it a few times a year now—when we make it at the Deli and the Roadhouse for the Jewish holidays—it's still something I look forward to. That said, there are probably as many put downs of gefilte fish as, say, something like Scottish haggis, the truth is it's actually really good, and I feel kind of defensive about it I guess, so I'll stand up for it here. I mean, if you don't like fish, then it would make sense that you might not like this. But for everyone else this would be a great dish. If you're into classical French cooking, gefilte fish is basically just the Jewish version of quenelles—fish dumplings. Mimi Sheraton calls it "Part of the holy trinity of Jewish holiday eating: chicken soup, chopped liver, gefilte fish." Start with fresh whitefish, pike, carp or other good fish, grind it, season it up a touch, and then poach in homemade fish broth—served with plenty of fresh horseradish on the side. Seriously what could be bad? We'll have lots of it at the Deli and Roadhouse this fall for the Jewish holidays.)

Ari

check out ALL of our  
rosh hoshanah specials  
on page 10!



## Zingerman's Roadhouse is open for weekday breakfast!

Starting Sept 1st • 7 to 11 am, Mon-Fri

Our Saturday/Sunday brunch has been so popular people ask "why not do this every day?" So, that's exactly what we're doing. Customer favorites like **The Roadhouse American Breakfast** (Two eggs scrambled with red and green peppers and topped with 2-year Vermont cheddar. Served with hand-made country sausage and breakfast potatoes), **Biscuits & Gravy** (Broadbent sausage gravy served with buttermilk biscuits and scrambled eggs) and **Grillades and Grits** (Pan-fried Niman Ranch steak smothered in rich gravy with Anson Mills grits, topped with Vermont cheddar) are served alongside great bread and pastries from the Bakehouse and freshly-roasted coffee from Zingerman's Coffee Co.



## 5. Sticking with Sustainability

As much as I've known about how Foley's operates, their focus on sustainability was actually sort of new to me. I mean I wasn't really shocked or anything—sustainability in seafood is clearly right up Foley's fish-loving and living-off-of-fish alley. It's just nice when someone you already feel good about comes through in a way that you hadn't really thought would be their forte. But, lo and behold, Foley's turns out to be at the forefront of the work to help restore and sustain seafood stocks in an environmentally and fish friendly way.

"We're very active with fishery management," Peter told me. He wasn't talking with the tone of someone hesitant or unsure of what he was doing. Peter rattled off names and statistics with passion and feeling, pretty clearly coming from a grounded (or maybe "anchored" would be a more appropriate term) place. "We're on the ground fish advisory panel for New England," he explained. "We've been very active participants in setting policy for conservation. There have been laws in place in New England since 1993 that have been quite successful."

"With what sort results?" I asked, truly not knowing what the answers were likely to be.

"In many cases, it's actually been a huge success story. We're actually not over-fishing anything. We've seen a 15-fold jump in scallop population. Haddock has had a 30-fold increase. We're actually harvesting under quota to stay within the law. The boats are only allowed to fish about 70 days a year. Even though there's lots of haddock in the water now, they don't have enough access in those 70 days to get at the allowable levels. Little by little," he added, "the good news is coming out. Steadier and more affordable pricing and supply."

## fish for dinner; food for fun

Anyways, back to the fish. I cook it and eat it a lot. Johnnie Bettencourt, who as you now know, grew up with fish, and loves it to this day told me "I love fish! I eat fish five days a week. Frank Foley," he added fondly, "he ate fish two times a day five days a week." "What's your favorite fish?" I asked. "That's a good one. I love all the fish. I make cusk like a stew. Which is beautiful. I love haddock. I love the wolffish. Grouper. Sometimes I take a couple grouper heads out of here. I make a stew. The codfish, I take the napes and I makes a sauce. I love it, I love it." Not wanting to miss out on any good tips (sixty years of living and loving seafood is nothing to sneeze at), I kept it going. "What else do you like do?" I cook the whole fish in steaks. You can take a whole fish in the oven. You cut it into steaks, but not all the way through, so the fish stays together. You put on salt, garlic, cumin. My garlic, I never cut 'em. My stuff is always smashed. Five or six pieces. Then throw in the fish. Then I take some cumin. Then a little black pepper. You take a hot pepper paste. [This would basically be the Portuguese piri piri sauce I'm pretty sure.] I leave it in the refrigerator overnight and then the next day, take it out fry it in olive oil. You don't have to have anything else. It's delicious! Even the skin—that the best part!" I agree fully on this one. It's like the skin on the fried chicken. Johnnie paused for a minute, and although we weren't skyping I could swear he must have been shaking his head

side to side with heartfelt passion. "I swear to god!" he added with great seriousness.

There are a million other ways to cook good fish so I won't go on here at length. I've stuck a recipe I've been working with a lot on page 9—a great Tunisian dish with scallops that I learned from Majid and Onsa Mahjoub. I encourage you to eat superior seafood in as many ways and venues as you can! If you're not up for cooking, of course, we'd love to have you in the Roadhouse. There really is a difference and thanks to folks like Foley's you and I get to enjoy that difference often!

## final fish thoughts (for the moment)

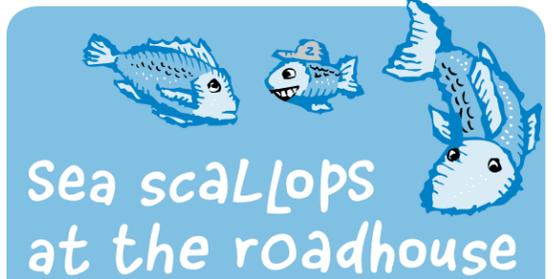
Speaking of enjoying, while Johnnie Bettencourt and I have exceptionally opposite backgrounds, we share more than our passion for fish. We've both grown to love our work, too. At one point in our conversation, I commented on how we'd both been working in the same businesses for 27 years. "Hey," he said, "If you do something which you like, what the heck you gonna change for? But if you don't love what you do, you aren't gonna do the work the way you're supposed to do it." Which reminds me well of a quote that I read once in a piece by Patricia Wells. She quoted a French farmer who said, "We love our work. We don't count our hours. We think our work has value."

When I tell people that I'm going out of town, it's sort of a regular thing for me that people will ask me if a trip I took was "for work, or for pleasure?" For me, it's pretty much always both. On that Italian trip I mentioned back at the beginning of this long fish tale, I got to visit with food writer and friend Elizabeth Minchilli. You can read a bit about her in the just-published *Zingerman's Guide to Better Bacon*. She's the original Guanciale Girl. Despite her love for guanciale, she's a good Jewish girl from St. Louis who married a very nice Italian architect and has been living in Rome for twenty years or so now.

I laughed with Elizabeth about this "work or pleasure?" problem while we were sitting across a café table from each other in Rome. Which is it? There we were in Rome enjoying each other's company, tasting food to learn about it, discussing stuff like the culinary scene in Rome, seasonal fresh produce, cured pork, self-publishing of books, her family, and traditional pasta making techniques, having fun and laughing a lot while working on all of the above.

Life is interesting and full of good people and good things and I feel lucky to be able to partake in it as I do. I got to go to Italy to study food, taste traditional dishes, see people I have enormous respect for, and learn a lot. I got to talk fish with Peter Ramsden and Johnnie Bettencourt, learn about life on the Azores, my family, Phil Smidt's, Green River, dry pack scallops and pioneering work to restore seafood sustainability. And I get to go to work and serve some really good fish, then head home at night and cook some more for my own dinner. The next time you're eating a piece of good fish at the Roadhouse, or hear a compliment on the scallops, or set out to cook some seafood of your own at home keep a bit of the Foley's good work in mind, and send a bit of good Azorean energy out Johnnie's way, appreciate the oceans, the lakes, rivers and people that help bring it our way.

Ari

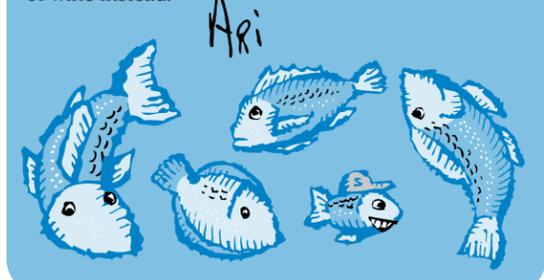


## Sea scallops at the roadhouse

One of the most regular customer comments I hear out at the Roadhouse is how good the sea scallops are. Literally almost every night someone will comment on how much better they taste than scallops that they've experienced elsewhere. In part this is a tribute to the skills of the sauté cooks on the line. But it's also about the quality of the scallops we buy, which, as you'll have guessed, we get from Foley's. As Alex (Young, managing partner and chef at the Roadhouse), often says, "A lot of what we do is just about buying good ingredients and then not screwing them up." And that would very definitely be true here.

In that vein, one of the big, if little discussed, "secrets" to scallop quality is that most commercial versions these days are chemically treated to help them retain—in some cases even gain—moisture. Much as "water-added ham" has become the commercial norm (reducing costs, prices and flavor across the board), so too have treated scallops become what most people are served. By contrast we only offer what are known in the trade as "dry-pack" scallops—no treating allowed. And we work with the Foley's folks to take in only the top of the catch—the freshest scallops we can get.

While you can order scallops at the Roadhouse any way you like, personally I go for 'em done in a hot sauté pan so that the outside gets slightly caramelized and the inside stays nice and tender and sweetly succulent. "Succulent" is really a good word for great scallops. The outside sears just a touch and the meat in the middle is still really moist and tender, and they taste of the sea. I should share too though what I learned from Cap'n Phil Schwind, author of a 30-something year old little cookbook called, *Clam Shack Cookery*. Never met Cap'n Phil but according the book intro he's been called, "the fisherman's fisherman, the cook's cook, and Cape Cod's champion storyteller." He turned me on to what is actually a great way to prepare scallops, one that we will happily do for you if you ask. The "proper" way, he wrote, to prepare scallops is to cook them in hot bacon fat, then sprinkle crisp bits of bacon over top. He says you should accompany that dish with, "... hot, black coffee so strong you dare not stir it for fear it will take the plating off the spoon." I'm not convinced that our coffee is at that level of intensity, though I suspect that since you'll not be eating them (as he did) right on the boat, you might actually opt for a nice glass of wine instead.



Ari

**Zingerman's COFFEE COMPANY**

**"First Tuesday" Tasting Free Every Month!**

Sept 1st & Oct 6 • 5 to 6pm  
610 Phoenix Drive, Ann Arbor

Join us monthly for an open-to-the-public, no-reservation-required cupping. Sit down with Zingerman's Coffee Company managing partners Allen and Steve and sample some new offerings, some old favorites, some experimental bathes and learn how to discern the subtle distinctions among the world's coffees. *Allen*

Future tastings will happen the first Tuesday of each month, 5-6pm

**new!**

**September Roaster's Pick**

**Indian Natural Processed Sethuraman Estates**

In Atlanta this spring, Steve and I cupped a LOT of Indian coffees from our friend Nishant Gurjer. We were actually looking for the best of the many fine robustas that they carry, when we came across this natural processed arabica. It was a shocker! It had as much clean fruit flavor as any African coffee, yet oh so unique. It has a bright floral aroma with a flavor reminiscent of a pineapple. Yes, sweet pineapple. Everytime I taste it, it's unmistakable. It also has small amount of spice. It has a wonderful full body and crystal clear finish that makes you want to back immediately for another sip. We bought most of the tiny lot that made it to the states and I'm thrilled to offer this coffee. *Allen*

Taste it at our September "First Tuesday!"

**Zingerman's COFFEE COMPANY**

# Ortiz: Tuna and Amazing Anchovies From the Basque Country

DESDE  
1891  
CONSERVAS  
**ORTIZ**

The Basques have a long, prosperous and very positive relationship with fish. In the days when the whale was to the world what petroleum is today, the Basques went around the globe to bring the economic benefits of the fish to their homeland. Later, in pursuit of the *bacalao* (salt cod)—which became the staple of Basque cooking that it still is today—they tracked the fish across the Atlantic, likely landing in North America well before Columbus. Today, while the Basques still cook and consume salt cod in crazy large quantities, most Basque fishing work is done closer to home. Fresh fish of all sorts comes in to the coastal ports everyday. Eating seafood in the restaurants along the coast was really a fantastic experience. And Basque fishing work remains strong in the area of tinned fish, particularly tuna and anchovies, caught off the coast of the Basque Country, cooked, canned and consumed with great passion.

Fish—both fresh and tinned—is extremely popular. Every good Spanish grocery will have literally an entire aisle of the stuff! Long rows of beautifully packaged tuna, sardines, anchovies, mackerel and more. And, although I can't say I've surveyed them all in person, I'd bet that in most every one of those aisles you'll find the products of the based-in-the-Basque-Country Ortiz family.

What makes the difference between Ortiz and the standard supermarket stuff that costs so much less? You can start with all the things that make the difference in any seafood you seek out. As with all fish, freshness is a huge factor. American supermarket tunas generally start with fish taken in on huge trawlers that stay out at sea in Asia for weeks. If you think there's no market for so-so fish that aren't yet spoiled but have already started to break down, dream on. That's most of what's out there. What goes into most canned tuna would be stuff a top-notch chef would never want to touch. It's fish you'd have a hard time selling to use as fresh.

By contrast, when you buy Ortiz fish, you're getting line caught tuna that come off of one-day boats, brought in each morning to the docks of the Basque fishing villages. Truthfully the Ortiz buyers are competing for the best fish with chefs from the best restaurants. While they have their head office in the town of Ondarroa, they work with fisherman in small ports all along the Bay of Biscay and beyond. The Ortiz buyers hit the docks early, pick the best fish and have it back at their plants within hours where it's cooked fresh.

Mass-market tinned tuna, to us here in the States, mostly is made up of small bits and pieces of less-than-great-when-it-started (then often-overcooked) fish. When you open the Ortiz tin you'll see the difference immediately. You'll be looking at bigger pieces of tuna. More importantly, I think, (you can't eat the looks), the flavor and texture are both meatier, the finish far nicer and, although it's great with homemade mayonnaise, you don't need really anything to go with it other than a touch of sea salt, a bit of pepper and, if you like, some olive oil and good bread. Their stuff really is pretty amazing—the flavor is consistently great. And, although you can't eat it, the packaging is about as good as it gets. Check out the designs on some of their tins and boxes—beautiful stuff.

## Tinned Tuna - Red, White, Blue & Yellow

Well, the fish doesn't really come in all those colors, but the colors are in fact in correlated with the names of Ortiz' tunas, so I'm going to use them here to get your attention and organize my writing.

### Bonito (Albacore)

*Bonito* is the top pick of almost every Basque I've ever asked. Here we call it albacore. White in color, mellow in flavor, Spaniards eat this all the time—on tapas, for sandwiches, on its own, stuffed into peppers or just about anything else. I know that's probably hard to imagine given that it costs five times more per tin than what we've come to think of as normal for tuna, but this really is what tuna is about in Spain. I know full well that eating the same low end tuna I grew up on has generally been fine for most people here in the U.S. But, hey, American singles seemed just fine too, and I can't say I'm going to stop eating 18-month old English farmhouse cheddar from Jamie Montgomery and go back to Kraft.

### Vintage Bonito

We've also got hold of a specially-aged *bonito* as well. To be clear, although very few folks realize it, tuna (and sardines, but not anchovies) actually gets better as it sits in tins or jars. The oil gradually penetrates the flesh of the fish further and further as it ages making for ever richer tuna inside. The Ortiz family started to pack for sale what they'd previously just done for themselves, putting up some of the best *bonito* tuna each year to mature for at least twelve months before releasing to the market. The cool thing is that if you buy a bunch it will only continue to get better. It will improve in flavor for 14 or 15 years so if you like it, buy it now and set it aside for special occasions down the road.

### Ventresca Bonito

We also have *ventresca*, which is a cut, not a kind, of tuna. In fact it's the richest part of the fish, the belly, a big delicacy in Spain, something most American have no idea even exists. But it does and it's good and...put it on toast, skip the celery and the mayo. This one is best by far on its own. I like it with a sprinkle of good sea salt, maybe a little olive oil. It's much richer than the already good standard-cut tunas I've been talking about. The best seller in Spain is the belly from the *bonito*.

### Atun Claro (Yellowfin)

Although it's less highly prized in Spain, I actually like the yellowfin better because the flavor is fuller. Known in Spain as *atun claro*, the yellowfin comes from further west in the Cantabrian Sea. For me, this is my every day tuna. It's a touch darker in color and a bit bigger flavor with a longer, meatier finish. I like it in salads, in rice dishes, with eggs...pretty much, I just like it. A big slice of Bakehouse bread and a sprinkle of sea salt and olive oil, along with most any vegetables I've got on hand makes it a meal.

### Ventresca Atun Claro

Not surprisingly, given what I just said about *bonito* and yellowfin, I actually like the yellowfin *ventresca* better. That said, I like both a lot. They're really rich, and they're more expensive so they're not my everyday tunas. But, that said, they're not hugely more expensive.

### Red and Blue - Vintage Tonno Rosso

The Ortiz family offers bluefin tuna, which is known in Italian as *tonno rosso* (or literally "red tuna"). So, the "red" and the "blue" from my subtitle are actually one and the same. Although it's huge in Japan and Italy, bluefin is almost completely unknown in Spanish tuna tinning. Yes, I know that bluefin tuna are in short supply, so it's not like we went out looking for these. This stuff is available really only because three years ago this past summer a couple big bluefins seem to have wandered out of the Mediterranean into the Cantabrian Sea. Local fisherman caught one, brought it in to the docks and the folks at Ortiz smartly snapped it up. If you like tuna, you'll definitely want to check this one out because it's in short supply and because it's already aged and exceptionally good.

## An Array of Anchovies

I know I'm strange but it still catches me off guard sometimes how many people don't like anchovies. I guess they're in there with goat cheese. So many people's first experience was with outstandingly BAD versions of them.

Northern Spain, by contrast is one of the anchovy capitals of the world. I ate more good anchovies in a week when I was there 18 months ago than I probably have in any month (total!) of my anchovy-eating life. They just were really, really good, and really plentiful, and served in most every spot I sat down (or in the case of the tapas bars, stood up) to eat in.

Interesting historical note: although the Ortiz family has been at it for a relatively long time—since the end of the 19th century—it turns out that the art of curing anchovies is actually a fairly recent arrival in the Basque Country. Apparently about 60 families came to the Cantabrian coast from Sicily about a hundred and fifty years ago and brought with them the ancient art of anchovy curing which has been in use in the Mediterranean for many thousands of years. Greeks, Romans and most everyone else caught, cured, cooked with and ate them in prodigious quantities. Up until the 1850s and '60s though, the people of the Basque country had mostly just eaten anchovies in their fresh state. The Sicilian influence clearly was positive. Making up for lost time, the area now produces and eats more anchovies than most any other in the world.

With that in mind, the Ortiz family does cure some great anchovies. They buy and start the curing only in spring—there is a fall



season but the fish's fat is different and the cured anchovies don't taste as good. They buy the best fish they can get on the docks early each morning (anchovies are fished in the dark). The fish are immediately gutted and put under salt. "It's very important to get them under salt the same day they leave the sea," I learned from one of Ortiz' long time managers. The anchovies are then cured in coarse salt for about six months.

Ari

## Great Ortiz anchovies at the deli

### La Gran Anchoa a la Antigua

This pack of Jumbo Anchovies is nothing like you had as a kid on your pizza. These are the plump-est jumbo anchovies I ever seen, barrel-aged to perfection for a minimum of 6 months and then packed in extra virgin olive oil. The taste is mellow and the texture is pure velvet. They are some of my favorite things at the Deli.

### Anchovies

Jump start your cooking! The largest most freshly caught anchovies are tinned immediately, adding the minimum amount of salt necessary. Rinse, debone, and start cooking – or ask us to show you how. These are the largest, meatiest, sweetest, and most delicious anchovies I ever eaten.

### Boquerones

Wow! Now here is an anchovy that tantalizes! Big and meaty, these filets soak up and deliver an amazingly intense blast of white vinegar and smooth extra virgin olive oil.

Tom

Deli Retail Manager

## 24th annual Paella Party at Zingerman's Delicatessen

special Paella  
presentation by Ari  
Weinzweig at noon!

September 20th, 11am to 3pm

Our annual September Celebration of the fabulous foods of Spain culminates (as it always does) with a Paella party on Zingerman's Patio.

At noon, Zingerman's co-founder Ari Weinzweig will talk about the history and significance of paella in Spanish cooking and detail the key ingredients and techniques that mark truly traditional and full-flavored paella dishes. Deli chef Rodger Bowser deals the goods...three kinds of traditional paella: Chicken/Chorizo, Seafood and Vegetarian grilled over mesquite right before your eyes.

The show is free, the paella is sold by the pound. Don't be shy.



you really can taste the difference!

ISSUE # 216 • SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2009

# \* Superb Stuff From

## The Beauty of Frankenstein; Choosing Fine Wine Vinegars from Chile



If you didn't already know it, I'm sort of drawn to people, food, ideas and other assorted entities that don't exactly fit the norm, and that's definitely how I'd categorize these very delicious, artisan vinegars from the other side of the globe.



The Origenes vinegars are about as far from flashy as you're going to get. They're not made by a fancy French chef, they don't have some big name winery behind them, and they're not sweet like Balsamic. They are made by a pair of really smart, really skilled and really nice women working with exceptionally good raw material. Having tasted and retasted many times, I'm ever more impressed with them each time I eat 'em. The flavors are really clean, yet very complex. The finish is long and mouth-watering.

I had the chance to visit Veronica Larrain, one of the two women who makes them, when I went to Chile last February. Like her vinegars, Veronica doesn't fit the mold I might well have had in mind. Although she's trained in winemaking, she doesn't own a winery and she's not currently making wine. She's not a fourth generation vinegar maker, and she hasn't been doing this for forty years. Oh yeah, and although she goes by the nickname "Nina," she told me over dinner that some friends often refer to her as "Frankenstein."

"I'm always experimenting, always looking for new flavors and different macerations. I love to invent new products" she explained, smiling in a sort of mischievous way. Nina will happily and eloquently share thoughts about everything from her product to the wine it's made from, from her family to Chilean culture and history. In fact, for her, they're all very clearly tied together. (She also took me to visit four hundred-year-old Chilean salt works. Stay tuned for more on that.)

Backing up a bit, Nina's interest in vinegar actually goes back to her formal work with wine. "I studied agriculture in Catholic University here in Chile, and then specialized in horticulture and oenology. I worked in a winery and then went to the States with my husband who was studying there, and while we were there with my partner Maria Ines Irazazaval, we began our investigation of the vinegar. I love vinegar. And we started with the question of why Chile had all those great wines but no great vinegar. When we came back home we started the experimentation and spent about two years working on it, testing different wine varieties and production methods.

"The idea," she explained, "was to produce healthy and unique premium vinegars from high quality wines, with no artificial flavors or colors, no sugar added and 100% natural. We wanted to keep the outstanding wine attributes and to reflect their origin. Also, one of our objectives was to produce vinegars you couldn't find anywhere. We select fine wines—the most important thing for vinegar is the wine you start with. The Cabernet vinegar for example must be balanced in terms of tannins and sourness." As you can see, she takes this stuff seriously. This isn't someone who's looking for a window of opportunity in the market.

"With the Chardonnay," she went on, "we were looking for the mineral notes which are characteristic of the Casablanca Valley. The wines for the Cabernet Sauvignon vinegar come from the Colchagua Valley. Once we had the wines chosen, we were looking for the terroir to be expressed in the vinegar. We wanted to go to the roots of the traditional vinegar making system from France, the Orleans method, which uses oak barrels where you control bacteria, time, air and temperature for the conversion. We wanted a slow and natural process with different batteries of barrels so the system allows you to conserve the natural flavors and aromas of the wine." This, for me, is one of the absolute critical components of well made vinegar. So much of what's on the market may look nice and sound good going by label alone, but it's made using any number of time and cost saving industrial shortcuts and you can most definitely taste the difference that the old, artisan process imparts. Given her nickname you'd think Nina would be the one in the lab looking for freaky ways to work around nature and come up with some monster of an inexpensive, genetically-altered vinegar. But she's the one who's committed to staying true to the old ways, buying better wines and then nurturing their natural flavors rather than looking for ways to cut costs and corners.

"The result is an artisanal wine vinegar with a complex and elegant flavor. We age the vinegars between six months and a year. We only use natural decanting and then a soft filtration so that we don't lose too much flavor. We bottle all of them by hand and label them by hand as well. It's all small batches and we always are looking each time for the final blends to bring a great tasting vinegar."

In terms of actually using these things, mostly I just like them on nice salads where you can really taste the quality of the wine and their diligence in doing careful, traditional conversion to vinegar. But of course you can use them elsewhere, too. Add a drizzle to soups. Sprinkle on fruit salad. Make a vinaigrette (I'm sure Jaime Salm, Deli vinegar queen, would be glad to get you a recipe!) If you haven't tasted them yet, I really recommend just taking a small sip. As I've said the flavors are very clean, complex, and darned good! If you want to try a vinegar that's not so sweet, and won't break your budget, these are a really good way to go!

PS: They're sulfite free.

PPS: We just learned that Nina and her partner will be joining forces with our good friend Paulina Penalzoza of Chilean Gourmet where we get the incredible Ulmo honey that I wrote about in these pages last year. Look for great things from this partnership of two of our favorites from the Southern Hemisphere!

Ari

## Wildly good preserves from Serbia



As William Marshall, one of the retail managers at the Deli, said with a smile, "Serbia! Who'd a thunk it?" Not me, that's for sure. Thankfully, Vaso Lekic, Milan Petkovic, Aleksandar Lekic had the vision, temerity and tenacity to make these old style jams, and we can get at them without swerving off to a roadside stand in the Balkans.



These jams from the Balkans are sort of spare in a way that reflects the roughness of the pine forests and high altitudes at which the fruit is picked. The sun in Serbia certainly shines as it does elsewhere, but the work of gathering by hand on steep mountain sides is no small thing. What is small, actually, is the fruit itself. These are mostly wild fruits, which means that by commercial standards, the berries are tiny. The strawberries are maybe the size of the nail on your little finger. The plants have to fight far harder to survive than their cultivated cousins meaning that they have less water, are denser and chewier with more intense flavors. The preserves are lean, lovely and so special that we've spent like two years working to bring them here from Belgrade.

The mention of Serbia's capital city might be a bit misleading here I guess. It is, quite accurately, where the folks from whom we buy them are based. The office has a Belgrade address. But Belgrade is a big city, the center of political and economic life in Serbia, not a place where wild strawberries would be generally be growing. The fruit that makes these special is anything but urban. This is not the stuff that shows up in supermarkets. It's way too much work and way too hard to gather in mass market quantities. Tiny little wild strawberries (my personal favorite of all these preserves), baby wild blueberries, really delicious wild raspberries. While the names of all those fruits are, of course, familiar to folks around here, we rarely get to taste truly wild fruit in any form any more. And each jar of these jams packs in a lot of these hard to find little wild berries. There's a great plum butter (that sort of thing being very big in the Balkans) that's made without any added sugar.

I guess for our Michigan context, I'll just say that the folks at Foodland are doing in Serbia what Justin Rashid (and everyone else who works there) has been doing up at American Spoon in Petoskey in northern Michigan for the last 30 years—hand picking the best of our area's very special fruits and then cooking them in small batches in open copper kettles to make some really exceptional jams, preserves and jellies.

Then there's the stuff that doesn't grow here. I love the sensual perfume of the rose petal jam. In this case the roses actually come from Bulgaria. Like the berries above, they're gathered in the wild—tiny small roses that grow out in the fields and are harvested completely by hand for just a few weeks in May. Stick a spoonful in the Creamery's fresh fromage franc and you've got a really great, very easy breakfast.

My favorite of this first shipment though is actually the green walnuts. Sounds strange, I'm sure, but "green" walnuts are quite commonly consumed in the Balkans though we almost never see them here. What we're used to are the fully mature, dry textured nuts that we put on salads or eat out of hand in toasted or roasted form. These, by contrast, are the young fruits, picked before the shell is hard. They have to be rinsed and soaked nine different times, then hand peeled and cooked in sugar syrup. The results are delicious. Honestly they're great just with a spoon, but you could do all the obvious and good things one would do—put 'em on gelato, on pound cake, etc. They're tender but firm, sweet but not excessively so, and lusciously, deliciously good!

I was thinking that I was safe in saying that hardly anyone in Ann Arbor would have been missing access to preserves and special stuff like this. But then I remembered Pedja Sukovic from Xoran. Most folks in Ann Arbor won't have heard of his company. I know them because they're very good customers, both of our eating establishments, and also of ZingTrain, having partaken of our training seminars in service and more recently open book finance (see [www.zingtrain.com](http://www.zingtrain.com) for more on those). Anyways, Pedja's work has nothing to do with food or hand picking wild berries or cooking preserves in old open kettles over wood fires. He's sort of at the other end of the business spectrum—Xoran innovated the production of portable CAT scan machines which they sell and service to hospitals all over the world from their Ann Arbor HQ. What made me think of Pedja is the fact that he's from Serbia and that he likes food. I brought him a few jars for a gift. It's not every day that a Serbian living in Ann Arbor gets to eat Serbian food, and a big part of what I love about our work is that we get the chance to connect people with positive taste memories from their past. Turns out that the folks who make these preserves have their offices in the neighborhood in which he lived growing up in Belgrade. One taste of the wild strawberry was all it took. "Wow. I remember this! This is great!" Serbia may seem obscure to most of us here in Ann Arbor ("Who'd a thunk it?" to come back to Mr. Marshall's quote up at the top of this piece), but to someone who left there to live here this food we're finally getting in is an important cultural and emotional link to the past.

Ari

Get these incredible flavors at zingerman's delicatessen:

Raspberry Blueberry Green Walnut Plum Butter  
Strawberry Cranberry Rose Petals

# Unexpected Places \*

## Red on Red, White and Blue— If you like it hot, harissa's for you!

### Red on White – Harissa and Cream Cheese

Cream cheese is cool  
Harissa is hot  
When you put the two together  
It sure hits the spot



Ok, it's a goofy poem but it popped into my head when I was sitting down to write this and got me thinking about how opposites attract. In this case, the opposites are in more than just the flavors—cool, creamy cheese and fiery hot harissa—but also the origins of these traditionally made foods. The cream cheese comes from Zingerman's Creamery here in Ann Arbor and the harissa from Moulins des Mahjoub, halfway across the world in Tunisia. The more I look at it though, the more I realize that Zingerman's and Moulins des Mahjoub have a LOT more in common that you'd think at first glance. We share a vision and values and that's why the relationship is going so well so far, and it also goes a ways to explaining why the cream cheese and harissa taste so great together.

The vision? To bring the eater really great tasting, traditional, very full-flavored foods. And if you have any affinity for spicy stuff, this is pretty much a guaranteed win. The mellow, soft, milky, creamy texture and flavor of the Creamery's artisan cream cheese is a totally perfect foil for the intense, spicy heat of the harissa. Shared values? Absolutely. Both are old time, traditional products, made by hand from exceptional raw materials by passionate skilled artisans using 100-plus year old recipes. I don't think it could really be more aligned than that!

If you're not familiar with Creamery Cream Cheese, it's basically just cream cheese the way it was made a century ago. Exceptionally good Calder Dairy cow's milk hand made into cream cheese as it was done long before the modern industrial world added vegetable gums and shelf life extenders to make the commercial stuff most everyone around here would have grown up with. The harissa? It's the traditional hot sauce of Tunisia. While most every other commercial harissa has gone to more "modern" methods to save time and costs, the Mahjoub's continue to make theirs just as they have been for generations. The peppers and tomatoes in it are grown organically on their farm, cleaned by hand, dried in the sun for a week, then ground into a paste that's blended with the family's organic extra virgin olive oil, sun dried garlic and spices. It's very terrific in any form, but it happens to be really great with the Cream Cheese. Sorry for the added rhyming, but since I started this section with one . . . Sensual, steamy, creamy and dreamy would be a pretty fair and accurate description. For me at least, it was transcontinental, traditional culinary love at first bite!

### Red on Red – Harissa Mary

You might have already guessed from the name, this little bit is about a cocktail and has nothing to do with couscous or really even anything Tunisian. It just tastes really good. Quite simply, it's just a Bloody Mary made with harissa instead of your usual spice mix. It's super simple. Just put a spoonful or two of harissa into your next Bloody Mary. Or, if you're not drinking alcohol you can just mix it tomato juice. You can up the harissa portion to meet your own tastes for heat. Personally I've been going with at least two teaspoons into a good-sized glass of tomato juice, and I haven't been putting in the alcohol, but there's no reason you shouldn't.

### Red on Blue – Tuna With Olive Oil And Harissa

Well . . . it's not exactly blue, but it is bluefin tuna. See page 7 for the details on this delicious and limited edition offering from our friends at Ortiz in the Basque county in Spain. But in the meantime, I'll just say that this is one of the simplest and most excellent things I've eaten in a long time and a really delicious way to get some good fish into your regular eating routine with all of about two minutes of work. This is what fast food should be to me! All you do is make a small mound of harissa in the middle of a plate or pasta bowl. Spoon some good tuna on top of the harissa—the harissa holds the fish firmly in place—and then pour a good bit of good extra virgin olive oil on and around the whole thing. I suggest bluefin, but you can do it with any of the great tunas from Ortiz. For the purposes of my color coordination here, the bluefin is on my mind—it's been aged in olive oil, supply is very limited and it's very good. That said, the atun claro (yellowfin) or the bonito (albacore) are also going to be excellent.

You can serve a salad on the side and you've got lunch ready in a matter of maybe ten minutes. You should end up with a deep red colored harissa island, topped with the tan-colored tuna, sitting in a little "lake" of green-gold oil. Serve with some warm bread—the Bakehouse's Paesano or Sicilian Sesame Semolina would be my choices—and drag it through the whole thing. If you like spicy foods, if you like a taste of the sun, this is a great way to go.

## Market Zitoun with Scallops

I learned this recipe from Onsa and Majid Mahjoub when I was in Tunisia last winter. Onsa made it there with chicken, which was very good. When the Mahjoub's made their way to Ann Arbor in the spring, Onsa turned a twist on it and made a version with scallops. Scallops it turns out are one of her favorite foods, favoritism I'm happy to share. The dish is actually remarkably easy to make and really good. It does rely on a lot of the Mahjoub's products—I'll say that while one can of course sub out for other producer's products, theirs are so exceptionally good that I think the quality of the dish is likely to drop off pretty dramatically. Scallops should be the dry pack ones we serve at the Roadhouse, and you can buy here in town at Monahan's. You can adjust the hot harissa levels to meet your personal taste.

### Ingredients:

- 2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
- 3 scallions, sliced
- 2 teaspoons Mahjoub traditional sun dried harissa
- 1 teaspoon Mahjoub sweet pepper harissa
- 1 teaspoon Mahjoub sun-dried garlic
- ½ teaspoon ground turmeric
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground tellicherry black pepper, plus more to taste
- Pinch coarse sea salt (don't over-salt because pickled vegetables are added later)
- ½ cup tomato puree (you can make your own if you've got good tomatoes at hand, or you can buy a good one and use that)
- 2 cups water
- 1 pound sea scallops
- 1 Mahjoub pickled (preserved) lemon, coarsely chopped (one jar from the Mahjoub's typically holds 3-4 lemons)
- 1 tablespoon sundried Mahjoub wild capers
- 10 to 12 Moski green Tunisian olives, pitted and halved
- 3 Mahjoub sundried tomato slices, cut into strips (these are truly amazing—ask for a taste next time you're in).



Heat the olive oil in a deep 8- to 9-inch skillet over medium-high heat. Add the scallions, harissas, garlic, turmeric, black pepper, and salt. Add 1/4 cup of the water and stir to combine. Bring to a simmer over medium-high heat, and cook, stirring occasionally, about 3 to 5 minutes. Remove from the heat, stir in the tomato puree. Return the skillet to the heat, and stir in the remaining water. Cover and simmer for about 15 to 20 minutes, until slightly reduced. Add the scallops, lemon, capers, olives, and tomato. Cook until the scallops are heated through, another 4 minutes or so. Add salt and/or black pepper if you like to taste.

Serve in warm bowls with a nice drizzle of extra virgin olive oil on top and more sundried harissa on the side.

Serves 2

Ari

## Hola Olave!

As we have for the last few years, we have two oils that Elvio Olave and the crew in Chile are bottling just for us.



### Casados – Carefully Constructed Blend

This is a limited edition blend that the Olave folks have been doing for us for the last three years. We've worked with them to pair up two varieties that, as far as I know, aren't being blended like this anywhere else. But after about fifty-two different taste tests, this is the blend that really got us going, and we've been doing it with Elvio and crew ever since. In fact, the name, "Casados," actually means "marriage," and in this case it's a really good one. Coratina (originally from Puglia in Southern Italy) brings a pleasant, though not overwhelming, pepperiness that Vanessa from the Deli very nicely described as "white pepper" because of its soft, steady, polite persistence (in contrast to the more forward presence one would get from black pepper). Arbequina (originally from Catalonia in Spain) is softer, rounder with a surprising but really enjoyable bit of banana (seriously). Nice, lively long finish.

### Frantoio Mono Varietal

This is my favorite varietal of the many olives that Elvio & Co. are growing. After going down there a few years ago and tasting each of the ten or so varieties on its own, this was the one that stuck with me as particularly special stuff. I should have known straight off. Elvio calls it the "King of Olives." I think this year's oil is particularly fruity and well rounded. Smoother than last year, a bit less peppery, maybe more balanced and most definitely high on my personal scale of mellifluousness. William Marshall, man of the moment at the Deli, called it "juicy," which is right on I think. Starts smooth and silky, a bit of pepper, not at all too much, but it builds as you go. Big enough flavor to use over fresh mozzarella and tomatoes or drizzled over fish, pork, lamb or beef (of which the Chileans eat a lot!), but still mellow enough to do delicious double duty on more delicate salads, seafood or pasta sauces. In fact, in terms of gift giving to someone who's eating patterns you aren't totally intimate with, this oil's about as close to ideal as one can get. Those who know the intricacies of great oil will appreciate the very thoughtful agronomic work that goes into making it as well as its complex flavor. Those who are just getting to know good oil will, I think it's pretty safe to say, be amenable to its accessibility, not overpowering pepperiness, and sweet long finish.

Ari

limited  
time offer!

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Buy a 1/2 pound of  
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ISSUE # 216 • SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2009

happy new year!

# rosh hashanah menus



## Sweet treats for the new year from zingerman's bakehouse



**Buckwheat Honeycake**—Made from a long list of luscious ingredients including a healthy helping of buckwheat honey from a beekeeper in the Pacific Northwest. With a big, bold, fruity flavor, the buckwheat honey adds extra zip. Add in freshly cracked eggs, golden raisins, toasted almonds, fresh orange and lemon zest, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, nutmeg and a few secret ingredients and you'll send the New Year off to a good start.

**Caramelized Apple Tarts**—Crisp buttery puff pastry filled with a treasure trove of fresh Michigan apples baked in sweet butter and vanilla sugar. Sounds simple, but it is simply incredible. Individual size. Excellent with our vanilla gelato from Zingerman's Creamery.

**Rugelach**—The Royalty of Jewish Pastry and one of our best-selling Jewish baked goods. Cream cheese pastry rolled around toasted walnuts, currants, and lots of cinnamon sugar. If you've not yet tried one of these traditional Jewish treats, now's the time.



**Marvelous Mandelbread**—Biscotti's Eastern European cousin! "Mandel" means almonds in Yiddish, and these are loaded—not laced but literally loaded—with toasted almonds. Made with sweet butter, fresh eggs, lots of fresh orange and lemon zest and scented with real vanilla. Just the aroma alone is enough to make us excited about these traditional cookies.

## Special Rosh Hashanah Challahs

happy new year!



### Pain Petri— Moroccan Challah

A sensually spicy North African way to ring in the New Year, this is the challah of the Moroccan Jewish community. Rich, egg-based dough sweetened with honey woven into a beautiful five-braid loaf and then rolled in magnanimous amounts of anise, poppy and sesame seeds.



### Extra Special Round Challah!

These challah "turbans" come in small and large sizes and two varieties! With or without Myer's Rum-soaked raisins.

Available only 9/17-9/28!



## Celebrate the New Year with Tasty, Traditional Rosh Hashanah Specials

Thursday, Sept. 18—Wednesday, Sept. 25



## Let the deli do the cooking this holiday!

Available for pick up starting Friday, September 18 at 11am • Call 734.663.3400 to order

**Whole Roasted Harnois' Hens**—Tasty free-range chickens from Harnois and Son Farm. Roasted whole with lemons and fresh herbs. (4 lbs. feeds about 4-6 folks)

**Roast Beef Brisket**—Prepared with our house marinade and sliced thickly. Served with gravy.

**Lamb Tagine**—Lamb shoulder from local Hannewald Lamb Co. stewed in the Moroccan tradition with prunes and spices.

**Jewish Chicken Broth**—Traditional Jewish chicken broth made daily with free-range chickens, celery, onion and parsley, slowly simmered, then strained for a clear broth.

**Handmade Gefilte Fish**—Made in our kitchen from freshwater fish, matzo meal, fresh eggs, sea salt & white pepper, then poached in fish broth. See page 5 for Ari's essay on gefilte fish.

**Matzo Balls**—Homemade from matzo meal and chicken schmaltz.

**Fresh Horseradish**—Ground fresh in our kitchen and made with Gingras Organic Apple Cider Vinegar.

**Herb-Roasted Potatoes**—Organic potatoes from Tantre Farm tossed in olive oil, rosemary, thyme, sea salt and telicherry black pepper, then roasted.

**Chopped Liver**—Chicken livers with caramelized onions and hard-boiled eggs. Ari's grandmother's recipe (and the one we've been making at the Deli for 26 years).

**Noodle Kugel**—Traditional noodle "pudding" of Al Dente egg noodles, fresh farmer's cheese from Zingerman's Creamery, plump raisins and a hint of vanilla.

**Pickled Herring**—Choose from pickled herring in wine sauce or in cream sauce.

**Glazed Carrots**—Organic Tantre Farm Carrots glazed with honey and ginger. Sweet, seasonal and sensational. (1 lb. serves 3-4 people)

**Apples and Honey**—We searched around for the sweetest combo we could find: "Old Fashion Sweets", from Salem Orchard and Vineyard paired up with White Tulepo Honey from Moonshine Trading Company. 4-6 apples & 9 oz jar of honey.

**Baked Potato Knish**—A modern version of the classic Jewish pastry stuffed with mashed potatoes and onion filling.

**Smoked Whitefish Salad**—Made with whitefish from the Great Lakes of Michigan and loads of Calder Dairy sour cream, fresh dill and fresh lemon juice. A Deli classic for years.

Call 734.663.3400 to order!



## Tasty Tailgates

September 5th is the first game of the season this year, and I'm already dreaming in maize and blue. The star player at our parties, of course, is the food. Here's a few reasons why Zingerman's Catering will knock your (maize and blue) socks off.

\* **The Food.** Whether you're feeding a half dozen friends and family or your entire company (or football team!), your guests will cheer over the food. I am personally really excited about the Touchdown Tailgate package. The BBQ pulled pork is spicy and delicious with our Bakehouse New Yorker rolls.

\* **It's easy.** We'll deliver your order anywhere in Ann Arbor for only \$18, and that includes the Big House, the golf course, or your own front lawn. You can enjoy your tailgate happy and well fed, without having to fight traffic. If you'd like to pick it up, don't worry about finding a place to park. We are happy to offer curbside service.

\* **We can do it all.** Our event planners can help you throw the tailgate of the season. We'll find a spot near the Big House, design a menu, arrange rentals, anything you like. We can even get you a big screen tv, so you can watch the game without having to leave your tailgate.

I can't wait for football season, and we can't wait to make your game day memorable and delicious. Go Blue!

Jane from Zingerman's Catering



### A Maize-ing Tailgate

- Hand-pulled beef brisket in Zingerman's BBQ sauce on a Bakehouse New Yorker bun
- Grilled chili lime Amish chicken quarters
- Fresh fruit salad
- Zingerman's redskin potato salad
- Molasses baked beans
- Zingerman's Magic Brownies and cookies
- Assorted Coke products

### Zingerman's Gridiron

Choose from an assortment of the Deli's best sandwiches, we'll fasten each with a pick and arrange them in a basket for your guests to enjoy. Also includes:

- Zingerman's redskin potato salad
- Fresh fruit salad
- Crisp veggie tray with creamy ranch and roasted red pepper dip
- Zingerman's Magic Brownies and cookies
- Assorted Coke products

### Zingerman's Touchdown Tailgate

- Grilled Amish chicken quarters in Zingerman's own zesty BBQ sauce
- BBQ pulled pork served with Bakehouse New Yorker rolls
- Zingerman's redskin potato salad
- Grilled vegetable salad with barrel-aged feta cheese and balsamic dressing
- Fresh fruit salad
- Zingerman's Magic Brownies and cookies
- Assorted Coke products

### Grab and Go Tailgate

This is great tailgating made easy! Your favorite Zingerman's Deli sandwich or salad, Zapp's potato chips, Black Magic Brownie and a crisp pickle all packaged in an easy to carry Zingerman's red bag.



get your tailgate started at 734.663.3400 or [www.zingermanscatering.com](http://www.zingermanscatering.com)

# what's bakin' at



## Nutritional Labels vs. Nourishment Labels

What's The Difference and Why Does it Matter?

Starting this September you will find nutritional labels on all of the packaged items we make at the Bakehouse. For many years we've shared the nutritional content of our baked goods with you on our website and in person, if you asked, and now we'll be sharing it with you even if you don't ask. If you were operating on a don't ask don't tell policy, I suggest you ask one of us to remove the label at the register. We'll completely understand and happily oblige.

Why are we doing this? The reality is that the FDA requires all "manufacturers" who employ more than 100 people to put nutritional labels on their packaged products. Well we recently have grown to 110 employees at the Bakehouse so we fall into that category. Why didn't we do this without the urging of the FDA? Basically we're baking to make full flavored, delicious pastries. Nutrition isn't our focus, flavor is. So although we've been happy to share that information, we haven't felt inspired to create labels. That's the basic story, but I have to admit to having some pretty strong opinions about our eating habits in this country that have led me to think that this required nutritional information is not relevant to what we are trying to do at the Bakehouse.

In the last few years, I have noticed that many of us want to know more about the content of prepared, fresh food we buy in restaurants, grocery stores and bakeries. This is a new phenomenon—nobody ever used to ask the chef how many calories were in the cream sauce. In fact, some people might say questions like that ruin the experience. But, we've become accustomed to nutritional labels on manufactured foods we find in the grocery store, and it seems understandable that some of us would want the same information about the fresh food we're buying.

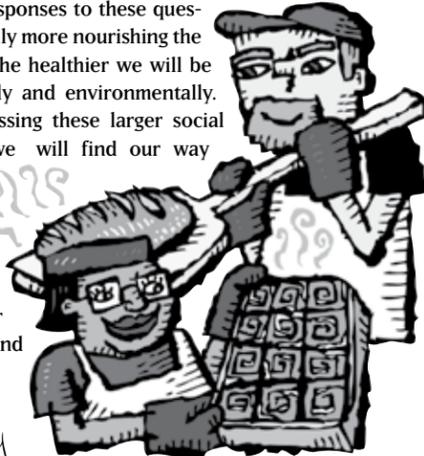
What is this about? The simplest part of the story is that many of us are better educated about ingredients and we want to avoid the harmful ones and eat the healthy ones. The more complicated part of the story is that the most commonly promoted path to health and weight control in our society is a reductive one: decrease calories, decrease grams of fat, eat foods with a low glycemic index. It's reductive in that it focuses on component parts of food rather than on the whole food or on the entire experience of eating. To use this 'component' approach we need to know what's in what we're eating and since so much of what we eat is made by others

we have to ask for the analyses. The unfortunate part of this eating pattern is that it's not at all clear that it works. Since the 1980s we've just been getting heavier and heavier.

Although this approach to food may give us interesting information, I think it misses the larger issues in our culture of eating that may have just as important a role in our health and weight. By culture of eating I mean whom we eat with, how long we take to eat, whether we have real meals regularly, whether we know about our food (who made it, where it came from). To the end of improving our health, I've daydreamed about creating "Nourishment Labels" rather than nutritional labels. These labels could include the parts of eating that may have an equally large impact on our health and the health of our community:

- Is this food made from naturally occurring ingredients?
- Did you eat this food with friends and loved ones?
- Do you know the people who made the food?
- Was the food made in a way that is sustainable for our environment and for the food producers?
- Do you know the history of the food you're eating?
- Do you feel satisfied a half hour after eating it? Better food leads to better feelings!

The more "yes" responses to these questions, the potentially more nourishing the food will be and the healthier we will be physically, mentally and environmentally. Perhaps by addressing these larger social issues of eating we will find our way to a healthier eating culture. These are the criteria we are focusing on when we create our food. Take a bite and feel nourished!



Amy

Ari



## Know-Fat Full Flavored, Full Fat Food From Zingerman's Bakehouse

We confess. While others are trying to eliminate the stuff, we're working on getting to know it. Our pastries are made with a bunch of really good butter, plenty of heavy cream, hand-ladled cream cheese from Zingerman's Creamery, thick farm-fresh sour cream, lots of freshly-cracked whole eggs and all sorts of other know-fat ingredients. While they may not reduce your waistline, they are all natural and they sure taste a lot better than those low-fat cookies some factory concocted to take advantage of trend-conscious consumers.

When it comes to coffeecakes, pies, cakes, cookies and croissants, we really do know fat. In fact, we know it really well. Since the day we opened our doors at the Bakehouse in 1992, our number one criterion for each product we make has been flavor. And like it or not, the fat is often where the flavor is. Now this is not a put down of naturally low or no fat foods. As long as the flavor stands firm we're happy to have hardly any fat in our food. Take our breads; most are almost fat free, made with nothing more than unbleached and unbromated flours, filtered water, sea salt and sometimes a little yeast.

Now don't misunderstand us, we're not advocating unhealthy, out-of-control consumption of all the fat you can eat. We seek ways to eat and enjoy small servings of natural, well-prepared, full-flavored food rather than opt for the low-fat but unrewarding offerings in the low fat section of the supermarket. Given the choice (and we are) we would rather go for lower volume, higher quality than miss out on all of that natural flavor.



## special bakes

### Pumpnickel Raisin Bread

9/4 & 9/5

Chewy, traditional pumpnickel bread with juicy red flame raisins and a sprinkle of sesame seeds. Great toasted with a schmear of Zingerman's Creamery award-winning cream cheese.

### Chernushka Rye Bread

9/11 & 9/12

A loaf of our chewy Jewish Rye bread with peppery chernushka seeds. This one definitely has a following.

### Peppered Bacon Farm Bread

9/25 & 9/26

Everything is better with bacon right? Check out Nueske's applewood smoked bacon and black pepper in a crusty loaf of our signature farm bread.

### Loomis Bread

10/9 & 10/10

Named after John Loomis, Great Lakes Cheshire creator! Tangy farm bread with chunks of Zingerman's Creamery Cheshire cheese and roasted red peppers from Cornman Farms. It's a Zingerman's trifecta!

### Porter Rye

10/16 & 10/17

A moist and slightly sweet loaf made from a bit of organic muscovado brown sugar, Michigan Brewing Company's Peninsula Porter, a pinch of lard, and lots of flavor packed rye flour.

### Scallion Walnut Farm Bread

10/23 & 10/24

Our signature farm bread with fresh scallions and toasted walnuts. Try it on a chicken salad sandwich. Makes a great stuffing for chicken or pork.

### Macedonian Black Bread

10/30 & 10/31

We developed this recipe in honor of the annual Vampire's Ball fundraiser at Zingerman's Roadhouse (October 28th, 2009). It's a fascinatingly complex loaf full of flavor. Just check out the ingredients: wheat, rye, corn, honey, molasses, cinnamon, nutmeg, caraway, coffee, chocolate, and potato!

Call ahead to order your special loaves from:

Bakeshop—3711 Plaza Dr. • 761.2095

Deli—422 Detroit St. • 663.DELI

Roadshow—2501 Jackson Rd. • 663.FOOD

Most of our Special Bakes are available for shipping at [www.zingermans.com](http://www.zingermans.com) or 888.636.8162

## bread of the month

September 2009

**Paesano Bread - \$4.50**  
(regular \$6.25)

Good Enough to Ship Back to California. Crisp, crackly crust, moist honeycombed interior and the trademark sour tang that will tickle your tongue.

October 2009

**Farm Loaf - \$4.50**  
(regular \$6.25)

The bread to seize the imagination of sesame seed lovers everywhere—the entire loaf is rolled in unhulled sesame seeds. Golden color, great taste. Made with semolina and durum flour. We've found its best when toasted, grilled, or heated in the oven.

## cake of the month

September 2009

**Ribbon Cake**  
(to celebrate the Bakehouse's 17th Birthday)

October 2009

**Caramel Apple Cake**

**20% OFF**

whole cakes-of-the-month and slices at the Bakehouse or Deli Next Door coffeehouse!



you really can taste the difference!

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