
FISH & GAME
MMXIII - MMXV

SPRING

YEAR TWO





LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER

The deep snow didn't disappear with spring's arrival. Again. It stuck around quite a while, whiting out any perceptible transition between seasons. That's usually the case. People don't get it. I don't get it. Getting it may not be the supposed action, thought process, intuitive dig if you have to ask however, remembering and understanding would be helpful from time to time. Know thee thy weather and keep the stew on longer than anticipated. We try that. We tell ourselves we try that. I haven't tried that. Haven't imagined trying that except in a moment of admitting my role in the collective forgetfulness: a pathological cerebral spread made up of daydreams, overexposure and office buildings.

I don't know if it makes a difference to try to understand it or remember it or reconcile what has past as an aid in interpreting what will come. You're getting fucking snowballed either way. Giant drifts of it, I've seen so far.

Freak out. Eat that question and call Mr. Greenjeans. The Zappa cannon reads as clearly and accurately as predicted weather patterns. But this newsletter is not about creationists, zionists, meteorologists or other cults. Myopic recessives have no forum here only misguided mongrel naturalists, who at times may pose as one or one as the other. Neither is important and only mentioned in passing.

By March, here in the northeast, we're all so chapped by icy winter air that annually we convince ourselves, forgetting our willful insubordination of our inherent abilities what history has taught us, winter is ending and, like the end of one side of an album, we assume the whole thing will just flip it over and a new song will play. "I've got sunshine...."

But it often snows in April and in the Hudson Valley frosts are not uncommon through early June. We're so desperate for the sun to slap us from our down wrapped somnambulant perambulations that we prematurely slip into flip-flops and proclaim, "spring is finally here!" As with so many of our minds' insidious deceptions, we conform to a calendar, hope named and numbered, rather than trusting our senses if senses we still have after generations of blue screen, tube lit, lcd, HD, surround sound, back lit evolution.

How many of us are listening to nature? Observing anything beyond traffic patterns and trending what-the-fuck-ever.

March reveals to us the cracks in our self-deception. Yes, the 21st comes and goes and our calendar spring, lounging in the tall grass under the warm sun, has yet again forsaken our chattering teeth and shriveled little pricks as the ice blanket shows no sign of disappearing. Not for a while, if I can remember correctly, which I rarely do, can do can't do, not really the point, the point, the point is care to do. Life is exhausting enough without asking anyone, me, you, him, her to begin caring, caring now? After we've come all this way. Such an undertaking may be too dangerous for our kind: a groundswell of despecialization, warm smiles, equanimity, commies! The slowness would be intolerable, right, maybe not the intolerable itch the phone makes as it sits to your side just within your peripheral vision while you wait for it to light up, to connect you to me, me to you, to satisfy our longing for something more, more than watching the wind blow the trees. Who can imagine that breeze blowing intolerable slowness, exhausting

us all the way 'til the end, all the way, no matter what, exhaustion. But we're talking about spring, right? Because this year, like no other year past, we were really tired of winter.

This is what spring is.
Polarizing. Sounds cold.
Confounding. Blows hot and cold.

We absorb nature's pass-through state of being, between that which is certainly cold to a time that most assuredly will be warm, and apply to it our own neuroses.

In this frenetic arena, with bare feet and puffy coats, we plant our seeds and lay our plans and exhausted, thawing, hustling and betting, we rarely enjoy the unpredictability. But we enjoy the promise. We live within our hope and in that we quickly forget winter ever paid a visit, will ever return again and, if when it has forced itself upon us we will once again be convinced of March's springtime promise and we will once again stare at bare trees and slip on frozen ground and spend time laying bets, figuring, acting surprised, talking as if one year is comparable to the next, grappling with our inability to conquer, understand, remember or know that it all passes and spring is likely to be good next year, like it was this year and the year before and if only we can go easy and if only we can but we can't and we can't care but we can pretend to ourselves and each other that we do in some meaningful way some meaning that we post somewhere in our lives, on our machines, in our conversations acting as we do as erratically as we might say the weather was this spring.





SPRING SOCIAL WITH &NORTH AND
HUDSON RIVER EXCHANGE

MEET ME IN THE MEAT GARDEN

A VALHALLA FOR CARNIVORES



Weathersby, our Valet, stood waiting by the car when we walked out of the airport. I'm not quite sure what time it was but I knew it was late. I knew our flight had been delayed, by weather, they said. It's always the weather in spring. A storm in Boston: snow, rain, ice, typical New England. I knew we were delayed because our tab from the bar at the Legal Seafoods in Logan airport, yes, yes, a Boston send off, was 6-8 drinks greater than our average pre-flight consumption. That and whatever sleeping pill du jour or in-flight tolerance aid, as I have come to think of them, produced a certain disorientation and giddiness momentarily concealing what promised to be, sometime soon if proper measures were not taken, a phenomenal headache, when we touched down at SFO. It took me a few moments to realize our Valet was a disheveled skate punk with low slung pants a hoody and an adolescent moustache. His name was actually Bud, not really Weathersby, though Weathersby stuck as it kept me closer to my image of the role he was to play for me and Kevin on our visit to Belcampo. His competence had not yet been called into question as, at the time, we were functioning without the requisite tools for an expedition such as this and, as we are battle tested and experienced in the deprivations inherent to certain missions, we maintained high level of composure while allowing details not worth mentioning at the time slip by, and to our relief, he had, as instructed, outfitted our transport with Salinia Syrah and Four Roses Bourbon. Two fine choices that I, not he, made via an earlier and hopeful email correspondence, but still buying him a few hours of

reprieve before I began yelling at him to pull up his pants and cut out the digital emunction, a habit I could ignore for a time but an act of impropriety I knew would have Kevin garroting the damn fool from the back seat before too long. Where, I wondered, had he been trained for such a position, as I munched on some blend of bread and meat I can only imagine was not sourced with the same diligence as the wine or bourbon. Specifics, I reminded myself, specifics. You have to detail each and every thing you want in this world, down to the serial number or cereal brand and if you don't know it, don't know what you want, be prepared to receive the choice you would not have made. Details, I would learn, are rarely, if ever, overlooked at Belcampo. No matter, one of us had a wine opener, so the 5 hour drive that brought us to that northernmost arcadia of California hills, mountains and pastureland was sufficiently suffused with a jovial banter designed to keep our Valet alert, eyes on the road, driving at high speeds appropriate only in the small hours and for that, I had to complement him, even if he had not prepared a proper connection for our music source, requiring a high degree of patience from me to wire the system while making at least one stoplight trunk run for another bottle of Salinia. Why, I asked Weathersby, would he keep something so essential in an area not easily reachable from inside the car?

I awoke at 5am with a feral cat on my chest. It seemed sweet enough so I petted it until anxiety impelled me to commence the morning's exploration. I could hear coughing in the next room, from which I deduced Kevin, more restless than I, was already awake. The sun was up. Weathersby was not. We had slept in a ranch house, unfamiliar to me in the light. It was appointed with grand picture windows, framing misty farmlands and the mighty Mt. Shasta, grand and snow capped. I quickly slipped into the easy frame of mind that overtakes me when I'm on the west coast.

Hungry, I yelled for Weathersby. Kevin took it upon himself, an act above and beyond the call of duty, to start tinkering with the coffee machine until he was able to produce two cups of a hot brew while I incessantly and quite impatiently opened and closed the refrigerator, unconsciously performing an incantation I hoped would either conjure a hot breakfast or manifest our slovenly Valet who, apparently, felt it appropriate to indulge in slumber beyond sun up. Kevin, joining me in creating an increasingly loud racket, fueled by coffee and the brightening sunlight roused the skate-punk manservant who, appearing before us in boxers and a dirty t-shirt, complained of the hour and demanded we allow him to return to bed. Battle tested and experienced in such situations, and awake enough to register his hopelessness, we allowed him to return to bed and ate apples, finished off the pot of coffee and went searching for a diversion appropriate for the still, hazy hours of early morning light. We were delighted to find a four-wheeler and an extra five-gallon can of gasoline, which we were able to use to make an undisturbed reconnaissance of the expansive farmlands. While our young Valet dreamed the dreams of his caste, we journeyed into the morning. Welcoming the warm sunshine with us were sheep grazing on great green fields, goats on rocky hillsides, giant, muscular cows chewing side to side, pigs touring enormous swaths of land, partially burrowed but with plenty of work left to be done, happy and flapping in the morning light there too were chickens, ducks and squab. The air was still crisp and we, wind-slapped and fading from the time change and an overdose of eighteen plus high-octane hours of travel, returned to the warm house to recharge before our day which was to consist of an in-depth tour of Belcampo's most active piece of farmland: 12,000 acres right at the base of Mt. Shasta.

What we learned that day and in the days that followed



was nothing short of mind-blowing, mind-blowing that is for anyone who gives one damn about land stewardship, the provenance of what one eats, the health and well-being of any living being and or is simply interested and invested in a conscientious move forward. Anya Fernald, Belcampo's CEO and visionary leader, and her crew –court jester and sincerely warm-hearted Bud included— are all on a mission to build a model of not only sustainable and humane farming but a system designed to deliver that product to retail outlets and restaurants servicing the end user. This is America's healthiest model of vertical integration at any kind of significant scale.

Belcampo's farming operation exists in far northern California and their retail outlets extend down to southern California. Their infrastructure is well thought out, thorough, ample in size and, without a doubt, expensive. There's work for them to do to prove the model can work without subsidization, however, as her farmers, processing managers, restaurant operators and chefs walked Kevin and I through each facet of the operation, their pride was evident and they understood that they were part of something bigger, a shift in the way the food system has worked for generations, each employee with his or her role to play. They all spoke of the company and its mission with a smile (no bullshit, except on the farm...a-thank you). Perhaps it was my romantic, deluded nature or my empathic connection, but I had and have the sense they can pull it off.

We, us, you and me, our parents and our friends, for generations, have fostered a culture of avarice, mistaken as ambition, thus spinning off the disease of cynicism, sighs of skepticism, and a growing social divide. This is the epidemic of our times, although not new to society. Our spring romp and riotous arrival on the west coast was only fueled by coming off another year of working with a mis-

sion to foster community by buying all our meat and produce from within 30 miles of our own restaurant, by believing we can effect change, by believing no matter how small of a restaurant we can help support others working in our neighborhood, town, county, all the while knowing that most people don't care. Departing, for a moment, the Hudson Valley was our release from the hard realities of a heart-felt long swim upstream.

Pamphlet deep research, passing concern and artisanal looking packaging is effort enough for most folks to feel good about the food they eat. But there are the few who go deeper, much deeper and the few are growing louder, getting smarter, getting funded and Belcampo is a beacon in this great step forward, this breaking out of post war industrialized, shrink-wrapped, yield focused, pharmaceutically enhanced food system we've been lobbied and locked into for so long and that keeps on chugging along because they can make money selling meat that's cheap beyond reason, beyond comprehension, cheap in a way that confounds my basic math skills. Belcampo walks the walk and is leading by example. It's a bold move that's setting a high bar, one for which we can only hope many others will strive.

Good, healthy, real meat should be expensive. Meat should be a delicacy. We'd all eat less of it. If so, we wouldn't be as fat as avarice would have us. Wouldn't that be a revolution?



A man in a light-colored, long-sleeved button-down shirt and dark trousers is walking through a vineyard. He is looking down at the plants. The vineyard is on a hillside, with rows of grapevines and wooden posts. In the background, there are more hills and a small building. The sky is overcast.

HIROTAKE OOKA

The petite village of Saint-Péray, just south of Cornas, sits tucked up against the steep cliffs that define the region's topography and wines alike: the easternmost edge of the Massif Central, the gigantic geological cornucopia that occupies much of central Southern France. Across the Rhône valley, parallel to the river, a glowering wall of jagged Alps loom blue in the distance, resembling nothing so much as Mordor seen from Minas Tirith (though without the sinister orange backlighting).

Tall, broad-shouldered, speaking perfect French with a slight Japanese accent, Hirotake Ooka walks down the stone steps in front of his house, introduces himself, and bows solemnly. Then his tranquil face breaks into a big grin. "Should we go visit the vines?" Driving up a narrow, winding road to his vineyards, he fills in a bit of backstory. Ooka moved to France from Tokyo in 1997. Though he studied



to be a chemist in Japan, he decided to leave school to become a winemaker, earning a diploma in Bordeaux as an agricultural technician.

He wanted a job with Thierry Allemand, the visionary most responsible for resuscitating Cornas' reputation, but found a position instead with Jean-Louis Grippat, whose business was bought by Rhône powerhouse Guigal in 2000. Ooka managed the Grippat and Vallouit vineyards in Hermitage and Saint-Joseph, all the while moonlighting with Allemand on weekends (Ooka originally chose the Rhône valley specifically because he loved Allemand's wines, and subsequently modeled his own methods after his mentor's organic, low-intervention approach). In 2002 he left Guigal for Allemand and bought a vineyard as well as his home and winery, snug behind a high wall on a sharp curve near the center of town.

Bumping along a dirt road barely worthy of the word, brush scraping the underside of his van, he points out some of his parcels. He now owns eleven, totaling three hectares scattered throughout Cornas, like the one he parks above: steep, narrow, facing southeast. When he bought it, the hillside was all wooded; he cleared it himself because forested land costs far less than vineyards. He left a buffer of woods at the edges wherever possible to encourage biodiversity and reduce erosion. Crouching near the van, where cutting the road exposed a vertical section of earth, he indicates the four-inch layer of soil on top of crumbling granite, explaining that the vines have to find cracks and penetrate deep into the rock to find nutrients. As a result, they don't produce a lot of grapes, but the fruit is intensely concentrated with flavor: proof of the adage that poor soil makes great wine. "It's hard for the vines, but good for us."

It's hard for him, too, getting up at 5:00 in the morning to trudge up and down these precipitously steep vineyards, but his contentment with this life is palpable. And his wines reflect it. He and his wife, also Japanese (they met at French language school in Bordeaux) have three children, 5, 7, and 9. She helps a little bit with the business, but apart from harvest time it's almost entirely him working in the vineyards and cellar. Ooka is a natural winemaker's natural winemaker; besides eschewing all sulfur and any inter-



ventions in the cellar, he tries to avoid any treatments – even biodynamic plant extracts – in the vineyards. He believes that vines thrive best under benign neglect, and that terroir expresses itself best with minimal human interference.

Cornas, perennially underrated, contains some excellent terroir but has suffered from hard conditions (those steep slopes of poor soil) and lazy producers (making dense, tannic, unfriendly wines). The label on Ooka's Cornas couldn't be further from that image: a child's drawing of grapes, leaves, rainbows, and insects. His domaine, La Grande Colline ("the big hill") is a translation of his family name, and most appropriate given the precipitous inclination of his vineyards, some of which easily approach a 30 percent grade. He works entirely by hand, pruning, training, and occasionally spraying; when he does apply nettle or horsetail tea, it is by means of a tank strapped to his back, hiking up and down the long vertical rows. "It's easier at the beginning of the season," he says, surveying the view. "I can hit a few rows at a time with the sprayer. Once the leaves fill out, I have to walk up every row."

His 2011 Cornas marked the beginning of his no-treatment approach, where

he used no sulfur, no copper, not even any biodynamic plant-based sprays on the vines for the whole growing season. "It's just grapes. That's what I do." He identifies his most important role as choosing the right moment for harvest; he needs the sugar to be high enough to ferment well, but not so high that it becomes a problem. Speaking of the final alcohol percentage, he explains: "11 is good, up to 12, 12.5, but higher than that is bad. The yeast dies, the volatile acidity gets too high." Pick at the right time, though, he says, and "the wine makes itself." This is not to say that higher sugar levels preclude good wine; he picked the 2005, for example, at seventeen percent potential alcohol. "It stopped fermenting, and then started again much later. After five years in barrel it turned out very well, but it took too long. You can't make a living like that; the wine would need to cost a fortune."

La Grande Colline currently sells 30,000 bottles a year, half of which gets exported to Japan where natural wines are hugely popular. Scandinavia buys a fair amount as well, and demand in the US and Canada is growing. His 10-year lease is up on the Saint-Péray vineyards, so beginning in 2016 he will make no more whites. Because buying grapes adds a significant expense, soon enough he plans to stop altogether and focus exclusively on Cornas, exploring its nuances through his eleven vineyards. He hopes to

produce 4,000 bottles of Cornas this year; he says that if he can produce 10,000 bottles it will be enough to live on. Yields in his vineyards, now between eight and ten years old, are increasing, so that goal seems reachable.

His cave is carved into a cliff below an old chateau, about three minutes' drive from his house, sealed with a motorized roll-up door. Behind that modern contrivance sits a cave dug in the Middle Ages; the castle's ancient well connects to the back of the cellar and keeps going down. There's still water at the bottom, and more drips steadily down the walls of the vault. The cool, dank atmosphere within keeps the barrels tight and the fermentation slow. Most of the barrels are festooned with fluffy efflorescences of greenish mold.

His library of older vintages—a personal archive in which he eagerly rummages for bottles to taste—sits on metal shelves in back, right over the old well. Bottles and shelves alike are coated with an opaque film of damp dust. Swap the incandescent bulbs for torches and there's nothing going on here that did not happen five hundred years ago. A strange oily liquid has dripped from the ceiling onto the top of an upright barrel he uses for a tasting table, causing him to lean over and examine it up close. "I've never seen that before," he laughs, and rinses a couple of glasses in the sink near the door.

His whites, depending on where they're grown, fall under the appellations of Saint-Péray, Côtes-du-Rhône, or simply Vin de France (the most basic non-appellation that many natural winemakers use by default to avoid regulatory headaches). While their profiles vary depending on the grape and the vineyard, they all share complex minerality, elegant acidity, and fragrant fruit; there's a precision to these wines, even the humble ones. Saint-Péray sits mostly on limestone, with a different character than Cornas. After pressing, his white juice may spend a day or two in a fiberglass vat to begin fermenting before it goes in barrel. Not surprisingly, the 2014 Chardonnay (a Vin de France) still has a bit of sugar; normally his whites ferment for a year since the cool cellar promotes long, slow fermentations. Very surprisingly, the 2009 Marsanne also still needs more time; it too is not completely dry yet. He shrugs. "I never force wine; I leave it until it's ready. I never heat it, stir it, nothing."

His strict anti-sulfur rule applies even to cleaning the barrels; when a vintage gets bottled, he rinses the casks with water, and then the following day he refills them with the next vintage so there's no time for any oxidative flavors to develop. Ooka leaves the stoppers loose in their holes so gases can escape from the barrels while still preventing any contaminants from infiltrating the wine. Letting them sit in barrel for a couple of years, besides allowing them to thoroughly settle and clarify, also stabilizes the wines. "People say unsulfured wines don't keep, but that's not true." To prove it, he uncorks a 2006 Saint-Péray, beautifully mature, with lots of sesame seed on the nose—it would, most appropriately, kill with sushi.



Above all, Ooka's wines embody honesty and purity of expression. Beyond the immediately apparent pleasure and finesse in his mature reds, one finds a supple elegance wedded to a particularly Rhône-ish rusticity: the carnal, animal intensity of syrah tempered with delicacy, refinement, and transparency. Cornas sits close to the southern end of the Northern Rhône, so it catches some Provençal heat; the orientation of its slopes ripens grapes quickly and gives vineyards some protection from the chilly Mistral in the winter. By defying the region's common tendency toward too-ripe fruit, though, his wines evoke some of the rarest flavors from farther north, where sunshine is more precious; the Côte-Rôtie, 40 miles away, or the legendary Hermitage hillside a few miles upstream.

His Saint-Joseph, all made from purchased fruit, features a large violet on the label, because that perfume marks a well-made example of the appellation. While his 2014 (only 11 percent alcohol) remains tightly closed, standing aloof, tart, and tannic, the 2013 is all smiles and caresses. The 2014 Cornas, while tannic, nonetheless conveys a ripeness, almost sweet, that meshes seamlessly with the supple structure. He ferments reds in whole bunches to allow some carbonic maceration, and punches down the cap every day or so. The 2014 spent barely a week in the vat before pressing and fermenting in barrel; this approach extracts a powerful combination of fruit and structure from Syrah, a grape that possesses both in equal measure.

While the vintages reflect the differing weather and natural wines show more difference between vintages than chemical efforts, because there is no correction of "flaws" Ooka ascribes their accessibility primarily to time in bottle. "Ideally, I let them sit in bottle for a minimum of six months before drinking. Ideally," he adds after a pause, laughing at the reality that business sometimes requires a faster pace. He opens a 2012, which drinks exceedingly well for such a young wine. Some famous Rhône reds go through a dumb period a few years after bottling, then open up with abandon after five or so more. Will this silky elixir, so fast out of the gate, hit a rough patch? He chuckles again "It's hard to say, but I think it will stay good."





RAMP CANNELLONI



The long winter delayed the appearance of many domestic vegetables, but the wild ones popped up right on time. While farms and gardens strained to catch up, the woods and meadows teemed with bright flavors. Ramps, of course, positively moan spring, in concert with the Internet rubbing itself raw over this most hipster signifier of the season's inception. All hype aside, though, ramps offer a welcome shot of feral green after a long winter and provide plentiful potential for preparations both fresh and fermented.

But they grow and spread slowly, and can take five or more years before they flower and produce seeds. Properly harvested — never take more than five percent of a patch, and when possible cut one leaf per plant and let the bulbs be — they can be a sustainable treat, their graceful dark green leaves popping like brushstrokes against the browns and greys of the waking woods. Jori normally bogarts bulbs for kimchi, but that leaves lots of leaves. Sharply pungent when raw, with cooking ramp greens become milder (and darker, a vivid viridian branded in this instance with grill marks and slick with oil).

The wilted leaves, overlapped, served as nori-esque wrappers for kid goat from Fish & Game farm. Gently braised with aromatics and herbs until tender, then strained to dry it out a bit, the meat enjoyed the company of minced onion tops, ramp kimchi, and diced grilled pork fat for lubrication. This farce, rolled in grilled greens and then chilled for solidity, on pickup got sautéed à la minute in some of the braising liquid and butter to heat it through.

Each roll, having thus attained a sticky nappe without and a pleasing hotness throughout, received a reinforcing spoonful of buttery jus, a sprinkling of breadcrumbs, and lavish garnishing with baby radishes dressed in this season's must-have herb vinegar plus leaves, sprouts, and chive flowers. A proud pinch of ramp kimchi alongside added emphasis and a potent hit of salty acidity. This ramp roll ran on the last menu in May, just as some serious rain finally visited the region, prompting a unanimously enthusiastic response from the vegetable kingdom. Green season is now finally upon us; this dish welcomed it warmly.

WILD HERB JULEP



Fish & Game's julep tradition is older than the restaurant, dating back to the frantic days before it opened two years ago. Jori, growing up in Austin, loved Derby Day festivities, even if she didn't particularly care about the race itself. The occasion provided an excuse to wear fancy hats, to pop into different houses, and to drink juleps. Her joyous association of the event with hats, socializing, and cold, minty booze stuck with her over the years.

So, in early May of 2013, with the grand opening still a couple of weeks away, Jori pushed to open the bar for the Derby. She had found some proper silver julep cups, and the weather cooperated with a burst of warmth that pushed up the wild mint just in time. The race blared out over the speakers in the bar. Hats were worn. Merriment ensued.

Thus was a tradition born; Juleps appear on the bar menu every spring, coinciding naturally with Derby Day. Until this year, that is, when the wretched winter would not die. A few false starts only made the inevitable plunges back into teenage temperatures more painful. As a result, with the date of the race fast approaching, no mint had appeared in their fields. Jori

tried to accept the idea of a julepless Derby, but the thought filled her with despair (a First World Problem if ever there was one). She even, heaven forbid, contemplated buying some mint. This is known in bar-room parlance as "hitting bottom."

Then, working in the garden, she noticed that the sage one tough-ass herb was regrowing briskly. Driving home, she had an epiphany: why does a julep have to be mint? Back home, hopefully checking on the mint's progress, she noticed the cornucopia of other plants, wild and domestic, that were also early out of the gate and growing fast: wild strawberry, raspberry, and elderberry leaves, wood sorrel, ground ivy, clover, lemon balm, chrysanthemum, anise hyssop, tarragon, those first teasing wild mint buds... and every day the list grew longer as the plants grew taller. The result, besides quite literally saving the day, made an appealing riff on a classic. The flavor stays familiar—mint remains the dominant flavor, thanks to the dried tea—but with the extra complexity one expects from a Fish & Game house cocktail.

The herb syrup results from Jori's thrifty use of stems from the various herbs, wild and domestic, that pass



through the kitchen; the mixture varies depending on what's available. Jori makes an herbal tea for the restaurant, so some of that dried mixture enhances the syrup with its more concentrated flavor; the round, spicy mints catch some bright highlights from the ginger leaf and an earthy, woody undertone from the thyme. Your fresh and dried herbs will likely vary, and that is as it should be.

Acid phosphate, a mixture of mineral salts and phosphoric acid with about the same pH as lemon juice, gave old-timey soda fountain drinks like cherry phosphates their name. Unlike lemon juice, which tastes rather a lot like lemons, acid phosphate adds sourness with no discernible taste. In addition, the salts heighten other flavors (as salts are inclined to do). In the case of this drink, it balances the sweet syrup and brings the nuances of the many herbs into sharp focus with no distortion. Besides adding an appealingly vintage vibe to a delicious beverage, it also serves as a reminder that much of today's cocktail vocabulary (gin, vermouth, bitters, amari and digestivi, even Coca-Cola) evolved from medicinal tonics of the nineteenth century and before.



WILD HERB JULEP

4 DROPS ACID PHOSPHATE

¼ OZ HERB SYRUP

2 OZ FOUR ROSES BOURBON (YELLOW LABEL)

SMALL HANDFUL OF WILD HERBS

Drip the acid phosphate into a julep cup, then add the leaves and muddle them with the syrup. Add the bourbon, then fill the cup with crushed ice. Agitate the mixture with a bar spoon until the metal gets nice and frosty. Add more ice, mounding it on top, then garnish with a little bouquet of edible herbs and flowers. Serve with a straw.

HERB SYRUP

Take fresh stems from a combination of wild mint, angelica, lovage, oregano, strawberry leaves, and clover, plus dried tea herbs: peppermint, spearmint, ginger leaf, and wild thyme and pour hot simple syrup over them. Let it steep until cool, then strain and bottle.



JUNE 27 & 28 Third Annual Hudson River Exchange Summer Market. Visit Lady Jayne's Alchemy in the company of 100 vendors of the regions best handmade and vintage vendors. Live music and food all weekend! Saturday 10AM-6PM, Sunday 11AM-4PM

SUMMER DINNER SERIES
Guest chef dinners at Fish & Game. For reservations email rsvp@fishandgamehudson.com

JULY 19TH Chef Ignacio Mattos of Estela at Fish & Game

AUGUST 23RD Chef Elise Kornack from Take Root in Brooklyn and Chef Iliana Regan from Chicago's Elizabeth Restaurant

LOOK OUT for the return of the Play with Fire Spectacular on the Fish & Game Farm this summer.

FISH & GAME SPRING

YEAR TWO

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ZAK PELACCIO

images courtesy of Christina Holmes

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BELCAMPO

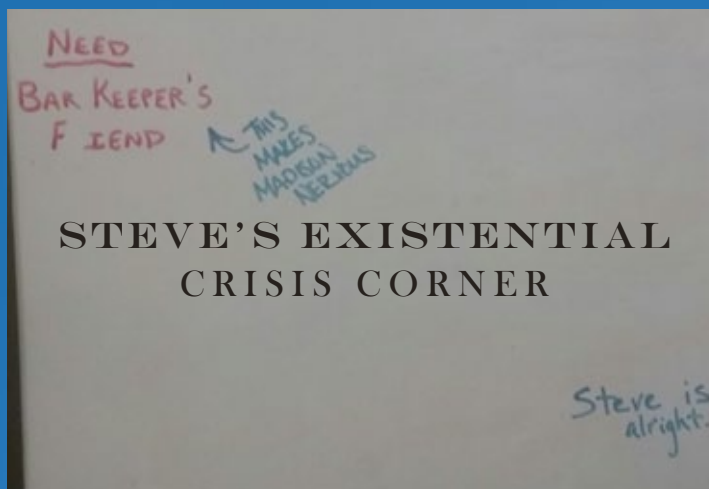
ZAK PELACCIO

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DESIGN BY STELLA YOON

MMXIII - MMXV

JORI JAYNE EMDE - BEN FUNDIS - ANNA GRAYZEL - WALTER GROHS - SARAH HEARNE - STEVE HERNANDEZ - LILA HOLLAND - ZACH KALAS - JUSTIN LINQUIST - PATRICK MILLING SMITH - MADISON MILLION - ZAK PELACCIO - KEVIN POMPLUN - AZESHA RAMCHARAN - MIKE RICE - TRISTAN SCHIPA - KAM STRYZEWSKI - MOHAMMAD UDDIN - TYLER VIGGIANO - STELLA YOON





FISH



&



GAME