

CONTEMPLATING FOOD, WINE, AND LIFE
tenpenny

IT ALL BEGAN AT TEN:

Meet
Mr. Filet Mignon



FOUND IN MIDTOWN:

Nailing IT AT THE GOTHAM

SERVES YOU RIGHT:

A TEAM OF *Misfits*

THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS: RECIPES



2006 Tolaini VALDISANTI receives 92 points from *Robert Parker's Wine Advocate*

"These are the finest wines I have tasted from Tolaini... The estate's 2006 Valdisanti is 75% Cabernet Sauvignon, 20% Sangiovese and 5% Cabernet Franc. Here the fruit is marvelously rich and decadent, with layers of cherry preserves, roasted coffee beans, new leather and French oak all woven together in fabric of notable class. The sheer richness of the fruit should allow the Valdisanti to develop gracefully in bottle for a number of years. Dried flowers and mint linger on the long finish."

— *Robert Parker's Wine Advocate*, Issue 191, October 2010

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NEW YORK, NY WWW.BJWM.COM



TOLAINI

TUSCANY, ITALY

Beginning at Ten

This whole thing might have started at the hibachi place near the highway.

By Jeffrey Tascarella
Managing Partner, Tenpenny

I was ten. Eating at ten years old, no attention paid to where, what, or why. At ten, it is simply out of your hands. At ten, you are still in the bland, yet comforting realm of “being fed,” rather than the rich and challenging world of “eating.” At ten, the only choices you face are what cereal to have in the morning, and whether or not the cereal milk has sufficiently transformed to justify drinking it at the end.

Not that this was a bad thing. For breakfast, beyond cereals, there were homemade corn muffins and chocolate milk, waffles and pancakes with syrup warmed in the microwave. Saturday brought bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches from the deli, full of black pepper and ketchup, a tradition I maintain to this day. Sunday, bagels.

Lunch at home was the glory that is canned tuna (packed in water, not oil) on white toast with lots of mayo, lemon juice, and ruffled potato chips. During the school week, I rarely packed a lunch for fear of being labeled a sissy, and what they provided at the cafeteria was barely palatable. Lunchtime was more of a social event than a dining event anyway—a place to see and be seen, to assert one’s role in the structure of things. The importance of social maneuvering held our attention far greater than the questionably sourced taco meat and gummy chicken nuggets. Also disgusting, there were mealy, half-raw crinkle-cut french fries and oily chocolate chip cookies, tasting of chemicals and available for a 35 cent supplement.

I could find ways to subsist in this environment, but even as a child there were limits. I refused to attend school for a week in second grade, simply because I could not partake in the culinary abortion that was the “Italian-American”-themed lunch week. To eat the food of my mother and grandmother and then be expected to . . . eat *that*? Those pasta shells were

stuffed with shit, floating in pools of watery, oily “sauce.” Parent–teacher conferences were called, attempting to uncover a saner, more normal reason: A test I didn’t want to take? A bully I couldn’t face? No. I would rather spend the rest of my life unable to engage in long division than eat that crap.

Nightly, safe and home, the dinner ritual was picturesque: math problems and vocabulary assignments at the kitchen table while mom chopped, roasted, and basted. Every night, we ate tasty, Norman Rockwell-ish things: bloody red roast beef, buttery whipped potatoes and their usual friends, gravy and everything you could ladle it on, big loaves of fresh bread, frozen peas.

Perfectly bronzed and breaded chicken cutlets were particularly good—especially little scraps Mom shared straight from the frying oil, tiny 4C-brand *cromesquis*. There was beefy, gooey lasagna, usually on Sundays and other religious holidays. There was ricotta, always ricotta, finding a home where it could: in giant shells or in dense tubes of cannelloni. The kitchen counter seemed always to be a simple palette of primary colors: the rich blue of the Ronzoni box, dried pasta yellow, and tomato sauce red.

We would wash this down with ice-cold milk, finish with something from the good people at Entenmann’s or Turkey Hill. I would enjoy the smell of the percolating coffee and the amaretto, but that would be all. Off to see what Alf was up to, or if Tony was going to finally bang Angela, and then bed.

Delicious, all of this, but there was one random summer day when the familiar cycle broke. A query came through the curly-cabled phone mounted on the kitchen wall. My aunt and uncle were taking my cousins to the mysterious hibachi restaurant many miles from home, and they were wondering



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if I would tag along. I knew a bit about the place from my relatives' stories: the chef cooked the food at your table, which doubled as a high-temperature griddle; there was some sort of theater involved. Apparently, it was more badass than that Sesame Street nonsense at Chuck E. Cheese's. This was exotic, maybe even dangerous stuff. Though Mom was fearful—her little boy was headed to the restaurant where the table was the fucking stove, far away from here—she gave her permission and we went. I was going out to eat.

dividers. We came upon the hungry mob, now within the furor of the overbooked Saturday night. Like the diners that came before us and after, we found there would be a "short wait" for the table—45 minutes minimum—and we were corralled into a small bar. Space was tight and tensions were rising; Keds impatiently tapped the floor. Didn't that fucking group come in after us? Why are they sitting down? If that lady bumps into me one more time with that bag, I'll smack her in her fat face.

Parents and children were satiated with sugary mai tais and Shirley Temples, alien beverages available only at an occasional wedding. They held us for a while. There were enough maraschino cherries provided for all. Skills with tongues, stems, and knots were showcased. Hours or perhaps days later, a table became available. The host summoned us, an older Asian man, freckled and grey, white gloves, and cheap tuxedo. It was finally time, he said, an apologetic, eager grin stretched across his face. He seemed less than genuine, a character who could double-cross Indiana Jones—yet, we followed.



If I had known what the Michelin Guide was at the time, the hibachi place would be a lock for their three-star rating. Worth a journey. It was a nearly 25-mile trip, a near eternity spent in the family car, with its itchy bench seating and boxy metal stingingly hot from the blacktop sun. The other kids were shrieking and singing. Idiots. They had no idea how important this could possibly be.

After traveling for a length of time that can be understood only by those who travel in steerage or by wagon, we arrived. We crawled out of the car and onto the gravel parking lot. Almost instantly, we were thrust from the hysteria of the Long Island Expressway into the serenity of the American-imagined Oriental garden. Trudging between the Impalas and Monte Carlos, we came to short, low bridges over koi ponds, bamboo, and stone. We wished to meet an old man from Okinawa, drunkenly singing songs of his dead wife, or a lunatic mogul hosting a magical martial arts tournament—to the death.

The building itself was a cross between a 16th-century Japanese farmhouse and a 1980s ski lodge. We made our way inside, past dark walnut doors and illustrated paper

Safely, he led us through a battlefield of a dining room: we dodged plumes of fire and smoke; sizzling, screaming, birthday singing. The table was a long, low rectangle, the majority made of a weathered steel plate. The Hibachi Grill. Our place settings were dotted with chopsticks and teacups. We were sat, disappointed, with a smattering of strangers, a first experience with the dreaded communal table. There was another family, obviously all suffering from myriad social anxieties; an uncomfortable couple on a date; a smattering of seniors in athletic wear. Pleasantries were exchanged. We all tried to hide our discomfort, the table a crowded elevator, looking past one another at nothing, waiting. We weren't here to make fucking friends.

Then, it began. A giggling, anime stereotype of a Japanese waitress in a kimono fetched us a warm, damp towel; confused by it, I washed my face, aware of the smoke and oil that hung in the air. Quickly we were brought sticky, plastic menus from which we would choose our entree, the rest of the feast apparently predetermined. It was simple: mix and match shrimp, chicken, or flank steak for relatively the same price.

Gourmands, however, could venture into the world of the wealthy and gluttonous, near the bottom of the menu, where there awaited an orgy of lobster, scallops, and the ultimate: filet mignon.

Here, I lingered. The description: "Perfectly grilled cubes of our melt-in-your-mouth tender filet mignon." I had never experienced a piece of meat melt in my mouth. I imagined it literally, like a pad of warm butter. This was something that had to happen.

Kimono Waitress was upon me. It was time to order like everyone else had or was waiting to do. I froze, rereading the menu. The "Kids' Chicken" my cousins ordered was \$12.95. The hunk of meat I desired: \$30. Thirty dollars—the cost of renting nearly ten video games! Six or seven Happy Meals! Nearly thirty school lunches! How could that figure possibly be correct? It seemed impossible. Stranger and family stared at me, waiting. The waitress explained again—pick a combo from the children's menu at the bottom of the page.

I understand how it works, you fool. The idiot family across the table glared at me as I stammered. Everyone was impatient for the feast to begin. Say the words "Kids' Hibachi Chicken" and end this! It comes with sherbet.

I decided: tonight, no chicken. I had waited for this. I had traveled very far. I locked eyes with the young girl and told her. She glanced at my guardians for the evening, anxious. They nodded, surprised while somewhat disapproving. Filet mignon it would be. The rest of the orders were taken, the strangers at the table commenting on my expensive tastes and my age, making stupid jokes. No matter.

The master chef was announced, showman and culinary genius. He arrived dragging his trolley of ingredients, a bounty, a greatest hits of things that one would want to throw on a hot griddle. Plates of glistening white onions, peppers, and bean sprouts; piles of raw, purple steak; glossy, pink-gray shrimp, chicken, and lobster; dozens of eggs and gallons of oil to start this or finish that.

He stood at the head of the table, ignited its surface, and proceeded to scour it with a large wet towel, resulting in loud towers of steam, eagerly gobbled by the exhaust hoods above our table. It was the greatest way anything had ever been cleaned.

We were warned to please not touch the silver part of the table at any point in the meal. It would just be a little bit while this bitch warmed up. He entertained us with a

drumming routine using his pepper mills. He won us over in the finale, flipping them into the air and catching them in his toque. We applauded and it was time to eat.

Dinner began beyond our control. First, brown wooden bowls were dealt to us like blackjack: steaming, funky, milky miso soup in one and crisp greens with radish and julienned carrot with ginger dressing in another—exotic, delicious flavors that never graced the tables of our homes.

While we enjoyed our first course, the chef simultaneously chopped and diced his ingredients with bravado, frying eggs, trimming beef, and dealing with the ignorant, semi-racist pandering from his guests. All of this a show: the shrimp, deveined and pushed aside, two swift motions, *hi-ya!* Little bits of chicken or carrot flipped into the birthday boy's mouth across the table, *ha-roooo-ken!* The knife hitting the cutting board a little louder and faster than necessary (or safe). He does all this while fielding inane questions about Godzilla or ninjas, smiling, laughing. Cheers to the hibachi chef.

Now, the fried rice. Simply egg, rice, peas, carrots, onions, and oil, this thing was a revelation, prepared *à la minute*, in your presence. Ridiculously good, a masterpiece on its own. And then the waitress brings two ramekins: a sweet and woody teriyaki sauce in one and, for the masochist, a watery brown mustard in the other that was served with a warning. Its wispy texture hid a condiment more pungent and brutal than we had ever seen.

My steak was prepared, liberally salted and rubbed with oil and pressed to the grill in a violent cloud of smoke. The chef pulled it off and allowed it to rest a moment while he finished the shrimp and vegetables that would accompany my dish. As he cubed the steak, I thought it would be underdone—it was only on the grill for a minute or two. Steaks at home took hours to cook to the point of “safety.”

I was served. Apprehensively, I stabbed and raised my fork, imagining 30 neatly stacked dollar bills on my plate in this

place of the steak, and all the things I could have done with them. While I watched my companions fumble with their chalky, banal chicken, I went ahead and tried mine. It was shockingly soft, an unfamiliar tenderness. Salty and fleshy, with a touch of blood and that omnipresent sesame flavor permeating the meat. It was fantastic. It did not melt in my mouth as the menu had promised, but it did something, dammit.

I chewed again, pictured well-massaged, well-fed, beloved steers, gently slaughtered under the purple, magically misty shadow of Mount Fuji, traveling for the final chapter of their lives not to another plane of existence but to eastern Long Island. Their death their gift, the crackling, oily griddle the realization of their purpose. Hallelujah. It was a good steak. The best I'd ever had.



We had our slices of orange, our fortune cookies. Aunt and Uncle commented on my sizable contribution to the bill. We trudged out to the car, bellies full, still marveling at the chef's skills with his knife and his silly jokes. We drove home in the

dark, singing silly kids songs and repeating lines from *Ghostbusters* to one another, and I thought: I like this. I really like this whole “restaurant” thing. I'm going to make sure this happens a lot more often.

When we returned home, I was chided for my extravagant ways with others' money. As my aunt and uncle recounted the tale of my Big Night Out, a nickname was born. I was christened Mr. Filet Mignon, a name my family still enjoys twenty-something years later. Today, when during a call to Mom I tell how utterly fantastic the tasting menu at Per Se was; if I bring a beer to the family barbecue the size of a wine bottle, replete with cork; when I purchase vegetables at the farmers market for unheard-of prices; when I make vacation plans revolving around a visit to a restaurant—to their dismay, I become Mr. Filet Mignon.

A lot of people don't understand it, to be honest. I'll spend hours deciding on where dinner will be, far longer than the time I've spent shopping for cars, deciding on

If I had known what the Michelin Guide was at the time, the hibachi place would be a lock for their three-star rating. Worth a journey. It was a nearly 25-mile trip, a near eternity spent in the family car, with its itchy bench seating and boxy metal stingingly hot from the blacktop sun.

colleges, or writing love notes. I will spend my money on a favorite chef's new tasting menu while there are holes in my socks and scratches across the lens of my glasses.

Yes, I go bonkers for fresh white truffles, creamy foie gras, and I'd love if everything I drank was properly aged; however, for those outside all of this, what they don't understand is that the most perfect croissant, or gorgeously ripe tomato, or dense and meaty tagliatelle bolognese does the same thing.

For better or for worse, that silly meal at that silly restaurant did change me in some way. I have returned to the hibachi place as an adult and, yes, it was laughably bad—but I slip into reverie when I recount how thrilling and surprising it all was that first time. New restaurants and dishes still make me feel that way sometimes. It's something me and Mr. Filet Mignon are always seeking out, the junkie's (not-always-futile) attempts to recreate that “first time.”

That's how I fell into debt and into love, how I fell into this fucked-up, life-destroying business—and I wouldn't have it any other way. Oh, and truth be told, Mr. Filet Mignon actually prefers a well-marbled rib eye to his namesake any day of the week.

Okay. Here we go.

Illustrations by Lorelei Ramirez

The Cleanest Vodka



DOUBLE GOLD MEDAL WINNER!
San Francisco World Spirits Competition 2011



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Why does Crop taste so clean?

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Crop Harvest Earth Co., NY, NY. Artisanal, Cucumber Flavored, Tomato Flavored Vodkas



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Ten Things You Need To Open A Restaurant

Opening a restaurant—in New York City, of all places—is just about the silliest thing you can do. You're almost guaranteed to fail: restaurants have the highest failure rate of any business in the United States. Yet we and many others like us continue to do it—and at an alarming rate! Why?



Because when it's that perfect Friday night, when the kitchen is humming along, putting out beautiful plates of hot food, the music and the lighting is just so, and there's a bit of a wait at the host stand with plenty more reservations to come; there's some old friends in the dining room and some new friends at the bar, and the wineglasses are clinking, and it's your party—well, there's nothing else like it.

So what do you need for this lunatic attempt at restaurant greatness?

1. A FOCUSED VISION

If you don't know what your restaurant is all about, then you can't convey that message to your staff, and they can't convey that message to your guests. Like it or not, restaurants need to be all about something. Otherwise, no matter how tasty the food or well made the cocktail, the guest leaves saying: "That was . . . okay, I guess. I probably won't come back." Which is deadly.

2. PARTNERSHIP

Whether for financial support (see right) or operating support, you need a partner simply to bounce ideas off others. If left to our devices, we can sometimes come up with some pretty ridiculous stuff. Your partner can act as a regulator of your flurry of ideas and prevent you from looking like a fool. During our opening, partners were given three no-questions-asked vetoes and, looking back, we are thankful we had them.

3. MONEY

The importance of money cannot be stressed enough. You're saying "duh," but no one really expects how much. What if you have a slow second month, and you're still paying off the kitchen equipment, and then payroll week comes? You must always be able to float your payroll—you're nothing without the employees. (You're also nothing without food and booze, either, so make sure you can pay for that too.) It can be a long time before you're profitable, since a lot of restaurants take a bit before finding their groove. 🍷



4. LOVE AND SUPPORT FROM HOME

Hopefully you have a significant other before you get into this, because you're not going to be meeting anyone special for quite some time—you will not have any sort of a social life. That being said, your girl or guy at home needs to understand that they will never see you again. And when they do, you will most likely be highly stressed out, exhausted, or drunk. Perhaps there will be a few hours for a lunch or early dinner together, but it will be spent with you checking your e-mail and text messages from the restaurant. Who didn't show up to work?! What's on fire?! They need to understand that this is how it will be, and they need to be okay with it.



5. A GREAT STAFF YOU CAN TRUST

You can't cook every little vegetable, you can't wait on every table, and you can't make every single martini that goes to a guest. You're going to have to trust your staff. You have to have confidence that you trained them well, and that they have that innate sense of hospitality you have. You have to believe they would not accept anything less than perfect, just like you wouldn't.

6. RELATIONSHIPS WITH PURVEYORS

In the kitchen, establishing relationships is huge. It ensures first dibs when those morel mushrooms or ramps come into season, or the highest-quality meats and freshest fish are brought to your door.

7. PR

It may seem silly that restaurants and chefs need publicists these days, but you simply cannot navigate the blog-critic-newspaper-magazine waters without them. Also, while word of mouth is always the best advertisement, sometimes you'll be out of business before that happens. Good PR is crucial.

8. VITAMINS

Lots of them. Supplements. All that stuff. You will not be getting enough sleep, you will not be eating right (or at all), and your body will most likely be awash with espresso during the day and whiskey at night. It is a very unhealthy, grueling, stressful time.

9. THE ABILITY TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF YOUR EGO

Why are you opening this restaurant? For you, or for everyone else? Your answer to that question will very much determine your success.

10. THE DRIVE

This is probably the most important. It really can be a thankless job. Guests don't like a restaurant that's empty but get mad at you if you're too busy. They want the best ingredients and perfectly prepared dishes, but the great majority don't want to pay for it. The list could go on and on—but through all of it, all you really have is you, the desire to do the best you can. As Thomas Keller says, "Try to do a little better every day." Nobody's going to pat you on the back. You just have to want it.

Swing Open



On paper, Chef-Partner Chris Cipollone's cuisine sounds deliciously straightforward. But there is more to it than meets the eye. His spring vegetables dish, for example, is a panoply of 12 varieties of produce, some of which have been dehydrated or otherwise magically coaxed into rendering true depths of flavor that leave you wondering how the hell he did it.

The Kitchen Door



BABY LETTUCES

Serves 4

Satur Farms baby lettuces mix
basil leaves
chive sticks
white balsamic vinaigrette
pistachio purée
2 fennel crisps
3 tomato crisps
5 red onion ring crisps

FOR THE WHITE BALSAMIC VINAIGRETTE

1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon minced garlic
1 tablespoon minced shallot
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
1 cup white balsamic vinegar
1 1/2 cups canola oil
1 1/2 cups extra-virgin olive oil

Blend egg, garlic, shallot, mustard, and vinegar until mixed well. Emulsify oils and season.

FOR THE PISTACHIO PURÉE

1 quart roasted pistachios
seasoned water

Place pistachios in a blender. Blend with enough seasoned water for a tight, smooth purée.

FOR THE VEGETABLE CRISPS

fennel
tomatoes
red onion rings

Slice each vegetable thinly and evenly on a slicer. Lay on a silicon nonstick baking mat and brush with olive oil and sea salt. Place in a dehydrator and dehydrate until crispy. Reserve in a covered container with silica packet.

TO SERVE

Gently toss the lettuces with the herbs and vinaigrette. On the bottom of a large bowl, swipe the appropriate amount of the pistachio purée. Begin compiling the salad while integrating the vegetable crisps, garnishing the last on top.

BEEF TARTARE

Serves 4

3 oz hand-chopped filet mignon
preserved black truffle
parsley
olive oil
sea salt
quail egg yolk
shallot, shaved paper-thin

Mix first 5 ingredients, and reserve egg yolk and shallot for serving.

FOR THE WATERCRESS PURÉE

500 grams white chicken stock
250 grams Yukon gold potato, large dice
1 garlic clove
2 bunches watercress, cleaned
ice cubes

Simmer first 3 ingredients until potato is tender, then purée. Place watercress in while blending while adding a few ice cubes. Adjust consistency, season, and strain.

FOR THE PARMESAN CRUMBLES

Make by baking grated parmesan on a silicon nonstick baking mat at 350°F to crisp, and pulse in Robot Coupe or other food processor.

TO SERVE

In a bowl, place meat mix in a mold. Place round cutter wrapped in plastic in the middle, then top completely with parmesan. Remove the cutter and drop in the quail egg yolk, then season with salt and black pepper. Off to the side of tartare, place a small pile of shallot. Carefully pour about 2 ounces of watercress purée in a bowl and drizzle with a few drops of olive oil.

POTATO GNOCCHI

Serves 4

1 1/3 lbs unpeeled Yukon Gold potatoes (the kind you would use for mashed potatoes; not waxy)
1 egg, lightly beaten
1 teaspoon fine sea salt
about 1 2/3 cups flour
beurre monté
shaved truffles (optional)

Wrap the potatoes in foil and roast at 430°F oven until tender, 45 minutes to 1 hour, depending on their size. The potato flesh will be drier then and will require less added flour to form into dough, resulting in lighter gnocchi.

Peel the potatoes while still hot. You can use a folded dishtowel to hold the hot potato; I slice the potato in two, place it cut-side down on a cutting board, and peel off the skin from each half with the tip of a knife while barely touching them.

Mash the peeled potatoes thoroughly in a medium mixing bowl using a potato masher or ricer (avoid overmashing). Stir in the egg and salt. Stir in about three quarters of the flour; as soon as it is absorbed, turn the dough out on a lightly floured work surface. Knead it quickly until smooth but still a little tacky. If you find it is really too sticky to work with, add a little more of the flour. Avoid overkneading or the gnocchi will be tough.

Divide the dough into four pieces. Place three of them on a lightly floured plate in the fridge while you work on the fourth.

Roll the piece of dough into a log, then continue to roll it with the palms of your hands to form a long sausage, about 3/4-inch diameter. Add a little more flour on your work surface and on the dough as needed. Using a knife, cut the sausage in short, pillow-like sections, about 1-inch wide.

Using the gnocchi board, roll each onto a floured half pan and freeze.

FOR THE SUNCHOKE CREAM

5 lbs sunchoke
3 quarts milk
4 garlic cloves
1 bay leaf
preserved truffles

Peel sunchokes and simmer in milk with garlic and bay leaf until super tender. Remove bay leaf and purée smooth. Use a tamis if needed. Add preserved truffles until flavor is achieved. Season.

FOR THE LOBSTER

Breakdown the lobsters into claws, tail, and body. Reserve the body for stock. Blanch the tails and claws just until the meat can be removed, about 2 minutes. Dice into 1-inch chunks.

TO SERVE

Cook gnocchi until floating and then continue to cook 1 minute more. When gnocchi goes in, drop lobster in beurre monté. Sauté gnocchi in butter until crispy, then drain. Cook lobster until just cooked and drain. Pool sunchoke cream in bottom of bowl and arrange the lobster and gnocchi on top. Drizzle with olive oil and shaved truffles, if on hand.

CAPOSALDO PROSECCO.



Caposaldo
PROSECCO
U.S. #1



BUBBLY, ITALIAN STYLE!

Ten Things About Our Team

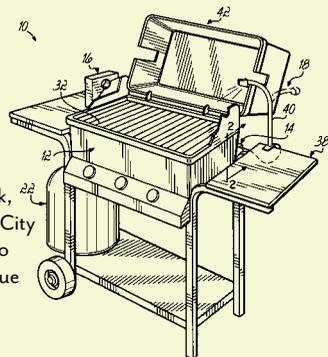
1

Dan Collis, our sous-chef, has been with Chef Chris for four years. At some point in his tenure, he found it imperative to be tattooed with the Morton Salt Umbrella Girl, the familiar image of the young girl in the raincoat. Our second favorite in his collage of tats has to be the bacon-wrapped heart on his arm.



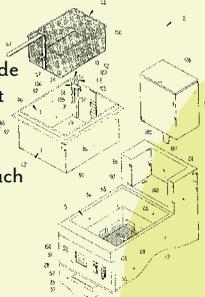
6

Nick, our line cook, hails from Kansas City and is forbidden to talk about barbecue technique in the kitchen anymore.



2

Anna "Banana," our garde manger, lives in constant irrational fear about one day falling into the deep fryer (which is pretty much impossible).



7



Tsewang, our busboy, was a monk in a Tibetan monastery for 25 years. He now enjoys the occasional Budweiser and Marlboro Light. Ah, New York!

3

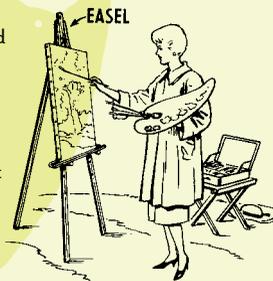
Kenneth "The Hoss," our friendly bartender from Tennessee, has been a men's clothing designer and grew up on a farm with a giraffe. He's here about a lady.



Fig. 16.
Cliff's from R. Toynbee's *History of Pagan Deities* (1917).
Drawn in 1918 by Herbert Langford at Cambridge.

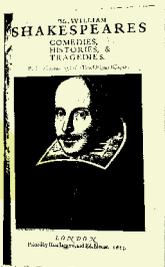
8

Lorelei, our host, is behind the illustrations in the beginning of the magazine and has now turned her attention to painting original pieces throughout the restaurant.



4

Jake "The Snake" (or "Body by Jake"), our other bartender from south of the Mason-Dixon, has come to New York City in pursuit of the theater. He's here about a lady as well.

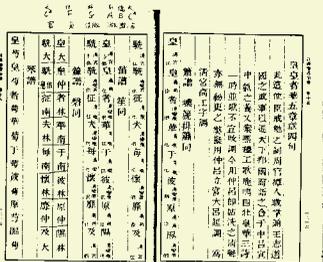


9



Kelly, our server, is an expert in healing herbs, roots, and all that jazz. A vegetarian, she solemnly shakes her head as she watches us consume pork belly and bourbon with reckless abandon.

5

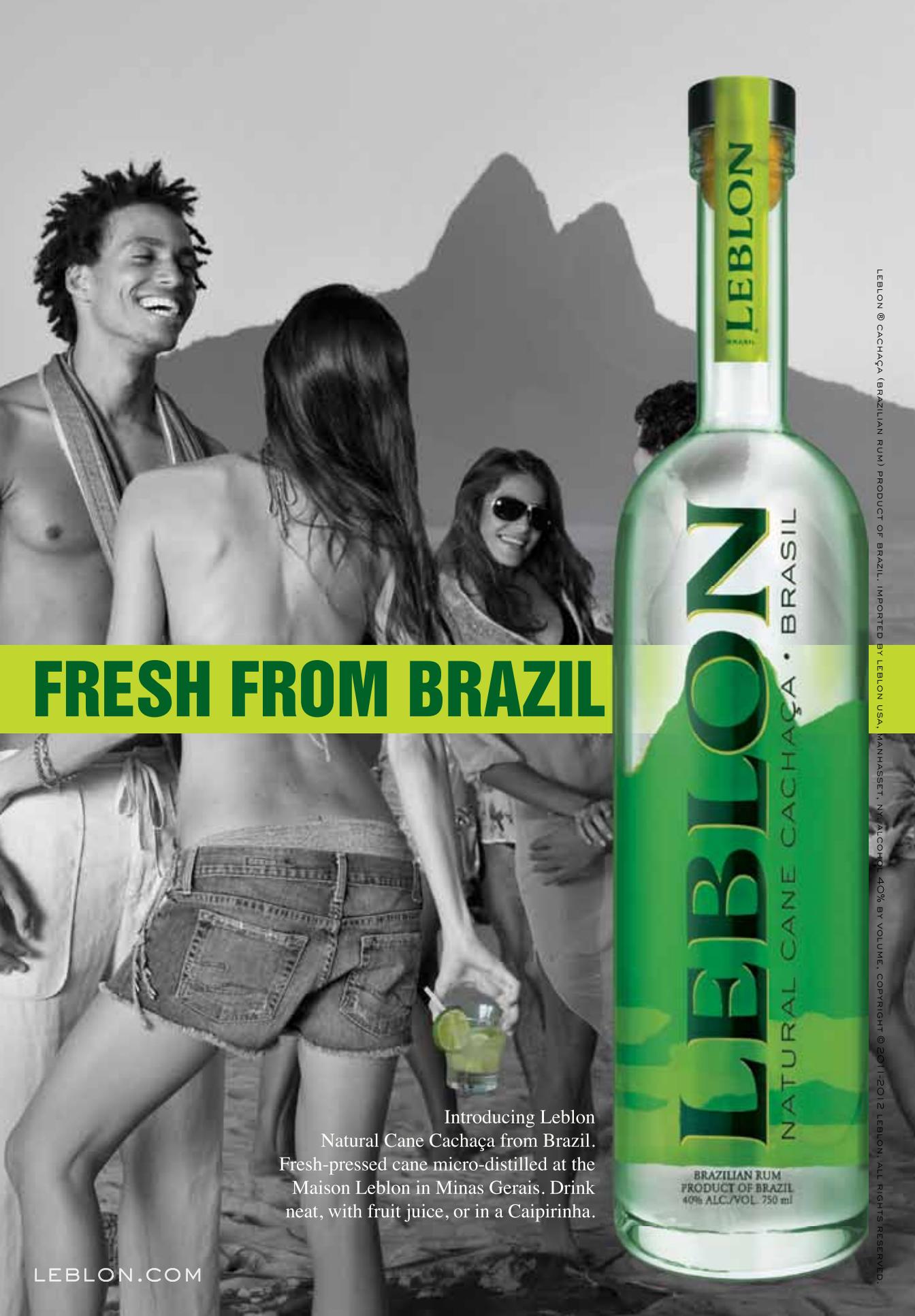


Tatiana, our server, attended Johnson & Wales University to study culinary arts. She gave up the life of a chef for her other passion, Chinese literature.



10

Lindsey, our server, was in an indie-horror film where she played "Waitress Who Gets Murdered." Hopefully for Lindsey, life does not imitate art.



FRESH FROM BRAZIL

Introducing Leblon
Natural Cane Cachaça from Brazil.
Fresh-pressed cane micro-distilled at the
Maison Leblon in Minas Gerais. Drink
neat, with fruit juice, or in a Caipirinha.



Around (Mid)Town

The team behind Tenpenny has spent most of their restaurant careers (and downtime) downtown. Having opened a restaurant in Midtown means that we now live in Midtown. And you know what? It's come a long way from the Carmine's and the Sardi's and the Mars 2112 rip-offs. Those places are still there, and they're thriving, but there is definitely a new crop of real restaurants—real people making real food, for tourists and locals alike. Here are some of our favorite places to enjoy in the deepest canyons of Manhattan.

Chris, Chef-Partner

HIDE-CHAN RAMEN

248 East 52nd Street
(between Second and Third avenues)

Everyone loves Ippudo in the East Village. And it's very good. But when you factor in the two-hour average wait for a table there, it's not really my cup of tea. Hide-Chan has that sexy look-what-I-found factor, located on a dreary street on the second floor of a nondescript building. It's truly a hidden gem. Once inside, you'll feel like you've stepped into a locals-only place on a side street in Tokyo. My favorite: their classic tonkotsu ramen (pork-based broth, sliced pork, nori, scallion, poached egg, and all that good stuff), but I have them make it extra spicy with a dollop of fermented black garlic. Great stuff.

Heather, General Manager

LA CAVA

939 Second Avenue
(between 49th and 50th streets)

After the hustle and bustle of Tenpenny's busy dining room, if I can find a chill, cozy spot for a nice glass of wine, some cheese, and maybe some snacks, I'm a happy lady. La Cava is a new addition to the neighborhood, and they serve their namesake sparkler late into the evening, which just so happens to be my favorite bubbly. Please, bring more of these spots to the neighborhood!

Jeff, Managing Partner

KATSUHAMA

11 East 47th Street
(between Fifth and Madison avenues)

This place is gross. In a good way. Their specialty is tempura pork chops. That's pretty much it. You go in there, cheap; you get out, you have a greasy bellyache. In a good way. Lunch is something like \$10. They bring you a bunch of pickled cabbage and other veggies, a mortar and pestle thing to grind your own sesame seeds (which I don't really understand), and then a huge, fried pork chop over rice with a sticky, pungent white sauce. C'mon, how does it get better than that? Add a big Sapporo draft.

Other Great Spots We All Love

BIERHAUS

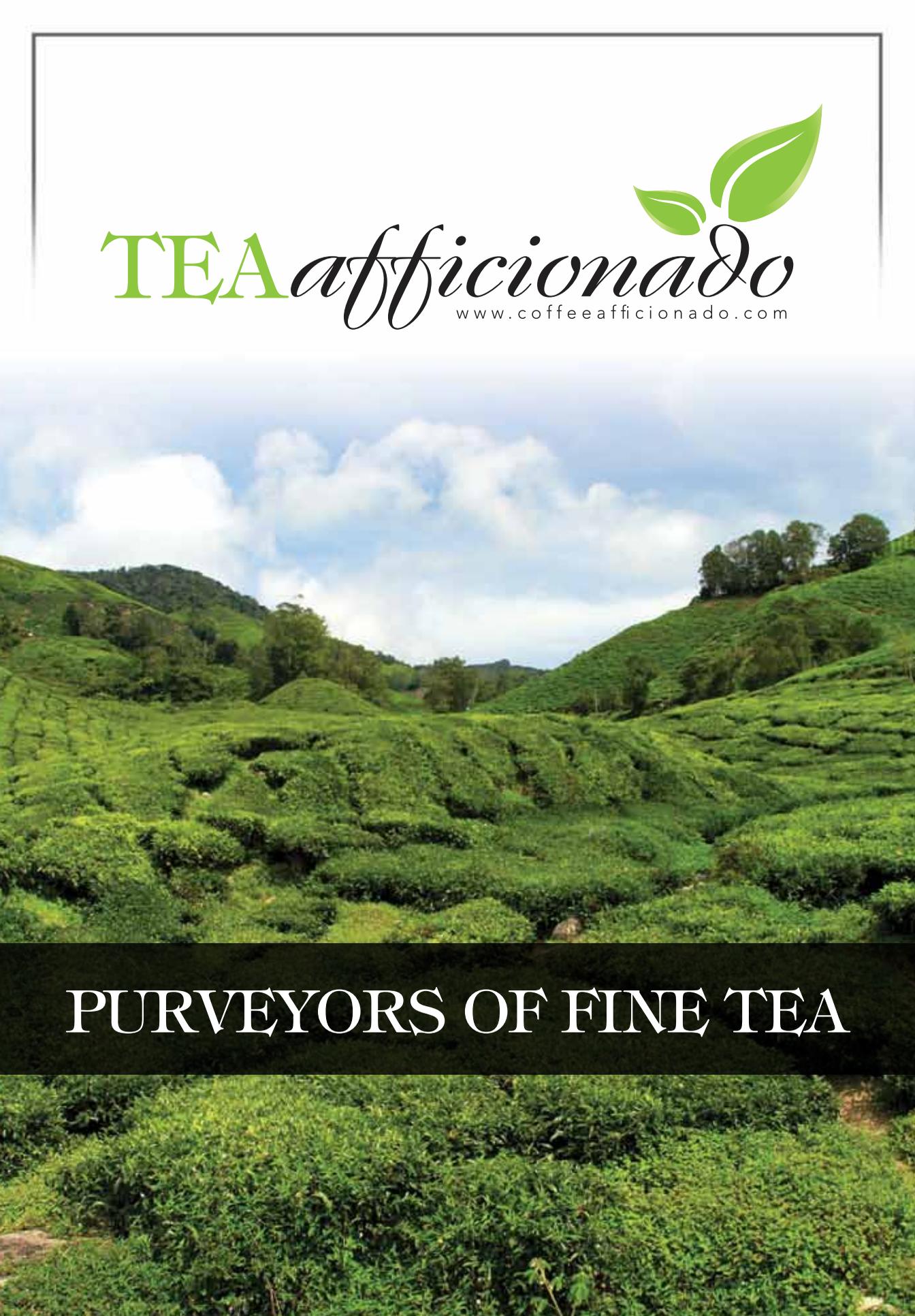
712 3rd Ave
(between 44th and 45th streets)

Technically, you'd think this could qualify as a total mess: a Munich-inspired beer garden in a huge space on the second floor of some building on Third Avenue in the 40s. It's a recipe for disaster. Well, it's fun. Huge beers, available by the half liter, liter, or two-liter Das Boot; pretzels and sausages; polka and girls in St. Pauli Girl outfits. A silly time, but a welcome addition to Midtown.

GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER BAR

89 East 42nd Street
(at Vanderbilt Avenue)

The classic. If we can sneak away between lunch and dinner for a glass of wine and a dozen oysters from arguably the best selection in the city—and maybe the country—then we do. *New York* magazine calls the oyster pan roast “the greatest New York restaurant dish of all time.” That may be a bit of an overstatement, but it's damn good, especially while sitting under the tiled art deco arches pretending it's sometime in the early last century. A classic we hope will never change.

A scenic view of a tea plantation on rolling hills under a blue sky with white clouds. The tea bushes are arranged in neat rows, and the overall atmosphere is peaceful and natural.

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PURVEYORS OF FINE TEA



Rear, from left: Bartenders Kenneth and Jake; front, from left: Server Lindsay, Manager Heather, Chef-Partner Chris, Host Alex, Server Kelly, Server Tatiana, Managing Partner Jeff, Manager Lisa (sorry!), and Server Tyler.

A Star Is Born

The team at Tenpenny celebrates the landing of a *New York Times* star rating.

*“This is food to give pause,
intricately flavored and plated
with an emphasis on beauty.
It is ambitious and fascinating.”*

—The New York Times

HAUTEVENTS

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a social epicurean experience

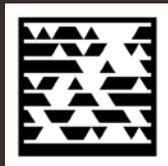
September 23–24, 2011

MEET at Natirar will commence Friday evening with **Table at the Farm**, an elegant and unique chef's dinner set within The Farm at Natirar. The menu will be created and executed by renowned chefs **Thomas Keller, Daniel Boulud, and Jerome Bocuse**, chef-owners extraordinaire, who continually push the envelope on distinction in culinary culture. The dinner will benefit the **Bocuse d'Or USA Foundation**, a not-for-profit organization devoted to inspiring culinary excellence in young professionals and preserving the traditions and quality of classic cuisine in America.

Saturday's event, **Epicurean Fields**, will feature several unforgettable culinary and wine experiences.



Photos courtesy of Bocuse d'Or USA and Natirar



Tickets on sale now at meetatnatirar.com.

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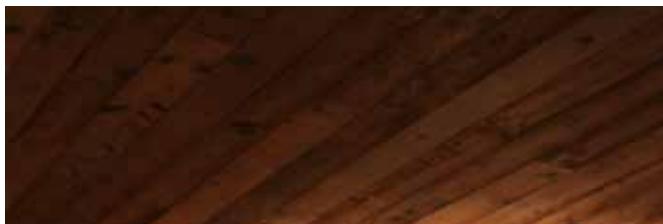
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