

T

19

92

**TERRONI
MAGAZINE**

ISSUE N°2
SPRING | SUMMER 2011

STEPHEN ALEXANDER
*on the cover (you're welcome ladies).
We grilled the CUMBRAE owner with
questions while he fed us meat*



Featured Region
SICILY

*What do you get when
two Italian chefs cook
up some trouble in a
tiny kitchen?*

**FOUR
DELICIOUS
RECIPES,
THAT'S WHAT**

FINALLY!
*Learn the difference
between Cosimo Jr.
and Cosimo Sr.*

Five favourite food scenes in Italian film



CONTRIBUTORS

Publisher
Elena di Maria

Editor-in-Chief
Jessica Allen

Design
Small

Assistant Editors
Tara Downs
Natalie Urquhart

Copy Editor
Carolyn Pioro

Columnists
Giovanna Alonzi
Max Stefanelli



Contributors
Rick Kang
Sandra Kang
Elizabeth Pagliacolo
Stephanie Palmer
Mark Venturi
Bryan Porterfield
John Szabo

Admin. Managers
Patti Shaw
Karina Watson

Many thanks to
Stephen Alexander
Bella Alexander
Simon Gadke
Albion Macleod
Anna Mammoliti
Cosimo Mammoliti
Vince Mammoliti
Cosimo Pagliacolo
Stephanie Palmer
Sarah Watson

T Magazine
Headquarters
720 Queen St. W.
Toronto, M6J 1E8

For inquiries and
comments please email:
jessie@terrioni.ca

Follow us on  Twitter
(@terrionito)
and  Facebook
(Terroni and Terroni: Los
Angeles), and don't forget
to click "like".



Rick and Sandra Kang

When Sandra isn't busy being the art director of *VMagazine* and *Vman* in New York, she's either buying wholesome ingredients for inspired culinary concoctions or she's drawing. When Rick isn't busy paying the bills, he's making comics and reppin' "Scarboro." See more of his stuff at todayasmathletics.com.



Elizabeth Pagliacolo

Elizabeth has been a pretty solid regular at Terroni Queen West since she was 15—including the year she worked at the Victoria Street location that's since morphed into Osteria Ciceri e Tria while finishing her Ryerson journalism degree. When she's not immersed in architecture and design as an editor at *Azure* magazine, she's dreaming of burrata and plotting when she will next gorge on a piece of ciabatta sufficiently smothered in it.



Bryan Porterfield

A recent trip to northern Italy is all it took to tip photographer Bryan's passion for Italian food over the edge. Since his return, he cannot remember ever having had such strong food cravings and when asked by his friend chef Giovanna Alonzi to shoot the food for our second issue (featuring recipes and wines from Sicily), he jumped at the opportunity. After working with the colourful team at *T* magazine, he is completely intrigued by the Sicilian region and longs to visit the alluring island and sip on *granita*.



John Szabo

John added the "MS" credentials to his name in 2004, becoming one of only 180 overly dedicated master sommeliers currently sipping wine worldwide. John's chalk-full calendar includes restaurant and private client consulting, teaching, speaking and traveling the wine regions of the world. He writes regularly for WineAlign.com, *Wine Access*, *CityBites*, *WineFox.ca* and *Niagara & County Grapevine* magazines. Oh, and he's responsible for the delicious wine you drink at Terroni, too.



Mark Venturi

Mark's enthusiasm for movies is contagious. So we asked the Terroni Queen West server to write about his five favourite food scenes from Italian films for our new "Aficionado" column. Mark has worked as an actor, a freelance photographer, a grip in the film business and a carpenter. He has also art-directed for *Nuit Blanche* (2009), produced, written and directed several shorts films and is at work on his next film project.

THE BERKSHIRE
"COLLECTION"
AVAILABLE
EXCLUSIVELY
AT TERRONI





WHEN HER HUSBAND TASTED IT, INSPIRATION STRUCK.

SIGNORA, THIS DISH IS LIKE A TRUE NORMA!



THEY SO PRETTY, I WONDER WHAT THEY TASTE LIKE?

WHIDDUYA MEAN? GIUSEPPE WAS BORN THAT WAY!

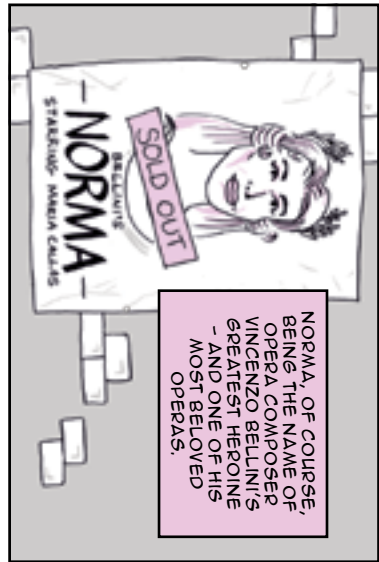
MAMMA MIA! DON'T EAT THEM! GIUSEPPE ATE ONE AN' NOW HE'S A FOOL!



HEY - I'M MEL, MEL ANZANA. MY FAMILY'S BEEN INNA LOTTA ITALIAN KITCHENS OVER THE YEARS...

DID YOU KNOW?

A COMIC BY RICK & SANDRA KANG



NORMA, OF COURSE, BEING THE NAME OF OPERA COMPOSER VINCENZO BELLINI'S GREATEST HEROINE - AND ONE OF HIS MOST BELOVED OPERAS.



BUT SOON WE WAS IN ALL KINDS O' SOUTHERN ITALIAN DISHES. TAKE PASTA ALLA NORMA: MEZZE MANICHE PASTA, TOMATO SAUCE, AGED PICCOTTA, BASIL, GARLIC AND DEEP-FRIED PIECES OF EGGPLANT...



THING IS, WE'RE ORIGINALLY SOUTHEAST ASIAN! IT WAS THE TURKS WHAT INTRODUCED US TO EUROPE INNA 1600S.



THE NAME STUCK, AND NOW YOU CAN FIND PASTA ALLA NORMA - AND ALL KINDS OF OTHER ITALIAN EGGPLANT DISHES - ACROSS THE POND, TOO.



...FIRST CREATED BY THE WIFE OF ITALIAN POET NINO MARTOGLIO FOR A LUNCHEON SHE WAS HOSTING.



SEE THEM DIZZY EUROPEANS DIDN'T EVEN EAT US AT FIRST. THEY JUST USED US "NOXIOUS APPLES" (MELA INSANA) AS DECORATIONS!

WHEN WE MAKE SAUSAGE

In ricordo di Vincenzo Mammoliti
October 8, 1930 - June 13, 2010



Me and Vince, we first worked together at Terroni Queen Street making sausage. The first day we made only a small batch. We put in the salt and then taste; the pepper and then taste; the paprika, chili flakes and red wine, and then taste - one by one because we didn't know the amounts at first. We did that every Tuesday until Adelaide opened up in 2007. Then we started making the sausage there. Every week we prepared 200 kilos of sausage over two days. The first day we start early at 7:00am and break down the meat, grind it and mix in everything with our hands. The second day we package it up for all the locations. At first we only talked about the sausage but after a few times we talked about family and life. When Vince got sick, Rita called us to make sure he didn't work too hard and we tried but he didn't listen. He liked to work. He'd have his lunch at Adelaide almost every day of the week. It was very nice. And we miss him. But now Rita comes to help. I think Vince told her exactly how to do things and the way we make sausage today is 100 per cent Vince's recipe. The first day she came to help, she cried, thinking about Vince. She misses him. It was sad for me, too. But now it's okay. We talk about everything, and we laugh - just like before.



As told by Selvendran Thiruchelvam (Selvano), Head Chef, Terroni Adelaide to Jessica Allen
Photos by Staphanie Palmer



« Jess » When you moved here from Australia 1993 and opened up Cumbrae could you have ever imagined the sort of celebrity status that butchers currently enjoy in this city?
» Stephen « No, not at all — not even close. My dad has a theory on this, actually. Everything has come full circle and people are appreciating those that do something with their hands — the people that make things.
« Bella » I have a theory — I believe it's also because he doesn't fit the mould of a butcher.

» S « No!
« B » Yes! Every article you read about him, the first thing they say is about the way he looks. *Every time*. "He's built like a whatever and he looks like something out of..."

» S « No, no, no. That doesn't explain the worldwide fascination with artisanal butchery.

« Cosi » *(In the kitchen)* Okay I need some help over here.

» S « Okay buddy, I'm coming to work.

« J » One quick question because once we sit down with this bunch it'll be hard to talk: when you got here were farmers eager to participate with you and your ideology, which is essentially raise an animal humanely, feed them well, and the end product will be something of superior quality?

» S « Yes and no. They were skeptical. Some of them looked at you with two heads. But I think rural communities have had a tough go for a long time and it's a hard way to make a living. Profits are small. But now there's an openness. It boils down to them getting good money for a good product. That's the beauty of what we did: we took away the marketplace and went directly to these guys and it was a done deal.

« J » Were farmers already raising livestock in this way when you arrived?

» S « Yeah, there were a lot of what I call traditional farms; small family farms in Ontario that are practicing just that. There's a ton of them out there: it's just a matter of going out and finding the right guys doing the right things and using the right feeds. It's not that complicated. That's why I think you see a lot of people doing it.

« J » Were you guys the first ones to do it?

» S « Well, people have been doing this since the start of time, so it's not like I came up with the idea. But were we the first people to bring that type of product to the Ontario market place? Yeah, absolutely: Cumbrae was a pioneer in that. I think that's why we made such a big splash: because no one else was doing it.

AROUND COSIMO AND ELENA MAMMOLITI'S DINNER TABLE, JESSICA ALLEN CHEWS THE FAT WITH THE CUMBRAE OWNER, WHO SUPPLIES TERRONI WITH THEIR CARNE, ABOUT LOVE, LIFE AND HOW HE BOUGHT THE FARM. AND HIS CHARMING WIFE, BELLA, CHIMES IN TOO.

Antipasto: tuna two ways — ventresca (cured tuna belly) and seared tuna loin — along with a pistachio pesto and caponata. A few bottles of Outis Etna Rosso 2009 from Vini Biondi in Sicily are opened in order to help keep us on track with our Sicilian themed dinner.

« C » Cheers everyone and thanks for participating the night before Good Friday.

» S « Oh man: this pistachio thing is stupid good! And you know, I think tuna belly is one of the greatest things ever.

« J » Stephen, what's the weirdest thing that a chef has ever ordered from you?

« C » Can I ask you something Jess? Is that just coming off the top of your head or do you plan these questions out?

« J » I plan them out — usually before bed, looking into a mirror and talking to myself. You're making fun of me, but it's a good question!

» S « To be honest, nothing really. Blood, tripe, feet — it's stuff that's not that weird.

« J » What about balls?

« C » Let's talk about balls.

» S « Ten years ago I'd say that would have been something unusual but now everything is so offal-friendly and chefs are always experimenting so it's not a big deal. Hearts, livers — everything you can imagine.

« J » What about brain?

» S « Oh yeah, brains too. That's quite common: the Black Hoof has brains on their

① "I grew up on grass-fed in Australia — all our lambs, everything. We are very spoiled there: there's so much inexpensive pastoral land and a climate that dictates no bounds. We have sheep stations in Australia that are the size of a thousand farms here; literally, a 100,000 acres. And the sheep are all out there and there's no feed because they just eat the grass. They're huge operations but they're the most organic you get in the world" SA

② "Genetics and feed are — and I've always said this and I'll probably always say this until the day I die — feed is 50% and genetics are 50%. The biggest problem with corn fed is if you've got to administer antibiotics in order to keep feed through them then there's an issue with that. We've fed cattle with free choice alfalfa or free choice red clover hay. But the bottom line is that they are happy animals who eat grass and eat hay." SA



menu all the time. We used to sell lambs brains as a standard everyday item, like pork chops, in my dad's store.

« J » In Australia?

» S « Yeah — the shops I grew up in.

« J » Where in Australia?

» S « Melbourne: born and raised there. I lived in Sidney for a while too and butchered up there as well.

« J » There's three generations of butchers in your family — including your father. Does he still have a shop in Melbourne?

» S « No, he's retired now. But the shop was called Alexander's.

« J » Did you work there after school?

« B » No, he left school. Oh sorry — I shouldn't answer his questions. No, no, no.

« J » I love it! It's okay!

« B » No, no. *(Pause)* Do you want me to tell you how we met?

« J » Uh, yeah!

« B » If you want to write what the reason is behind Stephen's success, I'm not saying anything, but I'm just saying: behind every great man...*(laughter erupts around the table.)* I'll tell you that after we got married — and it was a Portuguese wedding so we had a little money — this shop became available and Stephen was like, "I don't know if we should do it because we'll have to spend all of our money. "And I was like, We're 22! Spend it! Who cares!" It was all we had but it was enough to start the business.

» S « It was an old rundown shop — it was crazy. But the beauty of it is that the space has been a butcher shop since the 1920s.

I've still got the old plaque on the wall.

« J » Where was it?

« B » On Church Street.

« J » It's not the shop you're in now?

» S « Yeah!

« J » What? How did I not know this?

» S « All my shops have soul. Like my one in Dundas, Ont. — it was a butcher shop in 1927. We have old pictures of it and they had tree trunks for butcher blocks — literally, huge old trees. It adds something nice.

« J » I like that. But the Church Street shop — that was the shop that you guys spent all your 22 year-old money on?

» S « Yeah. I didn't even know Toronto: I'd only been here about a year. How it came about is that the original Cumbrae farmer, Alistair, who literally had a little tiny farm and a pickup truck and he raised beef, lamb and pork, and I met him in Oakville in 1993 or 94 and he said, "You've got to see this great old shop on Church St. downtown that's going out of business." He wanted me to take it over: we'd be partners — I'd be the butcher and he'd be the farmer.

« B » And we were actually ready to go back to Australia.

» S « Yeah, we were ready to leave, but we go downtown to look at this shop and we thought, what the hell, let's give it a go. And the rest is history. And a year later, I bought out Alistair and then he came to me two years later saying he wanted to retire so I bought the farm.

« J » Did you just say you bought the farm?

» S « Yeah.



«J» I just think we got the title for our story.

Primo: Spaghetti alla chitarra with cured tuna belly, anchovies, orange juice, bottarga and bread crumbs, washed down with a few bottles of M.I. Etna Rosso 2006 from Vini Biondi, Sicily.

»S« Cosi you've got game, my friend — that is an incredible pasta. You've got chops brother.

»C« I love thick spaghetti but when I was a kid and my mother made thick spaghetti I would not eat it — it had to be spaghettini.

«J»What a little princess you were!

»C« Now, I can only eat thick spaghetti.

»B« Can I just say that my favourite part of the interview with Carlo [Rota] in the first issue was when Cosi says he was waiting for the right girl to come along. (To Stephen:) You never say shit like that to me.

»S«What do you mean “never”? Come on, I say shit like that all the time! (Much hooting and hollering from dinner guests.)

»C« Excuse me, but can I say something? This is very typical what's going on here, in that Stephen, my good friend, is under a lot of stress with his business —

»B« And let me tell you something, my friend: it is busy at home too. (More hooting,)

«J»Oh...this is going to get good.

»C« Let me finish. What I was saying is that Stephen and Bella, also my good friend, obviously have a wonderful relationship and they have children and balancing business and your home life is what it's all about.

»B« I agree.

«J»Okay, I have to ask you, Bella, does all of the attention Stephen gets regarding his appearance, which is very average if you ask me, ever bother you?

»B« Oh no, God no — not even for a second. I've never been like that. I forget that the first time I saw him when I was 20 and in Greece, I turned to my girlfriend and said, “Nothing is going to come of this but that is the most

beautiful man I've ever seen.” (Squealing from the female guests.) But after 20 years, I just don't think like that anymore. To me, he's just the idiot that leaves his underwear on the floor.

Secondo: A four-and-a-half week dry-aged porterhouse (like a bistecca alla Fiorentina) and two seven-week dry-aged Wagyu beef rib steaks from the Cumbrae farm — all barbecued by the butcher himself. Plus, bowls of just-flown-in-from-Puglia burrata, with cherry tomatoes and arugola, and a fontina cheese soufflé made by Elena. And topping it all off? The wine! An '02 Burgundy, courtesy of Stephen and Bella, followed by a '96 Barolo and finished with a '98 Barolo.

»S«I'm just going to carve a bunch of stuff up here.

»C« Yeah, you're going to carve it up and put all the fat on your plate. I'm onto you — I see what you're doing.

»S«These are crazy, crazy perfectly cooked.

»C« You are carving up a storm, bro! And you know what, I'll tell you something — he didn't know how many people were coming over tonight, I think I originally told him six, and then I invited four more people. So I was thinking, “Do I have to call him to tell him to bring a little more meat?” And I thought, No, I don't have to tell him. And I mean, look what he brought, right?

»S«So there are two completely different steaks going on here guys. You'll notice that the Fiorentina is a little firmer — beautiful flavour though. What do you guys think?

»C« It's like butter. Like f - king butter. You don't even need a knife.

«J»This is gorgeous. It's obscene. It's like eating candy.

»B« You see? He's not just a pretty face.

by Jessica Allen

③ “I'll tell you one thing — and Cosimo and I talk about this all the time. I love the parallels between our two companies. It's unreal, the way everything all evolved — we started around the same time with tiny little shops, one or two guys working away, in the trenches and really bringing it together. Cosi, in essence, brought what is true, simple classic Italian, from his region, to the city — and inspired so many in Toronto and I think Cumbrae did the same.” SA

Text and photos by:
Tara Downs

WHAT TERRONI CUSTOMERS ARE
OBSESSING ABOUT RIGHT NOW

Momiji Kishi,
barista
champion
Dark Horse

Current food obsessions I'm really into seasonal, local food. I work at the Dufferin market so I know what's coming and what's in season. It tastes so different. When I was a kid it was all about seasons; you would never see tomatoes in the winter. Eating local is so basic but it's such a pleasure because you have to savour that moment.

Terroni addiction I love the spaghetti alla limone. It's refreshing and I had never had a dish like that before coming to Terroni.

Devotee since My first time at Terroni was on the patio in the summer, when there was the herb garden on the side. That was around 2001, 2002, when the location on Queen St. was smaller, just the ground floor.



Asparagus, micro-greens, sprouts, radishes and tomatoes from the Dufferin market

Mike Krupica,
co-owner of
Mascot Cafe

Current food obsessions I'm a super-picky eater but I'm better now. Different foods on a plate still shouldn't touch, though. The mash potatoes shouldn't touch the corn, which doesn't touch the applesauce. Well, perhaps the cream corn and applesauce can be combined — but outside of that everything has its place.

Terroni addiction I love Terroni because I can eat the same thing day after day; the a fagiolo salad. On the last four days of my cleanse last month I ate at least one meal there a day.

Devotee since I've been coming here for four or five years. Usually I go alone, though with a “Let me in and let me out” philosophy. I don't want to talk.



Deconstructed a fagiolo - no touching

Tibi Tibi
Neuspiel,
artist

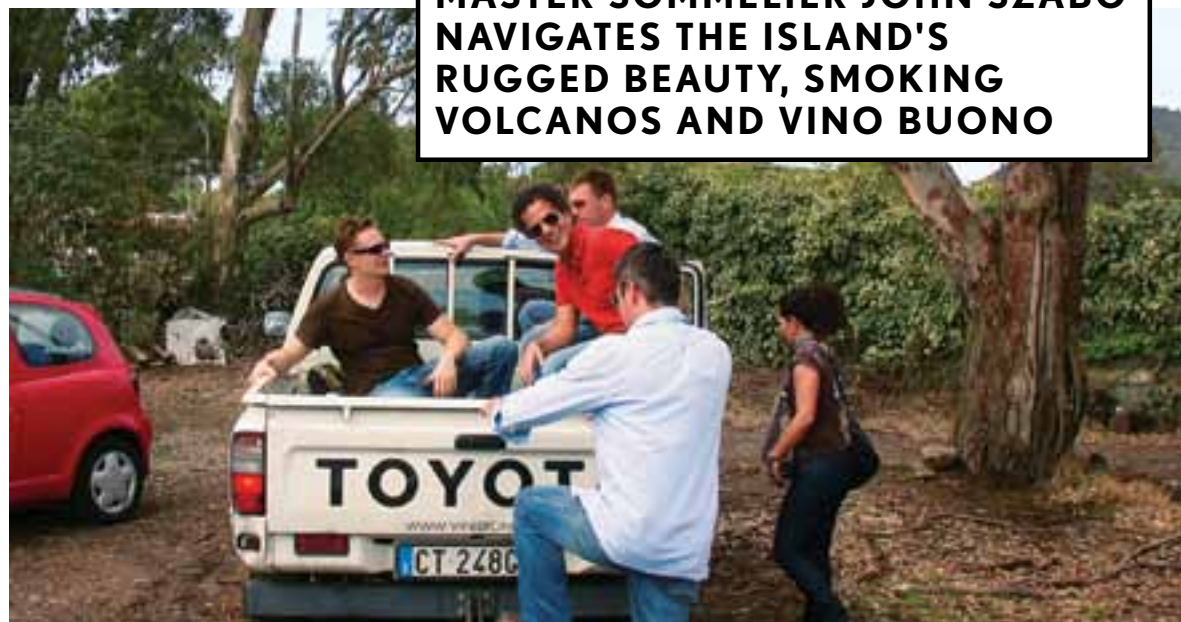
Current food obsessions The problem with food is once I have a small amount of something I just want more, even if I'm not hungry: the moment I have a taste, it will distract me and I won't be able to get it off my mind. But if I get over it by having a lot at once I'll be satisfied. Grapes, for example, you never want to just have one at a time — you need 15 or 20, chewing them for a huge flavour sensation. It's not something I think about, it just ends up happening. So I don't buy food in bulk. Cashews are also a problem, if I buy the salted ones.

Terroni addiction There really aren't too many things on the menu I can eat so I usually go for the salads. (In addition to serious cravings Tibi has a gluten and dairy allergy.)

Devotee since I've been there a few times in the last four years.



Grapes and cashews



**MASTER SOMMELIER JOHN SZABO
NAVIGATES THE ISLAND'S
RUGGED BEAUTY, SMOKING
VOLCANOS AND VINO BUONO**

① Because the island is essentially a triangle, Sicily has been known as *Trinacria* since antiquity. Today, the symbol of the trinacria — three legs spiralling around the head of Medusa — can be found on the regional flag of Sicily.

IF you're reading this, you're likely a Terroni regular and you've already figured out that Sicily makes tasty wines. And you're not alone: even the experts — anyone who knows the difference between Montepulciano and Michelangelo — rank the island's wine among the world's best in terms of value and quality.

Sicily is the largest island in the Mediterranean. It's a land of rugged beauty and strong tradition, woven together by a succession of occupiers that reads like an historical who's who: Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Arabs, Normans, Angevins, Aragonese and Bourbons, among others. This multi-millennial mix of cultures has resulted in a fascinating region of incredible richness in art, literature, architecture, cuisine and wine.

And in wine terms, Sicily is a giant: it has more acreage than any other Italian region. The majority of its wine comes under the island-encompassing *Indicazione Geografica Tipica Sicilia* designation, which allows for maximum flexibility of grapes and styles. This is where you'll find most of Sicily's international calling card: nero d'Avola — a versatile grape that can span the spectrum from juicy and peppery (think northern Rhône syrah), right through to deeply coloured, rich, plush and solidly structured. It is believed to have originated in the southeast corner of the island near Siracusa, Ragusa and Avola itself, but today it is grown all over Sicily.

Of the region's 23 mostly obscure DOCs (*Denominazione di Origine Controllata*), the one worth knowing is Etna DOC. That red wine grows up at 1,000 metres, on the steep, volcanic slopes of Mount Etna — Europe's

largest and occasionally smoking volcano. While drinking an Etna wine, imagine the volcanic rock crunching underfoot and the burn in your thighs as you climb the ludicrously steep slopes, past the impoverished yields of ancient, seemingly haphazardly staked vines, and it'll all make sense. The whites, made principally from carricante grapes, are some of Italy's most mineral and intriguing, while the reds made from nerello mascalese and nerello cappuccio are among the most elegant and singular, with an unmistakable taste of volcanic essence. (A good thing.)

There is one DOCG (*Denominazione di Origine Controllata e Garantita*): Cerasuolo di Vittoria. It's a delicious light cherry-coloured (hence, cerasuolo) red made in the southeast corner of the island around the town of Vittoria, from a traditional blend of Sicily's most important red grape, the sturdy nero d'Avola, and the delicate, pinot noir-like frappato, with its pale garnet colour, light tannins and smoke and earth-tinged strawberry flavours.

Sicilian whites from native varieties (grillo, catarratto, inzolia, grecanico) are for the most part light, crisp, fresh and rarely aged in wood. Most are best consumed within a year or two. These are *aperitivi*, or seafood and shellfish wines — just imagine yourself on the coast at Taormina, overlooking the Straits of Messina while enjoying grilled swordfish in a sauce of olive oil, lemon, capers and Pachino cherry tomatoes, and a bottle of cool, crisp local white. Or just visit Terroni.

by John. S. Szabo, MS

② Mount Etna, which rises 3,330 metres high, is about two and half times higher than Mount Vesuvius. The volcano is also known as *Muncibeddu*, meaning "beautiful mountain" in Sicilian dialect. And the Roman poet Virgil gave what is thought to be a first-hand description of one of Mount Etna's eruptions in the *Aeneid*.

**HE'S BACK!
MAX STEFANELLI,
TERRONI L.A.'S FEARLESS LEADER,
SNIFFS AND SWIRLS HIS WAY THROUGH
OUR SICILIAN WINES AND SHARES
HIS TASTING NOTES WITH US**

SICILIA

OUR Sicilian red selection on the Los Angeles wine list features over 18 nerello mascale and only a few nero d'Avola, cerasuolo and frappato. The reason that I don't like the popular Sicilian grapes: they lack acidity, tannins, complexity and they don't age well. On the other hand, nero d'Avola is one of the most important southern Italian reds and as a sommelier my job is to find the wines that best represent the "genre" so I ought to take a second sip. Too often, Sicilians deliver jammy, oaky reds that can compete for the title of the shittiest Californian cabernets where all you taste is the sweet vanilla from the French *barrique*. These kinds of wines can't show any link to the terroir and they're so unspecific in their taste that they could come from anywhere in the world.

Thank God we met Achille Alessi from Terre di Giurfo, a winery on the south-east side of the island. This noble doctor from Catania decided a few years ago to stop selling grapes to the big Sicilian wineries from his estate and start making his own wines. And lucky for us, too.

ETNA

NOW to Etna, one of my favourite southern Italian regions. The volcanic altitude and exposure of this terroir gives to these old vines a structure you can only find in the most important wine regions in the rest of the world.

And it's volcanism that defines the wines made by Vini Biondi, a family vineyard in Trecastagni that's been growing grapes since 1635, and is currently headed by Mr. Ciro Biondi.

by Max Stefanelli
photos by Stephanie Palmer



**2009 "Kudyah" Nero d'Avola IGT,
Terre di Giurfo**

Aromas and flavours of black plum, black cherry, herbs and black olives surround a wonderful meaty texture, with enough chewiness to make the wine stand up to food. This is the ideal *spaghetti ca pummarola* wine, at a price that will bring a smile to your face every time you open a bottle.



**2006 "Outis" Etna Rosso DOC,
Vini Biondi**

Outis, which means "nobody" in Greek, is the pseudonym Homer gave to Odysseus when the hero met up with the one-eyed terror Polyphemus on the foothills of Mount Etna. This ruby-red wine is made with nerello mascalese and nerello cappuccio, and it's got plenty of woody notes and just a hint of vanilla, plus chestnuts. Think: red meat. Think: *caponata*.



**2008 "Outis" Etna Bianco DOC,
Vini Biondi**

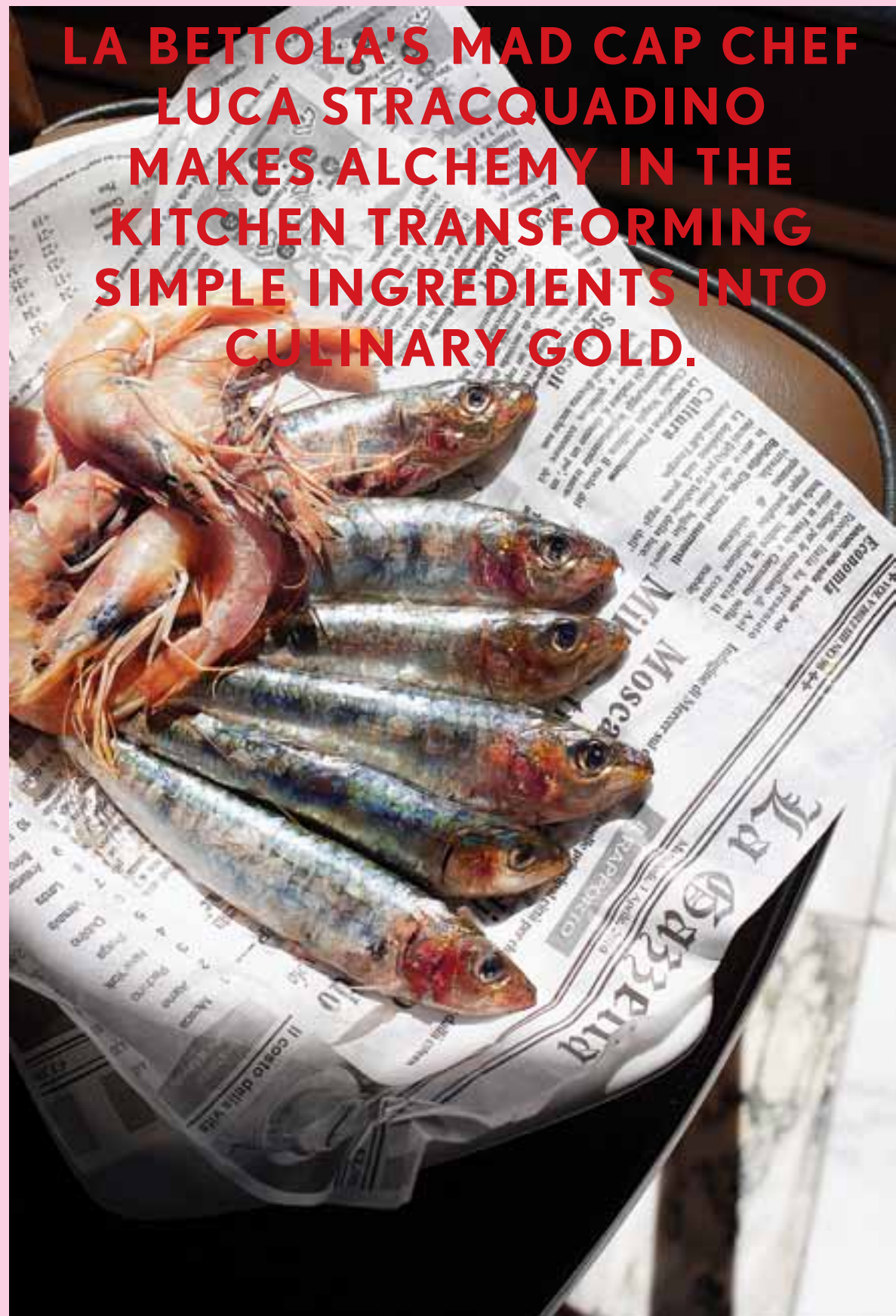
Mostly made with the carricante grape plus some other varietals, including malvasia. There's volcanic stone, amazing minerality, citrus and pear juice in this beauty. Drink with grilled or fried calamari. You won't regret it.



**2007 "M.I." Etna Rosso DOC,
Vini Biondi**

Some of Ciro's top vines are situated in a dormant, steep crater on nearby Mount Ilice, including his M.I. Etna Rosso. This beauty has all the transparency, earthy depth, perfume and tension of a Burgundy. Yet it approaches from somewhere else, perhaps more primal. The volcanic roots bring tangy, rusty orange notes that seem more in keeping with fine Barbaresco. Drink with some *bistecca alla Fiorentina*, like my colleagues did with some butcher guy from Cumbræ [see this issue's Someone's in the Kitchen section], or enjoy on its own.

LA BETTOLA'S MAD CAP CHEF LUCA STRACQUADINO MAKES ALCHEMY IN THE KITCHEN TRANSFORMING SIMPLE INGREDIENTS INTO CULINARY GOLD.



GIOVANNA ALONZI, OSTERIA CICERI E TRIA'S EXECUTIVE CHEF, TELLS US HOW THE MAGIC HAPPENS.

WHEN you think of Sicily, you probably imagine sun-kissed from the Sicilian sun and wearing a very slick pair of Badgley Mischka sunglasses. I did too, until I met Luca Stracquadino.

I'd heard a lot about Luca, who is now head chef at La Bettola and before that helmed the kitchen at Terroni Los Angeles, before actually meeting him. Specifically I'd heard about the special dinners he'd orchestrated in L.A. and his unbelievable *arancini*, succulent tuna and *caponata*. There were many times when Cosimo and Vince would return from L.A. and tease me with, "You know what Luca is doing in LA?" The teasing left me so curious that I remember asking Francesca, Terroni L.A.'s sommelier and wife of the restaurant's commander-in-chief, Max Stefanelli, just what was so special about this guy.

As it turns out, quite a bit. Francesca, known for her curt honesty, firmly stated, "Luca è Siciliano...bravo." In other words, he's amazing. When I discovered last summer that he was being transferred to Toronto in order to run La Bettola, our "best of" Terroni spot beside the Osteria where I'm executive chef, I was very excited — and scared. While I wanted to work with this talented chef, I was also nervous to share a small space with him: although La Bettola and Osteria have different kitchens they share many common spaces, not to mention fridges and managers. You see, chatter about his eccentricities and strong, passionate character had preceded Luca's arrival. I worried that his temperament paired with my own stubbornness and personal culinary passions could prove to be a dangerous working arrangement.

I vividly remember the first time we met. It was a typical hot and humid summer day in Toronto. And being six months pregnant, I felt it even more than usual.

Luca arrived at the Osteria bearing a bag full of goodies and looking very cool,

sun-kissed from the Sicilian sun and wearing a very slick pair of Badgley Mischka sunglasses.

"This is for you," he told me, handing over a little package of Sicilian almond paste. "Take it home and make something for yourself — cookies, a cake, or just a drink." Then he handed over a plaster version of the *trinacria* — an ancient Sicilian triangular symbol of three legs spiraling around Medusa's head — to Cosimo, our boss. "We need to put this up somewhere," he said. Chocolate from Modica, his hometown — and one of the world's oldest producers of that confection — was laid out in various spots throughout the restaurant. "Try this," he said, handing me some basil-infused chocolate. Its flavour was bright, cool and pure. All I could do was ask about his sunglasses — what would you have done? (For the record, they were a gift from a Beverly Hills designer as a token of thanks for a dinner Luca had prepared.)

Sicilians are known to be very proud, and for good reason. Sicily has one of the most interesting histories in Europe. It was — and still is — the meeting place of Africa and Europe; it's a land that's been visited by Greeks, Romans, Phoenicians, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Aragonese, Spanish, French and, of course, mainland Italians. It is precisely this varied history that has made the culture of Sicily rich — just like the island's ingredients, including saffron, couscous, almonds and wild fennel. Combinations of sweet with sour, saltiness with chocolate and fish with cheese appear in a way that is singular to Sicily and foreign to every other region of Italy. Sicilian food, with its colours, spiciness and flair for decoration, is an anomaly in Italian gastronomy. And dear Luca — with his unique glamour and honest simplicity — has come to embody for me everything that Sicily symbolizes.

I had a very good feeling about Luca on

① There's a playful trend among Sicilian chefs, including Luca, to take the island's celebrated primary ingredients out of their classic contexts in traditional recipes and incorporate them into new and innovative dishes.

② Once, Luca ran into Giovanna's Osteria kitchen with a truffle that weighed about half a pound. He had snuck it away from Tony the truffle guy and was trying to get Giovanna to approach Tony and say, "Thanks for the present for my new baby." She couldn't do it, but Tony still breaks into a sweat whenever he has to deal with Luca, who will haggle with him maniacally until he gets what he wants.

photography by
Bryan Porterfield



③ “In the antipasto *tramezzino di sardine* everything is grilled: normally you’d fry it all, but I grill it to make it lighter. You can serve it with a beautiful seasonal tomato with oregano, but that is it.” LS



④ “I wanted to use tuna in one of these recipes because it is one of our staples. When you enter fisheries in Sicily, tuna is usually laid out on the main counter and its colour is more pink as opposed to the red ones that you find here.” LS

that first day. This positive impression was confirmed a few nights later when I caught up with him in La Bettola’s kitchen after finishing my shift at the Osteria. He’d just finished prepping all the food for the restaurant’s impending opening and was alone now, handling a pan that spilled over with *bucatini all’Amatriciana*. “Want some?” he asked. I was pregnant, thirsty and tired from being in a hot kitchen all day long and eating hot, spicy pasta was not high on my to-do list. But I could not refuse. I sat with him on his kitchen counter and we each enjoyed a plate of the pasta. In that moment Luca, who had made the dish with his own smoked *guanciale*, had just made me the best pasta I’d ever tasted. “This is what I’m all about,” he said, gesticulating wildly to his plate. “This is what my food is.”

We soon became friends and comrades; he helped me to not work too many hours behind the hot line with a big pregnant belly (which must explain my son Mattia’s affinity towards him) and I helped him learn all about his new city.

It was interesting to watch him work. Like Sicily, Luca is full of idiosyncrasies. He gives the utmost attention and gentleness to his food, plating everything with his own personal slender metal tongs that look almost surgical. While working alongside his cooks, he is strict and demanding. Servers at La Bettola receive an even tougher treatment; he expects the best from people and that they work as hard as he does. And he has a funny sense of humour: during the restaurant’s opening he was known for pinning signs on servers’ backs that said stuff like “I’m a single lady” or “I like Italian men.” He also has a special talent for driving suppliers mad. He signs all the invoices he receives with an enormous scribble that takes him at least five minutes to execute and that renders the bills illegible.

+

Recently I spent an afternoon with Luca while he prepared dishes for us to share with you for this issue. While he cooked — and I ate — I asked him to tell me about the philosophy behind his food, which he was more than happy to do: “I’d like to transcend everything I have learned into a single bite; I love making something marvelous with just three ingredients, like the *cacio e pepe* (spaghetti with cacio cheese and freshly ground pepper); I like understanding and maximizing the role each ingredient plays in a dish that only has three. I’d like to educate people through food.” After a brief pause he added, “I’ve done very complex things, but I prefer to do very simple things: they are

the hardest.”

Luca started out his career “as a joke,” he says. “I was 14 and I didn’t want to be a cook but I was working in my family’s restaurant in Modica. I had to work as a *pizzaiolo* alongside my aunt. She was very good — she taught me how to make octopus and mussels, and through her I fell in love with cooking.” After some stages throughout Italy, he went to Paris for a few years working with celebrated chefs, including Alain Ducasse. After that, Luca moved to San Francisco to work at Le Figaro and then to Los Angeles, where he eventually found his way to Terroni.

While all the places he’s worked have left their imprints in Luca’s dishes, it’s Sicily’s influence that stands out the brightest. The antipasto *tramezzino di sardine*, for instance, features the classic Sicilian pairing of eggplant and sardines: it’s a dish that thrives on the contrast between the crisp, salty sardine and the velvety sweet grilled eggplant.

The *spaghetti all’arancia* is perfectly balanced between sweet and salty. “It is a baroque dish: all of its ingredients are found in our area,” he says, “but again they are very simple: anchovies, orange juice, bottarga (cured fish roe) — it’s all just a matter of knowing how to work them.”

The *tagliata di tonno* is a very simple dish but when perfectly executed the tender sweetness of the tuna is highlighted by the toasty and buttery pistachio pesto and the result is just lovely.

The *biancomangiare* is a panna cotta for mature palates; the bitter sweetness of the creamy almonds is contrasted by the cold sweetness of the prickly pear *granita*. It is a sophisticated, simple dessert, characteristic of Luca’s range.

Near the end of our afternoon together, I asked Luca what he’d like to accomplish through his food. “My food is simple,” he says, “and through simple ingredients I want people to feel the complexity, simplicity and gusto of life — *la semplicità, la complessità e il gusto del mangiare*. I want them to discover these things by eating.”

I suspect Luca will accomplish this: all you have to do is follow his recipes.

by **Giovanna Alonzi**

Tramezzino con sarde e melanzane

Ingredients:

8 cleaned sardines, halved
1 large eggplant
8 slices of white bread, crusts removed
1 garlic clove, plus basil, mint and oregano, all finely chopped
salt and pepper to taste
extra virgin olive oil

Eggplant and sardine layered sandwich

Procedure:

Slice the eggplant into 2.5 centimetre-thick rounds. Salt the eggplant and place in a colander with some weight on top, allowing them to release their bitter water (about an hour). Pat the eggplant dry, sprinkle with pepper and grill.

Season the eggplant with extra-virgin olive oil, garlic, basil, mint and oregano.

Insalata d'arance e finocchi

Ingredients:

6 oranges (Sicilian blood oranges when available)
2 small fennel bulbs
salt and pepper to taste
extra-virgin olive oil

Orange and fennel salad

Method:

Peel the oranges, remove all of their white skin and cut into rounds about one centimetre thick. Remove the fennel's outer layer and thinly slice what's left.

Marinate everything with extra-virgin olive oil, salt and pepper to taste.

Spaghetti all'arancia, acciuga, mucchica e bottarga di tonno

Ingredients:

400 g spaghetti
juice of 4 oranges
12 anchovy fillets
150 g bread crumbs
5 g of tuna bottarga (cured tuna roe — this ingredient may be omitted)

Spaghetti with orange, anchovy, bread crumbs and bottarga

Procedure:

Place bread crumbs in a pan with a drizzle of olive oil and toast until they are a dark golden colour and crispy. Set aside. In a separate saucepan (or the same one if you want to save on washing dishes), melt the anchovy fillets over low heat in a pan coated with olive oil.

Add orange juice and half of the bottarga. Meanwhile, boil spaghetti according to instructions, being careful not to overcook. Drain the pasta and add to the sauce pan and toss well. Serve the pasta topped with the toasted breadcrumbs and the remaining bottarga.

Tagliata di tonno con pomodorini secchi e pesto al pistacchio

Ingredients:

400 g fresh tuna
10 cherry tomatoes (preferably Pachino, or on the vine)
fresh thyme and basil
1 garlic clove
salt and pepper to taste
extra-virgin olive oil

Slices of tuna with sun-dried cherry tomatoes and pistachio pesto

Procedure:

Slice the cherry tomatoes in half and season with salt, thyme, basil and finely chopped garlic. Bake at 180 for two hours.

Meanwhile, crush garlic, basil and mint with a mortar and pestle. Add the pistachios and continue to crush. Add as much extra-virgin olive oil as needed in order to achieve a pesto-like consistency. Preheat oven to 400. Slice the tuna into four equal rectangular portions and season with salt and pepper. Heat a pan and add some extra virgin olive oil. Sear the tuna on both sides and place in the oven for about four minutes. Remove

the tuna from the oven and cut into two centimetre-thick slices. Drizzle with some extra-virgin olive oil, a pinch of salt and pepper. Spoon the pesto next to the tuna and decorate the plate with the cherry tomatoes and serve.

Biancomangiare

Ingredients:

200 g almond paste
9g gelatin sheets
250 ml cream
250 ml water
25 ml orange blossom water (optional)
almond oil (NOT extract, also optional)

Sicilian almond pudding; recipe provided by Terroni pastry chef extraordinaire, Carlo Lazzarino

Procedure:

Line moulds or ramekins with almond oil (if you don't have almond oil, you can line with plastic wrap, or don't line at all.) Soak gelatin in cold water. Mix the water and almond paste together in a pot and simmer briefly. Add gelatin. Strain with a chinois and cheesecloth (or a metal sieve). Cool in ice bath. Mix in orange blossom water. Lightly whip the cream

and fold into the almond mixture. Fill moulds and refrigerate over night. Remove from moulds using hot water. Serve with seasonal fresh fruit, or a sweet acidic granita or sorbetto, like raspberry, passionfruit or cactus pear.



WITH HIS CHARACTERISTIC CANDOUR AND CHARM, ALL-STAR TERRONI SERVER AND FILM BUFF MARK VENTURI SPOTLIGHTS HIS FIVE FAVOURITE FOOD SCENES FROM ITALIAN CINEMA. PLEASE, READ ON – PREFERABLY WITH POPCORN.

FOR me, cinema really started as a place to make out with girls. It helped that it was always dark, and that darkness allowed my imagination and hands to run amuck on the far side of sweet Veronica's thigh. Or maybe her name was Nina. I'm not sure. What I can tell you is that being a paperboy in 1982 had its perks. I was about 10 or 11 and she was, well, wearing cut-off jean shorts and lipstick. Looking back it's hard to say how old my first crushes were. Years later my shrink would contest me on many of these encounters, raising doubt as

to my hold on reality. I would return to the darkened theatre, alone—without Veronica or Nina—and my grasp on real life now moved at 24 frames per second and danced in the shimmer of dust thrust into the darkness by the light of the projector. I was taken by the magical transformative power of cinema. And I've never been the same since! The following are five food scenes from Italian films. Each has its magic, each its own transformative power, and each holds a tender place in my heart. (I've included two films directed by Italian Americans.)

The Bicycle Thief, 1948, directed by Vittorio De Sica

In this Neorealist film, Antonio Ricci and his young son, Bruno, look for Antonio's stolen bicycle in the streets of post-war Rome. Frustrated and tired, Antonio loses it and smacks his son, who walks away and refuses to talk to his father. As an apology, Antonio asks Bruno if he's hungry. He nods his head yes. Antonio then asks Bruno if he'd like to have a pizza. Bruno lights up with a smile and off they go. The restaurant, however, doesn't serve pizza, so they end up having *mozzarella in carrozza* (fried mozzarella

and bread). The scene is so touching that it's hard not to get emotional watching it or writing about it. The young boy who played Bruno is one of the best actors to fill the screen. He should get a Lifetime Achievement Award for this performance alone. De Sica is a master director who takes a simple story and turns it into a profound tale of one man's search for dignity. Anyone who has ever had a fight with their father and then gone for pizza will fall to pieces watching this scene.

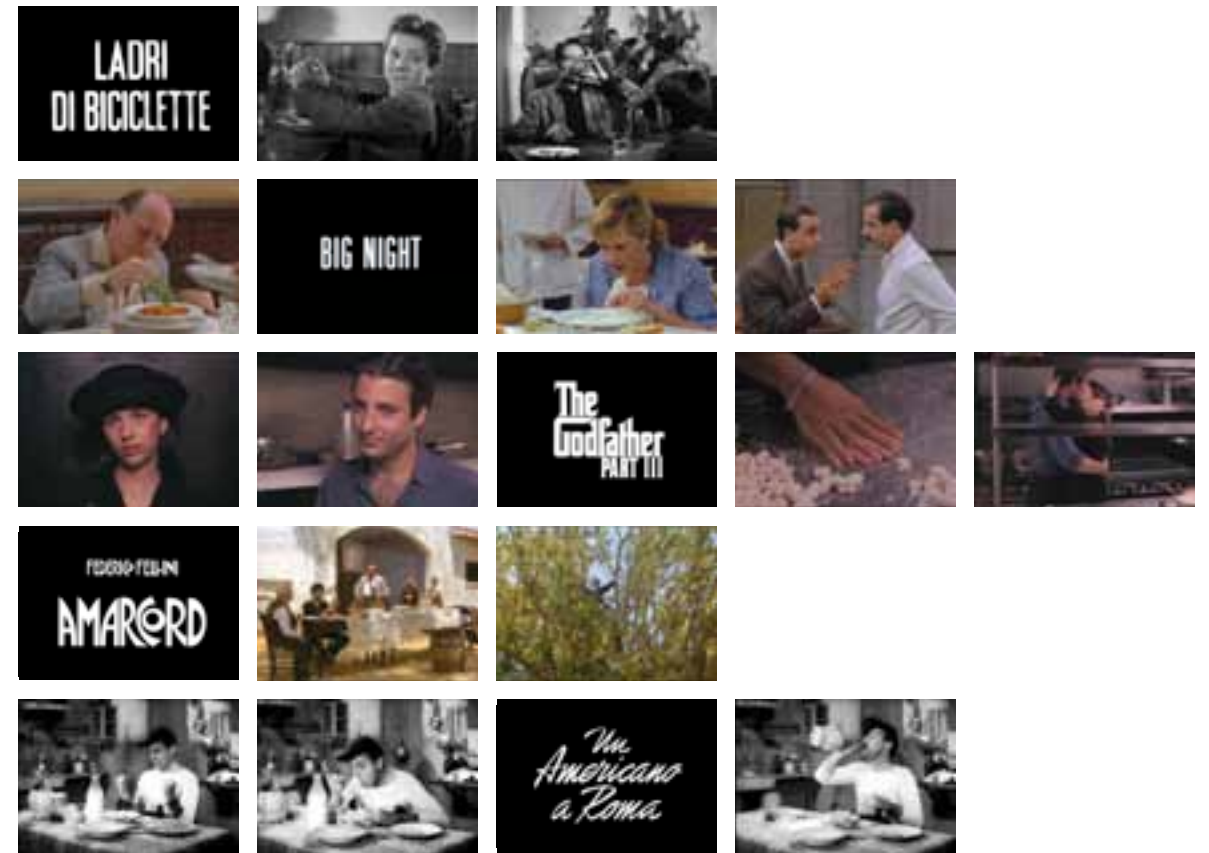
Big Night, 1996, directed by Stanley Tucci & Campbell Scott

Two brothers, Primo and Secondo, struggle to remain authentic to their Italian culinary traditions at their New Jersey restaurant. In the opening scene two philistines give their waiter, brother Secondo, a hard time about the menu. Philistine number one wants spaghetti with her risotto. Secondo tells her that they are both starches and it is not customary for Italians to eat this way. Philistine number two squawks for compromise and they get a side order of spaghetti. Primo, the chef, is irate and wants to throttle this *disgraziata!* No substitutes, no modifications! Enough said. I remember a family vacation one hot summer with ringing similarity. We were traveling through Germany at the time and decided to stop off at an Italian restaurant in a small picturesque Rheine valley town. My father always struck the fear of God into my brother's and my hearts with one steely-eyed glance and we were

about to find out he could elicit the same reaction from the rest of the world. We sat waiting patiently for our dinner. My mother is English (she's also beautiful) so our table manners were impeccable: "Elbows off the table." "Sit up straight." "That's a fork—not a knife." You get the picture. So the meals come out and this poor Italian waiter puts a plate with a steak and spaghetti on the side in front of my father. I'll never forget the look on my father's face and the apologetic tone of the Italian waiter as my old man morphed into Harry Callahan and said, "Go ahead and make my day". It was the fact that an Italian had served another Italian a steak and spaghetti on the same plate—a real Italian culinary faux pas. Papa Venturi is a kind and considerate soul and perhaps would have let a German get away with such an insult, but I doubt it!

① Director Vittorio De Sica decided to cast amateurs rather than professionals in *The Bicycle Thief*. But before the director's decision was finalized, both Cary Grant and Henry Ford were proposed for the lead role of Antonio Ricci, which eventually went to Lamberto Maggiorani. And in a sad ironic twist, Maggiorani struggled for work, just like the character he played, after the film was completed.

② Poor Sofia Coppola. The director's daughter, now an Academy Award-winning director, was a 19-year-old untrained actor, and pretty reluctant to play Mary Corleone in *The Godfather III*. But after Winona Ryder backed out (citing exhaustion after filming three movies back-to-back), dad Francis insisted that Sofia take the part, even though the studio had sent over Madeline Stowe to fill Winona's shoes.



③ *Amarcord*, a film that screams autobiography (which director Federico Fellini has denied, admitting only that there are similarities to his own childhood), was the first movie to ever be released in the letterbox format when in first came out in January 1984. The second movie, released eight months later, was Woody Allen's *Manhattan*.

The Godfather Part III, 1990, directed by Francis Ford Coppola

Okay so it's not Part I or Part II but making gnocchi never looked so good! Cousins Vincent Mancini (Andy Garcia) and Mary Corleone (Sophia Coppola) get hot and heavy while Vincent shows Mary how to roll little

gnocchi by hand. This scene is worth stealing and putting in your vault of things to do on a third date. You'll be surprised how many 25 year-old women haven't seen the movie.

Amarcord, 1973, directed by Federico Fellini

I've included this scene because I think it illustrates the crazy, passionate and always-loving Italian dinner table experience, or at least the ones I've had growing up with a born and bred Italian father. Titta's family goes to the country to have a picnic. His mentally challenged *zio* (uncle) climbs to the top of a tree and shouts, "*Voglio una donna!*" ("I want a woman!") No one in

the family can convince *zio* to come down so they end up having to call the hospital. When the ambulance arrives, a midget female nun climbs the ladder and has *zio* down immediately. Classic Fellini! I've been tempted to yell, "*Voglio una donna!*" at dinner tables in many continents but have managed to keep my mouth shut, so far.

Un Americano a Roma, 1954, directed by Stefano Vanzina

In this comedy, Nando—played by the iconic Roman actor Alberto Sordi—lives his life as if he's the protagonist in an American movie. (This would have struck a chord with young Italians who were obsessed with American ideals and opulence after the War.) In one scene he decides to eat like an American and forgoes the *maccheroni e vino* for a piece of bread with marmalade, yogurt and mustard, and a bottle of milk.

This reminds me of the times when I'd eat at an American friend's home and have to push the food around the plate so as to make it look as though I'd eaten something. It wasn't as exaggerated as Sordi's American meal but I once saw lasagne that looked like someone had been sick! And milk, well as Arnold Schwarzenegger says in Pumping Iron, "milk is for babies".

by Mark Venturi



COSIMO PAGLIACOLO

Terroni Queen Street's Ring Master walks the high wire between nice guy and taskmaster. How does he manage the balancing act? Sit down and let his sister explain.

COSI was almost late today — almost. Blame it on daylight saving time. When I arrive at the restaurant at 8:30 a.m., he's been there since 8:15, which is 15 minutes later than he likes to start. "I used to get here an hour before anyone else. Then the kitchen staff caught on and they started showing up an hour early too." Vladimir Fernandez, one of the early risers, is already prepping ingredients. "He's a f-king workhorse." Cosi makes me a cappuccino and sits beside me, clipboard in hand, wondering how he'll deal with late-stragglers. If you're even a minute late, he's been known to draft a notice and have you sign it. "Late is late." I implore him to take mercy on his staff. He's got a new haircut — "military-style" — and is wearing a black t-shirt stencilled with the word "please" in all caps. Frankly, he's starting to scare the shit out of me.

§

As staff stroll in, murmuring about daylight saving time, he greets them cordially, but with a glint in his eye, then sets off to business. As the head manager, on any given Sunday, Cosi is running around Terroni Queen West until past 1 a.m. First he updates the wine list, then takes stock of supplies. A fridge outside the upstairs offices is filled with porterhouse steaks, wild boar and lamb ragu, prosciutto and parmigiano. If there's a problem with any of these goods, like the too-crumby parmigiano that Vladimir is now grating, Cosi will send them back and call the distributor. He takes pride in his meticulous orders, which extend to the downstairs cellars with their gorgonzolas, provolones and mozzarellas — if he's running short he dials up Alex Warehouse, the adopted name of the guy who runs the Terroni supply house. *Pizzaiolo* Dan Pelletier arrives downstairs to start mixing the dough,

claiming to have been on time for work. Cosi's retort: "I saw you. Don't f-king lie to me."

When he gets back to the main floor, the restaurant is humming with activity. It's still pre-lunch — the only diners are Anais Granofsky, the actress who played Lucy Fernandez on *Degrassi Junior High*, and her daughter — and the second round of staff has settled in. Bartenders Nate Jesionka and Trevor Edward are joking around. "See what I have to deal with?" says Cosi. "They think it's a party."

"But that's kind of what you want, isn't it?" I ask.

"Yes it is," he concedes, with a smile. "As long as they do what they're supposed to."

The tone among Terroni's male staff tends toward deadpan irony, which they've elevated to an art form. Mark Venturi, one of Terroni's longtime waiters, counts sardonic humour as one of Cosi's signature managerial traits. "He'll say something and you'll be like, 'Are you serious?' expecting him to be kidding and then he'll turn around and say, 'Yeah, I am serious.' He can go either way." Vince Mammoliti — in the restaurant for a quick meeting with Cosi and Marco Bruno, who heads up the kitchen staff — jokes that Cosi's "bitter sarcasm" actually makes him a great manager. Before he can elaborate, Cosi asks Mark, not too subtly, "You feel like you wanna be a part of this?" It's his way of getting Mark to join in a tasting session for a new lunch special: spaghetti with calamari tossed in black olive paste. This, by the way, is the only cooked meal Cosi will share in all day; his usual Sunday fare: a couple of slices of mortadella stuffed in bread. And with the start of March break, today is supposed to be hectic. "It's going to be a crazy Sunday!" says Marco, whose dessert staff is clean out of ramekins. Cosi's also worried that he's behind

① Many years ago, when Terroni owner Cosimo Mammoliti was still spinning pizzas at Terroni on Queen, he anointed a very young Cosimo Pagliacolo "Cosi Jr.", presumably because yelling, "No—the other Cosi!" got to be a little annoying after the umpteenth time. To this day the two Cosimos are still referred to as Cosi Sr. and Cosi Jr. inside—and outside—the restaurant. In fact, it was such a utilitarian solution that other name-sharing employees adopted the practice too (including Editor-in-Chief, Jessie Jr.)

schedule. At one point, he sighs and says, mock-dramatically, "I started out as a dishwasher. How did I get here?"

§

In 1993, Cosi was 17. He'd had enough of high school, so our eldest brother, Paolo, got him a job at Terroni, then a tiny deli that his friends Cosimo Mammoliti and Paolo Scoppio had just opened. My brothers often worked shifts together and I was fascinated by their stories; like when a shelf Cosi was stocking buckled, and one by one the dishes came crashing down to the counter as Paolo Scoppio glared at him wordlessly.

Cosi soon graduated to making pizzas. In Queen West's humbler days, the bar seating extended out from the pizza oven and the *pizzaioli* could banter with the clientele. Whenever I came by my brother would introduce me to anyone who happened to be around. (I was always his "beautiful" or "genius" sister; the people I was meeting, whether in their 60s or barely toddlers, were always "my friend, so-and-so." Does anyone have a brother like this?) Generous to a fault and possessing an almost preternatural sweetness, the Cosi I know — the guy who shows up at our mother's house at 7 a.m. on Christmas morning to get into his Santa suit before our niece wakes up — is altogether different from the hard-ass manager. If you're a longstanding patron of Terroni, you also know that lovable side of him — perhaps even more if you're a lady.

Jessica Allen, Cosi's former co-manager, has known him for 13 years. She recalls: "He was this handsome devil with big doe eyes and bee-stung lips, who had a real softness to him, and the best laugh. What really struck me was the way he made women feel. It didn't matter their size, their age, their looks, every woman seemed to walk away from him with a twinkle in her eye and a little lift in her step. He has a way of making every woman feel beautiful."

For Elena di Maria, who watched Cosi grow up, "He will always be that kid I used to work with on Monday nights at Queen Street, when it would be just me, him and Claudia [Iacobazzi]. He's such a loyal guy, ever since he was a dishwasher, and he's always embraced us like a family. And you know, even for me, the boss's wife, he still makes me feel like a million-dollar woman."

‡

As Terroni Queen West expanded, Cosi became a manager. He started taking an active role in that location's shift from pizzeria to restaurant, with a constantly evolving menu of homemade pastas and exclusive Italian vintages. It required everyone, him included, to hone a certain culinary exper-

tise. Cosi's trips to L.A. and Italy allowed him to contribute to this evolution first-hand. Says Vince: "In L.A. he helped a great deal with developing and training — all from scratch — including making the dough. To this day, three years later, some of his guys are still there and making pizza, and are an integral part of the kitchen." On the latter trip, Cosi and Vince visited the San Marzano fields where Terroni's tomatoes are grown, and learned a whole new way of making lighter and more gastro-friendly dough. Cosi credits Vince and Cosimo Mammoliti's quest for quality as the reason he's such a loyal member of the Terroni family. "They have an outstanding philosophy about Italian food culture. They put quality and great ingredients first, no matter the cost to them. It's great to work for people who are that hard-working themselves — it's not easy to introduce a new way of prepping pizza dough, but they're always trying to make the food here better." He believes that diners appreciate these differences.

Of course, they also notice the service. Cosi aims to make the experience at Terroni — that mix of hospitality and the right ambience — as impeccable as the food.

+

At about three o'clock the restaurant is at maximum capacity. Cosi's here one second and gone the next; the wait staff are squeezing past each other, every table is full and the place is deafening. A bit of a multitasker (some might say micromanager) he navigates the restaurant from every which angle, constantly scanning the floor for tables that need bussing or reassuring people in line that they'll soon be seated. He's as apt to lend a hand when staff are overburdened as he is to crack the whip when they're not. "He treats Terroni Queen like I imagine he would his own child; he loves the place with all his heart but he's also known for his disciplinary measures," says Jessica. "He expects that the staff should care about the place, too — and that means stopping to dust a grocery shelf, or pick up a napkin. You don't walk by that shit on Cosi's watch."

It's not just on his watch that Cosi has to fret about the service. I remember being out to dinner with him when a Terroni patron noticed him and launched into a rather detailed account of why he should be able to put parmesan on whatever he wanted. Cosi bore it in stride and thanked him for his opinions. For Cosi, a manager's work is never done — not even at 1 a.m. on a Monday morning. It's certainly something I couldn't do. For one thing, I'm always late.

by Elizabeth Pagliacolo

② "My first time at Terroni was on my 15th birthday. My brother Joe, who now also works at Queen West, took me to the restaurant, where a brash waitress embraced him, then led me through the standing-room only crowd to see Cosi. Her name was Shereen Arazm and many moons later Cosi would help train her staff at Terroni L.A." EP

③ Author Elizabeth worked behind the counter in the deli at the old Terroni on Victoria during her last year in the journalism undergrad program at Ryerson. Now she can often be found on the other side of the counter, enjoying a Terroni Spritz after finishing work at *Azure Magazine*.

LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED

Compiled by
Jessica Allen & Tara Downs

Members of the Slow Food Movement: **100,000**
 §
 Years since the Movement was founded: **15**
 +
 Years since McDonald's was founded: **71**
 ‡
 Number of hamburgers McDonald's claims to sell in a second: **over 75**
 ×
 Number of seconds between heart disease-related deaths in the US: **34**
 ~
 Euros the Italian government is investing to promote the Mediterranean diet: **4,000,000**
 ‡
 Number of Italian farmers dependent on Parmalat: **5,000**
 +
 Number of euros Parmalat was in debt when it declared bankruptcy in 2003: **14 billion**
 ~
 Total debt of USA in dollars: **14 trillion**
 ×
 Percentage of the Greek population that is overweight: **75**
 §
 Rankings of Italy, Greece and Canada in obesity rates: **25, 5, 11**
 ‡
 Average amount of pasta in kilograms each person in Italy eats annually: **25.9**
 +
 Average kilograms of homemade pasta Terroni produces in a month: **1024.4**
 ×
 Number of Italians that could get their yearly pasta fix at Terroni alone: **1,195**
 ~
 Number of scenes in *The Godfather* that feature people eating or drinking: **61**
 +
 Body count (including the horse) in *The Godfather*: **18**
 §
 Weight in kilograms of the world's largest ice cream sculpture: **925**
 ‡
 Subject of sculpture: **an 18th century ship**

Price of an Hermès Niloticus Birkin bag in matte chocolate crocodile: **\$25,000**
 ‡
 Amount *The Bicycle Thief* grossed in its opening weekend in 1948: **\$25,010**
 §
 Height of Silvio Berlusconi: **5 feet, 5 inches**
 ~
 Height of the colossal bronze statue of Nero that stood in the Emperor's palatial porch: **120 feet**
 ×
 Age of Nero when he became Roman Emperor: **17**
 ~
 Age of "Ruby" the Moroccan night club dancer who Berlusconi is alleged to have paid for sex: **17**
 +
 Number of pizzas created in honour of the Premier's sex scandals: **1 (the Bunga Bunga)**
 ‡
 Number of pizzas named after old flames on the Terroni menu: **1 (the Smendozzata)**
 ~
 Number of McVitie's Rich Tea biscuits required to make Prince William's wedding groom cake: **1,700**
 §
 Number of guests the cake fed at Prince William and Catherine Middleton's wedding reception on April 29: **650**
 ×
 Selection of wines available by the bottle at Bar Centrale: **113**
 §
 Number of espresso bars in Italy vs. number of Starbucks worldwide: **136,000 vs. 17,009**
 ~
 Starbucks locations in Italy: **0**
 ×
 Number of paintings by Caravaggio expected to hang in this summer's exhibit at the National Gallery of Canada: **11**
 ‡
 Of these, how many are believed by some to be executed by other painters: **2**
 +
 Year by which humans will be having sex with robots, according to the head of the European Robotic Research Network: **2011**



What:
Bar Centrale di Terroni

Where:
1095 Yonge Street

When:
Monday to Thursday,
8:00 to 23:00
Friday, 8:00-24:00
Saturday & Sunday, 9:00-24:00

Who: (Made it look so beautiful, that is)
Giannone Petricone Associates.
Small, Commute

Why:
Because you need a still-warm brioche smothered in home-made jam to dunk in your café latte in order to start your day; because you're starving at lunch and desperate for a quick spuntino; because 5:30pm calls for an aperitivo and maybe some crostini and crudo; and because that after-work pause might turn into dinner since there's pasta, meat and fish, not to mention Italian wines you've never heard of that simply need to be sampled right now.

photo by Stephanie Palmer

WHERE WE'VE BEEN

① **November 29** Tara Downs exhibited at "Bitch Slap", an all-female show featuring Toronto and New York artists held at Thrush Holmes Gallery on Queen St.

② **Jan 18** Terroni staff got seduced by dark, mysterious elixirs, otherwise known as coffee, at a tasting with Dark Horse's Momiji Kishi and Christopher Sealy. Hearts must have been racing.

» **Feb 26** We bumped elbows — and tasted a few wines — with Piedmontese wine producer Marco Porello.



× **March 15** Master Sommelier John Szabo perfected the art of making the classic negroni for Terroni bar staff.

③ **March 28** A tour-de-force tasting with Friulian winemaker Valter Scarbolo made our mouths water for crisp, dry whites.

④ **April 2** Mark Venturi and Johanna Edwards from Terroni Queen St. swam their hearts out for charity at the YMCA Strong Kids Megathon. In two hours Venturi completed 352 laps in the West End YMCA's pool and Edwards, who placed in the top ten of fundraisers, clocked in an impressive 300 laps.

~ **April 7** Bar Centrale opened its doors, and much to our delight the place filled up pretty quickly! The wine bar, which deftly delivers up small plates of everything from panini and pasta to crostini and cured meats (not to mention serving a sinfully good Italian-style breakfast), continues to hop during breakfast, lunch and dinner seven days a week.



⑤ **April 7-11** Ladies represent! Usually the annual Terroni trip to Vinitaly — the five day international wine expo held every year in Verona and attended by oenophiles from around the world — is boys only. But this year, our very own Anna Mammoliti, Cassandra Mosher, Gianna Sami and Ruth Torres joined Cosimo Mammoliti and Max Stefanelli in the laborious (yeah, right) search to find choice wines for the restaurants.



× **April 11** Top Chef Canada premiered on the Food Network and the judge busting the chefs' chops better than anyone else is our very own Shereen Arazm, co-owner of Terroni L.A.

WHERE WE'RE GOING

‡ **May – June** We're hosting an art exhibit at our very own *galleria dell'arte* at Terroni Adelaide to showcase the numerous talents of our staff.

⑥ **June** Nicole Di Nardo from the Osteria will show her painting, *Guanciaie Dreams*, at Quaff Café (668 Queen St. W) in a month-long exhibit featuring works based on supermarkets from around the world. (If the painting looks familiar, slow down next time you enter the Osteria or La Bettola and take a peek into the glass-cased fridges.)

~ **June 2** There will be festivities around the city (and around the world) in celebration of the 150 year anniversary of the Republic of Italy. Follow us on Twitter and Facebook to find out how Terroni is marking the occasion.

+ **Fall** A bona fide Terroni will open right above Bar Centrale at 1095 Yonge Street. Stay tuned!





by **Natalie Urquhart**
Illustrations by **Cosimo Pagliacolo**

Dear Terroni,
I had a wonderful meal with you the other evening, except for one little glitch. I did not want to trouble our lovely server, but it seems that someone in the kitchen forgot to cut our pizzas. We are not people who like to make a fuss so we used our knives and cut them up on our own. It was actually very easy, but I just thought I would drop a note to let you know.

All my best,
Maxine, Pickering, ON

Dear Terroni,
You know what's awesome with fried calamari? Dipping Sauce. Boom.
Why can't I get any?

Drake, from my sweet new Condo at King and Spadina

Dear Terroni,
Tuesday night is Ladies Night Out. We usually end up at Milestones but we mixed it up a bit and went with Terroni. We were totally bummed that you didn't have lychee martinis or half-price strawberry margaritas. But then our server introduced us to Aperol and we are hooked! One suggestion though: you should totally get a big screen TV so people don't miss *The Bachelor*.

Cheers,
Lynne, Brampton, ON

Hot Hostess My parents only let me eat with spoons until I was 18 so I never slice any of my food. But once when I was modeling in Japan I asked for a fork and knife to cut my sashimi and they took my plate away. We serve pizza here? I thought the crust was like a plate: I only ever eat the toppings, which I thought was like a melted cheese salad or something.

Bottle of Barolo When I arrive at a table I am presented whole, in all of my glory. I am admired, then opened with precision and tasted in several stages to appreciate my sheer physical beauty, my complex and layered aromas and my smooth velvet texture. I do not want to arrive at a table already poured! You would be missing out on the experience that is drinking me. If there is any food good enough to be paired with me I expect that it be given the same courtesy.

Italian Mama What's a wrong with the pizza? You want to slice up my heart? Pizza in Italy is this. Whole. And you go out to get the pizza with your family and friends — you married? You should be married — and you cut just the way you like to and you talk and maybe you wash it all down with a nice cold beer or cola. And look, here we give you the fork and the knife. Easy. Here you are like friends and this is how friends eat the pizza. Now go get married and have babies.

Hot Hostess So what you are telling me is that those are NOT little onion rings. Where's your condo? Did we totally hook up last night at The Beacs?

Bottle of Barolo I have a distant cousin who is often served at places called "pubs." I have heard that dipping sauce is very good at these establishments and I imagine that they taste delicious with calamari. However, in Italy calamari is traditionally served with lemon and a touch of salt. Simple and delicious. Oh, and if you happen to find yourself at an establishment ending in the word "Firkin" please give my cousin my regards.

Italian Mama What? You want the sauce? But this calamari is so fresh! Why would you cover it up with a sauce? You eat the calamari the way I make it and then I make you the pasta with my sauce. It is very good and you will like it.

Hot Hostess I F%&ing love Milestones! I think my parents made me in one of those restaurants! Is Aperol like absinthe? Cuz I tried that once and woke up in Missouri.

Bottle of Barolo Ah yes, Aperol. I've had my eye on Aperol for a long time, my friend, until Terroni finally brought it into Ontario — months before the LCBO decided to fill their shelves with it. Aperol, with its warm sunset hue, its infusion of herbs, spices and citrus — and much less bitter than its less feminine cousin, Campari, could very well be the perfect *aperitivo*.

Italian Mama Everywhere in Italy you drink the *aperitivo*. So here with us, you are in Italy, so drink our favourite *aperitivo* — the spritz. Then have the dinner and dessert. But always start with the spritz.



Krombacher

No. 1 PREMIUM BEER IN GERMANY



Since 1803



She pondered over the path in the woods, momentarily hesitant to leave this calm place from which she took such comfort.

ciot

TRANSCENDING
TIME FOR
60 YEARS

MARBLE
STONE
GRANITE
ONYX
CERAMIC
QUARTZ
MOSAIC