"JURASSIC PARK" MEETS "JULIA CHILD" IN CHICAGO



An ancient curse...
A museum in turmoil...
A recipe so good ..

...it can kill you!

FOREWORD

This is RELJSH...

...with recipes so good, they can put you into serious digestive overtime.

All proceeds, as usual, will be divided equally between the Greater Chicago Food Depository-feeding Chicago's hungry, and Chicago House and Social Service Agency-providing housing and support to people with AIDS. Last year we contributed \$330.00 to each organization.

The editors of this, the 6th annual staff/volunteer cookbook, would like to thank (in alphabetical order) Mark Alvey for converting our files above and beyond the call of duty, Philip Bell at UC Berkeley for helping with the movies, Leslie Branney for research assistance, John Flynn for supporting us (even when he didn't realize he was doing it), Cheryll Houston of Chicago House for her beautiful handwriting (seen in the contributors' names and elsewhere), Jennifer Marcus at St. Martin's Press for putting us in touch with the authors of RELIC, Steve McCarroll for his patient indulgence, Clarita Nunez and Bill Simpson for the use of their printers,

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and

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, YOU, THE CONTRIBUTORS, without whom RELISH would be far less tasteful.



Andrew Leman

Elaine Zeiger

RELISH

It's a cookbook. It's a novel. It's a double-feature movie. It's all this and more.

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BJTE-SJZE, LOW-TECH MOVJE #1: "THJRSTY GUY ENJOYJNG BEVERAGE" BOTTOM/RJGHT CORNER BITE-SIZE, LOW-TECH MOVIE #2: "FOOD FIGHT OF THE GODS"

BOTTOM/LEFT CORNER

Start at front of book and flip through pages going forward.

The 1995 Field Museum Staff/Volunteer Cookbook: RELISH



The following story is a work of fiction intended for your amusement. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, or to other fictional characters, is purely coincidental.

RELISH

Patagonia, 1925

-1-

The beans were almost gone, and, like the idiot that he was, Steinlecker had dropped the last of the waffles in the dirt, where they had been immediately snatched up by one of the dogs that constantly prowled the camp. If the museum didn't wire more money to them soon, things could get pretty desperate.

Dr. Griggs had been nearly delirious with a fever for three days, and wasn't keeping food down anyway. But Steinlecker with his confounded clumsiness wasted enough for the both of them. Bourne could see that it was up to him to provide for their needs. He'd had some luck with hunting, and gamey Argentinian grouse was good every once in a while, but they needed staples: flour, beans, coffee. chocolate. sugar, cheese curls, bacon. Mmmmm, bacon.

No, no time for that now, Bourne thought. Must concentrate. Must remember what the little Argentine boy who had guided him into Corral Quemada had said. If only it

PRESTON'S APPLE-MARMALADE CHICKEN

Douglas Preston Co-Author OF RELIC

Serves 4.

Start with four skinned, boneless chicken breasts. Trim off the fat and pound thin, to a thickness of about a quarter inch. Heat a skillet with virgin olive oil, and fry the breasts on high heat until they are brown on the outside but tender on the inside. (This will only take a minute or two on each side: do not overcook!) Remove from the skillet and set aside.

Add more olive oil to skillet and add:

3 cloves minced garlic

1 medium onion, chopped

Cook on medium heat until onions become clear

Then lower heat and add:

One apple sliced into wedges

Cook covered until soft

Uncover and add:

1/2 cup fresh apple cider (use if possible fresh-pressed apple cider, not processed or filtered apple juice)

One or two generous Tbsp orange marmalade

1/3 cup dry vermouth or dry white wine

Salt and pepper to taste

For an optional spice, add a small amount of fresh tarragon at this time

Reduce liquid on high heat until sauce has thickened to a light, glaze—like consistency. Lower heat and add chicken breasts and saute very briefly (one minute or so), so that the chicken is reheated and is thoroughly glazed. Be careful not to actually cook the chicken more at this stage, or it will become tough. Then serve the chicken breasts, spooning extra sauce over each one with a few apple wedges on top.



RELISH: The 1995 Field Museum Staff/Volunteer Cookbook

LINGUINE CON VONGOLE

(actually, I prefer fettucine in this recipe)

Ron Dorfman Publications

Serves two: multiply judiciously

1 can chopped or minced clams
2 fistfuls of pasta
1 medium yellow onion, diced
3 cloves garlic, sliced or minced
2 tsp dried oregano
3 Tbsp butter
1/4 cup good olive oil
1/4 - 1/2 cup whipping cream
2 tresh green onions, chopped small

Drain and reserve the clams and liquid. Cook the pasta in salted water with some oil. While the pasta is cooking, heat the butter and olive oil in a skillet. Add the diced onion, garlic, and 1 tsp oregano, crushed with the fingers. When the onion is transparent, add the liquid from the clams. Heat to a low boil and reduce by about one third. Cool to a simmer. Add the cream in increments, stirring, until a desired consistency is achieved.

When the pasta is done, add the clams and lemon zest and the remaining oregano to the sauce, cooking just a few seconds more. Add salt and fresh-ground pepper to taste. Divide the sauce over two plates of pasta and sprinkle with chopped green onions.

Although some authorities caution against using Parmesan and/or Romano cheese on white sauces, ${\it I}$ happen to like it a lot on this particular dish.

Serve with a hearty red wine.



hadn't been in a foreign language! It was something about a strange, mysterious tribe of people who lived high on a butte: the Gathoka, they were called. The common people were afraid of them, it seemed, and spoke of them only in hushed quiet, whispers. Felipe, the little Argentine boy, had hinted darkly that the Gathoka had some secret source of food on top of that butte. Noone had ever seen them descend to hunt or go to the marketplace. What did they eat? Felipe whispered rumors and hinted of curses, and crossed himself. and would say no more on the subject.

Well, curses or no curses, Bourne thought, I'm going to find out. Unless money comes from the museum soon, there will be nothing left but toaster pastries; and Steinlecker had broken the toaster three weeks ago. Bourne threw some essential items into his backpack: rock hammer, burlap strips, rope, letters from home, crystal radio, pocket watch, towel, crossword puzzles, and a few specimen bags just in case he came across anything interesting. He felt a pang of guilt leaving Griggs in the care of "the Hun:" if the fever didn't get him, Steinlecker's inept ministrations surely would. But there was no choice. After telling Steinlecker to watch over the camp, he headed west, toward the mysterious butte.