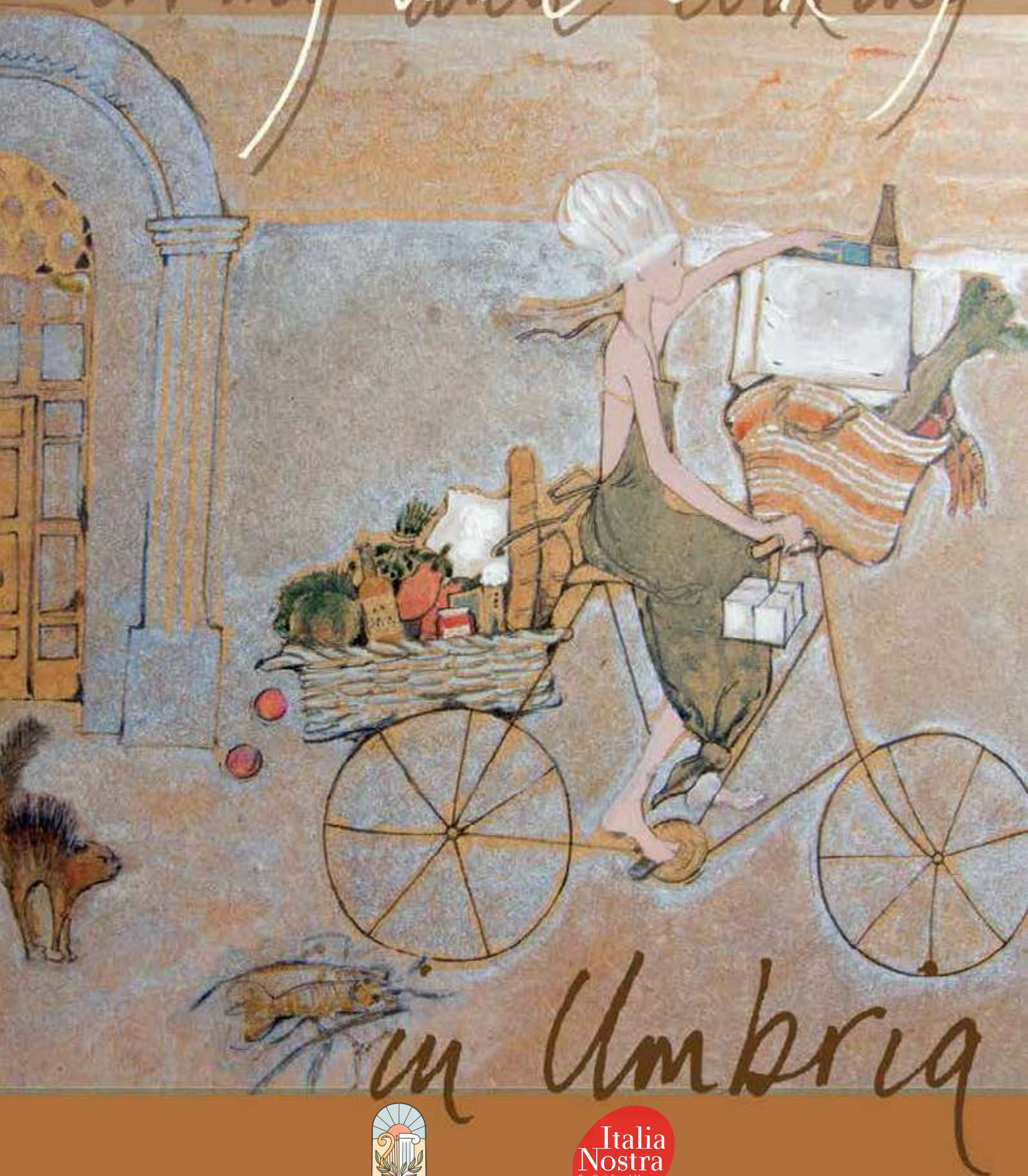


Norma Robinson

Living and cooking



The Power of Heritage
for Civic Engagement and
Lifelong Education

Italia
Nostra

Sez. Castiglione del Lago



**The Power of Heritage
for Civic Engagement and
Lifelong Education**



Erasmus+



**Co-funded by
the European Union**

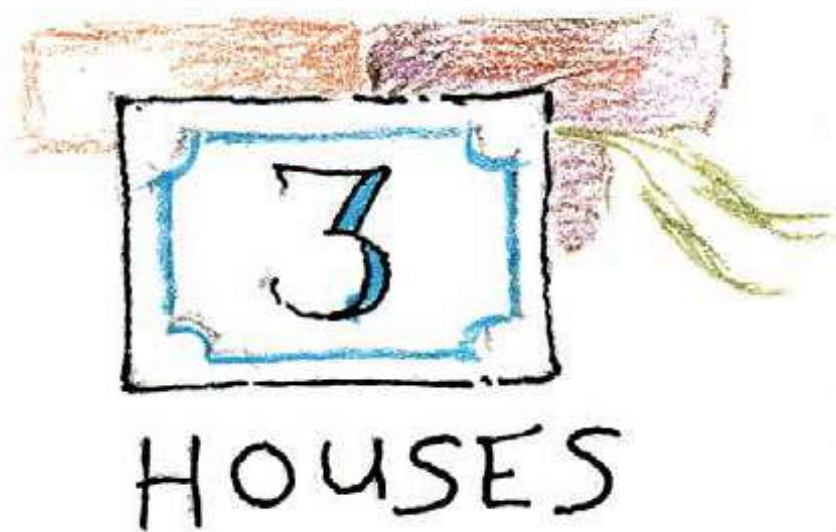
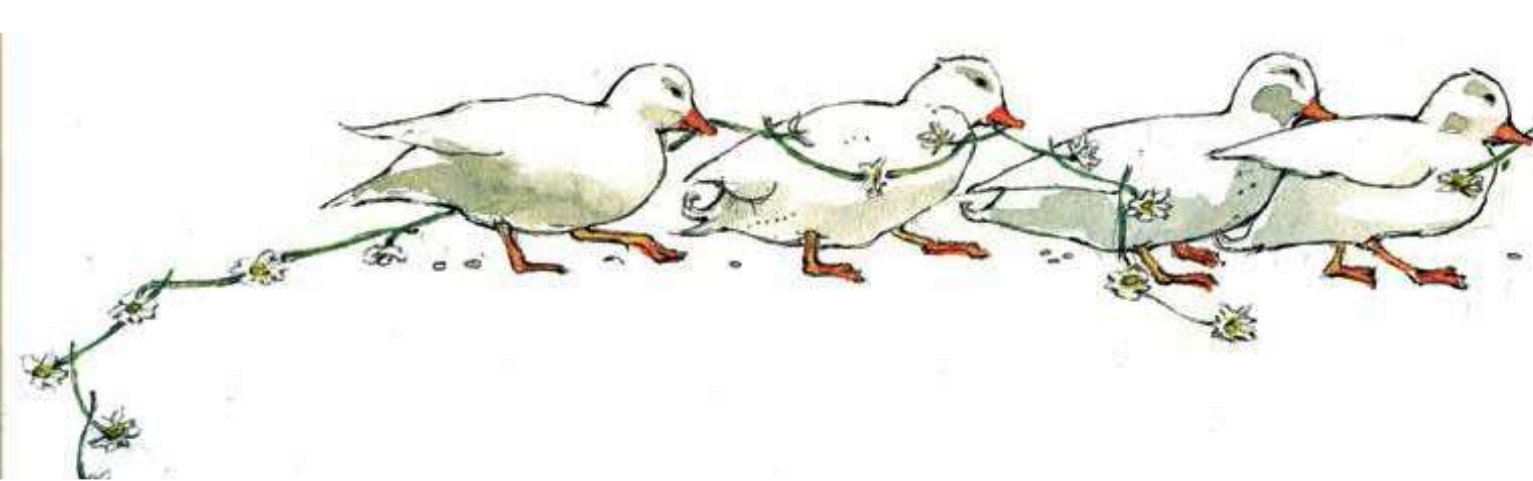
Il Progetto Cooking and Living in Umbria ha come principali obiettivi la promozione delle ricchezze eno-gastronomiche umbre e la promozione del territorio in un'ottica di turismo culturale e gastronomico. Il nostro territorio è ricco di storia, tradizione e cultura culinaria, un immenso patrimonio eno-gastronomico ancora poco conosciuto, sia dai cittadini, che, soprattutto, dai turisti e dagli stranieri residenti in Umbria.

Con questo progetto vogliamo coniugare arte, tradizione, territorio ed eno-gastronomia, nell'ottica di promuovere questi patrimoni verso un target di riferimento italiano e straniero, per questo motivo il volume è stato pensato sia in italiano che in inglese.

L'autrice, Norma Robinson, è un'artista e scrittrice scozzese che risiede in Umbria da molti anni. Innamorata dell'Umbria, del suo patrimonio artistico, naturalistico ed eno-gastronomico ci propone questo diario che intende valorizzare l'insieme delle tradizioni e del patrimonio intangibile umbro.

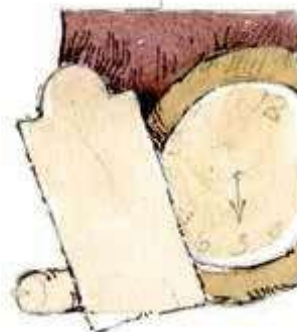
La pubblicazione non è pensata come una guida ma bensì come un contenitore di saperi e tradizioni culinarie, da scoprire attraverso storie, disegni e interpretazioni di ricette in un percorso culturale nel cuore della tradizione gastronomica Umbra.

Il progetto è stato realizzato all'interno del progetto Erasmus+ The Power of Heritage for Civic Engagement and Lifelong Education, n°2023-I-FR01-KA210-ADU-000155028.



*In Umbria - 30 years of cooking,
flavours, knowledge,
satisfactions and restoration.
30 years well spent, I think, I hope!*

*In Umbria - 30 anni di cucina,
sapori, saperi, soddisfazioni
e ristrutturazioni.
30 anni ben spesi, credo, spero!*



The afternoon that the blue Mini and funky van pulled slowly up the Poggio's drive was warm. It was early in autumn and a day that the five members of the G. family would never forget.

Franco, the father, was the first and only one to speak.

"Eccoci qua", he said and stretched his frame as he stepped from the van into a new life.

Pigi, the older confident son and Francesca, the younger petulant daughter, followed. Her socks round her ankles and her hair violating a ponytail's rule, she held the kitten they'd found the morning they left and nudged her older brother. He looked at her and he nodded. She let the kitten go and they stood and stared.

Norma, the mother, a woman known to speak her mind, gently climbed out of the car and walked over to a spot of her own.

She had to take it all in. Her life and that of her family had suddenly changed and she needed to understand the crusade they were to take on.

Christian, the middle son, fumbled with the car door. He eventually got out from the driver's side.

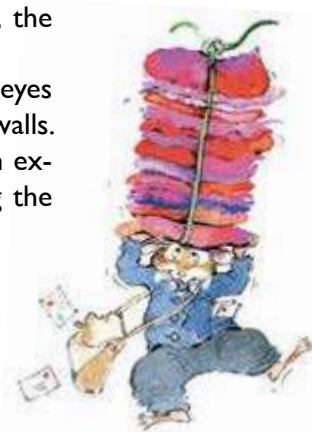
Il pomeriggio, quando l'azzurra Mini e l'eccentrico furgone tirato lentamente su per il Poggio si fermarono, faceva molto caldo. L'autunno era appena cominciato e quel giorno fu uno di quelli che i cinque membri della famiglia G. non avrebbero mai dimenticato.

Franco, il padre, fu il primo ed unico a parlare.

"Eccoci qua", disse stiracchiandosi le braccia mentre usciva dal furgone pronto per una nuova vita. Pigi, il figlio maggiore sicuro di sé e Francesca, la petulante figlia più giovane, lo seguirono. Norma, la madre, con delicatezza scese dalla macchina e si allontanò da sola. Aveva bisogno di capire quale crociata li stesse attendendo.

Christian, il figlio di mezzo, armeggiava con lo sportello della macchina. Alla fine scese dal lato del guidatore.

The sky was immense and a light crisp blue, the house huge and a touch arrogant. The first thing that struck those earnest eyes was the protective air of the golden stone walls. The house just sat there, eager but shy, an expression of "I've seen it all before" tinting the thousands of stones heaving its facade. If dwellings have personalities this one was



Il cielo era immenso e di un blu lucente, la casa enorme un poco arrogante. La prima cosa che colpì i loro occhi premurosi fu l'atmosfera protettiva delle mura di pietra dorata. La casa era seduta lì, impaziente ma timida, con un'espressione di "Ho già visto tutto prima" che colorava le migliaia di pietre sulla facciata. Se le abitazioni avessero una personalità quella di questa casa era

overpowering.

opprimente.

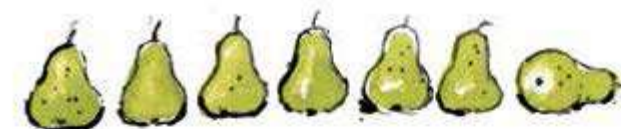


The roof leaks, the windows rattle swinging on broken hinges, the plaster is falling off the walls in chunks and there is a strong smell of mice and cattle urine but I know I am going to love this house. That is, once we have got rid of the scorpions which are everywhere

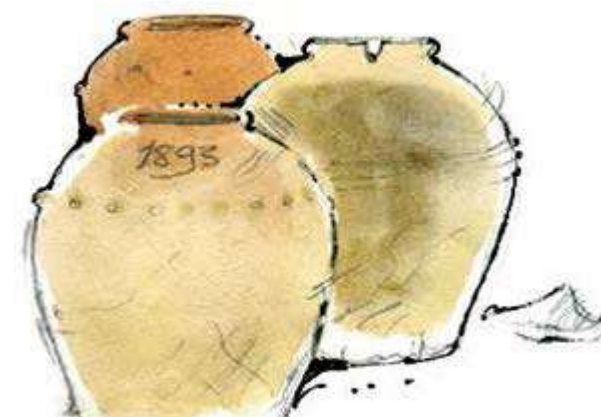


Nonostante ci fossero delle perdite nel tetto, le finestre che cigolavano oscillanti sulle cerniere rotte, l'intonaco che cadeva dalle pareti creando delle fessure, un forte odore di topi e urina di bovini, sapevo che mi sarei comunque innamorata di questa casa. Prima però dovevamo sbarazzarci degli scorpioni che erano ovunque.

Il primo pranzo nella nuova casa non fu all'interno ma fuori, nel cortile. Prosciutto, salame, uno splendido pecorino "con la lacrima", gustato con piccole pere verdi ed un'enorme pagnotta di pane non salato. Michele ci portò un litro del suo vino rosso.... lo stesso vino che il prossimo anno sarebbe diventato il nostro.



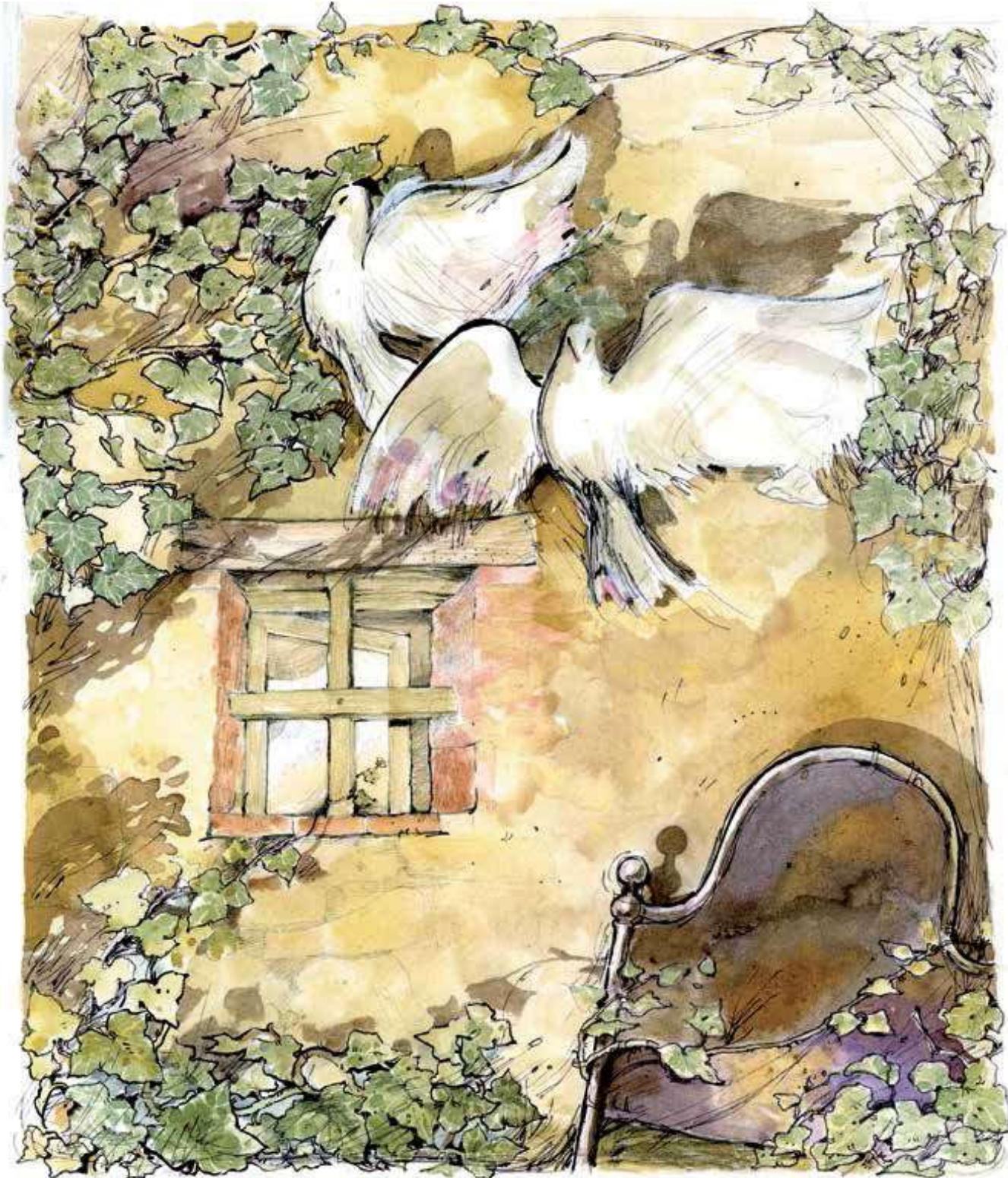
Our first meal in our new house was not inside but outside in the yard. Prosciutto, salame, a wonderful pecorino cheese "con lacrima" (with the tear) eaten with little green pears and an enormous loaf of unsalted bread. Michele brought us a liter of his own red wine which next year will be our own wine.





The G's belongings were neatly stuffed in the Mini and the van. An awesome amount of work lay ahead of them and a future of surprises, pleasures and pain was tucked away in the remains of this old Umbrian farmhouse. No one knew quite what to say. Feelings are personal to us and articulating them sometimes an impossible task but Norma turned to her expectant husband and smiled. She had fallen in love again and now could share Franco's infatuation with il Poggio.

The children were still undecided, but sensing their parents enthusiasm, fought their reservations with the habit of trust.



Gli oggetti della famiglia G erano ordinatamente riposti nella Mini e nel furgone. Una quantità impressionante di lavoro ed un futuro pieno di sorprese si trovavano davanti a loro. Piaceri e dolori erano nascosti nei resti di questo antico casale umbro. Nessuno sapeva cosa dire. I sentimenti sono personali e la loro articolazione a volte è per noi un compito impossibile, Norma si rivolse al marito in attesa e sorrise. Si era innamorata di nuovo e ora avrebbe potuto condividere l'infatuazione di Franco per il Poggio. I bambini erano ancora indecisi, ma percependo l'entusiasmo dei loro genitori, superarono le loro riserve con fiducia.

*A hammock strung hopefully
in the olive grove. Will we ever have
time to use it?*





Christian imagined the previous owners as they hurried through their daily burdens. Numerous generations relying on these rooms as safe limits where to grow old. When his father opened one of the windows and the sun's beams rushed in, it seemed to Christian that he saw a little girl in a cotton white dress and an old lady in black hurry through into the next room.

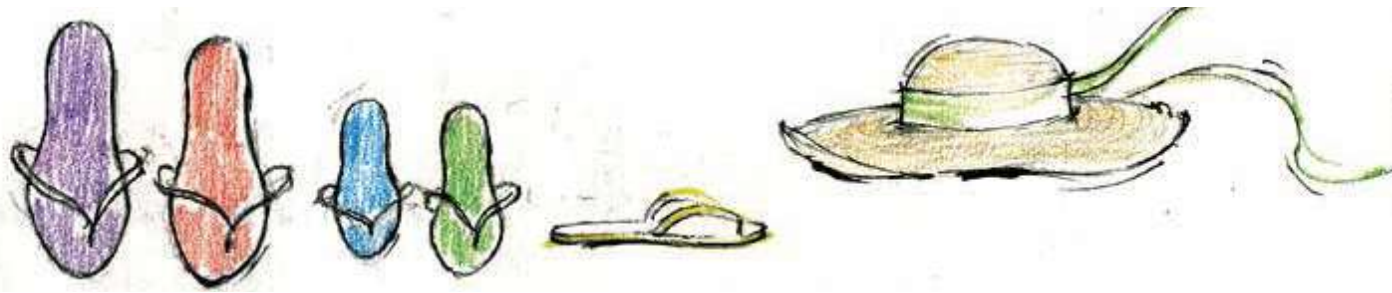
The old lady's hair was white as snow and as she shoved the little girl through the doorway she turned to glance at the intruders, her dark eyes squinted at the sunlight and then she was gone.

A pigeon flapping its wings awoke the starry-eyed boy from his daze. He watched the grey and white bird fly out into the autumn calm and turned to look for his parents but no one was in the room. He could hear their voices fluttering somewhere but was unable to identify the location. Christian's first reaction was to cry out but stopped himself and moved to the window. He wasn't scared or anything, a tranquillity stained the air, a strong smell of past lives, human and animal, engulfed him, and with it came a sharp feeling this was a place like no other.

Christian immaginava i precedenti proprietari mentre si affrettavano a svolgere i loro lavori quotidiani. Numerose generazioni erano cresciute facendo affidamento in quelle stanze, posti sicuri dove invecchiare. Quando suo padre aprì una delle finestre, i raggi del sole si precipitarono nella stanza, mentre a Christian sembrò di aver visto attraversare frettolosamente la stanza accanto da una bambina in un abito bianco di cotone ed una vecchia signora vestita di nero.

I capelli della vecchia signora erano bianchi come la neve, appena spinse la bambina attraverso la porta si voltò verso gli intrusi, i suoi occhi scuri si socchiusero alla luce del sole e poi se ne andò.

Un piccione sbattendo le ali svegliò il ragazzo dal suo stordimento. Guardò l'uccello grigio e bianco volare fuori nella calma dell'autunno e si voltò cercando i suoi genitori, ma nessuno era nella stanza. Poteva sentire le loro voci fluttuare da qualche parte, ma non era in grado di identificarne la posizione. La prima reazione di Christian fu quella di gridare ma poi si fermò e si avvicinò alla finestra. Egli non aveva affatto paura, la tranquillità impregnava l'aria. Un forte odore di vite passate, umane e animali, lo avvolse, e con esso una forte sensazione che quello era un posto come nessun altro.



That famed afternoon was discreetly retreating and a cool breeze brought a smell that the G's would learn to recognize as autumn evenings.

There's a particular crispness to those cranky dusks and the transformation from day to night is so sudden you feel that at times a magician has performed

the trick of a lifetime.



That famed afternoon was discreetly retreating and a cool breeze brought a smell that the G's would learn to recognize as autumn evenings.

There's a particular crispness to those cranky dusks and the transformation from day to night is so sudden you feel that at times a magician has performed the trick of a lifetime.

Quel famoso pomeriggio stava lentamente terminando quando una brezza fresca portò un odore che la famiglia G avrebbe imparato a riconoscere come quello delle serate autunnali. C'era un'atmosfera particolarmente frizzante in quei crepuscoli e il passaggio dal giorno alla notte è stato così improvviso che ha dato l'impressione che un mago abbia alluso al senso della vita.



A workmans lunch which hasn't changed much from the time of Brunelleschi.

Il pranzo del muratore non è cambiato così tanto dai tempi del Brunelleschi.

Half loaf (sleppa di pane) cut in two, filled with 2 etti di mortadella, home cured prosciutto or at worst an onion wahed down with a litre of his own red wine.

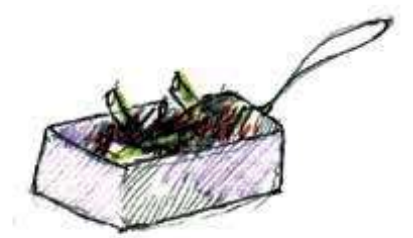
una sleppa di pane tagliata in due, ripiena di 2 etti di mortadella, prosciutto casareccio o nel peggiore dei casi con una cipolla intozzata in un litro del proprio vino.



LOPPA



INSULATING TAPE



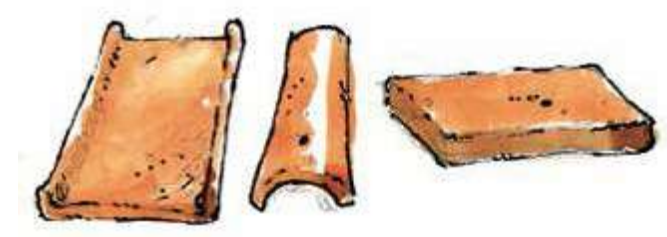
PASTA CORTA CON POMODORO E ZONNIG



PANE E UVA



A roof is a roof until you buy an umbrian farmhouse. Then it becomes tegole, coppi, travi, pannelle, vergoli, copper eaves and drainpipes. "The first thing to do is make the roof watertight" our bricklayer said. Meaning that the whole roof had to come off. So we moved all our things into the back half of the house while the front half was being renovated.



The most beautiful rooms are downstairs where the animals were kept. Large areas, divided by brick arches, running from one side of the house to the other lend themselves to transformation. Wide doorways through which the farm carts passed become full length windows bringing light to hundreds of years of gloom. Louvred shutters and metre thick walls help to keep the rooms wonderfully cool in summer.

Le camere più belle si trovavano al piano di sotto dove una volta erano tenuti gli animali. Grandi aree, divise da archi in mattoni, da un lato della casa all'altro stavano per essere trasformate. Le ampie porte, attraverso le quali passavano i carri agricoli, sarebbero diventate finestre a tutta parete portando alla luce centinaia di anni di oscurità. Le persiane e lo spessore dei muri aiutano a mantenere le camere meravigliosamente fresche in estate.

Un tetto è un tetto fino a quando si acquista un casale umbro. Allora diventa tegole, coppi, travi, pannelle, vergole, gronde in rame e tubi di scarico. "La prima cosa da fare è rendere il tetto stagno". Il che significava che l'intero tetto doveva essere rifatto. Così spostammo tutte le nostre cose nella metà posteriore della casa, mentre la metà anteriore era in fase di ristrutturazione.





Cook in progress



RAVIOLI DI RICOTTA

FILLING:

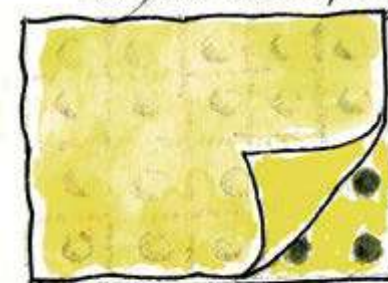
500g RICOTTA CHEESE, 3 EGGS, 5 TABLESPOONS
PARMESAN, NUTMEG, PARSLEY, SALT

PASTA

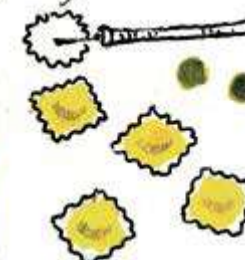
500g FLOUR, 5 EGGS

Mix together ricotta, eggs, nutmeg, parmesan
parsley in a bowl.

Put flour in a heap on pastry board and



make well in centre. Add eggs, knead
well until smooth and elastic. Roll out
paper thin, divide into two equal halves
place filling in small balls on one half.
Cover with other half, press down firmly between
mounds of filling. Cut into squares with pastry
cutter. Spread ravioli out on linen cloth →



throw into boiling water and
cook "al dente". Drain and cover
with melted butter, sage and parmesan.
(4 PEOPLE)

RIGATONI CON RICOTTA, TOMATO, BASIL



400g. RICOTTA CHEESE, CHOPPED AND DRAINED
FRESH OR TINED TOMATOES, HANDFUL
CHOPPED FRESH BASIL, MELTED BUTTER

Whirl ricotta in food processor until
smooth and creamy, add tomatoes, basil.
Cook pasta "al dente" in boiling salted
water. Drain, mix with melted butter,
ricotta mixture and serve with
parmesan cheese.

SPINACH & RICOTTA PIE



PACKET FLAKY PASTRY

FILLING:

500g. SPINACH, 500g RICOTTA, 2 EGG YOLKS
1 WHOLE EGG, PARMESAN, SALT, PEPPER

Whirl spinach in processor add ricotta
eggs parmesan, salt, pepper. Roll out pastry
and line pie dish. Fill with ricotta mixture.
Cook in oven 200° for about 1/2 hr.



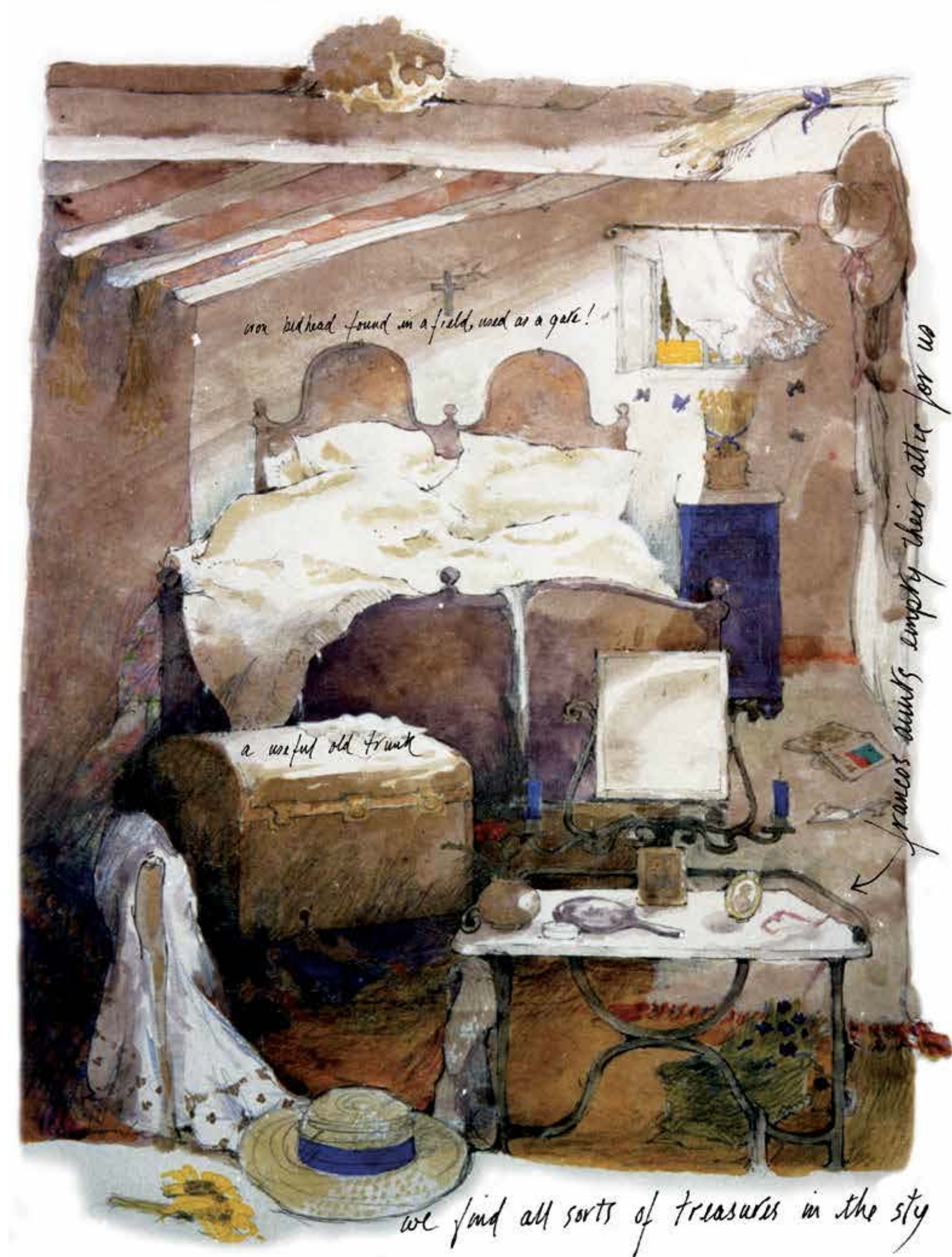


In Love with Kitchens



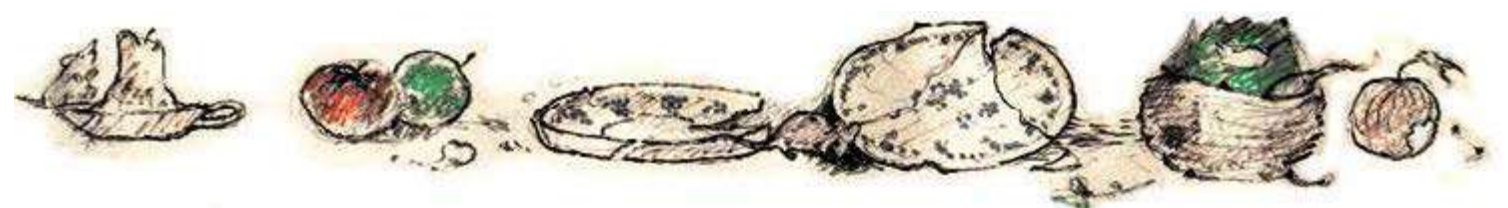
*The big kitchen I told
you about.*



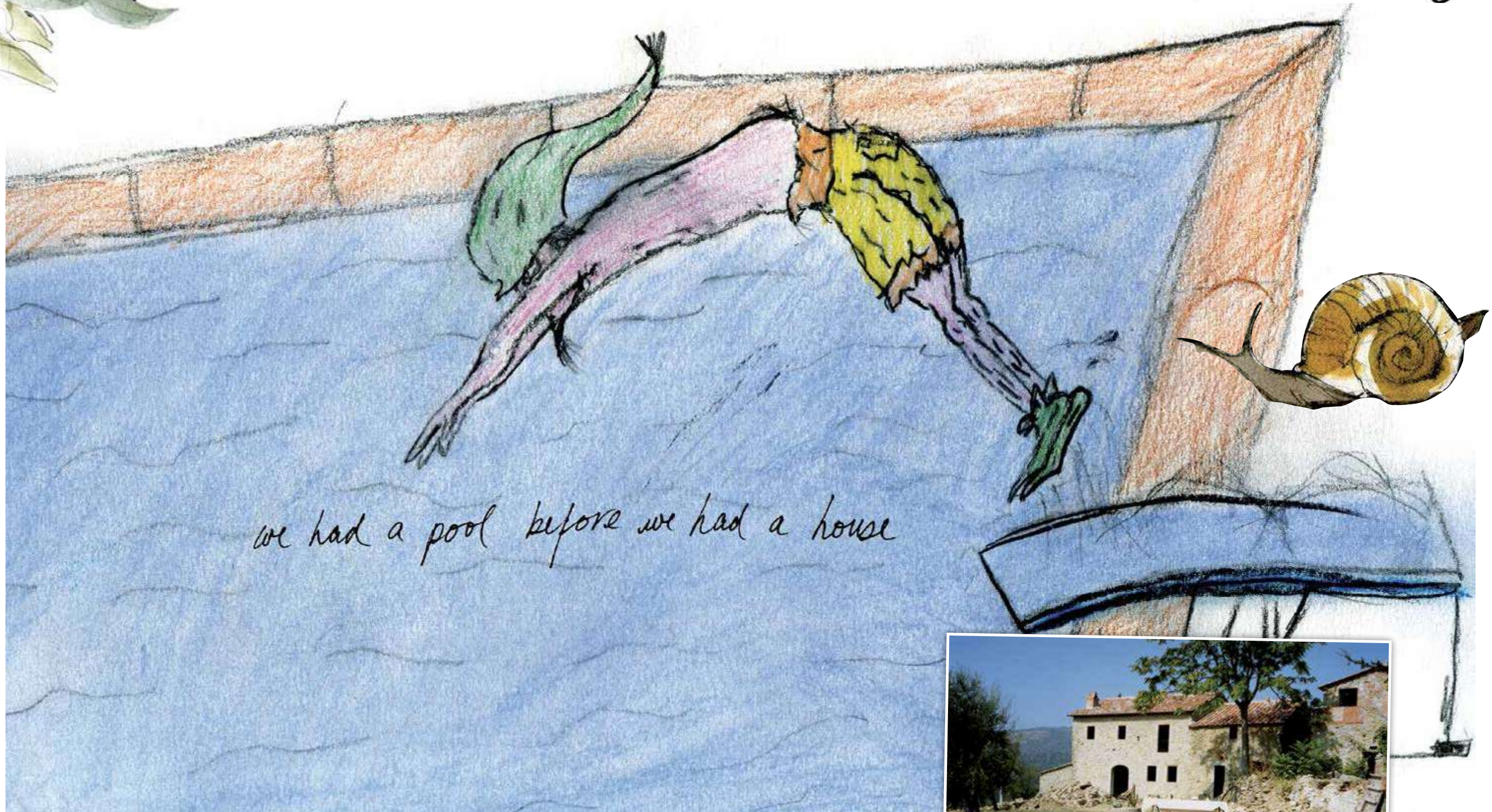


MAKING USE OF WHAT WE FIND
IRON BED HEADS HAVE MANY USES, OLD DOORS AND WINDOWS
TURNED INTO CUPBOARDS
OLIVE LADDER BECOMES A DECORATIVE TOWEL RAIL

RIUTILIZZANDO TUTTO QUELLO CHE ABBIAMO TROVATO.
TESTE DI LETTO IN FERRO BATTUTO POSSONO AVERE MOLTEPLICI USI.
VECCHIE PORTE E FINESTRE RIUTILIZZATE COME CREDENZE,
LA SCALETTA IN LEGNO D'OLIVO DIVENTA UN PORTASCIUGAMANI DECORATIVO



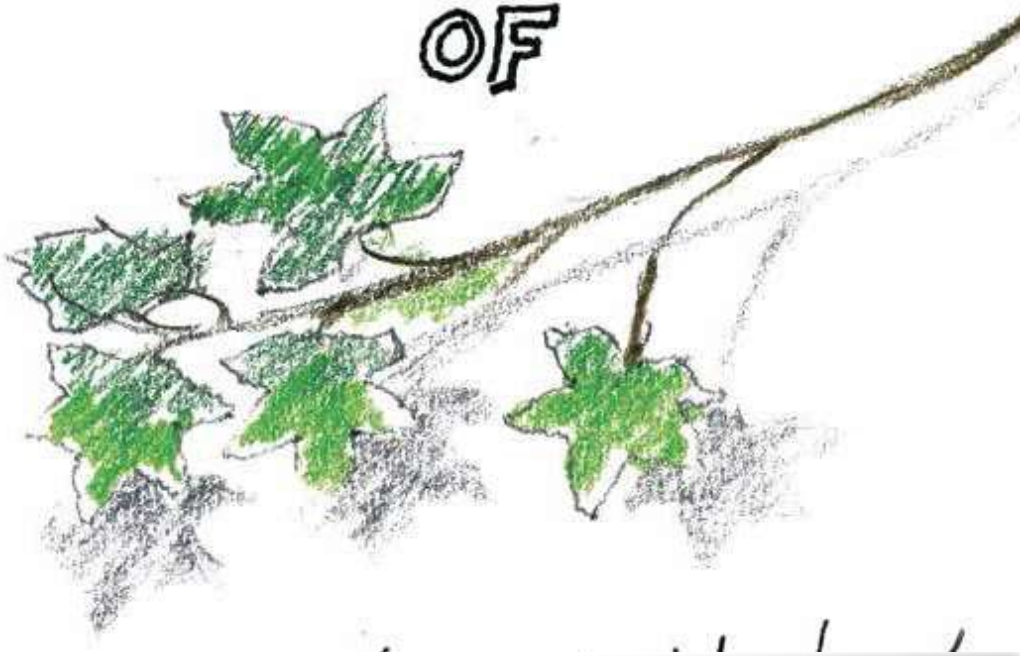
anche io o-o-o



we had a pool before we had a house



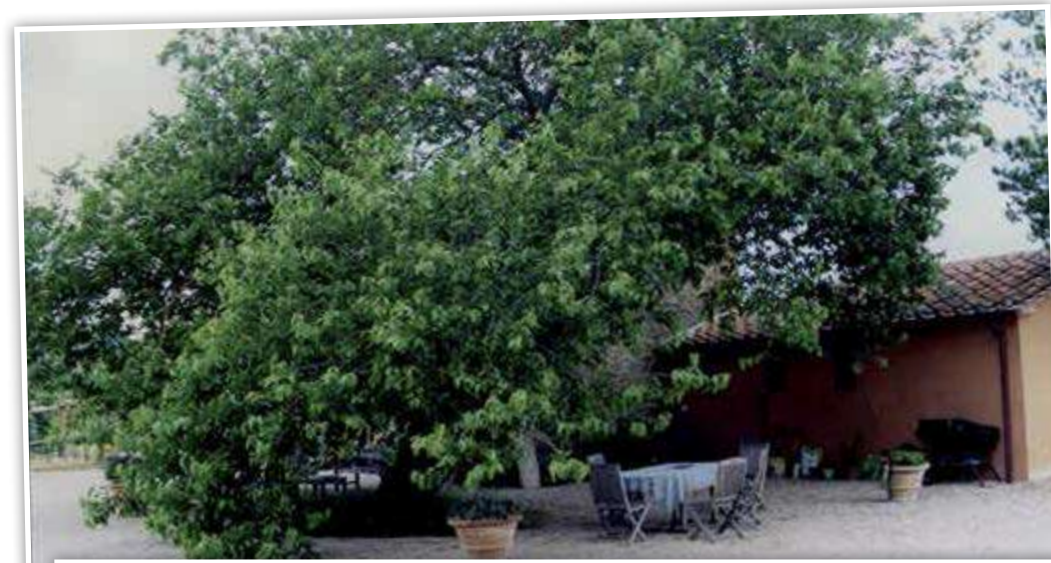
...THE IMPORTANCE OF



Having learned the hard way - we think about pergolas and awnings before tiles window, etc. Our workmen too are grateful for a place to eat their lunch.

SHADE

Avendo imparato subito la lezione, avevamo pensato ai pergolati e alle tende prima che alle piastrelle delle finestre, etc. Anche I nostri muratori erano grati di avere un bel posto dove mangiare il loro pranzo.



eating and drinking

support and

notes



last minute cooking

ideas from famous chefs

RISOTTO CON FIORI DI ZUCCA + GAMBERI

500g. CARNAROLI RICE
2 SCALLIONS
1 LITRE STOCK
1/2 BOTTLE WHITE WINE
HANDFUL ZUCCHINI FLOWERS
BUTTER
AS MANY PRAWNS AS YOU CAN AFFORD
JUICE OF RED ORANGE
JULIENNE OF PEEL



Cook peeled prawns in orange juice, butter, clove garlic.

Cook risotto in usual way adding first the wine and then the stock. Throw in flowers towards end. Serve with prawns on top, decorate with peel julienne



FIORI DI ZUCCHINE FRITTI - I am just mad about them and make often as an antipasto - the secret for a crisp batter is to use fizzy mineral water for mixing.

ABOUT 400g OF FLOUR
3 TABLE SPOONS OLIVE OIL
SALT
FIZZY MINERAL WATER

Beat to smooth paste, 1 hr. in fridge. Dip flowers in batter and deep-fry in oil.

Strufoli Traditional honey cakes eaten at Carnival time. Put 300g flour in a heap on pastry board and make well in centre.

Put 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons oil, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons Grappa, 1 of Alkermes 1 of rum in centre and mix to a smooth dough and leave to settle for an hour. Drop in balls of the dough & deep-fry until golden



FRAPPE - 150g FLOUR, 30g BUTTER, 1 TBS SUGAR, LEMON RIND GRATED, 1 EGG, TBS VIN SANTO, OIL FOR FRYING. Same prep. as strufoli. Roll out pastry, cut in strips, deep-fry, drain and sprinkle with sugar

THROW ALL THE INGREDIENTS TOGETHER WITH SPAGHETTI AL DENTE AND OIL. TOSS LIGHTLY ON HIGH FLAME. SCATTER WITH CHOPPED PARSLEY - WONDER FULL

SPAGHETTI WITH BROCCOLI, CLAMS AND BOTTARGA
500g SPAGHETTI (use only the best pasta always)
500g CLAMS - cooked with garlic + wine until opened
300g BROCCOLI - steamed until slightly softened
AGLIO
BOTTARGA (expensive so you can leave it out, but it does make difference!) sliced



Why are flowers cut and put in bowls
when they look wonderful outside,
whereas a basket of vegetables looks
wonderful inside?

Perché i fiori vengono tagliati e
disposti a mazzetti nei vasi
quando sono meravigliosi in natura,
e un cesto di verdura è già stupendo
solo guardandolo?

MELANZANE ALLA SICILIANA IS EXACTLY
THE SAME THING ONLY INSTEAD OF
MOZZARELLA YOU PUT SLICED HARD
BOILED EGGS.

HOWEVER - MELANZANE SLICES BAKED
IN THE OVEN WITH OIL, GARLIC & ORIGANO
IS GREAT AND LESS WORK!

STRACCI CON OLIVE
MELANZANE & TOMATOES

DICE MELANZANE
FRY IN OIL WITH
CORIANDER SEEDS &
PEPERONCINO, ADD
TOMATOES, BLACK
OLIVES, COOK STRACCI,
ADD SAUCE, BASIL
AND PARMESAN OR
PECORINO ROMANO.

Melanzane alla parmigiana
SLICE MELANZANE, SPRINKLE WITH SALT
LEAVE TO DRAIN TO LOSE BITTER JUICES.
FRY QUICKLY ON BOTH SIDES AND PLACE
IN OVEN DISH IN ALTERNATE LAYERS
WITH FRESH TOMATO SAUCE, GRATED
PARMESAN, SLICES MOZZARELLA, BASIL &
BREAD CRUMBS, SALT, PEPPER
BAKE IN HOT OVEN UNTIL
THE WHOLE DISH IS BUBBLING
* I USE PEPERONCINO INSTEAD OF
PEPPER - BUT THAT'S A PERSONAL
CHOICE.

and let's not forget
the wine!



SNAILS - Another of my pet haes along
with scorpions and earwigs. Around here,
they are collected in a pail where they are
kept for a few days gorging away on flour
so as to get rid of their silvery slime.
Then when they have been purged they
are eaten in a variety of ways.
Once Christian gathered a pail full to sell
to the local restaurant. He left them in
the kitchen overnight in the covered pail
but somehow they escaped and I came
down to a silver kitchen next morning.

LUMACHE FRITTE SALS DI POMODORO
BOIL SNAILS IN WATER FOR 5 HRS. DRAIN,
REMOVE FROM SHELLS, SIMMER IN STOCK WITH A
LITTLE GARLIC FOR 3 TO 4 HRS. DRAIN AND DRY ON
KITCHEN TOWEL. MARINATE SNAILS IN OIL, LEMON
JUICE, PARSLEY, SALT, PEPPER. PREPARE A BATTER
DIP SNAILS IN BATTER, FRY IN OIL UNTIL
GOLDEN. SERVE WITH TOMATO SAUCE ON SIDE.

LUMACHE ALLA ROMANA

6 DOZ SNAILS
4 TABLESPOONS OIL
4 GARLIC CLOVES CRUSHED
3 TABLESPOONS CHOPPED PARSLEY
12 ANCHOVY FILLETS CHOPPED
6 TOMATOES CHOPPED
1 YELLOW PEPPER ROASTED, CUT IN STRIPS
1 TEASPOON CHOPPED MINT

Heat oil in large casserole, add garlic and
brown. Add other ingredients and lightly
cook. Add snails which have been cooked
as in previous recipe.

Cook for further 10 mins

OR SO.

CON FORMAGGIO

6 DOZ. SNAILS
2 CUPS BUTTER 1/2 CUP GRATED PARMESAN
4 SHALLOTS FINELY CHOPPED, PARSLEY
3 GARLIC CLOVES CRUSHED
SALT, PEPPER
1/2 CUP FRESH BREAD CRUMBS

Cream butter with shallots, parsley,
garlic, salt, pepper, grated
parmesan. Fill shells with mixture
add snails and cook in hot oven for
10 minutes. Snails must always be
previously cooked as in first recipe.

LUMACHE - Un altro degli animali più
odiati insieme a scorpioni e forbici. Da
queste parti, sono raccolte in un secchio
in cui sono conservate per un paio di
giorni e lasciate a rimpinzarsi di farina in
modo che si possano liberare della loro
gelatina argentea. Dopo essere state
spurgate vengono consumate in vari
modi.
Una volta Christian ne raccolse un sec-
chio pieno per venderlo al ristorante del
paese. Durante la notte le lasciò in cuc-
ina nel secchio coperto; in qualche modo
però riuscirono a fuggire così quando
scesi in cucina la mattina successiva mi
ritrovai in una cucina d'argento.



Annibals cavalry was camped here - an ideal strtegic position to wait for the romans coming round Punta Bella. Walking the hills with Mariù and the cats i have tried and tried to feel their presence, hear their low voices keeping the horses quiet as they waited. But they have left nothing. That day was too horrific. The hills have wiped themselves clean of memories. Only prosaic things they could not rid themselves of, like the blade of a fleeing roman soldier's.



La cavalleria di Annibale era accampata qui - una posizione strategica ideale per attendere i romani che giungevano vicino Punta Bella. Camminando per le colline con Mariù e i gatti ho provato e riprovato a percepire la loro presenza, a sentire le loro voci basse mantenere tranquilli i cavalli durante l'attesa. Ma non hanno lasciato niente. Quel giorno è stato troppo orribile. Le colline hanno cancellato i ricordi ripulendosi. Sono rimaste solo cose prosaiche di cui non potevano liberarsi, come la lama di un soldato romano in fuga.



del cinghiale
del tartufo
del fungo porcino
degli gnocchi
degli asparagi
del pesce del lago



Del tutto!!!

No-one cares of what as long as theres lots of people, music, confusion and noise.
We started tentively 30 yeas ago.
Now its- where will we go to eat?
- ALLA SAGRA- yell the kids.

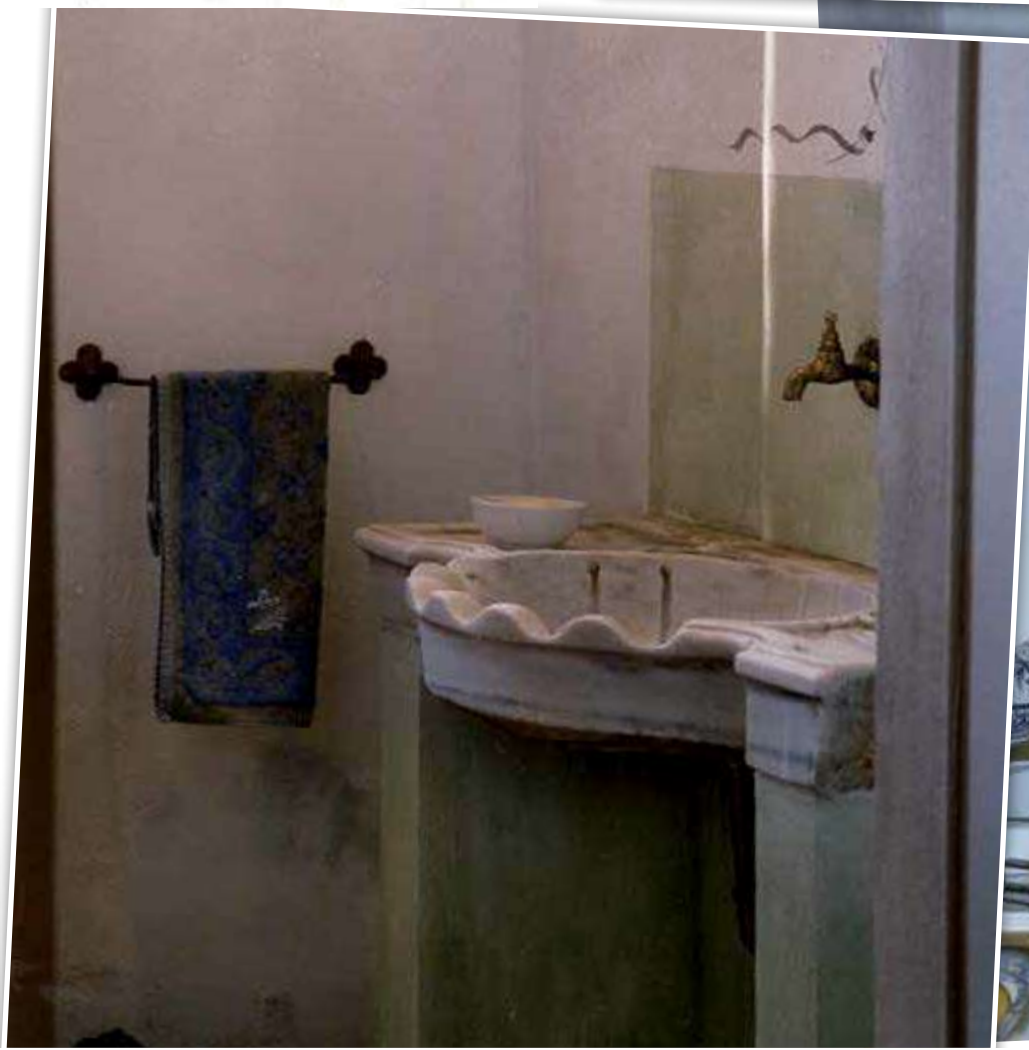


Del tutto !!!

Nessuno se ne preoccupa finché c'è un sacco di gente, musica, confusione e rumore.
Noi abbiamo iniziato provvisoriamente 30 anni fa!
Ora funziona così - dove andremo a mangiare?
ALLA SAGRA - gridano i bambini.



Sinks and Stairs



Eels are not everyone's choice until you have tasted the ones from Lake Trasimeno cooked the way Ettore taught me. Usually they are still alive when you buy them from the fishermen's cooperativa and they have to be skinned before cooking. On one occasion, fed up with waiting I put them all in the freezer and froze them to death!!!

Le anguille non sono amate da molti, almeno finché non hanno assaggiato quelle del Lago Trasimeno cucinate come Ettore mi ha insegnato. Di solito sono ancora vive quando si comprano alla Cooperativa dei pescatori e devono essere spellate prima della cottura. Una volta, stufo di aspettare, le congelai a morte nel freezer!!!



SKIN EELS BY MAKING AN INCISION SKIN DEEP AROUND THE HEAD; HOLD HEAD WRAPPED IN CLOTH IN LEFT HAND LOOSEN SKIN AT INCISION. WITH RIGHT HAND PULL SKIN BACK TO TAIL IN ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT. CUT OFF HEAD. THE EELS ARE NOW READY FOR COOKING.

EEL SKEWERS WITH BAY LEAVES

1 KILO EELS, SLICES OF BREAD, BAY LEAVES, LEMON JUICE, SALT, PEPPER, OIL. alternate bread, eels, bay leaves on skewer. cook on fire or in frying pan. Squeeze lemon juice over them when half-cooked and again at end. Serve on skewers.



EELS FATTORE

1 KILO EELS, CARROT, ONION, GARLIC, THYME, BAY LEAF, 2 CUPS WHITE WINE, 6 SCALLIONS, 4 HARD-BOILED EGG YOLKS, MUSTARD, OIL, VINEGAR, 1 BEATEN EGG, BREAD CRUMBS, SALT, PEPPER, PARSLEY - put eels cut in 2" pieces along with onion, garlic, thyme, bay leaf, white wine in heavy saucepan. Bring to boil and cook for 8 mins. Prepare sauce by mashing egg yolks with mustard, vinegar, chopped scallions. Dip eels in egg and breadcrumbs and fry quickly until golden. Serve very hot with sauce on the side.

EELS IN TEGAMACCIO



1 KILO EELS SKINNED, CUT IN 2" PIECES, TIN CHOPPED TOMATO, OIL, 2 CLOVES GARLIC, 2 HOT RED PEPPER CORNS - brown eels in oil with garlic and peppers, add tomatoes. season cook for 20 minutes in medium oven in small individual earthen ware dishes. Bring to table bubbling hot in the same dishes.



POUR INTO PRETTY TEA CUP AND SAUCER FOR SERVING

FLAKY PASTRY
DOLCELATTE
HONEY

cook pastry in oven. Spread with cheese and drizzle honey over. Return to oven until cheese is melted.

12 RIPE FIGS
4 ANCHOVIES
OLIVE OIL
PEPPER
CHOPPED ONION
BROWN BREAD

Mash peeled figs with anchovies oil & pepper. spread on bread top with 1/2 anchovy + onion

SQUASH
CURRY
STOCK
SLICES OF
CIABATTA

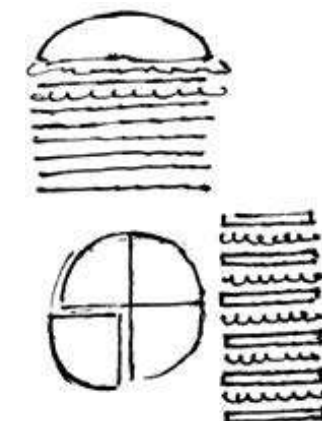
Cook squash pieces in oven wrapped in tin foil. Mash and heat with stock & curry. Serve in cups with piece of focaccia.



Snacks on the Loggia with the fireflies

200g CHICKEN LIVERS
GARLIC
BUTTER
CREAM
BRANDY

cook livers in butter with clove garlic salt, pepper. Spin in mixer with other ingredients to smooth paste. spread on toast.



TORTA AL FORMAGGIO
SMOKED SALMON
RUCOLA
MAIONESE

slice torta horizontally fill with salmon mayonnaise, rucola in alternate layers. Cut the tower of torta in quarters





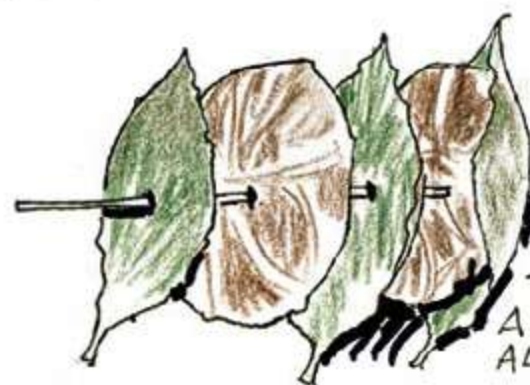
In Italy no-one looks at a pig and sees a pig. They see 4 prosciutti, a couple of salami, a capocollo and various other tasty dishes. So it is fed marrows a corns, corn on the cob and for its first year of life in reared very well indeed. In January when the frost is on the ground the norcino comes to kill the pig and divide it up. The hams are salted and left to fry the minced meat in stuffed into long piece of intestine to make the sausages.

In Italia nessuno guarda un maiale e vede un maiale. Tutti vedono 4 prosciutti, un paio di salami, un capocollo e vari altri piatti prelibati. I maiali vengono nutriti con ghiande, mais e pannocchie e per il loro primo anno di vita vengono trattati molto bene. Nel mese di gennaio, quando il gelo ricopre la terra, il norcino viene a uccidere il maiale e a dividerlo in parti. I prosciutti sono salati e lasciati essiccare, la carne macinata infilata in lunghi pezzi di intestino per fare le salsicce.

By easter the first of the insaccati "capocollo" is ready to be eaten with the big loaves of Torta di Pasqua.

300g FLOUR, 30g. YEAST 100g GRATED PECORINO, 30g DICED GRUYERE 3 EGGS, 1 EGG YOLK 25g. LARD, 20g OLIVE OIL, 50g BUTTER SALT PEPPER
PUT FLOUR IN HEAP ON BOARD. MAKE WELL IN CENTRE. PUT IN EGGS, LARD, OIL, CHEESE, YEAST
DISSOLVED IN WARM WATER. KNEAD TO MAKE A SOFT, SMOOTH ELASTIC DOUGH. LEAVE

IN WARM PLACE TO RAISE TO 3 TIMES ITS VOLUME
BAKE IN OVEN FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.



FEGATELLI
PIECES OF PIGS LIVER WRAPPED IN THE NET FROM THE STOMACH, SALT PEPPER, A LITTLE NUTMEG. THREAD ONTO SKEWER ALTERNATING WITH BAY LEAVES. COOK ON FIRE.



R
Pasqua



Torta di Pasqua was by traditional topped with a cross made from pasta which was placed on the top of the loaf by the wife of the head of the family. Now you can buy it all year round at the coop. In the olden days the Easter leaf was taken along with the eggs to church to be blessed. So they tell me. It is so good that in our house it would never have tasted that long.

La torta di Pasqua, nella tradizione, era decorata da una croce fatta di pasta posta sulla parte superiore della pagnotta dalla moglie del capo famiglia. Ora invece è possibile acquistarla tutto l'anno. Anticamente la torta di Pasqua veniva portata in chiesa con le uova per la benedizione. Così mi dicono. È così buona che nella nostra casa non sarebbe mai durata così a lungo da arrivare ad essere benedetta.



PIZZE, FOCACCCE & BRUSCHETTE

PIZZA DOUGH

This is enough dough for 3 pizzas

STEP 1

4 TEASPOONS GRANULAR DRIED YEAST

125 ml. WARM WATER

150 g. RYE FLOUR

Mix these ingredients in a large warm basin and leave in a warm place to mature and turn spongy, about 30 minutes.

STEP 2

Add to this mixture

250 ml. WARM WATER

500 g. PLAIN FLOUR

4 TABLESPOONS OLIVE OIL

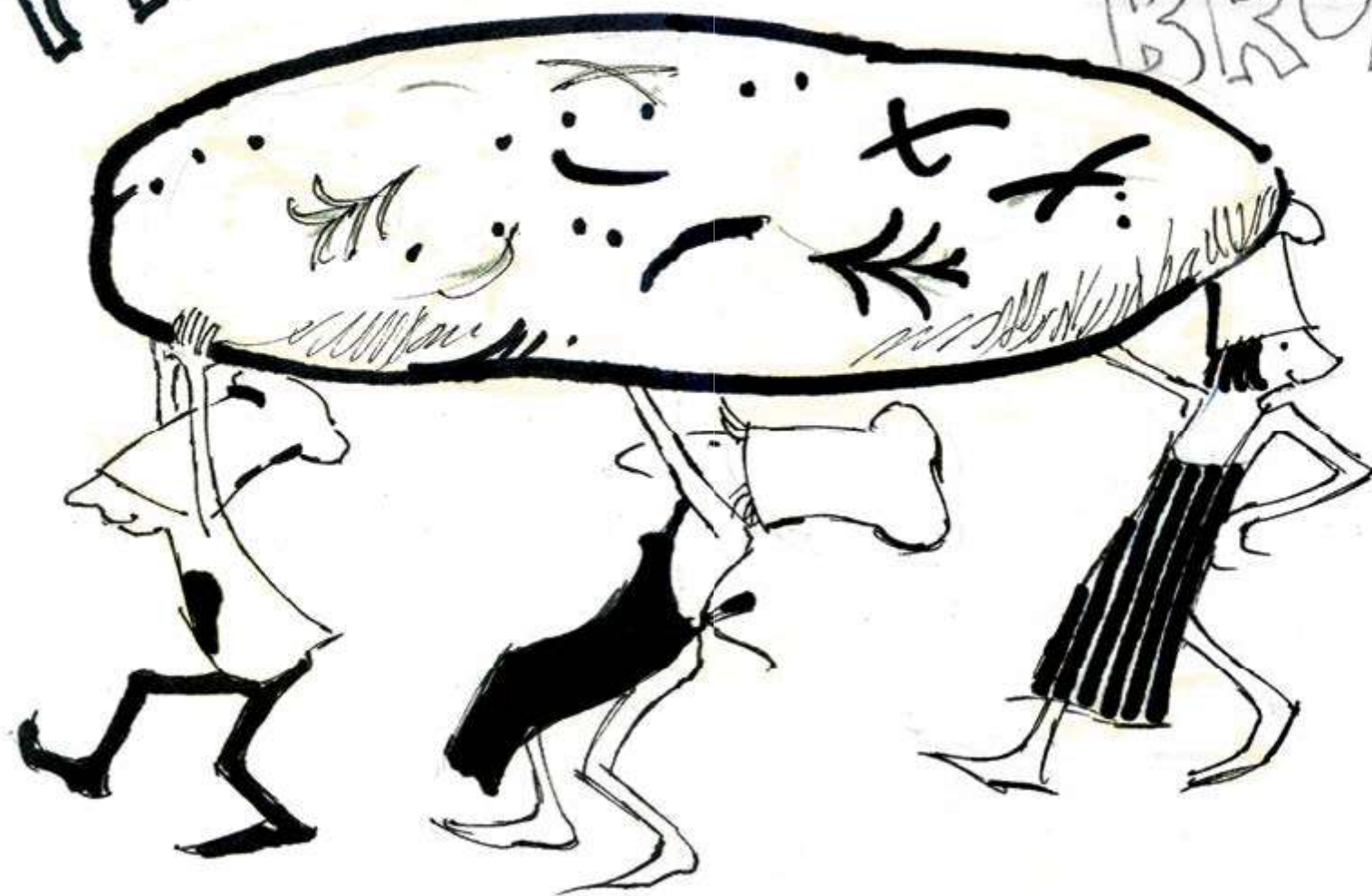
SALT

and mix well cover with cloth and leave to rise in a warm place for about 2 hrs.

Knock the mixture about to remove air and knead slightly.

Divide into 3 balls and roll out to plate size, about 1/4" thick.

Add whatever topping you have decided on and cook in oven 240°C about 7-10 mins until topping is ready and pizza is golden crusty.



FOCACCIA

600 g. FLOUR

20g. YEAST

150g. LARD

50 cc OIL

SALT.

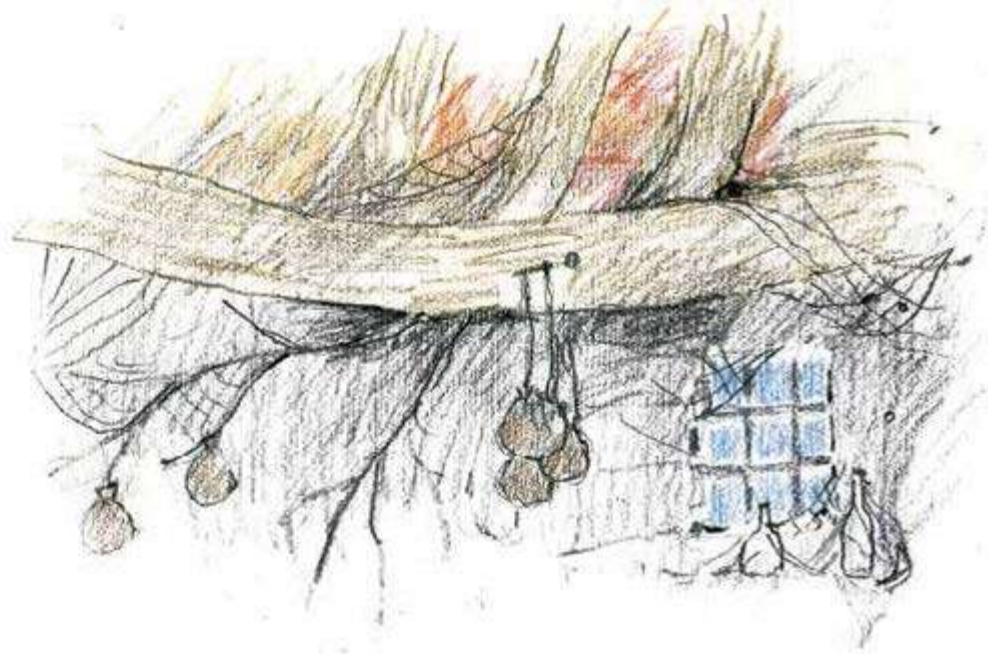
Mix yeast and warm water add to flour and other ingredients

add as much water as is necessary to make a soft ball. Place directly on oven shelf and stretch out with finger tips. Cook in oven 200-220°C for about 20 mins.

You can scatter fresh rosemary, sage, olives or anything you feel like as long as you keep it light!

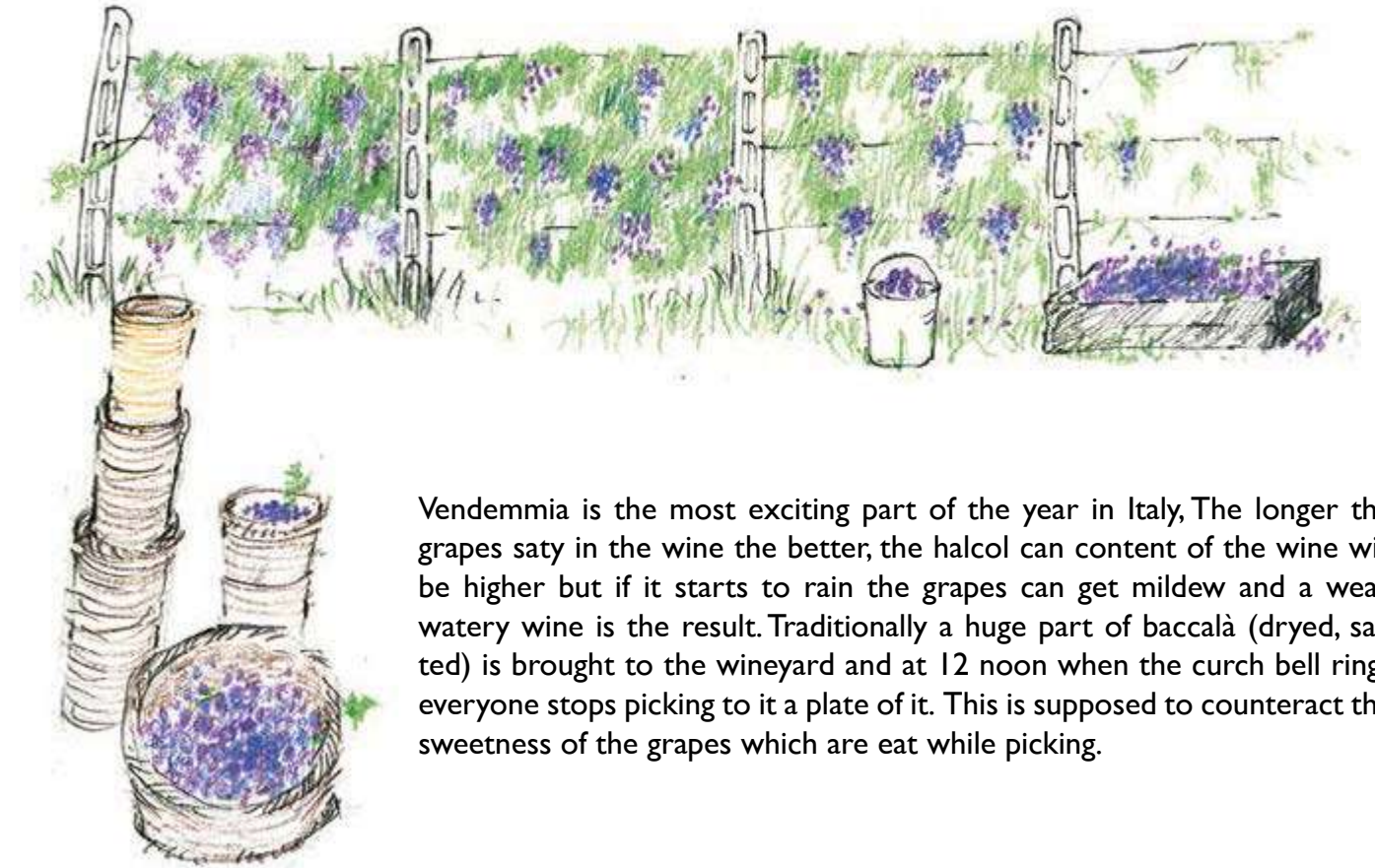
Hundreds of empty bottles - Anchise who had lived in the ruins of the mill for many years claimed to be a "mago" When we broke into a tiny room at the side of the mill we found hundreds of dusty disintegrating tiny sacks hanging from branches and beans - his potions and fetishes left there to rot.

Centinaia di bottiglie vuote. Alcide che ha vissuto nei ruderi del mulino per molti anni ha affermato di essere un "mago". Quando abbiamo fatto irruzione in una piccola stanza a fianco del mulino, abbiamo trovato centinaia di polverosi sacchi appesi ai rami e fagioli - le sue pozioni e feticci lasciati lì a marcire.



SOME OF ANCHISES EMPTY BOTTLES FOUND IN THE EXCAVATION.

Then one morning we weren't wakened by Aldo's little truck buzzing up the hill. He will come tomorrow we said but when there was no Aldo the next or the nexts we asked Benedetta who grazed her sheep on our loud "Sta a vendemmia" he is gathering the grapes, you won't see him again before it's finished.



Vendemmia is the most exciting part of the year in Italy, The longer the grapes stay in the wine the better, the alcohol content of the wine will be higher but if it starts to rain the grapes can get mildew and a weak watery wine is the result. Traditionally a huge part of baccalà (dried, salted) is brought to the winery and at 12 noon when the church bell rings everyone stops picking to eat a plate of it. This is supposed to counteract the sweetness of the grapes which are eaten while picking.

Poi, una mattina non fummo svegliati dal ronzio del trattore di Aldo su per la collina. "Verrà domani", ci dicemmo, ma quando non lo vedemmo né il giorno successivo né i seguenti, chiedemmo informazioni a Benedetta, che nel frattempo stava facendo pascolare la sua pecora. Lei ci rispose gridando: "Sta a vendemmia!". Sta raccogliendo l'uva, e non lo rivedrete finché non avrà finito.

La vendemmia è la parte più emozionante dell'anno in Italia. Più a lungo l'uva rimane sulla pianta, più il vino avrà un'alta gradazione alcolica, ma se comincia a piovere le uve possono prendere la muffa ed un vino acquoso e debole sarà il risultato.

Tradizionalmente una parte enorme di baccalà (essiccato e salato) è portata al vigneto e alle ore 12, quando la campana della chiesa suona, tutti smettono di raccogliere l'uva per mangiarlo. Il baccalà serve a contrastare la dolcezza dell'uva che viene mangiata mentre si effettua la raccolta.



Summer evening no cooking dinners (or almost)

CARPACCIO DI BACCALÀ

400g baccalà fillet,
6 TABLESPOONS OLIO D'OLIVO
3 " LEMON JUICE
150g CHERRY TOMATOES
STICK OF CELERY
BLACK OLIVES
CHOPPED PARSLEY
" SCALLIONS
SALT + PEPPER



PENNE CON PESTO

PUT A BIG BUNCH OF
BASIL IN MIXER ALONG
WITH ALMONDS OR WALNUTS
OR PINE NUTS, OIL, MARSAIA*
GRATED PECORINO ROMANO
MIX WITH PENNE. YOU
CAN PUT A LITTLE CREAM IN
IF YOU DON'T HAVE WEIGHT
PROBLEMS

* I USE FLORIO MARSAIA
BUT ANY GOOD DRY
LIQUOR WINE IS FINE.

ONE OF THE BEST POSSIBLE SUMMER PASTAS IS WHAT THE FAMILY CALLS
'TOGNAZZI'*

1 CUP FRESHLY MADE TOMATO SAUCE
1 " PROSCIUTTO COTTO (DICED)
1 " CHOPPED PARSLEY
1 " GRATED PARMIGIANO
1 " PITTED BLACK OLIVES
1 " CREAM

1 CUP SECRET INGREDIENT

IF YOU GUESS THE SECRET INGREDIENT
YOU GET TO MAKE THIS WONDERFUL
PASTA DISH

Make plenty as I've never known
anyone to refuse a second plate!
AL DENTE. MIX WELL AND SERVE.
of hours — look 750g. HEZZE MANICHE
best and leave to warm up a couple
Mix all ingredients in large serving

* Ugo Tognazzi, Italian actor
and wonderful cook

SECRET INGREDIENT
— HOME MADE
MAYONNAISE!



Put the baccalà previously left over night in water,
into very thin slices. Dry slices very carefully,
spread on serving plate, pour over lemon juice,
oil, pepper, leave for 10 mins. Turn slices,
scatter tomatoes, olive oil, etc. over everything.
Place in fridge until ready to eat.

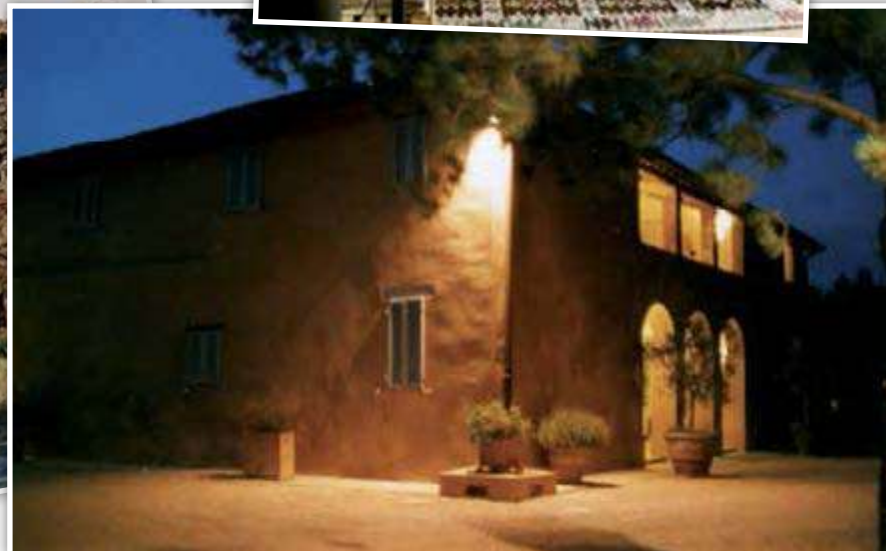


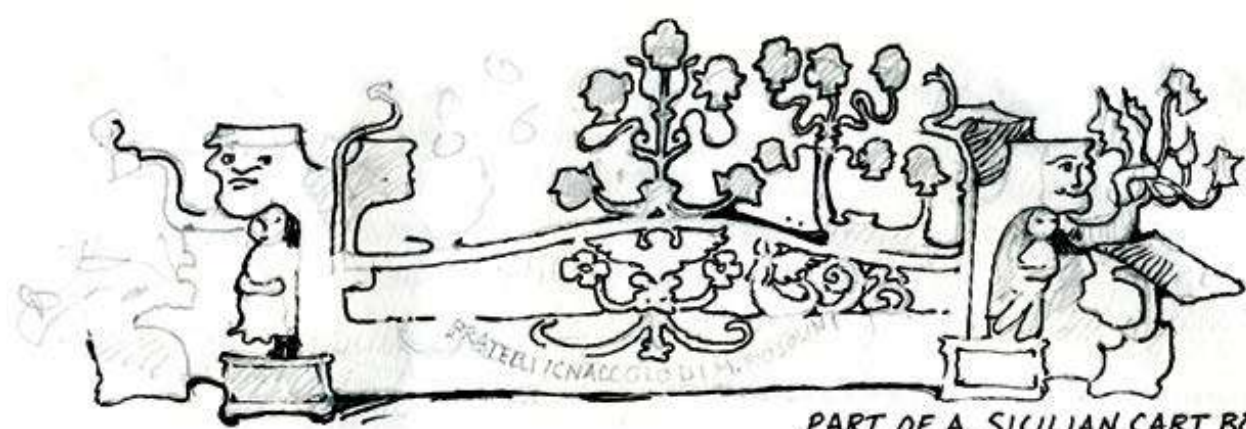


Some
before
and
after



odore di nuovo
profumi d'antico
sole.... stelle....
....atmosfera

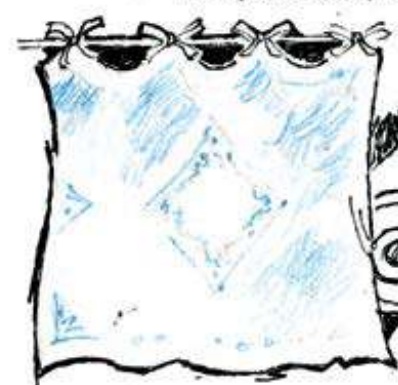




PART OF A SICILIAN CART BOUGHT
IN 1974 - CARVED WOOD + IRON
A WORK OF ART!



AN OLD LACE TABLECLOTH -
- AN EFFECTIVE
WINDOW CURTAIN



A PEDDAL CAR
TO ADD TO FRANCO'S
COLLECTION OF
OLD TOYS

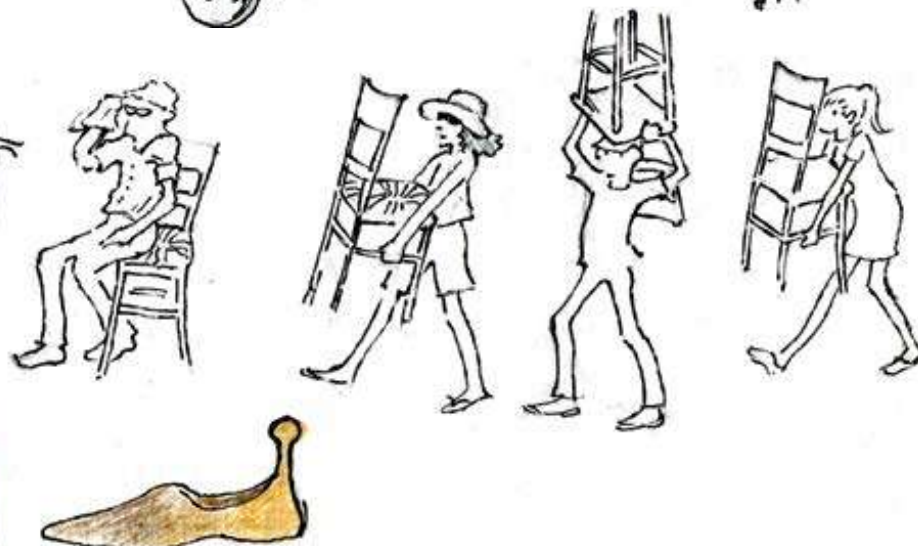


OLD TASSELS FROM A CARDINAL'S
PALACE NO DOUBT - GOOD TO
HANG PICTURES



OLD BOOKS
TO READ AND
TOUCH.

OLD POST BOX THAT WE THOUGHT
WE WOULD USE BUT NEVER HAVE
THE SNAILS HIBERNATE INSIDE IN WINTER



The kitchen downstairs is finished but no staircase inside to get to it as yet.
Getting up in the morning and having to go outside and down to have breakfast
is fine when is not raining!

La cucina al piano terra è finita, ma non la scala interna per potervi accedere.
Alzarsi la mattina e dover scendere giù da fuori per fare colazione va bene quando non piove!





Everyone is in the olive grove behind the house. I can hear them chattering away. Why is it that normally silent people just have to get near on an olive tree for the gabbing to start? Perhaps the exhausting work is lightened by gossiping? Today is freezing cold, the men up the ladders are flagellated by the sharp fronds and the women, bent over picking my olives from the ground can hardly move their fingers in their half gloves. I shout from the window for them to come and thaw out in front of the fire which they do and chattering stops!



Sono tutti nell'oliveto dietro casa. Posso sentirli chiacchierare da lontano. Perché alla gente normalmente silenziosa basta stare vicino ad un albero di ulivo per cominciare a fare baccano? Forse il lavoro estenuante è alleggerito dallo spettegolare? Oggi è una giornata gelida, gli uomini su per le scale sono flagellati dalle fronde taglienti e le donne, che sono piegate a raccogliere le mie olive da terra, difficilmente possono muovere le dita nei loro mezzi guanti. Grido loro dalla finestra di venire a scongelarsi davanti al fuoco e il baccano finisce!



Autumn, time to knock down the almonds from the trees, an exciting job the first time but, year after year, becoming more and more of a chore! Around here almond trees spring up everywhere - all it takes is a stray almond left on the ground to sprout and take root. The traditional cakes made with almonds are, torciglione for Christmas, fave dei morti, tozzetti all served with VIN SANTO.



Autunno, tempo di abbattere le mandorle dagli alberi, un lavoro emozionante la prima volta ma, anno dopo anno sta diventando sempre più un lavoro di routine!

Da queste parti i mandorli crescono un po' ovunque - tutto quello che serve è una mandorla lasciata sul terreno a germogliare e mettere radici. I dolci tradizionali fatti con le mandorle sono: il torciglione per Natale, le fave dei morti ed i tozzetti serviti con il VIN SANTO.



CROCCANTE - this traditional sweet has been sold at every fair in Italy very probably since Dante was strolling around Florence!

TWO CUPS SUGAR, 2 TABLESPOONS BUTTER, 2 TABLESPOONS WATER, 1/2 TEASPOON LEMON JUICE, 1 CUP BLANCHED + CHOPPED ALMONDS.

Put all ingredients except almonds in pan but keep almonds warm in oven. Cook sugar mixture until caramelized and golden brown quickly add hot almonds stir with wooden spoon. Allow to stand for 1 or 2 mins. pour onto buttered baking sheet and allow to cool. When hard break into rough pieces.

250g ALMONDS, 3-4 BITTER ALMONDS, 250g SUGAR, 6 EGG WHITES, COFFEE BEANS, PINE NUTS

Soak almonds in hot water for 5 mins. then remove brown skin. Dry them slightly in cool oven or leave overnight on top of central heating radiator. Mince almonds finely, add sugar and egg white which have been mounted to stiff peaks. Blend well. Shape mixture into form of serpent and coil into circle. Put coffee beans for eyes and pine nuts for scales. Lay on baking tray lined with buttered rice wafer. Bake in cool oven for 2 hrs more or less.

Blanch almonds and peel, mix with a little olive oil. Cook until golden in hot oven. Sprinkle liberally with salt. Pass round in small earthen ware dishes with wine as aperitivo.



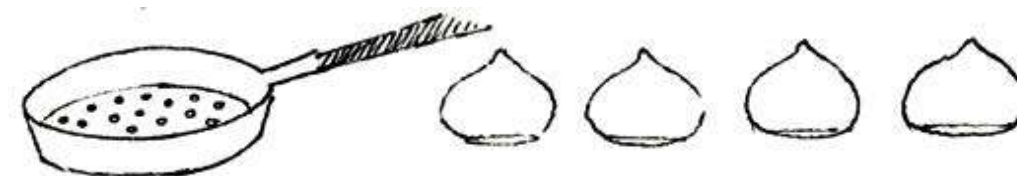
A BATTLE TO SAVE A FEW ALMONDS FROM MARIU. OUR NEAPOLITAN MASTIFF WHO GOES AROUND LIKE A HOOVER PICKING UP ALMONDS, DELICATELY CRACKING THEM, EATING THE KERNEL AND LEAVING A TRAIL OF SHELLS BEHIND!



November bring "all saints day" and "all souls day". The flower shop is overflowing with chrysanthemums, the official flower for the dead and candles in red plastic, containers to put on graves are on sale in practically every shop.

The wonderful sweet chestnuts from Morra - on our minds now that the new wine is ready for tasting. A trip to our carpenter who lives there is planned. We come home with a basket full of chestnuts to be roasted in the pan on the fire.

Shelled and dipped in glasses of our own red wine.



Novembre porta con se "ognissanti" e "il giorno dei morti". Il negozio di fiori è pieno di candele in plastica rossa e crisantemi, il fiore ufficiale per i morti. Contenitori da mettere sulle tombe sono in vendita praticamente in ogni angolo.

Ci tornarono in mente le dolci castagne di Morra - ora che il vino nuovo era pronto per la degustazione. Avevamo pianificato di fare un viaggio dal nostro falegname che vive lì. Dopo esserci stati tornammo a casa con un cesto pieno di castagne pronte per essere arrostiti in padella sul fuoco. Non ci restava che sgusciarle e immergerle in un bicchiere del nostro vino rosso.



The art of wine making is known to every contadino and each one thinks that his wine is better than his neighbour's. Wine tating is a great ritual from which you can not escape even at 10 a.m. One or at most two glassed are kept in the cantina beside the casks. The glass is rinsed out with a small amount of wine onto the stone floor then filled to the brim with the dark red wine and passed round. The glass is held between the first two fingers and thumb, the pinky delicately raised and is drunk down in a oner with a final smacking of the lips and an emptying ontsthe floor of the last drop. The fermenting wine is called mosto and is very good to drink but be carefull not to drink to much or you will be very ill indeed!



FILETTO IN SALSA BALSAMICO DI MOSTO
400g. BEEF FILET, BALSAMIC MUST SAUCE,
LEMON JUICE ROSEMARY, OREGANO, WHITE PEPPER.
Marinate meat in sauce, maroon, rosemary
a few hours. Broil on grill and slice very
thinly. Pour over sauce which you have
reduced by half. Garnish with rosemary
sprigs.

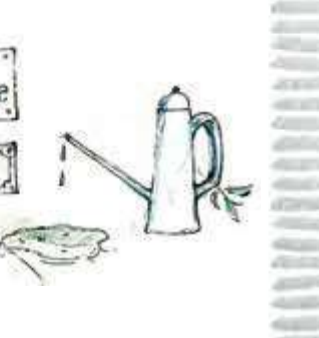
L'arte del vino è nota a ogni contadino ed ognuno di loro pensa che il suo vino sia migliore di quello del suo vicino. La degustazione del vino è un grande rito dal quale non si può sfuggire, anche alle 10 di mattina. Uno o al massimo due bicchieri vengono riposti in cantina accanto alle botti. Il bicchiere viene sciacquato con una piccola quantità di vino che poi viene gettata sul pavimento di pietra della cantina, in seguito viene riempito fino all'orlo con il vino rosso scuro e rotondo. Il bicchiere viene tenuto tra le prime due dita e il pollice, il mignolo delicatamente sollevato mentre il vino viene scolato facendo fare uno schiocco finale alle labbra, infine il bicchiere viene svuotato sul pavimento fino all'ultima goccia. Il vino in fermentazione si chiama mosto ed è molto buono da bere, ma attenzione a non berne molto o starete davvero molto male!

FARONA ALLA GHOTTA
YOUNG GUINEA HEN 100g PROSCIUTTO 6 ANCHOVIES
TABLESPOON CAPERS BUTTER 1 LEMON CELERY
ONION 2 CLOVES GARLIC SAGE BAY LEAF CARROT
GLASS WHITE WINE BREAD OIL
STUFF HEN WITH GIBLETS & OTHER INGREDIENTS
COOK IN HOT OVEN BASTING EVERY SO OFTEN
WITH WINE. WHEN DONE CUT BIRD INTO
PIECES. PUT STUFFING & MEAT FROM NECK IN
MEAT GRINDER. SPREAD RESULTING PASTE
ON SLICES OF BUTTERED BREAD. PLACE
AROUND BIRD ON SERVING DISH.

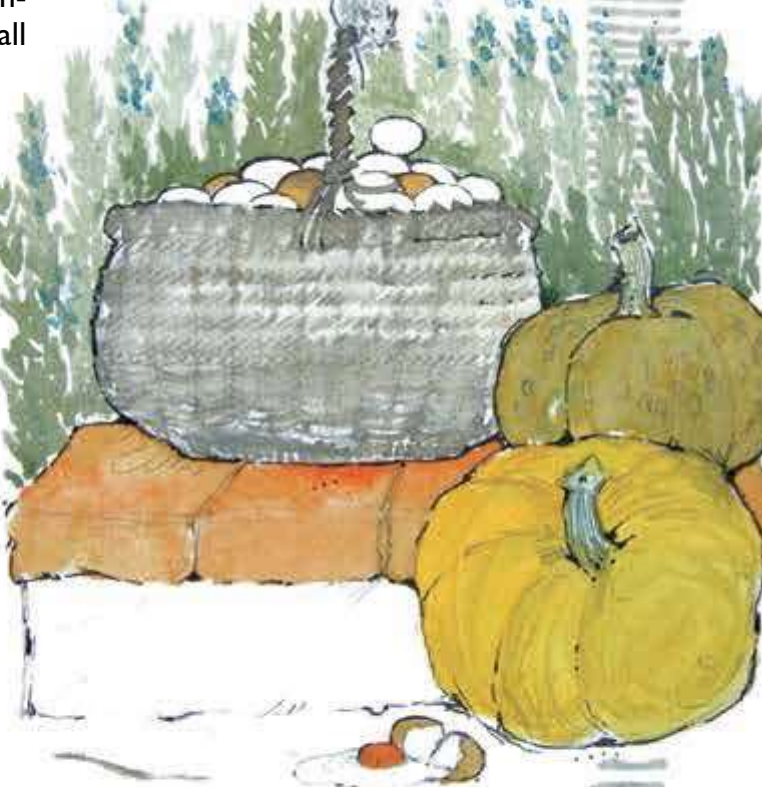
RISOTTO AL RUBESCO
ONE OF THE BEST UMBRIAN WINES IS RUBESCO - RICH
FULL BODIED WINE WITH A STRONG BOUQUET.
RISOTTO AL RUBESCO, A DISH TO REMEMBER!
500g. RICE BUTTER ONION RUBESCO STOCK CREAM
PARMESAN PARSLEY PEPPER
Cook chopped onions in butter until transparent
add rice and stir until butter coats all the
grains. Add quarter of wine lower gas to a pop &
cover with lid. When rice has absorbed wine
continue to add stock & wine until rice is
al dente. Pour in a little cream add parmesan
pepper chopped parsley



RISOTTO CON FUNGHI PORCINI
200g. PORCINI
1.2 LITRES CHICKEN STOCK
100g. BUTTER
3 TBS OLIVE OIL
SHALLOTS CHOPPED FINELY
2 CHILLIES CRUMBED
300g. CARNAROLI RICE
PARMESAN
Fry shallots until transparent
add mushrooms, stir in rice
then add chicken stock
a little at a time until rice
is cooked al dente. Add
butter and parmesan



FLAKY PASTRY
MUSHROOMS 300g.
CHICKEN STOCK Q.B.
PARMESAN 150g.
EGGS 3 YOLKS
Line tray with pastry
prick and cook in
oven.
Line with alternate
layers of mushrooms
& parmesan cut very
thin. Mix stock &
egg yolks. Finish
filling the tart
with this, top with
grated parmesan.
Cook at 180°C until
firm.



In autumn, after the first rains, the woods are full of delicious "Funghi". Every mushroom sends out a call, it would seem, that no Umbrian can resist and they wake at the crack of dawn to search for them. Work comes to a standstill and the roads are lined with people selling their morning pickings at astronomical prices. For the urge to gather mushrooms is only exceeded by the desire to eat them arrosto, with pasta, alla brace, in salad. It's surprising that Umbrians don't "rain dance" for when autumn comes that's nearly all they pray for. Just the word brings a sparkle to their eyes. Then there are "tartufi".

In autunno, dopo le prime piogge, i boschi sono pieni di deliziosi "Funghi". Ogni fungo invia una chiamata, sembrerebbe, a cui nessuno può resistere. Tutta l'Umbria si risveglia alle prime luci dell'alba per cercarli. Il lavoro si ferma e le strade sono piene di persone che vendendoli realizzano i loro "guadagni" del mattino. La voglia di raccogliere i funghi è superata solo dal desiderio di mangiarli arrosto, con la pasta, alla brace, o come contorno. Quando arriva l'autunno è sorprendente che gli Umbri non facciano la "danza della pioggia" in quanto è tutto ciò in cui sperano. La sola parola illumina i loro occhi. Poi ci sono i "Tartufi".

Norma felt that she had come to know San Francesco quite well. As she wandered the broom covered hills at the back of the house she often felt that she could see the small man of the Cimabue painting in Assisi. “He must have worn sandals, surely he didn’t go barefoot”, she muttered as she emptied her plimsoles of thorns and small stones. She sat on a stone which she carefully checked for vipers and tried to name all the wild flowers she had crushed on her way. “So many flowers for such a small bunch” she thought and wondered if San Francesco had sat on the same stone, crushed the same flowers or chewed on a camomile flower for lunch.

Norma credeva di conoscere San Francesco abbastanza bene. Mentre vagava tra le colline nel retro della casa spesso credeva di poter vedere il piccolo uomo del dipinto di Cimabue ad Assisi. “Deve avere i sandali consumati, di certo non è andato a piedi nudi”, mormorò mentre svuotava le sue scarpe da ginnastica piene di spine e piccole pietre. Si sedette su una pietra che aveva accuratamente controllato a causa delle vipere e aveva cercato di nominare tutti i fiori selvatici che aveva calpestato per la sua strada. “Tanti fiori per un così piccolo mazzetto” pensò e si chiese se anche San Francesco si fosse seduto sulla stessa pietra, avesse calpestato gli stessi fiori o masticato un fiore di camomilla per il pranzo.



Norma raised to her nose the small bunch she had gathered for the kitchen table. She smelled the verbena, the wild orchids, the grape hyacinth, the wild thyme and the marjoram, the camomile daisies and the others she could not name. A light breeze swayed all around her and woke her from her daze, reminding her that her children would soon be coming up the dirt track from where the school bus would drop them off. She scrambled to her feet and ran down the hill.

Norma aveva portato al naso il mazzetto che aveva raccolto per il tavolo della cucina. Odorava di verbena, orchidee selvatiche, di spiga del muscari, timo selvatico e maggiorana, margherite di camomilla e altri fiori di cui non conosceva il nome. Una leggera brezza oscillava intorno a lei risvegliandola dal suo stordimento e ricordandole che i suoi figli sarebbero presto arrivati. Si rimise in piedi e corse giù per la collina.

“Mi chiedo se quei due sarebbero soddisfatti di un fiore di camomilla per il pranzo” pensò, mentre con passi da gigante faceva ritorno a casa. San Francesco le veniva spesso in mente quando guardava la sua statua da sotto il grande cappello di paglia, nella loro barca in mezzo al lago Trasimeno. Avrebbe visto tutto e niente allo stesso tempo, una sensazione di riposo all’interno di un sogno. Poteva sentire i bambini giocare con l’acqua, il marito girare le pagine del suo giornale e sentiva che questo incredibile specchio d’acqua liscia e calma, con le sue tre isole riflesse era gentile, come se fosse un qualcosa di cui potersi fidare. Per Norma i laghi erano freddi e scuri, belli ma pericolosi. Non si era mai sentita a suo agio in prossimità dell’acqua, ma questo era ben altra cosa. Questo era un qualcosa di magico. I colori sembravano filtrare attraverso uno schermo celeste. Questo lago era come un delicato dipinto ad acquerello realizzato da un maestro. “Pensi che San Francesco in realtà rimase sull’isola?” Pensò, o forse se lo era solo immaginato. Questa era la storia però: era arrivato lì in una notte di tempesta, oscura e violenta e vi rimase per due settimane di digiuno riparandosi in una grotta.

Norma guardò il marito preso dalla lettura, forse lei non aveva parlato o forse non aveva sentito. Non importava perché era sicura che era rimasto lì. Aveva vagato tra gli stessi uliveti che stava guardando ora. Il timore che tutto sarebbe potuto cambiare, la rendeva triste. Provava un mix di privilegio, umiltà e rabbia. Aveva cercato di combattere tutti i sentimenti, aveva cercato di creare degli spazi vuoti come delle tele per nuovi disegni in modo da poter memorizzare tutta questa bellezza in vista di giornate peggiori. Aprì il cestino da picnic e chiamò i bambini.

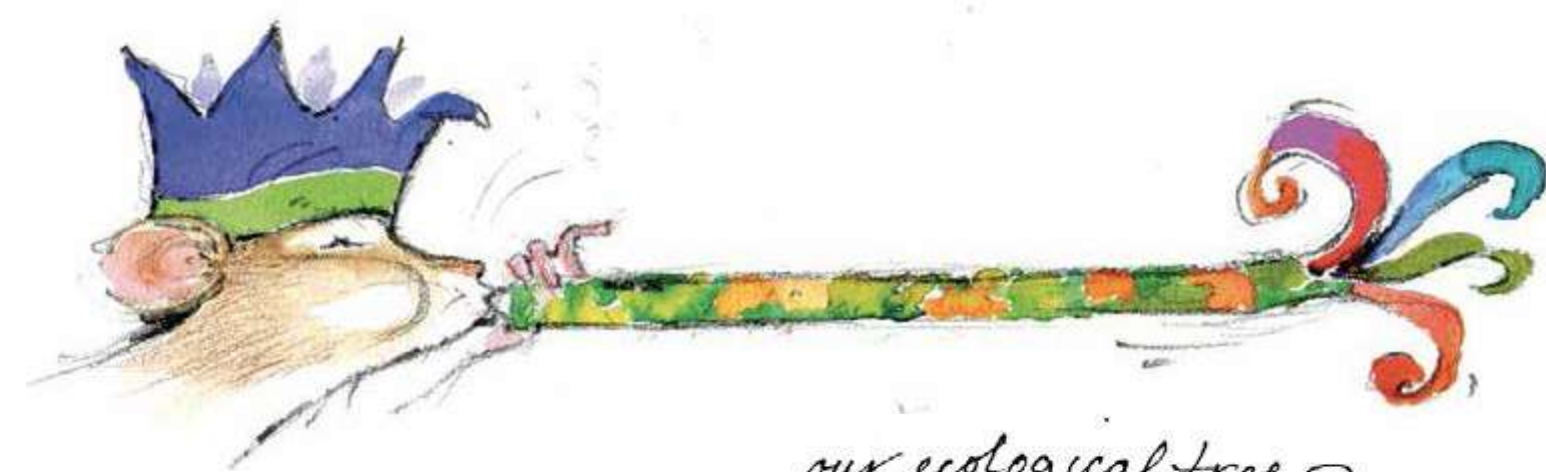


“I wonder if those two would be satisfied with a camomile flower for lunch” she thought, as giant leaps got her closer to home. San Francesco would often come to her mind when she was gazing from under her large straw hat, in their boat in the middle of the lake. She would see all and nothing at the same time, a feeling of resting on the edge of a dream. She could hear the children splashing in the water, her husband turn the pages of his newspaper and felt that this incredible stretch of water, smooth and calm with its three islands reflected in the water, was friendly, something she could trust. To Norma lakes were lochs, cold and dark, beautiful but severe. She never felt comfortable near water but this was quite another thing. This was bordering on magic. The colours seemed to be filtered through a celestial screen. This was a delicate watercolour painted by a master. “Do you think San Francesco really stayed on the island?” she thought she said but perhaps just imagined. That was the story though. He had arrived there on a night of storms, dark and violent and stayed for two weeks fasting and sleeping in a cave. Norma looked at her husband who was deep in reading, maybe she hadn’t spoken or maybe he hadn’t heard. It didn’t matter for she was sure he had stayed. He had wandered up the same olive groves she was looking at now. She wished it was less beautiful it would make life easier she thought. The fear that it all might change, never to be the same again made her sad. She felt a mixture of privilege, humbleness and anger toy in her mind and she tried to fight all feelings, tried to create blank spaces like a brand new sketch pad to store this beauty away for lesser days. She opened the picnic basket and called the children.



Perhaps he would
enjoy the soup
we were having
for lunch

Make a minestrone of beans and vegetables
in season, throw in a handfull of any
pasta you have handy. Before serving
add some pesto (basil, oil e pecorino)



our ecological tree ↘

Menu

Torta salmone affumicato
e con rucola

Spaghetti con le noci

Capitone

Patate all'arancia

Torciglione

You have got a fireplace, haven't you? Ettore Pigi's friend from the island was looking at him interrogatively.

Fine, so I will come and cook the capitone on Christmas eve.

We didn't know what capitone was and when we discovered that it was eel we (at least Francesca!) were even less enthusiastic. So Ettore arrived this the masses of eel and it was one of the best thing I ever tasted - and so began our own Christmas tradition.

Avete un camino, non è vero? Ettore Pigi, l'amico dell'isola, ci stava guardando in maniera curiosa.

"Bene, allora verrò e cucinerò il capitone per la vigilia di Natale".

Non sapevamo cosa fosse il capitone. Quando abbiamo scoperto che si trattava di un'anguilla noi (in particolare Francesca!) non eravamo affatto entusiasti.

Così Ettore arrivò con le anguille e le cucinò. È stata una delle cose migliori che abbia mai assaggiato e così iniziò la nostra tradizione natalizia.





MENÙ
OYSTERS
 CAPPELLETTI IN BRODO
 TACCHINO FARCITO
 PARMIGIANA DI GORBI
 GORGONZOLA AL MIELE
 PANETTONE FARCITO



VINI
 SPUMANTE ANTINORI
 ORVIETO CLASSICO
 RUBESCO RISERVA
 SPUMANTE FERRARI



Make a rich capon soup
 with onion, celery, tomato, bay
 leaf, peppercorns, capon

CAPPELLETTI IN BRODO
 100g VEAL 100g TURKEY, 50g BRAINS
 100g PROSCIUTTO, ONE NUTMEG, 2 EGGS
 50g PARMESAN CHEESE.

Cook various meats, pass through
 grinder, mix with eggs, cheese
 dried prosciutto salt, pepper.

Prepare pasta dough and roll
 out paper thin. Cut disks of
 about 2" in diameter. Place
 ball of filling in centre. Fold
 in half and pinch edges firmly.
 fold back tips to touch thus
 making little hats. Cook in
 boiling soup and serve with
 grated parmesan.

capelletti



panettone

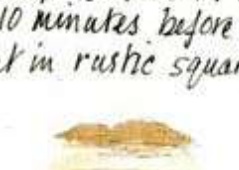


PANETTONE FARCITO

1 KILO PANETTONE, FRESH CREAM, BRANDY
 DRIED FRUIT, WALNUTS.
 Cut top off panettone, scoop out inside.
 Put inside of cake broken into small bits
 in bowl, mix with dried fruit and soak
 in brandy. Whip cream until stiff.
 mix with bowl ingredients and re-fill
 panettone. Put top back on and
 decorate with ribbon and holly.

GORGONZOLA AL MIELE

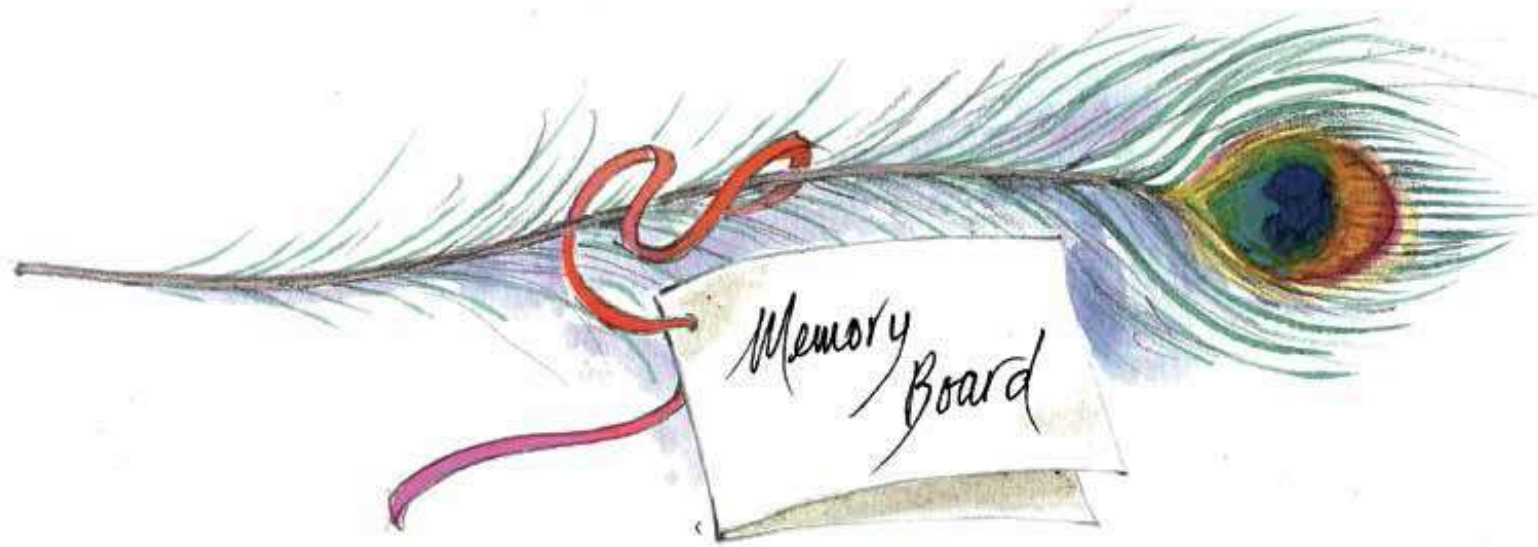
PACKET FLAKY PASTRY, 200g GORGONZOLA
 HONEY, TOUCH OF CREAM.
 roll out pastry into square shape. Cook in
 oven. When cool spread with gorgonzola
 moistened with cream. Spoon honey
 over top. Re-heat in oven
 8-10 minutes before serving.
 Cut in rustic squares.



*We looked around the candle lit rooms, find light flickering on the white walls,
the old beams protective and secure. I seemed to hear music and voices.
Were the ghosts of the people who had lived teh 800 Christmases
in this house coming to join our party?*

*Osservavamo le luci delle candele accese nelle camere, cercando la luce tremo-
lante riflessa dalle pareti bianche illuminare le vecchie travi di protezione.
Mi sembrava di sentire musica e voci.
Erano i fantasmi delle persone che avevano vissuto per 800 Natali in questa
casa che volevano venire a far festa con noi?*





A strange almost religious atmosphere permeated the room.
 The Norcino, un sacerdote, a surgeon, a respectful silence, mounds of salt, pepper, bowl full of garlic, puled and redy, fennel seeds, knives laid out, strange imple-
 ments for piercing adn binding, covered bowls and pails with the entrails.
 I felt I was being initited, a cabala, a magic circle, a birth out of the death,
 a ritual thousands of years old. Next day we would be ordinary people
 with an waful lot of meat to get rid of.

una strana atmosfera quasi religiosa permeava la stanza.
 Il Norcino, un sacerdote, un chirurgo, un rispettoso silenzio, cumuli di sale, pepe,
 ciotole piene di aglio sbucciato e pronto, semi di finocchio, coltelli disposti, strani
 strumenti per la perforazione, ciotole e secchi con le viscere.
 Mi sentivo come se fossi in un rito di iniziazione, una cabala, un cerchio ma-
 gico, una morte dalla quale scaturiva una nuova vita, un rituale vecchio di
 millenni. Il giorno successivo saremmo tornati ad essere gente comune
 ma con tanta carne da gustare.

FILETTO DI MAIALE IN CROSTA

600g. FILLET OF PORK
 30g. THYME
 3 BAY LEAVES
 LARD, GARLIC
 FLAKY PASTRY

Brown fillet in pan together with oil, lard, thyme, bay leaves. Cook until pink and leave to cool. Roll out pastry, place meat in centre. Cover with mushroom slices and roll up pastry. Cook in oven 220°C for 15 mins or so. Add stock, red wine to pan and reduce sauce by half.

MOUSSE DI PROSCIUTTO COTTO

300g. COOKED HAM
 80g. ROBIOLA (OR ANY SIMILAR CHEESE)
 80g. CREAM
 2 TABLESPOONS PORT
 SOME OLIVES FOR DECORATION

Mince ham, put in mixer with cheese, cream and port. Whirl until smooth. Fill moulds, place in fridge 4-5 hours. Serve turned upside down on plates & decorate with olives.

Balsamic vinegar.... give it the attention you would give to buying wine. The bottle of precious liquid you buy has been fermented in wooden casks (oak, chestnut, cherry, mulberry, often adding a state of juniper for the characteristic perfume) for at least 5 years. So don't be mean, economy, just doesn't come into it when we are buying balsamic vinegar.

L' Aceto balsamico ... merita la stessa attenzione che si presta quando si acquista una bottiglia di vino. Il prezioso liquido è fermentato in botti di legno (castagno, ciliegio, gelso, spesso aggiungendo una punta di ginepro per il profumo caratteristico) per almeno 5 anni. Quindi non fate economia, specialmente quando si acquista dell' aceto balsamico.

CONIGLIO ALL'ACETO BALSAMICO

Wrap pieces of rabbit in bacon. Cook in saucepan with oil, clove of garlic, a few fronds of wild fennel. Add a little stock every so often to keep from sticking. When ready take out pieces of rabbit, make a sauce with the pan scrapings, stock and aceto balsamico. Return rabbit heat and serve.

P & P (prawns & polenta)

Peel prawns and cook quickly in butter. Cut 1" high squares of polenta and place two prawns on each piece. Cover with a slice of lardo or bacon.

Sprinkle with balsamic vinegar and brown slightly under grill or in oven.

STRAWBERRIES - beautiful to look at and unbelievably good to eat with balsamic vinegar and brown sugar. A few mint leaves scattered on top



TAGLIATELLE CON SALMONE, VODKA & LIMONE

Cook salmon fillets in butter. Break into pieces & pour over 1/2 glass vodka & juice of 1 lemon. Toss together with tagliatelle and a little cream.

Boil potatoes with their jackets. Half lengthwise and scoop out some of the potato. Mash with butter & orange juice, salt & black pepper. Refill the little boats. Heat in oven. Wonderful with the Christmas eels but don't limit them to that!

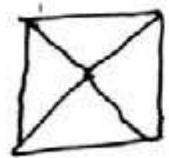
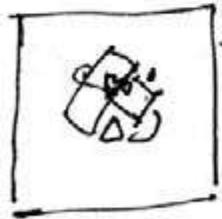
LASAGNE CON GOBBI, NOCI E SALSA DI CANNELLA

300g. OF LASAGNE
400g. CARDOONS
60g. NOCI, HANDFUL RAISINS, BRANDY
BACON RIND
1 ONION, BAY LEAF

Cut gobbi into 2" pieces, drop into boiling salted water with lemon squeezed into it for a few minutes. Drain and mix with chopped walnuts and raisins which have been left to swell in brandy or sherry. Toss briefly in pan with some oil or butter.

SAUCE

Slice onion and cook in oil with bacon rind, bay leaf stick of cinnamon, salt & pepper. Whirl in mixer after removing rind and bay leaf.



put gobbi filling in lasagna squares which have been softened in boiling water fold over into envelope. Put one in individual oven proof dishes. Pour over sauce. Put in hot oven for 10 mins and serve.

FRUIT

Lets look at it in a different way.
It can be used in cooking in so many different ways. For instance:

strawberries in a risotto
peaches in a bellini
peaches with pidgeon
apricot with rabbit
pears with cheese
plums with pork
grapes and fish
raisins and fish
fruit compote and lobster.

FRUTTA

Guardiamola in modo diverso.
Può essere utilizzata in cucina in molti modi. Per esempio:
fragole in un risotto,
pesche in un bellini,
pesche con il piccione,
albicocche con il coniglio,
pere con il formaggio,
prugne con carne di maiale,
uva e pesce,
uvetta e pesce,
macedonia di frutta e aragoste.



You may have noticed that I am not a "sweet tooth cook".
After a delicious plate of pasta or risotto who cares about a sweet? You?
Oh alright, here are few to keep you going.

Avrete notato che io non sono una "cuoca golosa".
Dopo un delizioso piatto di pasta o risotto chi si preoccupa di un dolce? Tu?
Oh bene, qui ce ne sono alcuni che fanno per te.

SOUFFLE DI TORRONE CON PANPEPATO

400g. MILK
200g. ICING SUGAR
100g BUTTER
80g FLOUR
80g ITALIAN NOUGAT
6 EGGS

Make a roux with butter & flour. Boil milk, sugar and crushed nougat in an other pan. When it is boiling incorporate into roux & cook for about 10 mins. stirring constantly until it thickens. Pour into round bottomed steel bowl and add egg yolks one at a time. Whip whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Pour into individual moulds (buttered & floured) cook in oven at 160° for 25 mins.

Panpepato is a traditional sweet from Siena. Serve thin slices of it with soufflé.

ROCCIATA

Roll out pastry very thin. Scatter sugar, aniseed seeds, diced apples, sultanas, chopped walnuts, dried figs, prunes & pine-nuts over pastry and fold up into log shape. Pinch ends, paint over with sugar & water. Bake in hot oven for about 30 mins.

This is a cake from Assisi, rocciata refering to the red lime stone of Mount Subasio

HOME MADE ICE CREAM

CINNAMON & RICOTTA ICE CREAM WITH WATERMELON SAUCE

350g. RICOTTA
350g. MILK
250g. SUGAR
200g. WATERMELON PULP
150g. WHITE CHOCOLATE
200g. CREAM
3g. CINNAMON POWDER

Mix milk, ricotta, sugar & cinnamon and pour into ice cream maker. Meanwhile make sauce, melt white chocolate together with cream, add watermelon pulp and serve poured over ice cream.

Cooking index

C

cappelletti in brodo
carpaccio di baccalà
cinnamon and ricotta icecream
coniglio all'aceto balsamico
croccante

E

eels fattore
eels in tegamaccio
eel skewers with bay leaves

F

faraona alla ghiotta
fave dei morti
fegatelli
filetto di maiale in crosta
filetto in salsa balsamico di mosto
fiori di zucchine fritti
focaccia
frappe
fruit with

L

lasagne con gobbi, noci e salsa di cannella
lumache alla Romana
lumache con formaggio
lumache fritte

M

melanzane alla Parmigiana
melanzane alla Siciliana
minestrone con pesto
mousse di prosciutto cotto
mushroom tart

P

p+p (prawns and polenta)
panettone farcito
patate all'arancia
penne con pesto
pizza dough
purea di fave

R

ravioli di ricotta
rigatoni con ricotta, tomato, basil
risotto al rubesco
risotto con fiori di zucca e gamberi
risotto con funghi porcini
rocciata

S

salted almonds
soufflé di torrione con panpepato
spaghetti con broccoli, clams e bottarga
spinach and ricotta pie
stracci con olive , melanzane, tomatoes
strawberries and balsamic vinager
strufoli

T

tagliatelle con salmone, vodka e limone
tognazzi
torciglione
torta al testo
torta di pasqua

Z

zabaione

