

PINE PITCH PRESS



Lighthouses and lobsters be damned: Maine's new mascots are crumbly scones, worldly noodles, and farm-raised everything. Caring about food — who makes it and where it comes from and if you've tried some — isn't new. But perhaps we, as a state, are singular in our equivocation on the topic. We can spend all day debating the best ways to roll a lobster but when someone from away joins the conversation, we'd rather just change the subject.

Maybe it's because it all feels so tenuous. We've spent how many years building our reputation as the place for boundless coastline-goodtime-sunshine, spending our hibernated patience on the traffic, Massholes and rush of two short months of summer. But now that we're in Bon Appetit, all of a sudden, we don't have to explain what makes us so magic anymore. Now that we have Portland's Tandem Bakery and Biddeford's Palace Diner and Lewiston's Forage Market and all of the favorite seafood trash huts we've always loved on the Instagrams of a progressively younger crowd, we're in danger of Maine becoming a year-round destination. And if that's the case, if the millennia-old beauty of Mt. Katahdin gets bested by the nascent wonder of our state's multiplying plates, aren't we in equal danger of becoming a fad?

We at Pine Pitch say no. Because Brooklynites, Bostonians, they know about the chow. But what we (and we suspect, they) really love about our homes by the mountain, farm and sea are the tables within them. What we really love about Maine is the way we gather and nourish people; as chefs, of course, but also as artists, makers, activists. As a community. And any way you slice it, that's about so much more than brunch.

So, this isn't about our scene. This isn't about restaurants, even. This is about your cooking, your eating, your inherited tea kettle, the way the bum gas burner on your range taught you how to finally cook an egg, how you could spend the rest of your life eating the same breakfast at the diner down the road because the only way it gets better is with repetition.

If you want to test the limits of your gluten allergy, or figure out how your mom made that birthday cake, or recreate the first meal you made in college that wasn't in a hot pot, here's your chance. We don't want to just hear your golden-hued memories of Nana's Thanksgiving stuffing (though we do want that). We want the recipe for the lasagna you can only make, for whatever reason, when you're sad. We want the special sauce for your third straight loss in the town BBQ championship. We want, above all, to hear not just how you make something but how you make it yours.

The narrative part? Well, that's up to you. Basically, it's anything that's not pure instruction. Tell us how you found the ingredients. Or cut and paste a poem from the back of the Barilla box. Or shoot a photo essay of all the people that pass by your door while you're waiting on the beef bourguignon. There has to be a recipe that is somewhat make-able and then...something else. We're ready to be surprised and confused.

Welcome to our table.

Submissions must include: (1) Narrative, up to 2,000 words (2) Complete list of ingredients and recipe directions (3) Any additional cooking notes or instructions. Please also include your name, age and kitchen location. Submissions must be in .rtf or .doc format unless otherwise arranged. For additional information, please visit our website or send us an email at pinepitchpress@gmail.com
ALL Submissions must be received by 3.1.2016