

SECOND ANNIVERSARY EDITION

SANTA BARBARA  
**LIFE & STYLE**  
MAGAZINE  
JULY 2015

**MARKET** *to*  
**TABLE**

*A PIECE*  
**of CAKE**

*LUXURY*  
*CAMPING*

AIRSTREAM STYLE AND DREAMY CABINS

*welcome*  
**TO THE**  
**LANDSBY**

Vol 3, Issue 7 | \$5.99



0 74470 29280 7

# The Suburban Hunter- Gatherer

Written & Photographed by Silas Fallstich



I hold in my hand a small ripe peach, the fuzzy blond hair on the skin reminds me of my brother's first attempts at a mustache. Before I'm able to bring the peach to my mouth I think of the time it took for this peach to reach this point; when was the tree planted, how many hours grooming, watering and caring for the tree before it produced this fruit. Then there was a hand that plucked it and delivered it into discerning hands that saw fit to give this peach to me. These thoughts and many more wash over me as my teeth break the skin, the juice waterfalls into my mouth and over my chin. There is a flash of flavor on my taste buds, have I ever tasted something so good? It's rich and sweet, juice and texture coexist as my senses do summersaults. There's a depth and variety to the sweetness, this exact flavor only exists within this one fruit and can not be replicated or emulated. Have I ever tasted something so good?

I gnaw the peach to its pit and come to the conclusion that my recent food experiences in Santa Barbara have floundered in comparison. My attitude towards meals, at least when time allows, is to constantly strive to discover and be innovative. With all of this in mind and sticky peach juice still plastered to my chin I set out to forage and source the best ingredients the area has to offer. I will gather ingredients, and with the assistance of a few local chefs, produce dishes that will be inspiring and leave me feeling as content as the first bite of perfectly ripe peach.

My overly ambitious heart paired with an eccentric and vivid imagination more often than not create implausible experiences. My anticipation is to travel to a local farm and shake hands with a fully grown, and more than willing, cow before it is butchered and prepared for my table. Next I will wade into the Pacific with a local sea water hero and forage a bounty of ripe and delectable

sea foods. From there I'll run to the farmers' market and even the out of season produce will be at its best. The ingredients will all come together and voilà inspiration.

Much like daily life, things don't fall so perfectly into place. The voilà I so vividly imagined is a big dud. The ranch that I hope to source meat from is nearly depleted due to the drought. Raw ingredients are aplenty but every chef I know is busy beyond measure. Before long I'm running to and fro and beginning to feel like a turkey that has lost its head. I'm working hard and getting less than nothing done and my sea water hero is nowhere to be found.

To my rescue comes Kristen Desmond, the owner and chef of Flagstone Pantry in the Santa Barbara Public Market. She quickly infuses my fledgling project with some much needed structure and before long we are meeting to photograph raw watermelon, cucumber, lemon and much more from Foragers Pantry, conveniently located in the Market. My inspiration grows each time we pluck a new ingredient from the Pantry. As I photograph I can't help but sneak a few cubes of juicy watermelon. Chef Desmond kindly ignores the sticky watermelon residue around my mouth.

When I hand the ingredients over it's with great anticipation. With a few flashes of her wrist and a bit of time I watch as watermelon gazpacho comes to life before my eyes. Desmond plates the dish in little shot glass shooters. As we take in our first sip smiles crease our faces. She describes it as "refreshing and fresh as well as healthy—the perfect summer starter. It can even be pureed as a smoothie." I'm not sure what I've been putting in my daily smoothie but it fails in comparison. Her gazpacho is refreshing and flavorful. The ingredients combine to form a balanced and light flavor in my mouth with a subtle hint of spice on the finish.





After several shooters Desmond introduces me to seafood specialist Alex Tetzlaff at the newly rechristened Pa Fish Market. I may have found my sea water hero. But this hero has far more fresh seafood than can be foraged from Santa Barbara beaches. Oysters from Mexico, sashimi grade salmon from Norway, halibut straight from Alaska, not to mention sable fish straight from our own channel, it seems that he has something from every edge of the globe. To begin he hands me a four-foot Scottish salmon, for a moment I feel like a bass pro, holding a prize catch to be immortalized. This is a fierce looking fish with jaws and teeth clinched as if in a terrible fight. The scales of the fish glisten in the light. The exterior is

a gradient that slides from black to white all flecked with silver. Before the salmon has even been filleted I have my friend and local private chef Karina Hoegh-Guldberg on the line.

She prepares the salmon pan seared with truffle whipped potato, potato nest, sautéed will mushrooms, fresh spring peas with a lemon dill sauce, and beet curl garnish. Karina wanted to prepare an entirely different dish but instead threw together this assemblage just for me. The salmon is flaky and full of rich oily flavor. I'm transplanted back to my days in Alaska eating salmon fresh from a stream. I eat methodically and leave nothing for the compost.





At last I have come to what I was most excited about, a big cut of beef, slabbed with marble and a jagged bone. The friendly folks at Shalhoob Meat Company offer me a French rib chop that would bring pride to any beef rancher. My first inclination is raw and juicy consumption. My only problem is I've suddenly become devoid of chefs. I will take a moment to quickly anecdote. If it isn't apparent I'm in love with food. I love writing about it, photographing it, consuming it, and so much more. It's an eternal source of experience, community and joy. Food has taken me from New Mexico to Alaska to Utah, and now on to Santa Barbara. With all my love of food you'd think I could cook, well I can make a dish or two that friends won't repulse at but my nemesis has always been the grill. With no chef on hand and the perfect opportunity to hone my limitless repertoire of dishes I venture into preparing a massive grilled slab of beef. My experience with such a cut of meat is non-existent but off I go.

Before the beef excursion I return to the Public Market to thank Alex and Kristen. On my way out I pass the Enjoy Cupcakes shop. I always stop and marvel at the cute displays. One of them reads "Are you flirting with me?" My answer to that question is always yes and one little cupcake is getting taken to dinner as dessert.

I hope this month's food feature will leave you inspired to forage and source the freshest and most delectable ingredients your over ambitious heart desires. Or if you're as fortunate as me someone generous will place a perfectly ripe peach in your hands. Either way slow down and enjoy your food one bite at a time. Fall in love with your food like I'm falling in love with the cute, soft chocolate and silky smooth frosting of an Enjoy Cupcake. ✨

