

JUICE

EVERYBODY NEEDS A HOBBY ISSUE JULY 2006

from independents on a day of Independence

Cowboy
Ciao

sea saw

Kazimierz

WORLD WINE BAR

I am on a Crusade¹. I am Peter Finch's doppelganger², mad as hell and not gonna take it anymore³. I can no longer sit idly by and accept the national malaise regarding our City and its validity as a dining destination. What will it take for the Valley of the Sun to be publicly acclaimed for its rapid ascendance into a food mecca?

My inner Finch runneth over with the arrival of the May issue of Food & Wine magazine featuring the 376 hottest restaurants in the world, exactly zero of which reside in Arizona. I adore Food & Wine – they are onto cool trends and hot finds in the F&B world almost at the embryonic stage. Food & Wine has a history of recognizing our local restaurant community, as evidenced by an inordinate number of Best New Chef honorees, including our own Chef Nobu Fukuda of Sea Saw. The fact that they overlooked our scene while spotlighting twelve other American cities for this article is indicative of the common lack of 'buzz' we generate, not only in national or global publications, but even here, locally. Is this apathy earned? If you believe so, you haven't been out lately.

As proof, a pair of gems recently opened that are so far under the radar you would think they're run as a FBI front⁴. Sol y Sombra, on Market Street in DC Ranch, North Scottsdale, is absolute genius. A cadre of young guns from Scottsdale joints, led by Phoenician veteran Chef Aaron May, have taken the concept of 'Tapas Bar' and flipped it around to where it fulfills the tradition of that genre yet offers much more. From their outside-the-box room design to the best Spanish wine list in town to an adventurous menu (cuttlefish, snails) executed to perfection, Sol y Sombra would be a culinary highlight if it were located in any city in the US – but it's here. Equally intriguing in its individuality is the brainchild of wine guru Jock Wolfson, the Backstreet Wine Salon. A hybrid wine shop/wine bar (and maybe a sliver of Euro diner), it offers an elegant, refined atmosphere to enjoy an eclectic selection of wines by the glass, a myriad of superb bottle offerings, and an array of small plate noshes.

1 just to get off on the wrong foot, I typed 'crudite' the first time. Not exactly the holy grail, but definitely Monty Python.

2 the popular trend lately is to view me as Dr House's doppelganger – not sure if it's the pronounced limp or the crotchety attitude.

2A

2A although perhaps it was the scruffy three-day beard, because after shaving it, someone actually thought I was Steve Nash!

I get the difficulty of telling a Canadian and a Polack apart, but a professional athlete and a professional wino? 2B

2B I am so Polish, I'm not even sure how to spell Pollock. Dupa!

3 not to be confused with mad as a hatter and not taking my medication. 3A

3A two sentences and six footnotes, pretty sure that's a new record; maybe I got off on the right foot but the wrong footnote.

4 almost said CIA, but the Culinary Institute of America confusion leaves me with mental images of James Bond & a loaded spatula.

THE CRUSADE CONTINUES

These two memorable places are run by passionate professionals willing to risk untested concepts in difficult-to-find locations in order to provide guests with a unique experience, and they both raise the dining cache of our town a significant notch. These spots are just the tip of the arugula. Independents with singular perspectives and quality operations are opening up with regularity, yet we still deal with an onslaught of naysayers. For example, a recent Arizona Republic article on the controversy over the proposed Scottsdale opening of Las Vegas restaurant Pink Taco interviewed 25 year old CEO Harry Morton, the offspring of the legendary cats who begat Mortons Steakhouse and Hard Rock Cafe. Young Harry was quoted as saying “the Valley has no good Mexican food.” This revelation must have come as a shock to the legion of devotees standing in line for a spot at Barrio Cafe or Los Dos Molinos. If Chef/Owner Jeff Smedstad of Los Sombreros were located in a foodie haven like NY or Chicago, he'd be hailed as the next Bobby Flay⁵ and already have his own Food Network show. Instead, he's here and he's barely a blip on the radar screen, much less a TV screen. Therein lies the first step - we have to stand up and cheer our own before others will begin to take us seriously. Say what you want about the name Pink Taco⁶, I personally am much more troubled by its CEO saying we have no good Mexican food. Is it his youthful inexperience getting the best of him? Is it the pervading Vegas mentality, where dozens of big name Chefs have sold their soul to peddle their sole in less-than-stellar operations, mailing it in because Joe Gambler doesn't really care about quality? Or, worst of all, is it our collective apathy about the revitalization of our downtowns, the blasé attitude regarding the resurgence of uniquely independent restaurants making a statement that this town is truly an up-and-coming hot plate for dining out?

Stand up. Be heard. Pound your chest⁷. E-mail the editor⁸. Start a Dining Out Club. Read the reviews. Try someplace different. Tell everyone you know, and even those you don't, about your favorite dishes, drinks, wines, restaurants. It all starts with us.

Join the Crusade.

***Shameless plug #1* Christmas in July at Kazimierz**

Is it the Ho-Ho-Holidays already? It is at Kazbar, for the entire month of July! Escape the heat for wintry treats. In the 'Good Will to Men' Department, we will be collecting toys, clothing, food, and the always welcome cash, for Thomas J Pappas Children's Charity. Every donation receives a raffle ticket for the Holiday Fest Drawing, eligible for assorted prizes including wine, restaurant certificates, and a grand prize pack worth \$1000. Fa-la-la by for egg nog crème brûlée, peppermintinis, to sit on Santa's lap, or check the web site (kazbar.net) to see what winter wonder-outlandishness we have planned. Merry Christmas⁹ to all, and to all, get in here!

⁵ actually, that's not fair...Jeff runs onion rings around Bobby Flay.

⁶ note to all offended by the idea of a restaurant named for the slang reference of female genitalia:

have you seen the Hooters logo? The owl is out of the barn, so to speak.

⁷ you kids at Hooters, sit this one out.

⁸ of a real paper, not this one.

⁹ OC fans (c'mon, Adam Brody is brilliant), think of it as Krismakah without the Barmitzvakah.

THE CRUSADE, part two: THE NECESSARY LEGWORK¹⁰

(AKA what I tell the accountants when they say "you spent what on what?")

The many Big City subscribers to this sporadic publication are asking in unison "have you taken leave of your senses?¹¹". Not entirely. First off, we ARE a Big City, albeit one that's spread out versus built up. You already know I view Vegas as a pretender. New Orleans took a devastating hit from Katrina, and while the rebuilding effort is admirable indeed, it remains well below the standard of excellence set prior to the disaster. That leaves four - count 'em, four - cities whose dining fortunes notably outshine our own, and I've recently visited them all. The writeoff...er, rundown follows.

NYC: the recovery from 9/11 is fairly complete in the dining sector. New York has long benefited from being a major magazine publishing hub, as well as home to the James Beard Foundation, so much so that some of the top toques are living off their reputations rather than their current performances. Still, the growing empires of celebrated restaurateurs Danny Meyer and Mario Batali continue to astonish, the depth of Asian cuisine is remarkable (I should know, Nobu dragged me to every Noodle House and Izikaya in Manhattan - I get it, you dig Shochu¹², now can I please go somewhere I can pronounce the menu), and the Cocktail Scene¹³ rivals that of London¹⁴.

LA: the glitz and glamour of Hollywood has often permeated their local dining scene to the point where flash and style trumped quality and substance, but the current trend seems to be heading toward all things equal. In fact, a spate of newcomers, including Providence and Wilshire, have opened like Aquaman¹⁵, while more veteran mainstays such as AOC and Lucques (a perfect pair from the dynamic duo of Chef Suzanne Goin and Vino Queen Caroline Styne) constantly thrive in a formerly fickle marketplace. The power and speed with which the City of Angels has come roaring back to the forefront of the national scene has taken many by surprise, even in their own home state, where San Francisco shouldn't get too cocky or they'll be looking at LA exhaust.

CHICAGO: it's not on a Coast, it has such nasty-ass weather the nickname is 'the Windy City', how can it consistently rank so high that GQ Magazine just named it 'the finest dining city in America'? Honestly, the poor climate helps - when it's always crappy outdoors, you have to find entertainment somewhere, why not inside a restaurant? More importantly, Chi-towners take ALL their food seriously, from street vendors to pizza joints, five-star French to wildly experimental cooking labs, and everything in-between. Any city that can boast of dining bastions Spiaggia, Frontera Grill, Blackbird, and spectacular newcomer Custom House takes a Second City designation to no one.

SAN FRAN: the snooty attitude is a bit debilitating in places where the goods don't walk the wok, as if a SF address is proof enough you're in a dining destination. However, the joints that earn it do it in a big way. Any city would be hard-pressed to duplicate a memorable experience akin to the Slanted Door, featuring a startling wine selection specifically chosen to pair dramatically with Chef Charles Phan's explosively creative blend of Thai & Vietnamese fare, as well as a serious commitment to the art of cocktails, where fresh fruit is squeezed and herbs are muddled per drink. With Italian spots like A-16 (with super Somm Shelley Lindgren), bakeries like Tartine and handcrafted originals like Quince, San Francisco is not purely resting on its laurels. Seriously, though, the attitude, lighten up.

¹⁰ the way I'm walking lately, perhaps Peg-Legwork is more appropriate.

¹¹ a refreshing change from "what are you, nuts?"

¹² the crusade was waylaid when I spent 36 straight hours quarantined in my hotel room in 'recovery mode', if you will, following a lengthy stretch of sketchy ingesting washed with moonshine Shochu - splashed with grape juice (yikes!), because it's not just me that doesn't always understand Nobu, apparently his countrymen are to occasionally be included in that particular communicative dilemma - leaving me with a severe bout of either 'Shochu Flu' or 'Hiroshima's Revenge'.

¹³ Julie Reiner of Flatiron Lounge & Audrey Saunders of Pegu Club are the reigning Goddesses of Mixology - Bacchus, my tuckus!

¹⁴ when we open Baroque luxe lounge in D C Ranch later this month, you'll see firsthand what I mean.

¹⁵ if you don't get the reference, you aren't watching Entourage on HBO, and I'm sad for your pop-culturally bereft existence.

THE CRUSADE, part three: THE CURRENT CHAPTER

So, the Valley of the Sun, specifically Phoenix and Scottsdale.

Are we on the same playing field as the big four? In some ways, yes. The wine lists at Mary Elaines, Cowboy Ciao and Rancho Pinot Grill can stand up to anyone's. Restaurants like Mosaic, Roaring Fork and Sea Saw offer memorable fully-formed dining experiences unique only to the Valley. Kazimierz sets the bar for Wine Bars, much as Pizzeria Bianco does for glorious pizza ¹⁶.

Yet we still exhibit scary levels of 'lemmings to the sea of mediocrity' mentality, what with the ongoing proliferation and popularity of corporate chains and lukewarm copycat Mexican, Italian and Sushi spots. We still lack the depth and breadth of individual, artisanal, ethnic, eclectic restaurants to truly say we belong. We are quickly closing that gap, though, every time the Valley celebrates the opening of a Blue Note Cellars, a Star Spangled Tavern, a Methode, or a Baroque Luxe Lounge.

If a tree (restaurant) falls (opens) in the forest (desert) and no one hears it (reads about it), does it make a sound? It does if YOU talk about it.

Hey, if it was easy, it wouldn't be a Crusade.

LET'S DISCUSS SOMEONE ELSE'S ONGOING CRUSADE, SHALL WE?

Hospice du Rhône 2006. Somehow, Mat Garretson & John Alban's little Wine Festival that could, celebrating all varietals Rhône, has evolved into a full-fledged happening. 2006 highlighted Eric Solomon and his Priorat posse, a huge contingent from the Rhône Valley itself, and another fantastic auction. We fared better at the auction than usual, landing a rare single barrel lot from Pax and some cases of a new Mat G goes to Oz project called Testos-du-Rhône. We also donated a Dine Around at our downtown trio of Ciao, Kaz & Sea Saw, featuring Rhône varietal wines (which technically makes it a Dine-a-Rhône-d). The bidding for our lot really heated up until Mat and John Larchet ¹⁷ decided to quit going head-on and teamed up to split the dinner. Justin Smith of Saxum auctioned off some '04 magnums that he said would look good on our list but my paddle didn't last long - his lot went for \$26K! Auctioneer Ursula Hermancinski asked fellow Pole Paul Lato ¹⁸ how to properly pronounce Kazimierz (which he answered incorrectly), then she proceeded to call me Paul for much of the day. How many Polacks does it take to screw up an auction? Apparently three.

The access to wines and winemakers at HdR is insane. Cris Cherry of Villa Creek Winery also owns Villa Creek Restaurant, which tends to become the late night Who's Who locale ¹⁹. We drank Cris completely out of bubbly this year. That's when I wasn't trading shots with the likes of Francois Villard, Seth Kunin, Yves Cuilleron, Dave Miner (all of whom are eponymous winery dudes), Christophe Baron (Cayuse), Bob Lindquist (Qupe), Bill Easton (Terre Rouge), Peter Butcher (Halifax), Alistair Ashmead (Elderton), Jeff Cohn (JC Cellars) & Adam Lazarre (Hahn Estates). Condrieu legend Yves Gangloff taught me that the finger sign for 'circle the wagons' is universal to any language. Pax explained how he uses sheep to control cover crop, which must pass for typical bar conversation in Wine Country, and then Pax & I had to educate Eric Jensen of Jensen Vineyards that telling your beloved to 'pound sand' was sure to result in 'pound hand' later.

I spent way too much time with Jim Kopp of Acme Wine Marketing. Evidently, I'm his new life coach ²⁰. There were repeated instances of my saving Jim from social leprosy with my rapier-like wit ²¹, pithy commentary and Yoda-ish philosophical bon mots ("a bad truck driver is a semi-loser"), Mel Hill, official HdR photog, said to Jim "hey, it's the winner of the Harry Dean Stanton look-alike contest", which was funny until Vicki Carroll (who actually runs HdR so Mat can dress up like Groucho Marx) started calling us "the twins".

There were so many wines sampled, any list I attempt to compose will fall short of several big hitters. Suffice to say, the grapes of Rhône will leave you with the grapes of wrath if you ignore the onslaught of stupendous wines they are producing seemingly everywhere on the planet. Hospice du Rhône '07, don't miss it.

¹⁶ it really is a riot to hear New Yorkers and Chicagoans argue about pizza when Chris Bianco is in the room.

¹⁷ John's fabulous lineup of Oz wines under the Australian Premium Wine Import label is again available in Arizona.

following some ill-advised distribution jockeying... A1 Oz in AZ, OK!

¹⁸ Paul's tiny self-named label featuring pinot and syrah should also be coming to AZ soon.

¹⁹ or, in this case, who's left standing.

²⁰ yeah, that'll go well.

²¹ to whit, I'm pretty sharp.

Shameless plugs #2 & #3



Why the extra-long wait between newsletters? Would you believe we've been as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with a case of poison oak?

This summer 22, we are partnering with the Blue Wasabi Group to debut a pair of concepts on Market Street in the DC Ranch development in North Scottsdale. This is a big departure for our merry band of mavericks in two major ways - first, we are stepping away from the friendly confines of Stetson Drive; second, we aren't flying solo.

Our success thus far owes at least a tippie of the nightcap to the intrinsic synergy of having our trio next to each other on our makeshift 'Restaurant Row' 23 on Stetson Drive in Downtown Scottsdale. Joining a partnership? The phrase 'doesn't play well with others' emblazoned on countless report cards springs to mind. So, why do this? Numerous reasons, not the least of which was having so much to do it kept me from writing goofy newsletters. Let's start with you, the guest 24, and how we hope you benefit from this.

POINT ONE - STAR SPANGLED TAVERN

We've been toying with an all-American concept for almost a decade, and the recent advances and increased availability of artisanal products and boutique producers throughout the USA makes this a helluva time to try it. From craft brewers to organic farmers, superior cheesemakers to free-range ranchers, and bonded wineries in each of the fifty states, there is no shortage of amazing American food and beverage. SST will balance retro and comfort foodstuffs with regional specialties and imaginative interpretations. True to the concept, we are offering only American sodas, serving coffee from Hawaii, bottled water from Colorado, rum from New England, even our plateware, glasses and silver will be USA produced. The sole exception is tea - yours truly has a freakish addiction to iced tea (picture Count Dracula addicted to caffeine, and, yes, my eerie likeness to Bela Legosi has been duly noted) and no tea is grown in the United States. We will skirt the issue by purchasing organic black tea from the astounding Scottsdale-based tea experts at China Mist. Don't fret - from the walls of Klinker brick to the innovative fare of Chef Rob Toll, you'll feel as patriotic as Jack Bauer when you visit STAR SPANGLED TAVERN.

POINT TWO - BAROQUE luxe lounge

When we first debuted Kazimierz, we re-engineered the concept of Wine Bar, and consequently the result five years later is the benchmark that others look to first when the subject of Wine Bar arises. BAROQUE is a similar through-the-looking-glass deconstruction of the concept of Lounge. What is a Lounge? More specifically, a Luxury Lounge? We used London (cocktail epicenter of the universe) and Paris (insert your own Hilton joke here) as inspiration. We are combining the basic precepts of a London Style Bar (where craft cocktails are fastidiously prepared, from scratch, to order), a true Champagne Bar (who doesn't love bubbles?), a food menu lush with opulent hors d'œuvres and decadent desserts, music that represents the best of Europe in general and the UK in particular, all in a textured, layered atmosphere that evokes the smoky sensuality and inherent luxury of the Baroque period itself. Expect a wholly adult experience, in a grandiose room ringed with plush booth seating and an extravagant bar replete with rare Cognac, vintage Armagnac, and a significant selection of single malt Scotch (served over ice from Scotland!).

22 we hoped to set off the fireworks on the 4th of July, but the Tavern doors will unlock mid-month, Baroque late July/early August.

23 when the Waterfront Project on our side of the canal is complete, Restaurant Row will hardly be makeshift...stay tuned.

24 we use the word guest because A) customer is way too impersonal, b) patron makes us think of tequila, and

C) if we do this correctly, you are a guest at the party.

Shameless plugs #2 & #3 - plugging along



POINT THREE - North Scottsdale / DC Ranch

Phoenix is a Big City, population-wise, and when it comes to dining destinations, many national publications refer to us as Phoenix/Scottsdale. Makes sense, when you realize a preponderance of the top independent operators that give our extended City its dining voice are located in Scottsdale. Specifically, Downtown Scottsdale. A funny thing happened the last decade-plus as the demographic dollar signs shifted to North Scottsdale - the corporate chains restaurants caught wind of the trend early on and proliferated the area, driving prices up to a level most independents couldn't risk, effectively forcing them to head (or stay) Downtown. We love Scottsdale. We love, love, love Downtown Scottsdale. We are making a strong commitment to tying our organizational growth to the revitalization of Downtown over the next few years. Still, an area as populated with sophisticated diners as North Scottsdale deserves to have a local neighborhood base of creative, professional independent restaurants, and we think D C Ranch is it. Soon, you will be able to park your car just once, have sushi and a martini at Blue Wasabi, duck & dumplings with Turley zin at STAR SPANGLED TAVERN, tapas and sangria at Sol y Sombra, and finish at BAROQUE with vintage Krug Champagne and Stilton cheesecake. Nice plan, saves some gas.

POINT FOUR - the Buddy System

As a restaurateur, I can be awfully stubborn and single-minded (and that's on a good day). My good friend Jimmy Carlin, the creative force behind Blue Wasabi, would also fit that description. Even though there's a great deal of mutual respect, we butted heads at the start of this project. Then I started thinking about basketball. When I hoop, I am the ultimate team player, willing to do whatever thankless painful body sacrificing²⁵ task necessary to ensure my teammates' victory. Guess what? On the basketball court, so is Jimmy²⁶. Even better, when we play on the same team, we never lose. Seriously, never. It's like having Dennis Rodman²⁷ and Ben Wallace²⁸ on the same team. Since realizing that, the DC Ranch project has become a substitute court for us, and, ultimately, you, the guest, will be the one who wins.

POINT FOUR & ½ - the Crusade, briefly revisited

We are the fifth largest population. We are a Big City. How in blue blazes do we not already boast a real Champagne Bar? It's like we're allergic to bubbles. And where, o where, is a London Style Bar? Scottsdale's definition is a guy flipping a vodka bottle over his head and spraying it with a soda gun - stylish, maybe, in a Pulp Fiction sort of way, but nothing like the quality, creativity and substance displayed in the top spots creating a buzz in New York on San Francisco. How about a wine list celebrating the sheer audacity and vast versatility of American wine²⁹? Besides the need for vocal locals, some more inventive restaurateuring is overdue. Take a chance, guys, not everybody digs vanilla³⁰.

POINT FIVE - Now I've got more places to write about!

OK, maybe that's not really such a plus.

²⁵ which explains the aforementioned limp, unless you catch me in my cups on a day when I'm making up war stories.

²⁶ except, unlike my current limited physical state, the guy can practically jump over buildings; Brandon Routh best look out.

²⁷ Jimmy can have the ink, I'll take the hair.

²⁸ or his hair.

²⁹ admittedly, Roaring Fork is in the neighborhood here, even though Robert prefers to drink the 'heavy water'.

³⁰ although we will be featuring AJ Stephans vanilla cream soda made from pure cane sugar at SST for those who do.

drinking it in

The old man used to say he got more work done at the bar after work³¹ than he actually did during the work day. To him, that was the beauty of a neighborhood tavern - the connection, the camaraderie, the human element. Well, that, plus he could practically scare up a second paycheck with a pool cue. But Mr K was a beer drinker through and through, and typically that beer ended with a z, like Blatz, or Schlitz, or some other excuse for a lager that was cheaper than Old Style. The bar tends to be my mothership, too, but I'm more of a product guy. I'm less likely to ask what's on sale for Happy Hour (or conveniently cough when a mark - I mean opponent - is shooting at the eight ball), and more apt to pore over the pours on the back bar and drink list. One of my first gigs was alongside a crew of top-notch mixologists who took the craft of drinkmaking seriously. Most of that mentality disappeared the past two decades with the advent of showoff bottle-flippers and nightclub gunpourers, but guess what? The actual art of cocktail production is making a rousing comeback!

London is ground zero of the cocktail world. The creme de la creme of cassis there are creating masterpieces with one jigger firmly steeped in tradition while keeping an eye open to technology and experimentation. At BAROQUE, we are taking the inspiration of London mixology and blending it with Parisian swank. Heading up the cocktail regime will be our resident alchemist German Sega, aka G. Sipping through the creative concoctions he's been developing for this has been as thrilling as the Suns playoff run, and I thought you'd enjoy a verbal taste of what's in store for you. However, as an EOI (Equal Opportunity Imbiber), I feel compelled to mention some other Master Mixologists and their creations.

FRONTERA GRILL, Chicago, is where David Smith³² mans the stick. He's been waxing his handlebar moustache there for 17 years, so he's had time to perfect the fabulous Chamoy Margarita, which utilizes Mexican sweet & sour apricot sauce and garlic chive flowers.

HUNGRY CAT is leading LA to the promised land of cocktail nirvana, thanks to barkeep Danielle Motor. Don't let her refugee-from-a-punk-rock-band look throw you, she's a top gun (or, in this case, juicer). She's got as many hip drinks as tattoos so it's tough to pick a favorite, but if squeezed, I'd say her Pimlico (whiskey, lime, mint) wins the race.

LOS SOMBREROS isn't only about Jeff's terrific food, not with Steve Douds behind the counter. Steve was one of the stars at the '05 Cowboy Ciao Cocktail Dinner³³, and he's gearing up for a repeat performance with the advent of Sex, Drugs, and Rock & Roll, which contains Damiana (a reputed aphrodisiac), Agwa (coca leaf liqueur), and Sammy Hagar's Cabo Wabo³⁴ tequila ("I can't drink 55!").

FLATIRON LOUNGE is my favorite bar in New York. Owner Julie Reiner took the show on the road and thrilled the crowd at the James Beard Awards by producing hundreds of Hibiscus Swizzles³⁵ by hand per order. Somehow, they all appeared to be pearls of perfection (the one - ok, three - I had certainly were) starring gin, South African berries and hibiscus syrup.

SLANTED DOOR is one of the busiest places in San Francisco, but I always pass on an open table to wait for a bar seat so I can be wowed by the rapid wrist action Kate Whalen displays with the hand juicer. If you can look beyond her excellent Mojitos, you'll find the Phantasm, an exotic sipper with Falernum and lemongrass vodka that's more tasty than ghostly.

drinking it in (is it last call already?)

STAR SPANGLED TAVERN will be crazy with Bourbon, and we expect G's superlative rendition of Peach Julep to do land office business³⁶. I'm not sure what's in it, maybe Kentucky bluegrass, but I know it's incredibly refreshing and it's difficult to enjoy just one.

BAROQUE is where G will be most nights with his test tubes. For one of his first creations, he took the relatively obscure drink classic Bloody Bull, deconstructed it, and pieced it back together as Valhalla, an ethereal dazzler consisting of celery-infused Aquavit, tomato water, beef bouillon dust and housemade jerky. Maybe the G really stands for 'Good Grief, what's this boy on?', but, as they say, the eighty proof is in the glass.

31 apropos, as the old man was a piece of work.

32 I don't have clue one what this guy's last name is - maybe he's really Rollie Fingers, that would explain the stash.

33 will there be another Cocktail Dinner in '06? Does the Pope drink Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape?

34 dumbo name-o.

35 hindsight may be 20/20, but that doesn't mean much when your memory is plenty fuzzy, so I can't swear that this is the drink she actually served because I was too busy knocking 'em back to write anything down. Hey, you want accurate reporting, go buy yourself a National Enquirer.

36 if you'll pardon my boarding house reach.

up-to-date info and menus on our events are regularly e-mailed and can also be found on our web sites;

480-481-WINE

seasaw.net

480-WINE-111

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