Amuse Bouche Wine: Astoria Prosecco Treviso Italy

Salad of Compressed Melon and Cucumber, Olive Oil, White Cow Dairy Tiger Lime Wine: Domaine de Bernier Chardonnay. Loire Valley France

Yogurt. Pickled Red Onion

Chilled English Pea Soup, Candied Cocoa Nibs, Almond Brioche "Bridge" Wine: Domaine de Bernier Chardonnay, Loire Valley France

Shrimp and Avocado Paris-Brest, Cilantro

Black Cod "en Papillote", Ramps, Asparagus, Fennel Wine: Gustav Grüner Veltliner. Austria

"Pillow Crackers", Ricotta, Orange Confit, Radish, Pistachio Wine: Illuminati Campirosa Rosé, Abruzzo Italy

Mushroom Risotto, Aged Parmesan, Balsamic Vinegar Wine: Zorzal Graciano, Navarra Spain

Stillwater Farm's Lamb, Potato "Strata", Grain Salad, Lemon Curd Wine: Lopez de Haro 2005 Reserva Rioia. Spain

Quinine Sorbet, Crème Fraîche Cake, Rhubarb Wine: Boundary Breaks Riesling Single Clone no. 239, Finger Lakes

Chocolate and Cherry Cremeux, Stracciatella Gelato, Bing Cherries Wine: Noval Black Port. Portugal

Mignardise Fernet Branca and Truffles

The first table may or may not have been a stone. But it was certainly a solid block. Over time, as more blocks were added, the table took on various shapes. Those who gather together today evoke the first table's memory when they consume primary forms.

The true house is a nest, not a cage. It is a place where every cup is a bottomless well. Moving from well to well is effortless for some, while others prefer a precarious perch—above the abyss that must be crossed.

The inside of a house is an open book, exposing the lives of its inhabitants. But, like books, no house can ever be fully consumed. Floors, ceilings, and pages are devoured by time alone, leaving holes to echo between absent paper plates.

When a house undresses, it removes its bare walls. What then lies beneath? Perhaps it is something with slippery skin. After all, adornments are sly coverings, always ready to be unzipped and equally eager to redress.

A sleeping room dreams of doors that continuously open-without knobs to turn or hinges that creak. Pillows muffle the sound of repeated closings and cushion the fall of glass.

In the attic, secret flavors are stored. Craving movement, dusty luggage convenes with buckets and crates. Together, these aging containers pry loose the floorboards and provide sustenance to the wrinkles beneath.

Cutting through a house performs a selective archaeology. Tastes are revealed in lavers wainscoting, wallpapers, timbers, plaster and lath. These layers sample the buried core of a house's existence—a mine of underground growth.

The hanging of a picture is a ritual of decay. Set inside a frame, frozen images slowly melt.

A dinner climbs steadily up a house's walls. Like a processional meal, each component builds upon successive treats. The house digests its rooms slowly and attains satisfaction with the city's peak.

## 1 **Parlor Play Room**

2 **Bridge Room** 

3 Library Room

Δ Wardrobe Room

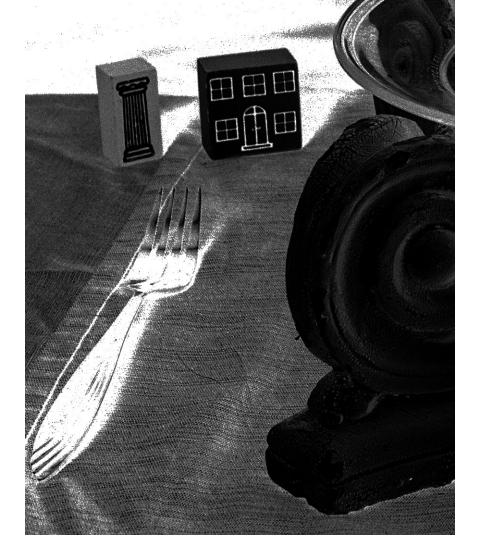
5 **Sleeping Room** 

> 6 Attic

7 Study Core

8 Frame Room

9 **City-Wall Room** 



**Wine Partner:** Georgetown Square Wine and Liquor, Williamsville, NY Sommelier Paula Paradise

**Farms:** Weiss Farms, Eden, NY; Thropes Organic Farm, East Aurora, NY; Stillwater Farm, Boston, NY; White Cow Dairy, East Otto, NY

**Participating Chefs:** Philipp Kroboth, Nicholas Schabert, Nicole Barnes, William Peterson, Grace Platt, Andrew Smead

Lead Server: Sara Testa

Servers: Ana Misenas, Julia Hunt, Peter Urban, Juan Andres DeRisio

Photography: Ginny Rose Stewart

## Fargo Table-City-House Repast

May 17, 2014

The Fargo House 287 Fargo Avenue Buffalo, New York

Dennis Maher & Colleen Stillwell

CS1 Curatorial Projects

