



The
CHEW
FOOD. LIFE. FUN.



Edited by Peter Kaminsky and Ashley Archer

H Y P E R I O N
new york

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Introduction

By Gordon Elliott, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

The CHEW was created in about 20 minutes, like a fully formed song just waiting to be written by a hungover rock star. Brian Frons, then head of ABC daytime, a lovely man, was chatting with me one day and threw out the question, “What would you do with an hour on ABC daytime?”

Being a cable TV producer, it was rare anyone asked my opinion of anything. I had one shot and nothing to lose, so I began a stream of consciousness ramble that had been running around my head for years.

I had always imagined a group of friends with lifestyle skills, wit, and real camaraderie that could show viewers how to get a little more out of their daily routines. Not fancy stuff, not expensive, just how to get through the day with a better meal, a smarter choice, a useful tip, a few laughs. If it was done right, I hoped it would feel like a party in the kitchen. TV that made you feel the time you spent watching wasn’t wasted.

Brian paused. I imagined I’d bored him rigid by this point.

“What would you call it?”

The name was pure cheek.

“Well, it’s a mix of food and a group host format like *The View*, so *The Chew* seems blindly obvious.”

I figured he thought I was just kidding around. Neither of us was. *The Chew* was born.

I immediately sat down with the very smart Mark Schneider, my managing director and trusted consigliere. Our usual easy collaboration made it all look doable. Without him it would have been a nightmare. I took a deep breath and made a casting note to myself. I imagined a group of friends effortlessly preparing dinner, splashing Chardonnay and laughter with each other. I wrote the type of “characters” they would be—like a scene from *The Big Chill*.

The host of the party—generous, witty, and well rounded.

The funny guy with a cheeky point of view but also something solid to him.

The curious younger woman with a mix of humility and smarts.

The “mother love” figure with life under her belt but still laughs easily.

The older guy with wisdom and skill—the father figure.

Things began to come together quickly. Randy Barone, the show’s eventual godfather at ABC, rushed into my office the first week of casting with a tape of Daphne Oz. She had just made her first-ever appearance on her father’s TV program, *The Dr. Oz Show*. Her poise, humor, and humility were

obvious. We had coffee. She wasn’t looking to be on TV; she wanted to study and write. She was not overeager, like a presidential nominee who doesn’t seem to want the gig. This only made her an even more attractive candidate.

Similar to many women, her relationship with food was complex. She had faced terrible insecurity about her body image growing up and knew that constant dieting only fed the beast—pun intended. Daphne eventually found a daily routine that helped her shed her excess 30 pounds and keep it off permanently. She then wrote a book about her search and solutions. It was a *New York Times* bestseller. Not bad for a twenty-three-year-old.

Daphne was newly married, curious, practical, and looking for balance—in her body, work, food, and career. Add a wicked sense of humor and an ability to give as good as she got and you understand why I called her the following day and offered her the job. One down, four to go.

The easy ones? Michael Symon and Mario Batali, two of the most congenial cooks ever to grace the tube. Mario—like Madonna—needs only a first name to identify him to millions of fans of his television and restaurant empire. Michael’s stellar reputation was forged in the fires of *Iron Chef*, and he is the master of a heartland domain of successful and terrific restaurants. Working with them over the years, I knew what cheeky, funny men they were. Stylishly competent, they made cooking in stultifying kitchens eight days a week look sexy. Blunt but charming with hearts the size of holiday hams, they were huge TV stars in their own right. That was the problem. They had great lives and didn’t need the money, the extra fame, or the time away from their families.



But I knew their weakness. Like all great chefs, they are both congenital pleasers. They live to make people happy. I explained this was their dream show. A chance to tell their stories and cook their food in real time, to hang out together and show folks how fun cooking can be. That and a couple pounds of fifty-dollar bills helped do the trick.

From the first time I saw Carla Hall on *Top Chef*, I could see she didn't cook to impress the judges as much as she grooved on her blend of food, love, and soul and the audience sensed it. Like Michael and Mario, nothing makes her happier than standing next to a new friend and showing them a long-learned recipe. She takes them into her calming, comforting world. I needed that magic on the show. I called, she screamed. I found out later she screams a lot. Her joy is high volume.

Clinton came out of the blue at the last moment. We were a week away from announcing the show and still lacked a master of ceremonies. I was starting to sweat and began checking my list of usual suspects when Randy Barone threw open my door again and walked in with Clinton Kelly, fresh from his appearance on *The View* promoting his relationship with Macy's as the company's spokesman. He walked into the room with a confident grin and a hilarious story, sweeping everyone off their feet and into party mode. I had never seen him on TV before and was staggered by how naturally he fit in. He was a true natural host. He listened carefully and, with the mental suppleness of a Russian gymnast, directed conversation to a graceful point, making people feel funnier than they really were. I was as excited as a fat boy in a bakery. I couldn't wait to bring them all together and see if they liked one another as much as I liked them individually.

They did. And the result, as they say, is in the chocolate volcano pudding: five real friends doing what they love, adding a little smarts and fun into the TV world.

You can't fake this stuff. People can tell. That's why the show is a hit.

Writing this book felt like a natural evolution. *The Chew* was always designed to be useful, but the information our hosts naturally spilled into the show soon became a flood. Beyond just recipes and cooking times, their fertile minds bore a bumper crop of life-enhancing tips that felt like a master class in useful fun. We wanted to keep the unique voice of the show intact, so we literally took the words off the screen, added some beautiful shots of the food, and threw a fellow host's side comment in here and there, just as they do on-air.

We hope we've captured the mood created on-screen and continued that spark to try something different. As Clinton says, "Small changes can make big differences in your life," so go ahead, pick one and try it out. Or just sit there and enjoy a lazy, delicious read.

I hope you enjoy the result.

The Chew icons



LIGHT AND HEALTHY



SIMPLE ITALIAN



VIEWERS' CHOICE



TWO-FER (Two Meals in One)



5-IN-5 (5 Ingredients in 5 Minutes)



KID FRIENDLY



COCKTAIL

Each recipe includes skill level (Easy or Moderate) and price range (\$ for recipes that cost under \$5 to make, \$\$ for recipes that cost under \$10, and \$\$\$ for recipes that cost over \$10).

Food, Fire, and Family: Memories of the Grill

Michael

My dad felt he was the master of fire, and we let him think that because he was pretty good, but the truth is everybody worked the grill, including my mom. We did lots of lamb and a ton of spit roasting. A couple of times throughout the year, we made lamb or goat on a spit just brushed with olive oil and oregano and a little bit of red wine and vinegar. We always used hardwood charcoal. It makes the best heat and has the best flavor. My favorite grill meal these days: rib-eye with tomato salad. Perfection!!

Mario

In my family, everything went on the fire. The division of labor was pretty old-fashioned: the boys got the fire and the ladies got the kitchen, but everyone cooked—grandmas, grandpas, uncles, aunts, cousins.

All of my cousins, particularly on my mom's side, were big fishermen: they owned, like, half the state records for steelhead and salmon. There were also lots of hunters in the family, so after every fishing or hunting trip, they would bring back their edible trophies and grill them, smoke them, cure them, hang them.

We always did hot smoked salmon and planked salmon on cedar. That burned flavor

was so delicious and unforgettable. Not only salmon. We grilled, smoked, and roasted duck every way you could dream of.

We had a spit roaster, and we did everything from chickens to legs of lamb all over open wood fire or lump charcoal. We even had the Green Egg back in its prototype days in the late 1970s. For us, the idea of using fire for food was one of the basics of life.

Carla

My go-to barbecue meal is pulled pork shoulder like they used to make at Mary's down on Jefferson Street, in Nashville, Tennessee. It was the greatest. Of course, people in the other part of town, East Nashville, had their own favorite, and they would swear by it just as religiously. All over town, you'd see those big oil drums that they'd use to smoke pork, and every smoker had its true believers. Bottom line, I want pulled pork on a soft bun with pickles and coleslaw.

And then it's all about the sides too. You have to have potato salad. Also grilled corn. I like corn, but I love grilled corn, especially with butter and something tangy like lemon and lime. Delish! And you absolutely need some coleslaw. I used to want it very mayonnaise-y, but just like with the grilled

corn, I now look for a good bit of tang, so I pickle my cabbage in vinegar and then add a little mayonnaise.

The great thing about a barbecue is you can feed so many people. I like to keep mine to twenty, but somehow they often end up being thirty or forty and somehow there's always enough.

Clinton

I grew up on Long Island, and we grilled as much as possible. My dad would be in the backyard grilling in the middle of winter, if possible. In my adult life, it's very rare that I cook indoors on a hot day in the middle of the summer, so I'm a big fan of chicken thighs on the grill. It's one of those things that you can be three sheets to the wind and still destroy on the grill. This isn't a recommendation for grilling while incredibly intoxicated, but you can talk and grill chicken thighs and not feel like you have to be spending all your time staring at them,

wondering if they're done or not. I'm big on steaks too. For sides, I love grilled asparagus—that's my favorite. I need to get Mario to show me how to plank a salmon. I so want to do that.

Daphne

One of my favorite memories was going to visit my grandparents and having my grandpa throw a whole fish on the grill. It was the simplest preparation: fresh-caught fish, a little bit of fresh olive oil and lemon. I don't know why more people don't try it. A whole fish is hard to mess up and sooo delicious.

Grilling is one of the best ways to bring a family together, because everyone can do something. I'm one of four children. My mom was one of six. So when our family gets together for a barbecue, it can be a lot of people—like thirty-five! Grilling is the easiest way I know to feed a big group. My fave specialty is grilled corn, Mexican-style. I think Carla would second that emotion.



Amani Toomer officiates a grill-off in the rain.



WATERMELON GAZPACHO

SERVES 4 | Skill Level: EASY | Prep Time: 15 mins. | Cost: \$

I think if Dr. Seuss had ever written a cookbook, he might have come up with the word gazpacho if it didn't exist already. It's fun to say. Classic gazpacho combines the freshest, ripest summer vegetables in a cooling, thirst-quenching recipe. When I think of summer, I also picture juicy, sweet watermelon, so the thought occurred to me: Why not make my own gazpacho with watermelon? Add some yogurt or sour cream, and it becomes silky smooth. If you want an extra little kick for a summer brunch, skip the Bloody Marys and add some tequila to this recipe.

6 ripe tomatoes, chopped
2 cups fresh watermelon, chopped, plus more to garnish
2 medium seedless or English cucumbers, peeled and chopped
¾ cup sweet onion, chopped
½ jalapeño pepper, minced (optional)
1 clove garlic, minced
¼ cup flat-leaf parsley, chopped
¼ cup fresh mint, chopped
¼ cup red wine vinegar
¼ cup lime juice
1 cup tomato juice, for consistency
¼ cup feta cheese, crumbled, to garnish
Tabasco, to serve
Worcestershire, to serve

1. Process all the ingredients in a food processor or blender until smooth. Refrigerate until cold, but overnight is better. Pour into a serving bowl and garnish with the crumbled feta and some chopped watermelon. Serve with Tabasco sauce and Worcestershire sauce on the side.





POMEGRANATE SUNSET

SERVES 1 | Skill Level: EASY | Cook Time: 15 mins. | Prep Time: 5 mins. | Cost: \$

I like to have a signature cocktail for every season. From Memorial Day to Labor Day, I'm a gin-and-tonic man. From Labor Day to Memorial Day, a Manhattan is my choice. One day, after a couple of drinks, it dawned on me that the Manhattan was getting the better of that arrangement, so I decided to invent something for fall.

Hmm... what could it be?

I thought about Daphne, and when I think about Daphne, the second thing that I think about is antioxidants (the first is I love her to pieces). And then it came to me: pomegranates are in season in the fall and they are full of antioxidants. And thus, with the assistance of a bottle of vodka, orange juice, seltzer, and mint, the Pomegranate Sunset was born.

I suppose you could get the same amount of antioxidants without the vodka, but it wouldn't be as much fun.

FOR THE POMEGRANATE

SYRUP:

1 cup sugar
1 cup pomegranate juice

FOR THE POMEGRANATE

SUNSET:

2 ounces vodka
2 ounces orange juice
2 ounces seltzer
1 tablespoon pomegranate
syrup (recipe follows)
Mint, for garnish

TO MAKE THE POMEGRANATE SYRUP

1. Pour one part pomegranate juice to one part sugar in a small saucepan. Simmer, stirring occasionally, until it thickens, about 15 minutes. Cool and refrigerate.

TO MAKE THE POMEGRANATE SUNSET

2. Mix vodka, orange juice, and seltzer. Add pomegranate syrup. Garnish with mint.



EGGS IN HELL

SERVES 4 | Skill Level: EASY | Cook Time: 20 mins. | Prep Time: 5 mins. | Cost: \$

If you can poach an egg, sauté vegetables, and throw some tomatoes in a skillet, you already know all the cooking techniques you need to make this dish. It's nothing more than poached eggs in a spicy tomato sauce. How spicy? That's where the "hell" part comes in. I like mine molto spicy, as in I use fresh jalapeños with all of their fiery seeds. If you don't like yours so spicy, then cut back on the hot stuff. Maybe you could call it Eggs in Purgatory, then.

This is a perfect brunch recipe. I am major league into brunch, because it's a time when people actually chill. No one is on the clock. And in terms of value received for time spent, it takes the least amount of worry and rush, and with the proper amount of Bloody Marys or mimosas, you can linger over it all afternoon and follow it up with a well-deserved nap.

4 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
1 medium onion, coarsely chopped
6 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
4 jalapeño peppers, cut into ¼-inch dice
1 teaspoon hot chili flakes
3 cups Mario's Basic Tomato Sauce (see page 30)
½ cup water
8 large eggs
¼ cup Parmigiano-Reggiano or Pecorino, grated
Salt
Pepper
¼ cup basil, shredded

1. Place a skillet over medium-high heat. Add the oil and heat until just smoking.
2. Add the chopped onion, garlic, jalapeños, and chili flakes, and cook until softened and light brown, about 7 minutes.
3. Add the tomato sauce and water and bring to a boil. Immediately lower the heat to a simmer and carefully crack the eggs, one by one, into the tomato sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and cook until the whites set but the yolks are still quite runny, about 5–6 minutes.
4. Remove the pan from the heat and sprinkle with cheese and some shredded basil. Allow to cool, about 3–4 minutes. Garnish with basil and serve.

In praise of old black skillets

This is a dish for your trusty black skillet. And if you don't have a trusty black skillet, take this as your excuse to go get one. Among its many virtues—such as even heating—it also looks nice. You can cook and serve in it, which makes for one less platter to clean.



The Champagne gambit

A real visual crowd pleaser is to bring the pork—with the crown still intact—to the table and, while it is still hot, place a semi-chilled bottle of Champagne in the center. Carefully pop the cork and watch the contents overflow in a fountain of Champagne suds that bathes the pork and mixes in the cabbage braise. A word of caution here: This usually works and impresses people no end. But sometimes (like when I tried it on *The Chew* in front of millions of viewers) nothing happens when I pop the cork. At that point, you just say, “Oh well . . .,” pick up the bottle, and pour Champagne over the pork. It’s still delightful to watch, and the fact that you are not bummed usually gets a round of cheers from the folks at your table.



CHAMPAGNE CROWN ROAST

SERVES 10 | Skill Level: MODERATE | Cook Time: 45 mins. – 1 hr. | Prep Time: 20 mins.

Cost: \$\$ | Inactive Prep time: 12 hrs.

This is a “No Doubt about It” recipe, as in, it looks so dramatic when you bring it to the table that there is no doubt that this is a meal to serve on special festive occasions. In our house, that occasion is New Year’s. Hogs are supposed to bring good luck, and this is about 6 pounds of good luck on a platter. Made on a bed of braised cabbage, with spices, oranges (plus zest, plus juice), and some chili peppers for zing, and finished with Champagne—it is one of my favorite meals.

1 6-pound bone-in pork loin roast
Kosher salt, to taste
Freshly ground black pepper, to taste
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 red cabbage, cored and sliced
3 red onions, sliced
2 Fresno chilies, thinly sliced into rounds
2 tablespoons caraway seeds, toasted
1 New Mexican chili, toasted to release oils
2 cups chicken stock, hot
Juice of 4 oranges, plus zest of ½ orange
2 tablespoons whole grain mustard
Splash sherry vinegar
1 bottle Champagne (semi-chilled)
½ bunch fresh cilantro, leaves picked, for garnish

1. Preheat the oven to 375 °F.
2. Generously season the pork all over with kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper. If possible, let it sit in the refrigerator overnight and bring to room temperature prior to cooking.
3. In a large roasting pan, add the olive oil and heat over medium heat. Add the cabbage, onions, Fresnos, toasted caraway seeds, New Mexican chili, salt, chicken stock, and orange juice. Top the vegetables with the pork roast.
4. Leave uncovered and place into the oven for about 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until the internal temperature on an instant-read thermometer reads between 140–145 °F.
5. When ready, remove the pork from the oven and place onto the stovetop or heatproof surface. Remove the pork from the pan and set aside. Add mustard, orange zest, and vinegar to the cabbage mixture, and stir to combine. Taste and season with salt. Return the pork to the pan. Lean the pork against the side of the pan. Place the semi-chilled Champagne bottle into the pan and take the cage off the top. You can let the top pop on its own or loosen it slowly with a kitchen towel. Allow some of the Champagne, about 2 cups, to spill into the pan.
6. Remove the pork from the pan and allow it to rest briefly on a cutting board. Remove the pork loin from the bone and slice. Place the cabbage onto a family-style platter. Fan the pork slices around the cabbage. Carve between the bones and add the bones to the platter. Garnish with cilantro leaves and spoon the pan sauce around the pork.



RED VELVET CAKE

SERVES 12 | Skill Level: EASY | Cook Time: 1½ hrs. | Prep Time: 20 mins. | Cost: \$

Who doesn't like winning an election? I sure was happy when viewers were asked to vote for a favorite recipe, because my Red Velvet Cake came in first! That's saying something when you consider the runners-up were hush puppies and waffles, which are two of my favorites. Hey, I'm a southern girl, and the southern part will always love her hush puppies, while the girl in me remembers waffles so fondly. People say this is a sexy cake (Clinton does, but he says that about everything except maybe boiled turnips). The color red no doubt has a lot to do with its sexy reputation: think Valentine's Day. This is a fun cake to make with kids, and I guarantee that after eating this cake, most kids will be happy to have learned that beets aren't yucky!

FOR THE CAKE:

- Butter, for the cake pans
- 2½ cups all-purpose flour, plus more for the cake pans
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons cocoa powder
- ½ cup vegetable oil
- ¾ cup buttermilk
- ½ cup roasted beet puree (recipe follows)
- 2 eggs at room temperature
- 2 tablespoons red food coloring
- 1 teaspoon white vinegar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

FOR THE FROSTING:

- 16 ounces cream cheese at room temperature
- 1 stick butter at room temperature
- 2 cups white chocolate chips, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups powdered sugar

1. Place 2 large red beets in a piece of foil and season with salt. Top with olive oil and a splash of water and roast in the oven until a knife or skewer comes out with ease when inserted into the beet. This should take around 25–30 minutes. Remove the beets and set aside to cool just enough to handle. Peel the beets and place into a blender with any remaining juices and puree.
2. Preheat oven to 350 °F. Butter and flour two 9-inch round cake pans. Line with parchment. In the bowl of a standing mixer, combine the dry ingredients. Mix for 30 seconds with a paddle attachment.
3. In a separate bowl, combine the wet ingredients. In two parts, pour the wet ingredients into the mixer. Mix on medium speed until combined. Do not overmix. Pour the batter into the prepared pans. Bake on the center rack for 35 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool for 10 minutes, then turn out on a wire rack. Cool cakes completely.
4. Meanwhile, beat the cream cheese and butter in a large bowl with an electric mixer until combined. Add the melted chocolate and vanilla, and then continue to mix until incorporated. Next, slowly add the sugar, beating until the frosting is light and fluffy.

FOR THE ROASTED BEET PUREE:

- 2 large beets
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- splash of water

5. Cut each cake in half horizontally to make four layers. Frost the top of each layer, then sides, finishing with the top.

