

# the Pigeon

№1



The Pigeon is published three times a year by Knifewear Inc. Editor: Chris Lord Publisher: Kevin Kent Designer: Mason Hastie  
Contributors: Matt Drury, Kyle Estrella, Ayumi Granucci, Mason Hastie, Kevin Kent, Skye Lizotte, Chris Lord

**KNIFEWEAR**

# THE BEST OF BOWIE

by Chris Lord, Ottawa  
illustration by Ayumi Granucci, Vancouver

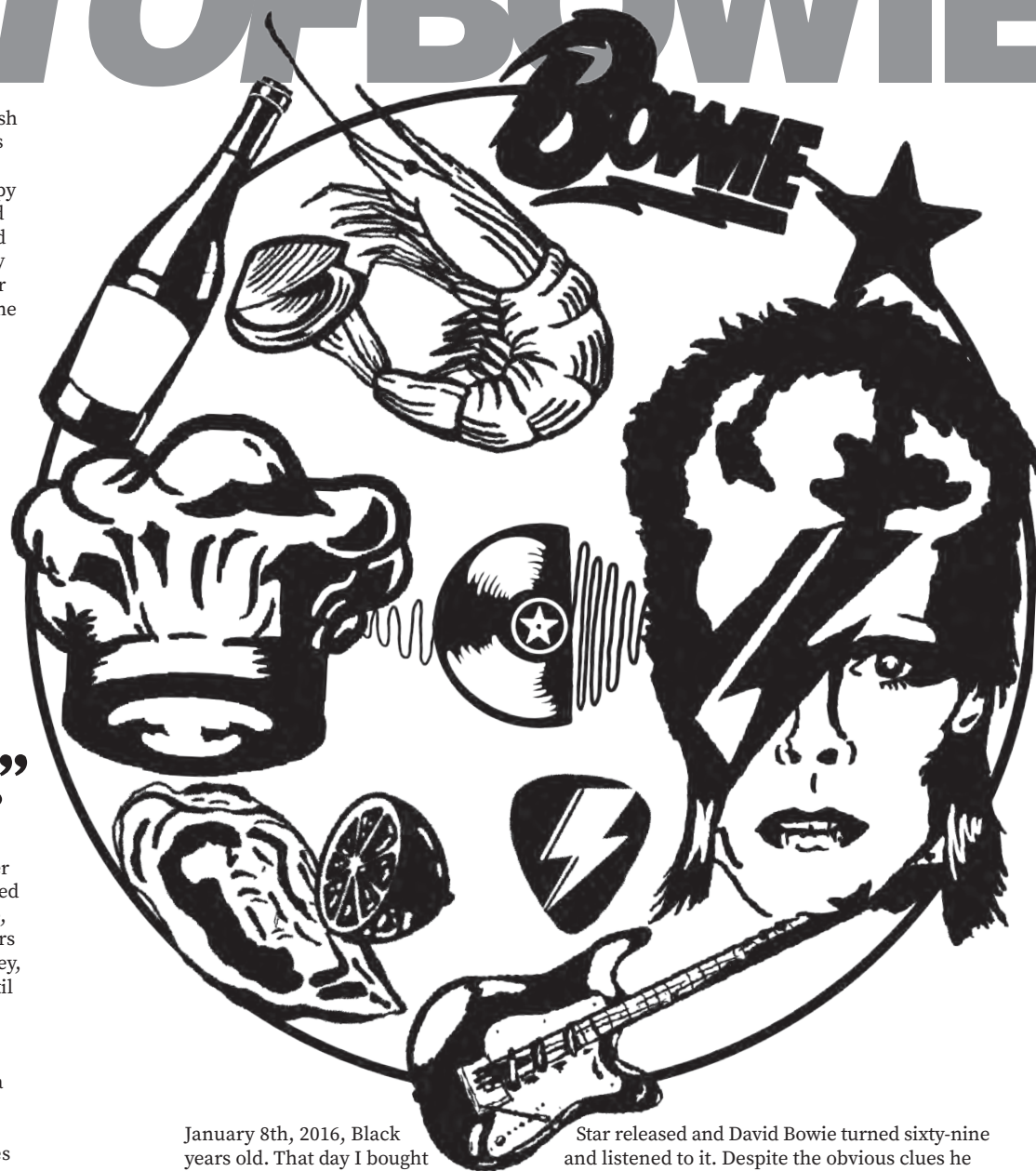
I remember reading that when The French Laundry opened, Thomas Keller listened to a Reservoir Dogs cassette on repeat. Everytime the tape ran out, the cooks would flip it and hit play again; the prep shift was kept on pace by a monotone Steven Wright, rants about Madonna and gratuity, and the second best song sung by Gerry Rafferty. TK was a well-established kitchen tyrant and I struggled to envision music playing while cooks in blue aprons worked — bobbing your head along to The George Baker Selection in a place where a misshapen gnocchi was a sure way to collect dole still seems absurd. Strangely, this routine was exactly what our 20-something seat oyster house needed.

1. Space Oddity
2. Change
3. Suffragette City
4. Ziggy Stardust
5. The Jean Genie
6. Rebel Rebel
7. Young Americans  
(U.S. single version)
8. Fame
9. Golden Years
10. Heroes (single version)
11. Ashes to Ashes (single version)
12. Fashion (single version)
13. Under Pressure  
(with Queen, Greatest Hits II edit)
14. Let's Dance (single version)
15. China Girl (single version)
16. Modern Love
17. Blue Jean
18. Dancing in the Streets  
(with Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones)
19. This is Not America  
(with the Pat Methany Group)
20. I'm Afraid of Americans  
(V1 radio edit)

**“We only listen to Bowie here.”**

I have never worked longer hours or harder before or since — the best food I ever cooked was accompanied by The Thin White Duke, Aladdin Sane, Ziggy Stardust and his Spiders From Mars — we sweated it out in that galley, barely big enough for two side-by-side, until every place in town finished up and cooks filed in shoulder-to-shoulder for cold beer, oysters, and grub that satisfied beyond sustenance. None of us ever got fired for a poorly sculpted dumpling but losing your job seemed less painful than the stinging criticism from Chef. We tethered ourselves to Freddie and David scattng, “...the terror of knowing what this world's all about,” understanding that our success depended as much on our skill as it did the strength of the boss' hangover.

The Life Aquatic With Steve Zissou was fresh in our minds that summer, particularly its soundtrack of David Bowie tunes sung in Portuguese. We sourced a second-hand copy of the Best of Bowie from Value Village and while one of us put away deliveries or filled the dishwasher, some-one dutifully hit play on the stereo and the day began with Major Tom, hatch locked and helmet on. It took one full playthrough to make, roll, and poach a batch of ricotta gnudi. Golden Years to Dancing in the Streets was how long it took to get the kitchen ready for service and the floor mopped. You better have a family meal on the pass by the third time you heard I'm Afraid of Americans. A naive line cook once arrived early to put on an instrumental Nine Inch Nails album and it lasted long enough for Chef to stroll over, swap the disc, and say,



January 8th, 2016, Black  
years old. That day I bought  
and listened to it. Despite the obvious clues he  
left on the album, I would have  
never predicted that The Blind Prophet was going  
to die two days later... or that I would never again don an apron or pick up a knife as a chef.  
I'm not blaming the death of a prolific musician who provided the soundtrack to days of  
portioning sockeye, slicing chives, and poaching lobsters on my culinary departure but the  
timing seems to be an unfortunate coincidence.🙏

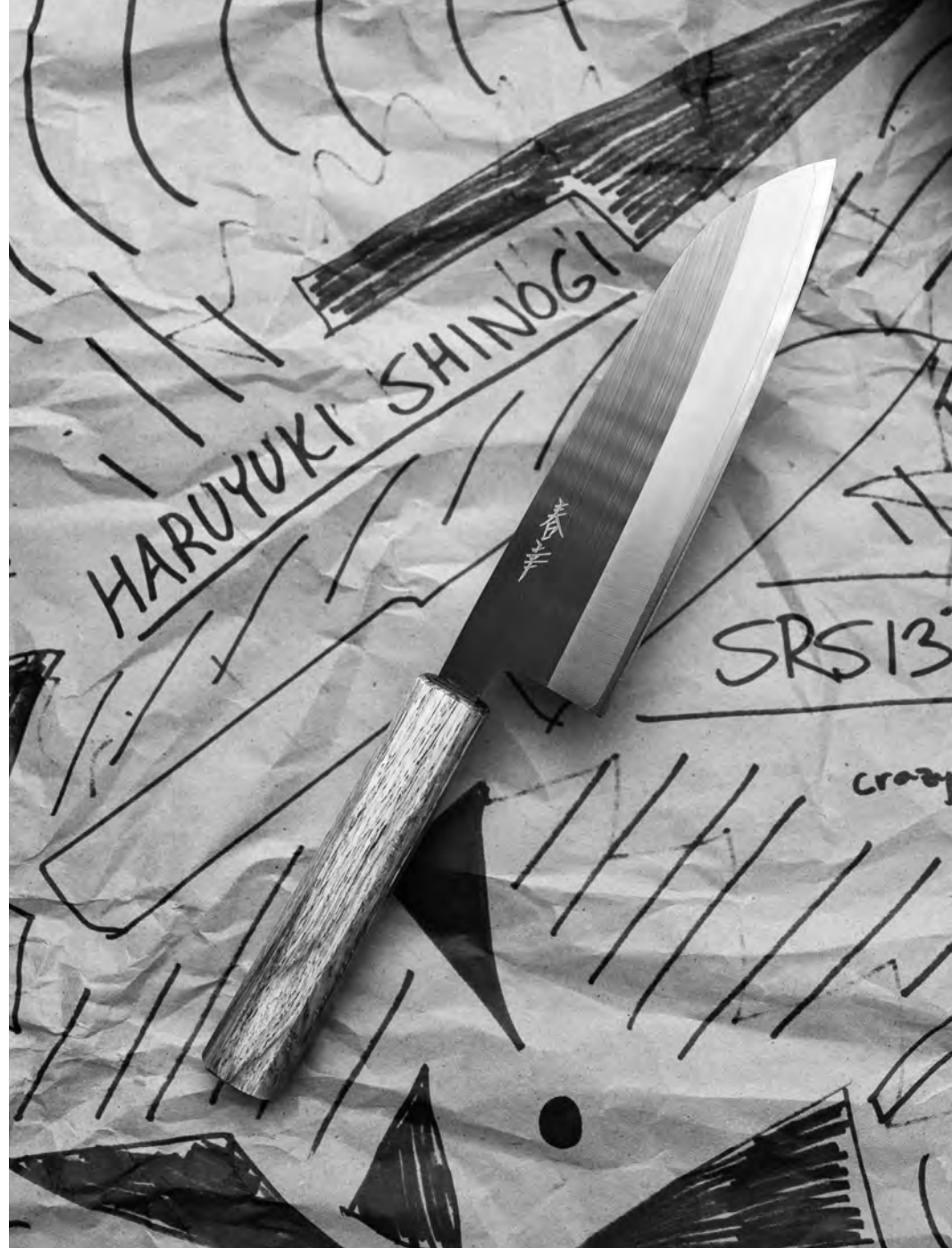
Star released and David Bowie turned sixty-nine  
and listened to it. Despite the obvious clues he  
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<https://open.spotify.com/album/1jd0FC3s6PZUc5j7vovZ1V7si=66i8esimQ6Gc3xjrTUEgDQ>





All photos by Skye Lizotte



**Top Left:** Detail of the gorgeous suminagashi finish of the Haruyuki Zanpa line. The Haruyuki Zanpa is named for ocean waves, its whirlpool pattern reminiscent of the swirling waters.

**Bottom Left:** The unique tsumichime pattern and precision tip of the Nigara AS/S Tsumichime Bunka.

**Above:** A Haruyuki Shinogi santoku sits resplendent on a bit of crumpled brown paper, decorated by an enthusiastic Calgary sales associate.

## GARLIC GIRL

story, cross stitch, and photo  
by Skye Lizotte, Calgary

Dad was never much of a "feelings" kinda guy. Said he wasn't "the smartest brother", but was "born with common sense." I didn't get a ton of "love you"s but I did get pesto pasta. I got roasted chickens with cloves of garlic painstakingly inserted between the muscles, rosemary potatoes, bierocks, and god, the homemade pesto straight from the basil he grew in our garden tossed with pasta twice a week (my favorite). Heated bowls. Fusilli only. No linguine. Fresh grated parm, the aged kind with the salt pops in every bite. Gimme.

We didn't talk much after I moved, and years pass the way they do. I had a lot of sad college meals. There were a lot of bad dates over misguided fusion cuisine. I struggled with eating too much, too little, or labeled foods as "bad" or "good," too often equating moral value with caloric. I hated that I had to eat so much that I was replacing meals with the Silicon Valley meal "solution" of Soylent (not to be confused with the people kind.)

It wasn't until I had a lovely, deeply-spiced garlic lentil soup with a friend that I really got on the food train.

"I think I'm going to make that soup we had at the Lebanese place," he said, picking up a bag of red lentils at the store.

"Yeah? What else do you need for it?"

"Oh, no, I think you just boil these."

I squinted at him. Now, at that point, I myself didn't know much about how to cook, but



I knew enough to know that if I didn't step in immediately, I was about to have the saddest red slop dinner you'd ever seen. So, a little out of sympathy but mostly out of spite, I found a recipe and started cooking. I grabbed everything good and aromatic- ginger, za'atar, vegetable stock, coconut oil, *garlic*. It turned out BOMB, I felt like a little witch stirring her bubbling cauldron, and that was fun. Eating was kind of fun, too. And cooking for people I loved was my favorite.

It wasn't long after that that I landed in Canada. The day after I got off the plane, I stumbled out into downtown Calgary jetlagged and terrified I'd made a horrible mistake choosing to live in a city that had a foot of snow in October. But, I'd found a cool little knife shop online and god damn it, I was going to get myself a knife for my birthday so I could at least make myself something warm if I was going to live in a frozen hellscape.

I got a beautiful little chef's knife (and much later, a career!) which made cooking all the more enjoyable, so I kept at it: baking, brewing, slicing, providing, sauteeing, communing. I still don't get much back from Dad when I talk to him about what I'm up to that day, but as soon as I tell him what I'm making for dinner, my phone lights up: Recipes. Photos of his garden. That elephant garlic, he says, that's something else. You cookin' with mayacoba beans yet? Have you used that little saucepan I sent you? Let me know how the granita turns out.

I keep writing. My phone buzzes. He's making pesto. 🍷

So nuclear fallout has left you with nothing but onion peels, seagull bones, mushroom stalks, and instant soup mix. Plus, there are the risks of throwing food in the garbage and attracting radioactive boars and/or scrap-scavenging nomads. Not to mention the fact that each crop of onions is weaker than the last because of irradiated and nutrient depleted soil.

What if I told you that I could solve all your problems with an feral-chicken-based ramen broth that wastes nothing and helps grow healthy vegetables worth their weight in bottlecap currency?

*You're welcome.*

# POST-APOCALYPTIC RAMEN BROTH

by Matt Drury, Calgary  
illustration by  
Mason Hastie, Calgary

## THE SCRAPS:

- Bones from 2 chicken carcasses.
- Onion trim, whatever you have, save it up in the freezer.
- Mushroom trimmings.  
Or dried shiitake if available.
- Your favourite instant dashi powder.
- Potable water

## THE GEAR:

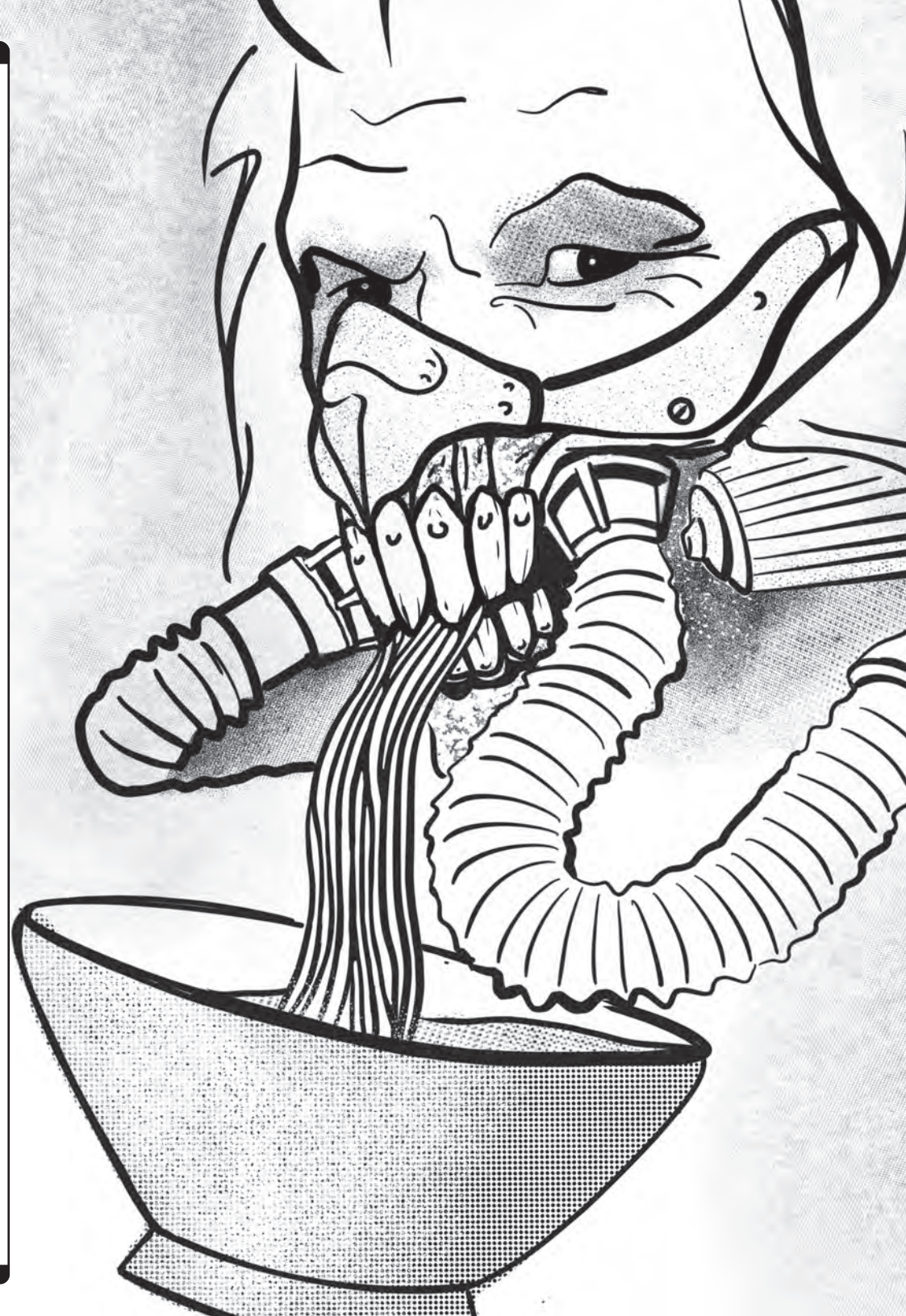
- Immersion blender (a cheap one) or any machine designed to pulverize bones and flesh.
- Cheesecloth or the cleanest piece of fabric you can find.
- Large metal vessel suitable for boiling liquid (stock pot)
- Patience

## METHOD:

1. Roast your chicken bones and onion trim until nicely browned in a 400F oven.  
(Or leave them raw for a lighter broth)
2. Put the bones and onion trim into the stock pot, cover with water. Enough to submerge the bones plus a couple inches over the top.
3. Boil **HARD** and top up the water as needed—you want the bones to soften and break down. Let boil for around 5 hours, or until you can easily snap a thigh bone with your bare hands.
4. Using the immersion blender, blitz all the bones and onion trim until you have a thick, creamy broth. Top up the water to the same level as you started with.
5. Turn down the heat to simmer for an additional hour—let that bone marrow flavour the broth.
6. Strain your broth through the cloth into a separate pan. **KEEP THE BONE MEAL!**

**NOTE:** *You can stop here and refrigerate or freeze for a great chicken stock, or just to pause until you're ready to finish the broth. Provided rolling blackouts aren't in effect.*

7. Add the mushrooms and dashi powder and simmer for around 30 minutes.
8. Season, strain and serve with noodles and a soft-boiled egg.
9. Use the bone meal to fertilize your vegetable beds. Your depleted garden soil needs a jumpstart if you intend on surviving the crazed mutants, irradiated sandstorms, and guzzolene wars on a diet of onions. 🙏



Editor's note: Here's something from the cutting room floor which might find a home:

With a tire pump, assorted screwdrivers, a few allen keys, some bravado, and a couple wrenches you can enjoy freedom of travel.

Like a bike, a knife is an easy machine to maintain. If you hand wash after use, store in a way that doesn't damage the edge or cut the shirt out of yourself, use



The newest Knifewear shop is in Toronto on Bloor Street near the Bathurst subway station, and for the past decade it's been Sweet Pete's Bike Shop. Don't worry, he's not closed, just moved everything to their bigger spot down the street.

A dirty junky Norco mountain bike in desperate need of chain oil, a derailleur adjustment, and new brake pads hangs on the wall in Knifewear Calgary near a framed well used santoku. The bike is technically the original Knifewear shop and the santoku is the knife that started my obsession with Japanese knives. A Knifewear museum of sorts—we'll call it the beginning of an archive.

Toiling away in restaurant kitchens is not a path to riches for many. In fact, it's a path to poverty for most. The math was easy; a car was out of the question and a bus pass cost more than I wanted to spend on getting to work but a used bike is damn near free.

In 2007, Knifewear's original shop was that Norco and a sun-bleached backpack. Could I survive a crash riding around Calgary with up to 14 knives (Knifewear's entire inventory) on my back? I assumed it would be a blood-bath with wild headlines in the news-paper, "Local Man Becomes Human Knife Block!" and lots of unanswered questions.

As a kid a bike offered freedom, as a cook a bike offered nearly free transportation, and now I just like it. I prefer to commute by bike whenever possible; it gets my brain firing, it's free exercise, and it's always fun. I've never finished a ride thinking that I should have driven. Before I've only had one bike at a time but things have changed. Let's just say that if you saw my bike—or knife—collection you would not think, "Well, that seems reasonable." "A bike for every occasion," I say, "and multiple knives for every task." Cyclists like to joke that the number of bikes needed is N+1 where N is the number of bikes currently owned. Kitchen knives are the same.

I started the company on a bike and our newest shop hermit-crabbed the shell of a former bike shop. Bike-inspired displays to go with the knife magnets made of guitars makes perfect sense so please share any inspiration with us. ☺

courage and take control of your life.

freedom are yours to be enjoyed. don't let others tell you its impossible to do it yourself. Grab your

a honing rod, and learn to use a water stone you are away to the races. Kitchen adventures and travel



# UNCLE LORDY'S PUZZLE PAGE

## BLACKSMITH JUMBLE

WUAAJIFR

KIDAE

UNAYR

UAKSKROI

KATO

URMAUSMAT

BSOAHAIYK

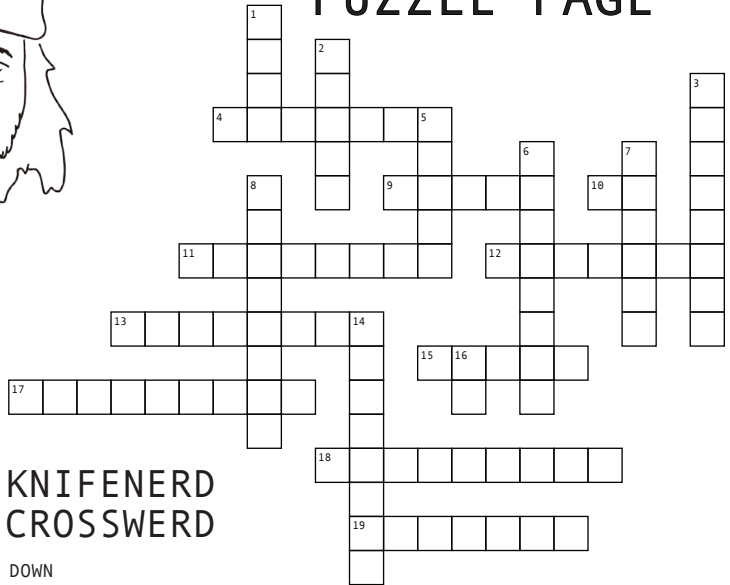
FSGHASEIU

IHOURLAN

IHAMASAS

MTAAORIK

SOAWIAYZH



## KNIFENERD CROSSWORD

### DOWN

- 1 "Short fat tooth"
- 2 A small kitchen knife used for a variety of jobs
- 3 A textured hammered finish
- 5 A single-bevel knife used for vegetable prep
- 6 A blade once belonging to shoe making machinery
- 7 "Leaf-cutter"
- 8 A knife designed for poultry butchery
- 14 "Flesh-slicer"
- 16 Of a Western style

### ACROSS

- 4 "Three virtues" or "three problems solved"
- 9 A santoku with attitude
- 10 Of a Japanese style
- 11 A single-bevel slicing knife
- 12 Pear skin finish
- 13 Folded layers of steel
- 15 "Cow-sword"
- 17 A bad-ass chef's knife of sorts
- 18 "White paper steel"
- 19 A small bunka

Crossword and Jumble answers can be found on [knifewear.com](http://knifewear.com).  
Not anywhere specifically...just look around there and you'll figure it out.

## YAKITORI WORDSEARCH

BINCHOTAN  
TOGARASHI  
SUNAGIMO  
TEBASAKI  
NANKOTSU  
BONJIRI  
TSUKUNE  
CHOCHIN  
SASAMI  
JIDORI  
SHIRO  
KUSHI  
NEGIMA  
KAWA  
HATSU  
MOMO  
LEVA  
TARE

Z C T I J A A T O F X J Y U Q O Q N M W  
G U W E M D X O P K J K V S K Y L M L N  
N U V Q B F B G R S U B K L S T E T H B  
V A V Z I A Z A N P C S W J I Z V H R T  
I M N W O L S R U T X S H D H A A N F A  
N B R K N H A A F N Q V J I T X N E O R  
U F I E C C L S K H B S Y F R E K G P E  
I L W Z W H V H R I O O A N L V B I W F  
N S Q P T X Q I H I O P N B P N X M G S  
H L L P Q A X E K N Y H I J H P K A A A  
Z G N F Y Q A C I S P D A M I C K R H S  
A Y T D C M A J H G P T M T V R R B I A  
B W S E K N A N K O T S U I S U I L P M  
Y K U T A V M K M X C S S L D U Y S Z I  
W X K V W L H W U P J H A J T I I H T I  
R P U L A E O L V H S G I T I J J I Z C  
M O N F G H W I X M E M X N I D M R G M  
Q K E S U N A G I M O S W P M C O O T L  
B E B Q W N J R B I N C H O T A N R M N  
J E Z T I G Y A S F K A S V L U O I I O