



Art by NECI Students — for the NECI Community

THE GARLIC PRESS

POETRY ■ FICTION ■ OPINION ■ DRAWINGS ■ PHOTOGRAPHY

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**NEW ENGLAND
CULINARY INSTITUTE™**

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VIEW

BEHIND THE LINE

by Sarah Moak, AOS in Culinary Arts

It's a Friday night and you're out to eat, and so is everyone else. Your order is placed and you assume it will be delivered in a fashionable quick manner. But what is going on behind the closed doors in the hot, crazy jungle of a kitchen?

Behind the Line tells the stories of the crazy weekends or slow Monday nights in the kitchen. It's about the team who makes the glorious food sent to your tables.

We all assume we know how a kitchen works: a few people behind the line just cooking, right? WRONG. Unless you've already worked in a

kitchen, the customers are slightly clueless as to the pressure, fun and organized chaos that goes on behind that hot small line. “Behind the Line” provides a view customers rarely see.

Let's start from the beginning of the day and go to the very end, when the manager locks the doors.

It's 6 am on a Wednesday morning. Why on Earth would any one be at a kitchen that early in the morning, you might ask?

There is a simple explanation: that's when we get a good look at our food as it comes in. We also know where it will be stored. Someone comes out of his truck with pages and pages of invoices with loads of food and bottles of wine. As he finishes unloading the fun starts.

The chef and his or her crew come in, go through the usual routine of the daily hellos, what's up, name calling and then getting to work.

As prep lists are pumped out, the creativity starts flowing for the nights specials and little extra things to pull it all together, like chocolate ganache for plate designs.

People are running up and down stairs grabbing arms-full of food, dropping one or more of

... **BEHIND THE LINE** continued on page 3



Clinton Wild, AOS in Culinary Arts

WHAT INSPIRES ME?

by Angel Ramirez, AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts

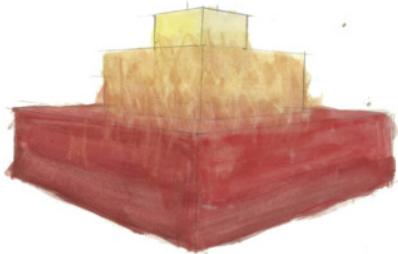
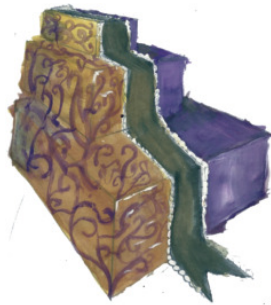
REFLECTION

What inspired me to pursue a career as a chef/baker/pastry chef — apart from the love for food and bread — is my family. I will be a fourth-generation baker after my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; the bakery business has been in my dad's side of the family since my great-grandfather who, as a little boy, started working for a bakery in Mexico City and so began his career as a baker.

He then brought my grandfather into the business and quickly the family business began to grow, passing from generation to generation. My grandfather later brought in my dad and uncle to help him run five baker outlets all over Mexico City.

Soon after my grandfather's retirement, my uncle continued the business in Mexico City — and still does — while my dad moved to Tijuana, Baja California, in 1980 to open bakeries of his own. He owned three bakeries in Tijuana, taking me with him to work on various occasions and that is how I began to grow within the bakery world.

My dad retired from the bakery business a while ago, but my love for it has never gone away, and I am dedicated to all the hard work it takes to bring that business back to life and make it more successful than it ever was. ■



... *BEHIND THE LINE* continued from page 1

BEHIND THE LINE

by Sarah Moak, AOS in Culinary Arts

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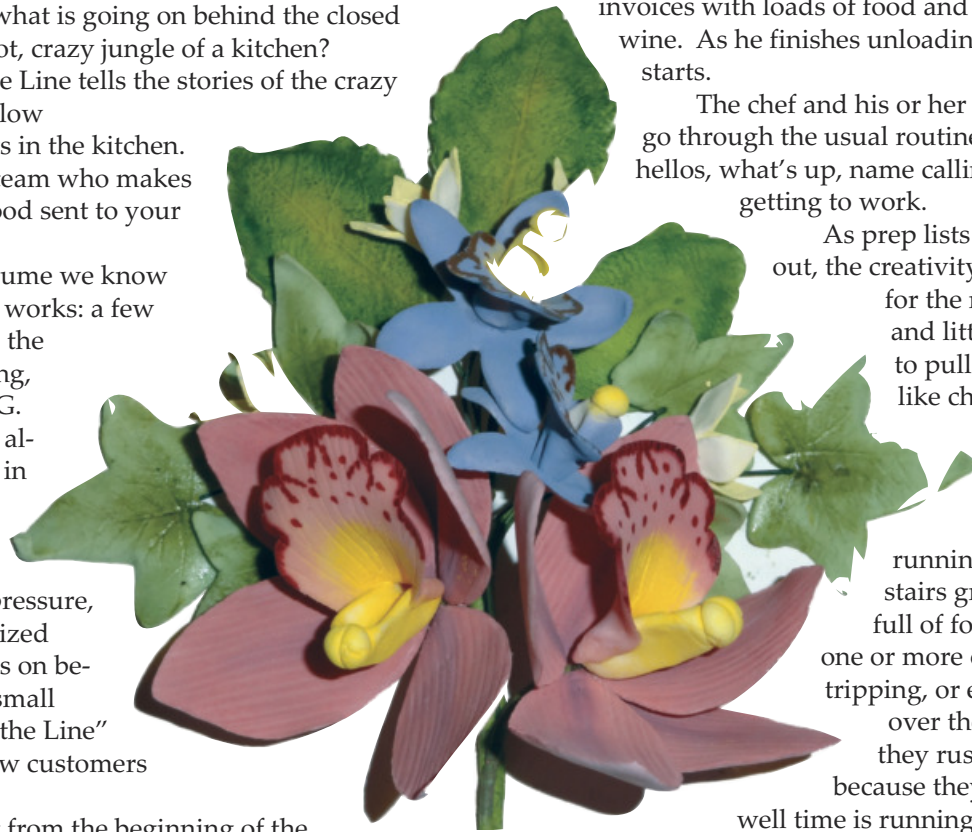
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People are running up and down stairs grabbing arms-full of food, dropping one or more of the items, tripping, or even falling over their own feet as they rush up the stairs because they know all too well time is running out.

With sweat dripping from their faces, cutting so fast it's as if their hands are on fire, rushing to get it all together and still have time for a break (or, as the kitchen knows, it's known as MCB — Mandatory Cig-



These are Gum Paste flowers that I made in Chef Adrian's Advanced Gum Paste Class this summer. Gum Paste is made from powdered gum and sugar (along with other ingredients, but mainly these). It becomes a paste that you can roll and cut into shapes and glue together with other pieces of Gum Paste. They dry hard, but are fragile to handle. Part of the class is on-campus where we make the flowers and color them. The other part is at home work that is posted on the MOODLE platform, where we put them together to get sprays of flowers. All the flowers and leaves are on wires and we tape them together like florists would make a corsage or bouquet.

Rachel Rhode, BA Hospitality and Restaurant Management



PHOTOGRAPHY

Leann Cruckshank, BA in Culinary Arts, samples a rambutan in Chinatown, Montreal. The rambutan is a southeast Asian fruit similar to a lychee. In order to get to the fruit, one must peel off the leathery, spine-covered skin.



Photos by Nic Ledoux, BA in Hospitality and Restaurant Management

MEMOIR

SWIMMING

by *Shelby Park, AOS in Culinary Arts*

Passion, dedication, competitiveness and hard work comes to mind when I think about my swimming career.

I will never forget the endless days of practice, the pain of working my body until I thought that I could not take anymore. And yes: the wonderful and amazing successes that made it all worthwhile as well as the defeats that made me work so much harder.

It was my very best friend way back in the fifth grade who got me interested in competitive swimming. I always was looking for something to do and something new to challenge me. I have never been able to just sit around and watch TV nor let time go by without doing something to keep my mind and body active.

I thought swimming would be a fun way to spend more time with my friend and give me something to do. I went to support my friend at her swim meets and was excited to see if I could do as well, or even better. (That competitive spirit sometimes almost cost us our friendship. We both always wanted to win!)

I really had no clue what I was getting into. I knew how to swim and I always loved the water. Mom and Dad had a pool and made sure that my sister and I knew how to swim early on. During the hottest days of the year in Arizona, there is nothing better than jumping into a cold pool. There is nothing like the feeling of ice cold water hitting your skin for the first time after a long hot day of school or working in the yard. (If the air is 112°F, even a 90°-degree plus pool feels really cold!) That is one of the best feelings ever. It is like sitting by the fire with a hot cup of coffee after you played all day in the snow. Sure, they're at opposite ends of the temperature spectrum, but they both leave you relaxed, refreshed and rejuvenated.

There was only one problem: I did not realize all the work required for competition swimming. I also didn't know that there was more than one stroke, not to mention all the equipment that I needed to

do this sport. All I thought I needed was a bathing suit and a pair of goggles. This is a perfect example of how simple things can look if you are on the outside looking in.

When I started swimming on a team at school, I learned that I was really good at it and had a lot of potential. I had good coaches who encouraged me to go as far as I could and helped me to push myself as hard as I could. I learned that there are four strokes that you have to perfect: free style, breaststroke, butterfly, and backstroke.

My coaches and I worked hard to make sure that all of us on the team performed each of the strokes correctly. I learned that there was a technique for each of them. We worked on body-building with dry-land exercises, breathing control, speed practice and so much more. Because we swam relays, we had to build teamwork and not just compete against each other, but compete as a team against other schools. My best friend and I were super competitive with each other, too! Sometimes the competition with her would threaten our friendship. We worked it out, but we both wanted to be the best.

Our schools won lots of competitions in the regional and state meets. Of course, we lost a few too. We learned by both winning and losing. My friend and I were awarded individual medals many times and our teams won many awards. We consoled ourselves together when we were outdone and celebrated together when we won.

Throughout high school I swam every stroke very well. My coach called me the "go-to" swimmer. If there was a spot that needed to be filled, the coach knew the team could count on me to help them out. Of course, I had my specialty strokes. I was very good at the 500 yard free-style racing and the 100 yard butterfly stroke racing.

... *SWIMMING* continued on next page

... **SWIMMING** continued from previous page

SWIMMING

by Shelby Park, AOS in Culinary Arts

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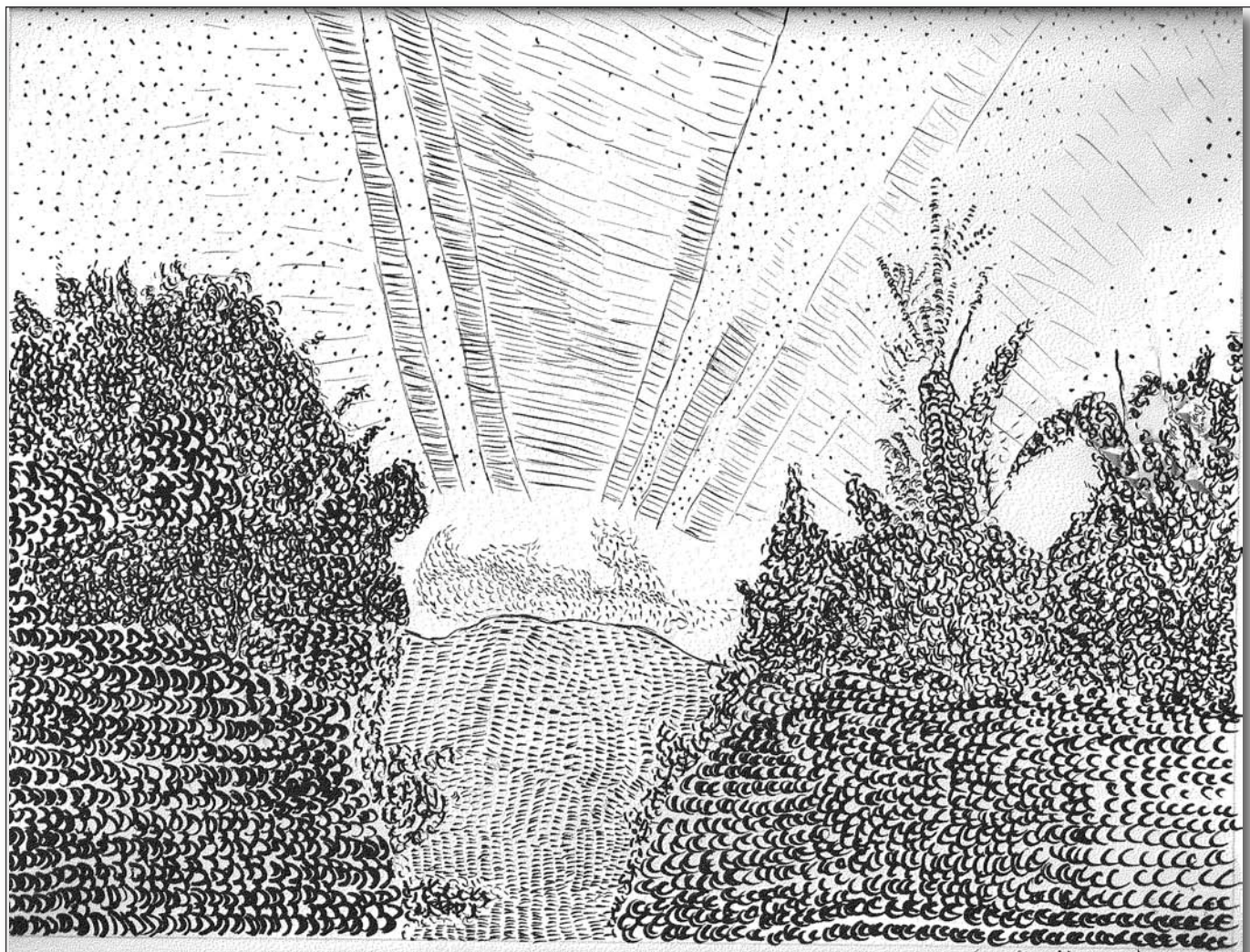
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Adam Trombly, AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts. Sunrise through the trees.

PROJECT



Brenda Gutierrez,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts

Wedding Cake Project



SATIRE

IF I WERE A TOP EXECUTIVE

by Joshua Guarneri, AOS in Culinary Arts

If reincarnation exists, I would like to give it a go as a top executive of a financial institution. I would love having the ability to completely do whatever I want. The ability to write contracts that rope people into paying me for the rest of their lives or offer services like an ATM charge for people to access their own money would thrill me. The power to rip off the general public, make up the rules as I go, score government contracts and not hold my end of the bargain would be simply fantastic.

If I ran out of money or foreclosed on houses and loans, well, it would all work out; the government would simply give me more money. I would be able to cause one of the worst world financial periods of all time, and no one would blame me at all. They'd ask me for advice on how to fix it, even though I'm the one who helped cause it.

I would not only have corporate jets, G5 baby! But I could use them to go to congressional trials about why I'm broke and need more money. I could use said money and not invest it into my business but I would use it for a nice, well deserved bonus. I would help influence presidents to do what interests would best serve me — I mean taxpayers (think Ronald Regan). I wouldn't even pay taxes.

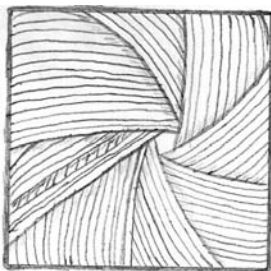
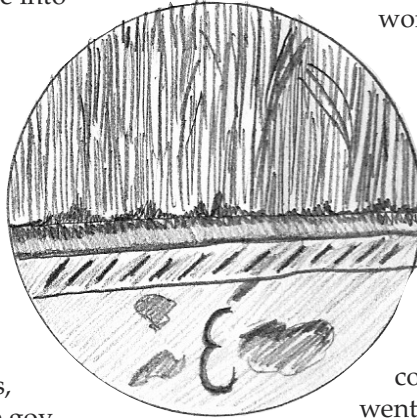
I would offer interest-free loans and put in fine print that if someone should default on

that loan they'd owe their first born, you know I'll take the second born as well. I'd have lobbyist in my pocket, maybe I'd have to pay a few meaningless fines, no problem, I got you speaker of the house, wink-wink, you see we are drinking buddies, our kids go to the same schools, so he knows I'm good on my word.

I might even privatize water, that's the real ticket. I'd shoot for some military contracts and make protective armor that doesn't meet the specifications and send it anyway, so what if a few soldiers, who are, by the way, in debt to me, die, the government will simply offer me another contract because I know where I went wrong, we can fix this.

Maybe owning a drug company is the way to go for me, actually. Yup, I'd sell a pill that would fix men's flat tires and then the government money would just keep rolling in. I'd sell medication that could fix one thing while the side effects would cause cancer, that way they'd have to buy my cancer medication, too. I could charge astronomical rates for these pills too, ha, you don't buy them, you're gonna die! Oh yes, I could get all of the middle-aged Americans; hell, I'll take Canadians while I'm at it, and make them all drug addicts, but have them convinced heroin is the real killer here.

So in my next lifetime I'd like to take on a few roles: murderer, drug dealer, loanshark. Maybe I should just join the mafia. ■



Adam Trombly,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts



INSPIRATION

by Matthew Capprini,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts

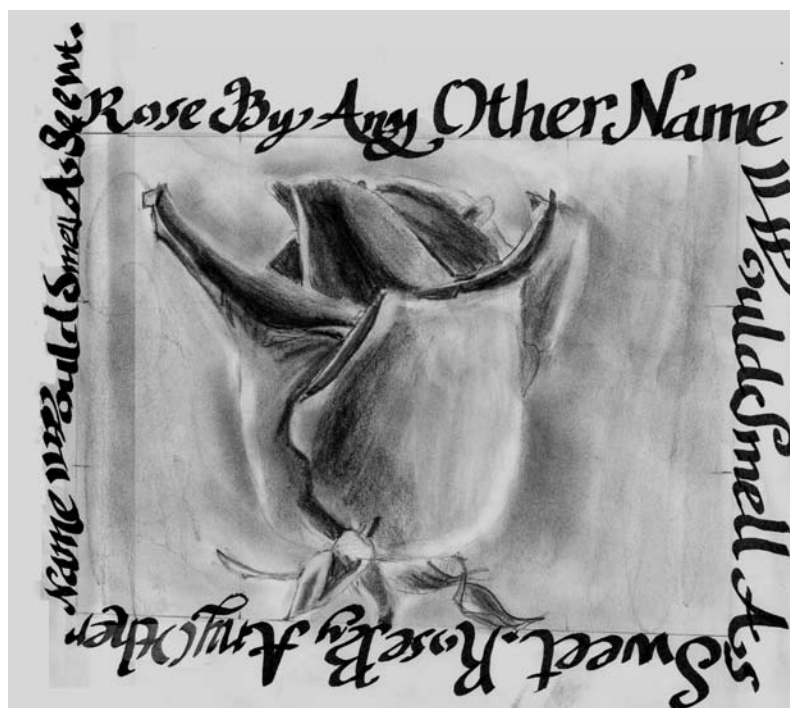
This picture inspires me in ways that I find hard to explain. It makes me smile and enjoy my life and everything around it. It makes me want to look around and notice what other people are not noticing because everyone nowadays is too busy and has to rush to be somewhere.

This picture really touches me because I think you can see an animal in a natural state that shows they are harmless and amazing creatures. Sometimes people are afraid of them. And to see something like this is just really peaceful. Imagine what it would be like to see it in person!

When I look at this picture I can't help but think of my papa. He was the one who got me into the Indian-influenced painting and helped me develop an interest in artifacts. When I was young he took me and my sister to a festival that went on at his base when he was still in the air force. The festival had Indian cultural artifacts and my father loved to show us what was there.

I look at this image now and notice how gorgeous these animals are and how amazing it would be to see something in this setting. I would want to stop and stare for an hour two.

I think when most people look at this picture they probably see a dark setting that may intimidate them. They wouldn't want to be there. But I love the dark more than the day. I would rather take a walk into the woods in the middle of the night than to walk in the woods during the day. I can't help but see more during the night because everything comes out at night. Is it unsafe to walk at night? If you are with a good friend who knows you and will protect you then everything will be fine. ■



Juliane Gibbs,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts.
Rose by Any Other Name

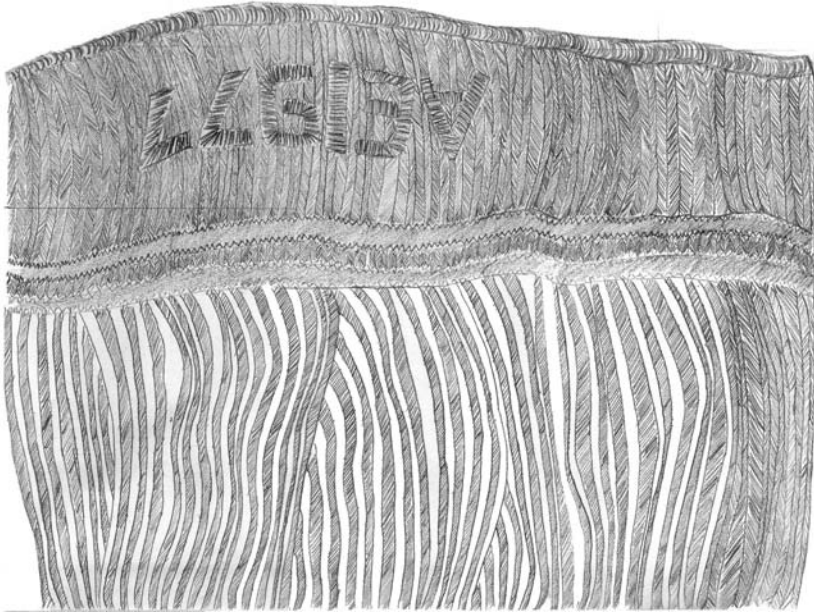


Candi Cooper,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts



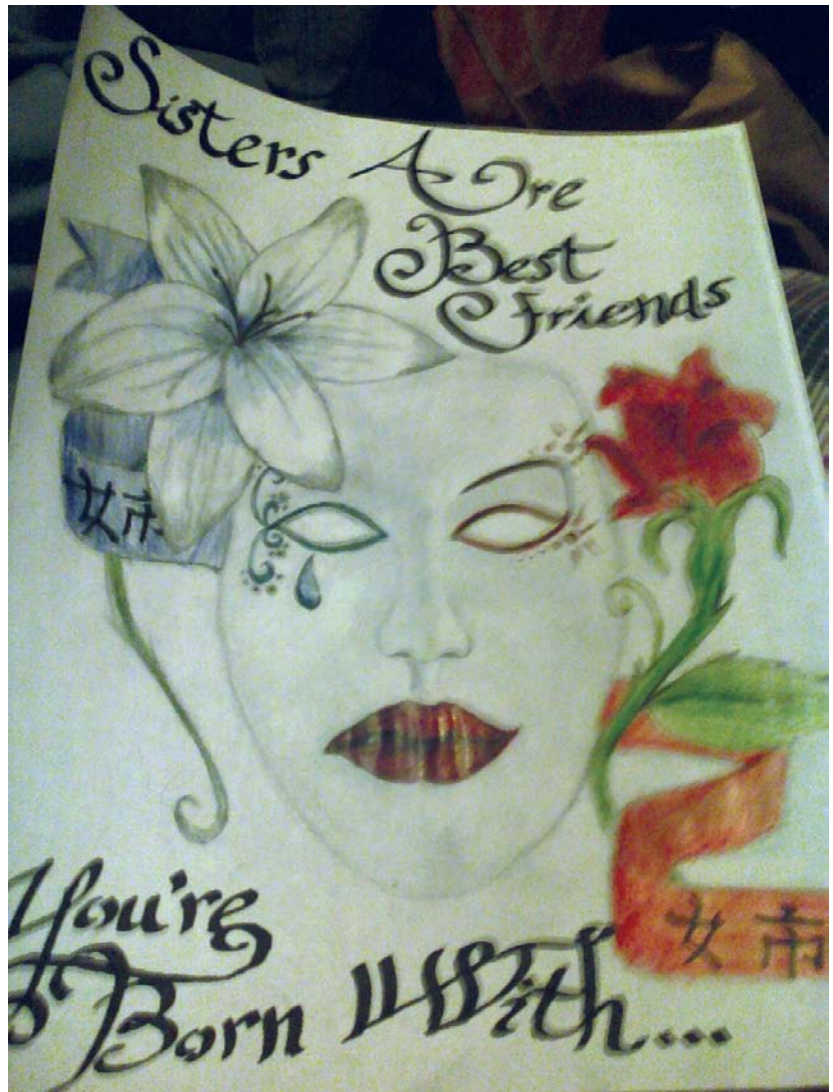
Adam Trombly,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts

DRAWINGS



Adam Trombly,
AOS in Baking and Pastry Arts
Wool hat.

Juliane Gibbs, AOS in Baking & Pastry Arts.
Drawn in pencil and colored in color pencil.
I created it for my sister and myself.
We love the theater and Japan. The mask is
a Comedy & Tragedy Mask and the ribbon
says 'sister' in Japanese. The flowers are
our favorites: the lily is mine and
the rose is my sister's.



THE GARLIC PRESS

Our purpose is to showcase the diverse talents of NECI students and encourage others to share their work in future editions.

Submissions accepted year-round:
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Lyndon Virkler, Core Faculty

Design & Layout by Darryl Benjamin



A TASTE OF MONTREAL

Photos by Nic Ledoux, BA in Hospitality and Restaurant Management



Students stop for some Poutine in Old Montreal. The best flavor? The one covered in bacon, of course!



In a gourmet food shop in Old Montreal, students discover a cornucopia of canned foie gras.

