



Her Place Supper Club

My friends! I'll leave you with a brief intro because I included a little prose about the stresses of loving food and traveling and it's many words if you feel up to it. Lots of fun things coming up in our orbit...a farm dinner...a champagne tasting menu (announcing next month!)a fun bake sale. Tis the season for change and green and wishes for early peas and strawberries. Until then we cook the last remnant's of onions and potatoes and make them brothier and lighter, we revel in the existence of ramps and morels and fold rhubarb into every dessert we can.

Chef Radio LIVE!'s Manna Dinner (4/17)

Bake Sale (4/27)

The Hopewell Farm Dinner (5/11)

Private Events at Her Place and My Loup

Our Schedule

Notes from an insane traveler

A Not Recipe: Half Chicken



One of our tables set with our most recent spread.

CHEF RADIO LIVE!'S MANNA DINNER

Wednesday, April 17

Chef Radio LIVE! is back for its 3rd annual MANNA dinner. Join us for an epic dinner party with food from over 10 award-winning Philly chefs, including myself and Alex.

Come for the food, but stay for the mission! The MANNA Initiative uses nutrition to improve health for people with serious illnesses. Alex and I are so excited to support their work.

Book your reservation for the Chef Radio LIVE! MANNA dinner, [here!](#)



HER PLACE IS HOSTING A BAKE SALE

Saturday, April 27

DREAMWORLD & MAJDAL BAKERY!

Come to **Her Place** and enjoy the culinary genius of **Majdal Bakery** and **Dreamworld Bakes!**

Doors open at **11am!**



HER PLACE x THE HOPEWELL FARM DINNER

We're back for round two. Join us for an evening of outdoor farm fun on the site of this future boutique hotel in Lambertville. The evening will start with an outdoor cocktail hour and passed bites....we'll be cooking over live fire and will be sipping as we do so.

This was one of my favorite events we've ever done and the setting is out of this world. Plenty of drinks, plenty of tunes, plenty of food.
32 spots only!!

When: 5-10pm on Saturday, May 11

Where: The Hopewell Inn

Tickets on sale with next reservation drop, Sunday 4/14.



Some of our live fire dishes from last year's Hopewell dinner.

A SPECIAL CHAT! Governor Shapiro...



Alex and I had the incredible honor to sit down with Governor Josh Shapiro and First Lady Lori Shapiro to discuss his plan to increase the budget for tourism.

You can catch our [interview here](#). What an inspiring conversation -- we are proud to represent our community and grateful for this insane opportunity.

RECAP: Wharton Hospitality Conference

I had the pleasure of sitting on a panel with Ellen Yin and discussing the ins & outs of the hospitality industry at the **Wharton Hospitality Conference**. The esteemed Angela Duckworth was our moderator (major fan-girl moment) and it was incredible to sit down and chat with a student body passionate about entrepreneurship in the hospitality field.



My Loup & Her Place now taking bookings for private events!

Come celebrate your special occasions with us! Graduation weekends are filling up fast. Lock it down --brunch is an option if you're asking :) And yes --Jazzmen will make you this sprinkle cake if you're also asking.

If you're interested, shoot us an email at events@herplacesupperclubphl.com



OUR SCHEDULE!

Find our release dates and open dates below. Menus will be posted on our site and instagram the night before reservations are posted. Subject to change due to private party pick-ups.

April Calendar

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
31 rez release for 4/1-4/12	1 open	2 open	3 open	4 open	5 open	6
7	8 open	9 open	10 open	11 open	12 open & Chef's Conference	13 Chef's Conference
14 rez release for 4/15- 4/26 & Chef's Conference	15 open & Chef's Conference	16 open	17 open & Chef Radio LIVE Dinner	18 open	19 open	20
21	22 open	23 open	24 open	25 open	26 open	27 Bake Sale!
28 rez release for 4/29- 5/10	29 open	30 open	1 open	2 open	3 open	4

Notes from an insane traveler

Pulling up to an unmarked address with a sign I cannot read, my stomach is forming into knots, from anxiety or hunger or both. It's not really a restaurant, or maybe it is —plastic chairs that wouldn't be out of place in a grade school classroom, colorful plastic cloths stretched across the tables, and the only visible cooking equipment a rice maker. I fumble through my order, embarrassed by my obvious lack of Thai, instead relying on photographs of menu items I pray to God are delicious. We sit, sipping Chang, it's easy like cool water, awaiting our fate and longing to justify traversing across a whole city because a friend had visited three years back and told us we should. The first bite is either relief or guttural disappointment. And the entire time I'm hating myself for caring so much, wondering why I can't be content with a hotel restaurant or the spot next door. My travel companion, my husband, also a chef, sits across the table, his eyes begging this meal to be delicious so I don't drag him for a do-over after this.

I have been incredibly fortunate to travel. I relish being in situations that make me feel distant, that make me discover and wonder and learn about cultures and people and places. I like to think I'm a good traveler —I plan enough to have a guideline, but am flexible and leave time for chance and wander. I'm sure this is what most *fake chill* people tell themselves too.

But nothing stresses me out more than finding places to eat when traveling. The idea of going to a place, especially one that requires a good distance, and missing that perfect bite or most authentic mouthful is exhausting. Going to Thailand in search of the most marvelous classic Isshan larb you've never had —finely minced, spicy and bright, tangy and herbaceous, numbing but balanced —or that mythical bowl of Khao soi, glossy from coconut, noodles bouncy, with a broth that's deep and intense but not too rich. I have this romantic vision of taking bites from bowls that will wash away my perceptions of dishes I've had stateside. I've had plenty of larb, but have I ever really had larb? I need to have it outside in a busy street, across from a car dealership on the side of the road, and it will be more intense and delicious than the larb I thought I knew, in fact confirming, that I've never even tried what real larb is. Every bowl of broth with no gusto or dumplings with skins thick as wool feels like a small cut, an outsider's wound, and creates a sense of desperation —do more research, eat more bowls of curry, get in more tuk tuks, venture further, ignore websites and friends recommendations, search longer.

I often ask myself what do normal people do? My friends and family whose job is not food and cooking food and talking and thinking about food. Are they less particular or discerning? Do they have the capacity to do more research because its an escape from their non food-centric days? Do they just eat whatever? I am jealous of the traveler that wanders and settles without pulling out their phone and reading a google review. I want to be you, I really do. But the idea of wasting one of few precious meals and limited stomach space and time with unseasoned nam prik or loveless som tum makes me grab my phone.

My husband says its because I'm a romance seeker. We're in Thailand and we're not ever in Thailand so everything must be incredible and delectable and even if it's not I'll still pretend it is. He says this as we're sitting in the floating market, tearing into large river prawns and dunking them into punchy nam. He says that even if these prawns were mediocre I would still say they were perfect. I pause from de-shelling and muddle on his words. My eyes take in our surroundings — we're sitting on one of many picnic tables on an elongated hut on stilts, surrounded by grills and passionate shouts to purchase this or that and we are so very far away from our life, our home, our dog. We're eating with our hands and no napkins and the shrimp is sweet and the beer is cold. Travel optimism. This tactic, I tell him, is the better outcome for both of us. I stop searching and feel internally fulfilled — I'm here in a market, eating authentic things in authentic ways, telling myself that this is the most delicious river prawn I've ever had, just so I can sleep at night.

A NOT-RECIPE! Half Chicken.

Chicken is the meat of the people. I genuinely think I get more pleasure out of slicing into a perfectly cooked chicken breast than most other things I cook. Nailing that perfect line of juuuuust cooked and no longer pink --still plump and juicy and just bouncy enough--is an art! I've been a dark meat girl my whole life, but on this 1/2 I prefer the breast. Cooking it to perfection is a competitive sport in my mind, and there is nothing better than winning and making yourself like the oft forgotten part more.

Some notes --I know chicken can be scary because raw chicken is scary. We'll cook it. It'll be fine. A thermometer helps. Buy a basic digital meat thermometer and make your life more accurate --always insert the thermo into the thickest part of the meat to get a true read. I work in Celsius for temperatures (SORRY).

A high heat oven, a cast iron, and the removal of the thigh bone makes this chicken a quick-cooking experience.

YOU'LL NEED:

1/2 Chicken --we cook ours the thigh bone removed. If you're unfamiliar with how to halve a chicken, youtube is a magical place :)

Water

Sugar

Salt

Butter

1. Place the butchered half chicken in a wet brine (3% salt --weigh the water, not the chicken!) and a pinch of sugar for 24 hours. Remove chicken from brine and let dry naked in your fridge, skin facing the naked air, for another 24 hours. *****Alternatively, skip all of this and just salt your chicken well on the meat side and get to WERK*****
2. Heat a cast iron skillet to medium heat. Add 1ish Tbs of neutral oil, and when your hand can't stand the heat/you nearly see smoke, add your chicken, skin side down.
3. Resist the urge to fiddle with your chicken. Don't play with it, allow it to start to brown around the edges (you can peak after 3ish minutes). When the skin is on it's way to getting some color.....
4. Transfer the entire pan into a 450F oven. Let gently cook until the top of the chicken is opaque and the skin is still a nice color (careful not to burn)- this will take around 5-7 minutes.
5. Once ready, pull the pan out of the oven- flip the chicken so the breast is no directly touching the pan, add butter to the pan and let it continue to carry over in the pan for 8-10 minutes. If it doesn't seem quite cooked, put it back in the oven flesh side down (on a sheet tray with a rack) for another 5 minutes. The breast meat should be around 60 C.
6. If you feel like it, remove the chicken from the pan to a rack to rest and throw in a little chicken stock and butter, maybe some rosemary or thyme and garlic to make a quick pan sauce. A hit of lemon would certainly be nice too.
7. Let rest!!! Then devour.



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