



The Newcomer

Almost anything will grow in Puglia, a food-obsessed region of southern Italy—but it's also sleepy and set in its ways. This is both the easiest and the hardest place for a young chef and her bold, garden-driven cooking to come in and shake things up

BY STACY ADIMANDO / PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVA KOLENKO



Chef Giorgia Goggi harvests artichokes from her garden at Masseria Moroseta.



PUGLIA IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PLACES TO COOK CREATIVELY. “ALMOST ANYTHING YOU CAN PLANT THRIVES HERE.”



GIORGIA GOGGI STOOD WEARING RUBBER BOOTS AND HOLDING A BLUE-HANDLED SERRATED BUTTER KNIFE. AS THE 28-YEAR-OLD COOK BEGAN SHIMMYING SIDEWAYS UP AND DOWN HER GARDEN ROWS LIKE A HUMAN HARMONICA, HACKING FATTENED VEGETABLES OFF THEIR STEMS, FARM BASKETS BEGAN TO FILL UP: RED BEETS THE SIZE OF BOCCE BALLS; SAVOY CABBAGES WITH LEAVES FANNED OUT IN CRINKLY ORBITS; SPINDLY, LIME-COLORED PYRAMIDS OF BROCCOLI ROMANESCO; BULBOUS ARTICHOKEs WITH DEEP-PURPLE PETALS. I WAS PERCHED ON THE GARDEN’S WALL, TRYING TO SAVE MY WHITE SNEAKERS FROM THE RED DIRT, WHICH LOOKED AS IF IODINE HAD SEEPED INTO IT AND HELD THERE.

Goggi is the cook at Masseria Moroseta, a whitewashed guesthouse in Ostuni that opened two years ago. A coastal village in Puglia, Ostuni is known by locals and tourists as *la città bianca*, “the white city,” for its blindingly bright buildings and sun-bleached piazzas, and prized by visitors for its nearby beaches. The food here—a devoted but sometimes middling rotation of simple seafood preparations, homespun semolina pastas, legumes, and stuffed or twice-baked breads—is more distinctive for its adherence to tradition than for its creativity. On a winding, splintered road through the countryside is Moroseta, a boxy, chic, contemporary structure plopped in a field of wildflowers, cactuses, and around 600 gnarled, 300-year-old olive trees. The gravitational pull of the vintage-meets-modern style alone has attracted a wait list of international visitors. But I was there

From left: On a crumbling country road in Ostuni, Puglia, Masseria Moroseta’s guesthouse is surrounded by 12 acres of cactuses, fruit trees, and a massive vegetable garden; inside the kitchen, chef Giorgia Goggi readies baby octopuses for a slow-cooked sugo for pasta; a grove of centuries-old olive trees on the property.

for Goggi’s dishes, which I’d been trailing from across the pond by word of mouth and a stream of tantalizing photos. In them, where lucid garden colors overlay across each other like an impressionist painting, and cultures and global flavors almost never seen in rural Italy collide, I could see a new Puglia, one I longed to be a part of.

Originally from Milan, Goggi has that Italian city look we American women covet and that betrays her as a transplant to the countryside—thin with a long, once-bleached ponytail, oversize sunglasses, and an elegantly crooked nose. After leaving behind an architectural-design degree to become a cook, she spent five years in Milan working at restaurants cooking everything from Italian to Japanese. As a line cook, Goggi said, she jumped from cleaning prawns for six-hour stints at the sushi station to mass-terminating pastries for dessert. But since July 2017, when stress and unhappiness got the best of her, Goggi’s been out of the city’s cosmopolitan restaurant circuit and embracing a slower, more intimate cooking experience at the farmhouse—one largely of her own design, and that changes nearly every week as her very first garden grows and evolves.

“There are a lot of *masserie* around here,” Goggi said. It’s a word that means farmhouse, but across southern Italy it has also come

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to signify hotels built in their remains. At Moroseta, the full food experience has been available only to guests staying at the hotel, until this summer, when Goggi and owner Carlo Lanzini introduced limited ticketed dinners. “The way we do food, it’s quite unique. It’s like a family meal, no menu. I choose every day what we want to cook.”

The “we” is mere modesty speaking—Goggi’s been the sole cook at Moroseta mostly since she began the job nearly one year ago. In that short time, she’s transformed a swimming-pool-size portion of the property’s wild backyard into a garden of inspiration for her cooking, complete with a chicken coop. While such a muse

most of the time, however, Goggi is infatuated—obsessed even—with what else is possible. There are tomatoes in April. Figs the size of lightbulbs on trees by early May—these come twice, ripening once in June and again in early September—and lemons with delicate yellow skins, plump pears, and dark red-black ferrovia cherries all sprung up simultaneously while I was there. It’s the abundance that explains why Goggi came to this place for a summer job and never left, and why you kind of can’t blame her for outthinking what’s on typical restaurant menus in the region. For her, Puglia is one of the most obvious and interesting places to cook creatively, but doing so goes against a strain of traditionalism and conservatism that’s long existed in the region.

“Almost anything you can plant thrives here,” Goggi explained. As we strolled the property, dark fruits that looked like blueberries had fallen all over in small piles. Pointing out that they were black olives, she told me the hard work she and Lanzini have put in tend-



might already be commonplace or even cliché in the U.S. food scene, it is groundbreaking in southern Italy, where cooks and many chefs are ritualistic about serving the region’s rustic, traditional dishes.

If Italy is a boot shape, Ostuni is, spatially speaking, in its upper heel. Here, summer begins in April, and sinewy bitter greens, not plump tomatoes, are the topping of choice for pasta. Many of the classic recipes are built around what’s plucked from the sea: fresh anchovies, mussels baked in bread crumbs or cooked in broth, and smorgasbords of raw seafood “crudo” served on ice, which spans everything from white, crunchy slivers of uncooked calamari to the silky roe of sea urchins. The rest is relatively meager, like rustic handmade *maccheroni* or purées made with preserved dried beans.

In a place where the hot climate and rich soil dictate that most everything can grow

ing to the old trees—they are now taking in the fruit to be pressed for oil, more than 2,000 liters a year, some of which the staff uses to make soaps and bath products. Alongside the ancient trunks, Goggi has also begun to cultivate finger lime trees, originally from subtropical Australian rainforests, as well as pomelo trees, popular in southeast Asia and China, and found occasionally in the hottest parts of Sicily—her deep respect for the old planted side by side with her lust for the new.

“This is why they think I’m a bit crazy,” she said as we headed toward the house and paused at her bushels of growing herbs. From our talks I knew she was referring to Italian travelers specifically, many of whom have stayed at the masseria and had mixed reactions to her experimental food. This type of reaction is common in the culinary culture as a whole. “The cooks here favor basil, rosemary, and sage in everything,” she said, “and when you work in a restaurant and propose using marjoram instead of basil in a red sauce, you are looked at like you are insane. I’ve been trying to plant as many of the different varieties of herbs and citrus and vegetables that I couldn’t find in Puglia, such as lemon balm, verbena, and coriander. Coriander especially is something I could never find here.” As she reached down to massage the leaves with

From left: Goggi in the courtyard of Masseria Moroseta; the colorful carrots of Polignano are shaved into ribbons to make a crisp salad with burrata; Goggi, a spice obsessive, stacks shelves with her global finds; crostini are topped with the region’s dried fava bean purée, purple basil, and roasted tomatoes and grapes.

her fingertips, the plants at her ankles almost appeared to be looking up at her like small, loyal pets.

Inside, we flooded the long skinny farm table with the morning's pickings. At the stove, Goggi briskly stirred beaten eggs with yolks the color of blood oranges in a pan. "For breakfast, if Italians don't find normal grandma cookies or plain cake, it's quite shocking for them. If you propose eggs—or any juice besides orange juice or maybe strawberry—they look at you like you are crazy." That morning, we'd had iced fresh ginger root, garden-grown mint, and green tea, served mixed together with Pugliese honey in a chilled wineglass. Preserved orange marmalade, homemade strawberry jam, and pillowy focaccia were served alongside strands of pulled burrata with soft little morsels of sautéed zucchini and asparagus.

"What we do every day in the kitchen depends on what we find out in the garden," she said, her sincerity reminding me that this is still an oddly big deal in Puglia. Her gorgeous, vegetable-driven,

cooking, wedges of purple onion, and four or five fresh lemon leaves from the property's trees, which looked like enlarged bay leaves.

"This is for stewing the octopus to make a *sugo*," a concentrated, slow-cooked pasta sauce, Goggi told me as she filled the pot to ready dinner. She removed from the refrigerator three tiny octopuses, each the perfect size to straddle the palm of your hand with their tentacles. Within seconds of lowering them into the braising liquid, their limbs tightened and ends coiled, and their whitish gray outsides began to take on a purple hue.

All around the room, jars of all sizes—husky, squat, curvy, and thin—leaned along the kitchen's ledges like patrons at a bar.

and bottles of vinegar from rice to white wine nearby.

One container held what appear to be blackened, dried Brazil nuts, but Goggi corrected me. "Tonka beans," she said proudly. "They smell like licorice and vanilla and the scent of an orchid flower. You grate them with a microplane, and the flavor is very sweet. But I come from Milan, which is the land of risotto, so I like it with a strong blue cheese risotto."

Throughout the few days of my stay, these jars proved as important as her garden experiments in giving her food its outside-the-box flavors in Italy. "I am obsessed with *timut* peppercorn," she said, tipping another

a cook of contrasts and racy brightness. "Citrus and vinegar are things I can't avoid using. It's like the punctuation of the dish." It's true that lemon and acid featured prominently in everything we ate: Crispy bread crumbs for topping pasta got a generous pinch of grated lemon zest and fennel seed. Miso-roasted yellow tomatoes were sprinkled abundantly with sour, tart ground sumac. And as an antipasti, she served paper-thin strips of zucchini and red onion wilted in straight vinegar with mint leaves, a floral-tasting, neon-pink-and-green treat I instantly loved. But more than anything, I found her dishes to have a unique sweetness in both flavor and personality. A pear-topped spelt cake smelled of muscovado and the honey glaze it was brushed with after baking. The pasta with octopus *sugo*—the meal for which her lemon-leaf braise was destined—had the nectary aroma of saffron and long-cooked tomatoes. Fig leaves from the property, which Goggi says have a coconutlike flavor, were used to infuse oil with sweetness for salsa



From left: Lemon leaves plucked from the property's trees simmer with octopus; a blistered tomato focaccia from a nearby farmhouse makes a filling snack; lunch at Moroseta in the Pugliese sun; icy prawns for the region's famous crudo; Goggi relishes chamomile flowers destined for gelato; a bouquet of local squash blossoms.

updated Italian food—and Lanzini's taste in decor—has been enough of an attraction for young, stylish guests from all over to excuse Moroseta's remote location. During my stay, the guests filling the rooms were from China, Berlin, Montreal, and Australia. I was there from New York, which might be why I found her style—clearly rooted in Italian tradition but infused with subtle influences from Asia, India, and America, to name a few—not only normal but ideal.

"Most Italians who visit from other parts of Italy are not open-minded about the way we cook," Goggi said outright. "It's quite rare that they appreciate what we do with the food."

"I'M BLENDING BREAD CRUMBS. IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE LOUD," Goggi warned from a corner of the kitchen, where beneath her rolled-up gray T-shirt sleeves I could see a tattoo on the back of each of her skinny elbows. "I try not to waste leftover bread. I toast it, dry it out, and then use it for bread crumbs or panzanella." The bread was so hard and stale it shrieked through the food processor with a nails-on-a-chalkboard scream. On the other side of the room, a metal pot percolating on the stove let off a sweet, herbal, and apothecary-esque fragrance that cloaked everything: celery leaves, deep-red cherry tomatoes with their skins split open from

Goggi sprinkled a few whole dried Calabrian chiles into the octopus pot from a jar with a red lid. Next to it was one marked "liquirizia" (licorice)—a fine, espresso-like powder; another contained oily, shriveled taggiasca olives; and another a seed mix of buckwheat, sunflower, and pepitas. Inside some are spices and blends I don't see in most kitchens and I've never seen in any kitchen in rural Italy: Middle Eastern za'atar, Egyptian dukkah, and Indian masala spice among them.

"I like to make blends and spices of my own," she said. "Here are dried rose petals I mixed with crushed pink peppercorns." She palmed the lid of one jar and peeled it open, revealing a musty-smelling purple-flecked salt inside. "I flavored sea salt with lavender. It works very well on top of a simple tomato salad." There were bottles of Squid-brand Thai fish sauce, sake,

jar toward me. To my nose, it was almost identical to marijuana. "I find it very citrusy," Goggi said, whiffing it to confirm. "I like to pair it with chocolate or with strong meat like pigeon, beef, lamb. I like meat that tastes like meat." Nigella seeds, of which she has a full jar, "taste a lot like oregano to me, but also give a crunchiness. Not many people use them around here, but they do have a Mediterranean taste."

For a cook as globally minded as she is, Goggi never complains about classic Pugliese—or any Italian—food. "All I remember from my childhood is linked to food. My mom makes very traditional dishes, like the best *brodo* with tortellini. It's something I really crave all the time. The only change is that now when I go home, she says to me, 'You do the vegetables.'"

Like many chefs, especially these days, Goggi describes herself as an acid junkie,

verde. And marinated anchovy fillets were topped with soaked white raisins and syrupy arcs of candied orange peel.

"This dish is totally my mother," she said of the anchovy dish, the white plate and the silvery skins of the fish eye-piercingly bright in the midday Pugliese sun. "She would make it with different kinds of marinated fish, but the candied citrus peel, the onions, and the dried fruit are all hers." We scooped up the tiny fillets with pickled red onion and plump olives alongside crisp local rosé made from primitivo del Salento, a local grape produced between the region's two coasts. It was a dish and a day that could burn your eyes without sunglasses, which left me delirious upon reentering the kitchen.

"The only thing is, it's not as easy to get ingredients here as it is in a big city," Goggi said, "but there are some little specific shops that are helping me. There is this super-tiny organic shop nearby that has, like, three things, but every time I go there and ask for something new, such as miso, they try to find what I want and bring it here." She's had a similar experience with the local cheesemakers who, since seeing her patronize their businesses regularly, have warmed up to helping her. "I couldn't find any crème fraîche or buttermilk here, but I proposed it to a cheesemaker. Now we are making some trials together, and I'm super happy about it." Some,

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like the cheesemakers, have begun to call her “Gio” (said like “Joe”), which she blushed at upon sharing. “The thing with people in Puglia is that if they love you somehow, they try to help you and please you in any way possible.”

ON THE LAST MORNING, WHEN THE BELLOWING RUMMMM-rumm of the tractor began and I was awake with no chance of returning to sleep, we seized our 5 a.m. wake-up to visit a traditional masseria, an actual family-owned farmhouse that produces traditional products for sale in a small, barely marked shop in the countryside.

Inside Goggi’s car, the navigation spewed *a sinistras* (lefts) and *a destrás* (rights) from between us. We passed through Martina Franca, the largest town in the area, which is postcard Puglia—all white facades, ironwork balconies, and magenta flowers.

When we arrived at the bakers’ kitchen, not typically open to the public, rows of hundreds of *friselle*—brittle, twice-baked biscuits used to sop up pasta sauces and the region’s vegetable stews—were laid out on towels to proof. An older man plunged his fingertips into focaccia dough spread out in dark, warped pans, then squeezed fresh tomatoes to release their juices over the top. Birds chirped feverishly outside the door. In another corner, a younger man portioned out bags of flour. Little crates of loaves lay proofing between scrunched white linens.

“There are different brothers who run things here,” Goggi said. “Some bake bread. Some make vegetables. Some take care of the dairy. There are sisters too, but they do the selling.” The older man threw piles of olive-tree trimmings into the wood-fired oven and began to load in the trays.

When the focaccia was done, he trimmed off hulking rectangles for us to eat. The tomato juices had caramelized into smoky blackened patches on the top of the dough, and everything shone with olive oil. We walked around the property while we ate. A guy in a jumpsuit smoked a cigarette while milking a cow.

Outside, a man named Giuseppe, one of the elder brothers, showed us where patches of wild chamomile and elderflower had grown in leggy heaps. Goggi pressed her hands together at her chest with excitement and scurried off, leaving me to finish my bread among the smells of the farm. She returned with a massive bundle of each flower, white and yellow and with tiny garden bugs still crawling through their stems. We used the chamomile to make gelato that night, which Goggi scooped onto slices of her golden pear cake. In Italian, speaking straight to Goggi, Giuseppe asked where I’m from, not knowing I understood the language. “*Stati uniti*,” she said back. The U.S.

“Ah,” the man said, with the slightest hint of an eye roll. “So she’s here in Puglia just to eat.”

“Sì,” Goggi nodded and smiled. “Me too.” ■

The New Cooking of Puglia



Marinated Anchovies with Candied Citrus, Pickled Raisins, and Chile

SERVES 4–6

Active: 15 min. • Total: 30 min.

Chef Giorgia Goggi, a self-proclaimed anchovy lover, marinates her own fillets and sundries raisins from local grapes to make this delicate sweet-sour dish. Store-bought marinated anchovies work perfectly well, and when they’re soaked in the dish’s pickling liquid, even grocery-store raisins will take on a juicy plumpness.

- 3 Tbsp. dry white wine
- 3 Tbsp. white wine vinegar
- ½ very small red onion, such as cipollini, thinly sliced (½ oz.)
- ¼ cup raisins, golden, brown, or a mix
- 10 sage leaves
- 1 garlic clove, smashed
- 1 Calabrian or red Thai chile, very thinly sliced
- 1 Tbsp. plus 1½ tsp. fresh lemon juice (from about ½ a medium lemon)
- Kosher salt
- 4 oz. marinated white anchovy fillets
- 2 Tbsp. extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 tsp. finely sliced candied citrus peel

1In a small saucepan over medium heat, add the white wine and vinegar, and bring to boil. Add the onion, raisins, sage, garlic clove, and chile, then immediately remove from the heat and set aside to cool to room temperature. Once cool, add the lemon juice and season with salt.

2Drain the anchovy fillets, discarding their marinade. On a large serving platter, arrange the fillets, then sprinkle evenly with the prepared onions, raisins, sage leaves, and chile to taste (discard the garlic). Drizzle the plate liberally with extra-virgin olive oil, then finish with a few drops of the pickling liquid and slivers of candied citrus peel. Serve at room temperature.

Add dollops of *stracciatella* (a creamy Italian buffalo cheese) to finish this octopus pasta dish.



Pasta with Octopus Ragù and Stracciatella

SERVES 4–6

Active: 3 hr. 30 min. • Total: 4 hr. 30 min.

Giorgia Goggi mixes this slow-cooked tomato sauce with octopus and saffron into *paccheri pasta di Gragnano*, a thick, air-dried Italian macaroni. But any robust pasta shape will do.

- 3 medium yellow onions (1¾ lb.), divided
- 2 medium celery stalks (6 oz.), divided
- 2 large carrots (1 lb. 2 oz.), chopped
- 6 cherry tomatoes (2 oz.)
- 3 dried red chiles, divided
- ½ fennel bulb (8 oz.), minced, plus the fronds of the whole bulb reserved
- 2½ lb. octopus (3 baby octopuses, or the equivalent in tentacle meat), cleaned
- 5 lemon leaves or 1 wide strip of lemon zest
- 2 bay leaves
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 5 Tbsp. extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 Tbsp. dry white wine

- 2 medium garlic cloves, smashed
- 3 oil-packed anchovy fillets
- 3 Tbsp. tomato paste
- ½ tsp. loosely packed saffron
- ¼ cup fine bread crumbs (2 oz.)
- 14 oz. dried paccheri pasta
- Finely grated lemon zest, for garnish
- 9 oz. (1 cup) fresh stracciatella (soft Italian buffalo cheese)

1 Coarsely chop 2 onions and 1 celery stalk; add to a large pot. Add the carrots, cherry tomatoes, 2 chiles, and most of the fennel fronds (reserve a few pieces for garnishing). Add enough cold water to reach 10 inches up the sides of the pot; bring to a boil. Add the octopus, lemon leaves or zest, and 1 bay leaf; lower the heat to maintain a simmer. Cook until the flesh is tender when pierced in its thickest part, 30–50 minutes. Transfer the octopus to a platter to cool. Drain and reserve the broth, discarding the vegetables.

2 Remove and discard the octopus beaks, and mince the heads and thick parts of the tentacles. Keep the thin, curly ends intact. Set aside. Finely mince the remaining onion and celery.

3 In a medium pot over medium heat, add 3 tablespoons olive oil. Add the minced onion, celery, and fennel, the remaining chile and bay leaf, and the garlic; cook, stirring occasionally, until softened, 8–10 minutes. Add the octopus, wine, anchovies, tomato paste, and saffron; bring to a strong simmer. Cook, stirring frequently and adding about ¾ cup of the reserved broth whenever the sauce starts to look dry (about every 15 minutes), until the ragù has a rich, saucy consistency, about 2 hours. (Sauce will also thicken when you add the pasta.) Keep warm.

4 Meanwhile, in a medium skillet over medium heat, add the bread crumbs and 2 tablespoons oil. Cook, stirring, until toasted, 5–7 minutes.

5 In a large pot of boiling, salted water, cook the paccheri until nearly al dente. Reserve a cup of cooking water, then drain. Transfer the pasta to the ragù. Return to medium heat, and cook, stirring constantly, until the pasta is coated and al dente, 1–2 minutes. (Add some pasta water if the sauce seems pasty.) Divide among 4–6 bowls. Top with dollops of stracciatella. Sprinkle with zest, bread crumbs, pepper, and fennel fronds.



Shrimp Crudo with Crème Fraîche, Apple, Chard, and Shallot

SERVES 4–6 / *Active: 20 min. • Total: 30 min.*

In Puglia, “crudo” refers to a wide range of raw sea-food preparations, including whole uncooked *gamberi rossi*, the region’s large red shrimp, with their heads and tails intact. The sweet flavors of the shrimp flesh—and its slippery texture—are meant to shine through. Use only the freshest, highest-quality shrimp possible.

- 2 small shallots, finely diced (¼ cup)
- ¼ cup apple cider vinegar
- Kosher salt
- 1 small tart apple
- 1 rainbow chard stalk, minced

- 1 Tbsp. plus 1 tsp. fresh lemon juice
- 12 extra-large head-on shrimp or prawns
- ¼ cup crème fraîche
- Flaky sea salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- Extra-virgin olive oil, for drizzling
- Small cilantro leaves or fennel fronds, for garnish (optional)

1 In a small bowl, add the shallots, vinegar, and a pinch of salt. Set aside to marinate for 10 minutes.

2 Drain and discard the vinegar. Core and mince the apple, then add to the pickled shallots mixture along with the chard. Add the lemon juice and adjust the seasoning with additional kosher salt to taste.

3 Rinse the shrimp under cold water and carefully peel away most of the shells, leaving the heads and tails attached. Using a sharp paring knife, carefully devein the shrimp.

4 Divide the cleaned shrimp among 4–6 chilled plates, then top each serving with a generous tablespoon of the prepared apple mixture, a small dollop of crème fraîche, a pinch each of flaky sea salt and black pepper, a few drops of olive oil, and some small cilantro or fennel leaves if desired. Serve immediately.

Yellow Tomato Soup with Lamb Meatballs, Yogurt, and Mint

SERVES 4–6

Active: 1 hr. 10 min. • Total: 1 hr. 40 min.

“Spices have always fascinated me. I collect them from all over the world,” says Giorgia Goggi, who accents this soup with Middle Eastern sumac and Indian garam masala. If you can’t find fresh yellow tomatoes, red will work just as well.

FOR THE MEATBALLS:

- 10 oz. fatty ground lamb
- ⅓ cup grated Pecorino Romano
- ¼ cup bread crumbs
- 1 large egg
- 2 Tbsp. minced Italian parsley
- 1 tsp. finely grated orange zest
- ¼ tsp. finely grated lemon zest
- 1 small garlic clove, grated
- ¾ tsp. kosher salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

FOR THE SOUP:

- ¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 medium carrots, diced
- 1 celery stalk, diced
- 2 scallions, diced
- 2 Tbsp. finely grated fresh ginger
- 1 Tbsp. finely grated fresh turmeric
- 1 Tbsp. garam masala

- 2 lb. fresh yellow tomatoes, puréed in a blender (4 cups)
- One 14-oz. can coconut milk
- Kosher salt
- ¼ cup plain yogurt
- Thinly sliced mint leaves, for garnish
- Ground sumac, for garnish

1 Make the meatballs: Preheat the oven to 450°F. Lightly grease a piece of foil, then place it on a baking sheet.

2 In a large bowl, add the lamb, Pecorino, bread crumbs, egg, parsley, zests, garlic, salt, and a pinch of black pepper; stir with fingers. Roll into twenty-four 1-inch balls and arrange on the prepared sheet. Bake until lightly browned, 8–10 minutes.

3 Make the soup: In a medium pot, heat the oil over medium heat. Add the carrots, celery, scallions, ginger, turmeric, and garam masala; cook until fragrant but not browned, 5 minutes. Add the tomato purée and coconut milk, and season with salt; bring to a gentle simmer and cook, stirring occasionally, until the vegetables are tender, about 20 minutes.

4 Remove and let cool slightly. Blend, working in batches if needed, until the soup is smooth. Taste and adjust the seasoning as needed. Divide among 4–6 wide soup bowls. Top each with a dollop of yogurt, 4 or 5 meatballs, mint, and sumac if using.





Roasted Tomato and Grape Toasts with Fava Bean Purée

SERVES 6–8

Active: 1 hr. • Total: 3 hr. 30 min.

Dried fava bean purée is served all over Puglia, typically with cooked bitter greens and fried or toasted bread. Gior-gia Goggi adds lemon juice and miso, and uses it as a base for crostini. Leftovers are an excellent dip for raw vegetables.

- 1¼ cups dried fava beans (7 oz.)
- 2 small Yukon Gold potatoes (5 oz.), peeled and sliced
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 Tbsp. fresh lemon juice
- 1 Tbsp. white miso
- ½ cup extra-virgin olive oil, divided
- Kosher salt
- 1¼ lb. cherry tomatoes
- 1 lb. large green and red grapes
- 4 red spring onions (3 oz.), sliced
- ½ tsp. chile flakes
- ¼ cup red wine vinegar
- ¼ cup fig molasses or maple syrup
- 12 medium-thick slices sourdough bread, toasted
- 2 tsp. sesame seeds, for garnish
- Flaky sea salt, for garnish
- Purple or green basil leaves, for garnish

1 In a large bowl, add the fava beans and enough cold water to cover by 3 inches. Soak for 2 hours, then drain. Rinse well and drain again.

2 In a medium pot over high heat, add the beans, potatoes, garlic, and enough fresh water to cover by 2 inches; bring to a strong simmer and cook until the beans are very soft, 40 minutes. Drain well. Remove and discard the garlic.

3 Transfer the beans and potatoes to a blender. Add the lemon juice, miso, and ¼ cup oil, and blend until smooth. Transfer to a bowl, season with salt to taste, and cover with plastic wrap, pressing it against the surface. Refrigerate.

4 Meanwhile, roast the tomatoes: Pre-heat an oven to 375°F and line a baking sheet with parchment paper. In a bowl, combine the tomatoes, grapes, spring onions, chile flakes, remaining ¼ cup olive oil, vinegar, and fig molasses or maple syrup; toss to coat. Season with salt, then pour onto the prepared sheet, spreading in a single layer. Roast until bursting and caramelized, 35 minutes.

5 To serve, spread each bread slice with 2 heaping tablespoons of purée. Top generously with tomatoes and grapes, some sesame seeds, flaky salt, and a few small basil leaves. Serve immediately.

Radicchio and Polignano Carrot Salad with Burrata and Pomegranate

SERVES 4–6 / Total: 20 min.

The dark-purple, orange, and yellow carrots of Polignano—a town north of Ostuni on Italy's Adriatic coast—have a startlingly bright color and punchy flavor. But any colorful, tender carrot will do. Goggi tops this salad with a tart, preserved-lemon vinaigrette, some cumin, mounds of burrata, and pomegranate seeds. “Pomegranates grow wild all over Italy, but Italians typically don't use them,” she says.

FOR THE DRESSING:
Rind of ½ medium preserved lemon, minced (2 Tbsp.)

- 1 Tbsp. rice vinegar
- 2 tsp. fresh lemon juice
- 2 tsp. toasted cumin seeds, ground
- 1½ tsp. honey
- ¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
- Kosher salt

FOR THE SALAD:
¼ lb. radicchio leaves (such as castelfranco, rossa di treviso, or rossa di verona), washed and dried

- 3 medium colorful carrots (5 oz.), thinly shaved with a vegetable peeler
- 2 Tbsp. assorted chopped fresh herbs such as dill, parsley, mint, cilantro, chive, or basil
- 1 ball of burrata (about 4 oz.)
- ¼ cup pomegranate seeds
- ¼ cup roasted almonds, coarsely chopped

1 Make the dressing: In a bowl, combine the lemon rind, vinegar, lemon juice, cumin, and honey. Slowly drizzle in the olive oil while whisking to emulsify. Season with salt.

2 Make the salad: In a large bowl, combine the radicchio leaves, carrots, and herbs with 3 tablespoons of the dressing.

3 Transfer the vegetables to a large, chilled serving plate. Top with chunks of burrata, the pomegranate seeds, and the almonds. Drizzle with a bit more dressing to taste and serve immediately.



Artichoke Risotto with Capocollo and Pecorino

SERVES 4–6 / Total: 2 hr. 40 min.

“I come from Milano, which is actually the *patria*, or land, of risotto,” Goggi says. At Masseria Moroseta in Puglia, she cooks with artichokes from her garden, and is sure to include plenty of their edible stems. She braises the artichokes, then purées them into a cream for cooking the rice, and reserves a few pieces of the hearts for serving. “I love the pairing of capocollo and Pecorino with this dish because they are traditional of this place.”

- ¼ cup fresh lemon juice
- 6 whole globe artichokes, ideally long-stemmed
- ¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil, divided, plus more for drizzling if desired
- 2 medium garlic cloves, peeled and smashed, divided
- 1 small Yukon Gold potato (5 oz.), peeled and diced

Kosher salt

Freshly ground black pepper

- 5 Tbsp. dry white wine, divided
- 3 Tbsp. unsalted butter, divided
- 2 medium shallots (1¼ oz.), minced
- 1½ cups (11 oz.) Carnaroli rice
- 3½ cups vegetable stock, warmed
- ¼ cup finely grated aged Pecorino Romano
- Lemon thyme or finely grated lemon zest, for serving
- 8–12 paper-thin slices of capocollo, for serving

1 Fill a large bowl halfway with cold water. Add the lemon juice to keep the artichokes from oxidizing, then clean the artichokes one at a time: Trim away all the tough outer leaves. Remove and reserve the stem. Cut off the spiky tops, and remove any thick fibers from the base. Quarter each artichoke heart, then use a spoon to scoop out all the hairy choke. Drop each artichoke in the lemon water before moving to the next.

2 Make the artichoke cream: In a large skillet over medium heat, warm 2 tablespoons of the olive oil. Add one smashed garlic clove and cook, stirring occasionally, until golden brown, 3–4 minutes. Add the artichokes stems, 8 artichoke quarters (cut sides down), and the potato. Season with kosher salt and pepper. Add 2 cups water and bring to a boil over high heat. Lower the heat to maintain a simmer, and cook until the artichokes and potato are very soft, 45–50 minutes. Carefully transfer the vegetables and their cooking liquid to a blender and blend on high until the mixture is very smooth. If it remains very fibrous after blending, press the artichoke purée through a fine sieve.



3 Meanwhile, braise the remaining artichokes: In a clean skillet, heat the remaining 2 tablespoons of oil until shimmering. Add the remaining garlic clove and cook, stirring occasionally, until softened, 3–4 minutes. Season the artichokes with salt and pepper, and place them, cut sides down, in the pan. Add 3 tablespoons of the wine and enough water to come three-quarters of the way up the sides of the artichokes; bring to a boil over high heat, then lower to maintain a strong simmer. Cook, without stirring, until very tender, 28–30 minutes. Remove from heat and set aside.

4 In a medium pot, heat 1 tablespoon of the butter over medium heat. When the foam subsides, add the shallots and a pinch of salt. Cook, stirring occasionally, until the shallots are translucent, 10–12 minutes. Add the rice and cook, stirring frequently, until fragrant and lightly toasted, 4 minutes. Add the

remaining 2 tablespoons of wine; cook until evaporated. Start adding the warm stock ½ cup at a time, stirring the rice constantly and allowing the liquid to almost completely evaporate before adding more. After 15 minutes of adding stock (about 3½ cups), start adding equal amounts of the artichoke cream in place of the stock. When the rice is al dente (10–12 minutes, or after about 2 cups of the artichoke cream has been added), remove the pan from the heat. Stir in the remaining 2 tablespoons of butter and the cheese, then let the risotto rest for about 2 minutes to thicken slightly. Add more salt and black pepper to taste.

5 Divide the risotto among 4–6 plates. Top each with a few braised artichoke pieces, black pepper, a pinch of lemon thyme or lemon zest, and 2–3 capocollo slices. Drizzle with olive oil if desired, and serve immediately.

Silky, smoky capocollo—a cured pig's neck charcuterie from Puglia—is perfect with this earthy artichoke risotto.

Ginger and Cocoa Nib Cannoli

MAKES 2 DOZEN / *Active: 1 hr. 45 min. • Total: 49 hr. 45 min.*

Two days resting in the fridge helps cannoli dough become light and bubbly. You will need cannoli molds for frying (see “Holy Cannoli,” p. 110). Serve within a few hours, before the shells soften.

FOR THE SHELLS:

- 2 cups plus 2 Tbsp. all-purpose flour (300 g)
- 2 Tbsp. plus 1½ tsp. sugar (30 g)
- 1 Tbsp. unsweetened cocoa powder
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. finely ground coffee
- 3 Tbsp. plus 1½ tsp. Marsala (50 g)
- 3 Tbsp. red wine (50 g)
- 2 Tbsp. olive oil (30 g)
- 1½ tsp. honey (10 g)
- 1½ tsp. kosher salt (5 g)
- Canola or grapeseed oil, for frying

FOR THE FILLING:

- 2 cups sheep’s-milk ricotta, pressed through a fine sieve
- ½ cup powdered sugar, plus more for dusting
- ⅓ cup candied ginger, finely chopped
- 2 tsp. finely grated lemon zest
- 2½ oz. bittersweet chocolate, finely chopped (½ cup), divided
- 1 egg white, beaten with 1 tsp. cold water
- ¼ cup cocoa nibs or mini chocolate chips

1 Make the dough: In a stand mixer fitted with a dough hook, sift the flour, sugar, cocoa, cinnamon, and coffee. Turn the mixer on medium-low and add the Marsala, red wine, oil, honey, and salt; mix until the liquid is absorbed and a very dry dough forms, 8–10 minutes. (The dough will be brittle and won’t form a single mass in the bowl.) Turn out the dough, kneading briefly to press it together. Wrap tightly with plastic wrap, and refrigerate for at least 2 days and up to 5.

2 The day of serving, make the filling: In a medium bowl, combine the ricotta, powdered sugar, ginger, zest, and half the bittersweet

chocolate. Transfer to a piping bag and refrigerate.

3 Remove and unwrap the cannoli dough. Cut it into thirds. Cover 2 pieces with plastic wrap, then use a rolling pin to flatten the third piece until it is thin enough to pass through the widest setting of a pasta machine. (You may have a shaggy strip of dough—that is normal.) Fold the strip into thirds, as if folding a letter, and pass it through the pasta machine. Continue folding and rolling until the dough comes together in a smooth strip, then tighten the setting on the machine another notch with each pass through the rollers. Stop when the dough is very thin (2 mm) or reaches setting 8 on the machine.

4 Using a ¾-inch circular cookie or biscuit cutter, cut rounds from the dough, then wrap each around a cannoli mold (the edges should overlap slightly). Brush the inside edge with a little of the prepared egg-white wash, and press the remaining edge on top to seal. Set the prepared molds aside while you continue rolling and shaping (you can work in batches, depending on how many molds you have). Press and reroll the dough scraps once; you should have 24–26 pieces.

5 Line a baking sheet with paper towels. In a medium pot, add enough oil to reach 2½ inches up the sides; heat to 350°F. Add the prepared molds 2–3 at a time, gently stirring to prevent sticking or scorching at the pot’s bottom. When crisped and bubbled, 2–3 minutes, remove to the baking sheet. Repeat with remaining shells. Let cool completely, then carefully remove the molds.

6 No more than a few hours before serving, fill the cannoli: Combine the remaining chocolate and cocoa nibs. Pipe the ricotta mixture through to fill each shell. Roll the ends in the nib mixture, then lightly dust the cannoli with powdered sugar.

Pear Cake with Honey and Spelt

SERVES 6–8 / *Active: 20 min. • Total: 1 hr.*

“Between chocolate and fruit desserts, I always choose fruit,” says Goggi, who knows how to make this simple cake by memory. “I brush it with honey and lemon glaze to keep the top moist and shiny.” In fall, pears or apples work well, or in summer, peaches, apricots, and berries do too. Spelt, an ancient grain, lends a hearty crumb and golden color.

- 7 oz. unsalted softened butter (14 Tbsp.), plus more for greasing
- ½ cup plus 1 Tbsp. sugar
- ⅓ packed cup light brown sugar
- 1 tonka bean, peeled and finely grated (optional)
- ½ tsp. kosher salt
- 2 large eggs, at room temperature
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- ½ cup plus 3 Tbsp. spelt flour
- 1½ tsp. baking powder
- ⅓ cup buttermilk
- 2 Tbsp. sliced almonds
- 1 firm-ripe pear, cored and sliced lengthwise
- 2 Tbsp. honey
- 1 Tbsp. fresh lemon juice
- Chamomile Gelato (recipe follows) (optional)

1 Preheat the oven to 375°F. Butter a 9-inch cake pan and line the bottom with a circle

of parchment paper.

2 In a stand mixer using the paddle attachment, beat the butter, sugars, tonka bean if using, and the salt until fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, scraping the bowl as needed and making sure the first egg is completely incorporated before adding the next.

3 In a medium bowl, whisk the flours and baking powder. Add half the dry ingredients to the butter mixture and mix on low speed. When mostly incorporated, stream in the buttermilk while continuing to mix. Scrape the bowl and paddle, then add the rest of the dry ingredients and mix on low speed just until smooth. Pour into the prepared pan and smooth the surface. Sprinkle with the almonds, then fan out the pears on top. Bake until the cake is golden brown and a tester inserted into the center comes out clean, 35–40 minutes. Remove the pan to a rack to cool completely. Unmold the cake and remove the parchment paper.

4 In a small pot over low heat, stir the honey and lemon juice until smooth. Brush the cooled cake lightly with the glaze. Slice and serve with chamomile gelato if desired.



CHAMOMILE GELATO

MAKES ABOUT 6 CUPS; *Photo at left*
Active: 40 min. • Total: 10 hr. 40 min.

“I try to draw attention to the great ingredients we have in Puglia,” says Goggi, who infuses gelato bases with fig leaves, lemon balm, and, in this case, fresh chamomile flowers (pictured above). Carob powder, made from the pods of a tree of the same name, adds a light, cocoa-like flavor and color. If it’s difficult to find, use cocoa powder.

- 3 cups whole milk
- 2½ cups heavy cream
- 1 cup fresh chamomile flowers or ½ cup dried chamomile flowers
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 Tbsp. honey
- 1 Tbsp. carob powder
- Pinch of ground turmeric (optional)

1 In a medium pot over medium-low heat, add the milk and cream. Once just simmering, add the flowers. Turn off the heat and let infuse for 30 minutes.

2 Set a fine strainer over a bowl and strain the milk mixture, discarding the solids. Rinse and dry the pot and return the milk mixture to it. Whisk in the sugar, honey, carob, and turmeric if using, and return the pan to medium-low heat. Set a thermometer in the pot and cook, stirring constantly, until it registers 185°F. Transfer the gelato base to a heat-resistant bowl, and cover with plastic wrap. Refrigerate for at least 6 hours, or overnight.

3 Pour the mixture into an ice cream machine. Churn according to the manufacturer’s directions until it is the consistency of soft serve, about 22–24 minutes.

4 Scoop the gelato into an airtight container, then transfer to the freezer until firm, at least 3 hours.

Bittersweet chocolate adds grown-up flavor and crunch to cannoli.