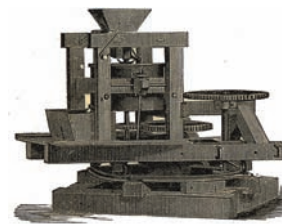


GRIST FOR THE MILL



It's nearly impossible for us to ignore our history. There's just so much of it.

Several East End towns count their age in centuries as do a few North Fork and South Fork families. Sag Harbor used to be a more important port than New York City. And Suffolk County played an important role—on both sides—in the Revolutionary War. More recently, Hollywood used to do its Long Island premieres in Greenport, while Bridgehampton is celebrating its 350th anniversary this summer.

In the realm of food, people who have lived here the longest—or have the longest histories passed down from generation to generation—offer some interesting insights into how we should be eating. At the Shinnecock Museum and Cultural Center, Native chefs hope to revive some of the tribe's original foods, including foraged items like beach plums and venison, to help combat the tribes nutritional problems. (Taste some of these foods at the tribe's 60th Annual Pow-Wow on Labor Day weekend.) This issue's Roadside Diaries feature Bridgehampton melons, including muskmelons, an older variety that is particularly ambrosial (p. 50). Our Aftertaste page includes a photo of Bridgehampton native Jack Musnicki's wall of antique food choppers, tools that fell by the wayside amidst automated Cuisinarts (p. 66). Wendy Chamberlin's new book *True East* uses hundreds of photos to follow four Bridgehampton farm families through four seasons of their lives (p. 22).

East End vineyards are beginning to turn out a quality of rosé wines that match our area's seaside geography and psychology—a relationship that has existed in Mediterranean Europe since the Middle Ages (p. 31). Our wine region may be young, but it is still honoring our rural heritage by accumulating accolades—the just-released issue of the powerful *Wine Advocate* laddled glowing reviews on 16 Long Island wineries in a story titled, “Baby, you ain't seen nothing yet.”

Although history has left its mark on our architecture, landscape, and cuisine, we obviously can't be a slave to it. Wetlands that were filled decades ago might serve us better in a floodprone future in their previous guise. Likewise for eroding oceanside properties as sea levels rise. (They'd serve us better as dunes.)

Which is perhaps why we ignore the East End's past at our own peril. At the kickoff of Bridgehampton's anniversary celebration a few weeks ago, we picked up a commemorative supplement printed by one of the local papers. The cover and introduction were pleasant and patriotic enough, but the pages were stained with glaring photos of Bridgehampton property—mostly the precious farmland that the town was built upon—carved into buildable lots. It was as if the editors of this supplement had confused the town's history with its future, or at least one possible future. Who knows whether any of the fellow revelers noted the irony of such real estate advertising at a parade that featured local farmers pulling floats with antique tractors.

This contradiction is one we take seriously at *Edible*, since real estate firms represent the largest advertiser in East End publishing. At first, we decided not to accept any advertising from realtors. Then several local companies contacted us and convinced us to reevaluate. Yes, speculation in real estate can drive out locals and encourage building on farmland, forests and wetlands. But much of real estate is selling and reselling existing properties. And some firms have begun the important work of educating their brokers and clients on the benefits of land preservation.

So, we decided to allow real estate ads, but not for spec houses or aerial shots of properties with dotted lines like a landscape crime scene. It's not perfect, but we think it's more respectful.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Stephen Munshin', written in a cursive style.

Stephen Munshin, Publisher

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Brian Halweil', written in a cursive style.

Brian Halweil, Editor

We ignore the
East End's past at
our own peril.

EDIBLE EAST END

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