

# Out There

A street-smart guide to  
New York news and newsmakers



OFF THE GRIDDLE Guests enjoy under-the-table dining at Coach Peaches'.

## Kitchen confidential

OUT THERE

The hipsters have headed into the kitchen. While plenty of Fort Greene residents can be found clutching beers in shabby-chic bars on a Saturday night, roommates James Bewley and Linus Martinsson (not their real names) are sweating it up in the galley kitchen of their sixth-floor loft. It's hardly a charity project—about once a month, these well-read (they met at Brown, studying English lit) 28-year-olds transform their home into Coach Peaches', an intimate restaurant that could give any hot downtown spot a run for its money.

Don't bother looking, because this underground bistro isn't in the phone book. For one, this culinary speakeasy's name is constantly changing. One recent Saturday night it was Coach Peaches'

Vintage Lace & Hickory Pit (this spring, it was Good Time Quarry & Legume Hut, as well as Coach Peaches' Collision Repair & Pastry Fountain and Coach Peaches' Balloon Corner & Wafflery). Twenty-seven friends of friends of friends culled from an ever-growing e-mail list enjoyed a five-course, candlelit meal of tender baked cod over a fava-bean puree with chunks of crispy bacon and slices of fresh Bing-cherry tart. The cost: just 25 bucks, including all-you-can-drink red and white wine.

By day, Bewley is a private chef for a moneyed Upper West Side

family and Martinsson is a hedge-fund researcher, but both men draw on legit culinary roots. After college, Bewley worked in restaurants in Edinburgh and Venice. Before his finance-guy days, Martinsson learned cheese making in Tasmania and peddled pecorino at midtown cheese mecca Artisanal. (There is, of course, a pitch-perfect cheese course at Coach Peaches'.)

The two moved into their loft in September and immediately started scavenging furnishings for their restaurant. A repurposed metal refrigerator hides their sound system; the dining table rests on two overturned tin trash cans. Thrift stores yielded mismatched china; going-out-of-business sales, glassware and flatware.

Bewley and Martinsson insist they're not in it for profit; they basically break even each month, Bewley says, and diners leave cash in an untended, honor-system pile by the door. "We've always cooked a lot and hosted parties," says Bewley. "We like the idea of trying to create a total 'hospitality experience' for anyone who shows up." While neither rules out opening a "real" restaurant someday, Coach Peaches' allows them a creative culinary outlet without the *mishegoss* of running a restaurant in New York. (Permits, liquor license, taxes—oy!)

Dining at Coach Peaches' is an informal affair, but not without flair.

"We like to create a total 'hospitality experience' for anyone who shows up," Bewley says.

Bowls of bright red radishes color the tables; a hand-stamped menu adorns each place setting. Unless you request a table for two, dining is communal. In

the beginning guests were mostly friends, but these days there are several degrees of separation between guests and chefs, a trend that pleases Martinsson and Bewley. Despite the secretive nature of their enterprise, exclusivity isn't the goal. "It's not strictly first-come, first-served," says Bewley. "We try to give priority to people who weren't there the last time."

Sure, there are the occasional worries that the Department of Health will come knocking on their door—this is, after all, totally illegal—or that their landlord will wonder why there are 30 straight-backed chairs dangling from the walls, but until then Bewley and Martinsson will be taking reservations, printing up menus and proving that sometimes, a home-cooked meal truly is best.—Liz Krieger

## TONY poll: Terrorist mug shots

The FBI just released photos of suspected terrorists and asked the public to "be on the lookout" for them. Would you be able to recognize any of the suspects?

A. Yes B. No

To vote, go to [www.timeoutny.com/poll/](http://www.timeoutny.com/poll/)

Replies must be received by 10am on Tuesday, June 8. Results will be published in TONY 455.

**POLL RESULT:** In TONY 451, we asked if you thought Defense Secretary Rumsfeld should resign. Fully 80 percent of you think we need someone new; just 20 percent were willing to cut Rummy some slack.