

— GREG MAYS —

NEW MEXICO COCKTAILS

A History of
DRINKING
IN THE LAND OF
ENCHANTMENT

NEW MEXICO **COCKTAILS**

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INTRODUCTION

It's a warm summer night in Santa Fe, 1880, and you're sitting in a local saloon. The windows have been thrown open to beat the heat, and your ears are already ringing from the volume of the joint. At one end of the bar is the dance hall, where a rowdy square dance is going on, called out by a local square dance calling celebrity of sorts. Travelers are in town from Albuquerque; Las Vegas, New Mexico; and all the way up from Deming (thanks to the railroad). There are men at the tables with cowboy hats, many with sombreros and every one of 'em with a pair of boots. Bandanas around the neck are commonplace, too, because while this is a sophisticated group, an unexpected opportunity to rob someone will most certainly be taken advantage of. Spanish and English can be heard equally from both sides of the bar, and whether it's a *cerveza* or a beer, patrons are drinking all the bartender can serve 'em. In fact, that's about all the bartender is serving, plus whiskies.

This is the Wild West.

Drinkers are disappointed that the whiskey their daddies told them about—Taos Lightning—dried up when Turley got killed by the natives, but there are some newcomers who picked up where ol' Simeon left off. And whiskey was to get drunk anyways, so who cares?

Over near the dance floor, there are some ladies who are enjoying themselves quite a bit, too. Their dates have money and came up from Kansas or someplace, but the ladies don't care because tonight is the only night these cowboys could afford a date anyways. Really working for the bar, these friendly "ladies" (ahem) ask the bartender for *cocktails*: "ones fer each of us, *baybee*, and ones fer our boy-friends too." The bartender sets out six glasses, pours a slosh of whiskey in all of them with one quick move, adds a splash of water and a dash of bitters to each and hands them over. That flourish, the bartender knows, lets him mark the price up on their drinks from the usual whiskey straight, and he appreciates the ladies for helping him out in that way. These *fancy drinks* are for patrons who can afford to pay for both them and for their dates tonight.

You were told this was "the end of the track" when you bought your train tickets, and you can see why now. All in the same breath, you've seen a fistfight, a gunfight, a round of square dancing and a round "lady" who's working every peso she can out of

her “boy-friend’s” pockets.

Now, Santa Fe is not quite yet part of New Mexico, the state, but it has been a territory for a couple decades. Statehood’s about thirty years away at this point. It’s this sort of reputation, the one that’s unfolding here in this saloon tonight, that’s made the government hesitant to grant statehood at this point. You fought for the Union at the Battle of Glorieta Pass a few years back and beat the hell outta those Confederates (they’ll never be back)!

Frankly, as you approach forty, your days as an honorary New Mexican are numbered. This is a pretty rough territory to survive in, and the lack of statehood leads to the continued Wild West reputation of this place.

Two fights and two dances later, you stagger out onto the dusty street. You’ve had a long day working in the dust, which came through New Mexico from the Arizona territory just this year. Immediately once you step off the saloon’s porch onto the street, you can hear a loud crash behind you, and one of the ladies’ dates is yelling something.

Looks like he came to New Mexico to play cowboy. His hat’s pitch black, not a trace of the dust you see on those of the railroad-working locals, but his girlfriend’s yelling at him too. “Honey, let’s just-a go back *insiiiiidee!*” she says, grappling at his chubby thighs. “I got something to settle with this cowboy,” Mr. Kansas tells her. You look around, and he appears to be talking to you, thanks to his four or five fancy “cocktails.”

“Yeah, Kansas?!” you say, waiting for a coherent response so you can figure out what you’ve done wrong this time. He’s still yelling and mumbling at the same time, but you note that his hand is moving toward his waist, where his revolver’s waiting to be unholstered. You instinctively step to the right, expecting to hear the *whizz* of Kansas’s bullet ringing in your left ear any moment, but as he steps off the porch, he plants his foot right where Kansas folks often forget to look: in a New Mexico pancake —y’know, from the horses that are tethered there.



Youngsters at a bar in Mogollon, New Mexico, 1940. *Photo by Russell Lee, Library of Congress.*

Kansas has lost his mind so much that even his girlfriend appears to have given up at this point. He's unholstered his revolver now, though, and appears to have it stuck between his chubby thigh and his newly found pancake. You reach downward and raise your eyebrow, and through your full, jet-black mustache, Kansas's girlfriend can see you grin at her. You grip the butt of your revolver, lift it to arm's length and pull the trigger once.

Grin still glistening though your whiskey-soaked mustache, you stagger around on your boot heel, back toward home, not in a hurry but not taking your time. You've got to wake up early in the morning to work down at the railroad.

Chapter 1

NEW MEXICO AND COCKTAILS

Welcome to New Mexico! Our state is one of snowy mountains, open plains, precious mineral mines, sweltering deserts, hiking and camping. We have big cities, small agrarian towns and everything in between. What we really are beneath the surface, though, is Wild West. Billy the Kid and his Regulators, the mining town of Silver City and the oldest capital in the United States (Santa Fe) help to remind us of our rugged reputation. This reputation hasn't changed much either; cowboy and chile farmer remain very common job descriptions in New Mexico, and while Albuquerque's fame has grown through tourist-famous events like International Balloon Fiesta (the most photographed event in the world), television shows like *Breaking Bad* remind us that there's always an underlying rough edge to our so-called civility.

You can imagine, then, that New Mexico is also a land of many paradoxes. Residents sometimes refer to the glorious Land of Enchantment as the Land of *Entrapment*. Locals wrestle with salary shortfalls (compared to cost of living) or the high percentage of government assistance recipients statewide. Though *Breaking Bad* is a show about a high school chemistry teacher who makes and sells crystal meth, it's also a very odd source of pride for many Albuquerqueans. We're just as proud of fictional meth dealer Walter White as we are of other native sons who are celebrities or rock stars. An out-of-state friend once asked me, "I really like *Breaking Bad*, but is Albuquerque really like that?" Gulp. Sometimes it is.



Highway sign in Datil, New Mexico, 1940. Photo by Russell Lee, Library of Congress.

Just like with *Breaking Bad*, our state pride always feels like it's invisibly tied to our Wild West history. Many of the most famous things about New Mexico reflect this. Along with Billy the Kid and Walter White, our modern heroes are equally tough. Holly Holm, a boxer from Albuquerque, dominated women's boxing so completely

that she had to *change sports* to continue to pursue athletic challenges. In 2015, she won the MMA world title from Ronda Rousey, and Albuquerque's Civic Plaza (in front of city hall) filled with cheering locals to congratulate her.

We celebrate a long and proud history here in New Mexico. From the moment a human foot arrived on the soil of what we currently call New Mexico, there have been traces of both making and consuming alcoholic beverages, from wine to agave to corn. What we cannot say, however, is that New Mexico natives were making cocktails during this period. Cocktails, as we know them, are a relatively new phenomenon, and even as their popularity spread through the nineteenth century, it appears that New Mexico lagged on that front, generally reserving cocktails for patrons with more money and dim wits.

While the states in the northeast United States were working to sophisticate their palates with forms of rye whiskey, applejack and brandies, New Mexico remained relatively quiet on the liquor-production front, which affected our drinking habits, too, as most of what we drank at the time was an import of one type or another.

What New Mexico has definitely done up to today, though, is to establish itself as one of the most awarded craft beer states in the country, and our local winemaking families like Lescombes and Gruet have been making quality wines here for several decades. Wine goes way back in New Mexico, before distilling, and natives could be found making chokecherry wine, apple wine and grape wine centuries ago.

When distilled spirits joined the fray of New Mexico liquor makers, natives could be found distilling wine, sugar, corn and agave into intoxicating liquors, and it was still a long time before the invention of the word "cocktail." Cowboys joined in the distilling tradition, too, usually preferring corn-distilled whiskey to other, fruitier distillates. In the 1800s, one local whiskey got very famous among the cowboys and natives in the region, who dubbed it Taos Lightning, according to Hampton Sides's *Blood and Thunder*:

Taos was the capital of the Southwestern fur trade. Free-trappers and mountain men associated with various outfits—Hudson's Bay, the American Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company—spent their winters in Taos. Here they mended their traps and often blew their summer earnings on dancing, gambling, lovemaking, and booze. Their poison of choice was a local moonshine known as Taos Lightning, a wheat liquor that had become a form of frontier currency among trappers, Mexicans, and Indians alike.

Taos Lightning's distiller, Simeon Turley, did not make it until his forty-first birthday, when he and several friends found their house in Arroyo Hondo surrounded by natives during the Taos Revolt of 1847. Most, Turley included, did not survive the encounter.

With weak laws and strong outlaws in the state during New Mexico's prestatehood period, liquor was heavily drunk and rarely written about, outside of mentions here and there of Taos Lightning or a "whiskey straight." Cocktails were certainly being made in the state before Prohibition, though bartenders were not engaged in anything particularly unique or experimental on that front. All the cocktails you could find in

the “real” states of the Union (not just territories like New Mexico) you would find here, especially if they were made with whiskey. Only a short time after New Mexico became a state in 1912, though, Prohibition arrived to challenge producers and consumers of booze alike.

Our little slice of the Wild West was quicker to prohibit booze than the rest of the nation, banning its sale and manufacture in 1917 (national Prohibition began in 1920). Local lawmakers felt it would reduce crime and improve health and morality. As you can imagine, hardworking New Mexicans didn’t take well to being told “no,” particularly when it came to liquor. A year after our prohibition began, local paper the *Santa Fe New Mexican* estimated a dozen or more stills were fully operational in or near the city of Santa Fe alone. Just as a point of reference, there is only *one* distillery in Santa Fe today.

Not only did locals reject Prohibition tooth and nail, but they also flaunted their rejection of it. The first arrest in the state for a prohibition violation was nearly a month after liquor was outlawed. You see, just like New Mexicans didn’t have a budget for cocktails over, say, whiskey straights and beer, local law enforcement didn’t have a budget to enforce national Prohibition. The first guy who got arrested for violating prohibition (a whiskey bootlegger) happened to be the second guy to get arrested for a prohibition violation, too!

Santa Fe had a legendary nameless speakeasy that had a unique approach to the budgetary limitations of rural New Mexicans: it served its bootlegged liquor in three “stages,” so to speak. The ground floor was for “poor people” who had a thirst for the strong stuff but were really served watered-down “white mule” (unaged corn whiskey). The second floor of the speakeasy, or “Second Heaven,” was for a slightly upgraded form of whiskey, which was likely just stronger moonshine colored to look brown (the trend of the day was to use tobacco spit). The third floor for was reserved for “only those with a fat wad...and [was] where the good quality booze was sold,” according to “Prohibition NM Style.” This was *real* liquor, usually bootlegged from Mexico though sometimes from back east if it survived the journey.

Outside of speakeasies, you can see some real-life similarities to the fiction presented in *Breaking Bad* during Prohibition. Walter White made crystal meth in a laundromat? A real-life Chinese laundry deliveryman in Deming, New Mexico, sold moonshine hidden in his loads of laundry. An Italian barber in Albuquerque boosted his business by selling liquor on the side, too, and the state saw the rise of so-called deliverymen who would offer to buy and deliver booze for train travelers passing through the city (the deliverymen would take the money but never return).

Unfortunately, the mixed drink had a clear popularity spike during Prohibition nationwide—New Mexico included—but it was not for the same reason we see today. Juices, bitters, wines and more were added to spirits to mask the flavor of whatever atrociousness may have been hiding beneath, from tobacco-spit whiskey to bathtub gin.



TJ's Bar, Los Chavez, New Mexico, 1977. *Robert Christensen.*

After a tumultuous and rebellious Prohibition era, and the violence of the Wild West that preceded it, New Mexico was left to recover after Prohibition ended. Men who built their fortunes bootlegging liquor from Mexico didn't go legit and just open distilleries; they looked elsewhere for their business. In fact, it was over seventy years before a legal distillery would open again in the state of New Mexico.

From the period between statehood in 1912 and the opening of Don Quixote Distillery in 2005, our relationship with cocktails in New Mexico was a practical one. Prior to Prohibition, cocktails were an expensive luxury. During Prohibition, cocktails were a necessity to cover up rotgut moonshine. Post-Prohibition, I'm sorry to say, cocktails did not have a meteoric rise in popularity in New Mexico. In fact, as far as significant cocktail events here in the Land of Enchantment go, the two that stand out the most happened in 1965 and forty years later, in 2005.

In 1965, Arturo Jaramillo was looking for a use for the abundant apple cider that was produced in the Chimayó Valley in Chimayó, New Mexico. The owner of the Rancho de Chimayó restaurant, Arturo mixed tequila, apple cider, lemon juice and crème de cassis and served it in a goblet, garnished it with apple slices and called it the Chimayó Cocktail. To this day, the Chimayó remains New Mexico's *only* signature cocktail.

Decades passed, and while the people of New Mexico certainly kept drinking cocktails, the next big boost in cocktail drinking was yet to come. You see, those responsible for cocktails and, in particular, craft cocktails—where bartenders juice

their citrus fresh, are careful to use quality ingredients and make their garnishes with care—are really a community. One or two creative bartenders aren't enough to support a craft cocktail movement, regardless of their level of passion. As the craft of the cocktail spread across the nation in the early 2000s, one essential ingredient of a cocktail community finally arrived on New Mexico's doorstep. The brainchild of a New Mexico engineer and his passionate Russian wife, Don Quixote Distillery licensed with the State of New Mexico and began to distill spirits in Los Alamos. You see, quality local distilleries and the prevalence of craft cocktails tend to grow side by side: where the distilleries are, the craft bars will follow, and where craft cocktails are being made, there is a demand for more locally produced ingredients. Together with passionate bartenders, now there is a commercial enterprise to add to the hospitality element of cocktails, and the two groups are now much stronger together than they would be on their own.

Though craft cocktails are still a bit of a niche category of drinking in New Mexico, their popularity is growing at an incredible rate. Only a few years ago, a Bud Light or a whiskey on the rocks (a “whiskey straight” during frontier times) were the most popular alcoholic drinks. I'm sorry to admit Bud Light is still pretty popular here, but there are now craft cocktail bars that juice citrus fresh for every drink and take special care to understand the craft of cocktail making and food pairing, and we're glad to watch that scene grow.

I don't work as a bartender professionally, though I find myself in the third group of essential elements to a craft cocktail movement: enthusiasts. I've been writing about and watching the growth of the craft cocktail scene here in the state, and I can tell you that even in five years, you can see the growth. Don Quixote opened in 2005 as distillery number one, and today, no fewer than seven are up and running. We're working hard on educating our people, too, on the difference between a craft cocktail and something from a mix, and in the bigger cities, we're making progress. The biggest debt of gratitude we owe right now is to the passionate distillers and passionate craft bartenders in New Mexico who are willing to be patient with their clients and prove what a great cocktail-making state we really are. Shout-out to you guys.

So while you will find exactly one “New Mexico Cocktail” in this book (it's on [page 61](#)), I assure you that all of these drinks are being made here in the state, and you will also find within these pages the echoes of a deep, proud state history. Most importantly, you'll find dozens of cocktails that taste awesome. I mean to say that while cocktails are the central character of this book, you'll still see plenty of New Mexico here.

My mission is to teach you enough to make cocktails at home, for yourself and for friends and family. You see, home bars are a vanishing centerpiece in living rooms nationally, and that's a shame. Making a cocktail with quality ingredients and with care is a gesture of hospitality, and God knows we need more of that, regardless of which state or country you currently reside in.

WHAT IS A COCKTAIL?

Cocktails as we know them today are mixtures of liquor, juices, syrups and flavorings of many kinds that produce a good-tasting (hopefully) alcoholic beverage. Cocktails are often seen as sophisticated and sometimes complicated, and they require an extra level of care and knowledge to make—more than, say, pouring a beer or glass of wine.

The reason for all this effort is wrapped up in the origins of the name itself: a cocktail is intended to “cock your tail up,” to give you pep, a jolt of what you need. Depending on your mental state at the time your cocktail arrives, that pep may be a rush of joy, preparing your taste buds for a meal or maybe a soothing of a broken heart. Regardless of why you’ve ordered that drink, though, the intent is that it cock your tail up.

Since New Mexico is both a horticultural and agricultural state, let’s talk specifics here. Local farmers tell me that a cock (slang for a rooster) will perk his tail feathers up for one of two reasons: to intimidate or fight another threatening cock or to make himself sexier to the opposite sex. Ask any New Mexico bartender if that’s something they’ve ever seen happening between their bar patrons, and I imagine you’ll make them grin.

Another, cruder source for the name *cocktail* has recently been discussed by cocktail historian David Wondrich. Wondrich says that a cocktail is, in fact, a description of what this drink does to the drinker, but he cites an old practice in horse bartering where the owner of said horse would insert ginger root to the horse’s *cola* (a little New Mexico/Spanish slang for you) in order to cock his tail up and make him appear perky and vivacious and garner a higher price.

Depending on the company you keep, either story sounds perfectly plausible and equally likely.

The problem with cocktail history, of course, is that usually people are drinking when they’re telling it. One fact we know for sure is the very first time the word “cocktail” was defined in print was in 1806 by New York newspaper the *Balance and Columbian Repository* in response to a letter to the editor. Note how the writer hyphenated the word: “Cock-tail, then, is a stimulating liquor, composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water, and bitters.”

Do you see the common thread between all the cocktail origin stories? Every one of them hails the stimulating power of a stiff drink.

It may surprise you to know that because it would *cock your tail* up, a cocktail was a common way to start your day a few generations ago. Mark Twain, who passed through Kingston, New Mexico, several times in his life, once wrote to his wife: “Livy my darling, I want you to be sure and remember to have, in the bathroom, when I arrive, a bottle of Scotch whisky, a lemon, some crushed sugar, and a bottle of Angostura bitters. Ever since I have been in London I have taken in a wine glass what is called a cock-tail (made with those ingredients) before breakfast, before dinner, & just before going to bed.”



Lorenzo's Bar and Lounge, Los Lunas, New Mexico, 1976. *Robert Christensen.*

These days, morning drinking is most certainly frowned on. Or it's celebrated during a thing called brunch. But the fact remains: no matter which story or definition you ascribe to, the purpose of a cocktail has remained the same since its inception. It's a drink that is meant to "cock your tail up."

SHOPPING FOR BAR TOOLS

As a bar tool addict, I know from experience that collecting bar stuff can cost you a fortune. I realize, however, that the majority of you are not bar tool addicts and really want to just purchase what you need to get started, so I've made a big effort to be sensitive to price and convenience with this list of bar tools. You're welcome to outfit your home with custom engraved copper-colored shakers, spoons and jiggers, but I'll start you off with the minimum and allow you to upgrade as you see fit with as much money as you'd like.

To make cocktails, it'll help to have these tools:

A cocktail shaker. These are available in two configurations: the three-piece shaker, called a "cobbler," which includes a strainer in the cap, and the two-piece "French shaker," which requires you to provide an additional strainer to use properly. The

cobbler shaker, the three-piece model, is the most common and easiest to use if you're just getting started.

A mixing glass. You may not need to make any purchases to get one of these. A standard pint glass is a pretty effective mixing glass to make cocktails in, and you may actually see professional bartenders using these to stir drinks at your local bar. If you'd like to upgrade from the pint glass, there are a variety of cocktail mixing glasses that are available from about ten dollars and up. A cocktail mixing glass has a wider bottom than a pint glass, is barrel-shaped and usually has a small pouring spout on the side.

A spoon. A long bar spoon is essential for making stirred drinks. Look for spoons twelve inches or longer with rounded shafts. Many of the more elaborate bar spoons will also include a useful tool on the opposite end of the spoon, such as an olive trident or a muddler.

A strainer. I'd recommend a Hawthorne strainer, especially if you're just getting started. These are flat metal tools with several holes in them and a spring-like ice strainer on the bottom. You hold these over your mixing glass or French shaker to strain ice out of a mixed drink. Julep strainers are available as well and look more like a large metal scoop with holes in it. While they're a little harder to use, a Julep strainer can also double as an ice scoop.

A measuring cup or jigger. Proper measuring of a cocktail is absolutely critical. It ensures proper balance between sweet, spirit, bitter and sour, and it helps you to make your favorite drinks consistently. You wouldn't bake a cake without measuring your ingredients, would you? Well, you owe that same honor to your mixed drinks. I've been happiest with plastic or glass measuring cups that measure two to four ounces at a time. Professional bartenders often use jiggers, which are hourglass-shaped double-ended measuring cups with fixed measurements on each side (for instance, a three-quarter-ounce to one-and-a-half-ounce jigger). Usually something that has markings from one-quarter ounce to two ounces minimum will be fine.

A muddler. "Muddling" is a culinary technique in which an ingredient is crushed in order to extract its flavors or juices. A muddler helps to do this in cocktails, and usually you'll use it on mint or other herbs (see the Mint Julep recipe on [page 47](#)), though occasionally you'll use it on fruit. If you find yourself in the company of cocktail snobs like I do (I'm one of them, by the way), you'd likely be surprised to find that the material a muddler is made out of is hotly debated. Traditionally, muddlers are made out of wood and are short and stocky with a wide bottom. Imagine a nine-inch baseball bat, and you're pretty close.

As I said, you use the muddler to press or crush juice from mint and maybe citrus, and the porous wooden muddlers (some are lacquered, some are not) begin to take on the flavor of whatever you've recently muddled. Though wood is the traditional material, you'll now often see plastic or stainless steel muddlers, both of which are dishwasher safe. Muddlers are usually less than ten dollars, but honestly, the butt of a wooden spoon is just as functional until you invest in a muddler of your own.

A citrus squeezer. I'm going to take an opportunity to say this right now: *when possible, always use freshly squeezed citrus juice.* That is, when the recipes in this book call for "lime juice," I intend for you to cut open a lime and squeeze the appropriate amount of juice from that lime. You may find yourself tempted to buy

bottles of prepared lemon juice and lime juice at the grocery store, or even the plastic “lemons” and “limes” in the fruit section, but *don't do it!* The flavor of these juices is very different than the flavor of fresh squeezed (because of the preservative process), and you may find the recipe ratios themselves to be off if you try to use the prepackaged stuff. Just keep a few lemons and limes around, and always juice them fresh. If you're able to, do the same with oranges. I can promise you that you'll notice a difference when using freshly squeezed juices in your cocktails.



Interior of a saloon (possibly Red Bull), circa 1960–64. *University of New Mexico Photo Archive.*

My favorite type of juicer for my cocktail citrus is a handheld squeezer, sometimes called a hand juicer. This is a steel device that's usually coated in a citrus-themed paint in which you place half a lemon or lime, collapse the squeezer on top of itself and then squeeze the juice out into your measuring cup.

An alternative to a handheld squeezer is a reamer, usually wood or plastic, which you press into a lemon or lime half-shell and twist the juice out. Reamers are cheaper than squeezers, usually less than five dollars, but I find them to be too messy in two ways: it's hard to direct the juice you're squeezing into a measuring cup, and citrus juiced with a reamer is pulpier and seedier than with a squeezer.

Just get the squeezer. It'll save you time and a big mess.

SHOPPING FOR GLASSWARE

To accompany your bar tool arsenal, you should get some proper glassware. Just as with fine dining, the presentation of your cocktails, in nice glassware and properly garnished, is part of the experience of skilled drink making. Now, just like you saw in the bar tool section, there is not a huge investment required for glassware, though you're welcome to spend all you like on these. I recommend starting with the following; every cocktail in this book can be served in these glasses:

Cocktail glasses. Depending on where you're from, these might also be known as martini glasses or coupes. They have a large opening on top that tapers toward a stem, often in a V shape. These glasses are for cocktails served "up," or not on the rocks (no ice). Here's the catch about cocktail glasses, though: the glassware you need for these are going to be hard to find in the proper size.

You see, cocktail glasses should hold a maximum of five ounces. If you look through all the recipes in this book that are served in a cocktail glass, none of the drinks exceeds that volume. Unfortunately, though, cocktail glasses that you'd buy new in the store are almost always ten to twenty ounces in volume. That means you'd either have a glass that dwarfs your drink or you have to make all your drinks double the size, and I don't recommend either as a viable option.

So here's a longwinded solution to the overabundance of oversized cocktail glassware. A century ago, champagne was served in small-volume glasses called "coupes," which legend says were designed to replicate Marie Antoinette's breasts. The problem with the shape of this vessel is that when you serve a bubbly drink in it (like champagne), the large surface area of a coupe releases the effervescence of the drink quickly. Your bubbles fizz out faster. So the champagne flute became the primary vessel for champagne, and all those coupes, breast-shaped or not, fell out of favor for drinkers.

But not so with cocktail makers! You see, cocktails benefit from both the large surface area of a coupe and from being served in a glass with a stem. Stemmed glassware allows the drinker to hold his drink without the warmth of his hand affecting the temperature of his drink. This means your cocktail stays colder longer when served in a stemmed glass. At this point, maybe you're thinking what I'm thinking: "Wait, that means stemless glassware is a bad idea!" Then I agree with you.

So here is your solution to the horrid oversized cocktail glass phenomenon: buy your glassware secondhand. Yup, go to Goodwill, Savers, Thrift Town or whatever thrift shops are called in your town and purchase people's discarded champagne coupes, five ounces or less, knowing that you are secretly purchasing the best cocktail glassware money can buy at a *bargain price*! If you look very hard or you have an aversion to thrift shopping, you'll discover there are a couple of glassware brands that still make a cocktail glass of the proper volume that you can find brand new.

Old fashioned glasses. Just like a Martini must be served in a martini glass, an Old Fashioned must be served in an old fashioned glass. You may also know these as rocks or lowball glasses. They are usually cylindrical, short and stout.

An old fashioned glass is named for the cocktail (which you can find in the whiskey