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New Times Food Reviewer Gets Ballsy

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We've always enjoyed the insightful, passionate reviews of *New Times* Ciao Bella-ista, Michelle Laudig. Even if she does tend to take the whole food reviewing thing **pretty seriously** (especially considering her publication once **spitefully revealed the face of its former food reviewer** after getting it's feelings hurt—please don't make us defend the *AZ Republic* ever again.)

So we were excited to see Laudig's write-up on **The Stockyards**, the iconic Phoenix chophouse that's been serving up cowboy grub since 1954. After wading through a bunch of wasted calories venting on the anti-immigration backlash, she gets down to brass tacks. Or brass something, as she confesses that she ate a dish we've always been to scared to try, calf fries (aka Rocky Mountain oysters, cowboy caviar, swinging beef or plain old breaded, deep-fried bull testicles.)

"Even more out there were the calf fries, something you just don't see on menus around town. What are those, you ask? Think of meatballs in the most literal way. That's right, they're deep-fried testicles — chunks of them, actually, because whole calf balls are pretty big, from what our waiter told us (in a somewhat TMI fashion). Crunchy on the outside and

spongy on the inside, they had a beefy, mildly musky flavor that hinted of liver. And you have to be a little ballsy to try them, even when there's plenty of pungent cocktail sauce on hand."