

A love letter to hospitality, design and the art of living beautifully.

Part memoir, part recipe book, part decadent scrapbook – *Entrecôte* is ten years of sass, soufflés and steak frites, told through Jason M Jones' world of hospitality, humour and heart.

As Entrecôte Melbourne celebrates ten glittering years, restaurateur and now author Jason M Jones invites readers behind the scenes of one of the city's most beloved brasseries. What began as a cheeky pop-up on Domain Road grew into a Melbourne institution – where champagne before 9 am is perfectly normal and steak frites with bottomless fries are a rite of passage.

Now settled on Greville Street in Prahran, Entrecôte is more than a restaurant. It's a mood, a theatre, a little bit naughty – and in these pages, Jones shares the whole story.

From childhood memories in Gippsland to the chaos and triumphs of building a brasserie with its own culture and heart, Entrecôte is both memoir and love letter.

Alongside the stories come recipes that have defined a decade: French Onion Soup, Escargots, Crème Brûlée, the perfect medium-rare steak and, for the first time ever, the closely guarded secret of Entrecôte's famed Secret Herb Butter Sauce.



2015

Jason M Jones

Playful, generous and unapologetically beautiful, *Entrecôte* is a celebration of hospitality as an art form, of food as pure joy, and of how a childhood well lived can inspire a brasserie that defines a city.

About the Author

Jason M Jones grew up in Maffra, Gippsland, where his first-ever job was 'resident pianist' at age 11. He opened his first restaurant at age 17, and has since opened another 27 eateries, including restaurants, cafes, and even a fish and chip shop. "After ten amazing, chaotic, joy-filled years of Entrecôte," he writes, "I finally felt it was time to tell the Entrecôte story."

Sample spreads from ENTRECÔTE





Cook the steaks as per the Perfect Medium-Rare Steak

Cook the steeks as per the Ferfect Medium-Rare Steek guide (page 1924).

To cook the frites, prebat fryer or oven according to packet instruction. So of fries according to packet instructions. Season immediately with fine sea sail and serve HOT!

Gettly beat the Enterceide secret Herb Buster Stuce in a small succeptain freeded, Do not hold.

To plate, tile cook treaté, 5-é times across the grain, and fan election usuran diamer plates. Spoon over the warmed Secret Herb Buster Stuce generously (around 7 on ip or steek), Serve with a large handful of crips, salled althou of Perch fries ceither on the side of in a small boot.

You'll also find stories of design – of how we built special spaces, of the objects both Bremi II carried back from brocantes in Paris, tucked into hand luggage with hopes they'd one day find a ne. And you'll find my reflections on the lessons I've learnt – sometimes the hard way – about what it means to dedicate your life to hospitality.

Why write this now? Because to years of Entrecôte (and 39 years of hospitality, and 30 years of life) feels like both a lifetime and a heartheat. Because I wanted to pause—briefly, before we charge ahead into the next decade—and reflect on what's been built, and because graittude needs to be species adoubt a more proceed. The VERF guest who has valled through our doors. To every team member who has teld on an aprox and given a part of themselves to our Maison. Tom family and to livenil, whose calm steadness bulinees my refentless energy. And to solibourne, which has embraced a brasserie with a bit of check, a lot of heart, and a refusal to take itself too seriously.

But also—and perhaps more importantly—I wrote or this book to remind myself, and anyone who reads it, that the story isn't finished, Hospitality is never finished. Restaurants are living, breathing things. They evolve. They break your heart. They surprise you. They teach you reallience and humility. They show you that juy can be found in the smallest things—the erack of a crime bridge, the sound of a cork being eased from a bottle, the quiet satisfaction of a perfectly set table before the first guest arrives.

Entrecôte has given me more than I could ever have imagined. And vet, I know the best is still Entrecôte has given me more than I could ever have imagined. And yet, I know the deals should have a best so soun ahead. This book is not a conclusion – it's a toast. To what we've done. To what we will do. To another decade of decadence, and another after that. To steak frites and soufflés, to chandeliers and chansons,

decade of decadence, and another after that. To steak frites and soufflés, to chandeliers and chansons, to laughter and to the course in the story, a vignetier from my life or from the Maison, todd in blue sized pieces. Between the stories, youlf lind the best of recepts from the past decade of Enteroche — the distribution of the stories, youlf lind the best of recepts from the past decade of Enteroche — the distribution the stories of the stories and the stories of the stories, to the stories of the stories of the stories of the stories, where food, wine, and laughter stretch into the afternoon or late into the night.

And because on dimer party is exerce complete without massic, I've added one more indulgences seasond. French inspired playlists that I have currant expectally for this book. Simply scan the QR code, press play, and voils, you've transported to Paris for an hour or three.

So, here it is, A book of stories and recipes, of memories and mischief. My invitation to you to step inside the Maison, whether for the first time or the handredth.

Pour yourself agins of wire and join me, Decause sool pag a there are candles to light, glasses

Pour yourself a glass of the and join me. Because so long as there are candles to light, glasses of burgundy to be drunk and guests to welcome. Entrecôte will always be here.

And I'll always be here, too – never still, never finished, always chasing the next little bit of magic.





Sample spreads from ENTRECÔTE





IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK

They'd have a French accent

ow, it's probably no joke (and if you've made it this far, hospour), but you know! Hove a good story. Not just telling them, but hearing them, chasing them, and absolutely LIVING for them. You show me a thing—a lamp, a painting, a fauteuil chair that is in desperate need of vering—and if it has adopt? b.N. I'm sold. That's my weakness. That's my thing. Hare to have it, wit matter the price, doesn't matter the size—if it's fabulous AND has a thread of a past? Consider no

Doesn't matter the price, doesn't matter the size—lift's fabulous AND has a thread of a past? Consider trimine.

It probably all started with my pop, Darrell – a collector in the truest sense. A man who could never throw a thing out (sound familiar). His sheds and garages were like treasure chests—or junkpards, depending on who you asked. Six vintage Mercedes in varing states of disceptial a complete set of very rure Tritumph post-war cars that never ever saw the road again once in Pup's hands, fide on monwers converted into gal'b bagges hall bill contraptions and hand serwaded plans that made no sense to anyone but him. Devry Thurads, without fails held be at Steve Whelan's servo Unlars' and Lussie term for pertod station the second the Trading Past nesspaper hit the counter Posski in the glory days before the internet when the Trading Past was king). No photos, just descriptions of what the fiten mag tool like, or what condition it any be in your really had to use your imagnization. You'd circle things with a biro and ring landline numbers to go inspect them. That was theritual. That's how it began.

And I swear, it's Pay's fault that I'm now a fully fledged, auction stalking, story-sniffing collector. I card's cell a thing, Not a single object. Which will be fine the day! Trettre' and open that grogeous European antique store! Leep dreaming about — except, when somone tries to buy something. I'll probably have a qualet meldown and refuse to part with it. Because these aren't just things—they't vetories.

Each week, you'll find me and my bidding panel at all the local auction houses—Leonard Joel, Andress, Gilboson—and let's not even talk about my late-night secolls through international online auctions. Just phase—they treation.

And so a malled so or contribute the base become the perfect stage to louse this obsession. This glorious, layered, madly sentimental obsession. That beautiful, hand cut in chandleth ranging above you in the beaserier say was kills (Hound It it ticks as a boconate market. The man sel

