

# DINER JOURNAL

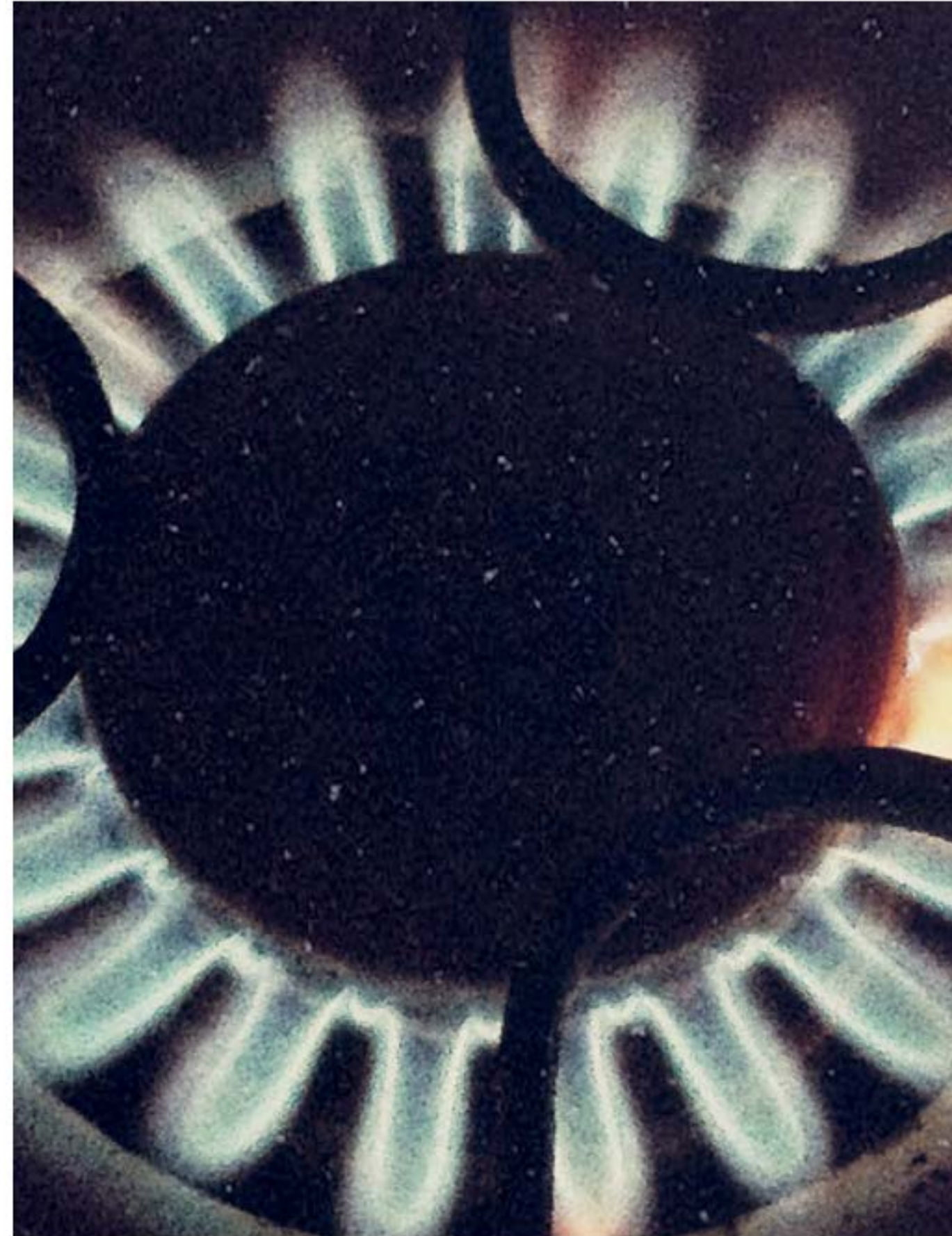


ISSUE N° 28

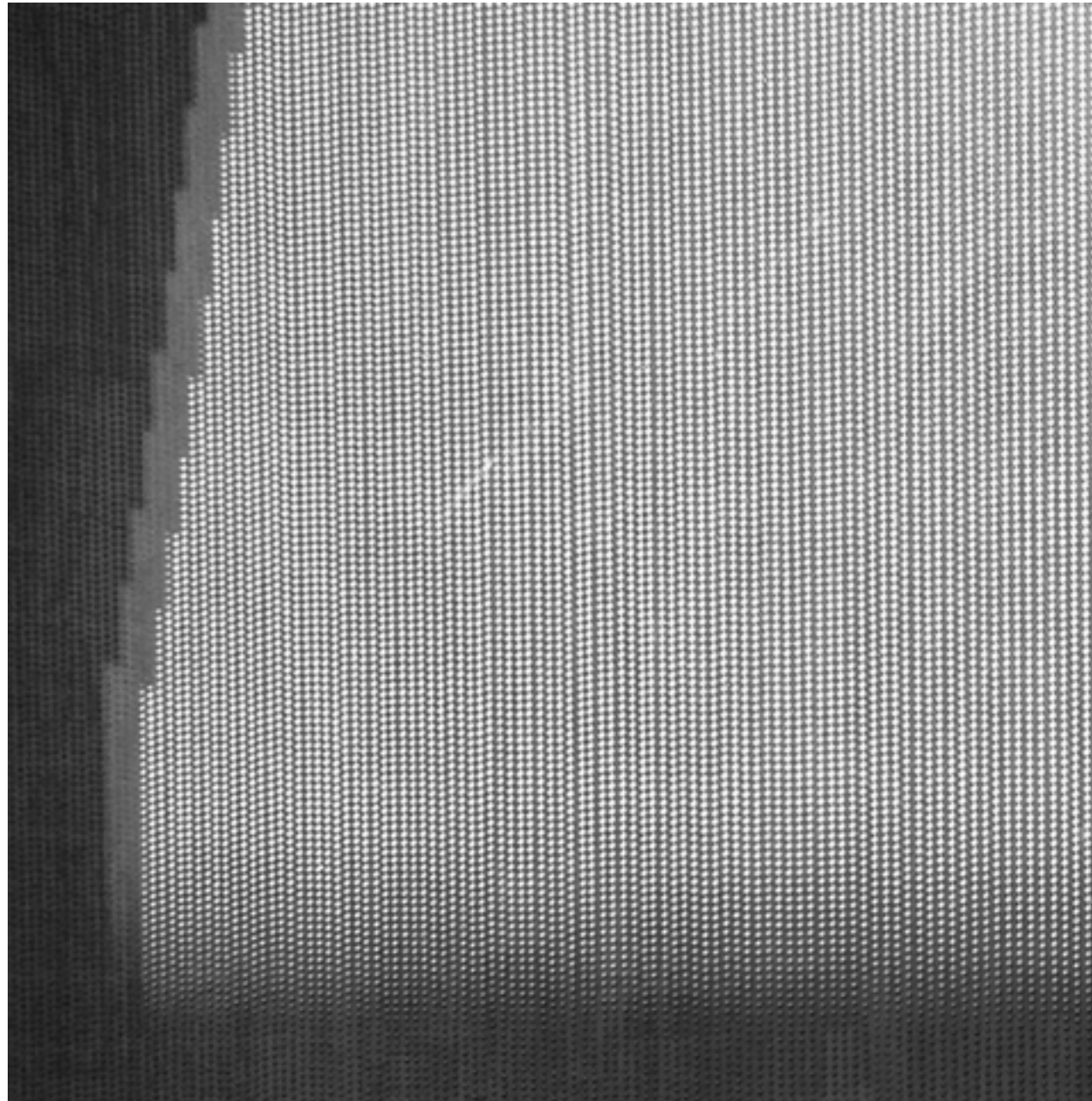
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Darkness is a lost continent. A time of day, a bad idea, an area code, two particular colors next to each other, a catchphrase, a knickknack, all these are lost continents. Everything impossible to forget is a lost continent. Fathers, sons are lost continents. That which is obsolete and that which is useful are lost continents. The future is a lost continent. Names are lost continents. Fondness is a lost continent. Kate Bush's first piano is a lost continent. (p. 37)







# DINER JOURNAL

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## ISSUE 28 | HEAR ME

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- INTRO AD p.4
- MY LOVE IS YOU Caroline Fianza p.7
- MUSIC, Marley Freeman p.11
- DINER JOURNAL MIXTAPE Joshua Wiles & Guy Greenberg p.12
- WHAT'S UP Hannah Tepper p.14
- THE ONES WORTH STANDING FOR Millicent Souris p.19
- RECIPES Scarlett Lindeman & friends p.22
- LAST LOST CONTINENTS Peter Milne Greiner p.33
- MORE RECIPES Scarlett p.38
- LOVE, HONOR & DEATH Peter Pavia p.48
- LUNCH IS VERY IMPORTANT N.Finely Brown & Zebadiah Keneally p.50
- ELEMENTALISTS John Hale p.52
- OUTSIDE ECSTATIC LOVE AD p.54
- TACO Matt Webster p.57
- THE VILLAGE Alex Cuff p.59
- ARCHETYPE, ASTROLOGY, ARIA Sandra Sitron & Geneva Stork p.60
- SONGS TO DRAW FROM Sketchbook Project p.62

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In the song “No Surrender,” Bruce Springsteen has a line, “*I want to sleep tonight beneath peaceful skies in my lover’s bed.*” The longing in that lyric always struck me. It presents both universally and intimately a realm of possibility I am maybe too embarrassed to ask for. To demand. Don’t we deserve a sky full only with birds? And love? And well, rock ‘n’ roll?

I woke yesterday with a fear caught in my throat. (A fear, or was it just sadness?) I feared I wouldn’t find a beautiful thing, a word or image, some light to capture in a frame. *To be addicted to beauty*, I thought, *well there’s a privilege in such a chaotic and ungracious world.* But the fear was not exactly about pleasure or need. It was about the way beauty encourages us to lend ourselves a little more. Beauty as gasp, discovery, a long blue note. Then later at work, the gift of a book and the flip of a page, and a glance, and there the phrase, *Also if I’m wrong please save me.* A sentiment. A lyric. Sonny’s glass of scotch and milk on the piano.

Music embarrasses us and I love that about it. (Dam, I admit it. Every time I stole your iPod and played “Strong Enough” at Diner’s family meal, it was really because I was dying to hear it, not just because I love to watch you blush.) Yes, I love Sheryl Crow in the private soundscape of my headphones as well as the undeniable public of my heart. What is it that makes us squirm? All that exposing sentimentality?

In the purple magic of last night, wandering the streets of Crown Heights, I stumbled upon thirty people practicing the steel drums. The rain was drizzling and the heat lightning streaked hot across the sky, but no one seemed to mind. Drums really are pleasure machines, and the



people that were playing them made up their own island of movement, creating a kind of rhythm of feeling. I watched the way these people loved music. It is a privilege to learn about the ways a stranger loves something.

I have always loved the lawless, the forbidden characters. Rosie, Hazy Davy, Killer Joe. Crazy Janey and her mission man. Spanish Johnny. *The wild and the innocent. The hungry and the hunted.* Maybe that’s what led me to the service industry, an industry of outsiders. Or maybe it was just the watermelon scene in *Dirty Dancing*.

Later in his career Bruce Springsteen moved from the shore to the desert, drawn as I am to the soft disillusion of dust, the music as aura. Bolo tie hanging around his neck on the cover of *Tunnel of Love*, like a piece of dark horizon. Is it time to empty myself of ocean? The desert’s only vanishing point is maybe the one I bring to it.

But I am consoled (relieved?) most nights, under New York City’s field of unfolding stars, knowing that on any given Monday I might find Marisa, Dam, Sarah Gaskins, Johnny and Tom, and Becky and Lars at Marlow & Sons. Josh blasting “Nothing Compares 2 U” like there was never another song in the world. Because what are we at the end of the day but a collection of empathetic animals dancing across from one another on the bar.

Why do we listen to music? Because maybe inside each of us there is a planet that needs easing. If you, *I will.* When you, *I feel.* –AD





PAINTING by Marley Freeman



# MY LOVE IS YOU

by Caroline Fidanza



Like everyone else of my generation, my first love was Led Zeppelin. Generation X listened to records, memorized band members' names, and waited for the next Iron Maiden album to come out. We remember the early days of MTV meant enduring an endless queue of REO Speedwagon. We know when Rick Allen lost his arm, and we saw *Spinal Tap* in the movie theater. Why do I still know that Bobby Rondinelli was the drummer for Rainbow after Cozy Powell left the band? That's my generation.

In the beginning, Robert Plant was Led Zeppelin to me. I'm not proud of this. And of course the music is that chaotic and melodic, dark and longing, loud and clamoring, manic, folksy, stomping music. (Perhaps the wall of sound was attributed to the wrong sound.) But I was too young to grasp it all. I could only focus on one thing at a time, and I confess that thing was Plant. I have heard male friends of mine express an interest in removing Robert Plant from Led Zeppelin and leaving the music alone; leave out the Tolkien lyrics and tight pants. But really, who would advocate such a thing? Because, while Led Zeppelin might be the greatest rock band of all time, the definitive rock stars, it's those lyrics and the accompanying mythic music that elevate them above their peers<sup>1</sup> into a realm entirely of their own. Led Zeppelin personifies the great archetypes, not unlike those who ruled ancient Greece, or who still live among the Hindus, here and yet not of this world, on earth to show us our exalted nature. But are they muses of the dark forces? Do they retreat to the heavens or the deep sea? Frolic on vast green expanses? Retreat to grand turreted estates? Conjure magic? How could they have accomplished this without Robert Plant, the ultimate, ecstatic interpreter of sound?

I went to see *The Song Remains the Same* every Friday and Saturday night when I stayed with my cousin Janice on Long Island. She was fifteen years older than I and played the role of rock 'n' roll guide. Everyone needs a guide. My sister Jackie also accompanied us on movie nights and seemed to enjoy the spectacle of it all, but she had already passed through a Sean Cassidy phase, having filled her bedroom walls with posters of his toothy, teenaged dreaminess. Maybe she spent all of her capital on him and by the time Led Zeppelin came into our lives she knew how it would end: by embarrassedly removing the taped photos from the wallpaper. It was all—more or less—the same to her. *Physical Graffiti* (Led Zeppelin's sixth studio album) was no greater than Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the U.S.A.* (Sorry, Anna.) I can't say the same for Janice or me—we had feelings, and they were only going to get stronger before they waned.

At home I immersed myself in Led Zeppelin lyrics and liner notes, searching for hidden truths, for clues. It's

impossible. Who are they? They taunted us with their prowess, only to abandon us to our suburban lives with the turn of the volume dial. I suppose for guys, being like them was aspirational. But for me, a girl, there was nowhere to go with it, and, in an effort to find *like*, it only led me to a perpetual weakness for exactly the wrong kind of guy. But the gods do provide. While we know we will never be like them, they have given us the goods—the soundtrack—empowering and triumphant.

I followed up Led Zeppelin with Deep Purple and Rainbow. Deep Purple notably featured Jon Lord on keyboards, creating a lush, almost jazzy or symphonic sound. But my attention was drawn to Ritchie Blackmore. Something about his guitar style appealed to me deeply. Not quite noodle-y, but more bendy, moody, circular, and swanky, heralding an articulate, tight virtuosity that was more like a knowing nod—a wink and a pointed finger—than self-conscious showmanship. He had a swagger not unlike Jimmy Page and a cool nonchalance unlike anyone else. He probably never broke a sweat. At some point he started wearing that Pilgrim hat, as though he knew he was headed somewhere else. In Deep Purple, he was perfectly mismatched with singer Ian Gillan, who was most likely a cad, and maybe more funny than smart, but nonetheless nearly as sexy as Robert Plant. The machine that was Deep Purple is highly underrated. Sometimes it felt like I was the only person in the world who cared about Deep Purple. This might be the fault of Ian Gillan, who perhaps held the band back from being heard as more progressive by being too much of a clown. But damn he's a good singer and a total fox.

Later, Ritchie Blackmore took his hat and crossed over to the dark side, moving on to form Rainbow with Ronnie James Dio. While we know that Dio, like me, is an Italian American from upstate New York, he nonetheless was able to successfully invoke some fairly well crafted medieval imagery (as well as popularizing the *mano cornuto*, aka devil horns, as the ultimate sign of metal). With Ritchie behind him and the building guitar riffs, Rainbow achieved a mystical quality and an allegorical excess that are definitively what I love about heavy metal.<sup>2</sup>

And I loved Dio, but not as much as I loved Robert Plant, Ian Gillan, and Ritchie Blackmore. I realize now that there was something too close to home about him. There was a veneer that I must have intuitively perceived. Something told me that he wasn't the real deal. It's entirely apparent to me now watching him on video that he's all camp, a song and dance man. A mere mortal, working for a living.

But wait, it's the eighties. And while there are years of being a teenager when it feels like nothing will ever change, suddenly everything changes. New archetypes emerge.

There's hair metal and Duran Duran. And then a perfectly timed *Stop Making Sense* comes out. At this time, I know little about Talking Heads. There are videos on MTV of a not very attractive skinny guy falling forward (or backward? maybe both?), chopping on his arm and nearly drowning in his own sweat. But now, here he is again, clean, dressed, and composed. He's grown into a big man. Big suit, big hat, major motion picture.

And then *I* cross over.

I devote myself to *Stop Making Sense* just as I had to *The Song Remains the Same*. (Robert Plant in those pants! In the same breath as David Byrne in a giant suit? Yes. Love has no rules.)

This new archetype seemed to have some answers. David Byrne knew that if you wanted to be big, it might require you to put on a big suit or a very large cowboy hat. You might not be born that way, but you can become it. A “fake it until you make it” sort of strategy. Here was a guy and a band that did not descend from the heavens. They were us—boys and girls—fat, skinny, awkward, and smart. Couldn't we be that too?

The tools for survival provided by Talking Heads replaced the longing implicit in Led Zeppelin. It was actually David Byrne that got me through high school. Talking Heads were smart and listening to them made you feel smart. Listening to them made you believe that you could be them. They went to college too. They were not jocks or stoners—they were the art school kids. They demonstrated that *you* could make the rules. Life didn't have to be boring, and you also didn't have to be a god to live another way. You could be you, make it all up, and become it. You, the author of your life.

Once I started cooking, I put aside my love and affection for rock 'n' roll for a period of years. Part of it was, I didn't relate to what was popular in the mid-nineties: grunge and rap. I just didn't know what to listen to. The radio didn't play good or new music, and records were now CDs. I think I even listened to the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Heavy metal became hair metal and then went away and came back as thrash metal, doom metal, speed metal, Viking metal, stoner metal—the list goes on. And anything that was good I missed; I never found the Beastie Boys or Fugazi. So I stopped listening and instead I read cookbooks.

It seemed that the time when music both filled a hole and left one was over. I studied the names and lineages of chefs, not drummers. I finally found where I belonged and thought that cooking was all I needed to know about. But I was wrong.

I was working the grill at Savoy. Savoy, where I learned everything about cooking: how to break down a leg of lamb,

a rack of venison, or a twenty-pound fish; debone a rabbit or a suckling pig; kill and skin an eel; cook an octopus; salt-roast a duck; stuff a sausage; make taramosalata, tortilla española, gremolata, romesco, anchoïade, fesenjān and ras el hanout.

One night the manager came into the kitchen to say that David Byrne had just sat down. Well, how could this be? Where did he come from? He eats? Here? It turned out that this was actually very easy—he lives here and yes, he eats in restaurants. But I didn't know that. Again, during the mid-nineties, food was not what it is now. Celebrities and especially rock stars did not align themselves with chefs, and certainly nobody made the mistake as to who was who. It was inconceivable to me that someone who I loved and admired and who I was never supposed to meet, who quite seriously changed my life, could walk into the restaurant where I was working and order dinner. Yet here he was. And he was alone.

I was overwhelmed with joy. Most of the time at work I was overwhelmed with stress or fear, but with him it was pure joy. We were going to make fennel stuffed rabbit with chickpea and green olive stew not just for someone who I loved as an artist, but for someone who actually got me out of high school and showed me the path to exactly where I was standing right then. I was about to make him a plate of food that would become part of who he was—would enter the very molecules of his being. In some small way I was able to reciprocate; I could give him something too. It was truly magical to me—not the Led Zeppelin or even the Rainbow kind of magic—it was the magic of true love. I have never felt that way about anyone else I have ever cooked for. Only for David Byrne.<sup>3</sup>

And then I knew everything was going to be all right. I was doing the right thing.

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<sup>1</sup> Unlike The Who or The Rolling Stones (also obvious greats of the same class and era), only Led Zeppelin maintains an otherworldliness. The Stones are blues guys—sexy yes, cool as hell, but rooted, earthy. The Who is Pete Townshend's band, sometimes profound and sometimes goofy, and even a little creepy in that *Ivor the Engine* driver kind of way. There are those who would argue that The Who is greater than Led Zeppelin. They are just wrong. While the question of who is the best may remain eternal, the answer is eternally and correctly Led Zeppelin.

<sup>2</sup> Ritchie now plays Renaissance fair-style music with his lovely and talentless wife, who is probably from Long Island. Ritchie likes Long Island for some reason. And Ronnie—God rest his soul. Long live rock 'n' roll.

<sup>3</sup> It turned out that this was not the only occasion that David Byrne came to Savoy; he did with some frequency in those days, the days when SoHo was still a nice, quiet little neighborhood, and even before David Byrne became a local hero, easy to spot riding his bike around town. Each time he stopped by I was thrilled again. I wish I could have told him so.



# MUSIC,

I was born in the summer of 1981 and named after Bob Marley. It was soon after he died and about ten months after my parents had seen his concert in Boston. My mom believes the “spirit entered her that night.”

I’m not sure what she means, except that maybe while Marley was on stage she had a religious or ecstatic experience that was life altering. I was a month and a half premature, and my dad sat in a café near the hospital with my mom’s friend trying to come up with names. Marley was quickly chosen. I learned this at a graveyard in Sunset Park in 2004.

Growing up in Western Massachusetts, we listened exclusively to reggae and talk radio. My brother Jordan is two years younger and named after a family member. It was easy for me, though, to identify with my name. Perhaps the most impactful part of being named after the reggae prophet was the constant reminder that art and ideals come first, and that they could be achieved with such a casual stride. Marley made people believe that revolution could still happen, and when I listen to him now, that’s what I hear: as if he could usher us directly to a better world, maybe with very little struggle at all. Of course that’s not true, but feeling it feels important.

My painting modes are directed towards the hope of making a new image through a kind of cultivated randomness. Something visual that has a slow power. Painting is akin to music in the process of layering. Say you have four or five tracks. On their own, they mean very little, but when layered, they create a composition. Likewise, I take disparate elements and, in putting them together, strive for beauty. Beauty can occur, in part, because of the randomness of the layers. Layering creates more meaning.

The definitions of image making have been largely cultivated by for-profit industries. The bulk of what we consume visually is sold to us through design and advertising. An image that is made for art’s sake, though, is akin to a song. It’s for pleasure and for expanding thought. Like music, painting is slow to consume. Unlike vision!

Very little of what I listen to is commercial. With music there is constant choice: you can change the radio station or turn it off. With image, however, you have to be extreme to avoid the commercial stuff, because it’s everywhere and because of the way we move around the world. I guess loosely, music feels less about mastery and more about playing around until something works. That stereotype does neither music nor painting service, I know. But when I was choosing the direction to take my creative life, I felt a dearth in image-making culture, so I went that way. I love music and wish more people painted idiosyncratic images.

-painting & words by Marley Freeman



## Playlist Doll Face photos & words by Joshua Wiles

In selecting and ordering these songs I tried to find a rhythm, an arc, and a connecting thread. Steady bubbling never quite boiling. That's most often the music I identify with.



**Johnny and Mary** (featuring Bryan Ferry) Todd Terje  
**Monotronic** (Secret Circuit Remix) Museum of Love  
**Frozen** Daniel Lanois  
**A Dog's Dick** Lower Dens  
**Spinning Away** Brian Eno and John Cale  
**Beach Theme** Tangerine Dream  
**Hurry Up John** The Idle Race  
**Under the Sky** Giles, Giles, & Fripp  
**Geld** La Dusseldorf  
**Was Dog A Doughnut?** Cat Stevens

**Mandoia** Chrisma  
**Grey Motorcycle** Make Up  
**Big Black Car** Big Star  
**Perhaps Next Record** Cos  
**You Know Me More Than I Know** John Cale  
**I'd Rather Be a Blind Man** Fugi  
**Peace** Victoria  
**That's The Way It Goes!** Black Merda  
**Carry Home** Gun Club  
**The Outback** Rik L Rik

## Is It All Over My Face? photos & words by Guy Greenberg

I make mixes so as to do something with all the time I spend listening. I get lost in playing songs. Mixing makes you step out. You realize what songs matter? You make choices, you learn new associations, and, most importantly, you make them with an audience in mind. It's a social end to my private world of listening.



**Thoughts and Wishes** Bohannon  
**Native New Yorker** Odyssey  
**Give It Up** (Don't Make Me Wait) Sylvester  
**Go With the Flow** Jaki Whitren & John Cartwright  
**The Guardian Angel is Watching Over Us** Golden Flamingo Orchestra  
**I'm Caught Up** (In a One Night Love Affair) Inner Life  
**My Love Is Free** (Instrumental) Double Exposure  
**Ooh I love It** (Love Break) The Salsoul Orchestra  
**I Got My Mind Made Up** (Larry Levan Mix) Instant Funk  
**Could Heaven Ever Be Like This** Idris Muhammad  
**Angel In My Pocket** Change  
**Let No Man Put Asunder** First Choice  
**There's Never Been** (No One Like You) Kenix featuring Bobby Youngblood  
**Is It All Over My Face?** (Male Version) Loose Joints  
**Keep On** (Francois Kevorkian Remix) D Train  
**I Was Born This Way** (Club Mix '86) Carl Bean  
**Take A Chance** (Dompteur Mooner Edit) Queen Samantha  
**Baby Wants to Ride** Frankie Knuckles  
**You've Got the Love** Frankie Knuckles  
**Dance Sister** (Biofeedback) Peech Boys  
**Reel Love** (The Paradise Garage Track) Man Friday  
**Another Man is Twice as Nice** Tout Sweet  
**Break 4 Love** (Soul Clap Main Mix) Raze  
**I Can't Wait** Nu Shooz





# What's Up

A KARAOKE MANIFESTO  
by Hannah Tepper

It was a blazing hot August night. I'd found myself at the bar of one of those luxury karaoke lounges along Avenue A, my arm around my best friend Jim. We stared off skeptically as strangers sang along to bad classic rock. Then, out from the middle of the darkness came the uncannily familiar MIDI chimes that twinkle out the intro to "All I Want for Christmas Is You" by Mariah Carey. Jim and I were enraptured, overtaken, melting like children, i.e., pole dancing. I'll never know the woman who picked that song, but she gave us a gift we had no idea we desperately needed: a small escape into a perfectly crafted moment of absurdity.

This moment changed karaoke for me forever, not because I hadn't *enjoyed* karaoke before, but because it altered my ideas about what karaoke *can do*. Like a good pop song, the right karaoke song at the right moment has the power to invoke a shared "something" in a room full of strangers. It can invoke a mood or a collective nostalgia. It can push us

past thresholds of seriousness.

Is it morally auspicious that karaoke started as a sort of grassroots thing? In the early seventies, Filipino singers started using "empty tracks" as an affordable way to perform without having to hire and travel with a full band. A lot of these performers made their way to Japan, where "empty tracks" evolved, through a combination of AV technology and leisure capital, into karaoke as we know it.

While planet western capitalism can birth tricked-out karaoke machines with sweet visuals, it also has its downsides. For one, it creates systems where "regular" people have limited access to certain privileges. The access to "an audience" is mitigated through a bureaucratic pyramid where power and privilege merit an individual's worthiness and ability to address a larger group. Karaoke in its purest form (and by pure I mean mostly free and in a public space), unbeknownst to itself, directly defies this exclusionary process. Karaoke is one of few mediums where the spotlight gives equal-opportunity access. At perfect equilibrium, the cost and payment for karaoke balance out at nothing, the transaction based on our mutual appreciation for pop music.

In the late eighties, a sociologist named Ray Oldenburg proposed the concept of "the third space," specific to the modern metropolis. The third space is a place outside of

STILL LIFE BY ERIC MAST

the home and outside of the workplace where otherwise unlikely social interactions emerge, a meeting place that nurtures creativity between strangers. A café, a bar, an art space where people spend unregimented time off of the clock and away from familial obligation. When karaoke happens for free and in a public setting, it's an ideal illustration of this. Especially in karaoke, the rare potential for social creativity comes alive. It promotes an affective exchange (specifically through popular music) between people who otherwise have no reason to collaborate.

Karaoke can also be a place of worship for people who share the deluded but common notion that they should have become rock stars but didn't, and for people who fall in love with songs as if songs are people.

My most triumphant karaoke moment came one Thursday night when, thumbing through the songbook, uninspired and having recently maxed out my "All I Want for Christmas Is You" card, I had a brief flash of karaoke genius: "What's Up?" by 4 Non Blondes. When I say triumphant, I mean that something clicked for everyone when we played this song: a full chorus over that line "*Twenty-five years and my life is still / Trying to get up that great big hill of hope / For a destination.*" The best karaoke songs are the ones on the tip of everyone's tongues, songs we all adore but need to be reminded of.

I'm a line cook. I work hard and I get tired. My finger-nails hurt. At the end of a long, sweaty day of service—bucket of soapy water and green scrubby in hand—the reward is turning on our kitchen's shitty speakers and pumping up some jams. Thin Lizzy is one of my favorite scrub-down bands, but if you've never closed down an industrial kitchen to Johnny Thunders at full blast, you just haven't lived.

At some sad, cliché point over the winter, in the midst of scrubbing, my friend Alyse invited me to a bar not far from Diner where she knew two anticapitalist type ladies hosted an informal Thursday karaoke night. I stumbled along Metropolitan Ave just over the unofficial Bushwick border and into Legion, where a little group of queer punks and neighborhood regulars were casually singing songs between pizza and smoke breaks. It felt really nice to be there. Could the most informal karaoke settings be the fastest route to enlightenment? A karaoke "audience" not fully complicit both diffuses pressure on nervous new singers, and also serves as the right kind of control case for experiments in transformative collective dynamics. If you can get a room of aloof strangers on the same page about Jamiroquai (or something more poignant for that matter), then you've etched a small mark inside of this dark cave called the human condition.

Recently I dragged a pack of semi-unwilling friends to Planet Rose, an old-school karaoke dive on Avenue A. It wasn't long before a friend-pack of bright-eyed young ladies blew through the door and took over. I was skeptical, just as I'd been that seminal night three years ago. Here I was on the same avenue on a similarly swampy night, with that same feeling that I should not have stayed out this late doing weird things. I watched on as this little powerhouse of girls got up and took their microphones. The brightness of the karaoke screen revealed that they were all wearing a different version of the same silky shirt. My memory jogged back to that first silky-shirt wearing stranger, the one who demolished my judgmental expectations when she sang "All I Want for Christmas Is You." Or maybe I'm just the black sheep member of the sorority-sisters' cosmic karaoke club: The friend-pack's song began playing. It was "What's Up?"

## THE KARAOKE MANIFESTO PLAYLIST:

**All I Want For Christmas Is You** Mariah Carey  
**Torn** Natalie Imbruglia  
**Dirty Work** Steely Dan  
**Hey Ma** Cam'Ron  
**Die Young** Ke\$ha  
**Never Ever** All Saints  
**Waterloo** Abba  
**Another Night** Real McCoy  
**Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover** Sophie B. Hawkins  
**My Favorite Mistake** Sheryl Crow  
**What's Up** 4 Non Blondes  
**Everywhere** Michelle Branch  
**Strawberry Wine** Deana Carter  
**Keep On Loving You** REO Speedwagon

**Carnival** Natalie Merchant  
**I Try** Macy Gray  
**Tubthumping** Chumbawamba  
**You May Be Right** Billy Joel  
**Alison** Elvis Costello  
**Semi Charmed Life** Third Eye Blind  
**Jimmy Mack** Martha Reeves and The Vandellas  
**Hot N Cold** Katy Perry  
**Crying** Roy Orbison  
**All That She Wants** Ace of Base  
**Where Have All The Cowboys Gone** Paula Cole  
**Malibu Hole**









PAINTING BY TED McGRATH | HAW HAW HAW

## THE ONES WORTH STANDING FOR

by Millicent Souris

Used to be the only shows I'd see were metal shows. I worked *music* in Chicago and certainly had my fill of being on the list for four-band nights, when two would have done just fine thank you. I came up during a particularly tedious moment in independent music: lots of meandering and time-signature breakdowns, too much brain, loads of technique, and really never enough gut and groin for my liking.

When music stopped being my job and started to be a serious treat, I only saw metal shows. Nothing hushed, nothing cerebral. Working 60–80 hours a week on my feet cooking didn't bring out the singer/songwriter side of me, or the angular broken-down chord herky-jerky art side. For all of that music I'm going to require a billowy armchair please, and a large portion of the band's rider.

But I can take it. My feet, knees, hips, and back can take it if it's metal or *hard rock* as the public school officials call it. Heavy metal, even if it's slightly blasé, is like stories of Nazis or fundamentalist Mormons: It delivers. It transports me to a place where I'm not thinking about my rigid hip or that part of my back that's compounded or how the neuroma seems to be returning in the left foot while the arch on the right seems to be giving up. My shoulders don't feel the weight of my neck and head and all the thoughts inside, and whatever tweaking the tendons of my forearms might feel surrenders to a rocks glass full of bourbon. Happily.

Everything I know falls away and the music takes its place. I usually leave the show invigorated and reaffirmed. It's worth it.

I flew to Chicago yesterday to see a music composition performed in a beautiful old cemetery on the northwest side of the city as the full moon rose. It was also Friday the 13th, the only one of this year. I don't idealize Friday the 13th; my father died on it and a friend hanged himself on the same one, so its allure has altered. But only a fool ignores the perfect storm of this show—historic cemetery, full moon, Friday the 13th. I used to wear a lot of black eyeliner. This is my wheelhouse. And the cherry on top, the Bohemian National Cemetery was founded in 1877, opened by the Bohemian people of Chicago when they

were fed up with a Catholic priest who repeatedly refused burial to people he disliked. It's a vast beauty of a cemetery.

JR Robinson, the creator of Wrekmeister Harmonies, asked the caretakers of the Bohemian National Cemetery last year if he could stage a concert there for the Super Moon, when the moon is the closest and the most visible to Earth. They said yes and the first "Beyond the Gates" performance was played on the lawn of the mausoleum. I remember hearing about that show, and wishing, without ever hearing the music, that I had been there. When I could be there, I had to be there. There is no way I'm leading a life where, when given the opportunity, I don't see this show.

Some people have vision. Serious vision. Only that person can produce that sound, create that project and compel the people to join it. What you hear can only come from them. This incarnation of Wrekmeister Harmonies, thirty people in all, included a choral group Robinson created just for this event called "The Beyond The Gates" choir. The musicians comprised string players, a harpist, someone playing harmonium, keyboardists, a drummer, a guitarist, bassists, and vocalists—all from a range of different musical backgrounds.

They played in front of the mausoleum on its massive, linear lawn. Loads of people with blankets and coolers and chairs, a table selling beer, and a line four catacombs long for the port-a-potties. The mausoleum itself bookended the musicians and a large part of the crowd. We are people used to the crowded club, eeking in before the show is sold out or, worse, standing there with only twenty other people. To be outside, to hear this kind of music outdoors in a harmonious environment, is a gift, a balance where the place enriches the experience. This doesn't work as well under the broiling sun at some hideous music festival programmed by people training to be tastemakers.

The music begins in the center, with Robinson and a keyboardist being joined by the acoustic instruments on the right. Everything is classically beautiful, lovely and a bit melancholy. Then the choral singers come to center stage, the choral singers, all fifteen of them, a complete



surprise. It's a tightrope act, the composition unravels to a place with no end for a long time, completely reliant on the players following Robinson's guidance, hand gestures, their own instincts and feelings on the score.

And it shifts. The change. The players on the left, the metal guys, the amps, the brute, they all come in. They start to break down the classic beauty of the acoustic instruments. A wash of sound, crushing what was before, building as high and powerful as the stacks of bodies in the mausoleum, this beautiful structure capable of giving a home to both this sound and the dead.

It's a perfect setting, one that envelops the musicians and the listeners. We're not in a room busting out of its seams: we are held by the historical architecture, all the plots. We are lucky to be on this ground full of those who came before us. If music brings us together, death does more so. It's the only thing any of us can truly count on. The Bohemian National Cemetery in Chicago is massive and archaic—the only space that can house this project and still feel like it has room to grow.

The music continues. Another singer emerges, rivaling the first voice for pitch and howl. The music beats on, a typhoon, its own death in this place of the dead, breaking down with brutal, harsh tones. The storm arrives, destruction continues, nature still moves and quietly rebuilds. It is the ultimate ephemera, it will only ever happen and exist in this moment, in this space on Friday the 13th, 2014. The musicians have practiced once, each with a hazy clue of what to do, until it comes time to execute. Every note played, every sound sung disappears almost as soon as they come to be. Only death is real.

Eyehategod was playing on the opposite side of town that night. "Beyond The Gates" ended early enough to catch them. I didn't think I wanted to be inside: I didn't think I wanted to break the spell of the cemetery, the incredibly brutal epic beautiful music I witnessed there. People's drugs started to kick in, or their inhibitions vanished as the full moon rose over the mausoleum and they were dancing to Simeon from Silver Apples as an incredible psychedelic light show played on the wall of the mausoleum.

I thought I would be in love, in the wash of some elusive swoon that would keep me in this beautiful place, this dreamy setting, outside under this moon. But sometimes, when the hold of the music is over, you're just sitting on a blanket on some grass like a damn hippie. It's time to dump the empties and move on.

I didn't anticipate wanting to be held by four dark walls and a bar after that. But I was wrong. Fuck that. Return me to the dank.

(It turns like a switch.)

We got to the show just in time to catch the band before the headliner called Enabler. I changed my shirt in my car and gave the old man selling parking spaces two dollars because it's better to have him on my side than against me. Everybody knows those parking spaces aren't for sale, but neither is the shopping cart he's pushing around, and this is Chicago. If you have some gumption and the willingness to tell somebody they owe you money, then good on you.

Going to metal shows is like showing up for the first day of high school over and over again. And if you're lucky, you've been to that school before, everyone knows you, and is psyched to see you. Sometimes though you're the kid who transferred and nobody knows you but they turn their heads to check you out. *Who's that? What's that shirt say?*

Fight, fuck, or flee. Those are the options.

Eyehategod has been around for over twenty-five years. They come from New Orleans, and they can only be from New Orleans. Their music is a mixture of Black Sabbath, Black Flag, The Melvins, and Lynyrd Skynyrd. It's a history of heshers that only New Orleans could create. A vile swagger with misanthropic stagger. We dance, smoke drugs, and share the incantations. It's metal and doom and grungy and hardcore but it's got a beat and you can dance to it. It's Heavy. In one moment, you're breaking your beer bottle on the bar for a weapon and in the next you're wrapping yourself around your enemy in a low-down dirty sway.

The general rule of thumb for describing a heavy-metal howl is to say it is the rage from a wounded animal released from a cage, or something akin to that line of thinking. It's not. It's not a wolf howling at the moon, roaming the plains. Whether it comes from Fred and Toody Cole from Dead Moon and Pierced Arrows, or Wino from Obsessed and St. Vitus, or Mike IX from Eyehategod, it is catharsis. It's what we have to do to be in this world and not kill ourselves or others in the process. It's not about being allowed, and it's not about asking permission. We continue to exist in spite of you.

Not everyone crosses over to mainstream or seeks legitimacy in music, and not everyone wants to. More fans, more money, more recognition—all of these things seem like they translate to a better life, a better career. But what price are we paying when we allow someone to have control over our artistic lives? It's not one easily quantified. People with money tend to want things for their money, but sometimes it turns out that they have ideas too.

The lifers stay the same because that is exactly who they are. They'd rather take the known risk, stay small, keep control, rather than embrace the dark side, the moneyed side. You have to seek them out, hunt for them—they're

not gonna make it easy for you. Sometimes we are exactly where we are because we're not willing to do what it takes to get to the other side. Sometimes we want to be right where we are. This music is for the people who do not understand the world as it is advertised. You say tomato. I say apocalypse.

And sometimes it's called conviction, because you've been convicted.

I prefer my discontent with the edges intact so there's something to hold onto. Too polished, too savvy, too stylish and I just can't grip it. I'm always in the back at the beginning of the show, there's no point in fighting to the front because I know as the songs pass those people fall off. Especially the young ones, they drop like flies. Survive and advance.

Eyehategod, the lifers, the people who keep on going, they are the guts of life. Our messiness, our love, our despair, our spines, our mistakes. All the fucking mistakes we live through. Our vision is real, and in these moments, the live ones, we are all together as witnesses and participants, finally outside of our solitary rooms listening to records. We are together with our brethren.

The club turned the lights on but the band stayed and brought an encore. An Eyehategod encore with the lights on is like having sex on speed in front of the mirror in the unisex public restroom behind a gas station. Painful illumination.

Everyone rushed the stage afterwards to get albums signed, and I wandered up there wondering what exactly I had to do to get the singer's Ouija board shirt, because I was willing, very willing. I ripped my shirt open and tried to find the ever-present Sharpie in my bag to get an album signed and score a dirty T-shirt.

Maybe when people ask me what I dream about for my life, it's actually accomplishing these things—get a record signed and score some dirty t-shirt. Only in the past few years I've been able to shake the notion that I am one step away from working the third shift at an Arby's on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. This destiny doesn't lurk as much as it used to. Just because it's not ever present doesn't mean it's not a possibility.

People stay on the outside because they don't trust the inside. Something happens or they see something or hear something or just know something. They don't want to be a part of you, and you have to come to them. Eyehategod has lived through hurricanes, incarceration, addiction, and most recently the death of its drummer, one of the founding members. They deserve our utmost respect and whatever few dollars we have. They have earned it.

This is essential music: without it the world would eat these fellas alive. That's the difference you can hear, when we purge ourselves to just get back to an even keel. This is what we're doing when we witness, when we create. Shake it off, work through it, and demolish it. It's not choice, fashion, or trend. It's necessity.

Living through shit counts for something. You can hear the difference. And it's a part of me, my idling dark side that I actively keep in check so I stay out of the spiral. I have to exercise it as much as I need the romantic side to sit in cemeteries and feel the space and hear the music. It was a privilege to witness something completely fleeting, transformative, and mind-blowing in a historic gorgeous place and then go to a scuzzy rock club, the likes of which I've been in thousands of times to reaffirm the base of my being. I went to my church to work some things out, to hear love, to hear hate, to be intimate. To give in. To shake it off. Music. You are important.

The next day I make time with a man I came to visit. I came to see a show in a cemetery under the full moon, but I also came to Chicago to see this man. To continue the spell, to break the spell—I wasn't sure how it would end. *He's the wrong man, but he's the man right now.*

Afterwards I took a cold shower in the Bounty Hunter's apartment because he hadn't paid his gas bill. I tried to rinse off our night of disappointment and disillusionment in each other, our morning making up for all of it with carnal communion. At least we don't lie to ourselves that it's connection. I did my own purging.

I did score a weird T-shirt, the one that initially, in all its attraction and repulsion, lead me to the Bounty Hunter. He was wearing it the night we met. It's a black cut-off T-shirt with the words "Protected by Witchcraft" in red on the front. The moment I met him, I pressed my index finger in his chest and said, "This shirt will be mine by the end of the night." The next morning I tried to steal it and he nabbed me. The second time around he willingly gave it up as a gift. I didn't even have to ask.

It's called catharsis. It's not going to be pretty.



# RECIPES

These recipes were channeled by listening to our Diner Journal and Sketchbook Project mixtape, *Songs to Draw From*. These are foods we want to cook while listening to these songs, songs that make us think of fried fish and ice cream, or maybe meals that might taste better when listening. It's a wild and intimate pairing. The way scent can be a powerful memory trigger, music can spark the appetite, and eating can conjure up a tune. Neurological? Mystical? Just plain delicious ... - Scarlett Lindeman

## SPAGHETTI w/ BLACK PEPPER & BUTTER

TV on the Radio | Keep Your Heart

You just got home, alone. It's late, dark, you're reflective, and you miss someone something awful. There's nothing in the house to eat. You make yourself pasta.

**½ # spaghetti**  
**salt**  
**½ t black pepper**  
**olive oil**  
**2 oz. pecorino, grated**  
**1 T butter**

For the record this recipe can be doubled if cooking for two.

Bring a medium pot of water to boil. Drop in the spaghetti, pressing the noodles into the water after a minute. Cook for 6 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place a sauté pan over medium-high heat. Add in a ladleful of the pasta water. Using tongs, transfer the par-cooked noodles to the sauté pan, season well with salt, black pepper, and a glug of olive oil. Continue to cook the noodles. After 2 minutes, stirring and shaking the pan occasionally, check the doneness of a noodle. If all of the water in the pan has evaporated and the noodles still need to cook for a minute or so, add in a splash of pasta water from the pot. When the pasta is al dente, if there is still a little water in the pan, add the pecorino and butter, stirring and tossing the pasta about. The residual water, oil, and cheese should form a thin pan sauce. Cook the pasta over high heat for a minute to reduce the pan sauce so it coats all the noodles. Check the seasoning and add more salt if necessary. Plate pasta in a bowl and eat immediately.



PHOTO by Julia Gillard

## CHOCOLATE BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM PIE

Loose Joints | Is It All Over My Face?

I got it all over my face!!!

### CRUST

**½ cup graham cracker crumbs**  
**5 T butter, melted**  
**large pinch salt**

### BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

**½ cup packed dark brown sugar**  
**1 T butter**  
**½ t salt**  
**1 t whiskey**  
**½ t vanilla extract**  
**2 egg yolks**  
**4 t cornstarch**  
**¾ cup milk, divided in half**  
**½ t salt**  
**1 t whiskey**  
**½ t vanilla**

### CHOCOLATE PUDDING

**2 cups milk**  
**[divided in 1½ and ½ cup portions]**  
**⅓ cup sugar**  
**½ t salt**  
**⅓ cup cocoa powder**  
**4 t cornstarch**  
**3 egg yolks**  
**2 t vanilla extract**

### ASSEMBLY

**1 cup heavy cream**  
**1 T sugar**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix graham cracker crumbs, butter, and salt together until combined. Press into a pie tin to form a pie crust. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes. Let pie crust cool. Make the butterscotch pudding. In a small pot, combine the brown sugar with the butter and melt together over low heat, stirring occasionally until smooth. Cut the heat, whisk in the salt, whiskey, and vanilla. Set aside. In a small bowl, whisk together the egg yolks together, set aside. In another small bowl, whisk together the cornstarch with half of the milk. Warm the other half of the milk in a small saucepan. When warm, add the cornstarch-milk mixture, stirring constantly over low heat until the mixture begins to thicken. Pour a splash of the warm milk mixture in the eggs, to temper, stirring to combine. Pour the egg mixture into the warm milk mixture, stirring to combine, and warm over low heat until it just starts to thicken, 2 to 3 minutes. Pass this mixture through a fine strainer, discarding any lumps. Pour the butterscotch pudding into the prepared pie crust. Refrigerate while making the chocolate pudding. Add 1½ cups of the milk, the sugar, salt, and cocoa in a small saucepan. Bring to a simmer, stirring occasionally, over medium heat. In a bowl, whisk together the remaining ½ cup milk, cornstarch, egg yolks, and vanilla in a bowl. Pour a splash of the warm milk mixture into the egg mixture, to temper, stirring to combine, then pour the egg mixture back into the warm milk mixture. Heat over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture starts to thicken. Remove from heat. Pass the chocolate pudding through a fine strainer, let cool for 30 minutes at room temperature, then pour on top of the layer of butterscotch pudding. Cover with a layer of plastic wrap and refrigerate until well chilled. When ready to serve, beat the cream with the sugar until soft peaks form. Pour whipped cream on top of pie, spreading it carefully to the edges. Slice and serve.





PHOTOS by Julia Gillard

## FRIED EGGPLANT, TOMATO & FETA SALAD

Cos | Perhaps Next Record

**1 # baby eggplants,**  
[trimmed of their stems, sliced in half,  
flesh scored with a knife]

**olive oil**

**salt**

**pepper**

**1 hot chile pepper [thinly sliced]**

**1/3 cup red wine vinegar**

**2 large heirloom tomatoes**

[cut into bite-sized chunks]

**4 oz. sheep's milk feta cheese [crumbled]**

**1 small bunch mint [chopped]**

**1 slim handful chives [sliced thin]**

In a large sauté pan, heat a couple glugs of olive oil until shimmering. Add the eggplants, cut-side down, in one layer. Sear eggplants until thoroughly browned and softened, 8 to 12 minutes. Transfer eggplants to a bowl as they are cooked through and season with salt and pepper. Continue to cook eggplants in batches until all are cooked, adding more oil to the pan, if necessary. Add the chile pepper to the pan and fry for 30 seconds. Then add the red wine vinegar to the pan, bring to a simmer, and pour over the eggplants. Add tomatoes, feta, mint, and chives to the bowl, toss everything gently together to combine, seasoning with more salt, pepper, and olive oil. Taste the salad and adjust the seasoning, if necessary. Serve.

## RASPBERRY APRICOT DUTCH BABY

Instant Funk | I Got My Mind Made Up

This song comes on at the end of a dinner party. The Brooklyn kind without enough chairs or space. Dessert has been served, but you still get up to dance around, holding a plate of a light slice of dessert pocked with bits of apricot and raspberry. It's a sweet that won't weigh you down.

**2 apricots**  
[halved, pits removed]

**1 T honey**

**salt**

**3 T butter**

**1 T sugar**

**1/2 cup flour**

**1/2 cup milk**

**3 eggs**

**1/3 cup raspberries**  
**powdered sugar**

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Put a medium cast iron skillet into the oven to heat up. In a small bowl, toss together the apricots, honey, and a pinch of salt. Set aside. After 20 minutes, remove the cast iron pan from the oven and add the butter, swirling it around to coat as it melts. In a medium bowl whisk together the sugar, flour, milk, eggs, and a pinch of salt until well combined. Pour the batter into the hot pan, scatter the apricots and raspberries over the top. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes until puffy and browned. Remove from the oven. Sprinkle powdered sugar, generously, over the top. Cut into wedges and serve immediately.



# JOHNNY'S VINEGAR CHICKEN

Daniel Lanois | Frozen

In the process of listening to the mixtape and thinking about good end of summer recipes, I realized I haven't eaten Johnny Edlund's vinegar chicken at all this year, or the previous. This song didn't necessarily spur the recollection, but it did give me necessary pause to let my mind wander. I don't even think he has a grill anymore, but Johnny's vinegar chicken of summers past was legendary. I also realized we never published it in the Journal, so here it is. "Frozen" may or may not be the appropriate theme song.

**3 # chicken drumsticks [drummies]**

**1 cup sugar**

**1 cup warm water**

**3 cups white distilled vinegar**

**1 cup Worcestershire sauce**

**10 garlic cloves [smashed]**

Get a gallon jar, from pickles or bar olives; fill with drummies. Combine sugar with water in a bowl and stir to dissolve all sugar. Pour over the drummies. Add the vinegar, Worcestershire, and garlic. Screw the top on the jar and shake to combine. Refrigerate the jar overnight. When ready to grill, pour half of the marinating liquid into a small pot and bring to a boil. Set aside. Get a grill going, preferably outdoors, or use a grill pan, if indoors. Place the pot of marinating liquid directly onto the grill, for easy access. Pull the drummies from the jar and grill over medium-high heat, in batches if your grill is small, turning often. Dunk each drummie in the hot marinating liquid as they grill and char, a couple times throughout the course of grilling, about 30 minutes total. Serve.

# FRIED DUCK EGGS, HASH BROWNS & RED-EYE GRAVY

Todd Terje | Johnny and Mary

This song takes me to a diner parking lot. Bad coffee, hashbrowns, and romance. I'm not sure why. Is it noir? In some towns the most romantic place is the parking lot.

## GRAVY

**3 T fat**

**[from bacon or country ham drippings]**

**1 T flour**

**½ cup brewed coffee**

**1 cup water or pork broth**

**pinch sugar**

**black pepper**

**1 T butter**

## HASH BROWNS & EGGS

**4 large russet potatoes [peeled]**

**salt**

**black pepper**

**vegetable oil**

**2 duck eggs**

Preferably in the skillet that was used to cook the bacon, warm the fat, scraping up any bits of stuff stuck to the pan. Add the flour and whisk to coat. Cook the flour for a minute, then add the coffee and whisk until smooth. Add the water, sugar, and pepper. Bring gravy to a simmer, then whisk in the butter. Taste the gravy and add salt, if necessary. Keep warm. Then make the hash browns. Grate potatoes using a box grater. Toss with a large pinch of salt. Place grated potatoes in the center of a clean kitchen towel, gather the ends of the towel together, and squeeze as much liquid out of the potatoes as you can. In the largest skillet you have, heat a glug of oil over medium heat. When the oil is shimmering, add the grated potato to the skillet, spreading it out over the entire surface in one thin, even layer. Season with salt and pepper. Press the potato down with a spatula so as much as possible is in direct contact with the pan. Cook undisturbed over medium heat until the potatoes are dark golden brown, 12 to 18 minutes. Flip the hash browns to cook the other side, 10 to 12 minutes more. When nice and crisp, slide the hash browns onto a baking sheet and keep warm in the oven while you fry the eggs. If the pan looks dry, heat a small glug of vegetable oil in the pan until shimmering, over high heat. Fry the eggs, dropping the heat to medium-low halfway through the cooking, until the whites are fully cooked. Season eggs with salt and pepper. Serve the hash browns with the eggs and gravy.

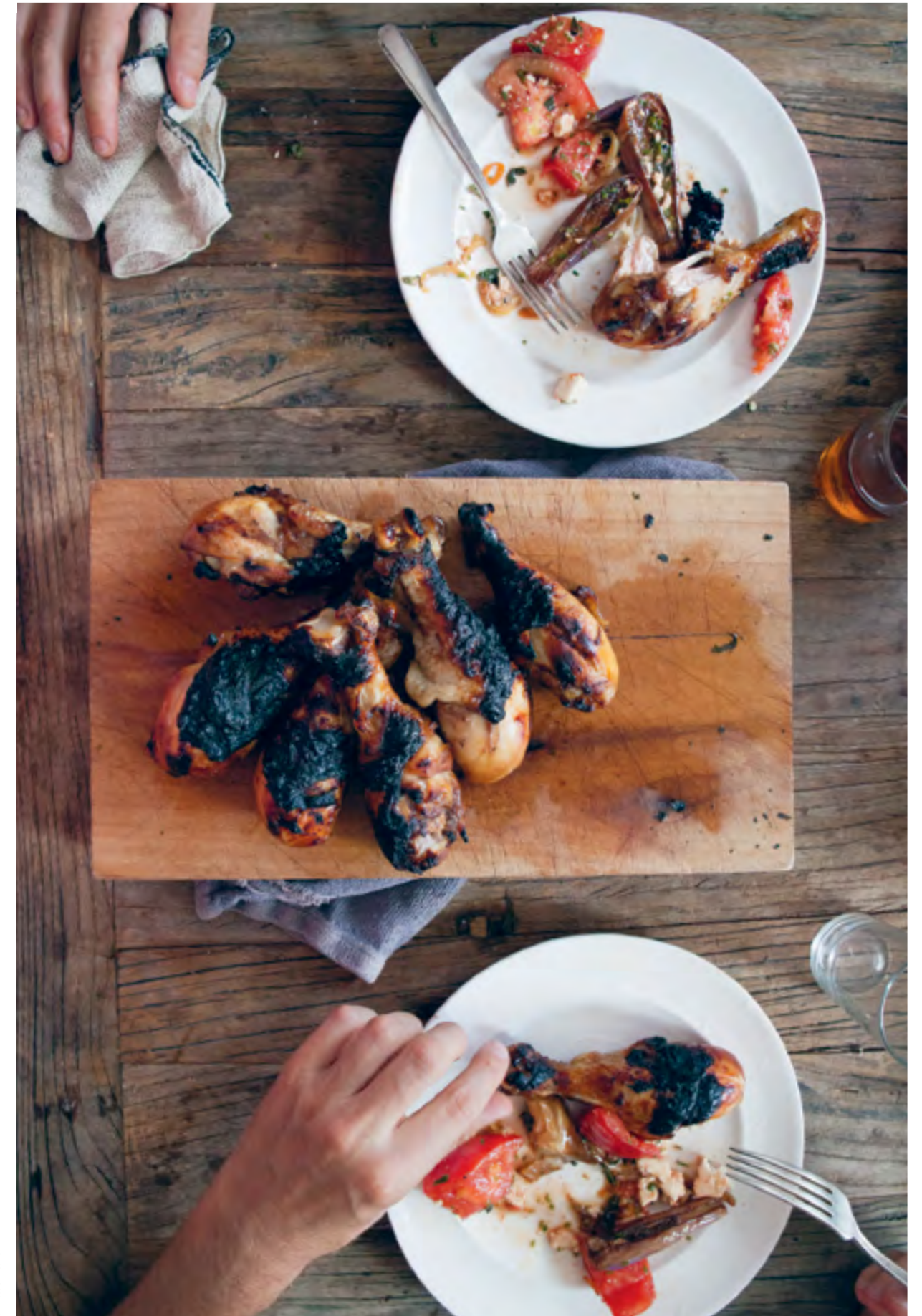


PHOTO by Julia Gillard



# HOT FUDGE SUNDAE

Stevie Nicks | Stand Back

Stevie is sexy, sassy, and no doubt she can tie a maraschino cherry stem into a knot with her tongue. This song runs hot and cold. Like a hot fudge sundae, it's a great mix of temperatures. Recipe by Neale Holaday.



PHOTO by Julia Gillard

## TOASTED ALMOND ICE CREAM

[yields 2 quarts]

- 1½ cups whole almonds
- 6 cups heavy cream
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 vanilla bean [split lengthwise]
- 1 cup whole milk
- 1 t salt
- 13 egg yolks

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Toast almonds until fragrant, 10 to 15 minutes. Let cool. In a saucepan combine cream, sugar, and vanilla bean and heat over medium-high heat, stirring frequently, until the mixture comes to a boil. Turn off the heat and set aside. Remove vanilla bean. In a small bowl whisk milk, salt, and egg yolks together. Temper the egg mixture by pouring a small splash of the hot cream mixture into the egg mixture, whisking to combine. Then add the egg mixture into the hot cream mixture, whisking to incorporate. This is your ice cream base. In a blender, working in batches, add half of the ice cream base and half of the almonds. Blend until almonds are pulverized then transfer to a large bowl. Repeat with the rest of the base and almonds. Let the mixture cool, then strain through a fine-mesh strainer. Spin the base in an ice cream machine and store in the freezer until ready to use.

## SALTED HOT FUDGE SAUCE

- ½ cup sugar
- 1½ cups whole milk
- 1 vanilla bean  
[split lengthwise and scraped of its seeds]
- 2 t salt
- 1¼ cups dark chocolate  
[around 60% cacao, chopped]
- ½ cup unsalted butter [cubed]

In a saucepan combine sugar, milk, and vanilla bean seeds and heat over medium-high heat until the mixture comes to a boil. Pour the hot milk mixture over the chocolate and butter in a medium bowl. Whisk together until smooth. Add salt then blend mixture in a blender. Serve warm over ice cream.

## ALMOND BRITTLE

- 2⅔ cups sugar
- 1⅔ cups light corn syrup
- ½ cup water
- 1½ cups raw almonds [chopped]
- ¾ t baking soda
- ½ t vanilla
- ½ t salt
- 1½ t butter

Mix sugar, corn syrup, and water in a small saucepan and cook to 265 degrees. Add the almonds and cook until they are a deep golden brown. Remove from heat and add in the baking soda, vanilla, salt, and butter. Mix well and immediately spread onto a Silpat silicone baking mat with an offset spatula. Let cool and set completely. Roughly chop then store in an airtight container until ready to use.

## WHIPPED CRÈME FRAÎCHE

- 1¼ cups whipping cream
- ⅔ cup crème fraîche
- pinch of salt

Whip all ingredients to medium stiff peaks.

## TO ASSEMBLE

Scoop ice cream into a serving dish, pour on the hot fudge, add a dollop of the whipped crème fraîche, sprinkle with the brittle, and top with a fresh sour cherry, stem left on.



# PORTERHOUSE, BEER-BATTERED ONION RINGS & PRESERVED LEMON BÉARNAISE

Sinéad O'Connor | **Nothing Compares 2 U**

Like steak and frites for “dinner in a fancy restaurant” but better. Sarah Gaskins would have it that way.

## BÉARNAISE

**2 T white wine**

**¼ cup white wine vinegar**

**1 shallot [minced]**

**2 sprigs tarragon**

**[leaves stripped from the stems and chopped]**

**1 t preserved lemon [minced]**

**10 T butter [cut into ½ inch cubes]**

**4 eggs [separated]**

**juice of ¼ lemon**

**salt**

## STEAK

**2 # porterhouse steak**

**[about 2 to 2½ inches thick]**

**olive oil**

**salt**

**pepper**

## ONION RINGS

**3 cups vegetable oil**

**1 cup flour**

**1 T cornstarch**

**½ t freshly ground black pepper**

**1 t salt**

**1 can beer**

**1 large white onion**

**[sliced into ½ inch thick rings]**

Remove the steak from the refrigerator an hour before cooking and season aggressively on both sides with salt and pepper. Make the béarnaise. In a small sauté pan, bring the wine, vinegar, shallot, tarragon, and preserved lemon to a boil. Lower the heat and simmer until reduced by half, about 5 minutes. Set aside. Meanwhile, melt the butter over medium-low heat in a saucepan. In a metal bowl set over a double boiler, whisk the egg yolks constantly until they warm and start to lighten in color. Whisk in the reserved vinegar mixture. Once incorporated, slowly pour the warm, melted butter in a thin stream into the egg yolk mixture, whisking constantly over the double boiler to incorporate into the beaten egg yolks. Whisk aggressively for a full minute. The béarnaise should be smooth and start to thicken as it gets hot. Once smooth and starting to thicken, take the bowl off of the double boiler. Whisk in the lemon juice and season with salt. Taste the béarnaise, then adjust the seasoning. Transfer the béarnaise to a thermos or a container that can be kept warm. Set aside.

Meanwhile, to prepare frying the onion rings, get a sturdy medium pot, fill half-way with the fry oil, and heat over medium-high.

Preheat the oven to 500 degrees. Place steak in a large sauté pan over high heat. Add in a glug of olive oil and swirl to coat. Add the steak to the pan and sear, about 3 to 5 minutes. Flip the steak and sear on the other side, 3 to 5 minutes. Once the steak has developed a nice crust on both sides, lower the heat slightly and continue to cook the steak, about 10 to 15 minutes on each side, flipping and basting the steak often. For medium rare, it should take about 30 to 40 minutes total. Transfer the steak to a platter. Let rest, flipping it occasionally, while you fry the onion rings.

For the onion rings, whisk together the flour, cornstarch, pepper, and salt in a medium bowl. Crack open the beer. Take two big gulps then whisk what is left into the flour mixture until smooth. Dredge the onion rings in the batter and slide them into the hot oil, working in batches. Fry the onion rings for 3 to 4 minutes until golden. Transfer the fried onion rings to a baking sheet lined with paper towels and sprinkle with salt.

Transfer the steak to a pan and flash in the oven for a full minute. Save the reserved steak juices. Cut steak into ½ inch slices, transfer the entire sliced steak to a large platter, pour the reserved juices over top, drizzle some of the béarnaise over the steak, pile the onion rings on top, and serve immediately, with the rest of the béarnaise on the side.

# LEMON CURD & BROWN BUTTER SHORTBREAD FOR KLAUS NOMI

Klaus Nomi was a rare talent, that, like so many of those improbable musical geniuses, burned brightly before dying much too young. In the punk/new wave scene of late seventies, he sang bizarre, operatic ballads in a high-pitched falsetto, dressed in monochromatic spandex like a character from Alice in Wonderland. I was introduced to his music by the older, cooler DJs at my college radio station who had an obsessive reverence for his work, the kind that only college radio station DJs can cultivate. I went scrambling to find his records after watching him in the great Urgh! A Music War; his performance is transfixing. Nomi moved from Germany to the East Village in the early seventies and became involved with the downtown music and avant-garde art scene, supporting himself by working as a pastry chef by day and playing clubs at night. He was a backup dancer for a televised David Bowie appearance, made lots of weird music, and baked Linzer tortes and Bavarian creams for friends before he died in a hospital in 1983, alone, as a result of complications from AIDS.

## CURD

**3 eggs**

**½ cup sugar**

**½ cup freshly squeezed lemon juice**

**zest of 1 lemon**

**juice of 1 lime, plus its zest**

**6 T butter**

**pinch of salt**

## SHORTBREADS

**8 oz. salted butter**

**½ cup sugar**

**1 T dark brown sugar**

**2 cups flour**

**2 T milk**

**1 t vanilla extract**

**2 T turbinado sugar**



First make the curd. Whisk the eggs and sugar together in a small saucepan. Whisk in the citrus juices and zests. Over very low heat, whisking constantly, heat the egg mixture, adding the butter and salt after a minute. After cooking 2 to 3 minutes, the mixture should start to thicken. Remove the pan from the heat and pass the pudding through a fine strainer. Refrigerate pudding until ready to eat.

Then make the shortbreads. In a small saucepan, heat the butter over medium heat. Cook the butter until deep golden brown and very fragrant, 8 to 10 minutes. Remove the pan from heat, pour butter into a bowl, and refrigerate until semisolid. Beat butter in a stand mixer until light and fluffy, about 3 minutes. Add the two sugars and cream together with the butter. Then add the flour and mix to combine. Add the milk and vanilla extract and mix to combine. Transfer the dough to a sheet of wax paper and form into a 12-inch log, 2 inches in diameter. Chill wrapped in the paper for an hour. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Unwrap the dough and roll it in the coarse sugar, pressing the granules to adhere evenly. Cut the dough into ¼-inch-thick rounds and arrange on baking sheets. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Let cool completely, then serve with the lemon curd.





PAINTING by Paul Wackers | Describing the Position of Objects and their Movements

# LAST LOST CONTI- NENTS

PETER MILNE GREINER

One basic unit of landmass on the continental scale is the craton. A craton is an abnormally buoyant segment of the Earth's crust that, owing to its low density and particular composition, bobs on the mantle and forms landmasses by a process of accretion. This process began, it is thought, during our planet's Archeozoic period, roughly four billion years ago. It continues today and is driven by something called, by turns, plate tectonics or continental drift.

The lost continent is an obsolete trope of human dreaming. Though much of the earth remains remote to people, that is, to individuals and civilizations, there is a big—low-resolution—picture of the sprawling speck we inhabit. The human species has never lost a continent once in its evolutionary history, but it has found and fabricated many. Over the desolation of eons that obscurely prefaces consciousness, the jigsaw of primordial cratons walked the water of the earth in their phlegmatic, unknowing way. The great and small islands and seas scattered and coalesced, did and undid themselves, and so set the varied and mysterious stage known today as the world.

Pangaea, Panthalassa, Tethys, Gondwana: these and others make up the geologic pantheon of lands and seas in deep time. What sounds very much like a mythology actually is

not. Though the real in this history has been named like a cast of capricious titans, the clash and scatter in this case really happened, imperceptibly—so long-taking, in fact, that it appears now as if it didn't. But the names and 3-D models are there, waiting in the crevices like predators. Who are these oceans, these super- and micro-continents on which historians and scientists have imposed their myth-building? The very act of animating them with these names seems unscientific, unobjective.

Consider what else populated those crevices. Anything so ancient is ostensibly the stuff of cryptozoology, that fashionable flight of nostalgia: giant sea moth, abominable swamp man, Loch Ness, T-Rex, Jersey jungle walrus. Even what we know to have been real is as good as imagined, petrified in the fossil record of fantasy. Flightless dragons walking the earth back then would evolve into a kind of gilled mouse. Aquatic wolves with eyes looking up from the top of their skulls would evolve into whales. The earth always manages to prove its far reaches if, as with people, given time.

The lost continent myth originated in minds perceiving a world not yet mapped in full. Even then, as close as we were to having everything, we yearned for more. It was







like Tilda Swinton in *Orlando*. Her/himself an English ambassador abroad in the Middle East, Orlando, immortal, changes sex in Virginia Woolf's astounding work of science fiction. "Same person. No difference at all," Orlando says, because the stuff of myth and self knows no boundaries.

\*

In 1945 on a volcano on an island called Iwo Jima, far from any craton but slightly above sea level, a man named Joe Rosenthal took an iconic photograph. Fifty-seven years later, Mariah Carey sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" at Super Bowl XXXVI and she, too, shares in the legacy of that ill-fated volcano, in the mystique of its overtaking. Though it may be true that the United States relinquished its occupation of Iwo Jima in 1968, it will lie dormant under that black and white flag so long as Rosenthal's photograph persists in national memory. The YouTube video of Mariah Carey singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the Super Bowl is a historical document. Like *Raising the Flag at Iwo Jima*, Carey is an American icon, possessed of her own mysteries, power, allure, illusion. It was thought (by some) that Joe Rosenthal's photograph was staged; it is accepted that it was not. It was thought (by some) that Mariah Carey's performance was prerecorded; it was.

Like "Part of Your World," "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by a songwriting team. The lyrics were sourced from the poem "Defence of Fort M'Henry" by Francis Scott Key and, omitting the last three stanzas, fit to a preexisting composition by John Stafford Smith of London. The resultant anthem, cobbled together as it was, reunites the empire and its colonies in an utterly inevitable, discombobulated coherence. As the song begins, the land at stake is up for grabs, unclaimed, unconquered, awaiting sovereignty. The Americans sing their poetry to a British tune and prevail. Key's words captured that candid victory and sent them into the future like a probe collecting all the good data of patriotism.

Mariah Carey is famous for her ability to sing in the whistle register, known in vocal pedagogy as the flageolet, the highest register reachable by humans. Like Nick Pitera's uncanny falsetto, the quality of Carey's whistle is a gift—melody is a signature they sign in voice. Though her particular vocal vocabulary can be heard throughout her rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the high note is always the obvious standout: B6, which is also in the vocal range of dolphins. The note is so high that the word "free" is free of enunciation, unpronounceable, in the minds of the listener only. In true American form, Carey lays claim to the song's territory, crowning herself queen with every echo of "Dreamlover" she embeds in the melody, every square inch of the fantasy and loss that makes up so much of her own work. Like "Always Be My Baby," "The Star-

Spangled Banner" celebrates earned reclamation. When Carey's voice soars into the whistle register like a rocket, like a bomb, she knows that all matters of time have finally made their homecoming.

It remains uncertain if Carey can get there on command, since her "Star-Spangled Banner" was prerecorded. Other notes in the whistle register are sometimes overdubbed into her live performances. It's like a fickle muse. In the moments leading up to the legendary B6, the camera abandons Carey and instead circles a sculptural replica of Joe Rosenthal's war photograph, uncannily, just when evidence for that impossible note is most urgently desired and available. Because the note is inaccessible, unbound, Unreal. It has been told of and sung but not observed. It is a myth. According to some exotic cycle outside the purview of humankind, its filaments rise slowly from the volcano on a curl of rock mixed with minerals mixed with glass. Ash.

\*

Someday science will describe Dark Matter and give it a new name. Probably the word "Dark" will be replaced by some clever person's last name: Yarrier, Frossing, Nork, Dender, Pictory, something like that. For now, the study of Dark Matter is cutting-edge physics, distinct from fringe physics and pseudophysics, which is a branch of pseudoscience. The field of pseudoscience is bright with invention and forefathers, just as the field of science is bright with dreamers astute and dreamers foolhardy. The spectra that unite these traditions are as empirically, fabulously convoluted as the brains that conceived them. There are scientific truths, foundations that, like cratons, form the basis of how the human species understands the natural world and the universe. There are also pseudoscientific truths, pseudofoundations, pseudocratons around which accrete falseness and delusion. The British Isles are closest to the geological craton formation known as the Baltic Shield. Every landmass on earth is situated on a global pseudocraton called Apate, named for the Greek goddess of deceit. Maine, of course, is on the fringe of the North American craton, and it was there that Wilhelm Reich imagined orgone energy and its counterpart, deadly orgone energy, a cosmic force entangled with human sexuality and rain, a kind of Dark Matter chauvinistically linked to libido.

Wilhelm Reich moved to Maine in 1942, after being mistaken by the FBI for a communist bookseller in New Jersey. Though suspicious, his notions about orgone energy posed no threat to the United States of America. He was largely thought to be a fraud, had ties with Albert Einstein, and owned a very questionable collection of books. He named his farm Orgonon after his energy. Suddenly, that

ordinary plot of land carried new weight. On this farm, Reich experimented with controversial devices he called "cloudbusters," which he claimed could focus orgone energy in the atmosphere, inducing rainfall.

Peter was there when the FBI arrested Reich. Peter, his son. This traumatic event is the subject of Kate Bush's song "Cloudbusting," from *Hounds of Love*. Bush portrays Peter in the music video. The song, written from Peter's point of view, recalls the day Reich was taken away, his laboratory ransacked, his work confiscated. "Every time it rains / you're here in my head / Like the sun coming out / I just know that something good is gonna happen," Peter/Bush sings. The sense of the chorus is one of a pathetic fallacy in reverse, inverted nostalgia, futility blown so out of proportion that it resembles promise. In writing this song, Kate Bush looks across the Atlantic Ocean, into the past, into the life of a child, into the future of that child—and at that advanced stage of speculation decides to take hold, to embody. Who is Kate Bush but the son of a mad scientist? In the world of the music video, but after the action of it, Kate Bush as Peter wanders the fields of Orgonon, abristle with decaying cloudbusters. They point upward like deaf weeds, finding nothing, performing no task, facing the cosmos uselessly like the stone heads of Easter Island. They have no significance. In Old English there is a single word for the feelings inspired by looking at ruins. The word is *dustsceawung*—dust-seeing. Kate Bush as Peter looks at the cloudbusters. Shel Silverstein, rise from the dead and draw me a picture book about that.

During a performance at New York City's Webster Hall, the song "Cloudbusting" was covered by singer-songwriter Solange Piaget Knowles. Knowles as Bush as Peter cannot protect Reich from the FBI. Knowles as Bush as Peter hides the yo-yo in the garden. Knowles as Bush as Peter chases the car down the country road until it vanishes into the hills. Knowles as Bush as Peter runs up the hill and activates the cloudbuster and it works because it is real and the sun is shining and the truth is finally revealed. Knowles fits herself to the song and approaches the coda like a coyote and climbs the step-pyramid to the final note. The note is high, not dolphin high, but high enough. She has shifted shapes. From the top of a step-pyramid, lost continents become more abstract. A house is a lost continent. A street, a shape, a chord change is a lost continent. Darkness is a lost continent. A time of day, a bad idea, an area code, two particular colors next to each other, a catchphrase, a knickknack, all these are lost continents. Everything impossible to forget is a lost continent. Fathers, sons are lost continents. That which is obsolete and that which is useful are lost continents. The future is a lost continent. Names are lost continents. Fondness is a lost continent. Kate Bush's first piano is

a lost continent. America is a lost continent. Verifiable truth, death, meaning, God, the origin of life on Earth, the universe before the sun, whatever came before the universe and whatever will come after.

\*

The word *nostalgia* was coined by a Swiss medical student approximately one century after the invention of yodeling. It described a condition suffered by mercenaries living abroad, whereby the patient, upon hearing simple, traditional Swiss horn melodies called *Ranz de Vache*, would experience desertion-inducing homesickness. Whistling these melodies was prohibited under Swiss law. From the Greek words for homecoming (*nóstos*) and pain (*álgos*), the notion of nostalgia arose from music and pathology.

For his blind audition for the *The Voice of Italy* in 2014, contestant Tommaso Pini sang "Summertime Sadness" by Lana Del Rey. Like "Part of Your World," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Cloudbusting," "Summertime Sadness" is a nostalgic, commemorative song about having something and not having something at the same time, a conceit dear to the human psyche and suited to music's home dimension of time. The immanent separation chronicled in "Summertime Sadness" is colored by equal parts melancholy and thrill, Del Rey's hallmark emotional confabulation. When Pini begins to sing, it is as when Nick Petera begins to sing. *Who is it?* The judges in their garish thrones sit with their backs to him. *Is it a he?* The beguiling androgynous croon befuddles the viewer, too, because of the way the show is edited. It's a double mystery, a quadruple mystery, an infinite mystery. The judges nod knowingly, confer, and spin around. They behold Pini wailing the ruinous heights of Del Rey's own *Ranz de Vache*, her anthem of desolation recycling her now and her forever in a treacherous feedback loop. When the chorus comes with its susurrus of Summer, we are balanced perilously on the verge with him. We do not lose our footing. We do not forget why we are here. In "Summertime Sadness" the separation is always about to happen but never does. That stalemate is the dark craton of desire, of war, of the past. No matter how hard we try, these barriers are insoluble in thought. What we want and what we need staggers through the breadth of the human register. There, nothing else matters, let alone exists, let alone is open to debate. Maybe it's reality TV or maybe it's something someone calls their art. Maybe it's all just cosmic rays planlessly workshopping our genes into gibberish. But what is certain, what the evidence shows, what is undeniably in the data, what is conclusive scientific fact, is that the greatest, most lost land of all is ourselves.



## SNOW PEA, GREEN BEAN & PLUM SALAD

Raze | Break 4 Love (Soul Clap Main Mix)

We need a vegetable side. Some kind of salad that you can eat with your fingers while shimmying back and forth in your seat. Sweet-tart plums sneak into the mix like the faint trumpet in this song.

- 1/3 cup almonds**
- 1/2 # green beans [trimmed]**
- 1 cup snow peas [trimmed]**
- 2 plums**  
[halved, pitted, and cut into thin wedges]
- 2 T tarragon [chopped]**
- 1/2 shallot [minced]**
- 1/4 cup sherry vinegar**
- olive oil**
- salt**
- pepper**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Spread almonds on a baking sheet and toast in the oven until fragrant, 10 to 15 minutes. Remove almonds from the oven, pour a glug of olive oil onto the pan and toss almonds about to coat. Season well with salt and set aside to cool. When almonds are cool, place in a food processor and pulse until almonds are finely chopped. Reserve. Bring a medium pot of water, as salty as the sea, to boil. Blanch the green beans for 1 to 2 minutes, then plunge in an ice bath. Remove beans from the ice bath and dry. In a bowl, add the blanched green beans, snow peas, almonds, plums, tarragon, shallot, and sherry vinegar. Toss to combine, then add a couple glugs of olive oil, and season well with salt and pepper. Taste, adjust the seasoning if necessary, then serve.

## SUGAR STEAK W/ BLACKENED PEPPERS

Lefty Frizzell | Long Black Veil

Minimal and twangy. Sweet and meaty. Charred all over.

- 2 # steak**  
[flank, skirt, or flatiron]
- 1/4 cup packed brown sugar**
- 1/2 t ground cumin**
- 1/2 t black pepper**
- 1/2 t ground Chile de árbol**
- splash of bourbon**
- 4 poblano peppers**
- 1 T olive oil**
- 2 t red wine vinegar**
- salt**

In a glass dish, sprinkle the sugar, cumin, black pepper, chile, and bourbon all over the steak. Massage the mixture into the steak. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate. Thirty minutes before grilling, allow the steak to come to room temperature while you prepare the grill. Get your grill going. When the flames are hot, roast the poblano peppers on the grill, turning occasionally until blackened on all sides. Transfer peppers to a bowl, cover with a kitchen towel, and let sit for 30 minutes. Peel the majority of the skins off of the peppers—some blackened bits are okay. Pull the stems off the pepper and remove the seeds from inside. Slice the peppers into strips. Combine peppers with olive oil and vinegar in a bowl. Season well with salt and toss to combine. Set aside while you grill the steak. Season the steak well with salt on all sides. Grill over hot coals, 2 to 3 minutes per side, for medium-rare. Transfer to a cutting board, slice steak against the grain, and serve with peppers.







# WHOLE FRIED FISH W/ CABBAGE SLAW

**Bruce Springsteen | Cover Me**

On the seashore at Asbury Park or Rockaway Beach with a whole fried fish, the wind whipping your hair, sand trapped in your shoes, and The Boss. Inspired by Dominic Boero. Cold beer necessary.

- 4 cups vegetable oil**
- 1 whole porgy**  
[1 to 2 #, gutted and scaled]
- 1 cup flour**
- 2 T salt**
- 1 t paprika**
- 1 t black pepper**
- ½ t granulated garlic**
- ¼ medium red cabbage [thinly sliced]**
- ½ cup mayonnaise**
- 1 chipotle pepper in adobo [minced]**
- juice of 2 limes**
- small bunch of cilantro [chopped]**
- more salt**
- more limes**

In a deep fryer or a pot large enough to fit the whole fish, heat the oil to 350 degrees. Rinse the fish under cold water and dry well with paper towels. Cut three deep slashes into the fish on both sides. In a plastic bag, add the flour, salt, paprika, black pepper, and garlic. Put the fish in the bag and shake well to coat. Shake off any residual flour. Slip the fish into the oil and fry, turning once, until deep golden brown, about 6 to 8 minutes. Meanwhile, combine cabbage, mayonnaise, chipotle, lime juice, and cilantro in a bowl. Season well with salt and mix well to combine. Remove the fish from the oil and serve immediately with cabbage slaw and cut limes on the side.

# CUCUMBER & AVOCADO SALAD

**Talking Heads | This Must Be the Place**

Cool as a cuke, a song as perfect as a ripe, green avocado. Is this the Talking Heads' most purely emotive song? I think so.

- 1 cucumber [peeled]**
- 1 ripe avocado**
- juice of 1 lime**
- olive oil**
- salt**
- pinch dried oregano**
- 6 sprigs chopped mint [leaves only]**
- 4 sprigs chopped parsley [leaves only]**

Slice the cucumber in half lengthwise. Taste the seeds. If they are unpleasant to eat, remove the seeds with a spoon. Slice the cucumbers into half-moons, ¼ inch thick. Place them in a bowl. Slice the avocado in half, peel each half, and remove the pit. Cut the avocado into ½ inch chunks. Add to the bowl. Toss the cucumber and avocado with the lime juice and a glug of olive oil, and season well with salt. Add the oregano, mint, and parsley. Toss to combine. Taste and adjust the seasoning if necessary.



# CHILI DOGS

Mudhoney | Burn It Clean

This song makes me think of teenage evenings at sweat-soaked suburban garage shows, fueled by beer. Chili dogs after.

## CHILI

- 2 T olive oil
- 4 cloves garlic [minced]
- 1 large white onion [finely chopped]
- 1 # ground beef
- 2 T chili powder
- 1 Chile de árbol [crumbled]
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 t freshly ground black pepper
- 1 t ground cinnamon
- 1 t ground cumin
- 1 t dried oregano
- ½ t ground allspice
- 1 12 oz. can crushed tomatoes

## DOGS

- 6 hot dogs
- 6 hot dog buns
- 4 oz. cheddar cheese [grated]
- ½ white onion [finely chopped]

In a medium pot, heat olive oil over medium heat. Add in the garlic and onions, season well with salt, and cook until softened, about 5 minutes. Raise the heat to high and add in the ground beef, crumbling the beef into small pieces as you go. Let the beef brown, stirring occasionally, about 8 to 10 minutes. Add the chili powder, Chile de árbol, bay leaf, black pepper, cinnamon, cumin, oregano, and allspice, stirring to combine. Let spices bloom for a minute or two, then add the crushed tomato. Simmer the beef mixture over medium-low heat for 30 minutes. Taste the chili and add salt, if necessary. (Chili can be made up to 4 days ahead, kept refrigerated until ready to use. Warm in a small pot before serving.) To assemble the chili dogs, sear hotdogs in a pan until hot, or grill or steam. Place the hotdogs in their buns, top with warm chili, and sprinkle with grated cheese and onion.

# COUSCOUS SALAD W/ PUMPKIN SEED OIL

Museum of Love | Monotronic

Buzzing and dreamy. Flecks of color; keep it light and vegetal. When you don't want to cook, just assemble. Oops, that rhymes.

- ½ cup shelled pumpkin seeds [pepitas]
- ½ cup olive oil
- 3 cups cooked couscous
- 1 cup fresh lima beans [blanched]
- ½ cup jicama [peeled and julienned]
- ½ cup cherry tomatoes [halved]
- ¼ cup dill [chopped]
- ½ shallot [minced]
- juice of ½ lemon
- salt

In a small saucepan combine the pepitas with the olive oil. Heat over medium-low, letting pumpkin seeds toast in the oil until fragrant, about 10 minutes. Turn off the heat. Let seeds steep for an hour or so while the oil cools. Blend the oil and the pepitas in a food processor, then strain through a fine sieve, discarding solids. In a medium bowl, toss couscous with lima beans, jicama, tomatoes, dill, and shallot. Add a glug of the pumpkinseed oil (you won't need all of it) and the lemon juice, and season well with salt. Taste and adjust the seasoning, if necessary. Serve cold or at room temperature.







## MOROS Y CRISTIANOS

Golden Flamingo Orchestra | The Guardian Angel Is Watching Over Us

It's got funk, it's got soul, it's got a golden, female voice. It makes me want to eat Cuban food in late 1970s New York City.

- 2 cups black beans [soaked overnight]**
- salt**
- 3 cups white rice**
- 3 T olive oil**
- 1 large white onion [chopped]**
- 1 green bell pepper [chopped]**
- 4 cloves garlic**
- 1 T ground cumin**
- 1 t oregano**
- 1 bay leaf**
- 2 T tomato paste**
- 4½ cups chicken stock**

Cook beans in boiling water until almost tender. Season the water well with salt and continue to cook until beans are tender (beans can be cooked 3 days ahead of time). Rinse the rice until the water runs clear, drain, and set aside. In a large sauté pan, heat olive oil over medium heat. Add in the onion, pepper, and garlic, stirring occasionally, cooking until soft, 5 to 8 minutes. Add the cumin, oregano, and bay leaf, and season well with salt. Add the tomato paste and the rice, stirring to combine. Let the rice toast, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes. Drain the beans from their liquid and add beans to the rice. Add the chicken stock and bring to a simmer. Taste the chicken stock and add more salt, if necessary. Cover the pan and let cook over low heat for 20 minutes. Turn the heat off and let sit for 10 more minutes. Fluff with a fork and adjust the salt before serving.

## *One More Late Summer Dinner*

Pull out all stops—the greatest hits dinner before autumn heads our way. Crack those last bottles of rosé; freeze the last of the summer berries; eat cold, creamy cheese. A toast to not turning on your oven.

## COLD LAMB LEG ROULADE

The lamb should be prepped two days in advance, roasted the day before you want to eat it, and served cold.

- 1 leg of lamb [boned-out, 5 to 6 #]**
- 6 cloves garlic [smashed to a paste with salt]**
- 2 oz. pine nuts**
- 1 T fennel pollen**
- 2 T fennel fronds [chopped]**
- 2 sprigs rosemary [chopped]**
- small handful parsley [chopped]**
- small handful fresh oregano [chopped]**
- black pepper**
- olive oil**
- salt**
- lemon wedges**

Trim the lamb leg of any silver skin, butterfly open, and lay flat. In a food processor, pulse the garlic, pine nuts, fennel pollen, fronds, rosemary, parsley, and oregano until a rough paste forms. Taste the paste; it should be salty. Spread the paste all over the inside of the lamb leg and season well with black pepper. Roll the lamb leg into a tight package; secure with butchers twine to create a uniform, compact roast. Rub the outside of the roast with olive oil and season well with salt and pepper. Place the roast in a baking dish, cover, and refrigerate overnight. The next day, remove the roast from the refrigerator and let sit at room temperature for an hour before roasting. Preheat oven to 275 degrees. Roast the lamb, uncovered until the internal temperature reads 120 degrees, about 2½ hours. Crank the oven up to 500 degrees and roast the lamb until the internal temperature reads 130 degrees and a nice crust has formed, about 15 to 20 minutes more. Remove from the oven and let sit at room temperature for an hour before refrigerating, overnight. When ready to serve, remove the butchers twine, thinly slice the lamb, and serve cold, with lemon wedges.



## BURRATA W/ PEACHES & BASIL

4 very ripe peaches  
juice of ¼ lemon  
3 sprigs basil  
salt  
olive oil  
black pepper  
2 balls of burrata  
toast

Cut the peaches into wedges, discarding the pits. In a bowl, combine the peaches, lemon juice, and basil leaves. Season well with salt, a glug of olive oil, and black pepper. Toss to combine. Cut the balls of burrata in half, season with salt and pepper, and drizzle with olive oil. Pour the peaches over the cheese and serve, with toast.

## GRILLED CORN, AVOCADO, CUCUMBER & GOAT CHEESE SALAD

5 ears corn [husked and cleaned]  
1 avocado [peeled and diced]  
1 large cucumber [peeled and diced]  
4 oz. goat cheese  
3 shakes of Tabasco  
salt  
pepper  
olive oil  
juice of 1 lime

Grill the corn until nicely charred on a grill or a gas flame. Cut the kernels off the cobs into a large bowl. Add the avocado and cucumber, and crumble the cheese into the bowl. Add in the Tabasco, then season with salt, pepper, olive oil, and lime juice. Toss gently to combine. Taste and adjust the seasoning, if necessary. Serve.

## FENNEL & MINT SALAD

2 bulbs fennel  
[fronds removed, reserve for Cold Lamb Roulade recipe]  
1 shallot [thinly sliced]  
1 bunch mint [roughly chopped]  
1 T white wine vinegar  
juice of 1 lemon  
salt  
pepper  
olive oil

Refrigerate the fennel bulbs so they are cold and crisp. Using a mandoline, thinly slice the fennel bulbs. In a medium bowl, combine the fennel with the shallot, mint, vinegar, lemon, salt, pepper, and olive oil. Toss well to combine. Taste and adjust the seasoning. Serve immediately with the lamb.

## RASPBERRY SEMIFREDDO

4 egg yolks  
½ t salt  
½ t vanilla extract  
⅔ cup sugar  
1½ cup heavy cream  
2 egg whites  
1 cup raspberries  
3 T green Chartreuse

Line a loaf pan with plastic wrap. In a glass bowl over simmering water, combine the egg yolks, vanilla, sugar, and vanilla extract, whisking to combine. Whisk constantly for about 10 minutes. Add in the Chartreuse, whisking as the mixture starts to thicken and double in volume, about 5 minutes more. Remove the bowl from the heat and set aside to cool. Beat the cream in a separate bowl until stiff. In another bowl, whisk the egg whites until stiff. Press the raspberries through a fine-mesh sieve into a small bowl using a wooden spoon. Carefully fold the egg yolk mixture into the beaten egg whites, then fold in the whipped cream, then the raspberry mixture. Pour the mixture into the prepared pan, cover with plastic wrap, and freeze overnight. To serve, unmold the semifreddo from the pan, unwrap, and slice. Serve immediately.





# LOVE, HONOR & DEATH

by Peter Pavia

In classical literature the tragic climax of a drama is often forged through a choice between love and honor. A glance back at the Golden Age of Country Music, roughly 1949-1980, reveals three ballads in which the hero of the story grapples with the same dilemma. Great popular music, yes, but the songs have real resonance to this day, and if they could've been recorded six hundred years ago, their timeless conflicts would have made them hits then, too.

Listen to the gunslinger ballad "El Paso" by Marty Robbins. A number one smash on both the country and pop charts in 1960, the song tells a detailed story of the narrator's unrequited love for "*wicked Feleena*," a dancer at Rose's Cantina. It is, after all, Feleena's job to tease, but it turns out she has a real boyfriend, a "*handsome young stranger*" who, during a quarrel over the dancer's affections, is shot dead by the storyteller. Shocked by his evil deed, our protagonist eludes capture and hides out, but only for a time. Under the aching banner of love, he returns to the scene of the crime, to see her one last time, perhaps, but more likely, to accept the fate he knows he deserves. Sure enough, a posse of the murdered boyfriend's buddies answers back for him, and the narrator dies in Feleena's arms, earning not her love, but her pity. "*One little kiss*" is all he gets. To the deft repetitions of a Spanish guitar, insistent but disinterested, the taste of her lips bears him into the hereafter. Owning his sin, our hero suspected he was choosing love, when in fact he had opted for honor. What he wins is death.

"The Long Black Veil" is a spooky hillbilly classic that has been recorded by a dozen artists. None of them, for my money, not even Johnny Cash, has matched the pure chill of Lefty Frizzell's original. A case of mistaken identity casts the narrator into the dock at a murder trial. There is a way out: all he has to do is tell the truth, but the truth that would exonerate him is so ignoble—he "*was in the arms of*

*his best friend's wife*"—he simply cannot confess it. He may have stained himself with adultery, but there's no reason for his lover to suffer because of his failings, nor his best friend, who remains offstage. He has no choice but to take his dark secret with him to his final reward.

The recording was produced in 1959 featuring Lefty's vocal, rhythm guitar, and a muted pedal steel, but a close listening reveals a fourth element, space. A chunk of silence that creates a faint echo, suggesting the small, still voice of God or the Universe, aware but unacknowledging. Fitting, since the "*scaffold was high, and eternity near.*"

Not criticized is the woman wearing the long black veil. If she opens her mouth, the narrator's life is spared. She doesn't, and it isn't, leaving her only to visit his grave "*when the night winds wail.*" Our hero regains his honor, and retains the love of his adulterous inamorata. They cost him his life.

A personal note here, if I can ask for your indulgence: I was made mystically aware of these large conceits in an unconscious way, long before I could've articulated any of them, because in 1969, when "Ruby Don't Take Your Love to Town" was all over the radio, I was a nine-year-old boy.

In our suburban kitchen sat an Emerson radio encased in green plastic, and I, my brother, and my sister tuned to the Top 40 station before school, an hour to go until it was light outside. The winters were long, and they were dark, an unquiet setting in which to insinuate this gem by Kenny Rogers and the First Edition. Written by Nashville great Mel Tillis, the song crossed over to the pop charts and hit the Top Ten. But in the immortal words of Kris Kristofferson, "If it sounds country, that's what it is, man. A country song."

A shuffling drum introduction precedes Rogers's plaintive vocals, and the soaring, gospel-inflected chorus blindsided

my nine-year-old self with a mournful tale of war and consequence and betrayal. I'm not saying this happened after the first time I heard the song, or the second time, but at some point soon after, and within that two-minute-fifty-nine-second capsule, I was connected to a greater, much sadder world than the one I had inhabited until then.

The story is told from the point of view of a returning veteran (of the Korean war, originally) but, considering its time and its place, was widely interpreted to be referring to Vietnam. Politics are never mentioned; the song deals with a lover who has grown faithless and cold, a typical pop-music theme.

But the great themes of classic literature are in force here: war, love, honor, revenge, ideas that imbue this pop tune with reverberations that transcend its genre, just as the plays and the poems of long ago transcended theirs with the same underlying tensions. And there's a tragic element at work. The man telling the story, maybe not a hero, maybe just a guy, responded to duty and obligation. He served his country, and in that there is honor. A soldier's honor. But he achieves no true glory. By the time we get to him, he's "*bent and paralyzed,*" and suffering other grievous if less visible wounds. His comments are limited to what he

can see—a shadow that lets him know evening has fallen. And what he can hear—a slamming door that informs him Ruby's gone for the night. He does not talk to her. He may not be able to speak.

The narrator has an understanding of Ruby's "*wants and needs,*" and he's asking for something—not much—in return. He wants this woman to sit with him while he dies. It won't be long now. He's primed to join the ghosts who narrate the other two ballads. But the Sirens' call of the night is more powerful than any commitment Ruby might once have made to this discarded warrior. He'd avenge himself if he could, "*get [his] gun and put her in the ground,*" but he can't move. His "love" is tripping the bright lights, and his honor has been robbed.

Like the gunslinger in "El Paso" and the wrong man of "Black Veil," he's poised at the brink of the infinite. Unlike them, he can claim neither love nor honor. Just death.

PAINTING by Ted McGrath

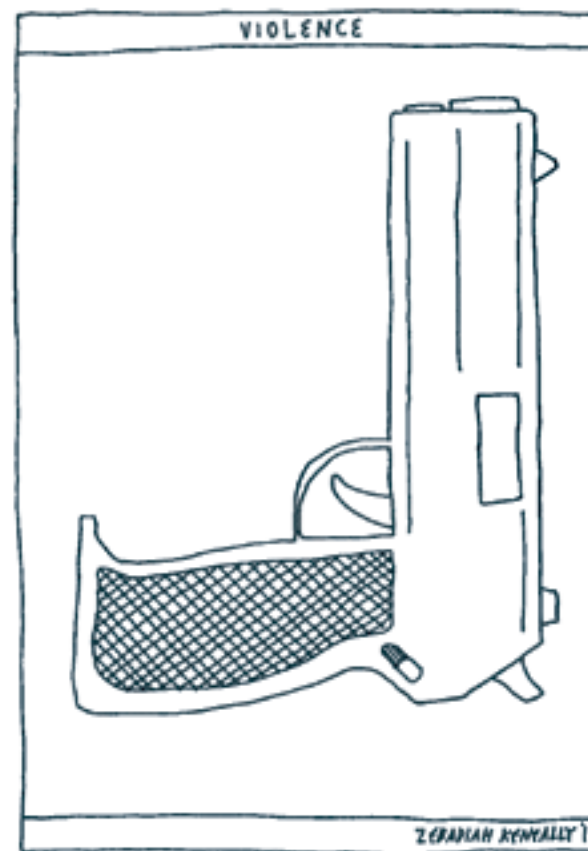






### Gratitude

Thanksgiving burgeons forth like a feather, like blood from a cut. It lives in the yellow of the marrow, in the opened bone. It lives in birdsong cracking like glass in the dawn. There are Buddhists who pray for tribulations to be heaped upon them that they may be pushed farther down the path. On Sunday morning, load your television, your jewelry, and your boyfriend into a rental van. Dump them through the harried mist at the end of the pier. Lay your hands in the lake and call in the fish. Clean them with a shard of glass and place their shining corpses on your grandfather's Sunday paper. Go to his church and sing praise songs. In the chapel, a full seven blocks from the house, you can smell the supernatural trout frying up as their ghosts rise from the pan. Sing: *Hallelujah, every breath is a prayer.*



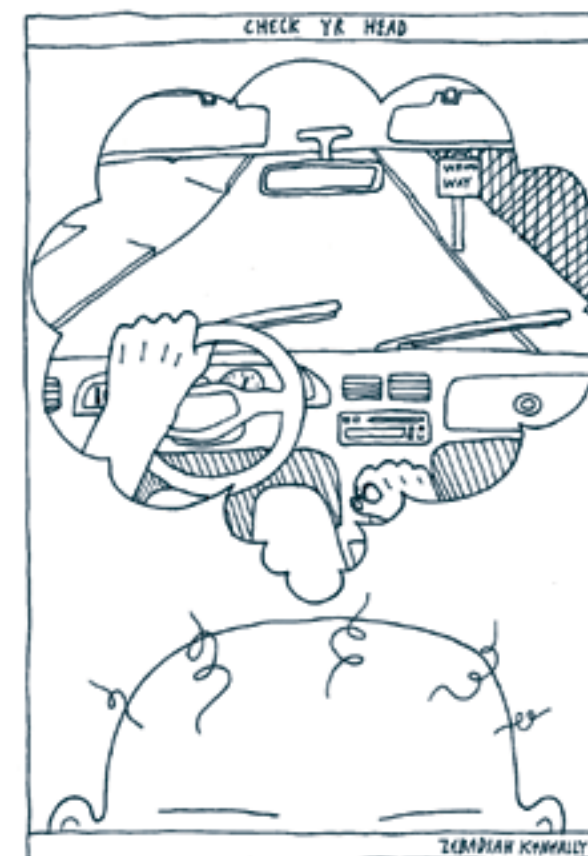
### Violence

This is the card of blame and beginnings. Dust adheres to oils, revealing printed whirlpools. Yet - white dust on a white gun reveals nothing but milk, clouds, baby teeth, dice rattling in the cup. Violence catalyzes. A skyward shot and the gates break open, releasing a tumble of horses, goggled jockeys whipping lather. Action invites reaction: crossfire follows. The gallows come quick. Ricky Ray Rector's last meal was skirt steak, fried chicken, cherry Kool-Aid. He set aside his pecan pie for later, for his risen ghost. His Styrofoam cup rests silent in a landfill. As all festers around it, the cup remains - white - white - everlasting.



### Big Bed

- Q: In outer space, is the thread count still the same?  
 A: In outer space, it is airless.  
 Q: In outer space, do they carry my brand of cigarettes?  
 A: In outer space, molecular density is insufficient to nurture fire, insufficient also to transmit your sounds. *Turn towards me, you think. Oh! for a Newport, you think. Turn towards me, you think, so I can show you the shape of my teeth.* Planets are hazy. Sharpen your eye. Your slow trajectory aims for a floating island on a spare moon. There you can rest and drink Coca-Cola in a folding chair on the furrowed edge. You can unbury your new lover, brushing granules from hair, glinting silica from cheeks. Just 7.4 light years. Your only task is to stay alive until then.



### Check Yr Head

The smell of drive-thru French fries fills you whole. As you chew them down to paste, speak into your pocket recorder, "I've worked hard. I deserve it." Turn left. Hold up a soggy fry. Get knocked out by the ketchup's perfume. "She has a shitty attitude anyway." Wad the French fries in. Let them wave out like fringe. Weep at the sight of yourself like an apple-gagged pig. Squeeze ketchup packets into your eyes, blinded. Careen into a close call, a ditch. The airbag feels like a punch, smells like gun smoke. Emerge waving the empty fry carton. Sputter out your food as you cry, "Guys, I'm okay! I'm sorry!" But no one is there to see you: ablaze, redeemed.

Excerpt from *Lunch is Very Important: A Guide to Fortunes* by N. Finley Brown & Zebadiah Keneally



## ELEMENTALISTS by John Hale

Instrumental guitar music hasn't been considered popular music for about fifty years, so those who make it are risking insignificance. In the past decade, a few guitar players have emerged who can summon and shred the void. Within a form that could be relegated to wallpaper and kitsch, they have invested skin and fire. Their reverence for the past is elemental; they present a reckoning force of personal statement, and then push further. Their music is often without vocal accompaniment because, why sing when your guitar is spanning continents and communing with the dead? They are descendants of blues, bluegrass, ragtime, British folk, free jazz, psych, krautrock, and American Primitivism, but they have left the back porch, shed their panpipes and cloven hooves, and are spacing out and moving forward into new realms of chiming drone.

Marisa Anderson is from Portland and her recent electric guitar and slide album *Mercury* is full of deft picking; it's transcendent and wide. The best lonely-country-road soundscapes since Neil Young's *Dead Man* soundtrack. Steve Gunn's *Time Off* from 2013 is raga-influenced blues folk, circling and inviting, like Grateful Dead's somber moments and early J.J. Cale. He also has a new collaborative EP with Mike Cooper for the FRKWYS series from the RVNG Intl. label. Gunn does sing more often these days, but his voice is a gentle counterpoint to the guitar, rather than a lead presence. William Tyler played with Lambchop and Silver Jews, and he makes heavy, colorful worlds with electric and acoustic guitar. His second full-length is *Impossible Truth*; also check out his new EP, *Lost Colony*, which has a sick cover of Michael Rother's "Karussell." Glenn Jones was in the nineties indie progressive band *Cul de Sac* and, for the past decade, has been releasing albums of guitar- and banjo-based songs that are intricate, joyous, and sorrowful. Cian Nugent is an Irish guitarist who recently released *Born with the Caul*; his lengthy songs are exuberant, beautiful blowouts. Chuck Johnson was in the bands *Idyll Swords* and *Shark Quest* and now makes hypnotizing, ornate solo-acoustic records influenced by the Piedmont blues of Elizabeth Cotten and Etta Baker; his latest is *Crows in the Basilica*. Chris Forsyth is from Philadelphia and studied with Television's Richard Lloyd. Chris and his band *burn shit up* with abstract cosmic-rock on their latest album, *Solar Motel*.

When you are overwhelmed by the weight of humanity, by life in a city, these albums are like deep breaths in a forest. They are spiritual and sturdy allies, and do not exhaust with repeated listening. In a time when a world of music is accessible and disposable, this music remains, like wood smoke on clothes.



PHOTO BY JOSHUA WILLES



# OUTSIDE ECSTATIC LOVE

Anna Dunn

*Love*, it's the word they use the most. It's been several years since its release, but TV on the Radio's album *Nine Types of Light* has yet to cease revealing itself to me. "Second Song" is the opening track. Its soft soul horns and almost cheap rhythmic nexus land it in the category of music that, for no fair, rational, or maybe even likable reason, makes you fall deeply, fundamentally into that irresistible haze we call love. The band has exhibited over its five albums an exhaustive, intellectual, almost professorial ability to manipulate, to reclaim, to intellectualize the glory and the folly of pop music. This, their most affable album, is a treatise not only on love, but on living the kind of life love inspires us to live. An apocalyptic life, perhaps. A musical one?

He was, in August, the picture of health. Sweating and graceful in the blazing sun. Sara, Erin, my partner Katy, and I were just departing Diner, my place of work, to meander through the neighborhood for a round of Buds and maybe a game of cards. It was the kind of frivolous day only offered to souls just under thirty. Gerard Anthony Smith jogged up to us, gave us each a ginger kiss on the cheek, teased himself for a moment the way he was likely to do, and trotted along on his way toward the East River and his home above the old Southside Lounge.

This is how I remember my friend. Always on Berry Street, sometimes taking Julian, his son, to the playground on Wythe, or drinking coffee on the bench outside of Diner. Either always smoking or resisting smoking a cigarette. Grumpy maybe, but relentlessly handsome. I remember him always appearing. As if I could conjure him now, from my desk. As if I could find him at the East River Bar one afternoon. As if I could simply ask for him.

Art should be flexible, shifting silently as planets do and imperfectly as hearts do. It should access what we desire from it (unity, happiness, beauty, forgiveness, fire? peace?) while still remaining true to its own galaxy. Unmovable, yet implicitly moving. What we create can reflect it all, translate it all, and somehow speak directly to the barren soul of any beholder. To make it all more fragrant.

Gerard was a visual artist, a producer of music, a publisher of radical comics, a classically trained musician, as well

as keyboardist and bassist for TV on the Radio. *Nine Types of Light* was written and recorded in Los Angeles just before he, at the age of thirty-six, was diagnosed with advanced lung cancer. This album is about nothing other than love. Synthetic love, maybe. Wild, howling, fantasy, messy, romantic, sentimental ugly love. (Yes, I refused to separate those last several words with a comma.) The kind of love your heart never lets go of, that sits like some rabid wolf tucked away in the cabin of your chest. It's poppy and beautiful and dark and brooding. Perhaps the album is about a love affair with the world. It does feel bigger and brighter than us. But for me the album is a lament. "*If the world all falls apart / I'm going to keep your heart.*"

Watching the 2012 Grammys I wasn't thinking of Gerard at all. Whitney Houston had just died; Adele was making her inevitable comeback. I had gotten into a fender bender in the parking lot of Food Bazaar and was home late with the groceries. Katy and I had invited ten people over for dinner and the pizza dough wouldn't rise. This was the exact kind of moment Gerard would have loved in our lives. "You did what? Paid the guy 200 bucks out of the ATM and never told Katy about it? Ha, ha, ha." He would have laughed and laughed. He would have ribbed and chided me in front of Katy until I came clean.

Gerard and Katy hadn't known each other long, but they were instant confidants. At war together against a treacherous addiction to nicotine, their affection for one another ran deep and ran gently. When he fell ill he was able to tell her. She brought him terrariums and aloe plants. He wore a necklace she had given him. That night, in the basement, while I hid from Katy and our hungry guests, Gerard's image flashed across the television screen. In memoriam. How many people were watching the Grammys? How many people were looking at our man? A million types of light.

The album does not last long enough. *Nine Types of Light* seems to fly by; I catch many of my favorite lyrics, but not all. Maybe I just want to spend a little more time with him. Maybe the album itself is built like life is. To ebb and flow, to be examined or accepted, to listen to loudly, or let it play on, satisfied to be near its radiance. "*It might*



PAINTING BY GERARD ANTHONY SMITH

*be impractical to seek out a new romance.*" I let the sound of the album manifest. Could the volume alone take me? Could it transcend me? Knock me out of orbit? There is a certain terminality to love.

It was one of those strange times in life that death seems to hollow out. When I look back on it now it feels cavernous. My friend Gerard had died. My uncle had passed away. Katy and I had followed a hurricane through the Pioneer Valley, up past Holland and Brimfield, through Springfield, devastated now not only by poverty but also an angry wind. When we arrived in North Hampton the sky was electric yellow. Jaundiced. Had the sky stolen the dark churning within us?

Strange thing about partnership, about love, it creates a kind of collective consciousness. Now I can see her ghosts. Later that day, just before my Uncle Bill's funeral, my dog

Bird became very ill. We had to leave her in the hotel room but we were uneasy. At the funeral my father buried his younger brother and asked his ninety-five-year-old mother AnnaMae, to let the angels take him. When we returned, Bird had vomited and shit everywhere. She was a petite pit bull, one whose turbulent life had, in the very dearest sort of way, saved my own. My Uncle Bill and my dog shared a deep, brief, and almost wounded love for one another. I remember one night in particular he had been especially ravaged by alcohol and I returned to his house to find her asleep on his chest, the two animals breathing in unison. Do we ever ask for more than that? How could we?

As Katy and I scrubbed and sprayed down the cheap hotel carpet and linoleum, still for some reason in our funeral clothes, I couldn't help but pray, to whom or what I'm still unsure, that this was just some kind of manifestation of Bill's passing. Knowing quietly somewhere deep inside



myself that Bird was dying. That night while we slept, Gerard visited Katy in her dream. He lay down on the bed in between us and, kissing our foreheads, told us it was going to be okay. I naively thought that meant my dog would live. Two and a half months later Miss Bird would succumb to unbearable tumors in her lungs.

Gerard was, in the best way possible, a lurker. And it feels sometimes like he's lurking in this album. I can feel my ears straining, certain I can hear amongst the chorus, his voice singing. Soft and sound. His voice was warm and fuzzy like his chin so often was. One night, at Saltie, the little blue-and-white sandwich shop down on Metropolitan Ave., he was lurking and I was lying. Either he had just eaten, and eaten a lot, or he was just hanging out shooting the shit with the girls. He loved food and he had an obsessive love for the food that Caroline, Elizabeth, and Rebecca make at Saltie. I was there to check in on everyone—Saltie is a room always filled with friends. I can't quite remember what I lied to Katy about. My coming or going. Whatever it was, it was innocent enough and had Katy altering her trajectory to come pick me up instead of meet me at home.

It was just after Thanksgiving, and thus began our annual battle over the Christmas tree. Katy is more of a sad, awkward, Peanuts type of tree lover, while I fall somewhere on the Polar Express, epic, Christmas in Wales, so-tall-it-makes-me-feel-like-a-kid-again kind of tree lover. It's not rational. But it's real. I was explaining this dilemma and how I was going to win to Caroline and Gerard, when Katy came blustering in the door late for something and, after kissing everyone, pulled me out into the car. Gerard chuckled, as he always did at us, and said just out of Katy's earshot, "Don't forget I've got a giant van."

I remember now, how he had asked Katy to take a drive with him and listen to *Nine Types of Light* just before the album came out. They never did. He wanted, like I do now, to listen to it everywhere.

It is transcendental and it is pastoral. The album is full of large dark synthetic sounds. Booming noises. It's what I imagine New York City might sound like if it were surrounded by a barren and fruitless land. The sound of all that living. This is not post-apocalyptic sound, but it's somehow post-devastation. No, post-devotion. Or maybe that's just where I am, between unhinged octaves. If earth is a place, then where we go must be somewhere also. And what of the divide? Can it possess location? This album seems to exist between both the ethereal and the profoundly, statically and heartbreakingly human. "*Outside ecstatic love / What did we think we'd find. / Over the broken road / Out past the land mines.*" I don't know anything about TV on the Radio's process, and in the writing of this it did occur to me to ask, but I couldn't bring myself

to. Even years later I'm locked into the stage of grieving when you are, embarrassing as it is to admit, afraid to learn more about your friend for fear of having to love him more. "*When the world all falls apart / I'm gonna keep your heart.*" It's as though Gerard, or the band, or whatever voice it is that comes down and touches us, gave us this mantra for his passing.

Gerard's funeral was on the East River, the park down at the end of Grand Street. How many times had we all sat there, staring at the city over the last decade? I remember the first time I visited there it looked to me like the rubble filled road ran right into the river. The park, like us, had changed, been cleaned up, planted, molded into some recognizable structure. I looked around and there were all the beautiful and creative people of my neighborhood, suffering for the love of one extraordinary person. People stood together or very alone, it seemed, starkly unable to fathom this loss. Gerry was a friend to the friendless. He was secretly all of our sponsors in any endeavor he felt might fill us with dreams.

We each had a story about the simple way he inserted himself into our lives and made them richer. When people spoke at the glass podium, the sun shone down on the river so brightly the glass picked it up, and it looked as though the person speaking was also shimmering. There was Gerard. One type of light. How could he help it? Here he was again presenting us with each other, pointing us all toward loving each other a little more.

Searching for my friend on the anniversary of his death, I look in my phone. How odd it is to find him there. Around the fall of 2009 he had learned that I had taken up drawing. He would show up at Marlow & Sons from time to time with different Japanese ink pens and stencils he thought I might like. There is a message from me asking him when he is going to come by the bar and illustrate this cocktail for an article in the *Diner Journal*. Then another one after I found out he was sick that apologized for harassing him and told him that I loved him. Then one from him apologizing for not telling me for so long. Then nothing for a month. The last text I received from Gerard was on Christmas of 2010. I take it out and read it often, when I feel I can't find him, when I wish he was lurking somewhere around here. When the music doesn't do the trick. The text says: To hell with your big ass tree.

# TACO

by Matt Webster

I work at Rockaway Taco because of the music. Inside that very small shack, there is music twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for five months of summer. Taco is seven summers old. That is a lot of time for discovery and, subsequently, evolution of taste. We were much younger when it all began. You can hear that in the old playlists, which include songs I would never consider today. The intensity of it all has risen: Less Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, more Busy Signal. Less Misfits, more MDC. Less Outkast, more Traxman. We've come a long way.

A good chunk of the winter off-season is spent finding new music and considering what would do well on a Taco playlist. When the season rolls around I never reveal the new discoveries right away. May, opening month, when the weather isn't quite beach-friendly, is our warm-up month. It's not worth wasting the new stuff on May. Better to wait for the thick summer months of July and August. The bangers come then. Each summer is defined by a new set of songs that are played continuously. These songs become our lifeline. They are played each time the orders are piling up and we need a serious push. We are constantly in need of a serious push. We hear the songs often.

Our music is always intentional. Randomness does not exist. Neither Pandora nor Spotify exist. So if you come to eat, know that the music is specific to that moment. The music is what allows us to consume the line that wraps

around the corner, down the block, all the way to the bagel store. We absolutely wouldn't be able to do it without the music. And it has to be loud. Music is much more effective when it is loud. But it doesn't always work; either it works or it doesn't, and everyone can feel that. The time of day, the amount of people in the shack, who is working, how busy it is, everyone's body language, the look on their faces: all of these things determine what is being played. When I call out an order for an elote and the person making the elote responds with anxiety or exhaustion in his or her voice, something must be done. The trick is to be aware of how everyone around you is feeling and base the musical selection on that.

But when all else fails, we can always rely on the music of a small island with a latitude of 18.1824° N and a longitude of 77.3218° W. It always comes back to this music. It's exceptional music, truly amazing that it came out of humans. The spirits rise instantly when this music is played. There is no more reason to be upset. Most of our old and current favorites come from Jamaica. And if there is a single song upon which there is absolutely no disagreement, whose first seconds bring everyone to the same page, whose first seconds compel all to make a lot of noise with their mouths, it is a song about being okay, and having a drink. It is the song of "Rum & Redbull."



## Pine Drink

When cutting up pineapples save the skins and cores and throw them into a pot of water. Roughly, the skin and core of one pineapple per eight cups of water. Bring the water to a boil and then let sit for at least thirty minutes. Add lime juice and/or any type of sweetener you like.

PHOTO by Julia Gillard





PAINTING by **Mike Schultz** | The Narwhal of Healing

## THE VILLAGE Alex Cuff

A girl fixes peanut butter and jelly at a round oak table.  
A girl fixes meatloaf on white toast with butter and pepper.  
A girl fixes ham and swiss on rye.  
A girl fixes turkey lettuce tomato and mayo on whole wheat.  
A girl fixes roast beef on white.  
A girl fixes salami and cheese on potato bread.  
A girl fixes two eggs and American cheese on a kaiser.

That is a lie a girl says of the plain water tower  
of the hand that holds her head underwater.  
She sits at a kitchen table with a man  
in black leather ankle boots and mixes up  
the fear of drowning with the joy of living.  
The kitchen is held by four walls and a girl.  
A girl rubs mink oil on black leather ankle boots.  
The boots are real. Somewhere outside  
men with guns piss in an alley. A girl fixes  
salami and cheese on potato bread. Somewhere  
down the road a house burns to the ground.

A woman stands with her lover in a fire swamp  
where the only way out is down.  
The woman assures her lover  
that if she jumps into the lightning quicksand  
she will dive in right behind her.  
Her lover jumps into the lightning quicksand  
but the woman takes too long making preparations  
and her lover dies of asphyxiation. Later on  
the woman sees her lover's sisters at a party  
on the outskirts of the village. The sisters throw her  
coat in vomit and knock her bike over.  
Some wondered if pure love made it difficult to kill the neighbors.

A woman plants tulips in her yard with a pick ax.  
She makes insects out of Budweiser cans  
to experience lightness. Something about  
needing to move down in order to move up.  
The woman has a chance encounter with a man  
who professes to be a doctor but turns out  
to be the cult leader of a dozen villagers  
who believe the flood is coming.

The village tires of her people so they walk the streets  
waving like overgrown underwater weeds.  
In the park no one distinguishes pigeons  
from joggers or dogs from children.

Empty benches line the lake. A girl fixes  
two eggs and American cheese on a kaiser.

On the street girls in coats with hope  
in compound words line up  
outside the alchemist's office  
to resolve their misunderstanding  
of the word stranger.

The girls are angry and bored and passive  
and blamed for their passivity.  
They are angry about boredom, their parents'  
alcoholism, perverted uncles, and fat thighs.  
They drink their parents' liquor  
babysit and bus tables for cigarette money  
wear tight cotton bodysuit shirts  
get yeast infections  
give hand jobs  
spend their Sundays at church  
their Saturday nights smoking and drinking  
vodka in the triangle of trees  
where Route 1 meets the highway.

A group of men mapping a demolition  
of the abandoned building along the canal  
press their faces up against the fence  
to see the girls on the dock.  
The water in the bay is black.  
A girl fixes roast beef on white.  
A blimp sails overhead with a message.  
A wild boar is often held by a small dog.  
One by one the girls get into the water.  
They give the bay their dissent.  
When the girls climb the shore  
one hundred years later  
the men drop rolling  
in the sand snorting  
like small horses.



# ARCHETYPE, ASTROLOGY, ARIA

Writing a monthly horoscope is a tremulous thing to do. Any attempt to encapsulate it all in a few sentences hardly seems possible. However, I eagerly anticipate reading my horoscope each week. And when I do, I often find some reward, some push in a fortuitous direction. So let your message of the month wash over you, then get out of your head and take the effect even deeper by immersing yourself in our suggested operatic listening selection. [Sandra Sitron](#)

Sandy and I spoke of core and alignment, fundamental qualities and circumstance, fate and freewill. This discussion reminded me of opera, which despite its various plots, subversions, and sources is about universal human experiences. We thought to provide an opera pairing with this month's horoscopes, highlighting what is immediate and mundane at the heart of this high and noble art, and to remind us that we are never alone when in the company of music. [Geneva Stork](#)

**ARIES** This month your luck will come from filling your big shining heart with love, making an offering, and letting go of anything your ego tells you to hold onto. You may be faced with a diplomatic challenge. Try a new approach. [Bellini's Norma](#). This opera begins with the sublime first act aria "Casta diva," an offering and prayer to the moon goddess for peace. [Norma](#) illuminates our humanly challenges and our relationship to the divine through one of the most sumptuous of bel canto scores.

**TAURUS** Even all of your practical self-sufficiency can't help you build your dream right now. In fact, that practical self-sufficiency might be part of your problem. It's time to ask for help and feel the deep feelings you may have skipped over in an effort to maintain the status quo. By the end of September the details will start to arrange themselves beautifully, and some of the harmony you long for will be restored. [Donizetti's L'elisir d'amore](#) (The Elixir of Love). Sometimes a little love potion can go a long way, even if only in the form of local wine. This romantic comedy is full of charm, action, charades, and the most ardent strains of sincerity and love. From the flirtatious duets to the final act arias, [Elixir](#) teaches us to trust in community.

**GEMINI** Why is everybody so concerned with the details? You have big ideas that need to be expressed, so get them out there and pay no heed to the critics. Your mind will be sharp this month, keep track of any sudden inspirations you may have. It's a good time to make social connections. [Mozart](#). Anything will get the juices flowing. [The Marriage of Figaro](#) is pure perfection, but [Idomeneo](#), [Cosi fan tutte](#), and [Die Zauberflöte](#) will serve to expand your ideas of what is possible. Only the unenthused or unimaginative find these characters one dimensional; in truth, they are some of the most complex and real in all of opera. [Genius](#), indeed.

**CANCER** For quite awhile, you've been in the process of building a new life. That can feel a little crunchy sometimes. Resist the urge to emotionally wall yourself off from those around you. You don't have to feel your feelings all by yourself. Use this month as an opportunity to connect with one whom you hold dear. "The Letter" aria from [Tchaikovsky's Eugene Onegin](#). There isn't a more visceral or daring moment than when this young heart risks everything for the chance at something that feels real. Pure inspiration for gaining trust in your deepest knowing. The story of [Onegin](#) reminds us to turn our eyes inward and to open our hearts.

**LEO** Aren't you the lucky one this month? You can almost feel yourself radiating heat. Love, harmony, and fun are yours to enjoy. You will be feeling energized during the last two weeks of September. It's the perfect time for you to get any and all of the big dreams you've been concocting off the back burner and out into the world. [Bizet's Carmen](#). We all can glean some knowledge from this fiery bird. [Bizet's](#) musical language will take you higher.

**VIRGO** Everything appears to be in order for you this month. Try to allow your mind to rest a bit and enjoy the beauty that is in the details. The keyword for you this month is empowerment. The evolution you've been experiencing on the subconscious level is leading you toward being fully empowered. It's time to relax and consciously soak in that feeling. [Verdi's La traviata](#). Beauty is certainly in every detail of this story and score. The mundane is metaphoric and the moral is humbling, and empowerment is the ultimate reward. Get lost in it.

**LIBRA** You'll be feeling secure for the most part this month. It's a great time to make new friends, circulate, and spread those easy vibes. You may be able to finally iron out an old disagreement that was shoved under the rug. It seems that other people will be seeking peace just as much as you are. [Bizet's Les pêcheurs des perles](#) (The Pearl Fishers). This breezy and shimmering score tells the story of promises in need of being broken and of love being set free. The beauty of ritual and change seems caught in time and space. It may help you to send something overdue out to sea.

**SCORPIO** You feel very powerful right now, and it's definitely noticed by those around you. For the last month or so, you've been in a process of healing old wounds. Devote your supercharged energy to this process by creating new, healthier behavior patterns. Habits started now will stick, so make sure they are healthy ones. [Puccini's Turandot](#). Age-old hurt turns a beautiful princess into an ice queen and leaves a whole civilization bereft. Listening to the sounds that melt hearts might help you shed some skin.

**SAGITTARIUS** You're fired up. You are ready to break free and embark upon "the next big thing." It might feel counter-intuitive (and maybe even downright boring), but this boost of energy you are experiencing will be best spent ironing out the minute details of your plans for the future. The kind of detailed planning you need to do right now might be best done with a partner. Find a trusted friend or professional and ask for help. [Verdi's Don Carlo](#). An epic score and tale that juxtaposes the need for real, immediate human love against the forces of empires and historic fate. These characters are caught amid time, circumstance, and destiny, which enforce self-reckoning and sacrifice. Gorgeous and expansive thematically and musically.

**CAPRICORN** This is a harmonious time. For the most part you will be feeling peaceful and you'll be able to do what you love to do most—get down to business uninterrupted. A gentle reminder: listen and empathize with those around you. If you heed the cue and successfully incorporate the skills of diplomacy into your operating system, you will be unstoppable. [Wagner's Tristan und Isolde](#). [Wagner's](#) works are total works, so fluid and encompassing that they can easily fade into focus. Take a peaceful, easy moment and allow your background music to tell the tale of the Western world's first romantic myth. The love potion, seafaring, and sweet death are all representations of our own story.

**AQUARIUS** Making connections is the name of the game right now. Gather new information, learn a new skill, make new friends. Get out there. You will be feeling free and unencumbered. Use this easy time to find your ideal community and define your vision. [Puccini's La Bohème](#). This opera reminds us of the value of our friendships and relationships. Mercurial and fiery at times, but also dripping with tenderness, the friendships and romance of [Bohème](#) will encourage you to seize the opportunity to nurture your connection to those around you.

**PISCES** Making connections is the name of the game right now. Gather new information, learn a new skill, make new friends. Get out there. You will be feeling free and unencumbered, use this easy time to find your ideal community and define your vision. Final trio and duet from [Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier](#). The pressing harmonic movement of [Strauss's](#) orchestral score may help to underscore the beauty and stretch available in times of discomfort. An ideal state is reached as this sublime trio of letting go and severing ties melts into the most pure lovers' duet.







# CONTRIBUTORS

N. FINLEY BROWN has all the same values and views as her readership. You talk, and she nods like an oil derrick. Almost invisible, she slips in the wind like a piece of paper. Unseen, she festers in the earth like a fossil. Recently, she collaborated with Zebadiah Keneally on the book *Lunch is Very Important: A Guide to Fortunes*.

ALEX CUFF lives in Brooklyn where she teaches at a public high school and edits *No, Dear* magazine. Recent work can be found online in *Sink Review*, *Leveler*, and *Two Serious Ladies*. She is a graduate of the Milton Avery School of the Arts at Bard College.

CAROLINE FIDANZA is the owner of *Saltie*, a sandwich shop in Williamsburg, Brooklyn and author of *Saltie, A Cookbook*. She has been living and cooking in New York for longer than she ever imagined.

MARLEY FREEMAN walks in circles at [www.ff-ff-ff-ff.net](http://www.ff-ff-ff-ff.net).

It was a decade-long collaboration with the late Irving Penn that launched the career of food stylist VICTORIA GRANOF. Known for her fearless brand of food styling, Granof's work stays on-brand while going off on a tangent. She loves her work but doesn't understand Montreal bagels.

A native New Yorker, GUY GREENBERG is known at Marlow for his colorful shirts, mustache, and choice of haircut. He prefers conversations that remain open ended and marked by contradictions. He talks slowly and listens closely. As a DJ, Guy is infatuated with Rochelle Fleming and the ladies of First Choice. Let No Man Put Asunder!

PETER MILNE GREINER is the author of *Executive Producer Chris Carter*, a collection of poems and science fiction. His work has appeared in *Fence*, *Omni Reboot*, *H\_NGM\_N*, and elsewhere.

JOHN HALE runs the music program for *Diner, Marlow & Sons, Roman's, Reynard, and Achilles Heel*. He lives in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

NEALE HOLADAY is the Pastry Chef of *Marlow & Sons and Diner*. She is a Bay Area native, exploring New York. She likes nachos, french fries, vacations, and dogs. She dislikes sweets.

ZEBADIAH KENEALLY's parents were deeply involved in Broadway. Frequent family trips to New York City introduced him to graffiti, which captured his imagination. So inspired, Zebadiah began "writing" while attending a Jesuit preparatory school. After an incident with a rifle, Keneally shifted his energies to studio art, studying printmaking at Syracuse University. He has shown in New York City, Los Angeles, Saigon, and Kuwait. Keneally lives and works in Brooklyn. Influenced by popular culture, literature, psychology, myth, and the Occult, his work moves between drawing, sculpture, painting, and performance.

MERICA LEE is one half of *The Naked Heroes*, a band who celebrates a primal connection to the greasy, unhinged humanity that lurks deep inside us all. Look out for her women's denim line "MERICA LEE's" launching in September 2014.

For the past five years, MIKE LITTLE, working under the name *Jollapin Jasper* and also under the studio identity *Crayon Coffin*, has been making silkscreen music posters on the West Coast in Portland, Oregon for musicians such as *Ty Segall, Thee Oh Sees, Sic Alps, Warm Soda, White Mystery, Cosmonauts, The Shivas, White Fence, King Tuff* and others. His posters act as a collective visual document of some of the west coast's recent garage and psych musical movements.

ERIC W MAST (aka *E\*Rock*) is an artist and electronic musician living and working in Portland, OR. He runs the *Audio Dregs* record label and co-runs *Dreem Street* street wear ("Everything you love and more! ...some things you hate.") [www.e-rock.com](http://www.e-rock.com)

TED McGRATH is a visual artist and musician in Brooklyn, NY. He was born in 1980 just south of Philadelphia, PA and moved to Brooklyn in 1998 to attend Pratt Institute. His work has been exhibited in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto and the Philippines and has appeared in *The New York Times, New York Magazine* and *TIME* among others. He has taught at Pratt and MICA and makes music as *The Flag*.

KEIRNAN MONAGHAN grew up in the Manhattan neighborhood of Murray Hill, playing hockey and roller skating in the hallway of the building he lived in. Eventually he traded his roller skates for a skateboard, and then (eventually) the skateboard for a camera. He has lived in Brooklyn since 2000, with his wife Theo (and two Cornish Rex cats Joan & Lois). When not shooting, Keirnan can usually be found (on his bike) out in Rockaway enjoying tacos, sun, and the glorious Atlantic Ocean.

DIANE NICOLE PANGELINAN is a photographer and film editor based in NYC.

PETER PAVIA is the author of *Dutch Uncle*, a novel, *The Cuba Project*, and is a co-author of *The Other Hollywood*. His work has appeared in the *New York Times, Post, GQ*, and many other publications. He lives in New York City with his wife and daughter.

STEPHANIE REAGOR was born in Chicago. She is a Brooklyn-based chef turned shop keep. She's a libra who is obsessed with her dog.

MIKE SCHULTZ spent two years living on the Thailand-Burma border where he established an art production studio and taught design and drawing to Burmese migrant youth. Currently, he's working on his related Kickstarter printmaking project, *Thailand Burma Flora Fauna*, which celebrates the plants and animals of SE Asia. [MikeSchultzPaintings.com](http://MikeSchultzPaintings.com)

SANDRA SITRON is a Libra with an affinity for dad jokes and muesli. She makes drawings, paintings, and astrological interpretations. For more of her astrological musings, you can find her behind the *Diner* bar or at [strongeastrology.com](http://strongeastrology.com).

GENEVA STORK is a singer living in Brooklyn. She can often be seen sprinting to Lincoln Center just in time for curtain at the Met.

HANNAH TEPPER is a line cook at *Diner and Marlow & Sons*. She sings "Unbreak My Heart" to emulsified dressings.

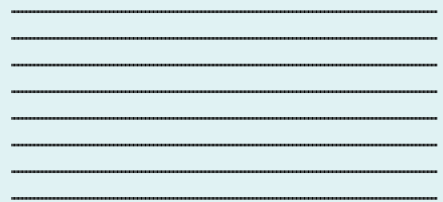
PAUL WACKERS lives and works in New York City and received his MFA from the San Francisco Art Institute. He is represented by *Morgan Lehman Gallery* in New York, *Alice Gallery* in Brussels, and *Eleanor Harwood Gallery* in San Francisco. He has also had solo shows with *Narwhal Contemporary* in Toronto as well as *New Image Art Gallery* in Los Angeles and has participated in many group shows throughout the United States and in Europe. Paul is also eager to get a puppy and enjoys pickles.

MATT WEBSTER works at *Rockaway Taco*. He can see the ocean and Connolly's from where he lives.

JOSHUA WILES is originally from Southern California and for the last ten years has lived in NYC. His photography is all color film based and practiced whenever possible. In addition to collecting images he has a large appetite for collecting music of all kinds.

THEO VAMVOUNAKIS ' Come back to planet Earth. ' - Portfolio review with Raymond Meier, 1997

AMY VONVANG HARRINGTON. Visual artist. Some dude crammed it into a lady and she made a baby. Just living til the end. Working for the weekend. Was in Brooklyn, now in Echo Park. These collages are part of a year long series. [#dailycollageovercoffee](https://twitter.com/dailycollageovercoffee)



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