

ROOM

FOR

SALIVATION

*An Anthology of Joy*

*For Lucy,  
you are a  
master / piece*

Curated and compiled by Crys Yin  
Edited by Nicole Kaack  
when we were all indoors, 2020

**Lockdown**

by Simon Armitage

from *The Guardian*, March 21, 2020

And I couldn't escape the waking dream  
of infected fleas

in the warp and weft of soggy cloth  
by the tailor's hearth

in ye olde Eyam.  
Then couldn't un-see

the Boundary Stone,  
that cock-eyed dice with its six dark holes,

thimbles brimming with vinegar wine  
purging the plagued coins.

Which brought to mind the sorry story  
of Emmott Syddall and Rowland Torre,

star-crossed lovers on either side  
of the quarantine line

whose wordless courtship spanned the river  
*till she came no longer.*

But slept again,  
and dreamt this time

of the exiled *yaksha* sending word  
to his lost wife on a passing cloud,

a cloud that followed an earthly map  
of camel trails and cattle tracks,

streams like necklaces,  
fan-tailed peacocks, painted elephants,

embroidered bedspreads  
of meadows and hedges,

bamboo forests and snow-hatted peaks,  
waterfalls, creeks,

the hieroglyphs of wide-winged cranes  
and the glistening lotus flower after rain,

the air  
hypnotically see-through, rare,

the journey a ponderous one at times, long and slow  
but necessarily so.

**Ginger Scones**

from *Nancy Silverton's  
Pastries from the La Brea  
Bakery*, Villard, 2000

**INGREDIENTS**

2¼ cups unbleached  
pastry flour or  
unbleached all-purpose  
flour (I used AP flour)

½ cup granulated sugar

1 tablespoon baking  
powder

1 teaspoon finely  
chopped lemon zest  
(about 1/2 lemon) (I had  
used up my lemons and  
subbed orange zest)

1½ sticks (6 ounces)  
unsalted butter, cut into  
1-inch cubes and frozen

4½ ounces candied  
ginger, finely chopped  
into ¼-inch pieces to  
equal ⅔ cup

¾ cup heavy cream, plus  
extra for brushing the  
tops of the scones

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Adjust the oven rack to the middle position and preheat the oven to 400 F.
2. In the bowl of a food processor fitted with the steel blade or in the bowl of an electric mixer fitted with the paddle attachment, combine the flour, sugar, and baking powder, and pulse or mix on low to incorporate. Add the lemon zest and butter, and pulse on and off, or mix on low, until the mixture is pale yellow and the consistency of fine meal. (I mixed mine by hand. Using my fingertips, cut in the butter until the mixture had the consistency of sand.)
3. Transfer the mixture to a large bowl and stir in the ginger. Make a well in the center and pour in the cream. Using one hand, draw in the dry ingredients, mixing until just combined. (Do not overmix!!)
4. Wash and dry your hands and dust them with flour. Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured work surface and gently knead a few times to gather it into a ball. Roll or pat the dough into a circle about 3/4 inch thick. Cut out the circles, cutting as closely together as possible and keeping the trimmings intact. Gather the scraps, pat and press the pieces back together, and cut out the remaining dough. Place the scones 1 inch apart on a parchment-lined baking sheet. (I formed mine into a square and cut 25 pieces (5 x 5) They were mini scones.)
5. Brush the tops with the remaining cream. Bake for 12 to 16 minutes, until the surface cracks and they are slightly browned.

***My Weekend in Vegas***

by Nora Ephron

from *The Huffington Post*, November 16, 2016

A couple of weekends ago, we went to Las Vegas. It was a small group of us who can never get enough Vegas. We stayed at The Wynn, where we always stay. We like the Wynn and we like Steve and Elaine Wynn, who own the Wynn, and we like the breakfast buffet at the Wynn, which is the greatest breakfast buffet in Las Vegas and therefore in the world. It's even better than the breakfast buffet at the Bellagio Hotel, which Steve Wynn used to own. The day you die and go to heaven, there will not be a breakfast buffet as good as the one at the Wynn.

We got there Friday night and went straight to dinner at the SW Restaurant, which is of course named after Steve Wynn. I'd never been there. It has a strip steak that I honestly thought was the finest steak of my life, and let me tell you, I eat a lot of steak. (This reminds me, someone at our table ordered a steak made of grass-fed beef, it was the second time I'd had grass-fed beef in less than a week, it's become a big trend, and may I say that someone should stamp out grass-fed beef because it has no taste whatsoever.) Anyway, while we were eating, Steve and Elaine Wynn stopped by the table. Wynn was in a very good mood because, he told us, he had just sold a Picasso for \$139 million. I was surprised he'd sold it, because the Picasso in question was not just any old Picasso but the famous painting *Le Reve*, which used to hang in the museum at the Bellagio when Wynn owned it, and no question it was Wynn's favorite painting. He'd practically named his new hotel after it, but at some point in the course of construction he'd changed his mind and decided to name the hotel after himself, which, when you think of it, was a good idea, what with the homonym and all. Meanwhile, he named the *Cirque de Soleil Show* at the Wynn after *Le Reve*.

The buyer of the painting, Wynn told us, was a man named Steven Cohen. Everyone seemed to know who Steven Cohen was, a hedge fund billionaire who lived in Connecticut in a house with a fabulous art collection he had just recently amassed. "This is the most money ever paid for a painting," Steve Wynn said. The price was \$4 million more than Ronald Lauder had recently paid for a Klimt. Oh, that Klimt. It had set a bar, no question of that, and Wynn was thrilled to have beaten it. He invited us to come see the painting before it moved to Connecticut, never to be seen again by anyone but people who know Steven Cohen.

The next day, after an excellent lunch at Chinois in the Forum Mall, which is the eighth wonder of the world, we all trooped back to our hotel to see the painting. We went into Wynn's office, which is just off the casino, past a waiting area with a group of fantastic Warhols, past a secretary's desk with a Matisse over it (a Matisse over a secretary's desk!) (and by the way a Renoir over another secretary's desk!) and into Wynn's office. There, on the wall, were two large Picassos, one of them *Le Reve*. Steve Wynn launched into a long story about the painting — he told us that it was a painting of Picasso's mistress, Marie-Therese Walter, that it was extremely erotic, and that if you looked at it carefully (which I did, for the first time, although I'd seen it before

at the Bellagio) you could see that the head of Marie-Therese was divided in two sections and that one of them was a penis. This was not a good moment for me vis a vis the painting. In fact, I would have to say that it made me pretty much think I wouldn't pay five dollars for it. Wynn went on to tell us about the provenance of the painting — who'd first bought it and who'd then bought it. This brought us to the famous Victor and Sally Ganz, a New York couple who are a sort of ongoing caution to the sorts of people who currently populate the art world, because the Ganzes managed to accumulate a spectacular art collection in a small New York apartment with no money at all. The Ganz collection went up for auction in 1997, Wynn was saying — he was standing in front of the painting at this point, facing us. He raised his hand to show us something about the painting — and at that moment, his elbow crashed backwards right through the canvas.

There was a terrible noise.

Wynn stepped away from the painting, and there, smack in the middle of Marie-Therese Walter's plump and allegedly-erotic forearm, was a black hole the size of a silver dollar — or, to be more exactly, the size of the tip of Steve Wynn's elbow — with two three-inch long rips coming off it in either direction. Steve Wynn has retinitis pigmentosa, an eye disease that damages peripheral vision, but he could see quite clearly what had happened.

“Oh shit,” he said. “Look what I've done.”

The rest of us were speechless.

“Thank God it was me,” he said.

For sure.

The word “money” was mentioned by someone, or perhaps it was the word “deal.”

Wynn said: “This has nothing to do with money. The money means nothing to me. It's that I had this painting in my care and I've damaged it.”

I felt that I was in a room where something very private had happened that I had no right to be at. I felt absolutely terrible.

At the same time I was holding my digital camera in my hand — I'd just taken several pictures of the Picasso — and I wanted to take a picture of the Picasso with the hole in it so badly that my camera was literally quivering. But I didn't see how I could take a picture — it seemed to me I'd witnessed a tragedy, and what's more, that my flash would go off if I did and give me away.

Steve Wynn picked up the phone and left a message for his art dealer. Then he called his wife Elaine. “You'll never believe what I just did,” he said to her. From where we stood, on the other end of the phone call, Elaine seemed to take the news calmly and did not yell at her husband. This was particularly impressive to my own husband. There was a conversation about whether the painting could be restored — Wynn seemed to think it could be — and of the two people in America who were capable of restoring it. We all promised we would keep the story quiet —

not, you understand, to cover it up, but to make sure that Wynn was able to deal with the episode as he wished to until it came out. We all knew it would come out eventually. It would have to. There were too many of us in the room, plus all the people in the art world who were eventually going to hear about it.

Meanwhile, we were not going to tell anyone.

We promised.

I promised.

That night we went to dinner, once again at SW because that's how great it is, it's worth going to two nights in a row. They were serving creamed corn with truffles, which was amazing. Once again the Wynns joined us. They were in a terrifically jolly mood, all things considered, and Wynn told us that he planned to tell Steve Cohen the next day that of course Cohen was released from the deal because the painting had been damaged.

After dinner I threw eight or nine passes at the craps table, one of which included a hard ten.

The next day one of my sons came to meet us in Las Vegas, and we went to Joe's Stone Crab, which is excellent, and where the key lime pie may be even better than the key lime pie at Joe's Stone Crab in Miami Beach, if such a thing is possible. I told my son the story of what had happened to the painting, but it didn't really count because my son is completely trustworthy.

Nine days passed and I told no one else. It was the most painful experience of my life. But I felt good, too, because, as I say, I knew the story would come out eventually and when it did, I didn't want it to be my fault. And the story did come out. Ten days after Wynn put his elbow through the painting, there was an item about it on Page Six of the New York Post. It was very clear who had given Page Six the item, and it wasn't me. I was thrilled that I had managed to keep the story (more or less) to myself and celebrated by calling several friends and telling them my version of what had happened.

Two days later, I got a call from a reporter at the New Yorker who said he was going to write a piece about the episode. I still didn't feel comfortable discussing the event, but I called Elaine Wynn and told her the New Yorker was going to write a story and that Steve should call the reporter back and tell him about it, since no question the story was out there.

Elaine told me that she was glad I'd called because she had awakened that morning with the realization that Steve's putting his elbow through the painting had been a sign that they were meant to keep the painting. So they were going to.

Now, in today's New Yorker, there's a very charming piece about the incident, and as far as I'm concerned I am entirely released from my vow of silence on the matter.

So there it is.

My weekend in Vegas.

### ***Moroccan Lamb Stew\****

by Anna Pump and Gen LeRoy  
Walton from *The Loaves and Fishes  
Cookbook*, 1985  
(serves 6)



#### **INGREDIENTS**

(*T=tablespoon, t=teaspoon*):

- 3 T olive oil
- 2 T butter
- 3.5 pounds lamb from the leg, cut into 1.5 inch cubes
- 4 cups garlic, peeled and minced
- 2 T unbleached white flour
- 3 cups peeled and chopped fresh tomatoes or one 28-ounce can plum tomatoes drained and chopped
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1 t ground cumin
- 0.5 T chopped fresh coriander or 0.5 t dried
- One 3-inch stick cinnamon
- 0.5 t ground cardamom
- 0.5 t cayenne pepper
- 2 t salt
- 1 cup golden raisins

#### **DIRECTIONS**

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
2. Heat oil and butter in large sauté pan, brown lamb on all sides med-high heat (in as many batches as you need)
3. Put browned lamb in ovenproof casserole.
4. Put onion and garlic in the sauté pan and sauté until light brown (4-5 min). Add flour and stir, then add tomatoes and chicken stock. Bring to a boil. Remove pan from heat and add everything else. Stir to mix.
5. Pour this sauce concoction into casserole, over the lamb. Cover the casserole with tin foil and bake for 2 hours.
6. The earlier in the day you do this the better, basically, flavor-wise. You can toss in the fridge up to THREE DAYS ahead of time, or else if you do it in the morning, you can just leave on stove, and reheat when you want to eat!

\*which is unfuckupable, and which I serve over (really any kind of) couscous



***What Paradise***

by Erica Hunt

from *Veronica: A Suite in X Parts*, Selva Oscura Press, 2019

*-- a poem in an alternative reality*

we tent ourselves in  
bittersweet, the more to  
eyebrow you dear

for we know we are cherished for a positive outlook  
with a hint of candor  
if the correct tests are met  
and the results hidden.

Let them entrap me with fastidious curtain calls  
expect me to spectacle rapt  
the film version in which they have given themselves  
high marks, their gems in  
their pockets,  
happy

Snapshots capture moments  
in security and retail,  
telegraph the  
semi-public engines  
driving desire away from prosperity  
an unreachable outpost

But let me tell you, the rubber  
meets the scree and slides us  
back into the lobby, a labyrinth  
of dumbo weighted regrets

inadmissible in most courts  
its not long before it  
occurs to us that  
no angel plays a harp that way  
implacably impatient  
maybe too close to the mike like we are  
way over our heads.



*Baby shower veggie display in North Carolina*

***Chinatown Diptych***

by Jenny Xie

from *Eye Level*, Graywolf Press, 2018

I.

The face of Chinatown returns its color,  
plucked from July's industrial steamer.

*Dry the cup!*

So we do.

Four noodle shops on East Broadway release their belches collectively.  
They breed in me a hankering for family life.

Here, there's no logic to melons and spring onions exchanging hands.  
No rhythm to men's briefs clothes-pinned to the fire escape.

Retirees beneath the Manhattan Bridge leak hearsay.

The woman in Apartment #18 on Bayard washes her feet in pot of boiled  
water each evening before bedtime. But every handful of weeks she lapses.

I lean into the throat of summer.

Perched above these streets with whom I share verbs and adjectives.

II.

Faces knotted, bangs softened with grease.

The East River pulls along a thread of sun.

While Sunday slides in. Again, in those plain trousers.

How the heat is driven off course.

How one can make out the clarified vowels of bridges.

Who's keeping count of what's given against what's stolen?

There's nothing I can't trace back to my coarse immigrant blood.

Uncles tipple wine on the streets of Mott and Bayard.

Night shifts meet day shifts in passing.

Sweat seasons the body that labors.

And in each noodle shop, bowls dusted with salt.

**Stinky Tofu**  
from Tofu Today  
(3 servings)



**INGREDIENTS**

- 14 ounce block of firm tofu
- 4 stinky fermented bean curd, mashed
- 2 green onions, minced
- ½ teaspoon red chili peppers
- 2 teaspoons potato starch (halve if using cornstarch)
- 2 teaspoons oyster sauce
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 medium cloves of garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon parsley
- 1 teaspoon white spirit
- 1 teaspoon fennel powder
- 1 teaspoon vegetable oil

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Mix the water, stinky fermented bean curd, and white spirit in a large sealable container.
2. Add the tofu into the fermented bean curd water.
3. Seal the lid and put it in the refrigerator for more than 24 hours.
4. Take out the refrigerated soaked tofu and drain it. Heat wok with oil, and fry the soaked tofu until it becomes golden. Transfer it on a plate and set aside.
5. Heat wok with oil, and stir-fry garlic until fragrant. Add fennel powder, oyster sauce, 1/2 bowl of water and cooking until water boiling. Pour the soaked tofu, stir and cook for 1 minute.
6. Sprinkle with water starch and parsley on it. Transfer it on a plate. Serve.

**Notes**

\*If you want to eat stinky tofu with a stronger smell, you can extend the soaking time appropriately.

\*After soaking in the tofu, be sure to drain the water and fry it. When it is fried, it will not splash.

된장찌개

**Doenjang Jjigae**

*(Korean Soybean Paste Stew,  
Vegetarian Version)*



**INGREDIENTS**

9 ounces tofu

½ medium zucchini

¼ medium onion

1 chili pepper green or red

1 scallion

2 tablespoons Korean soybean  
paste doenjang

1 teaspoon Korean chili pepper  
flakes (gochugaru) gochugaru

2 teaspoon minced garlic

some dried anchovies or small  
pieces of dashi (dried seaweed)  
for broth

2 cups water

1 teaspoon vinegar

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Cut the tofu and zucchini into about 1-inch cubes. Thinly slice the onion and pepper. Roughly chop the scallion.
2. Add the water, dried anchovies, and dashi. Stir well to dissolve the soy bean paste. Boil for 10-15 minutes.
3. Add the onion, garlic, tofu, zucchini, and chili pepper. Boil for 10 more minutes. Add a pinch of sugar for better taste. Throw in the scallion.
4. Serve with rice!
5. COOK THE STEW EVEN LONGER IF YOU WANT EXTRA SOUL ❤️

***Blessing***

by Ana Božičević

from *Joy of Missing Out*, Birds LLC, 2017

A white stag came up

To me and said you'll

Never be an artist,

I said thank you,

Thank you.

***I Love it When***

by Sharon Olds

page 36, *The Wellspring*, Alfred A. Knopf, 2009

I love it when you roll over  
and lie on me in the night, your weight  
steady on me as tons of water, my  
lungs like a little, shut box,  
the firm, haired surface of your legs  
opening my legs, my heart swells  
to a taut purple boxing glove and then  
sometimes I love to lie there doing  
nothing, my powerful arms thrown down,  
bolts of muslin rippling from the selvage,  
your pubic bone a pyramid set  
point down on the point of another  
—glistening fulcrum. Then, in the stillness,  
I love to feel you grow and grow be-  
tween my legs like a plant in fast motion  
the way, in the auditorium, in the  
dark, near the beginning of our lives,  
above us, the enormous stems and flowers  
unfolded in silence.

**Caesar Salad Dressing\***

by Alicia Silverstone and Victoria Pearson from *The Kind Diet*, Rodale, 2011

**INGREDIENTS****Croutons**

- ½ tsp dried rosemary
- 1 garlic clove, minced or pressed
- ½ tsp sea salt
- 3-4 slices of whatever bread you have laying around (1+ 1/2 cups)
- Olive oil

**Dressing**

- 2 tbsp roasted almonds
- 3 garlic cloves, minced or pressed
- 1 tbsp Dijon mustard
- 2 tbsp Soy Sauce (use gluten free if you also want to make this a gluten free dressing)
- 1 tbsp Tahini
- 3 tbsp fresh lemon juice
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- ¼ cup of water

**Salad**

- romaine lettuce, torn into bite-size pieces or kale, sliced into ribbons

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Preheat the oven to 325 degrees. Stir together the rosemary, garlic, and salt in a small bowl. Place the bread cubes in a large bowl and drizzle with the oil. Toss well to distribute the oil. Sprinkle the herb mixture over the bread cubes and toss again. Spread in a single layer on a baking sheet, and bake for 10-15 minutes or until the croutons are dry and lightly toasted. Cool completely. I've also done this in a cast iron on a stove top.
2. Meanwhile, combine the toasted almonds, garlic, mustard, soy sauce, tahini, lemon juice, oil, and 1/4 cup of water in a food processor or blender; process until smooth and well blended. You can always add more water if you like a lighter dressing.
3. To serve, toss the lettuce and croutons together in a serving bowl. Add the dressing, and toss to coat. Sprinkle parmesan cheese over the salad if you want and serve right away.

\*This recipe just so happens to be vegan. Many years ago I bought (and swiftly covered in brown paper) *The Kind Diet* by Alicia Silverstone. At the time I was embarrassed, but now I sing Alicia's recipe from the rooftops! Croutons are very optional here, but they are delicious. And you can of course top this with Parmesan if you don't mind a little cow's milk. This salad dressing is perfect if you're cooking for a crowd. It lasts up to a week in the refrigerator, so you can make it ahead of time for that potluck coming up.



Excerpt from ***Singularities***

by Susan Howe

page 16, Wesleyan University Press, 1990

Loving Friends and Kindred: -

When I look back

So short in charity and good works

We are a small remnant

of signal escapes wonderful in themselves

We march from our camp a little

and come home

Lost the beaten track and so

River section dark all this time

We must not worry

how few we are and fall from each other

More than language can express

Hope for the artists in America & etc

This is my birthday

These are the old home trees

**Maybe Kneidlach**

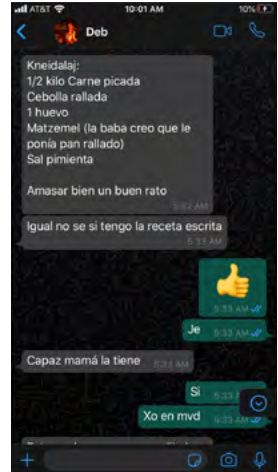
by Roxana Fabius

Through my entire childhood and way into being an adult, upon opening the door of the elevator to my grandmother's apartment, I would feel the embrace of a familiar smell: slightly caramelized onions being boiled in a meatball and potato stew. This dish that was composed of ground meat, potatoes, matzo meal and lots and lots of onions, was what I can only describe as the result of the immigration of ashkenazi jews to Uruguay where chicken and other sources of protein were translated into beef, because in that small country in the southern cone of America there are almost three cows per every human.

The whatsapp exchange in the image with the recipe happened between my sister and me a few weeks back, when we were entering the second week of isolation. My sister lives very far from me but now it doesn't really make a difference. She is the practical, executive part of the family, and has been making my grandmother's recipe for years now. I, on the other hand, never made it, even though I liked this dish much more than she did, in my grandmother's eyes my sister identified with other food options and this was my favorite, at least in the narrative I made up for myself.

In my personal narrative my grandmother has an extremely deep amount of influence, she is the person that introduced me to the world of visual arts not only in museums and exhibitions but also took me to my first ever studio visit when I was a toddler. An encounter that stayed in my memory forever. She was an educator and that flowed through her veins, way after retirement, making us always see the value of culture as a tool and a resource.

Around 5 in the morning of March 31st, I asked my sister for the recipe, she gave it to me from her memory and said I don't have it written anywhere but maybe mom does. My mom can't access her recipe notebook now, because she is not quarantining with it. That night right before dawn, my sister knew something that I didn't, as she many times does. She didn't tell me, she waited for me to discover it on my own, as she many times does.



*(translated from above image)*

**Beef kneidlach**

1 pound of ground beef  
 1 grated onion  
 1 egg  
 Matzo meal (I think Baba added bread crumbs)  
 Salt pepper

Massage for a while

## ***Sesame Seed Chocolate Chip Cookies***

Adapted from Martha Rose Shulman's recipe



### **INGREDIENTS**

- ½ cup whole-wheat flour
- ½ cup all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- 1 stick unsalted butter, at room temperature
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup packed brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon fine sea salt
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ cup sesame seeds
- 2 heaped tablespoons pumpkin seeds
- 1 tablespoon chia seeds
- ½ cup (scant) rolled oats
- ½ cup chocolate chips (more if desired)

### **DIRECTIONS**

1. Sift together flours and baking soda and set aside. Cream butter until lemony yellow, then add sugar, brown sugar, and salt. Continue creaming mixture until it is lump free.
2. Add egg and vanilla and mix until they are fully incorporated. Do not overbeat.
3. Add sifted flour mixture, stirring slowly until all of the flour is incorporated. Add seeds, oats, and chocolate chips and mix in.
4. Heat oven to 350 degrees. Line baking sheet with parchment paper. Spoon dough by heaped teaspoons 2 inches apart onto prepared baking sheet.
5. Bake 14 to 15 minutes, until lightly browned. Remove from oven and slide parchment off the baking sheet and onto a work surface. Allow cookies to cool for at least 10 minutes before serving, or for at least 20 minutes before storing in an airtight container. Cookies will keep for three days at room temperature.



*Instant noodles as a pocket square, Laojie Hotpot in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, NY*

***03 April 2020***

by H.A. Halpert

I wanted to escape but there's nowhere on earth to go besides the playground. The monkey bars are surrounded by hurricane fencing and the track is locked; there are green weeds beginning to grow from the cracks in the asphalt and between the pavers. I picked a handful of mugwort and took it home. It's still more like a vegetable than a proper herb right now (the oils are more concentrated at the end of summer when the plants are larger and tougher), but with a good handful you can make a strong tea to dream of other places. Pour boiling water over the green leaves and let it steep, covered, for an hour or more. Add a little sugar and sip before bed. Last night I dreamt that my house went on and on, each room opening into new halls and passageways, arches, stairs, wells, and impluvia open above to the grey sky.

***Frequently the woods are pink —***

by Emily Dickinson

Frequently the woods are pink —

Frequently are brown.

Frequently the hills undress

Behind my native town.

Oft a head is crested

I was wont to see —

And as oft a cranny

Where it used to be —

And the Earth — they tell me —

On its Axis turned!

Wonderful Rotation!

By but *twelve* performed!

***untitled (“think of something nice”) and recipe for disaster***

by Yin Ho

2020

think of something nice

recall how it feels

candy wrapper in a gutter

to tug and knead

landslide into glacial water

creak and pump

beets in a makeshift bowl

trim words, nature’s way

crunched leaves in a long hole

heavy rain can’t pour all day

**recipe for disaster**

flat fingers

square nails

no legato

**Budaejjigae\****(Army Base Stew)*

by Caroline Hwang from  
*Korean Food Made Easy*, 2018  
 (serves 4)

**INGREDIENTS****Fresh**

½ onion, thinly sliced  
 150g button mushrooms, sliced  
 500g kimchi (preferably more fermented),  
 cut into bite-sized pieces  
 2 frankfurter sausages, sliced on the bias  
 170g spam, cut into 4cm pieces  
 170g firm tofu, cut into 3cm pieces  
 1 litre Anchovy Stock  
 1 teaspoon crushed garlic  
 2 slices of American cheese  
 2 spring onions, chopped, to garnish

**Spices**

1 tablespoon gochugaru (dried red  
 pepper flakes)  
 ground black pepper

**Pantry**

1 tablespoon grapeseed oil  
 1 tablespoon gochujang (red pepper paste)  
 1 teaspoon soup soy sauce (or fish sauce)  
 1 x 120g packet of instant ramen noodles

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Heat the oil in a large saucepan and sauté the onion and mushrooms until the onion is translucent. Add the kimchi and cook down slightly.
2. Add the remaining ingredients, except the cheese, spring onions and noodles, and cook over a medium heat for 25 minutes.
3. Bring to the boil again, then add the noodles and cheese. Reduce to a simmer for 10 minutes. Garnish with the spring onions and serve.

\*Packed with spam, hot dogs and American cheese, this is the junk food of Korean stews. After the Korean war, food was scarce and people made do with the food from the U.S. military bases. They usually created something close to this dish.



Excerpt from ***Kafka on the Shore***  
by Haruki Murakami  
page 6, Vintage International, 2006

And once the storm is over, you won't remember how you made it through, how you managed to survive. You won't even be sure, whether the storm is really over. But one thing is certain. When you come out of the storm, you won't be the same person who walked in. That's what this storm's all about.

**Lubia Polo**

*(Persian green bean rice)*



**INGREDIENTS / DIRECTIONS**

**1. Cook Ground Meat with Green Beans:**

Heat oil at medium high and sauté onions. Add garlic and sauté until the onions are light golden brown. Then add ground beef and sauté, followed by spices, turmeric, dried herbs, dried lemon powder and stir. Add the green beans and cook. Next add the tomato paste and mix it well. If the mixture is too thick, add some water, cover and let it simmer until the beans are 3/4th done. The mixture should be moist but not too wet.

**2. Cook Rice:**

Rinse rice in water several times until it is clear. Cook rice using stove top method (boil rice in lots of salted water for 5 to 6 minutes until the rice grains are soft and drain well) or rice Cooker method (cook rice in measured amount of water, salt and some oil until all the water is absorbed).

**3. Assemble Rice with Meat/Green Beans:**

Place the cooked rice and meat/green beans mixture in several alternating layers in a heavy bottomed wide cooking pot (stove top method) or rice cooker. Sprinkle oil and saffron water all over. Steam it together at low heat until steam builds up. Turn off the heat. Gently mix the layers.

Excerpt from the lyrics to ***The Backyard***

by Robert Ashley

from *Private Parts*, Lovely Music, 1978

She makes a double life.  
She makes two from one and one.  
She makes a perfect system every day.  
She makes it work.  
She stands there in the doorway of her mother's house  
looking at the grass and sky and at where they meet,  
never once thinking thoughts like  
"It's so like a line",  
or "the difference is so powerful",  
or "Which way shall I take to leave?"  
My mind turns to my breath, one.  
My mind watches my breath, two.  
My mind turns and watches my breath, three.  
My mind turns and faces my breath, four.  
My mind faces my breath, five.  
My mind studies my breath, six.  
My mind sees every aspect of the beauty of my breath, seven.  
My mind watches my breath soothing itself, eight  
My mind sees every part of my breath, nine.  
My breath is not indifferent to itself, ten.

She never thinks of possibility  
or of how probable it is that they have come together.  
Those thoughts never enter her mind.  
Nor do thoughts of sports.  
She has no desire to improve her muscles.  
For her, piano playing is the only mystery.  
It's so beautiful, and how they do it no-one knows.  
She gets catalogues of every sort in the mail.  
Everything imaginable is pictured.  
She finds her way among the pictures without hesitation.  
She is not afraid of happiness.  
She is entirely without shame.  
The numbers are made of rubber or something like that.  
They stretch.

They never lose their shape.  
They are ageless.  
They don't need repair.  
They need attention and respect.  
She stands there in the doorway of her mother's house  
and thinks these thoughts.  
That fourteen dollars and twenty-eight cents is more attractive than fourteen dollars because  
of the twenty-eight.  
No-one likes or dislikes zeros.  
And that forty-two or forty is fixed in some way.  
She thinks about her father's age.  
She does the calculation one more time.  
She remembers sixty-two.  
Thirty and some number is sixty-two.  
And that number with ten is forty-two.  
She remembers forty-two.  
"Remembers" is the wrong word.  
She dwells on forty-two.  
She turns and faces it.  
She watches.  
She studies it.  
It is the key.  
The mystery of the balances is there.  
The Masonic secret lies there.  
The church forbids its angels entry there.  
The gypsies camp there.  
Blood is exchanged there.  
Mothers weep there.  
It is night there.  
Thirty and some number is sixty-two.  
And that number with ten is forty-two.  
That number translates now to then.  
That number is the answer, in the way that numbers answer.  
That simple notion, a coincidence among coincidences is all one  
needs to know.

***When Death Comes***

by Mary Oliver

1992

When death comes  
 like the hungry bear in autumn;  
 when death comes and takes all the bright  
 coins from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;  
 when death comes  
 like the measles-pox  
 when death comes  
 like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,  
 I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering  
 what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore, I look upon everything  
 as a brotherhood and sisterhood,  
 and I look upon time as no more than an idea,  
 and I consider eternity as another possibility,  
 and I think of each life as a flower, as common  
 as a field daisy and as singular,  
 and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,  
 tending, as all music does, toward silence,  
 and each body a lion of courage, and something  
 precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say all my life  
 I was a bride married to amazement.  
 I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.  
 When it's over, I don't want to wonder  
 if I have made of my life something particular, and real,  
 I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,  
 or full of argument  
 I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

***Closing mantra to the Heart Sutra and translation***

Gate, Gate, Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha.

Gone, gone, gone beyond, gone altogether beyond, oh what an awakening.

## **Heartwarming Chai** **Wallah Chai**



### **INGREDIENTS**

*Quantities are suggested feel free to modify based on your personal tastes. I like a super gingery chai, so I use:*

1½ - 3 inch piece of ginger grated or chopped very fine, grating will get the most essence out of the ginger. I like it really gingery so I go big and finely grate it.

2 cloves

8-12 peppercorns depending on how peppery you want it.

Cinammon stick, I use a small one as I don't like it to cinammonny but again feel free to adjust for your palette.

6-10 cardamom pods, crushed lightly in a mortar and pestle.

### **DIRECTIONS**

1. Add ginger and spices to 6 cups boiling water, simmer gently for 10 to 15 minutes.
2. Bring spice mixture to a boil and add two to three tablespoons or bags of tea depending on how strong you like it. Assam is best and most traditional and will give a richer darker chai. Darjeeling for a lighter chai. You can also get away with English breakfast Tea. We put the tea in a strainer and put that strainer into the pot with the chai spice base.
3. Turn off heat steep for 3-5 minutes. Strain the tea into a separate pot, and sweeten to taste with honey, sugar or maple syrup. Add your milk of choice we use oat/hemp at our house, you can add milk directly to pot or to individual cups. Will make 4-6 cups.
4. Take the leftover ginger/spice mixture in the strainer, put it back in the pot with 1-2 cups of water, reboil, let it sit to absorb for a bit, strain and use the second spice boil to make oatmeal. Use dates to sweeten the oatmeal and top with toasted pecans.

Excerpts from ***Our Death***

by Sean Bonney

AK Press, 2019

**Our Death / Anywhere Out Of The World**

"The hospitals are empty. We, the patients, are still inside them. It is nothing like they said it would be in the films: the shutters are drawn and we converse softly with our souls, that is to say, the shattered pieces of equipment our enemies have left behind. How dearly we would like to leave. We list cities. Ruined ones. Imaginary ones. The ones in which we think we might have been born. If we could draw them on the walls, they would look like a collection of demons, some kind of cosmos of trivial monsters. We think we are probably very far from home. We talk of suns and minerals, of monotony and fear. Of settler colonialism, of capital and slavery, and of the seventy-nine royal bastards that block out the lights of Heaven. But screw Heaven. All its lights ever amounted to were screams of contempt and pain, lodged in our trachea and in the centre of our names. It is so silent here, so gentle. Nothing left to do, but awake from our dreams of ourselves, and walk on the earth like reflections of the fireworks of Hell".

(after Charles Baudelaire)

**Our Death / Carrion**

It's all visible now. Everything. Its just that all the meanings have changed, and the names no longer apply. We lean against walls, our hands over our faces, and watch the parade. We are naked and frightened. Everything that passes before us we name and the names mean nothing. We mention old publications, old musical forms, and our voices sound like shredded paper in the archive. I would like to gather that paper. I would like to write upon it a charm to the ghosts of the suicided. Those who walked into the oceans. Those who clambered out from their windows. I would like to write this so they might have some form of revenge, but I don't know how. We pull our hands from our faces. We have no faces. The names we gave ourselves remade as a very ancient form of plague.

**Our Death / Abject 2 (after Baudelaire)**

Great love, that will crush the human world, I wish we could do something to help each other. But today we are separated by so many tedious enemies. They smile at us all day long and ask us about our fever. What is there to say? That “fever”, in the way they pronounce it, isn’t much more than a weird reflection of their smile, which in itself is a symbol of their sense of rightness within the so-called world. But that we feel that the five characters that make up the word “fever” – or indeed the word “smile” – are actually indicative of the illusory nature of the ownership of their senses, or of their history, which from another angle simply means the deleted histories of the cities of the sun and the devastation that continues to be inflicted there. Great love, if only we could whisper to each other the language needed to describe that devastation, so we might fill their mouths with the thorns of our great loss. It seems that everything we once knew has been stolen from us, and now idiots are reciting it, idiots who don’t know how to close their mouths, and the sounds those mouths make are razors scratching words into our chests. Great love, we cannot read the language written there. I wish I could say to you just one soothing word. But today I am the filthiest of brides. Only the stains around my mouth make me less repellant than those whom I most despise.



Excerpt from 齊物論 (*Discussions of the Equality of Things*)  
by 莊子 (Zhuangzi)  
Warring States Period (475BC - 221BC)

昔者莊周夢為蝴蝶，栩栩然蝴蝶也，自喻適志與，  
不知周也。俄然覺，則戚戚然周也。不知周之夢為  
蝴蝶與，蝴蝶之夢為周與？週與蝴蝶則必有分矣。  
此之謂物化。

Once upon a time, I dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither  
and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was  
conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I  
was myself. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself  
again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming  
I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming  
I am a man. Between me and the butterfly there must be a  
difference. This is an instance of transformation.

**卤肉饭****Lu Rou Fan***(Taiwanese Braised Pork Rice)***INGREDIENTS**

1½-2 lbs (680g) pork belly  
 (with skin!!!)  
 ¼ cup (60g) deep fried shallots  
 10 (36g) garlic cloves,  
 roughly minced  
 2 stalk scallion  
 4 (15g) ginger slices  
 2-3 (3g) star anise  
 2 (0.3g) bay leaves  
 ½ teaspoon (0.8g) five spice  
 powder  
 ¼ teaspoon (1g) ground white  
 pepper  
 3 tbsp (45ml) Kim Lan brand  
 Taiwanese soy sauce or regular  
 soy sauce  
 1 tbsp (15ml) dark soy sauce (I  
 used the sweet kind for claypot  
 rice because that's what I have  
 around)  
 1 tbsp (15ml) Shaoxing wine  
 1 tbsp (15ml) Chinese black  
 vinegar  
 2 tbsp (29g) brown sugar  
 20g rock sugar  
 1½ tbsp (22g) unsalted butter  
 1 tray of ice  
 \*1 pound ground pork  
 (optional, for later)

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Heat up enough water in a pot for pork belly to completely submerge (just guesstimate~), add ginger slice and scallion.
2. When the ginger and scallion water starts boiling, blanch pork belly for 15 minutes
3. While pork is cooking, prepare iced water in a big bowl.
4. Dunk pork belly into ice water. (This will stiffen up the meat texture and make it much easier to slice~)
5. Slice pork belly into small even strips. Set aside.
6. Caramelize Sugar: Add unsalted butter in the pot (after discarding the ginger and scallion water), make sure the whole bottom is coated with melted butter. Add brown sugar, then stir very occasionally. To make sure the sugar reaches a deep caramelized color, this process will take ~1.5-2 mins.
7. In a separate pan, saute pork belly slices with a small amount of oil (the pork belly will release lots of oil once heated) for 10-15 minutes, stir from time to time, until golden and shiny on all sides.
8. When pork is ready, add soy sauce, Shaoxing wine, five spice power, ground white pepper and minced garlic, stir to mix evenly. Turn off heat.
9. Transfer all back into the pot of caramelized sugar, make sure all the brown tasty bits are scrapped from the pan, give the meat and caramelized sugar a thorough stir.
10. Add fried shallot, dark sauce, star anise, bay leaves and enough water to cover all the pork.
11. Give it a taste and adjust spice/condiments/rock sugar according to taste, then cover pot and simmer for at least one but preferably two hours. Scrap bottom of pot from time to time to make sure nothing is stuck/burnt, add more water if needed.
12. If sauce isn't thickened by the time you are too hungry to wait any longer, remove cover to reduce the sauce.
13. Serve over a BIG bowl of rice.

\*Whenever I make this, there's usually too much delicious sauce and not enough pork belly left, so I would saute some ground pork with garlic and sesame oil and then heat it up with the rest of the left over sauce+meat. Ground pork soaks up and thickens sauce nicely so usually I can stretch the original meat sauce for a few more meals this way :)

Excerpt from *Einstein's God: Conversations about Science and the Human Spirit*  
by Krista Tippett  
page 20, Penguin Books, 2010

*Albert Einstein's autobiographical notes, published in 1949:*

Why do we come, sometimes spontaneously, to wonder about something? I think that wondering to one's self occurs when an experience conflicts with our fixed ways of seeing the world. I had one such experience of wondering when I was a child of four or five and my father showed me a compass. This needle behaved in such a determined way and did not fit into the usual explanation of how the world works. That is that you must touch something to move it. I still remember now, or I believe that I remember, that this experience made a deep and lasting impression on me. There must be something deeply hidden behind everything.



*8-metre diameter hotpot in a shopping mall in Huainan City, Anhui Province*

Excerpt from ***An Everlasting Meal: Cooking with Economy and Grace***

by Tamar Adler

Scribner, 2011

What we eat at the end of a meal marks its passage. If we have eaten well, our hearts and bellies full, the occasion will be bittersweet. Conversation will be slowed, the night's slope tilted. What seemed like it would last forever now seems certain to be nearly done.

I am always grateful for a little more time at the table; the meal must pass somehow, and I am better consoled with one more taste than with the rather less voluptuary sound of a gong.

But, if it has been a good meal I think, listening to the rattle of a whisk in a bowl of cream that I would forgo the golden slice of cake, the pretty figs, the cold whipped cream if it meant I could stay sitting there, where and when and with whom I am. If the meal would last, and I wouldn't have to put that tiny, deft, certain dot at the end of it that says, "This one, my dear, is done."

If a meal cannot go on forever I ask only that its passage be not too jarring.

I ask dessert to leave room for the flavors and smells before it, to let them linger faint, and not erased, in its margins. I prefer not to clear my mental slate. I ask dessert to look kindly on my current condition: what tastes have been on my tongue, how much I have eaten, and of what.

A good dessert does not obligate its creator to great effort. The famous eighteenth-century chef Marie-Antoine Carême called the art of dessert the "principle branch of architecture."

The desserts I bake are as like the architecturally accomplished cakes and pastries to which he referred as my bookshelves, made of wine crates, are like the grand New York Public Library. Both hold books, both support my reading, neither does me better than the other, except that my shaky shelves are close at hand.

If you want to bake dessert, choose an easy one. Easy baking exists, and if you are not trying to pummel a meal's savor out of memory with sugar and cream, but to usher it to a grateful close, the simplest cakes and cookies are often the best.

I like this cake, because it's not so sweet that I'm quietly sad that the salad has left the table. There are no layers or frosting; nothing to crack or leak. The olive oil in the batter is forgiving of hasty measuring and doesn't mind the temperature at which it's mixed.

Tomorrow, warmed in an oven, a slice of this cake, spread with jam, makes a consummate breakfast.

***Rosemary Cake,***

by Tamar Adler from  
*An Everlasting Meal*, 2011  
adapted from Paul Bertolli,  
*Cooking by Hand*, 2003



**INGREDIENTS**

- 8 eggs
- 1½ cups raw sugar
- 1⅔ cups olive oil
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped fresh rosemary
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Heat the oven to 325 degrees.
2. Coat a bundt pan first with butter, then with flour, tapping out the excess flour.
3. Beat the eggs for 30 seconds with a handheld beater. Slowly add the sugar and continue to beat until the mixture is very foamy and pale. Still mixing, slowly drizzle in the olive oil. Using a spatula, fold in the rosemary.
4. In a separate bowl, whisk together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Keeping the mixer on low speed, gradually add the dry ingredients to the egg mixture. Pour the batter into the bundt pan.
5. Bake for 45 to 50 minutes, rotating the pan halfway through. The cake is done when it is golden brown and springs back when touched, or when a skewer inserted in the center comes out clean. Allow the cake to cool briefly in the pan and then tip it out onto a rack to continue cooling.
6. This is delicious on its own, or accompanied by freshly whipped unsweetened cream, or the wonderfully rich, soft Italian cream cheese called mascarpone.

From an iteration of **'THE FLOWER'**  
by Nyeema Morgan  
2020

THE ONE ABOUT THE  
PRINCESS RELENTLESS-  
LY PURSUED UNTO HER  
UNTIMELY DEATH.

THE ONE ABOUT THE  
FIRST WOMAN WHO  
TEMPTED MAN.

THE ONE ABOUT THE  
PROSPEROUS QUEEN,  
HER RADICAL MONO-  
THEISM AND ICONIC  
EFFIGY THAT ENDURED  
THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

THE ONE ABOUT THE AB-  
OLITIONIST, SUFFRAGIST  
WHO ESCAPED SLAVERY.

THE ONE ABOUT THE  
YOUNG, IMPASSIONED  
ENVIRONMENTALIST  
WHO INSPIRED A GEN-  
ERATION.

THE ONE ABOUT THE  
GIRL AND THE THREE  
BEARS.

***Let's not muddy the water!***

by Sohrab Sepehri

from *Hasht Ketab*, 1976, (*translated from Farsi*)

Maybe, down the river a dove is drinking water.

Or, on a distant land a little bird is washing her wings.

Or, maybe in a nearby village a pitcher is getting filled with water.

Let's not muddy the water!

Maybe, this flowing water is going to a tree to remove sadness from a heart.

Maybe, the hands of a poor man are wetting a piece of bread in the water.

Maybe, a beautiful woman has come to the river.

Let's not muddy the water! And the beautiful face will get double!

What digestible water! What a limpid river! How pure are the people up the river!

May their water springs remain generating!

May the breasts of their cows remain full with fresh milk!

I haven't seen their village.

No doubts, on the feet of their fences there is a sign of God.

The moon in there lightens words.

For sure, the walls must be short in there.

A bud is blossoming, and they know it.

What a village it must be!

May its gardens and paths be filled with lovely songs!

The people, up the river, understand water.

They haven't muddied it.

We either, let's not muddy the water!



**Gluten-Free Chocolate-Tahini Brownies**

by Chris Morocco from  
Bon Appétit  
(makes 16)

**INGREDIENTS**

3 tablespoons cornstarch

2 tablespoons unsweetened  
cocoa powder

6 ounces bittersweet chocolate,  
coarsely chopped

3 tablespoons virgin coconut oil

4 tablespoons tahini, divided

2 large eggs

⅓ cup granulated sugar

¼ cup (packed) light brown  
sugar

1 teaspoon kosher salt

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

1 tablespoon light agave syrup  
(nectar)

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Preheat oven to 350°. Line an 8x8" baking dish with 2 overlapping pieces of parchment paper, leaving at least a 3" overhang on 2 sides.
2. Whisk cornstarch and cocoa powder in a medium bowl until no lumps remain. Heat chocolate, oil, and 1 Tbsp. tahini in a small saucepan over low, stirring, until melted and smooth.
3. Using an electric mixer on medium-high speed, beat eggs, granulated sugar, and brown sugar in a large bowl until light, smooth, and doubled in volume, 3–4 minutes. Beat in salt and vanilla to combine, then beat in chocolate mixture, scraping down sides as needed, until incorporated. Beat in cornstarch mixture, then increase speed to medium-high and beat until mixture is thick and holds its shape, about 30 seconds.
4. Stir agave syrup and remaining 3 Tbsp. tahini in a small bowl. Scrape batter into prepared baking dish and smooth top. Dollop agave mixture over and swirl into top of batter with a skewer or toothpick.
5. Bake brownies until sides are puffed, top is browned, and a tester inserted into the center comes out with a few moist crumbs attached, 22–26 minutes. Let cool before removing from pan and cutting into 16 squares.

***When Will the Cows Come Home?***

by Patricia Fargnoli

from *Winter*, Hobblebush Books, 2013

When the river freezes over and the pot boils  
When the cat leaves the corner, when the tulips leave the bed

After absence has made your heart grow fonder  
After apples have fallen from the tree

Where the village is sleeping, the cows will come to the barn  
Swishing their long tails, nodding their heads

If you have been waiting too long, the cows will come for you  
If you believe in cows, they will come to your hand

After what has gone around, must come around,  
They will come home

After the cat's nine lives are through and the dog's bone is buried  
After the wishbone's been broken and the turkey's been eaten

Go with the flow of the river, the cows will come home  
After your actions have spoken louder than words

Before all good things have come to an end  
Before all the bridges have burned

The cows will come home

If the rolling stone has gathered its moss and is still  
If the salt has been thrown over the barn's shoulder

All things come to those who wait  
Cometh the hour, cometh the cows

Better late than never, everything in its own good time  
The cows will come home

To your barn shaking their bells  
They will come home to you

***Fare Thee Well***

by Charles Bernstein

pages 178-179, *Near/Miss*, The University of Chicago Press, 2018

Give me a hammer, give me a bell  
Listen to the chime, listen to its spell  
Give me an axe, give me a tree  
Watch logs catch fire by degree

Bleed a thought 'til it tells  
Secrets of elation hiding in a shell  
Find your way, make it swell  
Give what you got, not what sells

Before you go, sing me a song  
Time's almost over, day's been long  
No harder road ever will you see  
Than the road you're on, far from me

Give me an axe, give me a tree  
Watch logs catch fire by degree  
Bleed a thought 'til it spills  
Secrets of regret hiding in a spell

Who knows if we'll meet again?  
Don't know where, can't say when  
Maybe never, maybe in hell  
Fare thee well, fare thee well!

Give me a hammer, give me a bell  
Listen to the chime, listen to it dwell  
Find your way, make it sell  
Give all you got 'til it swells

No harder road ever did I see  
Than the road you're on so far from me  
Do me a favor, sing me a song  
Time's almost over, day's been long

I don't know whether we'll meet again  
Maybe we will, somewhere in hell  
I can't say how and I don't know when  
So fare thee well, fare thee well!

### ***Clementine Cake***

by Nigella Lawson,  
from *Feast*, 2004  
(serves 8-10)



#### **INGREDIENTS**

approx. 13 ounces  
clementines (approx. 4)  
  
6 large eggs  
  
1¼ cups granulated sugar  
  
2¼ cups almond meal  
  
1 teaspoon baking powder

#### **DIRECTIONS**

1. Put the clementines in a pan with some cold water, bring to the boil, partially with the lid and cook for 2 hours. Drain, discarding the cooking water, and, when cool, cut each clementine in half and remove the pips. Dump the clementines - skins, pith, fruit and all - and give a quick blitz in a food processor (or by hand, of course). Preheat the oven to gas mark 5/190°C/170°C Fan/375°F. Butter and line a 20 cm / 8 inch Springform tin.
2. You can then add all the other ingredients to the food processor and mix. Or, you can beat the eggs by hand adding the sugar, almonds and baking powder, mixing well, then finally adding the pulped oranges.
3. Pour the cake mixture into the prepared tin and bake for an hour, when a skewer will come out clean; you'll probably have to cover with foil or greaseproof after about 40 minutes to stop the top burning. Remove from the oven and leave to cool, on a rack, but in the tin. When the cake's cold, you can take it out of the tin. I think this is better a day after it's made, but I don't complain about eating it at any time.
4. I've also made this with an equal weight of oranges, and with lemons, in which case I increase the sugar to 250g / 2¼ cups and slightly anglicise it, too, by adding a glaze made of icing sugar mixed to a paste with lemon juice and a little water.

***The Tiger***

by Nael, age 6

from *They're Singing a Song in Their Rocket*, 826DC, 2016

The tiger

He destroyed his cage

Yes

YES

The tiger is out

## ***Noodles\****



### **INGREDIENTS / DIRECTIONS**

Just make 1 cup of flour with some salt

Add water to form a dough but not wet

Knead ten minutes and then rest it for 30 mins

Knead again and rest another 30mins

The dough will become more pliable

You then cut it into two and roll it into a circle

When you are happy with the thickness - start to flour both sides  
and then gently fold into four and cut with knife

*(You actually can get lots of ideas from YouTube but I suggest you play with one cup of flour first  
and when you get the idea then you can add egg and play with different thickness of noodles)*

\*originally my grandmother's recipe and recently cryptically relayed by my aunt through text







*Eggs and cheese in a cooler at Solid Gold Club strip club in Winnipeg, Canada*

***Things that have brought me JOY in the last 24 days***

by Charlene Wang

April 2020

- the radio station WQXR (105.9 fm) in NYC  
and the unflagging dad humor of their radio hosts
- taking ballet classes on Instagram LIVE with ABT principal dancing
  - my first time doing ballet again after 12 years
  - ballet without a huge wall sized mirror is so freeing
- making a cup of tea everyday 
  - and finding new ways to share my love of tea with others
  - a true source of tranquil comfort
- that video of the Italian mayors and govt officials ranting and raving at people not socially distancing
  - makes me LAUGH everytime
- cooking 
- wearing my houserobe everyday
  - I might never wear a bra again
- washing my hair only 1 x a week
  - haHAH real freedom is not washing your hair
- seeing the insides of so many peoples homes! (via video & photos everyone is sharing)
  - 🏠🏠🏠🏠!!!
  - so many good details & data for nosiness
- photos of my 1 week old niece
  - she's swaddled like a little burrito!
- regular zooms with my friends' kids under 11 yrs old
- naps 
  - 
- H-Mart!
  - korean grocery store, my new happy place



***The Voice Imitator***

by Thomas Bernhard

from *The Tables Turned*, 1997 (Originally published as ***Der Stimmenimitator***, 1978)

Even though I have always hated zoological gardens and actually find that my suspicions are aroused by people who visit zoological gardens, I still could not avoid going out Schönbrunn on one occasion and, at the request of my companion, a professor of theology, standing in front of the monkeys' cage to look at the monkeys, which my companion fed with some food he had brought with him for the purpose. The professor of theology, an old friend of mine from the university, who has asked me to go to Schönbrunn with him had, as time went on, fed all the food he had brought with him to the monkeys, when suddenly the monkeys, for their part, scratched together all the food that had fallen to the ground and offered it to us through the bars. The professor of theology and I were so startled by the monkeys' sudden behavior that in a flash we turned on our heels and left Schönbrunn through the nearest exit.

**Glazed Apple Cake***(Gedeckter Apfelkuchen)*

(makes 1 9-inch/23cm cake)

**INGREDIENTS**

2⅓ cups, scooped and leveled, plus 1 tablespoon/300g all-purpose flour

¾ cup/150g granulated sugar

1 teaspoon baking powder

Pinch of salt

10½ tablespoons/150g unsalted high-fat, European-style butter, softened

1 egg, at room temperature

6 large apples (2 pounds 10 ounces/1.2kg)

Juice of 1 lemon plus 2 teaspoons freshly squeezed lemon juice

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

½ cup/75g raisins

¼ cup/60ml plus 2 teaspoons water

¾ cup/75g confectioners' sugar

**DIRECTIONS**

- Mix the flour, granulated sugar, baking powder, and salt together in a large bowl. Cut the butter into cubes and add to the flour mixture. Using a pastry cutter or your hands, work the butter into the flour until it's no longer visible. Add the egg and knead until the dough is smooth. Wrap tightly in plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least 1 hour and up to 24 hours.
- Peel, core, and quarter the apples. Cut them into slices 1/8 to 1/4 inch/3 to 6mm thick and put the slices in a large pot. Add the juice of 1 lemon along with the cinnamon, raisins, and the 1/4 cup/60ml of water. Cover the pot and bring to a simmer over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Cook the apples for 15 to 20 minutes, or until silky and relatively broken down. The apples should not turn completely to mush but still retain some shape. Take the pot off the heat.
- Preheat the oven to 350°F/180°C. Line the bottom of a 9-inch/23cm springform pan with parchment paper. Take two-thirds of the dough and pat it evenly into the springform pan, forming a 1-inch-/2.5cm-high rim at the edges. Refrigerate the remaining dough. Prick the dough in the pan evenly all over with a fork. Line the dough with a sheet of aluminum foil and fill the pan with pie weights or dried beans. Bake for 20 minutes, or until the crust is starting to firm up but is not yet browning. Remove from the oven and carefully remove the aluminum foil and pie weights; maintain the oven temperature.
- Scrape the apple mixture evenly into the par-baked shell and smooth the top. The apple filling should precisely fill the crust. Roll out the remaining one-third of the dough between two pieces of plastic wrap until just slightly larger than the circumference of the pan. Trim the edges of the circle and then gently transfer the circle to the top of the cake, laying it over the apple filling. Tuck in the top crust and cut off any excess. Cut 3 small slits in the top of the dough. Put the pan back in the oven and bake for 35 to 40 minutes, or until the top is golden brown and slightly puffed.
- Remove the pan from the oven and let cool for 10 minutes while you prepare the glaze. Sieve the confectioners' sugar into a small bowl and whisk in the 2 teaspoons of lemon juice and the 2 teaspoons of water until smooth. Brush the glaze over the still-hot cake and then let the cake cool completely before serving. The cake will keep at room temperature, covered lightly with plastic wrap, for 2 to 3 days.

Excerpt from ***Slapstick***

by Kurt Vonnegut

pages 2-3, Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1976

I have had some experiences with love, or think I have, anyway, although the ones I have liked best could easily be described as “common decency.” I treated somebody well for a little while, or maybe even for a tremendously long time, and that person treated me well in turn. Love need not have had anything to do with it.

Also: I cannot distinguish between the love I have for people and the love I have for dogs.

When a child, and not watching comedians on film or listening to comedians on the radio, I used to spend a lot of time rolling around on rugs with uncritically affectionate dogs we had.

And I still do a lot of that. The dogs become tired and confused and embarrassed long before I do. I could go on forever.

Hi ho.



One time, on his twenty-first birthday, one of my three adopted sons, who was about to leave for the Peace Corps in the Amazon Rain Forest, said to me, “You know—you’ve never hugged me.”

So I hugged him. We hugged each other. It was very nice. It was like rolling around on a rug with a Great Dane we used to have.

***Shrimp, Egg, Chives  
Dumplings***

(makes 40 dumplings)



**INGREDIENTS**

1 lb uncooked shelled shrimp  
½ lb garlic chives  
4 large eggs  
1 tbsp peeled ginger  
3 tbsp cooking oil  
1 tsp sesame oil  
1 tsp table salt  
1 tsp soy sauce  
1 package of dumpling wrappers, Shanghai style by Twin Marquis (approx 40)

**DIRECTIONS**

1. Rinse chives and finely chop. Place in a large mixing bowl. Mix in 1/2 tbsp of salt, cover, and set aside for 2 hours to let the chives wilt.
2. Finely chop peeled ginger, set aside.
3. Scramble four eggs. Use spatula to chop the scrambled eggs into tiny pieces. Set aside and let cool.
4. Chop uncooked shrimps into ¼ inch pieces, set aside.
5. After chives are wilt, squeeze as much of the liquid out as possible.
6. Combine chives, shrimp, scrambled eggs in the large mixing bowl. Add the rest of the salt, oil, sesame oil, and soy sauce to the bowl. Thoroughly mix stuffing.
7. Remove wrappers from package, fill a small bowl with water.
8. Place one tbsp of filling in center of one wrapper. Dip finger in water and trace the edge of wrapper. This will act as the glue to seal your dumpling filling in.
9. Gently fold edges to meet and completely seal. Pleating instructions not included as it's a life long journey so I highly suggest starting now.
10. Bring a large pot of water to a boil. Cook in batches of 10 dumplings for approx 5 mins, until skin looks vaguely transparent. Serve with dipping sauce of choice (soy sauce, garlic, chili oil, cilantro is mine).

Lyrics from ***Go***

by Daniel Johnston

from his self-released album *Respect*, 1985

Life's a bowl of cherries

You can have as many as you can carry

And someone once said that life is like a cow

But I don't know how that applies

But anyhow here we are all on this planet

Taking everything for granted

But I think you've caught on something

Don't let go

Go go go go you restless soul you're going to find it

Go go go go you restless soul you're going to find it

Oh yes you will you found it

Oh yes you did you found it

Oh yes you did you found it

Many, many thanks to all who contributed.

And a special thank you to A.I.R. for making space.

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