

food news magazine

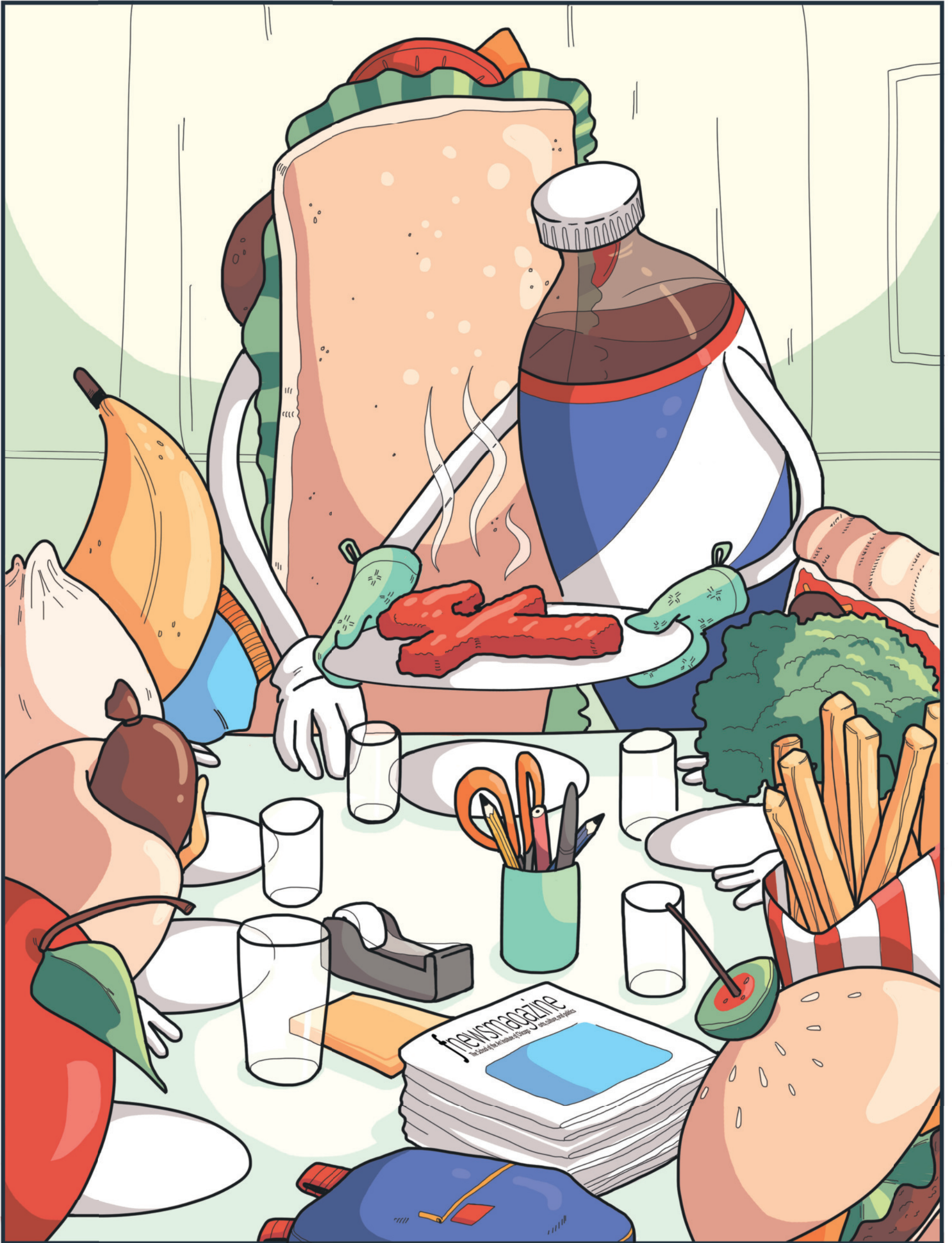
The School of the Art Institute of Chicago arts, culture, and politics

DEC '18

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NUCLEAR WINTER

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WITH MALES





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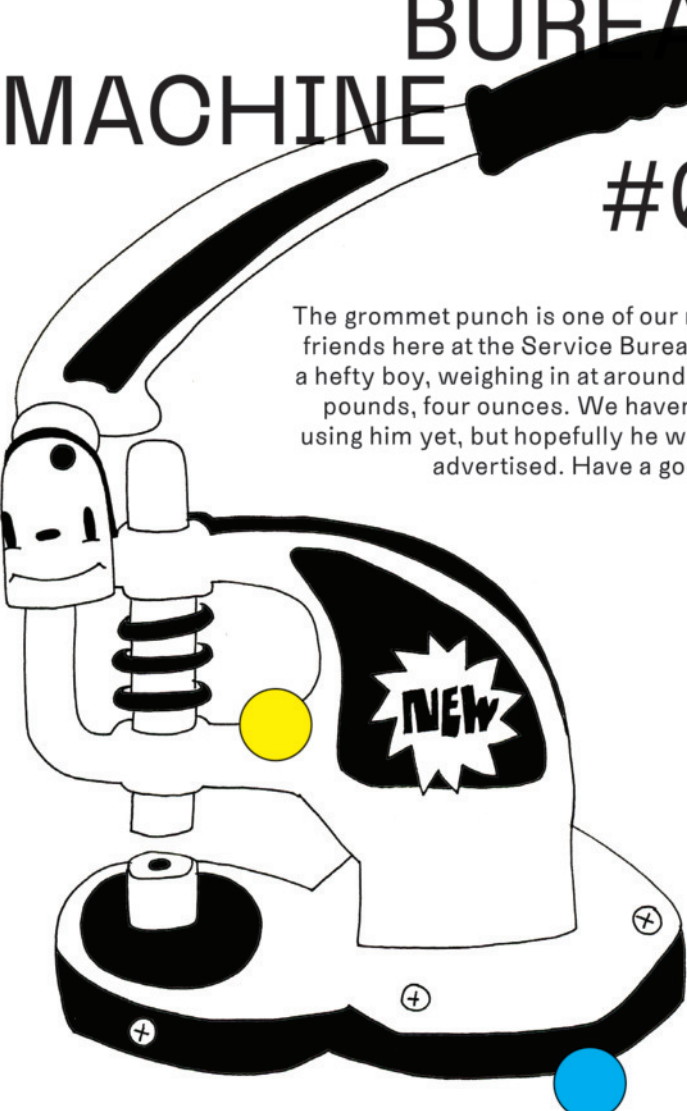
SAIC


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MACHINE

#03

The grommet punch is one of our newest friends here at the Service Bureau. He's a hefty boy, weighing in at around eleven pounds, four ounces. We haven't tried using him yet, but hopefully he works as advertised. Have a good day.



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SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
Headspace 9-10 AM	Good Morning SAIC 9-10:30 AM	Density Encounters 9-10 AM	Good Morning SAIC 9-10:30 AM	Naturally Nellie 9-10 AM	Good Morning SAIC 9-10:30 AM	
	Bejeweled 12-1 PM	Elle, Interrupted 12-1 PM	J-Pop Society The Greatest Sibling Show.. 3-4 PM	We Talk About Our Cartoon Boyfriends 11 AM-12 PM	The Peach Pit 11 AM-12 PM	
Turning Tables 2-4 PM	Limits 5-6 PM	Tangential Space 2:30-3:30 PM	Listen Closely 4:45-5:45 PM	Queer Politix 1-2 PM	Mode Hex 2:30-3:30 PM	
	New and New To You 7-8 PM	2. Thrasher Ave. 6-7 PM	My House 6-7 PM	Self Aware Self Care 3-4 PM	The Real Housewives of Old Jerusalem 4-5 PM	
Randomocity 6-7 PM	The Variety Show 9-10 PM	Lavender Menace 8:30-9:30 PM	Flavors of the Week 7:30-8:30 PM	Old School / New School 5-6 PM	Obelisk Radio 7-8 PM	The Salt 4-6 PM
	Altered States Radio 10:30 PM-12:30 AM	Kid Soul 10 PM-12 AM	EM FM 8:45-9:45 PM	Chola Surf Aero Narcosis 7-8:30 PM	Dogfood & Groove 10-11 PM	Little Big Man 6:30-8:30 PM
The X 10:30-11:30 PM			Wiggin' Out 10-11 PM	Public Res Hit 9-11 PM		
				wormhole3000 11:30 PM-12:30 AM		

December 2018

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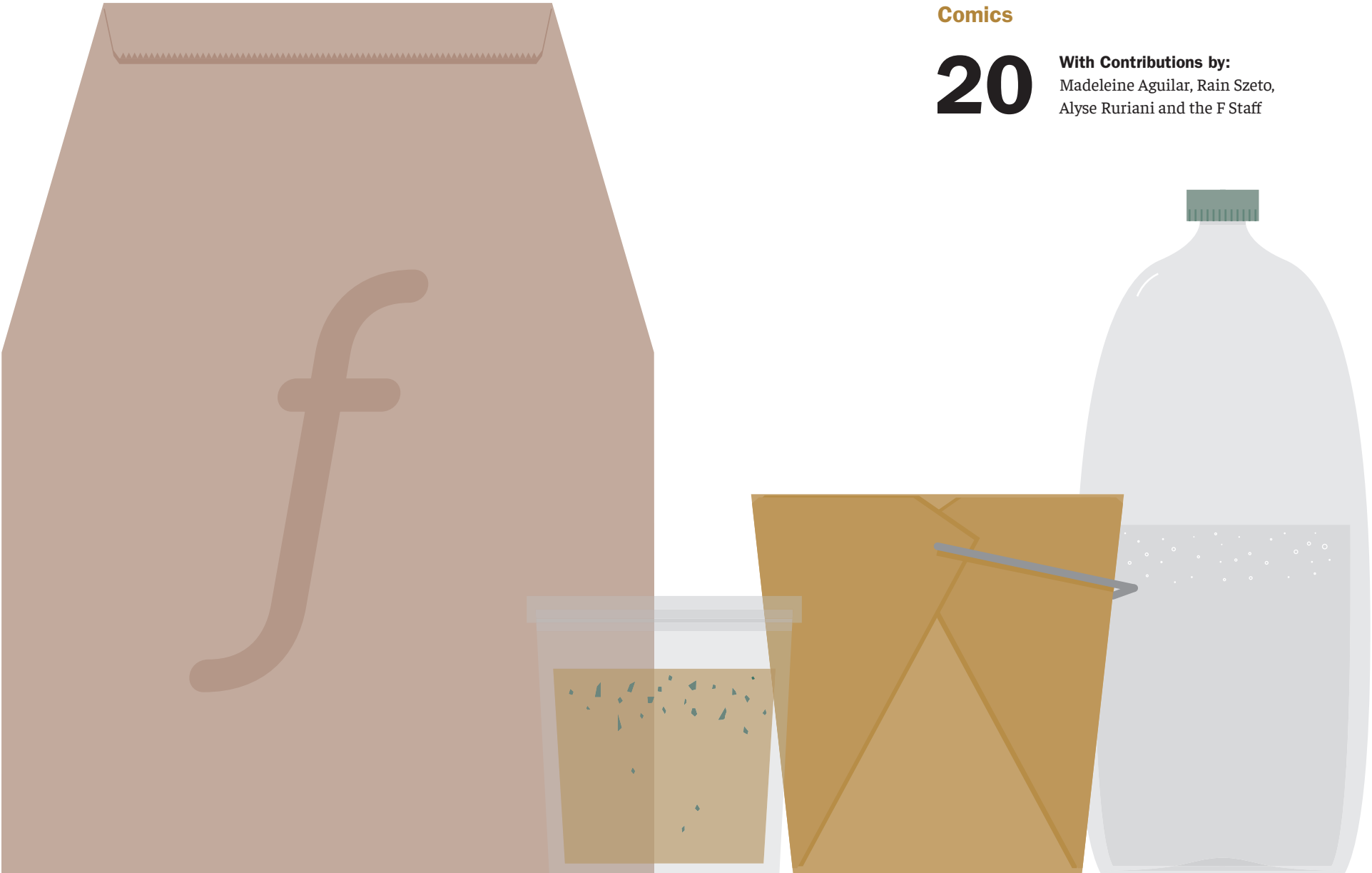
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Six Cool Restaurants That Are Too Cool For You

Infinite Yelp stars

by **Pastry Parcel**

FOMO

Where: It’s a secret
What: A wild restaurant appears
Shtick: It disappears into thin air after the first Instasnap
Rating: I’ll never tell

This mysterious and elusive restaurant appears only where there’s a high concentration of great bathroom selfie lighting on the wide open plains. On such a day the restaurant, named FOMO with regards to its exclusivity, will rise out of the earth. Those who are lucky enough to have gazed upon its visage say there’s nothing quite like it. Sally Snapchat, who witnessed the phenomenon in ’04 and requested a pseudonym for anonymity, described the restaurant as “in-describable,” followed by the emoji of the face with the heart eyes. She pulled out her Motorola RAZR to record its wonder on camera. But the moment she snapped that fateful snap, FOMO disappeared again. Alas, the natural alignment that allows the mystical bathroom selfie lighting to leak out into a prairie-like expanse dissipates when mixed with the electromagnetic wave of social media: When posted to social media the restaurant disappears once more, leaving only a pool of glitter Silly Putty in its wake. The photo, of course comes out only as static; Sally Snapchat and so many like her are left behind with an empty belly and, fittingly, FOMO.

B(ack)2B(asics)

Where: You know that downtown rooftop bar your cousin told you about that one time? It’s above that. Like, it’s the rooftop bar’s rooftop bar
What: Hipster watering hole with a twist of existentialist ~nothingness~, now in nine great flavors
Shtick: Aeropub
Rating: Ninety-nine bottles of nihilism / 100

Specialising in air gastronomy, this bar serves cups of oxygen in nine specialty brews, including Dandelion, Forest, and Long-Haul Airplane. Other locally inspired flavors include Deep Dish and That Vent Outside Peach and Green. Talking to Penny Button-Smith, the founder of B(ack)2B(asics), F News learnt that she landed on the name after searching a long time for a phrase with “the perfect balance of pseudo-code, text speak, and retro-phraseology,” the latter having been her major during her time at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC).
Despite claims of organic farm-fresh goodness, this humble reporter is suspicious MSG is over-utilized at B(ack)2B(asics) — a common aeropub controversy. MSG, the abbreviated term for monosodium glutamate, causes the consumer to get hungry sooner after a meal. Only an hour after a full three-course air meal, your pitiful reporter was reduced to a Dunkin’ Donuts run.

PSAD Synthetic Desert III (1971)

Where: Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York
What: Really listen to yourself chew spaghetti
Shtick: Semi-anechoic chamber eating experience
Rating: I’ve never felt so alive

Every Friday of its 2017 four-month run at the Guggenheim in New York, this Doug Wheeler installation was turned into an immersive restaurant experience. The installation used the latest in sound absorption technologies to draw all but internal noise out of the space. Most days the installation was a quiet contemplation space. But, on Stir Fry Days, your humble reporter was allowed to bring a packed lunch. Stir Fry Day visitors are only allowed a ten-minute lunch inside the space — down from the usual 20 because of the more intense sounds experienced during eating. An intimate lunch date, I would highly recommend it for those couples who are looking to take their relationship to the next level. I, however, was politely asked to leave by the docent after five minutes for slurping my sweet corn soup too loudly.



Meat Me Halfway

Where: A romantic rollerblade from downtown
What: Meat that looks like vegetables; vegetables that look like meat
Shtick: Half-meat, half-vegetarian Russian roulette
Rating: I’m so confused

Is that celery turkey mince?? Is that turkey mince celery?? Buckle in for a wild ride at this staple eaterie. Your humble reporter was kicked out after asking if the lasagna was vegetarian.

Pink Wednesdays

Where: Your house
What: A reverse-psychology dining experience that leaves you wanting more
Shtick: Your house, their rules
Rating: So fetch

Another restaurant whose appearance cannot fully be predicted, this place consistently books out months in advance, so get in early. Once you’ve booked your dining experience, some Wednesday in the following year a “Mean Girls”-esque group of coolkids will appear in your house when you’re out. They will definitely have just finished dinner as you arrive and imply you were the one that was late, say something snide about your outfit while making clear that you wouldn’t have been cool enough to sit with them anyway, and leave you with the dishes. For the full experience, consider wearing exclusively cargo pants and flip flops for the month following the visit.

The SAIC Neiman Center Café

Where: SAIC’s Sharp Building
What: An art school’s café / A social experiment gone wrong / The Apocalypse / All of the above
Shtick: Mozzarella
Rating: Performance art

This watering hole of the Freshman Art School Student variety is where the 900-some freshmen perform themselves 12p.m. – 1p.m. Monday to Friday. I wasn’t cool enough when I was a freshman and I’m still not cool enough now. Good luck to you, youngsters; I’m going to Pret.

Tonight, We Dine In Vegan Hell

One family's harrowing journey in search of Chili's

by **Whale Grits**



On a cold November morning, Sharna Schepp takes a sip from her coffee as auburn leaves crunch under her boots. “I can’t believe I paid \$6 for this,” she mumbles. The hood of her pink camo jacket bounces with each sorrowful step.

Schepp has been scouring the streets of Chicago’s Lakeview neighborhood for hours, tirelessly searching for her sister Lacey and brother-in-law Kurt Pitts. The Pitts disappeared without a trace a day earlier after telling Schepp they were “haulin’ ass to Chili’s.”

“They were so excited to find a location in their neighborhood,” explained a teary-eyed Schepp. “When they moved here, they didn’t think they would fit in. Chili’s gave them hope.”

Rounding the corner of Addison and Halsted, Schepp stops for a breath. “I don’t know if I’ll ever see them again,” she sighs. As the words slipped from her brown-lipsticked mouth, a truck flies through the intersection. “That’s them! That’s them!” Schepp races down the block, explaining that Kurt’s truck has custom TruckNutz she could spot from blocks away. She makes it to the vehicle’s passenger side door, asking through tears for her sister to let her in.

Weeks later, I meet Schepp and the Pitts at their Lakeview apartment. Lacey, having just returned from her job as an underwater math tutor, brushes her damp hair. The ends of her stacked bob drip chilly water onto the shoulders of her oversized T-shirt, which she’d paired with a floor-length denim skirt and closed-toed black Tevas. Kurt pours warm glasses of Mountain Dew, his ponytail swishing as he balances the beverages on a tray and brings them out to the living room.

Kurt and Lacey had moved to Chicago for Kurt’s job as a chaplain for birds, but he admits that the transition has been harder than they imagined. “We could go to Chili’s and everyone

loved our Truck Nutz,” he explains. “Here, people think it means we’re misogynists. I don’t hate girls, I just want everyone to know my masculinity is fragile.”

At the mention of Chili’s, things got tense. On that fateful day in November, as Sharna searched for her sister, Kurt and Lacey had found themselves trapped inside the Chicago Diner on Halsted. “When I searched ‘chili’ on Yelp, some positive reviews popped up,” Kurt says, admitting that he hadn’t checked any other details about the restaurant. “We stopped using Google Maps to keep the government from tracking us.” He adds, “the lettering was red and there was a cactus painted on the building next door. It seemed possible.”

It didn’t take long for the Pitts to realize their mistake. Once they saw the menu, much smaller than the Chili’s menu, they flagged their waitress down with some questions. “We just didn’t understand why there wasn’t baby back ribs or molten lava cake on the menu,” said Kurt. “Where were the margaritas? The fried pickles and Texas cheese fries?”

Having already paid for parking on Halsted, and with blood sugar too low to make it to the Chili’s at O’Hare Airport, the Pitts decided to stay.

“We figured they could just make something special for us. Something magical, like Chili’s. That’s what restaurants do,

right?” Lacey added.

But the Chicago Diner was not on board. “Nobody has ever mistaken us for a Chili’s before. Nobody has ever behaved so strangely in one of our restaurants before,” said diner owner Jo Kaucher. “After they left, we had to let their waitress go early because she was too upset to work. The only thing that comes

to mind is the reviews of our vegan chili. Maybe they read those and that’s how the mistake happened?”

The Pitts’ waitress, who asked to remain anonymous, gave a statement on the issue to F Newsmagazine via email:

Having worked in the service industry for 17 years, I felt I was prepared for all kinds of customers. In serving the Pitts, I quickly learned that this was not the case. After spending 20 minutes explaining that we could neither replicate the Chili’s menu, nor add meat to our vegan dishes, the couple refused to leave until we brought them our most Chili’s-like options. They played the Chili’s Baby Back Ribs song at full volume, refusing to turn it down. I was tipped \$6 in nickels. They were extremely offended when I asked if their behaviour was a performance. I will never understand how they mistook our restaurant for a Chili’s, and I hope I never have to serve customers like that again.

In retelling the tale, the couple wept. Not of embarrassment, but a pure sorrow: a Chili’s sorrow. So hard to watch was their distress that sister Sharna threw up her Mountain Dew. “We knew this kind of thing happened to people. But we never thought it could be us,” lamented Lacey.

“I ate vegan nachos,” she sheepishly admitted. “I thought I could fill the void left by Chili’s, but the wound was too deep.” Kurt started crying. “I told the waitress I was a milkshake connoisseur,” he said through tears.

“It’s just been really hard. Since we’ve moved here, it seems like everyone is some kind of vegan liberal. We didn’t expect this,” Lacey wept.

Shortly after this interview, the Pitts were banned from O’Hare International Airport for attempting to bypass security and access the Chili’s Too in Terminal One. In the wake of the ban, they announced plans to move to Kansas City, Missouri, which is home to six Chili’s locations. Though it means Kurt must channel his bird blessing skills into his new job at as a chaplain for coyotes, the couple says they finally feel Chili’s hope again.

Five Foods We Haven’t Eaten Since the Fall of Atlantis

The foods you wish you could still Instagram
by **Custard Doughman**

Atlantis, former continent number eight, will always be #1 in our hearts. Everyone remembers where they were when President Jimmy Carter issued that fateful executive order, flooding Atlantis. Indie songstress Courtney Barnett once movingly recollected, “Well, I wasn’t born yet, so naturally I don’t remember it.” Well put, Courtney. Perhaps the grimmest loss was Atlantis’s remarkable cuisine. In an era when foodie-fodder is as abundant as it is irritating, Atlantis would have been a choice destination for people who feel it’s important to take pictures of what will eventually be feces. We could have written a list with literally thousands of items, but because life is short (though we understand Google is working on that), we whittled it down to the top five.

1. Mermaid Feathers

The colonially minded government’s maniacal insistence on expansion produced both zealous nationalism and zealous rebellion. Among the first Atlantisian cadre to break ranks was the bohemian Hotlantis Clan. The seminal iconoclasts’ refusal to conform earned them considerable popularity among similarly war-averse citizens. During its all-too-brief tenure, the Hotlantis Clan was headquartered in the Poseidonis foothills, on the continent’s eastern front. Governmental efforts to disband the clan were delayed significantly by its remote, seemingly uninfluential locale.

To distinguish itself from their hawkish government, Hotlantis relied exclusively on its own agricultural, infrastructural, and non-hierarchical leadership systems. Among other things, such radical independence brought about wild culinary developments. No celebration thrived without Mermaid Feathers. This being a band of pacifists, Mermaid Feathers’ manufacturers forewent belligerence in favor of high-energy bliss. As the region gradually devolved into a destination for party-minded teens, Mermaid Feathers’ imitators bastardized the beverage, renaming their toxic, carcinogenic product “Four Loko.”

2. Plat-O-Waffles

Even Atlantis had fast food. Famous for its DIY sensibility and refusal to expand to accommodate monumental demand, grab-and-go breakfast nook The Republic was located in Atlantis’s Funky Quarter. The Republic’s lofty name belied its universally affordable menu. Dishes like the Herculean Omelette (made from 25 eggs and slain dragons’ entrails) or the wildly popular Zeus Juice (which fueled generations of working-class Atlantisians) made The Republic a paragon of everything a fast food restaurant should be.

Perhaps no dish had as much singular impact as the Plat-O-Waffles. Enjoyed by proletariat and aristocracy alike, it was not uncommon to catch one of Atlantis’s four kings chowing down on this three-stack of moist but never pasty waffles. How did they manage to keep the syrup from congealing uselessly on the plate? And how can a waffle be both crunchy and chewy, even five minutes in? Sadly, The Republic’s owners were notoriously tight-lipped, and after the flood, their trade secrets were lost forever.

3. Floobygroop

Atlantisian aristocrats were a remote, effete bunch. This may sound like opinion, but during Atlantis’s peak years, remoteness and effeteness were considered high virtues. A staple of formal gatherings, Floobygroop came into being when a working-class chef, emulating the remotely effete characteristic of his aristocratic customers, made a mistake. When, instead of a wedding cake, a calciferous, bicolor, dome-shaped item emerged from a baking oven, the chef — Chef Sheldon Crampstein — pointed his nose toward the kitchen’s low ceilings and said aloofly, “Ah, yes. Floobygroop.”

“But Chef Crampstein,” one sous-chef insisted, “Floobygroop is a word you just made up.”

“Nonsense,” rejoined Chef Crampstein. “This is, has always been, and henceforth will always be, Floobygroop.”

Though it tasted like the underside of a broken sandal, aristocrats pretended to enjoy Floobygroop for centuries. Before being cryogenically frozen, Chef Crampstein uttered, “Tell Floobygroop I love her.” Remotely, and quite effetely, the cryogenologist replied, “Sir, this is a hardware store.”





4. Gogurt

Evidence of Gogurt has all but disappeared from Atlantisian literature. Indubitably more of a myth than the island itself, Gogurt has perplexed scholars for centuries, inspiring warring schools of thought. Dr. Randolph Dyer, Professor Emeritus of Atlantis Studies at Princeton University, is infamous for his strident declarations of unfaith in this controversial food. In a 1982 essay entitled “Gogurt: More Like No-gurt,” Dyer wrote, “If anyone can bring me conclusive proof that Atlantisians supped Gogurt as a post-coital treat — as my colleagues on the other side of the aisle claim — I will slap myself on the face and call them mother for the rest of time.”

The pro-Gogurt faction, led by “Stanky” James Richter, Adjunct Professor of Spelling for Athletes at University of California Los Angeles (UCLA), holds one oft-photocopied page of the Atlantic Canticles, an illuminated manuscript of Donovanius’s epic poem, as its corpus christi. “Look at this shit,” said “Stanky” James in a 2004 interview with Vibes magazine. “Sure, it’s a little blurry, and sure, it could be a primitive condom, as boneheads like Dr. Dyer seem intent on proving. But I was visited by a dead astronaut named ‘Real Armstrong’ — I think — and he told me, in no uncertain terms, that Atlantis loved Gogurt.”

The two sides are clearly equally substantiable, so perhaps we’ll never know for sure whether Atlantis “sucked lukewarm mush out of a plastic tube,” as one enigmatic line from Atlantic Canticles suggests. All we know is, damn, it sounds delicious.

5. Electrical Banana

First grown by legendary court minstrel Donovanius, Electrical Bananas contained psychotropic properties, among whose wide-ranging effects was the sensation of being completely submerged in saffron. Electrical Bananas proved exceptionally hardy, grown both in the northernmost reaches of Triden and the equatorial tropics of Atli. Widespread recreational use and studies conclusively determining their harmlessness eventually led to Electrical Banana’s legalization.

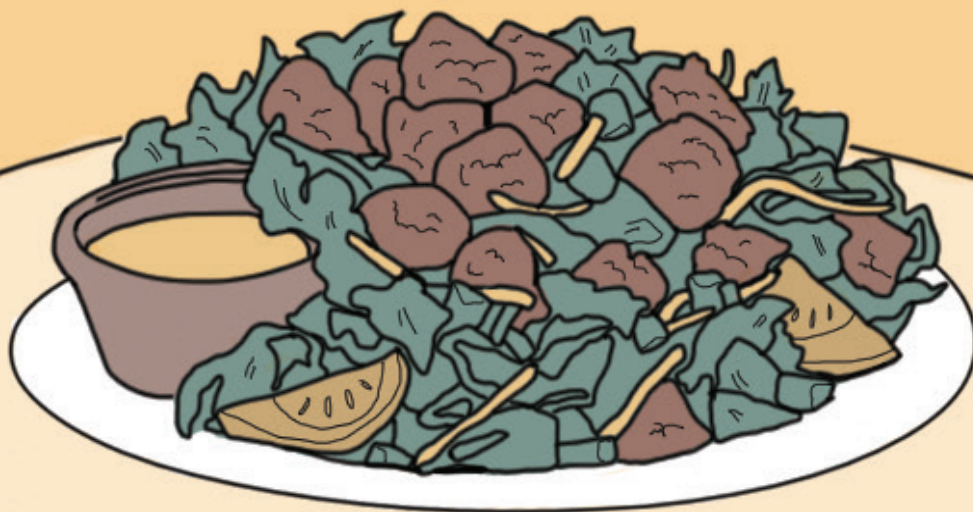
Sporting an inarguably mellow yellow hue, the Electrical Banana’s popularity among Atlantisians would contribute indelibly to their downfall. When the island began to flood, intoxicated citizens could not distinguish between illusory saffron and the very real tides crashing the island’s barriers.

Custard Doughman believes in the value of breadcrumbs as more than just a way to not get baked into a witch’s pie.

Ballad of the Sad Salad

Local man suffers through salad even though he asked for no tomatoes

by **Cher Cuterie**



Sitting in front of his Greek Freak salad at local salad chain It's All Greek 2 Me, 28-year-old Gabriel Hoffman is visibly shaken. "At this point, I just don't know what to do," he says, picking up his fork and putting it back down again. "I think it's too late to change it." Hoffman had ordered his salad with no tomatoes, a specification that he says is very important to him. "Tomatoes are gross," he explains. Picking up his fork again, he stabs a slice of heirloom tomato, one of five visible slices mixed in with his salad. "So what the hell am I going to do now?"

Hoffman tells F Newsmagazine that this is the first time anything like this has ever happened to him. "I always come here on my lunch break," he says, gesturing with his fork. "They know my order by heart. How could they do this to me?" When asked why he doesn't just go up to the counter and explain the problem, he groans loudly and covers his face with his hands. "I already ate some of it, I can't just go back over there!" He adds that he only gets 35 minutes for lunch, and it would take too long to wait for a new salad. "And I can't just pick the tomatoes off, they're already, like, in there. My salad is so . . ." he sighs, " . . . tomato-y."

Hatred of this red, round vegetable is common. According

When asked why he doesn't just go up to the counter and explain the problem, he groans loudly and covers his face with his hands.

to a 2013 study conducted by the University of Massachusetts, 85% of Americans aged 25 - 40 react negatively when shown a picture of a tomato. The study, titled "Nomato: Adult-onset and Congenital Tomato Repulsion," consisted of a series of tests in which subjects were exposed to tomatoes in different environments.

According to Dr. Michaela Bisk, head researcher of this study and current professor of food sciences at Swarthmore College, the response was striking. "Have you ever seen a grown man boo a tomato? Because I have," she says. "I'd just walk in there with a single vine-ripe tomato and my subjects would just start going 'Boo! Boo! Get that garbage outta here!' It was really intense."

Dr. Bisk admits that she understands this negative reaction. "I mean, they're kind of like the black licorice of vegetables," she says. "Or is it a fruit now? Either way, I don't want any part of it." She adds that she hasn't eaten a tomato in over 20 years.

Gabriel Hoffman says that he has decided that he is going to eat the whole salad, including the tomatoes. "I can't keep living in fear, I have to do this," he says. Shoving the pyramidal hunk of red vegetable into his mouth, he winces in what appears to be actual physical pain. When offered a napkin to spit the tomato out, he slaps it away. "No! I hafta to do thifsz!" he says through a mouthful of tomato.

It takes Gabriel 15 minutes to consume the entire salad. By the last bite of feta cheese, he has sweated through his button-down shirt. "I can't believe it," he says, out of breath. He wipes his damp face with a napkin. "I can't believe I did it."

But when asked if this would make him change his mind about tomatoes in the future, he is quick to answer. "Oh, abso-fucking-lutely not," he says. "I mean, I did it. That's cool, but yeah, no. Tomatoes are still super rank."

Doug Levy, the 19-year-old cashier who served Gabriel his salad, admits that he forgot the customer's order. "Oh shit, that was no tomato?" he asked, slapping his forehead with his hand. "Whoops. Well, he ate it, so whatever."

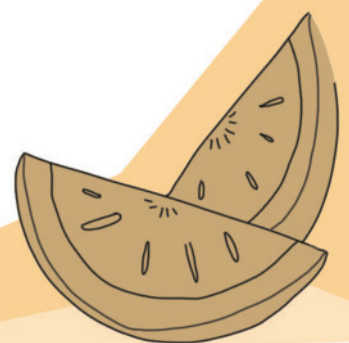


Illustration by Katie Wittenberg

Cher Cuterie is the host of NPR's "All Cheese Considered" and a contributing writer for Bone Apple Tea Magazine.

Casseroles to Die For

How I learned to stop worrying and love rat milk

by Chia LaBeef

We all have pessimistic people in our lives, and lately they've been having a field day with the news. There's nothing worse than being surrounded by the negative energy of people who tell you we have ten years left on this planet because there's a hole in the ozone layer the size of my butt before I went on the Slimfast Diet™ ([Click here](#) to find out how I lost 3,333% of my body mass with this secret celebrities don't want you to know about). Take my husband, Jimmy, for example. Here I am trying to figure out how my new pressure cooker works and Jimmy can't stop talking about which way the world's going to end. Just last month he was rambling about the likelihood of a nuclear exchange between the U.S. and North Korea, or the U.S. and Russia, or the U.S. and them.

These Debbie Downers — or should I say JIMMY Downers! — sure have a whole lot to say about nuclear winter, but you know what? I like to look on the bright side of life, and I know that after every nuclear winter, there's a nuclear spring! And that's not all. According to experts, the .0003% of people who survive a nuclear holocaust will no longer be working a 9-to-5. That means not only will your chance of winning the lottery increase by 8888%, but you'll have lots and lots of time on your hands for scavenging the ruins of civilization for great deals on matching terrycloth-bathrobe-slipper sets.

Better yet, without the distractions of technology, it means lots of long, relaxing evenings for hosting dinner parties! In the spirit of looking on the bright side, I've put together this list of friendly casseroles sure to charm potential looters/murderers (those people formerly known as neighbors!). These recipes use only those ingredients that you'll be able to find after those pesky chilly temperatures in a nuclear winter have killed 75% of the world's crops and widespread famine has ensued.

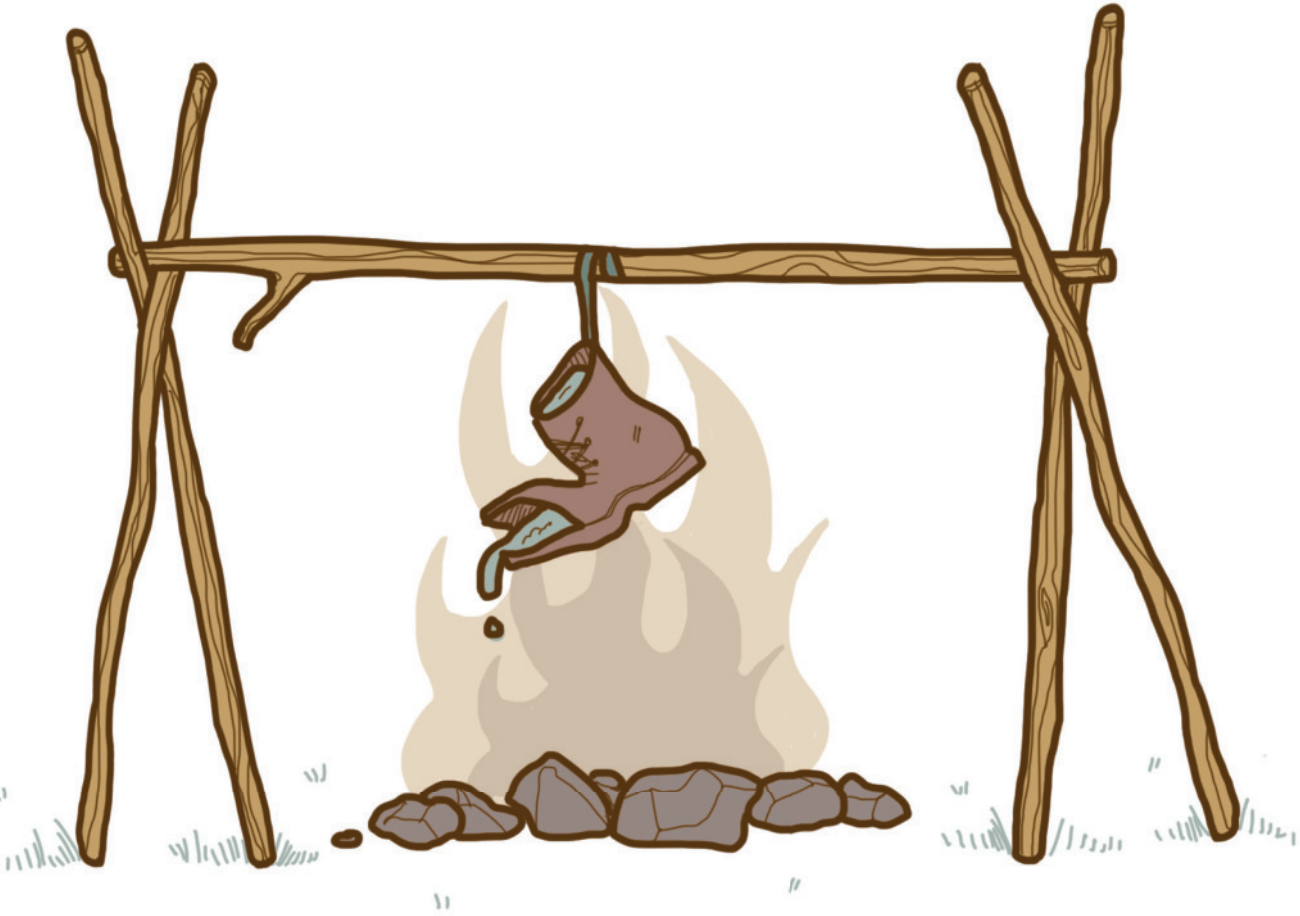
Fungus “Lasagna” With Char-Grilled Brachiopods and Rat Milk Tahini

Mangia, mangia, miei amori! I updated this tried-and-true classic with some surprising new flavors. Due to the absence of pasta, tomatoes, ricotta, olive oil, garlic, onions, oregano, zucchini, and beef, this favorite is not only gluten-free, it's also lower-calorie than ever! In my recipe, I've replaced pasta with handfuls of fungus, which you should start growing in the fields around your hut as your post-doomsday staple anyhow. As my mom used to say, the hostess with the mostest has her own fungus fields! If you replace the rat milk with gutter water, this dish can also be made vegan.

8 handfuls of fungus “noodles”
4 brachiopods
1 cup rat milk or gutter water

Flatten fungus into “noodles” by banging between a rock and a computer monitor. Stoke fire with one year of GQ issues. Line up “noodles” on pane of glass, bathroom mirror, or other heat-resistant surface. Dump brachiopods and rat milk on top of “noodles.” Place in fire. Enjoy!

Excuse me, Jimmy has the news on in the living room and just started shouting something at me about a doomsday clock or something silly like that.



Red Pine “Soufflé” With Rat Milk Aioli and “Caviar” Garnish

The beautiful saffron color of this delightful dish comes from its pine needles — the pine trees near Chernobyl adapted to survive, but turned red when their chlorophyll disappeared, so pine's about to be the new quinoa! Tip: if you've already used all your metal baking pans to armor your hut, this “soufflé” can also be baked in a pair of winter boots.

3 plastic bags of pine needles
2 cups rat milk
¼ cup ant eggs

Dump pine needles into mixing bowl, suitcase, or bowler hat. Dump rat milk in also. Mix thoroughly with fingers. Pour into baking pan, boots, seashell, or other vessel and place in fire pit. Bake 20 minutes, or until floofy. Remove and sprinkle with ant eggs before serving!

Hold on one second! Jimmy's still shouting at me from the living room. Wow, he's really hysterical this time! Something about some kind of exchange with Kim Jong — whatever his name is!

Rustic Shoe Leather and Rat Milk Savory Tart with Red Pine Preserve

If you already baked the “soufflé” in a pair of shoes and you're running low on provisions, you can upcycle your leftovers into this delicious tart! That means fewer dishes to wash, too!

1 pair shoes
3 cups congealed rat milk
¼ cup squished pine needles

Pour gloopy rat milk into boots. Place boots in raging fire that suddenly appeared at the end of your block. Serve piping hot!

Hey! Jimmy, do you hear that whooshing noise coming from outside? Jimmy? Hey, Jimmy? JIM—



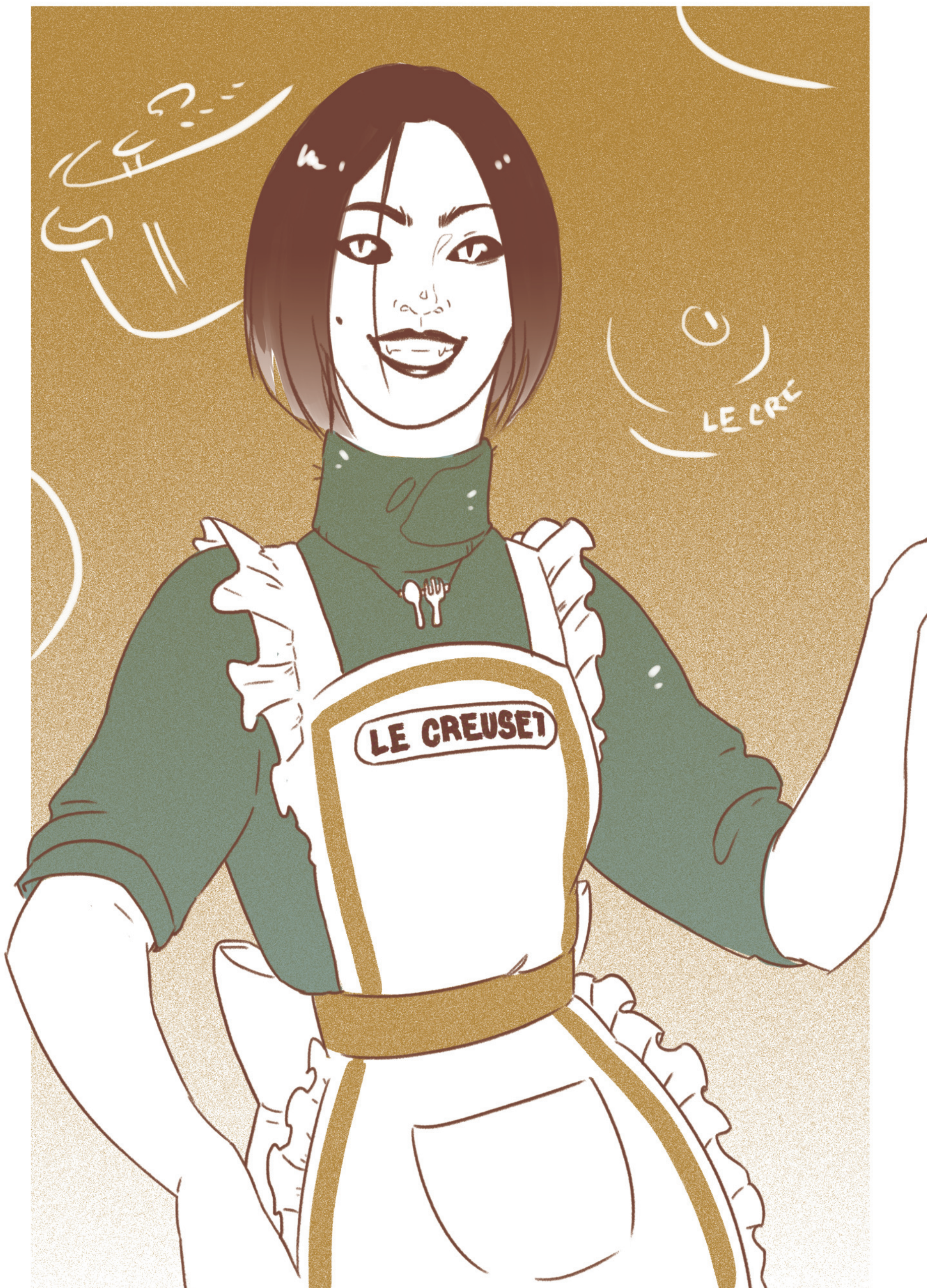


Illustration by Catherine Cao



L’only way to live
by **Cher Cuterie**

Setting down an artfully curated charcuterie board, Leslie Kern tells F Newsmagazine that she had no idea it would come to this. “Before, I didn’t know the difference between Kraft singles and Jarlsberg cheese,” she says, fanning out several light blue napkins and laying a sprig of rosemary on top of them. “Now, I can’t imagine pairing an aged gouda with anything other than a Cabernet Sauvignon.” She carries over a small box light and plugs it in. “If I don’t blog about every recipe I ever try, I feel like my face is going to explode,” she says, slipping off her chic-but-understated flats and stepping onto the blue velvet cushion of her Andes Sofa from West Elm. She pulls out her iPhone X. “Don’t eat anything yet — I need to get a picture of this first.”

Leslie said the change began once she purchased a cast iron Dutch oven from French cookware manufacturing brand Le Creuset. She explains that she purchased it because she had a coupon. “My friend Amy has one,” Leslie says, but adds that ever since Amy bought a Le Creuset, she began acting different. “She started making artisanal deodorant almost immediately,” Leslie says, through a sigh. “She only goes to brunch now, and every restaurant has to have the perfect combination of natural and artificial light.” She pauses to take a picture of her hand holding a glass of red wine. “But how was I to know the same thing would happen to me?”

Leslie purchased her Le Creuset Dutch oven a week ago, but she says she has already invested in a 12-piece copper cookware set from Williams Sonoma and signed up for a hand-lettering workshop at Paper Source. “It was like I woke up one day and thought, ‘Why haven’t I always handwritten my thank you notes with a Kuretake metallic gold brush-pen?’” she says, sprinkling chocolate shavings on the perfectly coiffed whipped cream top of a hot cocoa. “And as the memories of my past self fade,” she adds, “they’re replaced

with new stuff. Do you know how many ways I know how to use candy canes in a holiday bullet journal flat-lay? 176.”

Leslie Kern is the most recent victim of what Psychology Today referred to as “Le Curse of Le Creuset.” Researchers at Yale University’s Food Sciences Department have determined the cause of this condition to be “rapid cerebral aesthetification,” a rewiring of the brain’s prioritization functions and its understanding of aesthetic hierarchy.

“Basically, you become a lifestyle blogger,” says Brenda Dabernay, Assistant Marketing Director for Le Creuset

“Martha Stewart could hot glue miniature winter wreaths onto my flesh and I would thank her for it.”

United States. “We have no idea how this happens, but it just happens.” She adds that everyone on staff owns a Le Creuset Dutch oven. “You wouldn’t believe the kinds of delightful spreads we set up at office birthday parties,” she says. “Actually, you can read about it on my website, Sashay Dabernay. I’ll email you the link.”

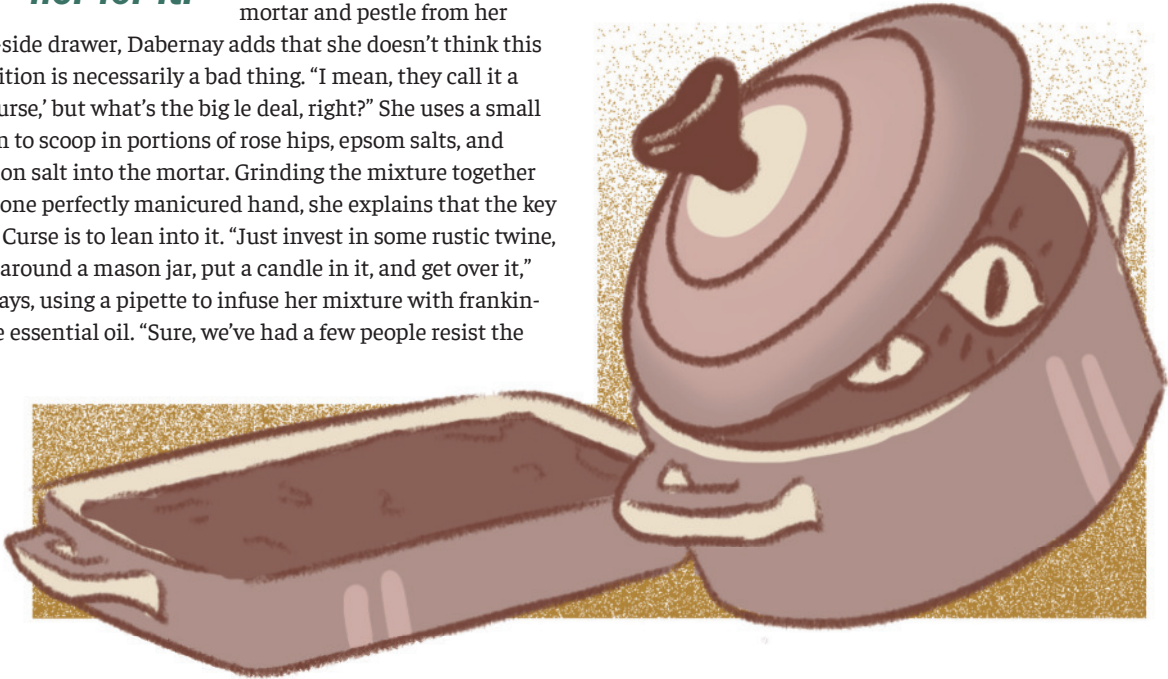
Pulling out a Carrara marble mortar and pestle from her desk-side drawer, Dabernay adds that she doesn’t think this condition is necessarily a bad thing. “I mean, they call it a ‘Le Curse,’ but what’s the big le deal, right?” She uses a small spoon to scoop in portions of rose hips, epsom salts, and Maldon salt into the mortar. Grinding the mixture together with one perfectly manicured hand, she explains that the key to Le Curse is to lean into it. “Just invest in some rustic twine, tie it around a mason jar, put a candle in it, and get over it,” she says, using a pipette to infuse her mixture with frankincense essential oil. “Sure, we’ve had a few people resist the

call to blog and have their faces explode, but that was only three or four people!” She funnels the mix into a small burlap bag. “Please hand me that ribbon. I need to make sure this homemade bath soak gets to my niece in the most tasteful way possible.”

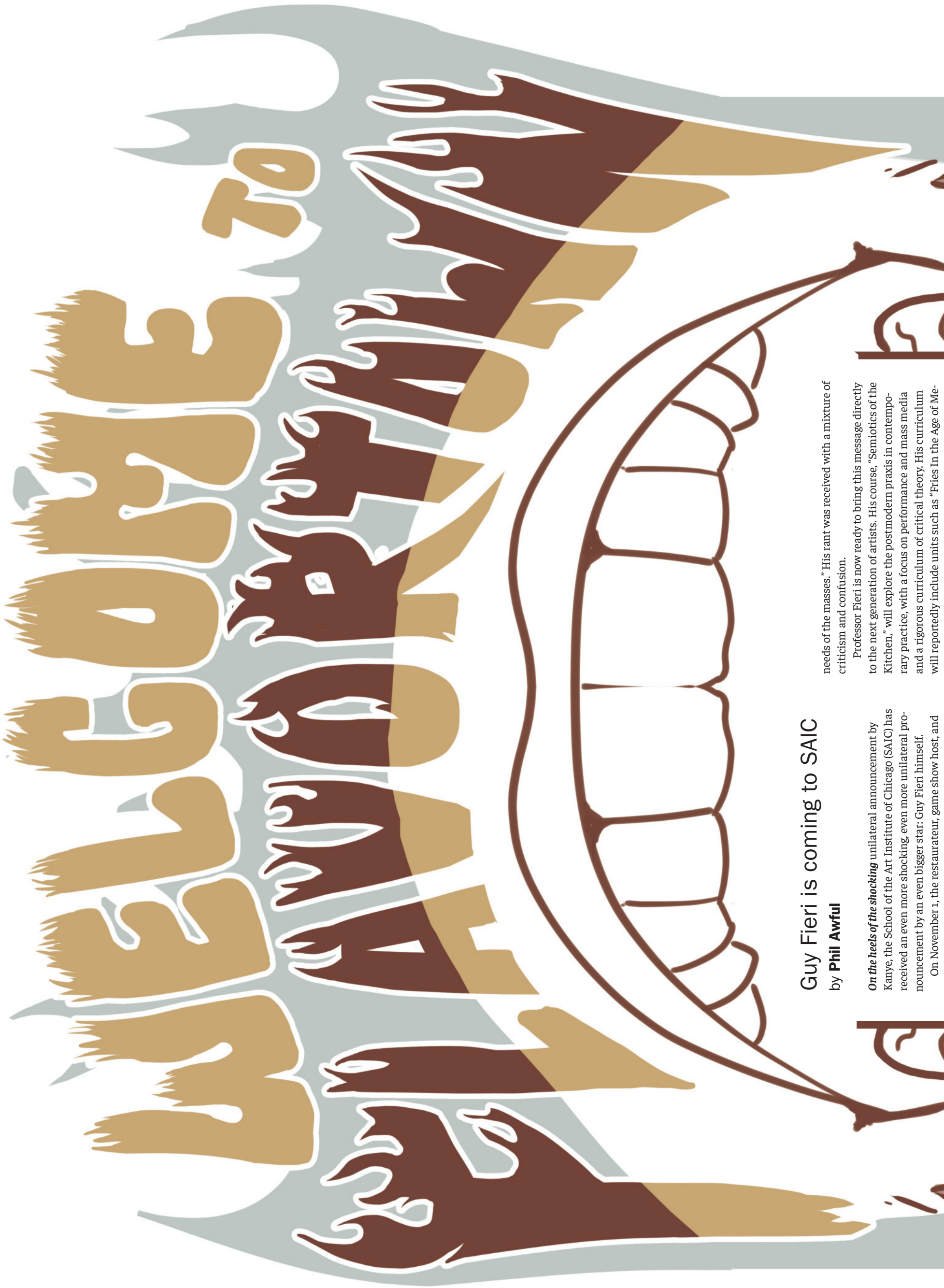
There is no known cure for Le Curse of Le Creuset. According to Dr. Kenneth Greenberg of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), the condition only gets worse over time. “Our first patient to ever catch Le Curse was decades ago, and she has become one of the most successful lifestyle and cooking personalities in the country, perhaps the world,” he says. He adds that legally he is unable to identify this patient by name. “I can just tell you that her name rhymes with Shmina Shmarten. And we’ve found that her show, the, uh, ‘Shmarefoot Shmontessa,’ is particularly popular with other individuals who suffer from Le Curse.”

When asked about her favorite cooking shows, Leslie Kern says they have become her new obsession. “I mean, Martha Stewart could hot glue miniature winter wreaths onto my flesh and I would thank her for it,” Leslie says later, while stirring a béchamel sauce in one of her new copper pots. “I don’t know what it is about that woman, but I think I trust her more than I trust my own family.”

Dr. Greenberg warns that the swift approach of holiday season is a dangerous time for those wishing to avoid this dangerous condition. But he says there are other options to Le Creuset that provide no adverse effects. “We’ve never found any problems with slow cookers,” he says, “so maybe try that?”



Cher Cuterie is the host of NPR’s “All Cheese Considered” and a contributing writer for Bone Apple Tea Magazine.



Guy Fieri is coming to SAIC
by **Phil Awful**

*On the heels of the **shocking*** unilateral announcement by Kanye, the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) has received an even more shocking, even more unilateral pronouncement by an even bigger star: Guy Fieri himself. On November 1, the restaurateur, game show host, and

needs of the masses.” His rant was received with a mixture of criticism and confusion.

Professor Fieri is now ready to bring this message directly to the next generation of artists. His course, “Semiotics of the Kitchen,” will explore the postmodern praxis in contemporary practice, with a focus on performance and mass media and a rigorous curriculum of critical theory. His curriculum will reportedly include units such as “Fries In the Age of Me-

Food Network star announced unexpectedly via Twitter that he plans to teach courses at SAIC as well as his alma mater, University of Nevada, Las Vegas. After some initial confusion and some rapidly scheduled meetings, the arrangements have been made. Professor Fieri will teach a course on post-modern theory with a focus on performance, media, and the culinary: ARTH1 4099: Semiotics of the Kitchen.

Professor Fieri is not new to stunts such as this. His public image, now more than ever, is fraught with controversy. Surely none have forgotten his infamous 2012 appearance on Saturday Night Live during his feud with *New York Times* restaurant reviewer Pete Wells. In 2012, Fieri opened his first New York City restaurant, Guy's American Kitchen and Bar. It was received with what *Forbes* later called "the most scathing review in the history of the *New York Times*," in which Wells derided the menu, service, interior decor, and cuisine in caustic and satirical language:

Is the entire restaurant a very expensive piece of conceptual art? Is the shapeless, structureless baked alaska that droops and slumps and collapses while you eat it, or don't eat it, supposed to be a representation in sugar and eggs of the experience of going insane?

According to Fieri, the answer was "Yes." It was conceptual. Fieri accused Wells of misunderstanding utterly, and of using Fieri's fame to raise his own status. In his 2012 appearance on *SNL*, shortly after the review, Fieri unexpectedly began ranting. He derided Wells' elitism, and discussed the theoretical underpinnings of his work in sometimes rambling but surprisingly incisive language.

His diner "shrick" is, said Fieri, a postmodern rebellion against the ruling class. His show explores the forms of alienation produced by 21st-century capitalism; his restaurant, in the same vein, explores how capitalism is no longer just economic but cultural.

"I embrace the mass-media narrative in order to expose it," he famously said. "Art cannot be art if it is not for the people," he went on, in the best tradition of socialist realism. "It must respond to the

chancal reproduction," and a unit on printmaking entitled "Sick Flame Prints."

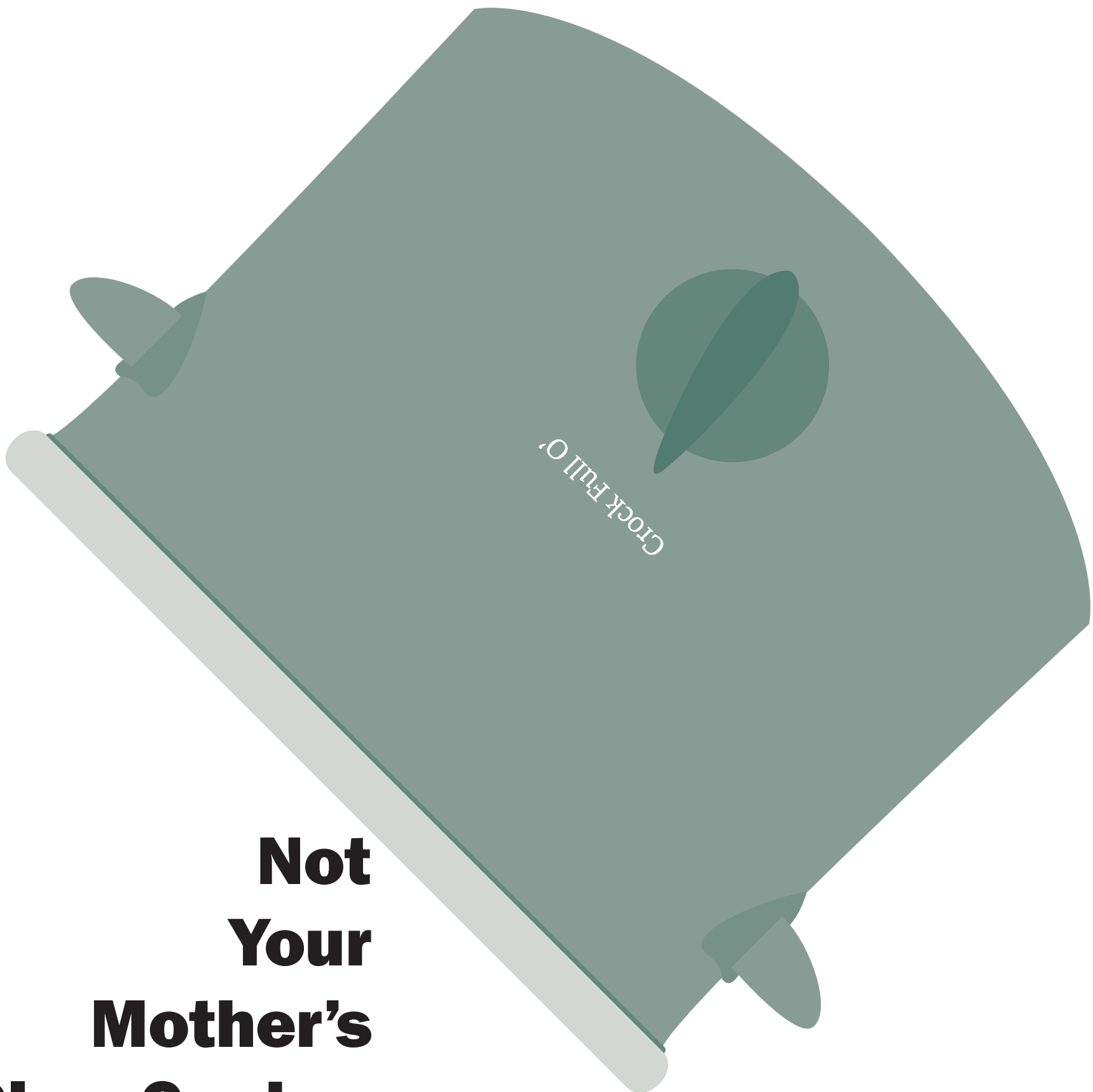
Despite his resemblance to a spokesman for a subpar southern Italian food franchise, Fieri has Midwestern roots. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, and grew up in California. His first culinary job was outside the California State House, selling pretzels shaped like local government officials. One caricatured official attempted to sue the then-16-year-old Fieri for libel, but the case was dismissed when the judge ruled a pretzel did not constitute a written statement.

He attended UNLV and began working in the restaurant business. His big break came in 2006, when he won the second season of "The Next Food Network Star" by creating a fusion burger-taco-poutine-calzone-pie weighing 45 lbs. It was judged too terrifying to eat but too fearsome to eliminate, and Fieri was awarded first place. He found long-lasting network success with his second show, "Diners, Drive Ins, and Dives," a road trip-style reality TV journey around the underbelly of American dining. Restaurant managers he deems successful are given the "Fieri Flame Decals of Approval"; those deemed unsuccessful are eaten.

SAIC administration, blindsided by this announcement, scrambled to arrange a meeting. A few days after the tweet, which had already garnered plenty of media attention, Fieri came to campus in secret. His visit was not announced beforehand, and most staff were only told that "someone famous" was coming. He came up a service elevator with his entourage, and was ushered into an office for a meeting that, reportedly, went quite well.

"I admit, I was initially skeptical," said Dean Martin Burger, who met with Fieri along with other administrative staff. "But Mr. — or, I should say now, Professor Fieri is a more articulate man than his reputation suggests. He's very well-versed in postmodern theory. He clearly knows what he's talking about. I think our students will benefit greatly from having him as a professor." The contract was signed at that very meeting, and the Fall 2019 course catalog will be updated shortly with the new addition.

As yet, the rumors that Kanye will TA remain unsubstantiated.



Not Your Mother's Slow Cooker

From kitchen appliance to groundbreaking art installation

by **Pastry Parcel**

A new craze is hitting the nation: Slow cooker art. In late 2015, artists such as Jeff Koons, Marina Abramović, and Marcel Proust's Ghost popularized the medium with their series of installations made with exclusively slow-cooked ingredients. Soon, the genre swept art school kids across the world off their feet. Beginning in the outbacks of RISD (Rhode Island School of Design) and traveling by boat to Chicago and beyond, no school is safe from this new obsession.

As students throughout the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) prepare for their graduate exhibitions, F Newsmagazine asked their feelings about the movement.

Becca Pinsky, or Bang-Bang Pie as her friends know her, a graduate student in the sculpture department, was keeping watch by her slow cookers while she spoke to F Newsmagazine. "When someone told me in a crit earlier this semester that my interest in the tenderized ready-made would suit the accelerationist pseudo-capitalist conceptualisms of the slow cooker movement, at first I was like, are you even looking at the work?" She pauses to check the slow cookers. "But then I saw this installation by Marcel Proust's Ghost at the MCA [Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago] and I was like, woah. Woah. How did he do it? And wouldn't you know, it was a slow cooker work."

"I saw that installation," Pie's studio-mate pipes in. "Changed my life. It was just so gutsy, it gave me the courage to start a noise band. We're really good."

"They're really good," Pie agrees, stirring what seems to be a mixture of glitter, aloe vera, and dirt.

In the eye of the storm, certain traditionalists within SAIC are calling for a return to more edible slow cooker usage. "I'm all for experimental art," second-year photography student Duncan Doorite, told F News, "but I'm also hungry. I'll take my mother's slow cooker mac and cheese recipe over anything Jeff Koons cooks up."

With the advent of globalization, post-isms are being created in reaction to the original isms at an exponential rate. The slow cooker movement is not left out of this trend. A group of post-slow cooker artists have gathered within the Sound department. "We get slow cooker art," their leader Brett A. Manger, told F News, "but we just think it's an outdated and honestly classist mode that doesn't fully take into account the relational kitsch it buys into." Best known for their audioscapes of ice cubes cracking, Pears and Oranges, as they call themselves, hope to find a more intersectional slow cooker politic. "It's a journey, but it's worth it to break beyond the space that a slow cooker mentality can provide," Manger told F.

BONUS: Graduation Recipe

Cook Deleuze and Guattari's collected works on low in salted milk for two years, press between two paper towels to extract excess moisture, schmear on a bagel. Eat with your parents the weekend after graduation. This is your life now.

Meals for the Overeducated and Underfed

The secret ingredient is tears
by **Whale Grits**

As the leaves change and the wind sends a shiver down your spine while you trudge to Pret A Manger for another cup of that soup, you may be suddenly hit with the realization that you have to see extended family soon. And they may expect you to do things like talk to them and cook some shit.

For many, the stress of midterms compounded with the stress of impending finals on top of the stress of attempting to earn money, which sits just above the stress of existence, putting in minimal effort to give back to those who love you is just overwhelming. You'd rather be scrolling through Tasty videos of body-less hands preparing a vegan turducken or listening to someone argue with your bus driver.

Having to spend time avoiding your least favorite cashier at Trader Joe's with your cart full of potato salad supplies isn't high on your priority list. But, your family isn't the easiest to eat out with either. We've selected three recipes that help solve common holiday problems to alleviate the strain of being around people who still don't understand Facebook.



Every Restaurant Is Too Loud

- 8 oz. container of pimento cheese
- 2 sleeves of saltines
- 2 8 oz. cans of chicken of the sea
- ¼ bottle of staling wine
- Optional: fruit on the verge of spoiling
- Optional: canned escargot, for special occasions

Begin by cooling your kitchen to 60 degrees and dimming the lights. Dark, chilly kitchen tiles create a silencing ambiance.

Lay your ingredients out on the kitchen counter. Distribute paper towels in lieu of plates.

Assemble your dinner by layering your canned meat of choice with saltines and pimento cheese. You may include your fruit, or leave it as a side. Unceremoniously dump your wine into whatever clean container is closest. A Tervis, perhaps?

Instruct guests to serve themselves. Speak only in back-handed compliments. Invite guests to commit to reeally chewing and making their smacking known.

You Overcommitted and Promised a Pie but Haven't Watched Enough Barefoot Contessa to Actually Do It Yet

- 1 store-bought pie
 - 2 tbsp. Butter
 - 2 tbsp. Flour
 - 1 glass pie dish
- Preheat the oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Grease your pie dish with the butter, and dust the flour over it. Bake the dish for 15-20 minutes or until the flour matches your store-bought pie's crust in color. Slip your pie into the warm baking sheet.
- Let your pie sit at room temperature. The dew it will acquire makes it just soggy enough to be passed off as poorly home-made. Serve with Cool Whip, because you have no shame.

You Need to Hide All of Your Rejection Letters Because Your Mom is Coming to Your Apartment

- A box of cake mix from 7/11
 - 10 of your most embarrassing rejection letters
 - 2 tubs of Pillsbury frosting
 - The chocolate bar in the back of your pantry that you ate some of but didn't like enough to finish, melted
 - 1 apple corer
- Follow the instructions on your boxed cake mix to create your two sponges.
- Once the cakes have cooled, use your apple corer to punch small holes in one of them. Slice 6 of your letters into thin strips. Soak each strip in chocolate and gently roll it into a cylinder. Place inside cored out holes. Frost to cover.
- Soak the remaining 4 letters in the leftover melted chocolate. Layer them between your cakes. Frost and decorate with your hands for an uninviting look. If your mom asks for a slice of the cake, tell her it's for your roommate's cat's birthday.

A Few Bad Eggs

From biker 'staches to the chicken wing barrier: the worst of the worst of Tinder

by **Strawberry Puree**

It's moments like this one — buried beneath a blanket of gold and silver leftover Halloween candy wrappers for warmth (and because I have a problem), finally watching season six of House of Cards because after Kevin Spacey I needed a MINUTE — that remind me of my complete and utter single-ness and how deeply, truly grateful I am for it.

Here, kitchen snacks including but not limited to delicious and mildly expensive cheese, leftover Taco Bell from the new chain location that just opened down the street (don't judge me), month-old sugar-free fudge pops, my roommate's cheddar peanut butter crackers we both pretend not to notice I keep stealing, and terrible-for-the-environment-but-great-for-my-vaginal-health expensive-ish Greek yogurt cups with the crunchies, remind me of everything my terrible Tinder dates ate in front of me.

Eating with, in front of, and near people has made my ears burn ever since Cosmogirl told me the Olsen twins hate the “banana noise,” the lip-smacking, mush-masticating sound people especially make chewing bananas. I went from, “Sure, I'll take that challenge, Pastor Keith, blend up Happy Meal and I'll drink it in front of all my classmates for laughs,” to, “If anyone hears me chew I will die on the spot.”



Illustration by Shannon Lewis

Maybe this arose from personal anxiety, or from the societal pressures on women to appear clean, thin, and hungry in front of an eligible male bachelor that drives many of us to pay CLOSE attention to the nuances of food and eating. Who's to say?

Regardless, I know I hate eating lukewarm bean burritos in the middle of the night over a dirty oven (the warmest part of the house) with a guy who wore an '80s-style biker 'stache in earnest and whose go-to karaoke song ON OUR FIRST DATE was "Mama Tried" by Merle Haggard. I want you to imagine my sheer horror when the entire bar started to sing along with him. I should have run away after he stuffed his bike into the trunk of my car because he didn't drive "by choice," but I soldiered on. Maybe it was because the bar had free popcorn — I'll go pretty much anywhere for free popcorn and karaoke.

"That's not so bad!" you're thinking. "How picky can you be? It's eating, everyone does it! You're worse than Jerry Seinfeld," you're shouting at your houseplants, very invested in my journey. But it gets worse. Beyond bean burritos are even more disappointing vegetarian meals instigated by men highly interested in doom metal and extreme cycling.

Recently I spent a month sharing meals with a man who felt it necessary to explain every step of his cooking process to me. Without him I might never know vegetables are for eating, not letting rot in the center of my kitchen table.

Imagine: no access to Pinterest. Unable to search, "An idiot's guide to chopping your food up." When I asked him to bring something over for dinner he showed up with three tomatoes and a cucumber. Since that is utter nonsense, I had leftover tomatoes on my kitchen table two weeks after we broke up. Last time I checked in on him he'd created an Instagram account completely dedicated to pictures of his daily salads.

Eric (name not changed because I'm still annoyed he wore that gross sweater to "Billy Elliot") took me out for pizza at Beat Kitchen. We shared something with extra cheese and pesto. Before long it was more than clear who was really going to eat this pizza. Every. Single. Saucey. Cheesy. Shoulda-been-mine slice. I know you're wondering if he chewed with his mouth open, and the answer is yes, yes he did.

When we left the restaurant he walked me to the bus stop. We hadn't kissed yet, but we were at that point when it could happen at any moment. It was cold outside; I turned to see if the bus was getting any closer. When I looked back to face him, he lunged at me, knocking his mouth against mine. More of a hard *boop* than a kiss. He left a little pizza sauce in his wake. His eventual Netflix invitation wasn't a difficult one to decline.

Certain foods are for home time. Those foods are pizza, mac'n'cheese, an entire bag of white cheddar popcorn, giant Caesar salads with more dressing than lettuce, cheese blocks, all dairy products, and hot wings. They signal the moment a Tinder connection has gone too far. One minute someone's paying your bar tab and kissing you in a photobooth, the next they're asking you to try some kimchi they've had marinating in the fridge since before you met.

I spent a month sharing meals with a man who felt it necessary to explain every step of his cooking to me. Without him I might never know that vegetables are for eating, not letting rot in the center of my kitchen table.

These dates were bad, but were they the worst? Oh no. They amounted to mere blips on the spectrum of terrible shared foods. Forerunners include Chili's tableside guac (or, more precisely, a crust of avocado adorning the lip of some guy I met on Bumble and agreed to go out with because he looked like the villain from *Pretty in Pink*) and stale cupcakes with an Aries who worked for Threadless and sent me a picture of himself wearing a dinosaur onesie ... unsolicited. The most presumptuous by far came from Tim, the Subway manager, who started off the evening by saying, "I bought us breakfast food," meaning strawberries and Pillsbury biscuits.

A particularly bad date involved meeting Anthony from Tinder in the middle of a snowy Chicago winter at the Shedd Aquarium. We waited in line for 45 minutes on an ice-covered ramp enclosed in a snow-proof plastic tunnel trapped between a hot dog cart and nine screaming children.

And yet, none of these were quite so memorable, so similar to that feeling you get when you know there's a rock in your shoe you'll have to deal with all day, as the chicken wing incident.

You know when you finally get comfortable enough around someone who has seen you as a wanton sex goddess (Bridget Jones™) but also strapped to a toilet seat for six hours with food poisoning? So comfortable in fact that they think it's OK to break the chicken wing barrier? A barrier put in place to protect the holy and sacred space dedicated to chicken wing eating, usually reserved for roommates and possibly niche webcam sites? I do. It starts with an innocent Domino's pizza delivery order.

You text your partner. You say, "This is the hungriest I have ever been in my entire life and it would behoove you to provide pizza for me upon my return. Something stuffed. Something with extra cheese and mushrooms and spinach." So they order. They want you to be happy when you arrive home. And they're hungry, too. But wait. A twist.

When you arrive, exhausted from a long day of staring at your student loan numbers rising steadily by the hour, you realize that in place of delicious pizza your sweet, stupid person has ordered chicken wings. They look up, this person who you've thought about naked in a good

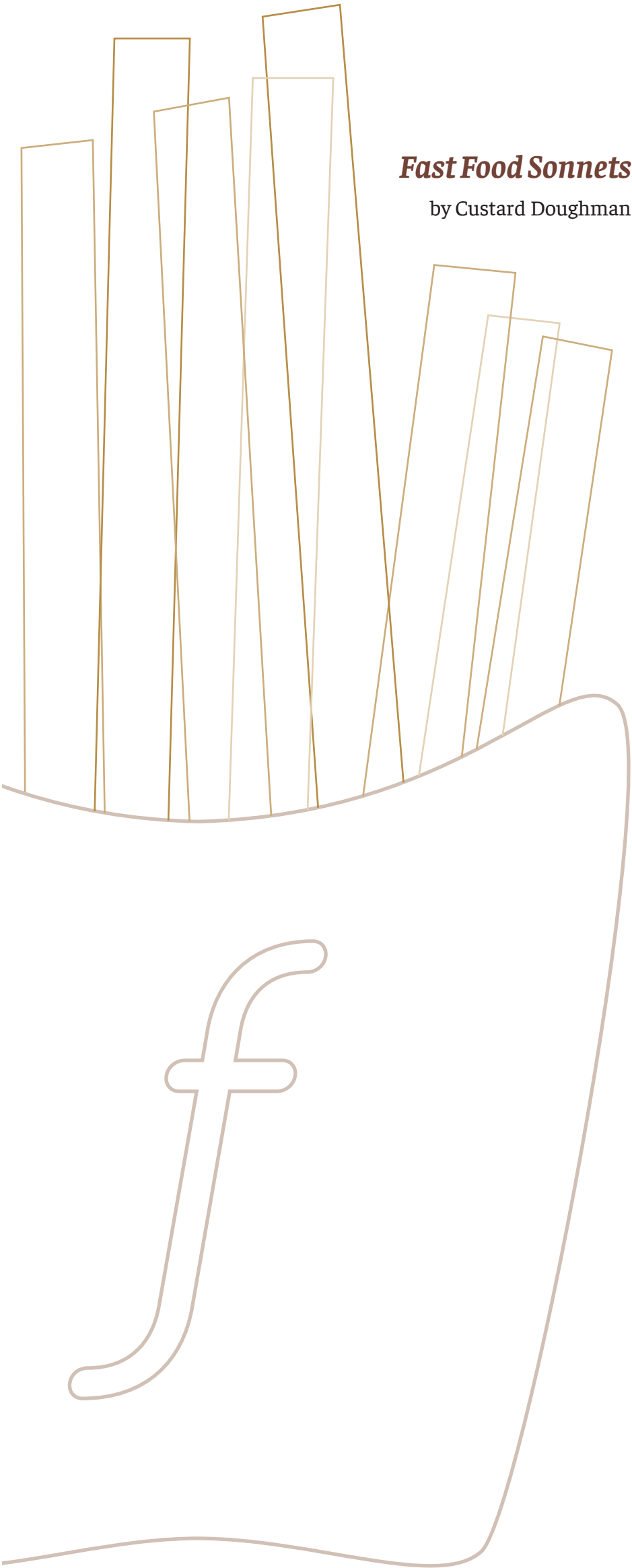
way, this person who has made special trips to the store for PMS chocolate, and there it is. A Frank's RedHot and chicken meat smile. The whole place rancid with vinegar and ranch dressing. Not a paper towel in sight. Orange fingerprints everywhere. The remote control, slathered with Hidden Valley, doomed to a sticky future, even after you've wiped it clean.

The whole scene happened in slow motion, somehow accompanied by the theme music from the shower scene in Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho."

I'd be lying if I told you I didn't have to unstick my face from the Grinch-like grimace I caught myself making as I typed that last part. The same face I no doubt made at my person as I surveyed the damage done by leveling the chicken wing barrier. The leftover Halloween candy blanket is now more of a comforter. Warm and certainly flammable, made of enough aluminum scraps to channel the signal of a more suitable dinner date on a yet-to-be-discovered planet ruled by fast food joints that employ alien babes on roller skates. Until then, I'll be eating my night cheese by my night self.

Strawberry Puree is a big believer in the cotton ball diet but right now she's only eating melted cheeses so don't ask her about it.





Fast Food Sonnets

by Custard Doughman

Five Guys

On wistful nights, I simmer on the couch,
Longing to be delivered from my gloom.
The saltiness of tears, a baker's touch
To knead me new — so how should I presume?
My hands act of their own accord. I click
A button sequence, finalize the sale.
Grease, golden of oil, thick fries to unstick
My body from itself. Where comes the mail
Comes too one guy of five, food-carrier,
Departs as soon. I hold my sweating prize.
As runners respirate clean mountain air,
So I inhale a gutful, double-size.
And what happens to dark emotion-meat?
I find out later, quivering on the seat.

Taco Bell

Oft times the pool-cue tucked the yellow 1
Into the corner pocket. Oft times, too
We'd woozy out the front door, nearly done,
But magnetized to the backed-up drive-thru.
Eternity would pass as we approached
Inch by inch. Chris tried an English accent,
Not well, and Connor turned his acting coach.
The menu gleamed: oasis, heaven-sent.
We blundered through our orders laughingly,
Then spread our bounty round like feral otters.
I blistered through burritos and tacos
Then hung my head above clear toilet-waters.
Why so, Taco Bell, why must you rebel?
I sing for you, who never settles well.

McDonald's

Thine arches like the tusks of Babylon,
Thy playset, the neighborhood Petri dish;
Thou tyrant, thou villain, thou mastodon,
Thou net for swarming, munchie-minded fish.
One July Fourth I waited in your line
An hour, unconcerned with wasted gas.
I long for you. My whole body's design
Designed for you. No more, I say, too crass.
Forsworn by legal mandate, 'round I roam,
Searching for better options. Salad, soup.
For I can roast vegetables here at home,
I can puree antioxidant goop.
And without me, you will not die, but I
Will wilt without just one more golden fry.

Sonic

You've seen me at my best and at my worst.
My best is when, to celebrate a feat,
I slither in your driveway, stomach-first,
And match my mirth with multi-layer meat.
My worst is when there's none to celebrate,
But still I crawl across four lanes for you.
My heady, hollowed-out, targetless hate
Sits underneath my voice, the order through.
What do you make of me, one hapless soul
Condemned to drift? I'm not unusual.
Dozens of us eat inside frames we roll —
Are we all emptied out, or overfull?
I know you have no verdict — nor do I:
You like it when you flicker in my eye.

Frank & Fran: Where Do We Go From Here?

Part Three of the F-Exclusive Mystery Series
by Jesse Stein



“There’s a shrine to Alicia Keys underground, there’s wax and human hair and problematic stains.”

Recap of Parts 1 & 2: Frank and Fran, in pursuit of the neighborhood electricity thief, descend into an underground secret lair.

The floor was cold cement stained black from coal dust. High above them curving brick blocks vaulted into arches. Three sets of train tracks ran off into three different tunnels, each with its own pushcart. The place was warmly lit with red and white Christmas lights. Frank scratched his chin while Fran followed the line of wires into a room humming out of sight.

“Fran, I don’t know how to say this, but you’ve changed. The suburbs have changed you. I mean, we haven’t even discussed *the shrine* yet. It’s Alicia Keys. There’s a shrine to Alicia Keys underground; there’s wax and *human hair* and problematic stains and you don’t seem the least bit interested, and frankly, I’m alarmed at your single-mindedness. You don’t think . . .”

“Alicia Keys is not stealing my power, Frank.” Her voice echoed off the chapped columns. “Yeah, but if she was. . . .”

“This is not how you become best friends with Alicia Keys. You’re putzing around. Stop putzing around and get in here. I need your help.” Frank cocked his head and digested the room he was standing in. The shrine was a poster from Alicia Keys’ 2004 “The Diary” Tour, framed gloriously in gold leaf and blood-dark mahogany. It was backlit by the Christmas lights and homemade candles stood on copper pipes in front of her. Frank loved Alicia Keys and felt an unquestioned fraternity with whoever lived in this dusty hole.

The room was surprisingly domestic. Clothes dried on ropes, a record player rested next to a moth-eaten loveseat, an intricate system of hotplates and aluminum tubs served as a MacGyvered kitchenette. Frank walked past a heavily-used chalkboard, swarming with strange diagrams and chicken-scratched notes. Fran stood by the buzzing and burping generator, angrily gnawing at the cork of a green bottle of scotch.

“You open bottles for a living; open this sucker.”

“It’s called mixology and I have a two-week degree in it, so, you must feel pretty embarrassed right now.” He popped off the cork and took a mouthful of the liquid campfire.

“Well, whoever he is, he’s got great taste in music, great taste in scotch. I don’t know, Franny, maybe we’re over-reacting? Doesn’t seem right to steal his scotch.”

“Daughters of Venus Badge #5: Sabotage.” She smiled, eyes closed, savoring the stolen goods. She cracked her knuckles and held the bottle high over the generator, whispering, “By the Hunter’s Moon you will feel my wrath, you wretched bastard.”

But before the first drop fell, Frank and Fran were paralyzed and mortified by a guttural and baritone hacking, a ferocious mumbling, and a heavy secret door, swinging open close to where they stood.

Frank moved to scream but Fran silently shot over to him and held her palm over his wiggling lips. She glared and motioned for him to stay quiet. The wheezing beast was getting closer, his haggard voice coming into focus.

“Oh Fungus, you dirty wart. No time, no time anymore. Death and crumbling and no time lord save us, please.”

Over and over, the words folded into each other. He crashed around the kitchen, violently hocking out the mucus stuck in his throat. Fran pulled Frank against a wall and whispered into his ear. She didn’t let go of his face until he nodded. Then she moved to the other side of the wall. She counted on her fingers to three and rolled the bottle slowly out of the room. For eight seconds, it was silent. Fran held her blue flashlight, white-knuckled above her head. Frank clutched the pepper spray to his chest, silently moving his lips. Heavy boots crept slowly. Frank could hear the creepy presence’s porous breath. Then, his shadow penetrated the half-light of the room. *What evilness is living here? Barry? Is that you?* He took another step and Frank had him in his sights.

He aimed forward but his motion set off the pepper spray, discharging most of it into his own mouth and eyes, sending him wailing and screaming and crashing into the horrible stinking man they were trying to sabotage. The man wailed and screamed, but Fran, breath steady, stayed calm. Daughters of Venus Badge #9: Improvisation. She ducked low and kicked his feet out from under him. He fell face-first and hard into the concrete floor. Wasting no time, she elbowed Frank out of the way and cracked the man in the back of the head. He fell silent. Frank sniffled and stood next to Fran, his eyes pulsing, red and swollen like sliced grapefruits.

“Clean yourself up, Frank. We don’t have much time. Then grab a wire and help me tie him down. He’ll be awake soon.”

Stay tuned — Frank & Fran will be back with Part Four in February!

COMICS

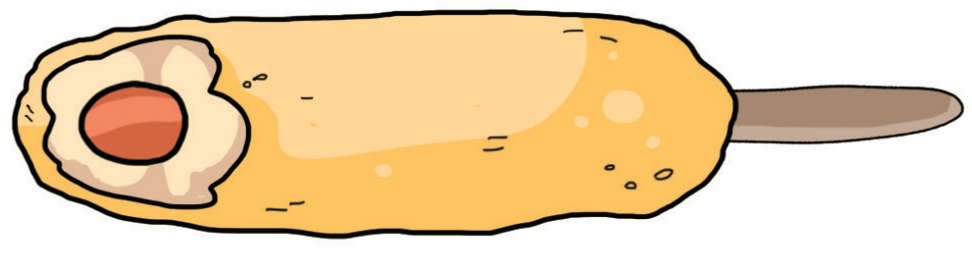
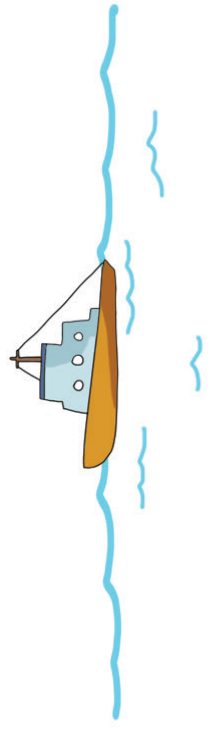
LUTEB OY and the borrowed book



Madeline Aguilar

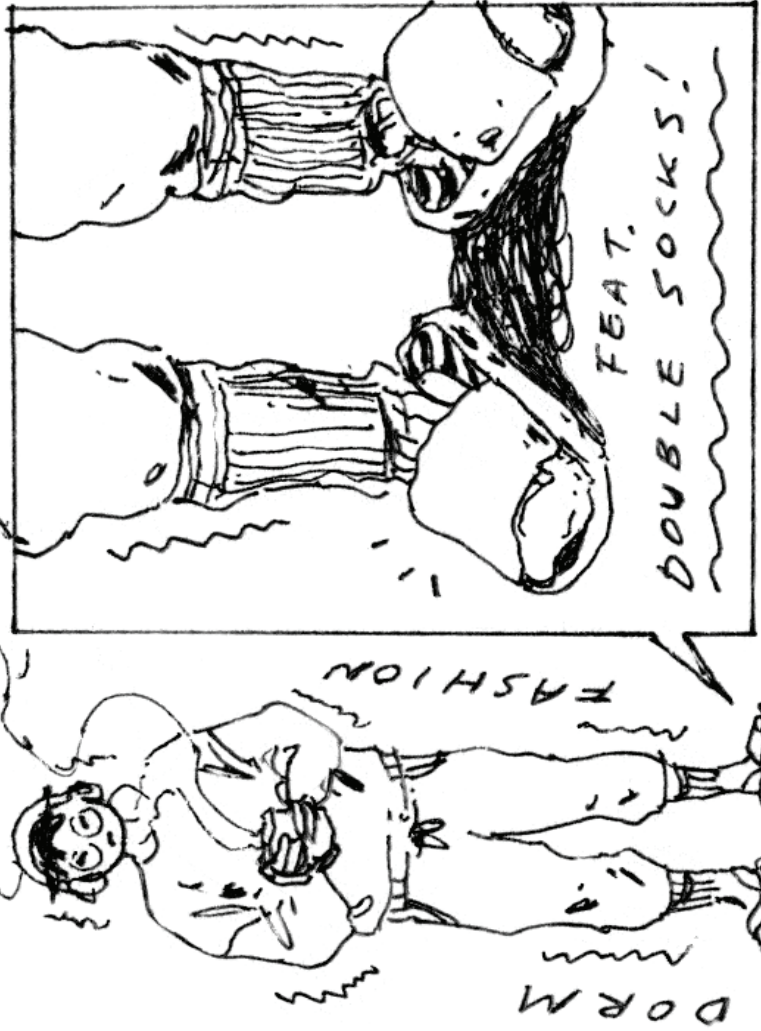
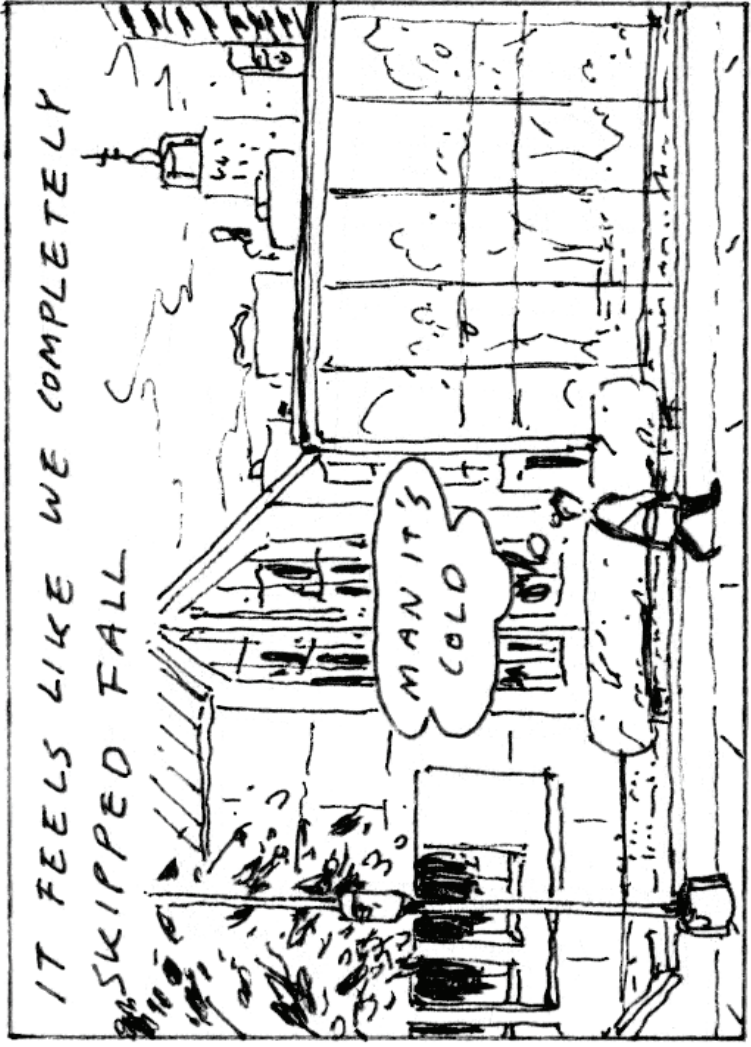


"NOBODY PUTS BROCCOLI IN THE CORNER"



"WE'RE GOING TO NEED A BIGGER PLATE"

DIARY COMIC



Rain Szeto

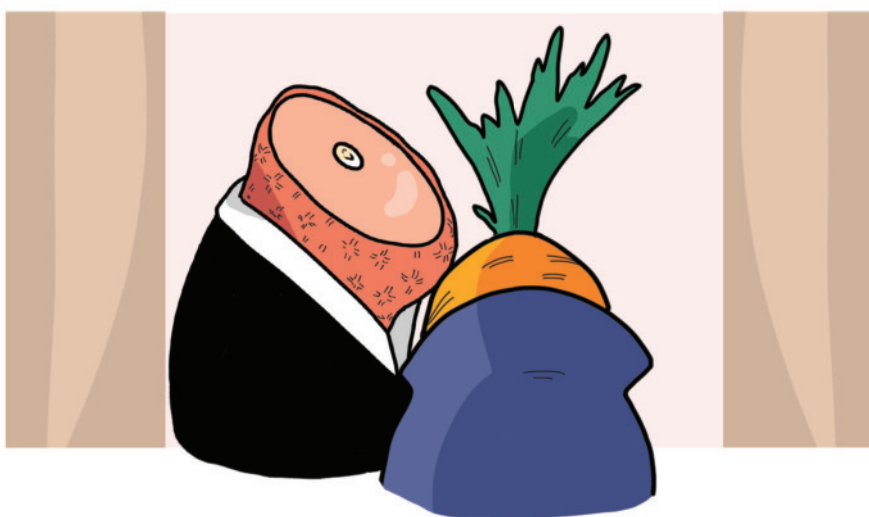
a 19th century medicine cabinet

(OR, A GAME OF PHARMACEUTICAL RUSSIAN ROULETTE)



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Alyse Ruriani



"FRANKLY MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A HAM"

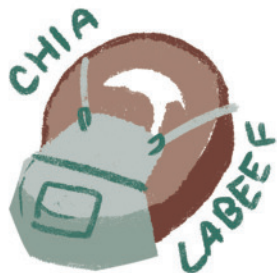
WHO IS WHOM?



Hailing from the unspecified North, Pastry Parcel has their own wicker bread basket, which was handcrafted during a course sponsored by the S.W.G. (Submerged Weavers Guild), located in Butte, Montana.



Custard Doughman, we believe, emerged from a cupboard with a waft of stale shortbread — he keeps a sleeve of it in every cardigan. Doughman studied extensively under a world renowned Pretentionist and subsequently released a multi-tome treatise on the philosophical implications of the girolle.



Chia LaBeef is a dedicated wife, partner, and help-mate to her husband — an avid gardener and tin collector. While she is not a professional cook, Mrs. LaBeef is known throughout her neighborhood for her re-memorable dinner parties. B.Y.O.B. (Bring Your Own Botulism).



Established Food Critic and local politician, Phil Awful is a blue-blooded hound for savory appetite. Their briefcase doubles as a warmer. The technology is of dubious origins and is unwelcome in most T.G.I. Fridays.



Once the leader of her own interpretive tap troupe, Strawberry Puree has dedicated her life to thematic group therapy. Not unlike for T-ball, Miss Puree makes sure there are snacks provided (warm orange slices in a Ziploc).



Niece to Kenny Rogers, Cher Cuterie was born and raised outside of Atlantic City. Ashamed of her country heritage, Cher moved to New York, New York, New York and lives on a private island in the middle of a man-made lake on the top of the Roosevelt. You can follow on her blog: @CherOfficial.



Once just a lowly farmer, Korn Kob's life changed when he stumbled upon a decorative tureen of Crystal Light lemonade in an open field. He has since quit the agriculture biz and follows Antique Roadshow across the country.



Born and raised in Butte, Montana, Ms. Pain Chat dreamed of seeing her name in lights. Having moved to and failed to make it in Hollywood, she snorts nutmeg for likes on FoodTube and copy edits for the local youth paper.



A prolific hostess in her time, Whale Grits, the Dowager of the Demitasse, keeps a cabinet full of authentic bone china plates passed down from Nicolas Cage's great-aunt, whom she met hitchhiking to and from Butte, Montana. The flatware hasn't been dusted since 1969, the Summer of Love, when Whale was born again in a past-life ceremony in an Airstream and discovered her love of Velveeta.

By Pain Chat

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JAN. 30, MIDNIGHT:	Summer MFA and Faculty Residency Applications Due
FEB. 20, MIDNIGHT:	Summer Fellowship and Course Merit Scholarship Applications Due
MAR.18, 8:30 AM/1PM:	SAIC Advanced Course Registration + Work Study Sign Up: 8:30 AM, Ox-Bow office, Online at 1PM
MAR. 25, 8:30 AM:	Open Course Registration, Online at ox-bow.org .
MAY 1, MIDNIGHT:	Fall Artist and Writer Residency Deadline



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