

Brief

Design and produce¹ a printed recipe² book containing at least three recipes that says something about who you are. Each recipe should be accompanied by a short essay or a piece of writing³ that helps to connect the reader with both the food and the author.

Beginning January 22, students should start thinking and writing about certain foods, dishes or drinks that have significant meaning to them.

I leave it up to you to interpret the word ‘meaning’ here. It could either be a dish that has significant socio-cultural value to you because of your upbringing, or a dish that you think is particular apt for the highly charged political environment we’re enmeshed in rn, OR it could be trying to recreate the perfect slice of 99¢ pizza you had that very memorable night.

The writing⁴ doesn’t have to be fancy, and the topic that you write about shouldn’t try to be ‘deep’. Rather, it should be authentic to who you are and what your interests are.

Other than the essay, the goal is to use cool typographic tricks⁵!

Due February 26 at the beginning of class.

1 Print and bind in a way that suits the contents of the booklet. So, if the thesis of my book is that, like, life is messy and actually so is cooking, and my reipces are all messy soups about all my messy relationships, I would produce a book that looks like a diner menu complete with laminated pages and cheap plastic coil-binidng.

2 Per our class discussion on January 23 the idea of ‘recipe’ can be interpreted in areas outside of food!

3 Written piece can also mean: interviews, chat logs, FaceTime conversation transcripts, text messages, longform correspondence (emails). The idea is to get yourself familiar with producing different formats of content. I just think recipe is a good/easy conversation starter and will give you some backbone when you approach someone in an interview.

4 If you really really can’t write I don’t want you to trip over this part of the project. Perhaps we will get you to interpret Helen Rosner’s recipe instead. I do want to see you guys try writing though; there’s nothing better than typesetting your own content.

5 Character and object styles would definitely be useful here, and also: paragraph styles, grids, master pages, text wrap.

Schedule

- 1/22 Project 1 introduction
- 1/29 At least one recipe idea and parts of writing completed. Bring layout sketches in InDesign, at least two directions.
- 2/5 Completed set of writings. Revised layout sketches, two directions.
- 2/12 Two full drafts of completed book, unbound, with variations
- 2/19 PRESIDENT'S DAY
- 2/26 Final crit

Format

- Printed and bound booklet
- At least 3 double-sided spreads

Size

- No larger than 11"x17" and no smaller than 5.5"x8.5"

Color

- CMYK or Black & White
- Front cover and back cover
- Images are permitted (personal illustrations/ photography encouraged) but will be graded on how well it plays off with the type

Working Deliverables 1/22–2/12

- InDesign files with guides and grids, showing multiple directions and various experiments
- Print-outs of your favorite direction

Final Deliverables on 2/26

Digital presentation

- Export a spread-view PDF and upload onto shared folder on Project Submissions folder on Google Drive
- Naming convention:
Firstname_Lastname_PUCD2130-K_Project1.pdf

Physical presentation

- Paginate, print and trim to actual size your recipe booklet on a paper stock of your choice

Helpful things to think about:

- Do the format choices (size, fonts, grid, binding, paper stock, colors) help bring out the content?
- Is there clear signalling and hierarchy throughout? (Does the reader know where they are within the story at all times? Do I want them to?)
- Should I add a table of contents, page numbers, sidebars, touts, footnotes, index, and other gimmicks? Why or why not?
- Am I using the right typeface(s)?
- Am I balancing legibility and impact correctly?
- Does the type in the recipe portion aid the user in cooking the dish?
- Is the writing style true to my personality?
- Bonus! Does it challenge and reinterpret the idea of a recipe?

PUCD2130 Section K

Multiplicity

Project 1—A Recipe Book

Sample Essay and Recipes

EAT YOUR FEELINGS:

An End of 2016 Meal
Essays and Recipes by Helen Rosner

TO EAT—COBB SALAD

A woman of about the right age once told me that within a week of Kennedy getting shot, fully half of her friends lost their virginity. “We were so sad,” I remember her telling me. “And there was nothing we could do, and we were so desperate to do anything.”

I’ve known, in the way that anyone who’s had enough access to therapy knows, that there are certain things a person does when she feels like she has no control over the world around her, and those things all boil down to flexing the muscle of the self. Your body, your time, your environment — food, danger, secrets. These are small ways to seize control, but they all flow from that fundamental axiom of power: It is never given, it’s only taken. And you take it however you can take it.

I’ve gone through my own flow of self-medicating controls, and I thought I knew all of them. When I woke up on November 9 and the truth of everything started to break open inside me, I was watching with almost a detached curiosity the way my grief and anger bloomed, and I was waiting for the signs that I was about to do something I would regret. It took a few days until I realized that I hadn’t really gotten out of bed in a while, so I got out of bed. And I also realized that I hadn’t been able to stop thinking about my friend and how she slept with her boyfriend for the first time in the shadow of the Kennedy assassination, and that I really, really, wanted to go find a stranger and have sex with him. Which, considering many factors including the mutually agreed-upon terms of my marriage, was not an appropriate option. Instead, I made salad.

Before we go any further: There is a recipe at the end of this. It’s a recipe for salad. It’s not — I promise you this, I swear to god — it’s not a recipe for a salad that I will in any way imply is better

than, or even remotely comparable to, sex with a strange man. This salad does not make you feel reckless, desirable, fleetingly young, or briefly, swampily alive. It will not give you orgasmic pleasure, nor (except in the most indirect way of sustenance) will it help you bring orgasmic pleasure to others. It’s just a salad.

But I will say this, even about a salad: All food is metaphor. There’s nothing else that we do that is so fundamentally about keeping our bodies alive, which means that everything in it can be mapped onto the ways we live, or the ways we avoid death. When you peel it all back and think about how much art and craft and identity we wrap around our fuel, you start to understand why, for example, Scythian warriors allegedly ate the hearts of their vanquished enemies. It all makes perfect sense: The only thing that’s more of a metaphor than food is the body itself. How could you not want to devastate your enemies, and devour their hearts?

So, this salad. When I’m particularly overwhelmed by the world, I exercise control, and instead of doing it by shoplifting lipsticks or drinking myself into oblivion or sleeping with strangers — which are fine, if that’s your method, it’s fine — I do it by making very, very complex meals. Starting in October, as my anxiety about the future metastasized into something I wasn’t willing to look at dead on, I didn’t stop moving. I made a massive roasted pork shoulder with a slew of homemade pickles and sauces and sides. A six-hour bolognese that takes as much attention as a risotto and as much pre-planning as a war. At maybe my lowest moment, I made a Battenberg cake, a spectacularly fussy British teatime monstrosity that involves baking four different layers, two of them bright pink, and slicing and stacking them to produce a geometrically perfect checkerboard pattern, all then draped in rolled-out marzipan, and then sliced into and you and your husband have a bite each and realize it’s inedibly sweet and leave it on the counter to ferment, probably, for a full week before sweeping it in the trash

before bed one night.

In the pantheon of salads, a Cobb salad isn’t the most complex, but it’s among the most delicious, and there are three things about it that I find particularly metaphorically resonant in times of extraordinary stress. The first is common to most salads, and it is the use of a knife. I once gave a copy of a cookbook I’d worked on to a vegetarian, and her thank-you note included a friendly suggestion that in the future, we try to find words other than “flesh” and “meat” to refer to the bodies of fruits and vegetables. I don’t know if I would actually be able to carve out the heart of my enemy, were he to lie dead on the cutting board before me, but I can hold a weapon in my hand and turn an unblemished tomato into a tumble of bloody dice, which feels like a step along the path. All cooking is murder, not just — as some vegetarian friends might have you believe — meat.

The other two things I love about a Cobb salad are even more directly about power. Speaking of eating the heart of your enemy: The Cobb salad was invented in Los Angeles, in 1937, when the owner of the Brown Derby restaurant arranged a multicolored array of different leftovers in strips on top of a bed of chopped lettuce. That verb — arrangement — that’s all that makes a Cobb a Cobb. You could pick up a murky plastic tub of lettuce tossed with tomatoes, bacon, avocado, and blue cheese at any corner deli and it would just be a salad. But exert your authority over its appearance, and suddenly it has a proper name with a capital letter, it’s a classic of Old Hollywood, a meticulously composed arrangement of vegetables and meats and dairy. It illustrates another axiom of power, which is: Power is not what is, but what appears to be.

The best thing about the Cobb salad, though, and the reason I decided to make it when I felt like the bottom was falling out of the world, when I felt this spiraling helplessness and despair and terror, when I kept helplessly waiting for some wink and nod confirming that the world wasn’t going to let these horrible

things happen, while they kept happening and kept getting worse, is that to eat it, you have to destroy it. More than anything — and isn't this all that self-denial is? Or self-indulgence? Or sex with strangers? — there's power in dismantling power. You make the Cobb by carefully preparing a dozen elements, exquisitely and artistically arranging them, presenting this edible mosaic to the world (or your dinner guests) in acknowledgment of your mastery.

But then—you've got to demolish it. Blemish the whole thing with dressing and toss it all together into a muddy mess. It's a rejection of permanence, an embrace of chaos, a hand forcefully sweeping through the mandala. It's just a salad, it's just food, it's just me. I'm nothing, I can't do anything. But I can control. I can create, and I can destroy.

Cobb Salad

Try to dice and crumble all the elements to about the same size — about ½- to ¾-inch cubes—both because it makes arranging the salad more pleasant, and because when you eat it, it makes each forkful more balanced. Everyone uses a different dressing for this — an egg-based emulsion here, a balsamic so-and-so there, inevitably some sort of ranch at some point. The original Brown Derby dressing was called “French” but was really more of a milquetoast red wine vinaigrette. Dress the salad with whatever you want.

½	head iceberg lettuce
½	head romaine lettuce
½	bunch watercress
2	medium tomatoes, diced
6 oz.	chilled cooked chicken or turkey breast, diced
10	strips bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
1	avocado, peeled, cored, and diced
2-3	chilled hard-boiled eggs, peeled and diced
2 tbsp.	finely chopped chives
½ cup	roquefort or blue cheese, crumbled
½ cup	salad dressing

Tear, chop, and shred the lettuces until the pieces are bite-size, and pile them evenly on a broad rimmed plate or a wide, shallow bowl. Using whatever tools you like (your fingers, a spoon, chopsticks, tweezers) arrange all the remaining ingredients (except the dressing) on top of the lettuce, so they look beautiful. Traditionally it's stripes, but this is your salad, and you're in charge. When you're ready — take as long as you need — pour

the dressing over the top, and take pleasure in dismantling what you've built.

TO DRINK: SAZERAC

It seems extremely important to me right now, today, to talk about Sazeracs. I struggle mightily to articulate why, in part because any examination of a person's drinking habits, no matter how light-hearted, becomes a self-consciously tragic journey down the pathways of oblivion and refusal and running away, and in part because it turns out I rarely drink Sazeracs at all. But now, it seems to me, is the time for Sazeracs.

A Sazerac is a cocktail built on centuries of history and dispute and technical specificity, which many people who care a great deal about it will tell you about at great length, but what it really comes down to in the glass — and don't ever say this to a bartender, or a New Orleanian, and if you do say it, and the bartender or New Orleanian agrees with you, I leave it up to you and God to judge them — is that it's an Old Fashioned with an Absinthe wash. Done right, it's served neat, barely a finger of sugared, bittered rye pooled pristinely on the bottom of a rocks glass, the inches of empty glass above it trapping an invisible, vivid typhoon of anise and citrus. A Sazerac looks like the conclusion of someone else's drink, the faded ends of an ice-melted Manhattan or a Ward Eight. More than once when I've picked my drink up after setting it down on a crowded table, I've wondered if it looks like I'm just scavenging the dregs of other people's poison. Maybe the lesson is not to put my drink down.

The easy explanation for why now is the time for Sazeracs is that I just got back from New Orleans, and I may be in control of very little in this world but I run the narrative right here, these very words, and if Sazeracs are on my mind and you're here listening to what I have to say I get to tell you that they should be on yours, too. It's not very attractive to admit that a megaphone can be intoxicating, and even less so to admit that it can be a burden. Do I want you to drink what I want to drink? Do I want to stand next to you while you take a sip of it and wait for you to understand how correct it is, like I'm playing you a song that's made me cry, hovering over you and waiting for the chorus to press down on your emotional bruises the same way it presses down on mine? I'll tell you this much, and you can choose for yourself: A Sazerac opens with a summery sweetness, all yellow and warm, herb gardens and fruit trees waking up to the sun, and it closes

with a searing chemical fire that leaves half the town dead.

This is not an easy drink to make, but more importantly it's not an easy drink to drink. Unlike almost everything else, this isn't a metaphor. Even if you think you're used to the fire, even if you own it, you never quite remember it right, and you never fully anticipate it. It still hits you in the middle of your tongue, at the top of your throat, fuming up through the back of your nose. You still shudder when it hits, though maybe with time you learn to control your body and keep the aftershock to yourself. It always hurts. You have to fight through the pain — I don't mean that you have a moral imperative to do it, I mean you have to, you don't have a choice, it's already inside your body and the nerves are already lighting and the limbic recoil is already cued up. It's going to hurt, and it's going to be hard, and the only choice you have is whether you come out the other side broken or whole.

Okay, well. Maybe it is a metaphor.

Sazerac

1 cube	sugar or
1 tsp.	superfine sugar
	Peychaud's bitters (not Angostura, not orange, absolutely not anything fussy)
1½ oz.	rye whiskey (not bourbon, not whiskey, not scotch. Rye.)
¼ oz.	absinthe or herbsaint
	Wide strip of lemon peel (just the zest, as little pith as possible. Use a vegetable peeler)

1. Get out two glasses, a rocks glass for drinking from and one of any shape for prep. Pack the drinking glass full of ice to chill it. In the second glass, combine the sugar and the bitters. (If you're using a sugar cube, crush it.) Top the sugar and bitters with the rye, and gently stir to incorporate the sugar mixture.

2. Empty the ice out of the drinking glass, and add the absinthe or herbsaint. Roll the liquid around in the glass to coat the inside, and pour out whatever remains. Pour the whiskey mixture from the second glass into the first — try to avoid hitting the sides of the glass, to preserve the absinthe wash. Just above the mouth of the glass, bend the lemon peel lengthwise, yellow side out, to release the oils over the drink, and then quickly run the peel along the rim of the glass. Some people say dropping the peel into the drink is sacrilege, other people say it's necessary. In the end, it doesn't matter.

Title

Intro

●Point A

○Reason 1

○Reason 2

○Reason 3

▶Hot tip i

▶Hot tip ii

○Reason 4

●Point A

○Reason 1

▶Hot tip i

▶Hot tip ii

▶Hot tip iii

○Reason 2

●Point C

○Reason 1

○Reason 2

○Reason 3

○Reason 4

●Point D

○Reason 1

○Reason 2

○Reason 3

○Reason 4

Conclusion

End

PUCD2130 Section K
Multiplicity
Project 1—A Recipe Book
Sample Grading Sheet
February 26, 2018

Student: _____

	F	D	C	B	A
Effort	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Communication	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Concept/Aesthetics	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Technical Skills	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
Presentation	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

Feedback:

Final Grade