



WALK
WRITE
UP! presents

THE FOOD ISSUE

VOLUME I ISSUE 3

CREDITS

Co-Editor in Chief... *Philip Santos Schaffer*

“got drunk and downloaded Tinder.”

Co-Editor in Chief... *Audrey Frischman*

“noticed her mustache this month”

Associate Editor/Staff Writer...*Laura Been*

“enjoys picnics in the park and long walks through the city”

Illustrator...*Katie Diamond*

“likes octopedes and brush pens”

Contributor...*Matthew Perry*

“Friend of many, lover of cheese”

Contributor... *Laura Wolfe*

“it’s all in who you know”

Contributor...*Jenny Morris*

“unabashedly champions Sansa Stark (and you should too)”

Contributor... *Aled Roberts*

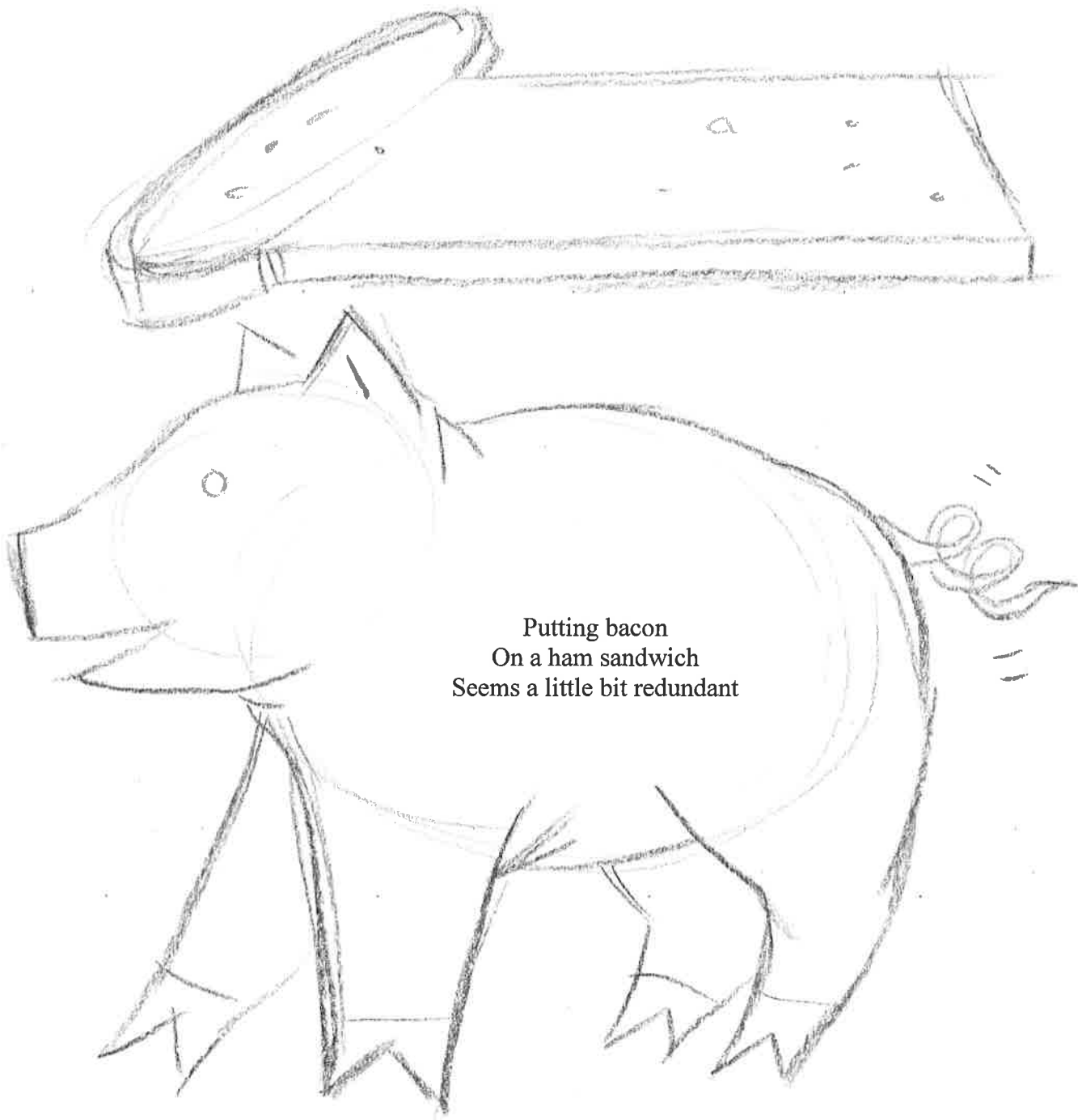
“rounds up to the nearest tenth (example: 1 cheeseburger = 10 cheeseburgers)”

Contributor...*Maricela Guardado*

“All I do is smile and smile some more.”

Contributor... *Hannah Sandler*

“is just happy to be included”



Putting bacon
On a ham sandwich
Seems a little bit redundant

a cookie for every man

based on the recipe for The Perfect Sugar Cookie by Mary St. Angelo

even our closest friends believe that the recipe was passed down for generations. during the pogroms, a distant relative -mythed into Russia's last escapee- emphatically repeated the ingredients to her mother from the stern of a ship already un-moored.

in truth, my mother essenced the recipe through years of "cookies for all occasions." 2/3 cup butter, 2/3 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/4 teaspoon salt, and 2 1/4 cup flour. cookie via subtraction, only what is needed. baked at the temperature our oven is automatically set to (350 degrees), her cookie is truly an exercise in minimalism.

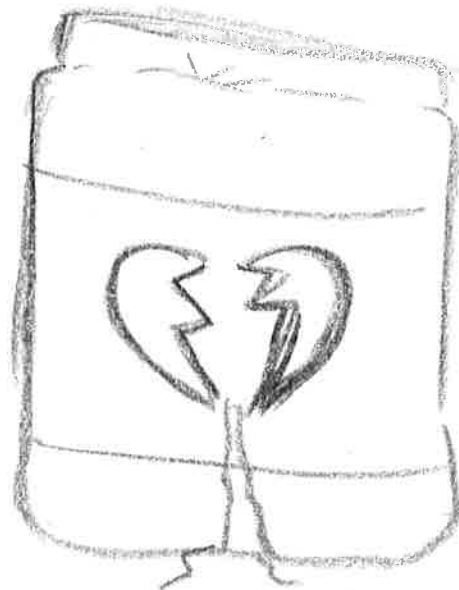
but there is a cookie for every man, and the basics are merely a beginning.

when Mr. Addotto's son could not cry, we added two fistfuls of salt to the dough. as the cookies rose, I whispered all my aches into the oven: the time I wept under my bed until my head hurt after kneeling my brother so hard he could not breath. when I was told, "you can't love someone who doesn't love you back." when the money ran out.

for Mali and Melvin's wedding, we added cocoa and cinnamon. we squeezed the dough between us tight, holding each other and laughing. we sang "Fly Me to the Moon," even the notes we couldn't hit.

when my brother broke his arm, we added milk, for the calcium. to make him strong, we played great acts of bravery while we mixed the ingredients. we held candles up to our fingertips, we told each other the entire truth.

when I would not let anyone hold me, my mother made a special batch with no sugar. she added raw almonds, lemon rind, pepper, and ash. she would not allow me milk between bites. When I finished all twelve cookies, I craved sweetness for a week. And still, when I flinch from arms around me, I bake.





Sylvester Graham and Me

Things that happened when I turned 13: I was Bat Mitzvahed, my boobs started to become somewhat more than little duds and I started a lifelong love of graham crackers. Typical adolescent stuff. I was atypical in that I was very afraid/confused about touching myself all throughout these years. So much so that my high school boyfriend and I would call masturbating, "figuring it out."

"Did you figure it out last night?" he would ask me every day at school. "Not even a little a bit" I would reply, shoveling graham crackers into my mouth, "Did you?" He always answered yes. So obviously, I had sex with him. Sex before masturbation I always say!

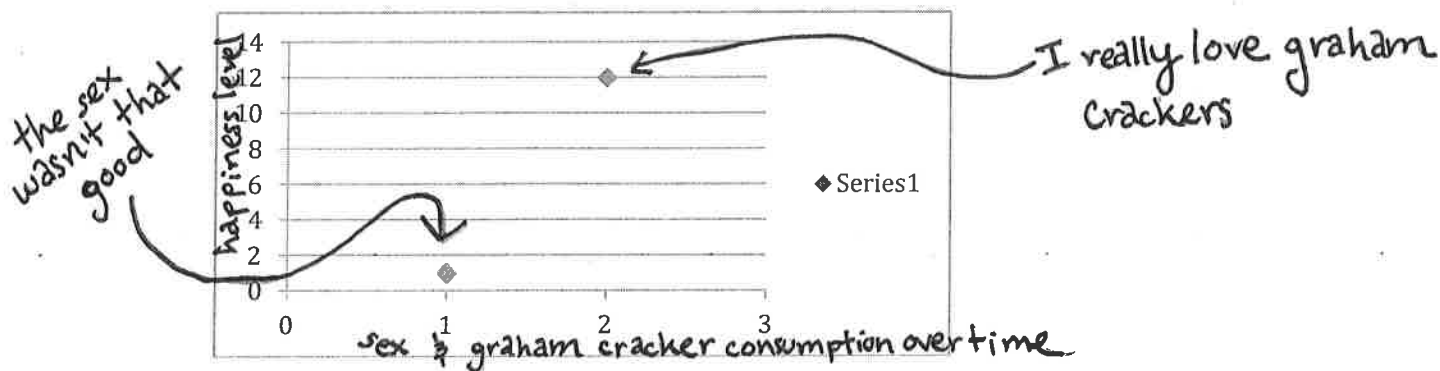
Everyone has a guilty-pleasure-over-eat-til-your-stomach-hurts snack; for some it's chocolate or candy for others it's cucumbers and hummus. Mine happens to be graham crackers. Classic Nabisco graham crackers, to be exact, but I'm not all that picky (brand-wise) once I find myself in the mood.

The invention of my favorite snack is thanks to one Sylvester Graham who lived in 1800's New Jersey. He was a minister and a vegetarian. The graham cracker was an integral part of the "Graham Diet" which suggested that eating the plainest of foods would allow one to feel more subdued and thus less likely to engage in sexual activity. Fruits + vegetables + water + vigorous exercise + graham crackers = not enough desire for sex. But the graham crackers of Sylvester Graham and his "Grahamites" are not the same ones that we eat today. His contained whole wheat flour and were basically flavorless; he would most likely be appalled by the tasty goodness that Nabisco and similar companies have turned his namesake cracker into today. Even so, they are not the most interesting tasting snack.

Recently I have started to wonder though: does my love of graham crackers affect my sex life?

Let's look at these facts: the last time I had actual sex with an actual person was almost a year ago. The last time I ate an entire box of graham crackers was probably about two weeks ago. Eh? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?!

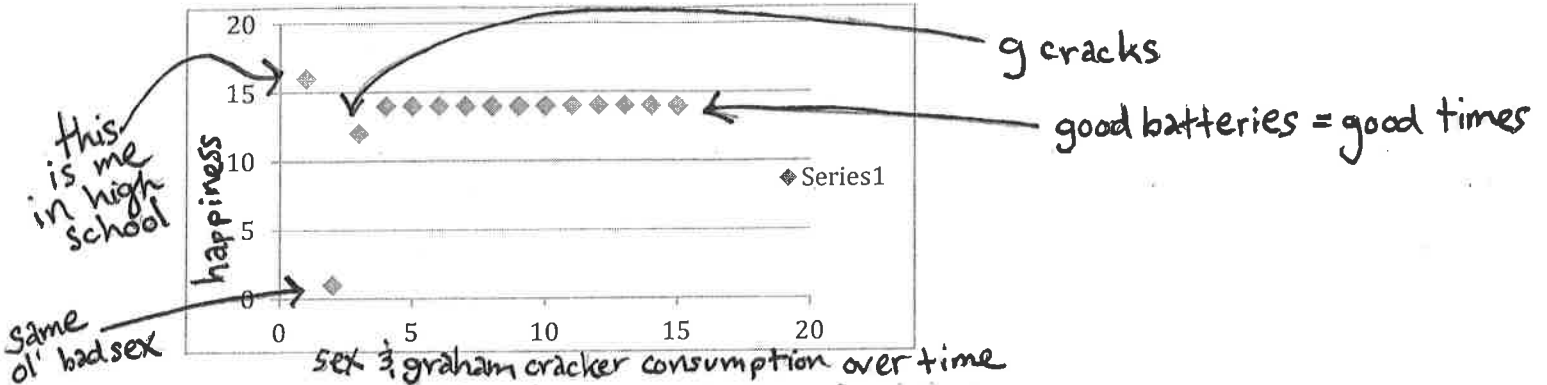
Perhaps we can turn to math at this point to find a correlation. By plotting these two points on a graph (x-axis being time of sex/cracker consumption and the y-axis being my happiness).



This graph shows us two things 1) that I just taught myself how to make graphs on Microsoft Excel and 2) nothing. It's one of those scatter plots with no obvious correlation. It is obvious that I enjoy food more than sex but is that because the food pyramid of my childhood consisted of mainly beige foods? Specifically beige crackers? More specifically those of Mr. Sylvester?!

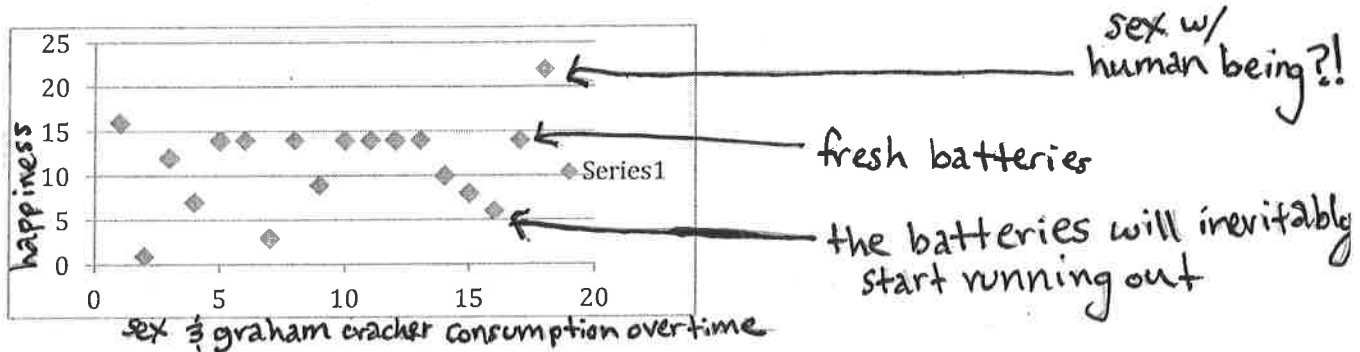
Before you start feeling bad for me and my lack of sex and abundance of crackers, we must factor in one more thing: my vibrator. One of my best friends gave me a vibrator for my 20th birthday. That is SEVEN years after my Bat Mitzvah. During those SEVEN years, there had been pretty much zero self-touching. ZERO.

Back to the spreadsheets! Since the battery change about a week ago, I have used my vibrator once. Before that, things weren't really happening because the batteries were dying/dead so the attempts were poor/made everything worse. Graham crackers were eaten intermittently during that time and perhaps eased the tension of poor battery power... Let's look at how the graph changes if we add in predicted vibe times:



Look at my happiness skyrocket! Look at what I have learned to do in the absence of men! I HAVE BEAT YOU SYLVESTER! Vibrators for the win! Graphs for the win! Vibrators for everyone! And more graphs I say!

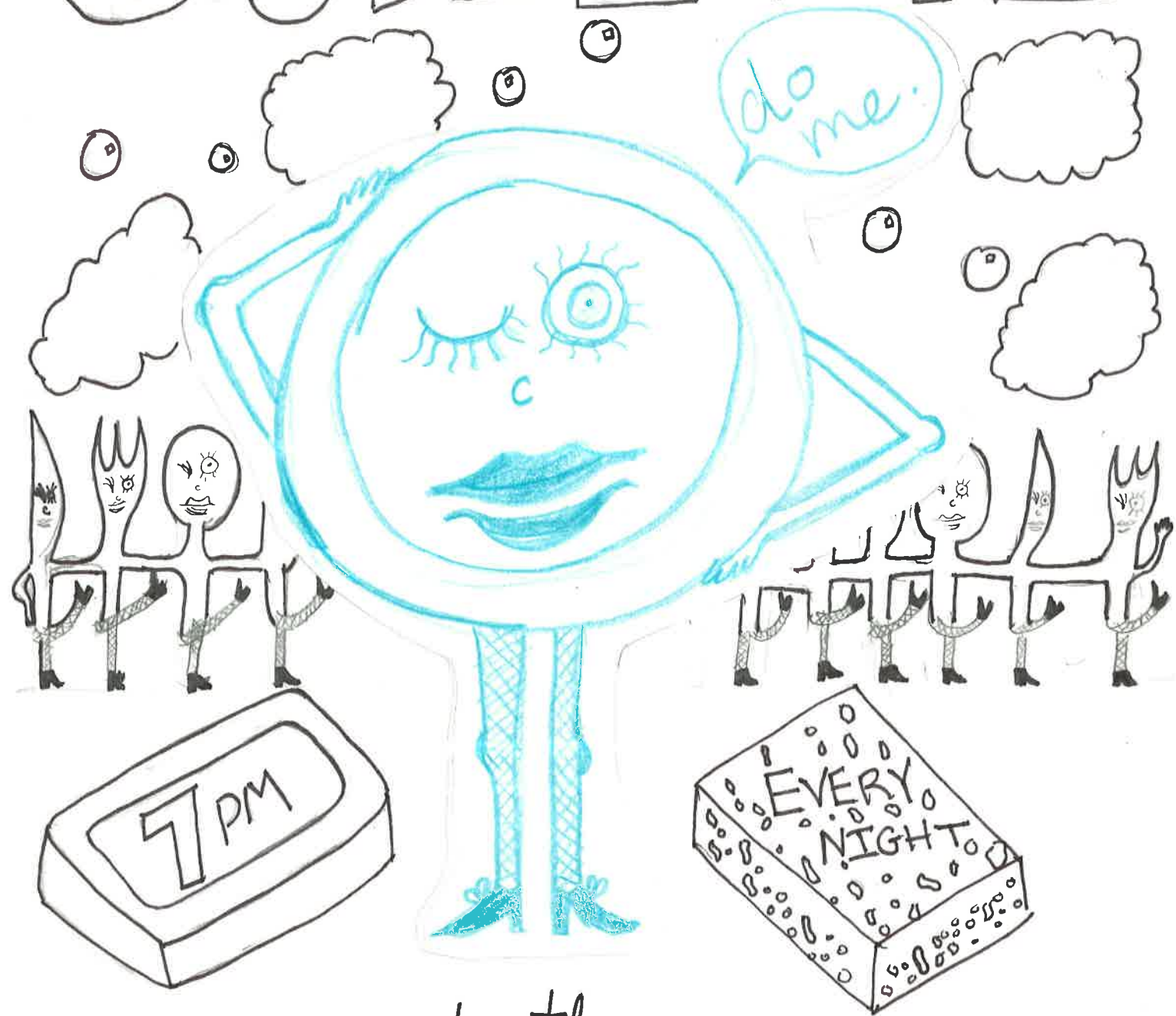
So I guess we must now ask, what makes me happier? Vibe Town, USA or G Cracks Mcgee? If we plot out the times that my vibrator has fresh batteries and the times my corner store has graham crackers (shockingly rare) we might start to see something else.



The ultimate question of my happiness becomes: What is more readily available? Triple A batteries or Graham Crackers? The cracker often wins as it is cheaper and less weird to buy a box of them at 11pm than a pack of batteries (especially when the credit card minimum is \$10 and you end up buying the batteries and four random packs of gum out of nervousness).

In conclusion, there is no conclusion. There is *no* answer. Well, besides the fact that my vibrator and graham crackers are both good. Sex might be good too, but I forget. So if you know anyone who likes to make graphs for fun and who has a propensity for boring snacks, send 'em my way. I might, maybe, know how to show them a good time.

SUDZE TTE



and the

DO-ME DISHES

You make me puke.

I wanted you so badly my body couldn't hold its insides in. It wasn't enough to sit with you and laugh with you and feel your hand slide along the small of my back. It wasn't enough to floss with you and dance with you and smell you for hours after on my skin. It wasn't enough to text you in the morning, gchat you in the afternoon, and talk on the phone with you on our way to each other in the evening.

That insatiable need is not a healthy thing.

I was nauseous wanting you when you weren't there. I was nauseous with you from wanting you to want me more. We were an undeniable unit, but we were not a balanced pair.

I thought talking all the time meant saying everything out loud. It turns out talking just means talking. We spoke constantly but avoided so much, pretending everything was fine, even to ourselves.

And then you kissed me and told me I was different than any other woman you'd ever met, but the nausea didn't settle. Instead, we broke. We were individuals again.

I was ashamed and humiliated. I looked at you, lost. I had allowed myself to disappear- becoming only someone in relation to you- and now that I was back I wasn't who I thought I had been.

My stomach asked again and again to project its shame and vile self-hatred upwards in a disgusting, chunky stream of vomit. Acidic burn to remind me that I exist, even if you make me feel like I don't.

I see you now and no part of me is drawn to you. We make small talk; enough to show our friends that we're okay; that we're making an effort. When you say goodbye you lock my eyes with yours and squeeze me. It's been so good to see you, you say in your sickeningly genuine voice.

Not wanting to lie I reply, get home safe, before I escape to the tiny pink bathroom and let my pasta and beer loose into the toilet. I look down before I flush and see the chunks aren't spaghetti and brussels sprouts but floating words unsaid.

Every time I see you, I will keep more of my dinner down. Eventually I will feast, relishing every last bite, finally feeling what I know to be true- that I am a better version of myself without you.



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INQUIRIES AND SUBMISSIONS
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