

## WHAT'S INSIDE

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IF MY FINGERTIPS are “a luscious red” (12) and my feet are “freezing and cracked” (27); if there’s spicy chili simmering on the stovetop (40) and I’m sipping an Earl of Ember’s Martini for the vermouth’s warm sting (39); if the pond is frozen and the ducks are huddling in the speakeasy (34); if I’m stealing words from contributors because I can’t hear my own thoughts over the gurgling of the goddamn radiator, I dunno man, it might be **Ice & Soot** season. Put on some wool socks and scootch closer to the space heater. What do you need?

- Advice? **Dear Sky** has got you, page 14. Submit questions for future issues to [all.the.stars.in.the@gmail.com](mailto:all.the.stars.in.the@gmail.com).
- Ice cream? I see that look on your face. I know it’s midwinter. Just trust us. Turn the page to visit **Third Time Ice Cream** in Bow Market, or better yet, swing by in person for a pint of their limited edition Mystic Moneymaker flavor.
- Games? Comics? Recipes? You know how to read a table of contents.

What can you do for us? What an incredibly generous question. Frankly, our cup’s overflowing: we’re so grateful both to our readers for the first issue’s kind and enthusiastic reception and to our contributors for continuing to impress and amaze us (seriously: turn the page already and dig in).

But okay, if you insist: you could subscribe, at [mystic-moneymaker.beehiiv.com](http://mystic-moneymaker.beehiiv.com). Free subs keep you abreast of submission deadlines, release dates & launch parties; paid ones put future issues in your mailbox.

Even better: send us your art! Next month’s theme is **Vulture and Phoenix**: goodbye 2024, hello 2025. Submissions are due by the **new moon on Jan 29** at [bit.ly/iammystic](http://bit.ly/iammystic)

**“Always be around.” John Cage**



# THE INSIDE SCOOP AT THIRD TIME ICE CREAM

Vietnamese whiskey. Parsley syrup. Marinated anchovies. Lime leaf, orchid root, cherry-pit; this is a non-exhaustive sample of ingredients discussed during our chat with **Nick Ladin-Sienne**, Chief Ice Cream Officer at **Third Time Ice Cream Co.** Forget chocolate and vanilla: Third Time Ice Cream, at Somerville's Bow Market since August, has rapidly built a devoted fanbase for its constantly-rotating menu of one-of-a-kind flavors. Anecdotally, the only reaction more common than "Huh - I wouldn't have thought to pair those" and "Wait - as an ice cream flavor?" is "**Wow - that's delicious.**" We spoke with Nick about the shop's philosophy and future and how on earth one develops a flavor vocabulary like his:

**Unlimited love:** Nick encourages visitors to sample everything, whether or not it ends in a purchase (spoiler alert: it usually does). He wants guests to find something they love: "We're so used to being hustled through the ice cream shop experience."

**Get 'em before they're gone:** Third Time's menu constantly rotates, ensuring that even repeat customers get a unique experience. If you love Use Your Noggin (eggnog custard, mahlab caramel) or L'Eaves of Grass (coconut, lime leaf, crystallized ginger), get an extra scoop! Next time, it might be gone.

*(continued on next page)*



**All about the base:** Most ice cream begins with a dairy-and-sugar “base”. Many ice cream parlors purchase a standard factory-made base and then add their own flavorings, which can result in flavors that taste relatively similar from parlor to parlor. Third Time makes their own base from scratch, which requires more time (and sterilization, and regulation) but allows Nick to add flavor notes and infusions at all steps of the process and create truly distinct experiences.

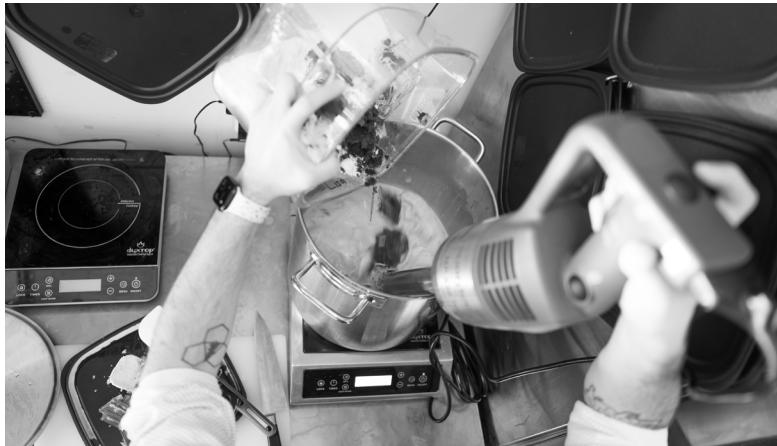
**Salt!** Salt is an under-appreciated ingredient in ice cream: not only does it accentuate and sharpen the other flavors (as in any other cooking) but it also brings down the freezing point in ice cream, which allows you to make ice cream with less sugar.

**“Third time ice cream”?** The name comes from a Hebrew phrase, phonetically “pah-ahm shleesheet, gleedah”. If you run into a friend twice in one day, you might say “third time, ice cream”, similar to “jinx, you owe me a Coke”. The distant original German phrase (“Next time, you have to buy me a beer”) was apparently taken much more seriously.

**Flavor vocabulary:** Nick takes flavor inspiration from all over the world. To increase your own flavor vocabulary, he recommends simple curiosity: read unfamiliar cookbooks, eat at different restaurants, and make a habit of asking what, exactly, it is that you’re tasting. (“Hopefully most places will be honest with you.”) And if you have children, venture outside the kids’ menu once in a while: left to make their own choice, kids often have a more open palate than adults give them credit for.

**This is the part where we brag:** for a limited time, Third Time is offering a mystery flavor named **Mystic Moneymaker**: purple sweet potato ice cream with coconut-pandan Kaya jam. Give it a try!

Third Time Ice Cream is a temporary member of the Bow Market family, but Nick hopes to continue serving ice cream to the greater Boston area. **Follow the shop at [@thirdtimeicecreamco](#) to keep up with their journey.**





by Eve Starlantern

## TAROTSCOPE: DOLLARS AND SCENTS

Tarot divination uses 78 cards to explore the experience of being human as we journey through life. Spirit has asked me to share these messages with you as you journey into the new year. It really stood out in the cards that so many of you are experiencing new beginnings right now (unrelated to the calendar). If this is you, hold on tight - you got this! Remember, these are readings for the collective, so take what resonates and leave the rest. Check your sun, moon, and rising signs for a full 3-card reading. Each reading has been charmed with a fragrance. Burn a scented candle, diffuse an essential oil, or make a simmer pot to claim your reading.

Mystic Treehouse #6  
somewhere in the valley, 02452

### SAGITTARIUS (*November 22 - December 21*): Ace of Wands

A hand extends toward you, holding a magic wand that pierces the horizon. This is a time of creativity and inspiration, Sagittarius. You are in your element this month, and Spirit invites you to tap into your natural fire and enjoy exploring new ideas. This is the fun part, so let your imagination run wild and let yourself envision success. There are new opportunities around you, but ultimately, it is up to you to figure out what to do with them. Your natural curiosity will help you notice possibilities and imagine new ways of seeing the world, but the Ace is just the initial spark of the fire - not the flame. Remember to look ahead as you enjoy this moment and make long-term plans to turn your ideas into reality.

Charm to claim: Lemongrass

### CAPRICORN (*December 22 - January 19*): Ace of Pentacles

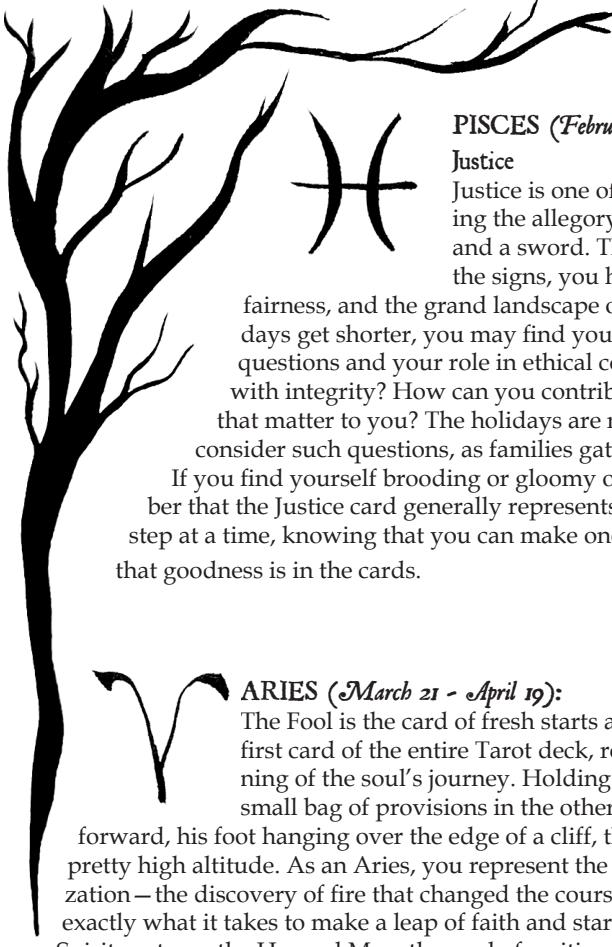
The Ace of Pentacles speaks of new opportunities in the material world, usually finance, career, or health. Pentacles represent the confluence of all five elements - Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Spirit. They are a reminder that the universe is both external and internal: the fifth element, Spirit, is inside of us. In other words, new opportunities don't just show up at our door; they are created when we notice possibility, imagine a change, and take action. With your ambition, pragmatism, and determination, Capricorn, you know the power of the human will better than anyone. Let your natural strengths guide you this month, and let yourself be open to new possibilities. Things are changing around you, and this is an opportunity to lean into that change and create something positive for yourself.

Charm to claim: Holiday Spice

### AQUARIUS (*January 20 - February 18*): Queen of Wands

Seated on a throne, hair flying around like fire, a cat by her side, the Queen of Wands is energized and ready for the party. She is a master communicator, effortlessly navigating her social circle with charm and grace. As an Aquarius, you are striving ever forward, discovering the next conversation and the next event. This month, Spirit invites you to enjoy your community and notice the world you have created. Like the Queen and the cat at her side, you preside over your territory and the ecosystem within it. What kind of ruler are you? Notice the many living beings in your sphere - the people, the animals, the plants, the energies. Spirit invites you to discover the richness around you, to have confidence in your abilities, and to explore the creative challenge of deepening what already exists.

Charm to claim: Jasmine



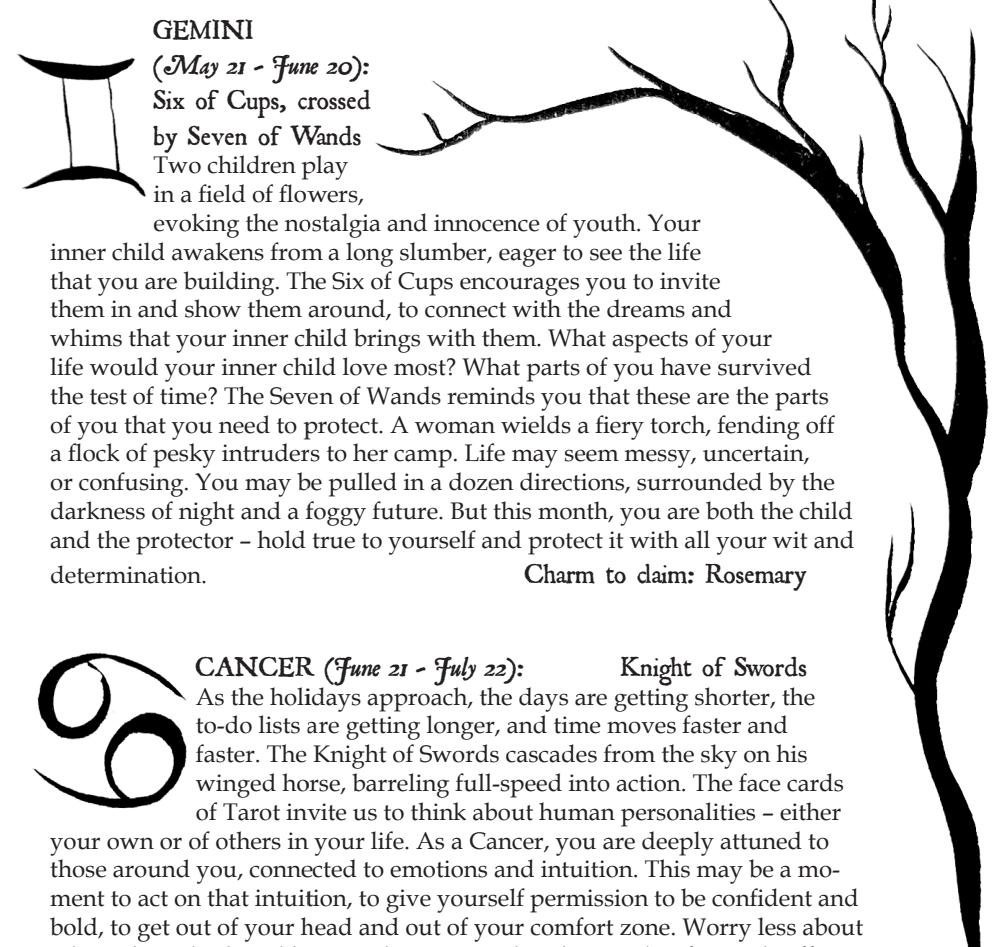
### PISCES (February 19 - March 20):

#### Justice

Justice is one of the Major Arcana, depicting the allegory as a woman holding scales and a sword. The most philosophical of all the signs, you have a keen sense of justice, fairness, and the grand landscape of human endeavor. As the days get shorter, you may find yourself thinking about moral questions and your role in ethical concerns. How can you live with integrity? How can you contribute to the values and causes that matter to you? The holidays are not that inopportune a time to consider such questions, as families gather and resolutions are made.

If you find yourself brooding or gloomy on the matter, though, remember that the Justice card generally represents a fair outcome. Take it one step at a time, knowing that you can make one good decision at a time, and that goodness is in the cards.

Charm to claim: Rose



### ARIES (March 21 - April 19): The Fool

The Fool is the card of fresh starts and new beginnings. It is the first card of the entire Tarot deck, representing the very beginning of the soul's journey. Holding a daisy in one hand and a small bag of provisions in the other, the Fool steps confidently forward, his foot hanging over the edge of a cliff, that – from the looks of it – is pretty high altitude. As an Aries, you represent the beginning of human civilization – the discovery of fire that changed the course of our species. You have exactly what it takes to make a leap of faith and start a new endeavor. Last month, Spirit sent you the Hanged Man, the card of waiting. But now, the time has come to start moving. Tap into your fire, take that first step forward, and trust the process. You are at the beginning of a long and beautiful journey.

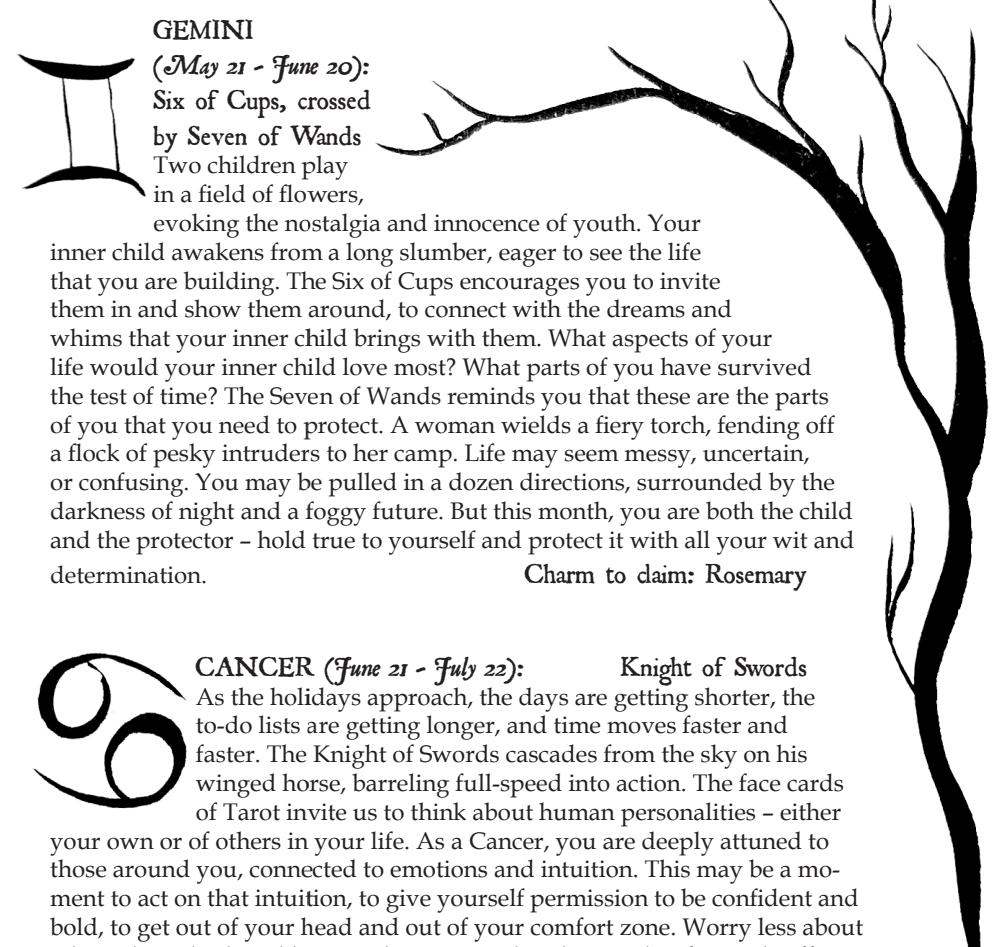
Charm to claim: Eucalyptus



### TAURUS (April 20 - May 20): Two of Swords

A blindfolded woman stands beneath the moon and in front of a river. She holds a sword in each hand, pointing them into the sky, weighing each option carefully. The Two of Swords is about the challenge of making decisions, of choosing between two pathways when there's no way to fully know what lies ahead. Wherever in your life you find yourself at a fork in the road – whether in your career, with family, among friends, in love, or in finance – the Tarot invites you to pause and consider other ways to see the situation. Swords are the suit of logic, but they also leave us blind to the Earth around us. As a Taurus, you are grounded in your senses. Your intuition is steadfast and thorough, and you can see beyond the surface of the water to the Earth beneath. Don't worry if you don't know every detail for sure. Listen to your intuition for the core of things

Charm to claim: Lemon basil



### GEMINI

#### (May 21 - June 20):

Six of Cups, crossed by Seven of Wands  
Two children play in a field of flowers,

evoking the nostalgia and innocence of youth. Your inner child awakens from a long slumber, eager to see the life that you are building. The Six of Cups encourages you to invite them in and show them around, to connect with the dreams and whims that your inner child brings with them. What aspects of your life would your inner child love most? What parts of you have survived the test of time? The Seven of Wands reminds you that these are the parts of you that you need to protect. A woman wields a fiery torch, fending off a flock of pesky intruders to her camp. Life may seem messy, uncertain, or confusing. You may be pulled in a dozen directions, surrounded by the darkness of night and a foggy future. But this month, you are both the child and the protector – hold true to yourself and protect it with all your wit and determination.

Charm to claim: Rosemary



### CANCER (June 21 - July 22): Knight of Swords

As the holidays approach, the days are getting shorter, the to-do lists are getting longer, and time moves faster and faster. The Knight of Swords cascades from the sky on his winged horse, barreling full-speed into action. The face cards of Tarot invite us to think about human personalities – either your own or of others in your life. As a Cancer, you are deeply attuned to those around you, connected to emotions and intuition. This may be a moment to act on that intuition, to give yourself permission to be confident and bold, to get out of your head and out of your comfort zone. Worry less about what others think and borrow the courage that the Knight of Swords offers you. But remember, this Knight can be reckless, so don't lose touch with your wisdom and your kindness, as these are your true secret weapons.

Charm to claim: Cinnamon



### LEO (July 23 - August 22):

#### Four of Pentacles

With Mars retrograde in your house this month, it is a time for inner reflection. The Four of Pentacles (also known as Four of Coins) explores our connection to finance and possession. The seated figure cradles a pentacle in their arms, balances one on their head, and holds two more at their feet. Is this mysterious soul saving for something special? Are they building toward a beautiful future? Or are they holding themselves back by focusing on money for money's sake? As a Leo, you might be drawn to one extreme or another – perhaps saving rigorously, perhaps indulging in living for the moment – in the name of living your best life. The Four of Pentacles invites you to explore balance and the middle ground. How can you build toward the future while living meaningfully in the present?

Charm to claim: Peppermint



**VIRGO (August 23 - September 22):**

**The Empress**

Surrounded by abundance and potential, you are at the threshold of something new. The Empress is traditionally a card of fertility, depicting the goddess Persephone, who spends each winter in the Underworld before bringing new life to Earth in Spring.

The Empress is traditionally a card of fertility, depicting the goddess Persephone, who spends each winter in the Underworld before bringing new life to Earth in Spring. As a Virgo, you are a sign gifted with clear communication, cool-headed warmth, and a penchant for finding solutions. As the season of the dark night returns, you hold the seeds of your grand ideas in your hand and wait patiently to plant them. You know what you want the future to look like, and you will take a winding path to get there, but you will not give up, and with perseverance and a little good humor, Spring will come soon enough.

Charm to claim: Apple cider



**LIBRA (September 23 - October 22):**

**Ten of Swords, crossed by Seven of Pentacles**

Life can be difficult, Libra, and you've been shouldering quite a lot lately. Spirit tells me that you could use a break. The Ten of Swords evokes exhaustion and defeat, swords crowding over a poor man lying in the road, and the Seven of Pentacles depicts a woman gardening – tending to the details of life. Together, these cards invite us to see failure as opportunity. Each of us faces our own unique struggle, and sometimes it feels like all those swords are destroying us. But gardens are built seed by seed, tilling the barren earth and watering the empty soil until something grows. Those swords are not destroying you. They are creating space for new growth, because you are both the garden and the gardener. As a Libra, you are gifted with creativity and optimism – tap into these strengths to transform difficulty into possibility.

Charm to claim: Lavendar

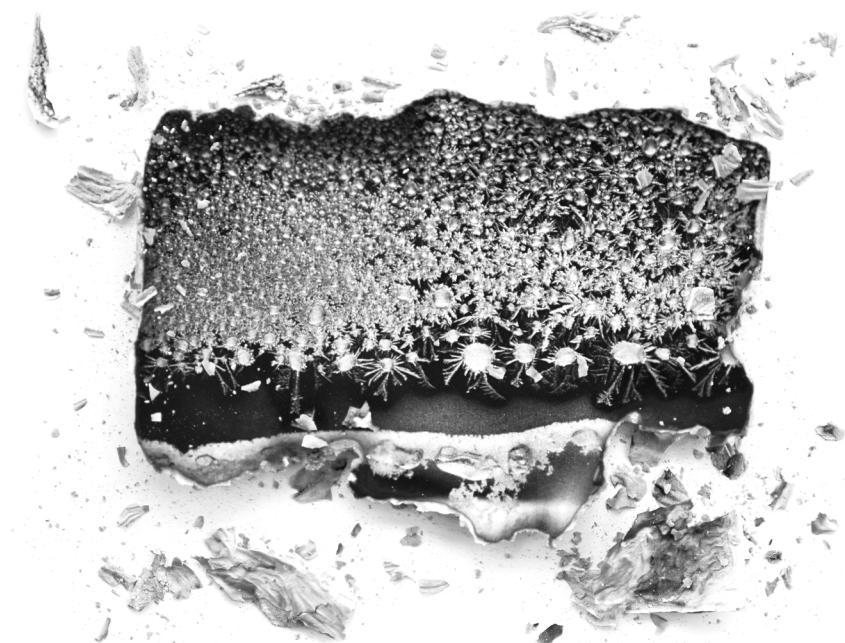


**SCORPIO (October 23 - November 21):**

**The Emperor**

Rock solid, stable, and unwavering, the Emperor looks down from a throne that cannot be destabilized. Your emotions may ebb and flow with the tides, and your ideas may change from day to day, but like the river that is your element, your convictions run deep and keep you strong. The world is moving around you. You are faced with unexpected situations and new decisions. Listen for the quiet beneath the storm as you evaluate your options. Your loved ones are relying on your stability, your strength, and your resilience. The answer you seek is not the one that's complicated and flashy – it's the one that's simple and true.

Charm to claim: Cedarwood or Pine



Reinos Disease is a condition that causes blood vessels to narrow,  
decreasing blood flow to the skin in the hands and feet.

[This is a lived experience of this disease]

Winter is my favorite season.

I love the snow.  
I love the grey.  
I love the quiet.

Winter does not love me.

Sure everyone's hands get cold...  
But do they get so cold you do your homework with your feet in  
three pairs of socks, stuffed into  
the openings in the space heater in your bedroom...?

[It's not a competition]  
[It kinda is though...]

My hands get cold, the normal kind of cold...

Then they get *realllllyyyyy* cold...

Then they get tingly...  
Then they go numb

so numb I get scared...  
[but I kinda like it]

[this was definitely foreshadowing some things...]

Having this disease, or any disease I suppose, has informed my relationship to  
pain and discomfort.

These things are different.  
I prefer the pain of cold to the discomfort of heat.  
[This is how I frame them in my mind]  
[You're allowed to disagree]  
[But I am right...]

Pain is a function of being alive.

Pleasure would mean nothing without pain.  
[More foreshadowing...]

The thaw is incredible.

When the fingers soften.  
My whole body relaxes.  
My fingers swell.  
They turn a luscious red.  
They get fat with heat.  
This is the discomfort of heat.

The contrast that this brings is fascinating.

It's a complete experience, a total manifestation of the cycles of life...  
Just in my small, calloused hands.  
It's one I almost look forward to.  
[Only on days when I deserve to be punished]  
[More foreshadowing...]  
[Or deserve to experience such pleasures as the thaw]



## "Uncomfortable comfort": when the scariest resolution is none at all.

*Dear Sky is the Mystic Moneymaker's advice column. Do you have a problem you cannot seem to get past? Does your soul hurt? Would it help to hear a stranger say something you maybe need to hear? Do you want to be kinder, truer, braver? Send a letter, anonymously or not, to Sky at [all.the.stars.in.the@gmail.com](mailto:all.the.stars.in.the@gmail.com) and look for the answer in next month's issue.*

**Dear Sky,**

As the new year approaches, I'm looking forward to an excuse to start new practices and habits with the rest of the world on Jan 1st, and see how long they stick. Like many living beings, I crave comfort. Like many artists, I am terrified of stagnating in my comfort zone. (Some needlepoint recently reminded me that "a comfort zone is a beautiful place, but nothing grows there," and I can't get it out of my head.)

This manifests in various parts of my life:

My career is chugging along satisfactorily, and I don't want to rock the boat because things are fine! But is "fine" the goal? I know that I could go further if I pushed myself.

As an artist, I know that mastery of craft comes from diligence, but I also know that creativity thrives off of surprise and new challenges. It can feel like disciplined practice is at odds with the need to try new things.

Perhaps most troublingly of all, this uncomfortable comfort is affecting my friendships. I miss the feeling of seeking out new friends, putting on the shiniest version of myself and hoping that the cool kids will want to be friends with me. But who has time for that? I don't have time to keep up with the people I already know and love, and spend a lot of time feeling like a bad friend for not being as supportive, present, or responsive as I could be.

What do I do, Sky? Do I set a new years resolution to try something every day that scares me? Do I set myself more specific, achievable goals? Or maybe this is all misguided and I need to let go of the need for constant improvement, which might just be capitalism and social media telling me I'm not good enough. Do I need to radically accept myself and live in the present?

Uncomfortably comfortable,  
Haunted by Needlepoint

**Dear Haunted,**

A friend once told me a story about watching her five-year-old daughter decide to carry stones across a rocky beach and pile them together. Lifting the large stones was hard for her, and she was getting tired and increasingly upset. After a while of this, my friend finally asked her daughter, "Why are you carrying all those rocks?" and her daughter looked at her, tears welling, and said "they're so heavy!"

If I asked you, "Haunted, why are you carrying all those rocks?" I bet you'd be able to give me very good reasons. You only have this one life to make your art and love your people, and you don't want to risk losing out on something great because you weren't willing to put in a little more effort. You're scared you'll stop growing, and honestly, I hear you. It's scary to watch people get comfortable and stop growing. Scarier when you notice how tempted you are to join them. Courage is a muscle that can atrophy like anything else.

But you are describing your lovely life like it's a thing you're doing

*What would it feel  
like to do this year  
totally wrong?*

would be good for you to sit down on the beach for a few hours and really see your pile of rocks. Let yourself look out across that endless infinity of water. Sink into where you are, what you've been given and what you've made. Eat a bag of potato chips, you know?

Part of me thinks you should make the resolution that scares you the most. What would it feel like to get still, quiet, a little bored? What would it feel like to do this year totally wrong? What if you set no new goals, no career ambitions, made no new friends? What if you really sank into your comfort and asked what it could teach you? What if you forgave yourself for enjoying it?

That's one option, and maybe the one that demands the most growth. But the other option is to admit to yourself that you like the rocks because they're heavy. I mean, you're "looking forward to an excuse to start new practices and habits"! You get itchy sitting on the beach! Get back to your pile because you fricking love that pile, you feel better when you're working on it, but stop feeling guilty that you also want to take a break sometimes. The rocks aren't going anywhere, I promise.

You're right to feel haunted. You're going to die someday, however long you spend in the growth zone or the comfort zone, which is not exactly the fault of a memento mori needlepoint, but it's still kind-of a jerk for pointing it out. You are never going to get around to everything you want out of life, whichever resolutions you make or don't make. Grow anyway.

Love you,  
Sky



An experiment in soot and ice  
by Erin Farley



The above were created with vine charcoal blended with water, frozen, and applied with body heat.



ink rivers to the sea  
from which snow  
are you

to travel upstream  
the lonely mountain  
that is me

the valleys  
know spring and summer  
and fall too

but where snow begins  
here  
the neverthaw

all ink ceases  
the bridge, by the name of tongue,  
collapses

soundless  
is its undoing  
and soft, so soft

the virgin drift  
yields, as it remembered  
its runs as rivers and rain

ah! to have but a single flake  
in ink  
would be to know it all

yet, the sound beneath my step  
needs no

translation

I listen and turn  
back to the valleys of  
spring and summer and fall



# S-O-O-T ON MY CLOTHES!

A song inspired loosely by the French revolution

best sung to that catchy tune by 2024's favorite redhead

## INTRO

Five, six...five, six, seven, eight!

## VERSE 1

What's this feeling, what's this incandescence?  
Haven't felt this way since adolescence  
Burn the system down, and damn the city!  
Who can blame a girl? The flame's so pretty

Baby, don't you like this heat?  
(Na-na-na-na, na)  
Start a fire and stand with me  
(na-na-na-na, na)  
Revolution, our guarantee  
(na-na-na-na, na)  
When we burn down the cities, burn down the cities

## CHORUS

S-O-O-T on my clothes  
Light a spark, it's all aglow  
In the streets, it's just a throw  
Then let's watch the movement grow

S-O-O-T on my clothes  
Watch those dancing shadows  
Flames leap high, up they go  
Change comes from down below

S-O-O-T on my clothes  
Ember grows to inferno  
S-O-O-T on my clothes  
Tyranny to overthrow

## VERSE 2

Well, I am not here alone, staring at this kindling  
Don't let them lie, the flame's not dwindling  
Try to tax the poor, but we are learning  
And the monarchy we're overturning

Baby, don't you like this heat?  
(Na-na, na-na-na)  
Lit this fire so the world would see  
(na-na, na-na-na)  
Rise up from the bourgeoisie  
(na-na, na-na-na)  
Or don't expect pity  
When the struggle gets gritty

## BRIDGE

What's it take to change the world now?  
Louis paid for war on my dime!  
Hurry up, change is coming  
Light 'em up, past time to go

How do we change a broken system?  
That cake is not for me  
Can't we feel that change is coming?  
Light 'em up, tally-ho!

## FINAL CHORUS

S-O-O-T on my clothes  
Kingly reign has got to go  
A constitution now to grow,  
This is France's crescendo!

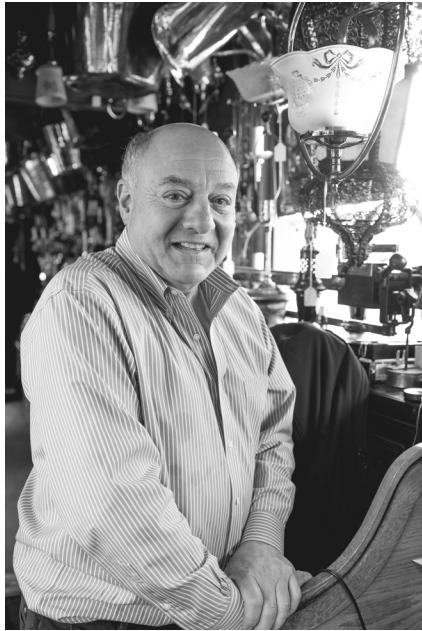
S-O-O-T on my clothes  
Learn from the past, let the rest go  
All consumed by inferno  
Shaking up the status quo

From the minds of A. Thompson and A. Leitner

*Wouldn't there be ice?*

*best sung to that bouncy pop by a 60s boy band*

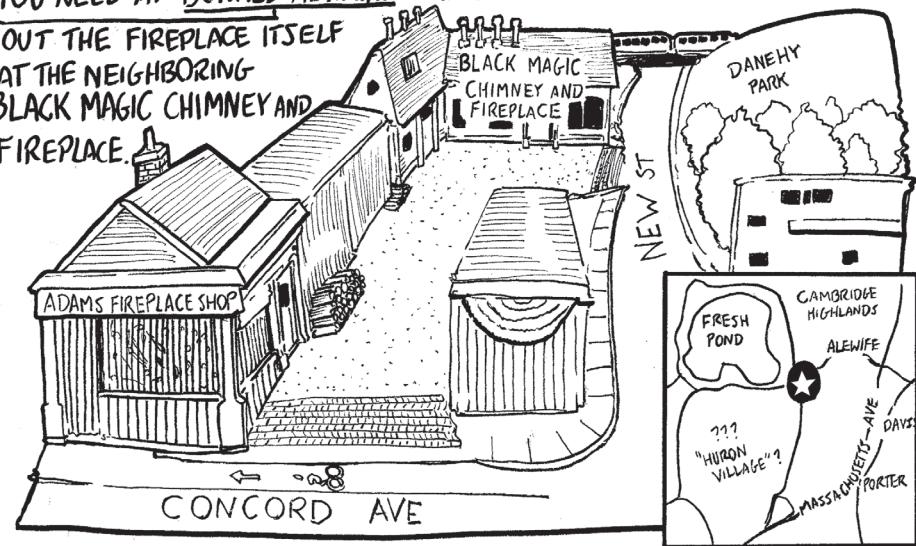
*A song from a couple of ice nerds*



## THE LAND OF ICE AND SOOT: FRESH POND FIRE SUPPLIES

ON THE SITE OF A FORMER COALYARD (AND ACROSS FROM A FORMER ICE MINE—SEE COMICS SECTION) YOU CAN FIND ALL THE FIREPLACE SUPPLIES YOU NEED AT DONALD ADAMIAN'S ADAMS FIREPLACE SHOP—AND PICK

OUT THE FIREPLACE ITSELF  
AT THE NEIGHBORING  
BLACK MAGIC CHIMNEY AND  
FIREPLACE



# MADAME ICICLE

a short story by Aliza Razell

YOU NEVER ASKED for a child made of ice. You were just trying to get your day's wages. Trying to keep your soot-smeared trousers as far as possible from the doorways you peered around.

"Ma'am?" An empty parlor. "Sir?" An empty dining room.

All the way to the kitchen, where you found an ice delivery in process.

The ice man had one of those sturdy mustaches that hardly rustled when he spoke. He said the Mr and Mrs had gone out for the night. What about your fee? Better come back tomorrow, he guessed, and have a good evening. The delivery door swung behind him, and then it was just you in the kitchen. You and an enormous wooden crate by the pantry, labelled TUDOR ICE DELIVERY. One of you was acutely out of place amidst the pristine white tiles—but where should you go?

Leaving empty-pocketed hadn't been in your plans. Your plans had been to catch the last bus out of town and get off two stops early to go to the grocer, where you would buy this week's dinners and use any left over coins to get yourself a little something tasty for your troubles. It had been a long week but now the Mr and Mrs had clean chimneys, and they also had your wages. But with the last bus leaving soon, leaving empty-pocketed was your only option.

You started making your way back to the dining room when you heard a voice behind you. You froze. There it was again—a wail.

You peered back into the kitchen: empty but for the wooden crate. The wail sounded desperate the third time. A clear voice, muffled through wood.

The crate was a little battered, bearing the marks on its wood of a long journey—but it was clean. You wiped your sooty hand on your sooty trouser.

"Yoo-hoo?" It was a foolish thing to

do, speaking to a wooden crate. Until it responded with a distraught wail. Then, it would have been a foolish thing to stand there doing nothing. So you opened the box, revealing layers of sawdust. The wails responded as you dug towards them. And then she saw you, and she stopped wailing.

"I'm sorry," is all you can think to say, "I thought there was nobody home." And then, "I'd better go catch my bus."

But you didn't move. Neither did she, except to cock her head. Tiny, moist eyes surveyed you. Transparent hands balled into fists.

"Oh Ice Man?" you called. No answer. Outside the deliver door, the alley was empty. A gust of warm evening air entered the kitchen. The street beyond the alley is bustling with commuter traffic, but the ice man's truck was nowhere to be seen.

Back in the kitchen, the child still sat where you left her. Without the insulation of the sawdust, her surface had started to glisten. A puddle was forming. You couldn't just leave her there to melt. But where would she be safe?

That's how you came to be arguing with a surly chap about ice skates.

"That's the way," he says. "You have to rent if you don't got your own."

You hold up her foot, rivulets of sooty meltwater dripping off of it from contact with your hand. But it doesn't matter what her foot is made of; to enter the rink, she needs skates. That's the way.

You rummage for your last few coins.

The smallest rental skates are swimming on her, so you bunch up your own socks and wrap them around her toes—which are so damp with melt, it's becoming difficult to tell where one toe starts and the next one begins.

And then she's in the rink. All the other skaters are bundled against the cold, but she glides across the ice with her arms outstretched, finally comfortable. You can breathe again.

And then you feel everyone staring at the sooty puddle in which you're stand-

ing barefoot. And you realize your feet are quite cold. You lace up your shoes. The should still be time to catch the bus if you hurry.

"What about your kid?" The surly chap doesn't care whose kid it isn't—nor does the sign he points to:

**ALL CHILDREN MUST  
BE ACCCOMPANIED.  
NO EXCEPTIONS.**

So you file onto one of the benches by the side of the rink. A woman sidles out of your way, shifting a bundled infant to her other arm to keep its white blankets away from your sooty clothes. She is talking to the mother next to her, who is relieved to be back at the rink. Her son was having such trouble with his hands. They were always cold, you remember? Yes, she remembers—poor Ricky. But then they went to the new doctor. The one on Elm St, you know? Yes, she heard but she hasn't been yet. Well, the doctor gave Ricky a tonic and now his hands are right as rain. How good to be back at the rink, and is it my eyes or has Kelly grown head and shoulders since February?

The next morning, the new doctor on Elm St tells you that he only deals in flesh and blood.

That's how you come to be at a veterinarian's office. She recommends you keep the kid away from salty foods and warm drinks. She says have you heard of the girl in Russia, with a heart made of ice? Who fell in love and her heart melted right out on her wedding day? You ask if the veterinarian knows whether there's an elementary school for elemental children, but by now she has her hands full of turtles and you're not sure she's heard you.

On Monday, you bring the child back to the rink. Where else? When the surly chap is distracted with a wave of ladies' rentals, you slip out and go to work. On Tuesday, you're back.

This is your routine for several weeks.

And then comes the day you return to the rink and find chaos. Screams pierce the chilly air. She has taken a spill and broken a finger. It shattered on the ice. You pick her up and tell her you're here. You're here, and it's going to be okay.

The surly chap's boss points to the sign: NO EXCEPTIONS. The surly chap is getting a talking-to, and wants his boss to know that this was your fault for flaunting the rules which he has in fact diligently been enforcing. The child is still screaming. You hold her tighter as you flee the scene.

Once home, she falls into a fretful sleep. Only then do you see your own arms melted onto her. She lies there with a shattered finger and these awful divots around her midriff. In the light of morning, neither wound has healed.

*Have you heard  
of the girl in  
Russia, with a  
heart made of  
ice? Who fell  
in love and her  
heart melted  
right out on her  
wedding day?*

And that's how you come to be standing in line between a hairy pig and a two-headed man. And then it's your turn. "Can she juggle or dance or play an instrument?"

You let them know that with her strong set of pipes, you reckon she could be a singer. And she ice skates real good.

That's apparently good enough for them—just like that they're bringing her into the circus tent.

She keeps looking at you over the back of the wagon. You think of running after her, but you can see the divots in her midriff and your own arms still prickle with the memory of her howls dying down in your embrace.

Back home, you lie awake until the seagulls sweep the sky. Their wings are illuminated by the arriving sun before it has reached the buildings in the bay.

Fall comes early. On the first night of August, there comes a chill that has no intention of leaving until May. With the time no longer spent going back and forth from the ice rink, and when you start

working Saturdays, you are able to meet the rising demand. You start buying fewer tasty treats for your troubles, and start storing your leftover coins to a jug by the bed.

You only reach into the jug when the circus comes to town. Coins in pocket, you make your way to the big-top. Over the years, you see flying monkeys and flaming lions and ladies with the legs of horses. Over the decades, see familiar faces on the benches too—the quiet lady and the onion-mouthed twins and the little man with wild eyes, and his companion who always wears black. It's through them that you start to hear whispers of the darker stages. The side-shows that don't advertise in the open air. The performances that happen only once and are never spoken of again. The Winter Circuses.

And that's how you come to be in a dimly lit tent, handing your coins to a fellow in suspenders.

You take a seat towards the back of the tent, expecting the rows between you and the stage to fill in before the show. In your soot-stained clothes, you blend into the darkness around you and once everyone else arrives, it might be like you're not there at all. You might not even know, from your obscured view, where the stagecraft ends and the freak show begins.

But, except for a handful of dark figures who came in the entrance opposite you, the small tent is still mostly empty when the music starts.

The fellow in suspenders announces that the next performer has come all the way from the wilds of Lapland, where she spends her summers in a river and her winters waltzing across the tundras. *Ladies and gentlemen, for one night only: Madame Icicle!*

She glistens under the stage lights, catching their colors up inside her until she becomes a light source herself, casting flecks of brilliance around the near-empty tent. She has grown up, and she has paint on her face. But it is her. Amidst her spinning prances, you see that her left pinkie finger is missing. And the divots on her midriff have grown along

with her, making her torso appear twist in on itself.

Other marks scar her surface, too. Hand prints along her face, scratches up her arms, one knee shattered like a spider's web. She is tattooed by everything that has touched her over the years.

Her skates are not the kid's rentals anymore. They're not even ice skates; they're just roller skates. The lights are so bright that it becomes hard to tell which way she is facing—she's just a glowing shape in the darkness of the tent. And they are hot, too. You can feel them on your face, and any moment now she will see you, seeing her.

And that's how come you are sidling off of the bench, grasping for the flaps of fabric that will open the tent and release you back into the night: you can't just sit there and watch her melt.

Drops will fly from her fingertips, arcing like sparks into the shadowy benches. Her shape will warp and shrink into an impossibly thin twist of ice. You will be far away by the time she snaps and collapses. And then there will be just two roller skates, supporting a glittering tower: the nexus of cracks around a shattered knee giving rise to scratches and divots and the imprints of every hand that has touched Madame Icicle. These pieces will remain, in the roller skates in a puddle, but you'll be halfway home by then. You won't see how the puddle's surface will shudder and shimmer as the audience takes to their feet in applause. §



And should my slippers have been made [not of glass but] of ice,  
freezing my feet so they cracked and  
wept as we whirled through the night,  
ephemeral, melting away at midnight,  
leaving nothing but a puddle of blood and soot,  
the suggestion of a footprint for you to follow when I fled  
through the darkness, would you have?

*Lianne Ratzersdorfer*

## Eight Feet Tall's "Maid in the Meadow (Jig)"—An Analysis

Kurt James Werner ([kurt.james.werner@gmail.com](mailto:kurt.james.werner@gmail.com))

Folk tunes are simple, right? Not always. Read on to hear about one jaw-dropping and complex setting, from the debut album of a local band.

From January 11–14, 2024, Harvard Square mainstay Club Passim hosted their 21st annual Boston Celtic Music Festival (BCMFest 2024). The centerpiece of this four-day event was Saturday's "Dayfest," a full day of concurrent shows and sessions at Davis Square's Rockwell, Burren, and Crystal Ballroom. I had the pleasure of seeing a number of fine musicians perform, including Boston Scottish Fiddle Orchestra, Emma Azelborn (& Friends), the Medford All-Star Ceili Band, the Adam Hendey Band, and the evening headliners: Québécois folk outfit and foot percussion / hurdy-gurdy powerhouses Le Vent du Nord.<sup>1</sup>

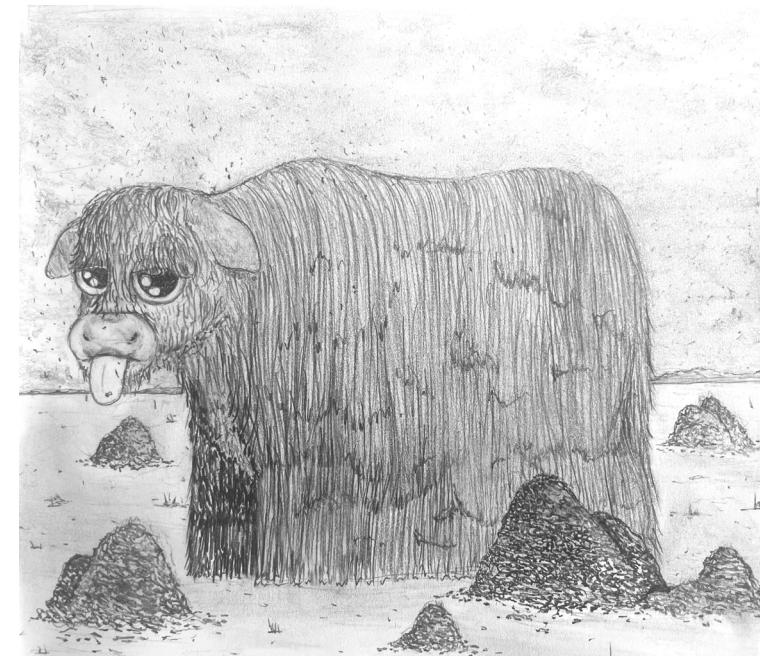
Among a great day of music, the standout performance for me was seeing Eight Feet Tall perform at the Crystal Ballroom. They are a four-piece group, comprising Dan Accardi (button accordion), Armand Aromin (fiddle, voice), and dancers Rebecca McGowan and Jackie O'Riley, based out of Providence and Boston. They played a fantastic show, but one tune in particular really stuck out to me: their rendition of the traditional Irish jig "Maid in the Meadow." This performance features Accardi on button accordion, Aromin lilting vocals, and the dancing of McGowan and O'Riley. You can hear Eight Feet Tall perform this tune on their eponymous album *Eight Feet Tall* (available on Bandcamp [3], compact disc [2], and presumably elsewhere), and see a performance on the YouTube channel of From the Floor (McGowan and O'Reiley's duo name) [5].

In this article, I will analyze Eight Feet Tall's arrangement of "Maid in the Meadow" (hereafter: "MitM"). Its most striking feature, and the focus of my analysis, is a host of exhilarating temporary changes of the meter from jig time (6/8) to reel time (4/4), which range in length between one beat and five measures. This unusual choice injects a lot of energy and momentum into an already lively tune, and is a big crowd-pleaser when played live. These modifications to the standard tune mainly come in the form of borrowing from the related reel "The Green Fields of America" (hereafter: "TGFoA"), although as I will show, there are actually *four* distinct forms of modification that occur. The main analytical tool I'll be using is an annotated transcription that I produced of the performance of MitM from Eight Feet Tall's album [3]<sup>2</sup>. Armand was also kind enough to chat on the phone with me and answer some questions about the band's creative approach—I will also quote from this call [1].

"Maid in the Meadow" (MitM) is an Irish jig. For those unfamiliar with jigs—they are dances (or dance tunes) in 6/8 time counted with two beats per

<sup>1</sup>I would have loved to also see Elias Cardoso, the Pine Tree Flyers, and others, but choices had to be made. In retrospect I am also kicking myself for having not taken the chance to see amazing uilleann piper Joey Abarta on Thursday night (who I saw later this year at a stunning solo performance at the Canadian American Club in Watertown). Alas.

<sup>2</sup>The From the Floor video [5] is identical in every meaningful way, although the video fades in at the start of the third cycle, omitting the first two. To my recollection, it is also the same as the performance that they gave at BCMFest 2024.



measure, with triple subdivisions:  $\underline{1} \ 2 \ 3 \ \underline{4} \ 5 \ 6$ ,  $\underline{1} \ 2 \ 3 \ \underline{4} \ 5 \ 6$ , &c. This one is a traditional tune, dating from at least as far back as the 18th century. It is well known that MitM has a close relationship to Irish reel "the Green Fields of America" (TGFoA). Reels are dances (or dance tunes) in 4/4 time counted with two beats per measure, with duple subdivisions:  $\underline{1} \ 2 \ \underline{3} \ 4$ ,  $\underline{1} \ 2 \ \underline{3} \ 4$ , &c. All sorts of deep information about both tunes can be found at The Session [11, 10] and the Traditional Tune Archive [9, 8], or in the sources cited therein.

Like many (even, most) traditional Irish tunes, "Maid in the Meadow" and "The Green Fields of America" are binary—they have two parts (the A and B part, or Part 1 and Part 2). Like many binary tunes, each part is played twice (AABB) to form a complete cycle of the tune. As anyone familiar with Irish traditional music (or English, or Scottish, or Cape Breton, or American old-time, or bluegrass, or Québécois, or Scandinavian, &c.), the number of repetitions of this cycle is somewhat loose and depends heavily on the context—Is the music accompaniment for dance or not? Is it played by a band or in a seisiún/session? Is it played as part of a set? What is the mood of the musicians? And of the crowd? &c. In any case, in their particular arrangement of "Maid in the Meadow," Eight Feet Tall play the tune *five* times through.

My transcription features five staves in two systems, the first system representing Part 1 and the second system representing Part 2. For compactness, the meaning of the staves changes slightly between systems:

- The first (top) staff represents the 1st and 3rd cycles of Part 1 in the first system and of Part 2 in the second system, but its second system also represents the 1st repeat of Part 2 in the 5th cycle.
- The second staff represents the 2nd cycle throughout.

- The third staff represents the 4th cycle throughout (recall that the 3rd cycle was already represented on the first staff).
- The fourth staff represents the 5th cycle of Part 1 in the first system, but its second system only represents the 2nd repeat of Part 2 in the 5th cycle (recall that the first repeat was already represented on the first staff).
- The fifth (bottom) staff represents the tune “The Green Fields of America.” There can hardly ever be said to be a definitive version of any folk tune which has existed and evolved over centuries, but I have transcribed (and transposed from G major to D major, to match Eight Feet Tall’s arrangement) this tune from the recording “Fóinn Seisiún 2” [4], published by the CCÉ (Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann, or “Society of the musicians of Ireland”)—If the “largest worldwide organization devoted to the promotion and preservation of Irish Traditional Music, Song, Dance & Language” has seen fit to circulate a setting of a tune, they probably chose a decent one. As well, this version happens to be extremely useful to illustrate some of the analytical points I will make in this article. In addition to showing the various forms of borrowing from TGFoA, a secondary purpose of this transcription is to allow the reader to see clearly the original relationship between MitM and TGFoA.

Their performance ends at the fermata at the end of staff four. If this looks confusing, listen to the tune while reading the transcription—you will get it!

The melodic part of Accardi’s button accordion and Aromin’s lilting are mainly performed in unison—In my transcription, I’ve aimed to catch the basic outline of this aspect of the performance without notating any ornaments, to aid in a clear comparison between the cycles and “The Green Fields of America,” rather than produce an exact record of the subtler elements of their melodic renditions (or the slight differences between the lilting and accordion performances).<sup>3</sup> Although both tunes (MitM and TGFoA) are typically rendered in G major, Eight Feet Tall perform their arrangement up a perfect fifth, in D major, which sits better on the button accordion [1].

In the transcriptions, modifications to the base tune of MitM are surrounded by shaded boxes. On the fifth staff, musical material from TGFoA which is borrowed is also surrounded with a shaded box, and arrows show where it is inserted into the MitM arrangement. Material in TGFoA which is not used directly is grayed out. It is interesting to note that almost all of the material of TGFoA is either already a straightforward reel-time translation of MitM, or is incorporated in some way, at some point, into Eight Feet Tall’s arrangement.

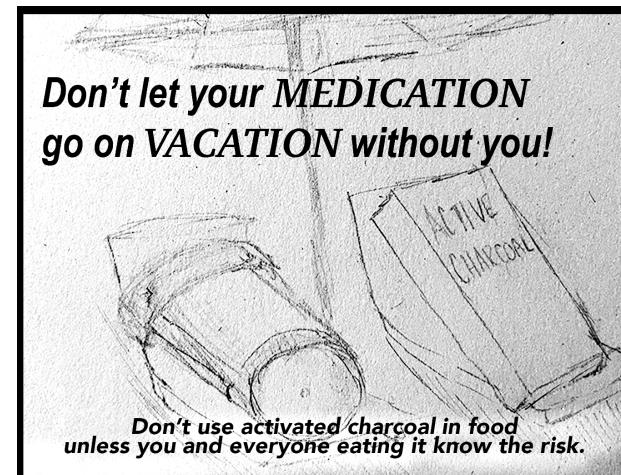


On the transcription, we see that the modifications come in *four* forms:

- Direct borrowings from TGFoA, performed in reel-time.** This most common type of borrowing occurs in the 2nd, 4th, and 5th cycles. It is the first type that is heard, during the subtle but exciting shift of the head motif into reel-time at the start of the 2nd cycle. In one case, the borrowing comes from a common melodic variant of TGFoA (shown on its own one-measure-long staff on the bottom of the page). This occurs in the fourth measure of Part 2, in the 4th cycle. This melodic variant can be heard, e.g., in Caitlín Nic Gabhann’s rendition of TGFoA [6]
- Borrowed material from TGFoA, displaced in time, performed in reel-time.** In the 4th cycle, the cadences in Part 2 are borrowed versions of the cadences from Part 1 of TGFoA, and the common melodic variation of TGFoA just mentioned is also displaced into Part 1.
- A phrase from TGFoA, recomposed into jig-time.** This interesting instance appears in measures 1–3 of Part 2 in the 2nd cycle. In addition to transplanting the melodic contour of TGFoA into jig-time, this choice brings back the head motif, which is present in Part 2 for TGFoA, but not for the standard setting of MitM, thus changing the character of the 2nd cycle in a surprising but pleasing way.
- A freely composed reel-time connecting phrase.** This is used in the fourth measure of the 2nd repeat of Part 2 in the 5th cycle, bridging two direct quotes from TGFoA, stringing them together into a dramatic five-measure run, which also ends their arrangement.

Each instance is marked on the transcription with the corresponding letter from the list above—(a), (b), (c), or (d)—and a short descriptive label.

I asked Armand about the origin of this clever and impactful arrangement, and he mentioned the influence of Irish pipers and West Clare fiddler Patrick



<sup>3</sup>I’ve neglected transcribing the harmonies, which are straightforward (although rendered beautifully by Accardi), and neglected making any attempt to transcribe the dance steps since I have no idea how such a thing might be done—I can only say that McGowan and O’Riley put on a captivating performance. In terms of metrical subdivisions, their rendition matches perfectly with the instrumentalists.

Kelly (1903–76), who often played quadruplets (four eighth notes in the space of three) as ornaments in jigs [1]. You can see this, for instance, his setting of “Banish Misfortune” [7, pp. 75, 84]. Eight Feet Tall’s aim with this arrangement was to “never give the audience the satisfaction of fully switching into the reel” or to give the listener “a taste of the dessert, but never actually [give them] the full fried ice cream” [1].

Developing and keeping a complex arrangement like this organized is difficult, especially for the dancers, who have to execute a specific step in a particular time for each modification (in perfect synchrony with one another!). It took the band quite a bit of time to try out different ideas, balancing subtlety and musicality, especially in developing the five-measure borrowing in the last cycle. And, of course, the constantly shifting subdivisions make it a challenge to avoid speeding up or slowing down. All of this required a significant amount of practice time to perfect, which was enabled by the support of a Live Arts Boston grant—“If it weren’t for that grant, we probably wouldn’t have thought to take the arrangement seriously” [1].

Thanks for reading this short article of musical miscellany; thanks to Armand for an enlightening conversation; and thanks to all of Eight Feet Tall for putting together such an inspiring arrangement! Until next time! —Kurt ☺

## References

- [1] Dec. 4, 2024. Phone call between the author and Armand Aromin.
  - [2] Dan Accardi, Armand Aromin, Rebecca McGowan, and Jackie O'Riley. Eight Feet Tall. Compact Disc, 2023.
  - [3] Dan Accardi, Armand Aromin, Rebecca McGowan, and Jackie O'Riley. Eight Feet Tall | Eight Feet Tall. <https://eightfeettallirish.bandcamp.com/album/eight-feet-tall>, 2023. (album on Bandcamp).
  - [4] Compiled by Brian Prior. Foinn Seisiún 2 CD. Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann, Dublin, Ireland. Compact Disc, 2007.
  - [5] From the Floor Dance. The Maid in the Meadow - Eight Feet Tall. Youtube video, Nov. 1, 2022. <https://youtu.be/NjR2M-rfB5g?si=tLNYej8oUPal1NHw>.
  - [6] Caitlín Nic Gabhann. Caitlín | Caitlín. <https://caitlinciaran.bandcamp.com/album/caitl-n>. (album on Bandcamp).
  - [7] David Lyth. *Bowing Styles In Irish Fiddle Playing, Volume Two: Munster*. Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann, year unknown (after 1981).
  - [8] The Traditional Tune Archive contributors. Annotation: Greenfields of America (1) - the traditional tune archive. [https://tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation:Greenfields\\_of\\_America\\_\(1\)](https://tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation:Greenfields_of_America_(1)).
  - [9] The Traditional Tune Archive contributors. Annotation: Maid in the meadow (1) - the traditional tune archive. [https://tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation:Maid\\_in\\_the\\_Meadow\\_\(1\)](https://tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation:Maid_in_the_Meadow_(1)).
  - [10] Various. The Green Fields of America (reel) on The Session. <https://thesession.org/tunes/695>.
  - [11] Various. The Maid in the Meadow (jig) on The Session. <https://thesession.org/tunes/942>.

# The Maid in the Meadow (Jig)

Irish traditional (18th century?)  
arr. Eight Feet Tall, *Eight Feet Tall* (2023)  
transc. Kurt James Werner (Dec. 2024)

# Duck Village Placard

clawhammer banjo (aDADE)

Kurt James Werner (2024)

The image shows two staves of musical notation for a two-part setting. The top staff is for the soprano voice (A) and the bottom staff is for the basso continuo (B). The music is in common time (indicated by '2'). The lyrics are written below the notes in a cursive script. The soprano part begins with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note, and the basso continuo part begins with a quarter note.

I wrote this tune, Duck Village Iacarú, in November 2024. It is named after a peculiar homemade public restroom located in one Duck Village neighborhood. The placard, located at the corner of Hanson & Durham, Somerville, MA, reads [sic] "SOMERVILLE HISTORICAL NOTE THE LOCALS CALL IT DUCK VILLAGE BUT NOT BECAUSE OF ANY QUACKING A TINY MISHMASH OF STREETS WAS USED DURING PROHIBITION BY BOOTLEGGERS AS A HIDEOUT FOR SPEAKEASY AND THEIR PATRONS TO DUCK AUTHORITIES" while the back reads "DUCK SPEAKEASY." It is, of course, nonetheless festooned with gold and black ducks. This a "crooked tune"—each phrase in Part 2 has a sneaky extra beat! Note that "X" noteheads indicate drone notes (non-banjo players should ignore these!) and "^" indicates upstrokes (I use my ring finger, but YMMV). I've left most fingering marks out, except the first line and where something fancy is happening. Enjoy!

—Kurt (kurt.james.werner@gmail.com)

## SOMETIMES IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO SET THINGS ON FIRE: A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO CONTROLLED BURNS

If you went for a walk in the woods prior to 2001, you might have seen a sign featuring Smokey Bear (an oddly buff Ursus americanus dressed in form-fitting Levi's and a felt hat) warning: "Only YOU can prevent forest fires." The implication, of course, was that lighting the woods on fire was a very bad thing—something to be avoided at all costs. Otherwise, this brawny, bipedal mascot of the federal government would be deeply disappointed.

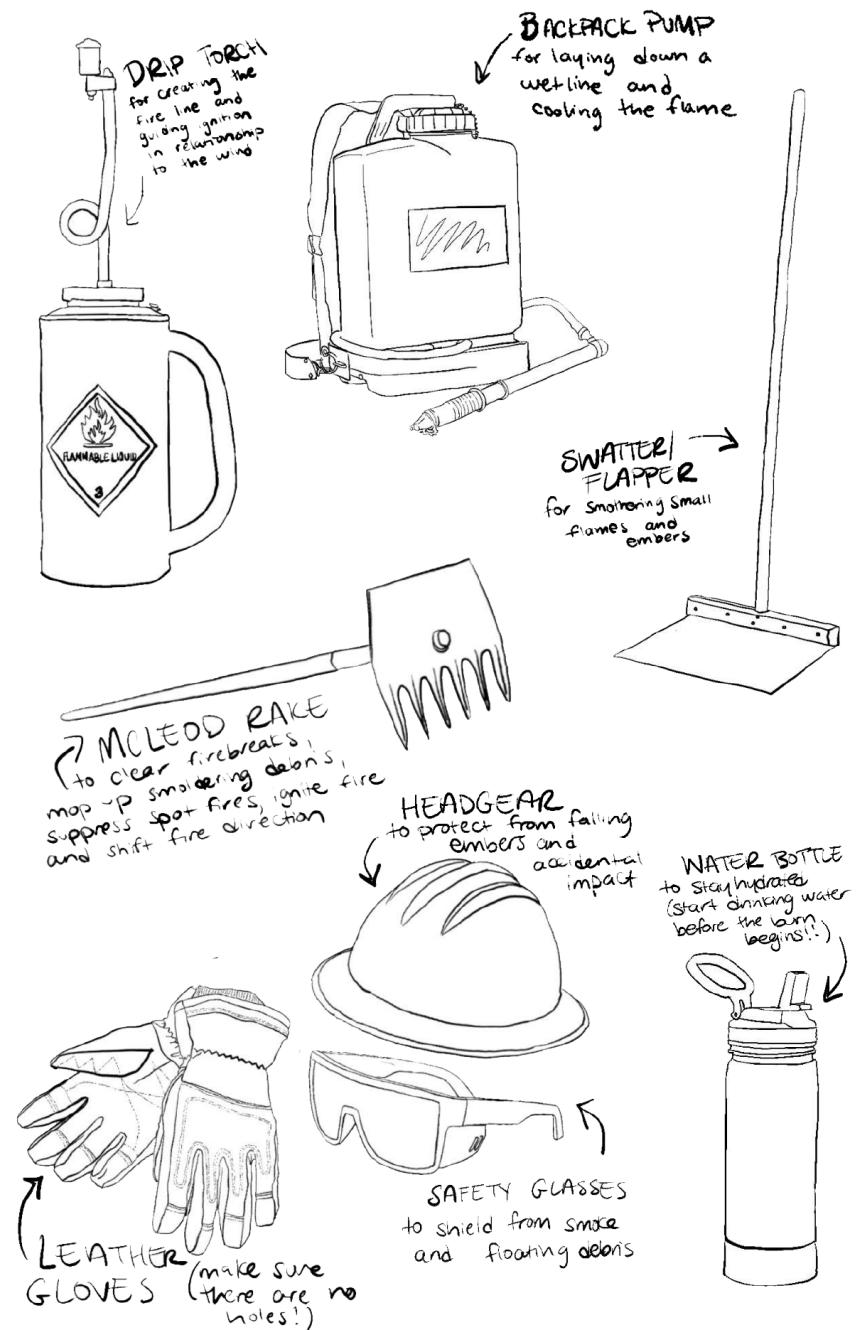
In the early 2000s, the campaign quietly changed to "Only YOU can prevent *wildfires*." The simple word swap carried serious implications. Yes, Smokey was still rocking his shirtless denim, and yes, he still wanted you to cook responsibly at your campsite. But suddenly, the message hinted that woodland fires might sometimes be helpful—even necessary. Maybe old Smokey had gotten something wrong.

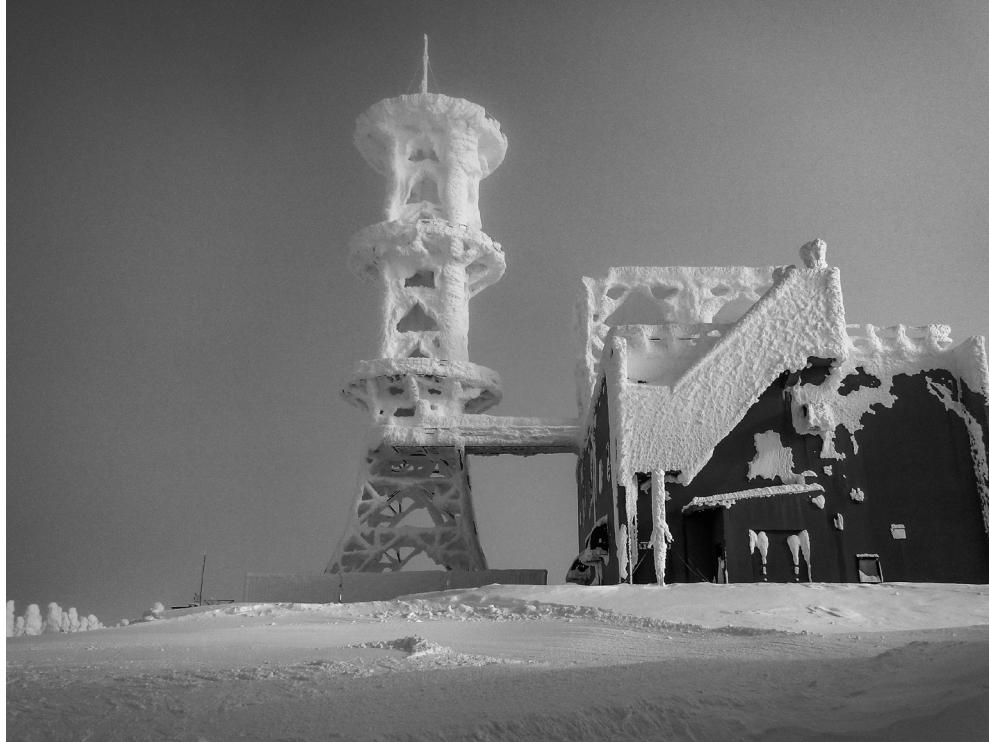
For millennia, Indigenous communities across North America have stewarded the land through controlled burns: smaller, intentional fires used to clear excess fuel, regenerate ecosystems, and promote the health of animals and vegetation that serve as key cultural resources. However, starting in the late 1800s, the Forest Service adopted an aggressive policy to ban all human ignition in parklands. Spaces that had been carefully managed for thousands of years to be fire-adapted and fire-dependent were suddenly declared "wild." Fire was aggressively suppressed along with valuable Traditional Ecological Knowledge.

Over time, these biomes became choked with overgrowth that served as fuel for megafires—unruly infernos exacerbated by climate change that devastate ecosystems instead of regenerating them. When the implications became clear, ecologists dubbed this phenomenon "the Smokey Bear effect."

Land stewards across the country are now returning to the practice of good fire. Indigenous experts and field biologists use controlled burns, hand tools, and old wisdom to restore balance—letting forest fires act as regenerative medicine. And Smokey's bearing with it.

## IMPORTANT TOOLS FOR A "GOOD FIRE" PRESCRIBED BURN





### THE EARL OF EMBER'S MARTINI

from the lab of Ian Hoover

Specs:

- \* 2.5 oz earl grey infused gin
- \* 0.5 oz dry vermouth
- \* dash of angostura bitters

Stir over ice, serve in chilled coupe glass rinsed with liquid smoke (hickory). Garnish with orange twist.



Notes:

- \* to infuse the gin add a teaspoon of loose tea (or a tea bag) to 2.5 oz of gin (3 teaspoons for a cup of gin). Let steep for 1-2 hours.
- \* to rinse a glass with hickory smoke, add a drop or two of liquid smoke to the chilled glass, add a tablespoon of water or so, swirl and pour out the mixture.



# ROASTED CHILI

An excerpt from the personal culinary compendium of one Perry Fiero

If you will indulge me a small paragraph which can be entirely skipped for those interested only in the alchemy inscribed below. However, for those curious few who have strayed by choice or by accident into this second sentence I welcome you. For many a year I have worked in the kitchen with an intention and diligence to grow my cooking skills. Although this was at first a selfish quest for gustatory power, I learned quickly along the way that the greatest magic a dish can offer is not in its presentation or flavor, but in its ability to bring joy and love to those whom you cook for. As such, I now seek to pass along what I have learned. The recipes that have humbled me and elevated my dishes to give my friends and family the love I could never express with words alone.

## INGREDIENTS

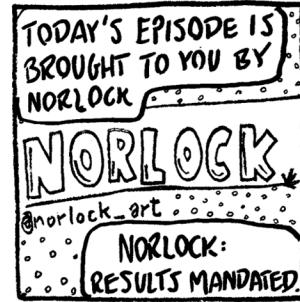
- 1 Green Bell Pepper
- 1 Red Bell Pepper
- 2 Habenero Peppers
- 2 Large Jalepenos
- 1 Large Poblano Pepper
- 1TBSP Cumin Seeds
- 5 Dried Chilis
- 2 Yellow Onions
- 2 Heads of Garlic
- 3 Shallots
- 1 Tsp Vegetable Oil (or other high heat cooking oil)
- 1Lb Ground Beef
- 1Lb Chorizo
- 1/4 Cups Soy Sauce
- 2 Cobs of Corn
- 1 Large Jar of Salsa
- 4 Cups Chicken Stock
- 1TBSP Chili Powder
- 1/2 TBSP Garlic Powder
- Salt
- Pepper
- MSG (optional)

## EQUIPMENT

- Knife
- Cutting Board
- Small Frying Pan
- Spice Grinder or Mortar & Pestle
- Stovetop
- Heat Resistant Tongs
- Blender
- Large Pot or Dutch Oven
- Stirring Implement of the Chef's Choice

## RECIPE

1. Remove the stems and seeds from all peppers, reserve the seeds from all but the bell peppers.
2. In a small frying pan over medium high heat toast the cumin seeds, dried chilis, as well as the reserved seeds from the peppers until fragrant, about 1-2 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to cool then grind into a spice powder and set aside.
3. Over an open flame, I use my gas stovetop, roast 1 Jalapeño, the Poblano Pepper, and the Green Bell Pepper until the skins are blackened. Wrap all peppers in aluminum foil and let them steam for 10 minutes. Unwrap the peppers and peel off the blackened skins, being sure to wash your hands frequently when handling the peppers to avoid building up spice residue.
  - a. If you do not have a gas stovetop or other way to conjure flame you can alternatively broil the peppers on a cooling rack set over a sheet tray until both sides are blackened, flipping as needed. This step can be combined with step 4.
4. Rough chop one Yellow Onion into eighths and peel the cloves from 1 Head of Garlic. Broil until the tips of the Onions begin to turn black, about 10 minutes. Once they are cooled, peel the Onion eighths.
5. Blend all the roasted vegetables together until smooth, adding chicken stock in small amounts as needed to help get a smooth mixture.
6. Dice the remaining Jalapeño, Onion, Shallots, both Habeneros, and the Red Bell pepper. Mince the remaining Head of Garlic.
7. In a large pot over high heat with the Vegetable Oil brown the Ground Beef, letting it sit undisturbed for the initial cook so that the bottom develops a crisp exterior. After which the meat can be broken apart to assist with the cooking. Remove from the pot, drain, and set aside.
8. In the same pot in a similar method brown, drain, and save the Chorizo.
9. Continuing in the same pot pour in up to a 1/4 cup of Soy Sauce in small increments until you are able to scrape up all of the fond, deglazing the bottom of the pot and releasing all of the flavors stuck to the bottom of the pan from browning the meat. If some browned bits remain at the bottom of the pan once the Soy Sauce has all been used you can add small amounts of the Chicken Stock to finish deglazing.
10. Reduce to a medium heat and add in the vegetables from step 6, sautéing until fragrant, about 1-2 minutes.
11. Remove the Corn from the Cob and add to the pot also returning the Ground Beef and Chorizo back to the pot.
12. Add any remaining Chicken Stock, the Roasted Vegetable Puree, and the Jar of Salsa. Rinse the Salsa container with water and add said water to the pot until the chili is at your desired consistency. This captures any remaining flavor from the salsa jar.
13. Add the Toasted Spice Powder, then the garlic powder, chili powder, salt, pepper, and MSG (optional) to taste.
14. Stir so that all ingredients are well combined, bring to a boil then reduce the heat to low and simmer for 1-2 hours.
15. Let cool and enjoy! Pairs well with shredded cheese or sour cream to balance the heat, and oyster crackers, tortilla chips, or cornbread to soak up the flavors.

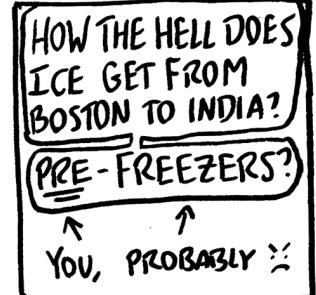
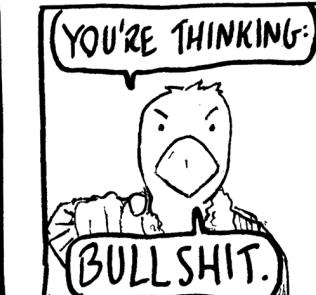
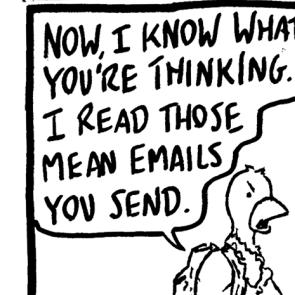
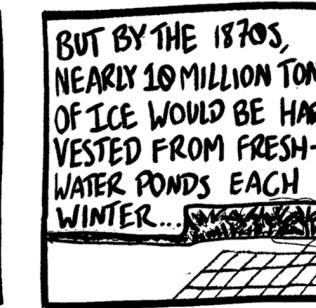
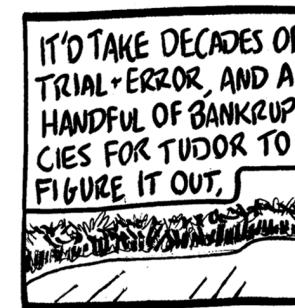
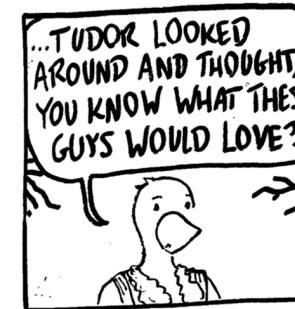
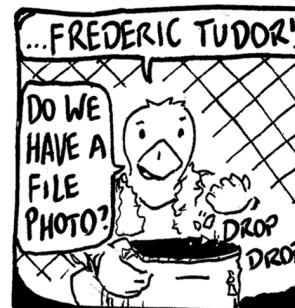
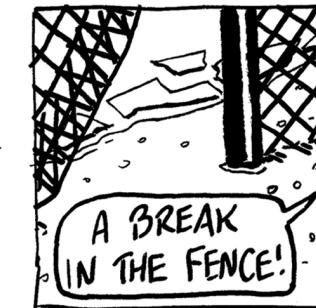


AND SHIPPED AROUND THE WORLD,  
FROM HAVANA TO CALCUTTA

### How To Make A Killing Selling Ice



SOURCE: MOSTLY GAVIN WEIGHTMAN'S EXCELLENT 2002 HISTORY,  
THE FROZEN WATER TRADE. ANY ERRORS MINE. JOHN LAPSLY, DEC 2024  
@NORLOCK\_ART



TRANSPORTING ICE-  
ICE, NOT WATER—FROM  
BOSTON'S WINTER TO  
THE CARIBBEAN MID-  
SUMMER SEEMED  
ABURD. LAUGHABLE EVEN

INDEED, TUDOR'S MANY  
FAILED ATTEMPTS MADE  
HIM A LAUGHINGSTOCK  
IN BOSTON.  
BUT HE KEPT AT IT.

ULTIMATELY, TUDOR  
SUCCEEDED BY  
SOLVING TWO KEY  
PROBLEMS:  
**INSULATION**  
AND  
**DRAINAGE.**

**INSULATION:**  
ICE WAS CHOPPED  
INTO CUBES AND  
PACKED TIGHTLY  
INTO SAWDUST.

LONG ICE HOUSES  
WERE BUILT ALONG  
THE SHORES OF  
FRESH POND AND  
JAMAICA POND.

ICE STORED THIS  
WAY COULD ACTUALLY  
LAST SEVERAL  
SEASONS.

**DRAINAGE:** ICE  
MELTS MUCH FASTER  
IF IT'S SITTING IN A  
PUDDLE OF ITS OWN  
MELT WATER.

SHIPS—AND THE ICE  
HOUSES AT THEIR  
VARIOUS DESTINATIONS—  
NEEDED PROPER  
DRAINAGE.

EVEN SO—IN ANY  
GIVEN HARVEST, YOU'D  
EXPECT ANYWHERE  
FROM THIRTY TO NINETY  
PERCENT TO MELT  
BEFORE YOU COULD  
SELL IT.

BUT THAT SURVIVING  
SLIVER OF ICE?  
ICE THAT COULD BLEND  
INTO A COOL DESSERT  
ON A MARTINIQUE BEACH?

CLINK!  
OR CHILL A MINT JULEP  
IN THE NEW ORLEANS  
SWELTERING SUMMER?

MORE PRECIOUS  
THAN DIAMONDS.

THIS INDUSTRY WAS  
MASSIVE, BUT  
DIFFICULT TO TRACK.  
FOR STARTERS:  
IT MELTED.

ALSO, THE GOVERNMENT  
NEVER REALLY DECIDED IF  
THIS WAS MINING OR  
FARMING, LEAVING IT  
OUT OF MOST TAX  
AND TARIFF LEDGERS.

[insert illustration  
of tariffs]

BUT THERE  
ARE PLENTY  
OF MARKERS OF  
TUDOR'S SUCCESS.

TUDOR OWNED  
AND DEVELOPED LARGE  
SWATHS OF NAHANT ISLAND,  
JUST NORTH OF BOSTON.  
HIS FORMER  
ESTATE IS NOW THE  
NAHANT COUNTRY CLUB.

AT 234 LAKEVIEW AVE YOU  
CAN VISIT THE HISTORIC

FRESH POND HOTEL.  
THIS WAS ONCE THE HOME BASE OF  
THE FRESH POND ICE TRADE, AND OF TUDOR'S  
BUSINESS PARTNER NATHANIEL WYETH. WYETH  
PATENTED VARIOUS HARVESTING TOOLS  
TO IMPROVE THE POND'S ICE YIELD.

NATURALLY, THE VERY  
MERCHANTS WHO'D MOCKED  
TUDOR ONCE HE'D PROVEN HOW  
LUCRATIVE IT WAS  
MUCH OF THE TRADE WOULD EVENTUALLY MOVE NORTH,  
UP THE KENNEBEC RIVER IN MAINE,  
BUT COPYCAT  
OPERATIONS SPREAD  
UP ALONG THE  
HUDSON & AT FRESH-  
WATER SOURCES ALL  
OVER NEW ENGLAND.

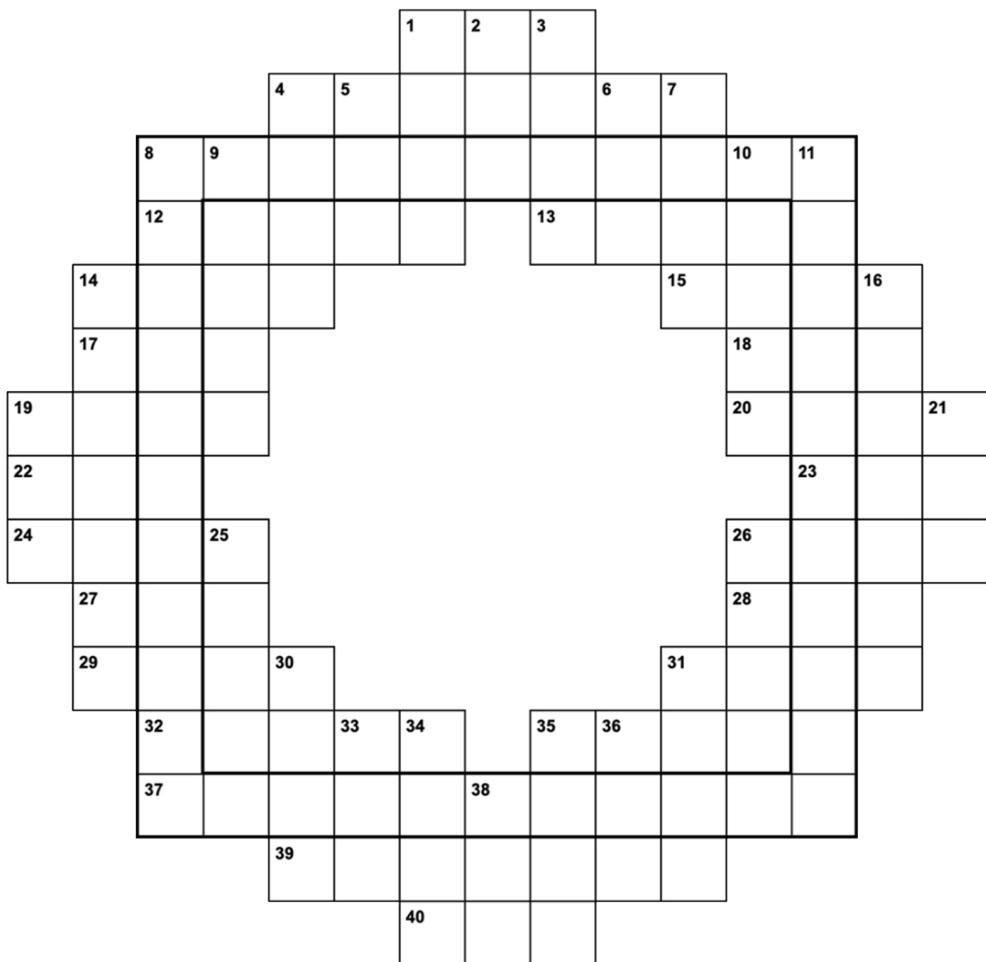
ACTUALLY, YOU KNOW  
WHAT? HOLD ON.

GOT A MAP  
IN HERE SOMEWHERE.

AHH, WHAT THE SHIT!  
MY  
RETIREMENT  
ICE!!

GODDAMMIT.  
WHOOSH END.

# OPPOSITES ATTRACT



## Bagel Crossword (ice & soot edition)

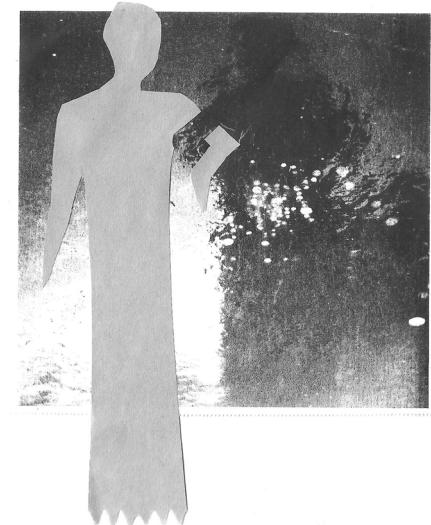
by Carrington House

### ACROSS

- 1 Use this to watch your show after broadcast
- 4 Uncomfortable in a crowd
- 8 Much darker than milk
- 12 This armstrong toots his own horn
- 13 Enigmatic, variegated composer
- 14 Hems and \_\_
- 15 Eastern-most country in Arabian Peninsula
- 17 Obamacare's beloved identical twin
- 18 Super\_\_/\_stistical
- 19 Irritates; works before 28 Across
- 20 Knights
- 22 Anti-anti-semetic org.
- 23 What an actor shouldn't miss, and a shark needs
- 24 Werner declines?
- 26 Animal shed
- 27 Bongo after deodorant
- 28 Place to ang your at
- 29 What your librarian does to you
- 31 Greek Mars
- 32 Paese senza prima "io"
- 35 The opposite of cringe
- 37 You need good brakes to do this
- 39 E.g., jousting
- 40 Leo and Virgo month, abbv.

### DOWN

- 1 Deer ladies
- 2 Be kind, rewind, with this device
- 3 Bread and the sun do this
- 4 America's Twitter handle, maybe
- 5 Avoid this disease, protect below the dungarees!
- 6 Bing-less bawling
- 7 Duplo's older little sibling
- 8 They can be found at a rave, and a crime scene
- 9 Two letter Jupiter moon used to be
- 10 Big name in plywood chairs
- 11 Cry-out-loud funny, genre
- 14 Dries, sets-up, cures
- 16 The most important part of the game mao
- 19 Coriander midriff
- 21 In Tennis, a Bagel is when the \_\_ ends 6-0
- 25 Head article missing
- 26 An upstanding-sounding mushroom
- 30 One-armed bandit machine
- 31 \_\_\_, and it shall be given ye, before Unicode?
- 33 SPAC alternative
- 34 "Barbie Girl" band
- 35 What you lost from 6D
- 36 A par 3 eagle
- 38 Multiplayer ages beyond Myst



# THANKS TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

<i>pp</i>	<i>title</i>	<i>contributor</i>
2-5	Inside Scoop	Aliza Razell @alizarazell, John Lapsley @norlock_art
6	singed print 2: ice droplets	postylem
7-10	Tarotscope	Eve Starlantern
11	singed print 1: actually, ash	postylem
12	Reinos 0; Me 1	@_paifos, www.srpmovement.com
13	Glass Ice	studioGH.com, @studiogh_glass
14-5	Dear Sky	all.the.stars.in.the@gmail.com
16-7	Chemicals React	Erin Farley, www.efarleyart.com, @efarleyart
18	of snow	Sami Vesakoivu, @weidenkorpi
19	Adrift	Cynthia Wong
20-1	"S-O-O-T" & "Wouldn't..."	A. Thompson, A. Leitner
22-3	Fresh Pond Fire Supplies	Aliza Razell @alizarazell, John Lapsley @norlock_art
24-6	Madame Icicle	Aliza Razell @alizarazell
27	[fairy tale, unresolved]	Lianne Ratzersdorfer
28-33	Eight Feet Tall's "Maid in the..."	Kurt James Werner, kurt.james.werner@gmail.com
29	The Soot That Fell From The Sky	PisPis
31	No, really, google it!	PSA Team
34-5	Duck Village Placard	Kurt James Werner, kurt.james.werner@gmail.com
36-7	Sometimes It's a Good Idea...	Mariah Thompson
38	Nagano 2011 ( <i>top</i> )	Bryan Lasky
38-9	Rooftop Business ( <i>bottom</i> )	Will Reber, @williamreber
39	Earl of Ember's Martini	Ian Hoover
40-1	Roasted Chili	Perry Fiero
42-5	Context Chronicle	John Lapsley, @norlock_art
46-7	Opposites Attract	Carrington House
47	icecollages	Aliza Razell, postylem



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