EDITORIAL

Oyae, oyae! After many a three-month hiatus, the Chicago Foodcultura Clarion rings out again. This time for its penultimate number, to be distributed once more across Chicagoland in a 2700 print run as an insert in the Reader. Not only of any of the authors or editors of issue number one ever managed to get a hold of a properly inserted copy! So count yourself lucky if you did, or could make a sandwich wrapper out of it, as per our instructions. But now watch out for the new one in your neighborhood Reader box!

For those who missed the first issue, let me explain. The Chicago Foodcultura Clarion grew out of a collaboration between the Barcelona/Miami-based pioneeer of food art Antoni Miralda and the University of Chicago anthropologist Stephen Pollock. Under the generous auspices of a Mellon Foundation grant awarded to them by the University of Chicago’s Richard and Mary Gray Center for Art and Inquiry, Miralda and Pollock taught an experimental course entitled “Foodcultura: The Art and Anthropology of Food and Cuisine” in the fall of 2019. Together, the two of us sent our students out on ethnographic missions into Chicago’s wonderfully variegated food worlds. A number of their projects will be presented in this issue of the Clarion. But before editorializing about the cornucopia of Chicago food writing and imaging that awaits you in this issue of the Reader, let me tell you a story. It is about romance, twentieth century intellectual history, and—you guessed it—food. But let me first thank Hazal Çorak who alerted me to what you are about to read.

On a cold February afternoon in 1947, Nelson Algren, then on the coop of a literary breakthroug, took the El to the Loop to meet Simone de Beauvoir in the Palmer House Hilton’s Le Petit Café. On her first trip to America, de Beauvoir had encountered Algren’s long-time friend Richard Wright in New York, and Wright and Mary Guggenheim (who made the contact) suggested that she meet him once in Chicago. As is well known—indeed, the Reader carried a good story about it some years ago—it was the start of a passion that she met him once in Chicago. As is well known—indeed, the Reader carried a good story about it some years ago—it was the start of a passion that she soon-to-be “beloved Chicago man” took her on. It was the start of a passion that she soon-to-be “beloved Chicago man” took her on. As de Beauvoir later recalled, afterwords they repaired to his “hovel without a bathroom or a refrigerator, alongside an alley full of steaming trashcans and flapping newspapers.” Good existentialist that she was, to de Beauvoir, this seemed “refreshing after the heavy odour of dollars in the big hotels and elegant restaurants, which I found hard to take.” Years later, de Beauvoir (to all people) wrote Algren that she’d even cook and clean for him. Imagine that! That Man with the Golden Arm and The Second Sex—two books eagerly mentioned in one sentence (shouldn’t they?)—appeared two years later.

Such are the known unknowns, as former Secretary of State Donald Rumsfeld once so memorably put it. But, we can have a guess as to that dinner in the winter of 1947. In part this is so because Algren was a native of Chicago, and his life and writing are closely tied to the city he called home. Algren was, more so perhaps than any American author at the time, so successful was he in evoking the literary breakthrough, took the El to the Loop to meet Simone de Beauvoir in the Palmer House Hilton’s Le Petit Café. On her first trip to America, de Beauvoir had encountered Algren’s long-time friend Richard Wright in New York, and Wright and Mary Guggenheim (who made the contact) suggested that she meet him once in Chicago. As is well known—indeed, the Reader carried a good story about it some years ago—it was the start of a passion that she soon-to-be “beloved Chicago man” took her on. As de Beauvoir later recalled, afterwords they repaired to his “hovel without a bathroom or a refrigerator, alongside an alley full of steaming trashcans and flapping newspapers.” Good existentialist that she was, to de Beauvoir, this seemed “refreshing after the heavy odour of dollars in the big hotels and elegant restaurants, which I found hard to take.” Years later, de Beauvoir (to all people) wrote Algren that she’d even cook and clean for him. Imagine that! That Man with the Golden Arm and The Second Sex—two books eagerly mentioned in one sentence (shouldn’t they?)—appeared two years later. Such are the known unknowns, as former Secretary of State Donald Rumsfeld once so memorably put it. But, we can have a guess as to that dinner in the winter of 1947. In part this is so because Algren was a native of Chicago, and his life and writing are closely tied to the city he called home. Algren was, more so perhaps than any American author at the time, so successful was he in evoking the literary breakthrough, took the El to the Loop to meet Simone de Beauvoir in the Palmer House Hilton’s Le Petit Café. On her first trip to America, de Beauvoir had encountered Algren’s long-time friend Richard Wright in New York, and Wright and Mary Guggenheim (who made the contact) suggested that she meet him once in Chicago. As is well known—indeed, the Reader carried a good story about it some years ago—it was the start of a passion that she soon-to-be “beloved Chicago man” took her on. As de Beauvoir later recalled, afterwords they repaired to his “hovel without a bathroom or a refrigerator, alongside an alley full of steaming trashcans and flapping newspapers.” Good existentialist that she was, to de Beauvoir, this seemed “refreshing after the heavy odour of dollars in the big hotels and elegant restaurants, which I found hard to take.” Years later, de Beauvoir (to all people) wrote Algren that she’d even cook and clean for him. Imagine that! That Man with the Golden Arm and The Second Sex—two books eagerly mentioned in one sentence (shouldn’t they?)—appeared two years later.

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A Pattern of Pleasure

By Anant Maitai, Richard Zhao, Michael Shen and Nancy Xue

Through ethnographic surveys of Chicagoan restaurants, including Susie’s Noon Hour Grill, Rice and Beans, and El Ideas, we explored the notions of fine dining and home food, discussing questions of aesthetic, nostalgia, comfort, and belonging. We examined food’s relationship to both elevation and comfort in search of concepts of “elevation and comfort” (１７）。 Our research was strongly driven by a desire for understanding the embodiment of concepts such as “elevation” and “comfort” in the food we eat.

For this meal, we prepared vada pav, a classic street food found across the streets of Mumbai that involves sandwiching between two buns, each layered with potato, fried peanuts, chutney, and coconut. This dish is a perfect example of a comfort food that is easy to digest and enjoyable to eat.

At the time of writing this article, it has been almost one year since our last set in a restaurant. In the age before lock-downs, I remember hearing complaints of missing cooked food—after 315 days of domestic confinement, 9/11 meals prepared and eaten inside my kitchen (this is a very, very likely inaccurate estimate, given that I have lost the concept of a proper eating schedule), I predict that these grievances will subside in at least two years. The smallest de-
By Mike Sula

Bacalao, reconstructed, was on the menu when Caña Ba-Ba-Reeba! opened to instant but curious Lincoln Park diners on December 26, 1985. But dried, salted cod was also, oddly, damningly, a part of Johannesburg’s new “hipster” food culture. And it was chilling above the bar at Chicago’s first tapas restaurant. “Whole smoked hams and dried salt cod hang from rafters add a Spanish note,” according to the Chicago Tribune in its review of the 21st restaurant in Lettuce Entertain You Ente-
rises’ mighty empire (14 years after founding partner Rich Melven invented the salad bar at R.J. Grunt’s). Like many of Lettuce’s concepts, it was a hugely popular novelty at the time. It was also one of the very first tapas restaurants in the U.S., often credited with helping to launch America’s obsession with an adapted form of Spanish drinking food. Along with a new fast Las Vegas satellite, it had no small influence on the small plates trend that arose in the aughts and persisted up until the pandemic (for better or worse).

It’s likely that the majority of mid-80s cool kids—bolstered by nearby DePaul University—who lined up for hours in those early days didn’t think anything of the bacalao bobbing above the bar. But it’s not a common accent in Spanish tapas bars, where the simple act of placing a piece of bread atop a glass of wine to keep the flies out, evolved into a galaxy of bar snacks and an entrenched, communal eating culture. But Montse Guillen certainly thought it was strange. And she would know—there was cod fish hanging from rafters at Café Ba-Ba-Reeba! in the late 1980s.

Gabino Sotelo was born in Vigo, Spain, and began cooking at the age of 14 in通知 all over the world before joining forces with Mel-
ven to realize the legendary Pump Room. Together they opened LEYE’s first fine dining restaurant, Ambria, followed by the French bis-
que Mon Ami Gabi, before Sotelo convinced Chuy Aguayo to open the first Spanish restaurant in Korea. But even their restaurant busi-
nesses still managed to resist the location of Seoul, they were still managing to resist the location of Seoul.

At first Melven thought the chef said “topless bar” (a joke both men still tell). Neither remember-
ning visiting El Internacional during the research and development phase. Nor do they remember the exact time when they told Gabino to hang cod fish above the bar. But Melven is open to the possibility that they were inspired by El Internacional’s overall success over the decades, for carryout or delivery. And just last week

Changes were in order. “I’m not interested in the type of restaurant that makes it fit your organization and culture.”

A Tale of Two Tapas Bars:

By Heangjin Park

As a Korean living in Chicago, I cook and eat
Korean foods at home. To be precise, I have
learned to create a culinary version in my kitchen over the years. Still, there are a few dishes that I am making me feel a terrible craving. Then, I dine out. When I venture out and enjoy some food that is interesting and homemade, I am doored with higher expectations. I am doored when I find that my bill is more than I can eat. I am more impressed when I find my cold noodles are chewy and not too hard. I feel lost when I drive an hour and a half to get a bowl of jajangmyeon in the city, but for me, it is never too far to what I never have been able to imagine. I drive home for another hour and a half, feeling the distance between the two cities.

Nevertheless, there are exceptions. There are places where I know with certainty that I can be cured of homesickness. I can feel closer to home if I left almost ten years there. Are there any food I think are better than the dishes of my mother’s kitchen in South Korea. However, it can be slightly compli-
cated to determine where the food I like is cooked.

At home, I never had any problem creating a dish that I liked. And sometimes, I’d even be satisfied with a meal that I made from scratch. But even my family and friends who have Japanese or Chinese background were known to make a dish or two.

If you’re interested in learning more about Korean food and culture, check out my book, “Korean Food in America: A Culinary History.”

Korean-style Chinese food has adapted to people’s tastes and local conditions outside Chink, and has become a popular food in many parts of the world. It is a good example of how different cultures can coexist and thrive in a multicultural society. In this section, I will discuss the characteristics of Korean-style Chinese food and its influence on the local food culture.

Korean-style Chinese food has a unique mix of flavors and ingredients. It combines the spicy and savory elements of Korean cuisine with the sweetness and tenderness of Chinese cuisine. One example of this is the popular dish, jajangmyeon, which is a combination of black bean sauce, noodles, and meat. Another example is the spicy seafood soup, jjampong, which is a favorite dish among Koreans.

Korean-style Chinese food has also influenced the local restaurant and hotel industries. Many Korean restaurants have opened in cities like Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York, offering a unique and delicious dining experience. In addition, there are many Korean hotels that offer traditional Korean cuisine and hospitality.

Korean-style Chinese food has also had a positive impact on the local economy. It has created job opportunities for many people, including chefs, servers, and managers. The growth of Korean-style Chinese restaurants has also helped to strengthen the local food culture and economy.

In conclusion, Korean-style Chinese food has become a popular and delicious food in many parts of the world. It is a good example of how different cultures can coexist and thrive in a multicultural society. In this section, I will discuss the characteristics of Korean-style Chinese food and its influence on the local food culture.
ANGELINA

Angélica Méndez is the owner and water mother—the pioneer tamalera on 26th street—who renounced her home to give her recently immigrated daughter a start as an independent culinary entrepreneur. Given the role Santa Muerte played in Angelina's coming to the U.S., right from the start, her altar originally inhabited a space behind the counter, but about 10 years ago, Angelina and the saint decided that it was time to offer devotees a space of public veneration and pious offerings.

But, of course, Angelina is not only a devotee of La Dama Blanca; she is also a savvy businesswoman who designs the beautiful tabletops and much else in the restaurant.

By Antoni Miralda and Stephan Palmié

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By Bruce Kraig
Photos by Patty Carroll

Like all cities, Chicago is composed of neighborhoods. Mostly defined by ethnicity, Chicago has been the classic example of immigration and settlement in America. It is used to be said that if you wanted to see Chicago’s ethnic mosaic, you needed to walk down Halsted Street. Polons the north side, followed by Greeks, Italians, Jews, Czecks (called Bohemians in Chicago and later supplanted by Mexicans), Chinese, Irish, Lithuanians, African Americans, Bulgarians, and Serbs and Croats, among others. Many of these neighborhoods developed around industries large and small that made Chicago an industrial powerhouse. Drab as factories and housing might have been, grimy from industrial pollution and poverty, every neighborhood was enlivened by public art. Mostly in the form of store signs and décor, this vernacular art signaled to a visitor the identity of the neighborhood they were in.

First things first: what is a Chicago hot dog? It is a sausage normally made of finely chopped beef stuffed into a “natural” casing made from sheep’s gut. The hot dog is heated by steaming or poaching in a hot water bath, then placed in a top sliced bun and, when fully loaded, is adorned with a slomp of mustard, chopped onions, sliceable pickle, bright green relish, some tomato slices, small pickled hot peppers, and optionally a sprinkling of celery salt. Some hot dog stands serve an older style called “Depression Dogs.” These are more plainly adorned with mustard, onions and perhaps relish. One thing joins all stands, or rather the lack of one thing: ketchup. Upon pain of banishment from the city, there is never ketchup on a hot dog—though chilli is permitted, grudgingly.

From the 1930s until recently, hot dog stands were a man vehicle for identifying and sig- ning the nature of each neigh- borhood. The signs of these stands told stories about the stand owners, their ideas and aspirations, visions of an existing and imagined world. Smil- ing dahlschmidt sit-in bins, signs holding up hot dogs, large Chicago-style hot dogs overflowing with toppings, hot dogs with legs and arms dancing and marching, bandannas and menus crowded with items in bright fonts and bold colors. Over a number of years, Patty Carroll has photographed these stands, documenting local cultures and themselves pieces of art. They are the core of our book, *Chicago Dog: Hot Dog Stories in the City of Broad Shoulders*. Hot dog stands are a part of the city’s life, not just the common dining car window. To aficionados, the proper prep of a hot dog is a skill, one that is not standardized, why hot dogs do not live in the world of large corporate feeding places. Invented by a Dr. W. H. Dibble in the late 1800s, he-
By Jennifer DeRidder

One of the most troubling symptoms of Covid-19 is the loss of taste and smell. Many recover these senses, but some have lingering symptoms that have yet to resolve. The fear of not being able to experience a life of culinary delights has outweighed my deep yearning for eating alone.

In isolation, I have continued to experiment with recipes that I can prepare at home. I try to sustain this desire through a weekly online cookbook club where the seven of us meet virtually every Sunday night and cook the same dinner. These shared experiences have been a great source of comfort and meaning during these difficult times.

One of the most delicious recipes I have tried is the classic Super Grill & Sub, once at 2247 E 71st St. It's usually served with a crisp, white wine, and I find it delicious regardless of the occasion.

The recipe I've chosen to share is for a two-dimensional representation of an inverted conical frustum (Super Grill & Sub, once at 2247 E 71st St). It's a simple and satisfying dish that I believe will bring comfort to many during this challenging time.

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**Recipe:**

A two-dimensional representation of an inverted conical frustum (Super Grill & Sub, once at 2247 E 71st St).

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**Marketing the Passage of Time in Food.**

When I think about the pandemic, I am reminded of the way we mark the passage of time in food. We often use recipes to celebrate milestones, such as the end of a long winter or the beginning of spring.

In my family, we have been known to bake a cake for every milestone, whether it's a birthday, an anniversary, or a special occasion. Baking is a way for us to come together and create something that will bring joy and comfort to those around us.

During the pandemic, I have found that baking has become even more important. It's a way for us to connect with friends and family who are far away, and to create something that will bring a smile to their faces.

I hope that my recipe for the two-dimensional representation of an inverted conical frustum will bring joy and comfort to those who try it, just as it does for me.
The Preparation of Meals

By Jen Delos Reyes

Jen Delos Reyes is a creative laborer, educator, radical community arts organizer, and author of countless emails. Defiantly optimistic, friend to all birds, and proponent that our institutions can become tender and vulnerable. Delos Reyes currently lives and works in Chicago, IL where she is the Associate Director of the School of Art & Art History at the University of Illinois at Chicago.