



Are you cozied up? Wearing sweatpants? Eating cold cubed butter? Feeling vengeful and/or petty?

If not, you should fix that. Thanksgiving, contrary to what both middle school history teachers and the intro to online recipes would have you believe, is about competition. You should strive to prepare the best side dish with an oft-overlooked vegetable, have the softest autumnal-toned sweater, say something insightful about gamay grapes or the salt-to-sugar ratio of a dry brine. Wit and pride are the reason for the season.

I kid, I kid. Give thanks in whatever way that may mean to you: Donate some money, call your relatives, foster a dog. (just don't do your Christmas shopping on Amazon xoxo)

## **LET'S EAT**

I'm sure you're eating enough already. This month, I went out on a limb and made my own recipe: an earl grey custard tart with an almond crust. It was a fun process not worth replicating for a while, one that involved steeping blue-flower tea leaves in milk, tempering eggs, pressing a crumbly crust into a springform pan—the works.

I also made soup nearly every day. This week I've had so much butternut squash I may turn orange :)

# LET'S CONSUME MEDIA

## TV & Movies

- *The White Lotus* was very good but I would not want to watch it again. GREAT soundtrack. I want to talk about Paula.
- *Big Mouth* for whatever reason casts a spell on me, by which I mean I watch the entire season the day it comes out. It's gross, poignant, and Nick Kroll continues to shine.
- *Insecure*. I am not caught up yet, but Lawrence's storyline is breaking my heart!!!
- Is the general consensus now that *Succession* is boring? Because I don't know how many more quick zooms and f-bombs I can take while the plot fails to advance.

## Books

- *Beautiful World, Where Are You* by Sally Rooney lived up to the hype. Both Rooney and Phoebe Bridgers capture particular millennial malaise that still manages to be sexy, cool, sad, and poetic. I am clearly all about it (just look at my Spotify history).

Anyway, this book had a lot of great sections, especially in the letters, but this one on Eileen's theory of beauty stuck: "Human beings lost the instinct for beauty in 1976, when plastics became the most widespread material in existence... Now a majority of objects in our visual environment are made of plastic, the ugliest substance on earth, a material which when dyed does not take on colour but actually exudes colour, in an inimitably ugly way."

## These are called "pieces" for some reason!

In response to Red (Taylor's Version), [this](#) is a fun little piece about how short-lived/ almost romances can still mess you up.