OFF COURSE: A CREATIVE EXPLORATION OF CARTOGRAPHY, CUISINE AND NARRATIVE
WHO WE ARE

Two recent graduates from the University of Texas at Austin.
WHAT WE MADE

A fictional anthology of thirteen maps about food.
THE CRITERION FOR MAPS IN THIS PROJECT

1. Has a spatial component. 2. Relates to food. 3. Tells a story.
THE EVOLUTION OF VALENCIA STREET

If you walk down San Francisco's Valencia Street today, in between the painfully-hip vintage clothing stores, you'll find two chocolatiers, a couple of juice peddlers and innumerable "organic" stores. It hasn't always been that way. Valencia Street is part of San Francisco's historically Hispanic Mission District. Many say gentrification first took hold here when Valencia Street got bike lanes and the police station was moved back in the early 2000s. This map shows how the neighborhood has changed since 1975.

- residence
- automotive/appliance
- other/private
- grocer/market
- restaurant
The Anatomy of Loneliness

Flicker of Hope

Gritty Mashed Potato Mountain

Caves of Suppressed Memories

Downward Spiral Staircase

Caisy Chicken Cliffs

Bottle of Mashed-Up Emotions

Twelve Steps to Nowhere

Ocean of Scorn

Sea Monster of Self Doubt

Remote Island

Bitter Broccoli Forest

Distraction

Despair
Julie's Island

THE FAIRY KINGDOM

Mama taught us to find fairy rings. We'd bury our lost teeth in their centers. The following morning, among the acorn piles and mossy beds, we'd find flower crowns that made our hair smell like wild amuse and dew.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Our town was built on a shipwreck. A long, long time ago in the middle of the night, a boatful of young men, training to be in the Navy, crashed into the island. A lot of people died, so they put up a lighthouse. For a long time, that was the whole town. Just the lighthouse keeper and a couple of lonely, ghosts.

MS. HANSEN'S CABIN

Ms. Hansen was 200 years old. The kids said she was a witch who ate kids, but Mama knew better. She said she was a sad old lady whose body had mistaken her heart for a clock that had forgotten how to tock. A withered, wind-up woman.

THE OCEAN

Mama used to say the sky was just a reflection of the water. That if you swam long enough and strong enough, past the horizon you'd find puffy, white fish the size of clouds. The mammoth of halibut, she used to say.

THE SOMEBE TIMES BRIDGE

Once, when Mama came to pick us up, she and Daddy had a long talk. By the time we headed back, the bridge's lights were open swallowing shrimp boats. We had to wait a long time before someone was able to calm it down. Mama cried into the steering wheel, and we sucked our grape popsicle sticks long, after the popsicles were gone.

THE MAINLAND

Paige's Point

Grandpa told us the cliffs were dangerous. Whispered about how Ms. Hansen's twin Paige had slipped on the rocks a while back. The spray that crashed into the cliffs tasted like tears. Mama always said Paige dove.
This map represents something as it was remembered rather than as it was. The use of scale is negligible, the lines irregular, and yet, it is at once revealing of the author’s personal attentions and the stories of a place. It is a map of a physical space but also a map of a memory. This map portrays shortcuts and best friends and children's legends. I particularly appreciate how clearly multiple kinds of information are conveyed and intertwined with spatial information on this map. As I examined it, I thought back on all the places I’ve lived and whether I’d be qualified to create such a map. I considered how each semester I’d find new routes between my classes and new corners of campus to inhabit in between them, but that seems shallow. I’m not sure I’ve ever lived anywhere, even as a child, that absorbed my attentions so completely. It’s strange to consider what merits mapping. I have always been more focused on people. I wondered if perhaps I could ever create such a map of a person. Design it to encompass her likes and dislikes, her pockmarks and scars, her dreams and despairs. I don’t think I could.
Vanilla Cake

*This moist vanilla cake is a simple crowd pleaser. It pairs well with a variety of frostings and fillings.*

1 cup butter
2 cups white sugar
4 eggs
2 ½ cups self rising flour
1 cup milk
1 tbsp vanilla extract
3 8-inch cake tins

1. Remove pans from oven. Set aside 2 cake pans. Place rest of pans on top of stove. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C).

2. Retrieve butter dish from fridge. Discover bits of jam adhered to butter have begun to mold. Open fresh stick of butter. Grab 4 eggs and quart of milk. Butter pans.

3. Microwave butter in a bowl for 10 seconds.

4. Find butter is still too hard. Microwave it for another 10 seconds.

5. Find butter is still too hard. Microwave it for another 10 seconds.

6. Find butter has completely melted. Retrieve more butter. Repeat steps 3-5.

7. Open top drawer. Remove orange peeler, turkey thermometer and wooden spoon and place them on counter before finding beaters. Retrieve hand mixer base from above the sink.

8. Use step stool to access cabinets above the fridge. Retrieve sugar. Look for self-rising flour husband was supposed to acquire the previous Wednesday.


10. Return to cupboard above fridge to move french roast coffee beans, cornmeal, cornstarch and gluten-free cake box mix to top of fridge to confirm there is no self-rising flour.

11. Mix flour, baking powder, sugar, milk, eggs and baking powder into butter.

12. Taste batter.

13. Curse profusely.

14. Pour batter down drain. Cram gluten-free cake box mix, cornstarch, cornmeal, sugar, flour, baking powder, salt, and whole-wheat flour into cabinet above fridge. Toss wooden spoon, turkey thermometer and orange peeler, back in drawer. Place butter dish and milk back in fridge. Leave cake pans, bowl and beaters in sink. Place frying pans back in oven.

15. Take french roast coffee beans and prepare a cup.

16. Purchase birthday donuts on the walk to school.
THANK YOU