

warkitchen

it's like we never left™

issue 09



life imitates art



WAR KITCHEN



It's nice seeing you here. Welcome back, ladies & gentlemen to what is now the 9th issue of the magazine. Season two has officially begun. Much has changed since we last spoke. We ushered in a new year. @TheWarKitchen got a sleek rebrand & the magnum opus, [Optimal Fuel](#), had it's greatest refresh ever.

Whether you've read every issue, or it's your first time here and you've randomly stumbled across this PDF, I hope you're ready.

The #WarKitchen is not just a magazine, it's more than that. It's a community of people, striving to be the best versions of themselves. We understand food as nourishment. Yet, we refuse to sacrifice taste. Here at the #WarKitchen, we cook beautiful food that nourishes the mind, body & soul. Above all, we discuss all things nutrition, gastronomy & lifestyle.

Issue 9 begins with a discussion of *Utopia*, this idea of a perfect city. A concept like this isn't novel. Yet, we are living in a time where what was once fiction is becoming very real.

Next, we explore what it means to age as a woman. In a world where genders have become a *dime a dozen*, Andrea shares some important pointers for women who are looking to age gracefully.

We then conclude with a comedic, yet contemporary piece by the resurrected comedian, The Great British Bloke. What we have is stolen from his personal journal; a recollection of his time spent with Martin, a farmer as hardy as they come. *The Simple Life*.

If you would like to contribute to future issues, reach out via [Twitter](#), [Instagram](#) or through [email](#).

Great Links:

- [WarKitchen Weekly](#)
- [WarKitchen Discord](#) Community
- [WarKitchen Aesthetics](#) Club
- [WarKitchen Music](#) & Mixtapes

As always, Enjoy the Experience,
Spread the Message
Far & Wide

*Till next time,
Rocky*



somewhere inside a martini
lucy-ruth hathaway



The Perfect City: Does it Exist?

LISTEN TO [MIDNIGHT SILK](#), [BEAUTIFUL DREAM](#) AS YOU PERUSE

Amidst the barren, harsh conditions of the desert lies a secret. For many, it's the light at the end of the tunnel. It's full of life. An ecosystem that thrives, when all else around it is desolate, dead. Just as an Oasis provides sanctuary amongst the dunes of the desert, the Perfect City offers respite in a world that's crumbling before our eyes.

Yeah, I'm sure Dubai's nice. It seems like everyone is moving *somewhere* these days. Whether it's the Middle East, or across the continent, these conversations are at an all-time high. While we certainly will never agree on what the "best place" is, the one thing we can is: *choosing where you call home is one of, if not the most important decision you make in your life.*

And it's interesting. For most people? It's not really a conscious decision. By sheer luck, they find themselves born in a spot on the globe. They decide to call that home, for the

rest of their lives. Just like their fathers, and great-grandfathers did before them. Don't get me wrong. There's absolutely nothing wrong with that.

But, we have to admit that we cannot escape reality. We are now living in a world more connected than ever before — so connected you can actually [celebrate New Year's twice](#).

It's not even about how much the world has shrunk. It's become congeneric. With mass immigration and cultural diffusion, it seems like everywhere is now the same. I'm no nihilist, but tell me you haven't noticed?

Go visit any major city in the world. McDonald's at the airport. Zara, H&M line the streets. The same chains. Just in a different location. *They even smell the same.*

Very slowly, local culture is being replaced with a sort of global culture, and it's already happening in front of our very eyes. It cannot be stopped. Times have changed.

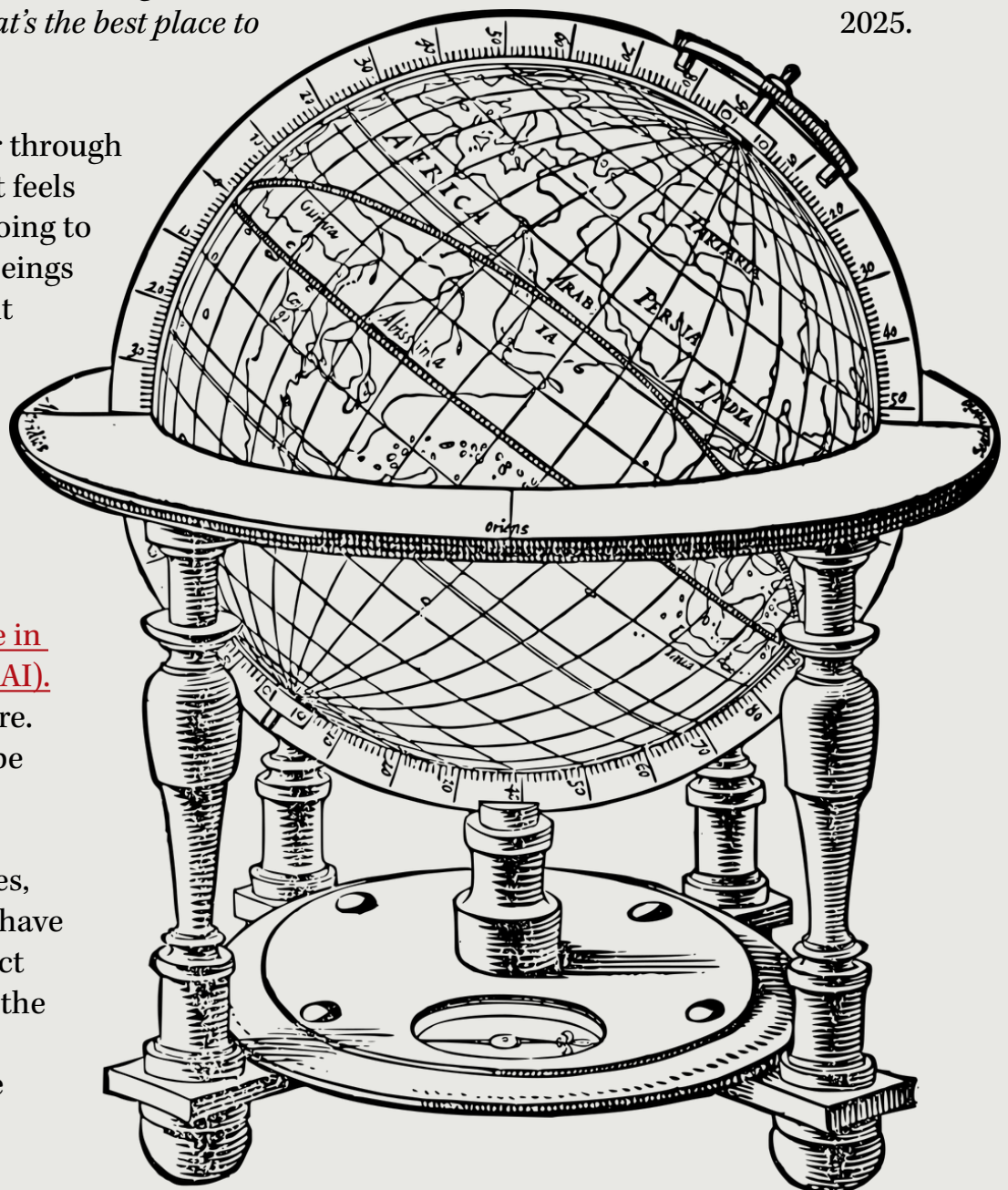
It is no wonder we are seeing more move abroad, severing the bonds that have tied them to their ancestral homes, for generations. Patriotism is waning, and more people are asking: *What's the best place to call home?*

We're almost a quarter through the 21st century, and it feels like if there was ever going to be a group of human beings to experience Utopia, it would have to be us.

I mean, just look at how much progress we're making. In January 2023 alone, we made years of progress made in Artificial Intelligence (AI). The future's already here. And growth seems to be parabolic.

As technology advances, we are bound to see it have a transformative impact on infrastructure, and the environment around us. This decade, we are poised to witness the creation of innovative,

cutting-edge projects that were once thought to only exist in fiction novels. One such example is Saudi Arabia's NEOM, a visionary modern city that challenges the very fundamentals of city design. The jewel in its crown is *The Line*, a revolutionary portion of the city that's literally *built in a straight line for over 170 miles*. No roads. No cars. High speed rail. Clean air. Completely Sustainable. It's said to provide an "unprecedented urban living experience", all with an immediate access to nature. Will Saudi's NEOM become the Utopia we're all searching for? We'll come back to that in 2025.



More Than a Cookbook.



introducing
optimal fuel 2.0
your nutrition playbook

get yours here.

It's not just established countries that are trying their hand at crafting Utopia. There are now community-centric projects like [Praxis](#), that aim to create a whole new world.

Like I said, it's true that patriotism is waning. We're getting more similar than ever before, and so many of us don't feel like we "belong". We find ourselves more aligned with our micro-internet circles, instead of the flags we see on our passports. And that's where Praxis comes in.

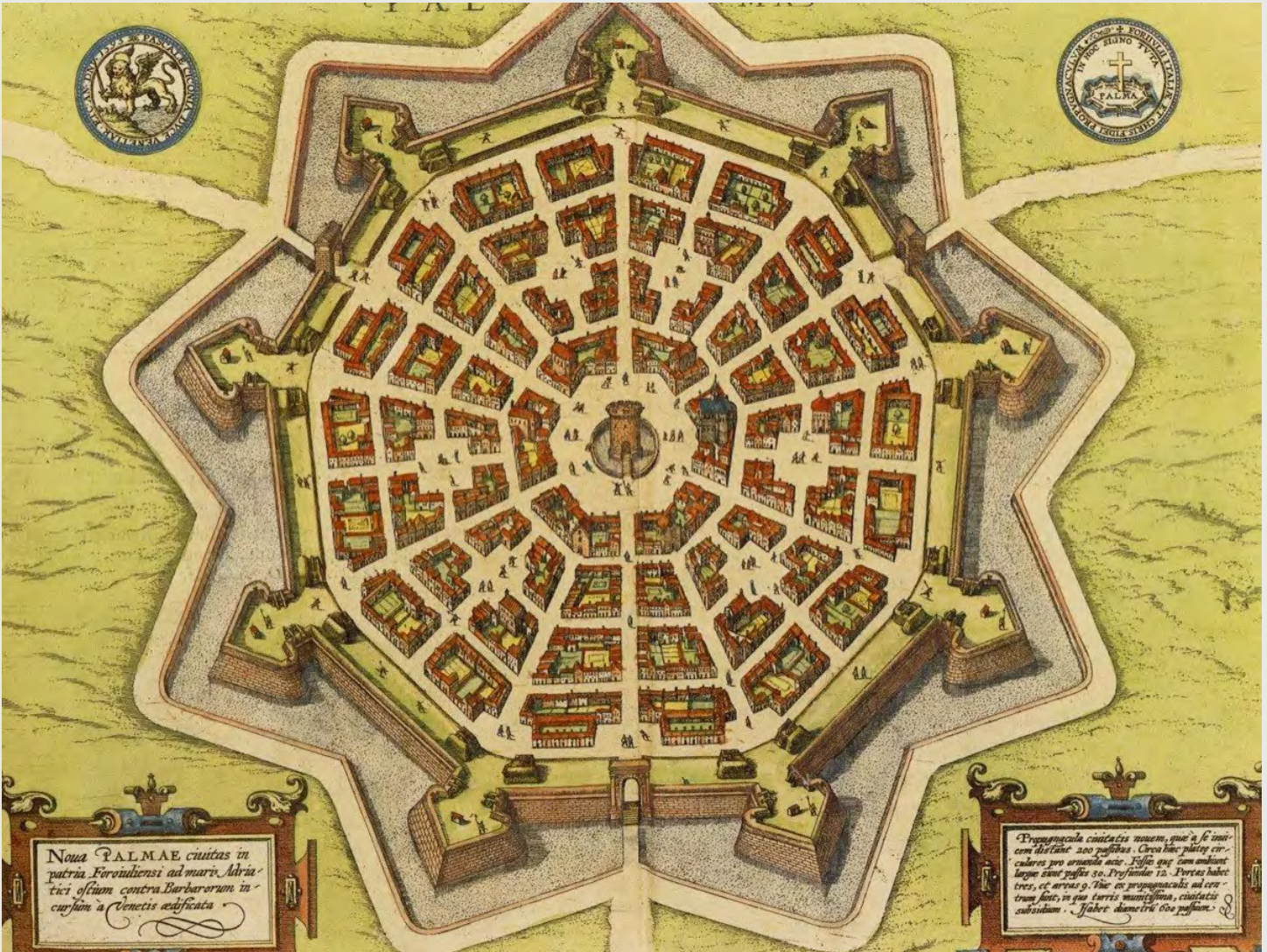
"John Locke quotes Cicero: *salus populi suprema lex*. The health of the people is the supreme law. We aspire to live vital lives. As individuals, through beauty, strength, and virtue. As a society, by expanding the horizons of art, commerce, and technology. With this moral primitive as our compass, we set out on the frontier to build a new city." an excerpt from [Praxis' Master Plan](#).

A culture optimized for vitality. A grassroots movement. Built by the people. For the people. Where Artist meets Flâneur. Where Beauty intertwines with Architecture.

And of course, who's to say we haven't achieve Utopia in the past? *Oh, how did they build the pyramids in Giza? Was Atlantis real? How much gold did they have in El Dorado? Shambhala was real...*

"John Locke quotes Cicero: *salus populi suprema lex*. The health of the people is the supreme law. We aspire to live vital lives. As individuals, through beauty, strength, and virtue. As a society, by expanding the horizons of art, commerce, and technology."

“Palmanova”, Georg Braun & Franz Hogenberg, 1572-1680.



Your immediate environment is all. While we all dream of a *Utopia*, as of 2023 such a state, or jurisdiction does not yet exist. But what if I told you, you could purposefully craft *your own version of a mini-utopia*? And no, you don't need to build giant walls of reflective steel, or fly high-speed drones.

All you need to optimize for is a beautifully curated local environment.

That, to me is Utopia.
It's about creating your

own ecosystem that thrives on it's own. Strategically plotting yourself on a node where the 1-mile, 5-mile and 10-mile radius is filled with everything you need. The best produce in the world. World-class facilities to build athletic strength. Rehabilitation centres to maximize health. Fresh air. Beautiful skies. Zero chemtrails. Trees, flowers, nature, everywhere.

“Luxury is living within walking distance of everything you need”

Of course, exactly what you optimize for depends on your specific circumstances, but here's what I believe are crucial ingredients:

will be formed, as a consequence of your actions; optimizing for what truly matters in this world. The Perfect City. It's Possible.

1-mile radius

- Farmer's markets, with fresh produce brought daily
- Great cafés, restaurants with beautiful ambience
- World-class gymnasium & fully kitted rehab facilities
- No "ugly highways"
- Elite schools

5-mile radius

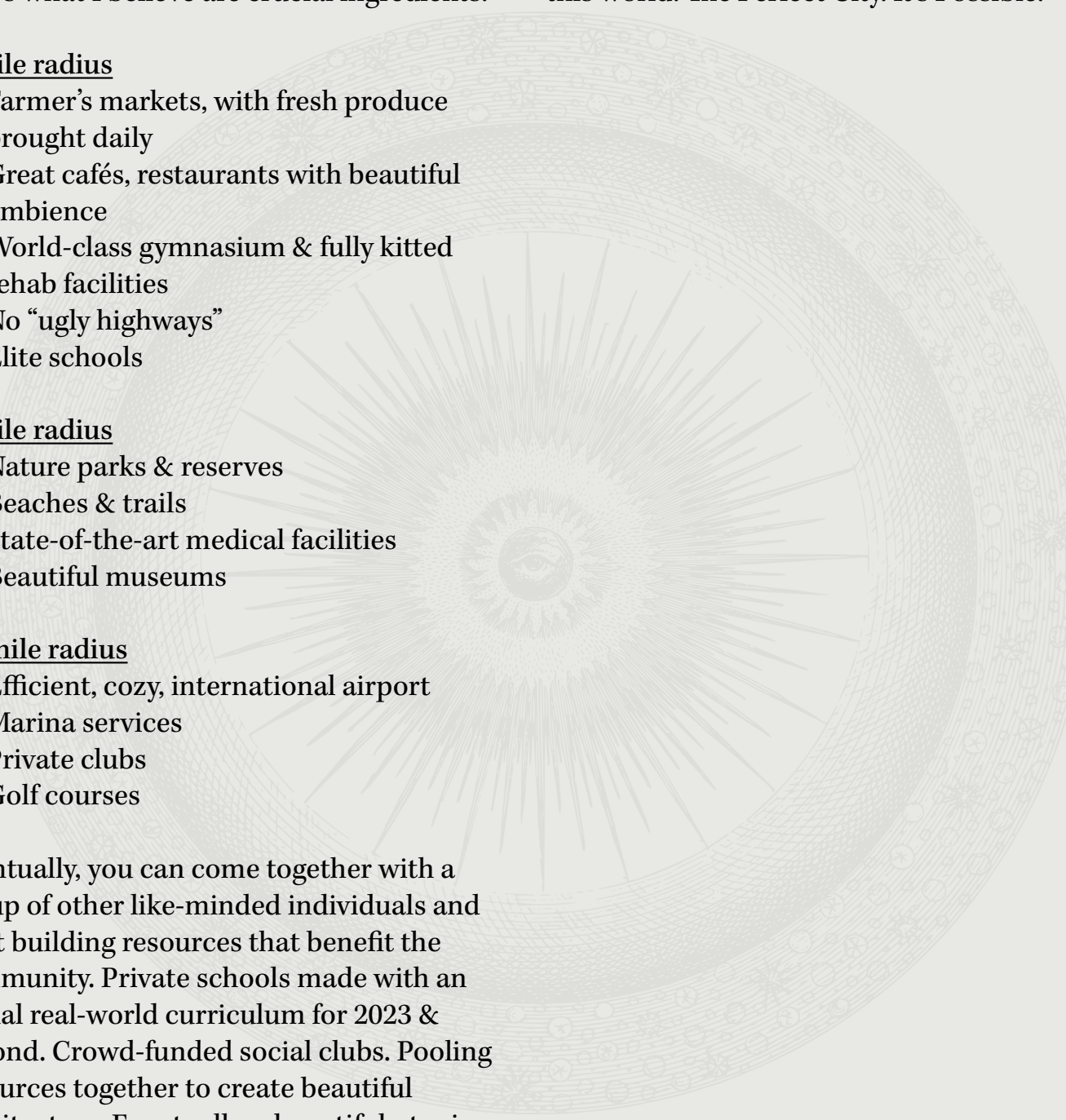
- Nature parks & reserves
- Beaches & trails
- State-of-the-art medical facilities
- Beautiful museums

10-mile radius

- Efficient, cozy, international airport
- Marina services
- Private clubs
- Golf courses

Eventually, you can come together with a group of other like-minded individuals and start building resources that benefit the community. Private schools made with an actual real-world curriculum for 2023 & beyond. Crowd-funded social clubs. Pooling resources together to create beautiful architecture. Eventually, a beautiful utopia

“There is always a new continent, one where the people are given a chance to live within Eden rather than against it. If Atlantis sunk, America may also. Let every coast become the floor of a new sea.”

— 



“... in a single day and night of misfortune,
the island of Atlantis disappeared,
into the depths of the sea.”

— *Plato, 360 B.C.*

Women Age Worse Than Men But Proper Nutrition Can Rewind Time

by Andrea Mew

Wouldn't it be nice to turn back the clock? Americans have got major beef with aging and it isn't just vanity: this natural human process means you've got less time left on planet Earth. That said, the stigmatization of growing older manifests in one's physical appearance and women — who already are naturally inclined to be more vain — tend to age visibly... and at a much faster rate.

You'll Pay a Pretty Penny to Stay Younger, For Longer

Look at any Hollywood starlet or even your run-of-the-mill Instagram influencer and you'll notice a trend. There's something eerily smooth about their faces, their cheeks and lips look a bit fuller and even bloated, or their skin appears to be pulled taut in unnatural directions. It just gives uncanny valley vibes.

Alas, the modern woman is charmed into costly and maintenance-heavy beauty standards: Botox injections twice a year between \$300-\$600 a session, hyaluronic acid lip filler injections once a year at about \$500-\$1000 a session, "Fox Eye" lifts from \$3,000-\$4,000, "Ponytail facelifts" from a whopping \$20,000-\$30,000. I could go on and on with a laundry list of procedures and treatments meant to promote a youthful look



Our Insecurities Lie Deep Beneath the Skin

Let's not forget one of women's greatest aging insecurities, one which doesn't even have jack to do with her face: cellulite. Women stress out around bikini season wondering whether or not their cellulite has gotten worse over the past calendar year. Body positivity movement activists celebrate their cellulite while other gals cover up their bodies in shame. All of these "problems" are inherently related because from a biological perspective, women's bodies are built differently from men's and as such, we experience aging in distinct ways.

Why Do Men and Women Age So Differently?

Skin ages because over time, our skin loses elasticity from less collagen and thinning of the dermis, our skin becomes more dull from a loss of luminosity and radiance and decrease in hydration, we see a thickening of the epidermis, and we experience excess pigmentation from environmental causes.

Now, did sirens go off in your mind at the word collagen? Yes, the natural form of that thing you see tubs of in the grocery store is actually anchored around subcutaneous fat cells in your skin. Collagen in the male body is 65% stronger than collagen in the female body, there's more of it, and men also benefit from physically thicker skin as well. This is why up to 90% of women (skinny ones included!) have visible cellulite, which is actually just our normal, first layer of subcutaneous fat protruding through our thinner, dermis layer. This is also why women lose volume and elasticity in our faces at a much faster rate than men as we age.

We Can Slow Down Aging With a Better Diet

While nonsurgical cosmetic procedures and plastic surgery provide a band-aid solution for skin aging, Americans aren't making it any easier on themselves. Many of us eat diets depleted of essential nutrients from animal sources and diets which are laden with polyunsaturated fatty acids (PUFAs) in the form of seed oils. Yes, rapeseed, sunflower, safflower, cottonseed, grapeseed, soybean, and corn oils could be aging us faster.

While there's no direct proof that seed oils cause cellulite, the introduction of seed oils into our diets coincides with the societal increase

in cellulite. Some reason that this is because seed oils oxidize more easily in our fat cells, increase photosensitivity of our skin, worsen inflammation, and even interfere with key vitamin absorption for optimal skin health. Yet they're in almost every packaged food and takeaway meal you consume!

Learn To Accept to Age With Grace, Through Natural Anti-Aging Practices

Let me be clear, I don't believe in shaming anyone who wants to go under-the-knife or test out non-surgical cosmetic procedures to shape their face in whatever way they please. We live in a free country and are blessed to have bodily autonomy, so if someone is intrigued by Botox or a Ponytail facelift then they're well within their right to get as much work done as they please.

At the same time, the prospect of undergoing anti-aging cosmetic surgeries or treatments





JOHN LARRIVA

oil on hardboard
larriva.blogspot.com

while not making crucial lifestyle changes feels a bit Sisyphean to me. You'll always be chasing after an ideal while simultaneously stunting your own progress through less-than-optimal health choices.

Ancestral knowledge can help fill this gap. Topical creams, serums, and scrubs can only do so much to the epidermis but beauty isn't just surface level! We also need to be improving our anti-aging techniques from the inside out. When I discovered the endless benefits of bone broth, I knew I had a new beverage BFF. Simmering the bones, marrow, tendons, ligaments, feet, and other wasted parts of animals can create one of the most bioavailable sources of collagen a person can consume. Let's not forget the gelatin, amino acids, and additional nutrients from magnesium, potassium, glycine, calcium, and more which keep our body structurally sound and maintain a more youthful glow.

We can also close this nutritional gap for aging by eating "nose to tail" and not pooh-poohing the more gelatinous cuts of meat like oxtail, lamb or pork shoulder, beef neck, or chicken feet for example. And what better excuse to enjoy a delicacy like bone marrow than to consider it part of your beauty routine?

All of these "problems" are inherently related because from a biological perspective, women's bodies are built differently from men's, and as such, we experience aging in different ways

Once you go down that path, you might feel inclined to go full carnivore (I don't blame you, meat is magnificent) but you risk becoming vitamin E deficient. As one of the fat-soluble vitamins that actually could detox seed oils from your body by fixing how your body properly absorbs fat, you shouldn't ignore natural sources of vitamin E like almonds, peanuts, avocados, pumpkin, collard greens, mangos, and other fruits and vegetables rich in the vitamin.

Some people prefer to supplement their vitamin E—as some people also prefer to supplement their collagen with powders—but getting the real things from a vibrant, well-rounded, and ancestrally-minded diet is the way to go if you really want to rejuvenate your ever-aging body.

Andrea Mew is the Storytelling Coordinator at the Independent Women's Forum and a contributing writer at Evie Magazine.

In all respects of life, Andrea abides by her passions for freedom, femininity, and facts.

You can connect with Andrea on [Twitter](#) or [Instagram](#). For more writing by Andrea, you can read [Evie Magazine](#).

This is Gum. Premium Mastic. From Chios, Greece.



Soft foods create soft jaws. Chew on Greco Gum, harvested from the *Pistacia Lentiscus*, for a chiseled jaw while improving your oral & gut health with its powerful anti-bacterial & anti-inflammatory properties
grecogum.com

*Produced in Limited Quantities



Father Arthur Poulin - Big Sur, Spring

The Simple Life



by **The Great British Bloke** (yes, he's back)

The alarm shrieked.

I jolted out of bed.

4:30am on the 26th
December.

Bloody hell.

My breath
condensed in the air
as I raced to pull on
some warm clothes.

Chinos, jumper,
Barbour jacket,
leather gloves,
woolly hat.

Ready to go.

The floors of our
Irish country house
creaked as I snuck
out in the darkness.

*"I'm looking forward
to this."* I forced
myself to think as I
got into the car and
turned the key in the
ignition.

The engine sprung

to life, betraying my
true feelings, and so
I sat there, shivering
my tits off, waiting
for the windscreen
to slowly defrost.

After five freezing
minutes, I started
the journey through
the fog to my uncle's
raw milk farm.

I arrived at around
5am and was loudly
greeted by Martin &
his beloved Yorkshire
terrier, Bentley.

*"Good morning
wee man!"* Martin
bellowed at me.

Apparently unaware
of the fact that he's 5
ft 4".

*"Beautiful morning
for it."* I said,
shaking his hand
and gesticulating
satirically towards
the pitch black,
drizzling, windy sky.

Martin nodded
and said: "Aye.
Nothing makes a
man [REDACTED] than
regular sunshine."

Bentley barked in
agreement.

After exchanging
these pleasantly
[REDACTED]
pleasantries, we
headed into the barn
where Martin has
milked his cows for
over 40 years.

He pointed to a
giant, rusty, metal
gate and said: *"Crack
that open will ye?
And we'll say good
mornin' to the girls."*

The gate was frozen
shut.

I pulled, pushed, and
kicked the thing, but
it wasn't budging.

It was fixed and
immovable, just

like the biblically
accurate Earth.

"I can't get it open."
I reluctantly
conceded.

*"Aye, that's because
you have lesbian
fingers."* He said.

"All Englishmen do."

He jogged over and
gave the gate a hard
tug.

It didn't move an
inch.

Then he pulled it as
hard as he could.

His face contorted
into a Rubik's cube
of excruciating
anguish.

But it didn't move an
inch.

Martin sighed
knowingly.

Then, without hesitation or warning, he took five quick steps back, inhaled deeply into his lungs, then sprinted forwards and body-slammed the frozen gate.

The impromptu shoulder charge took me, and presumably the gate, by surprise.

And with a massive THUD, it became dislodged.

Martin stood there for a second, then slowly opened the gate whilst smirking at me.

Then he held up his hands victoriously and said, *"Look at these!"*

So I did.

And bloody hell, I've never seen anything like them.

His hands were covered in dried blood, grease and scars.

He was missing at least two nails, and his fingers

were wider than they were long.

His fingertips had been broken so many times that they all pointed in different directions. His hands looked like something that belonged to a creature you'd pull out of a poisoned lake.

Where on Earth was he born... *Chernobyl?*

He interrupted this thought process and said proudly: *"Look at 'em, these are the hands of a man!"*

"Who was holding a grenade when it

exploded?"
I enquired.

He laughed and we got to work whilst he rubbed his painful shoulder.

As we moved some of the cows into position, Martin explained that for twenty-five years, he provided raw milk for the local community by hand.

Apparently, it used to take him thirty minutes to milk a cow, but with new machinery, it now takes him less than five.

This means, as a solitary

farmer, he can now milk one hundred to two hundred cows per day.

Martin described how you can get four gallons of milk in the morning and four gallons in the evening from every healthy cow.

But, you have to milk them every single day, or they stop producing milk.

So that meant, it was his daily duty, come hell or high water, to extract one thousand gallons of milk from his herd.

And he hasn't missed a day for forty years, showing up to work fifteen-thousand days in a row.



Millennials could never.

As he told me the plan for the morning, I thought about letting him know how work from home wage slaves at ZogCorp get 10 days of mental health leave every year.

But I refrained from doing so because I realised that information could actually give him a heart attack.

The strategy was simple.

Our aim was to calmly manoeuvre the cows into position, gently place the suction cups onto their udders and then use the vacuum pump to fill up a giant glass vase with steaming hot milk.

He told me that he refuses to pasteurise his milk because he's "not a practising

I appreciated this sentiment greatly and got to work.

I'll never forget the first time I milked a cow.

It changed my mindset forever.

I realised that one of the healthiest foods in the world, is basically free.

All you have to do is put a cow in a field with some water and some hay, and in return, she will provide you with an infinite supply of perfectly nutritious food.

This is the best deal in the history of deals.

Maybe ever.

As we worked, Martin and I discussed one of my more outrageous theories:

"I think that white people like stealing just as much as black people. But they like stealing bikes from us, and we like stealing milk from cows, eggs from chickens, and wool from sheep."

"Aye, farming is just legalised robbery wee man. We'd be fooked if the cattle were more litigious."

Four hours flew by with no distractions.

No news, no checking the crypto portfolio, no posting hate crimes on [Twitter](#) with the

boys.

Martin and I were just completely focused on the task at hand.

The dude's in his sixties and is one of the strongest men I've ever met.

He doesn't have that gym-bro strength.

He's got that old man strength.

He's got that "survived the potato famine" kind of strength.

Real strength.

After we finished milking one hundred and twenty five cows, we headed back inside for a well earned breakfast.

"That was very meditative" I said.

"Aye, thanks for your help Buddha." Martin replied as he put the kettle on.

The average Irish Catholic farmer is funnier than any Netflix [comedian](#).

Cows need to be milked twice a day, so we had four hours to ourselves before we had to do it all again.

So we settled down for a [cuppa](#) and were enjoying a few minutes of peace and quiet, when, out of nowhere, there was a massive CRASH.

We both jumped up and headed to the window.

And we were greeted by...

Absolute chaos.

The howling wind had blown a chunk of the barn's roof off.

Martin took a quick sip of his tea, smiled to himself, and then slipped on his jacket.

"The simple life." He whispered as he walked out the door.

I stood there in shock.

This man hasn't had a break in four decades.

He gets sneered down on by the cidiots in London.

He gets undermined by the parasites in [parliament](#).

And what does he get in return for his work?

Imagining it is simple,
Creating it is inspirational



warkitchen.net



Fame? Wealth?
Status?

Absolutely not.

There's only one thing Martin has to show for his lifetime of hard manual labour.

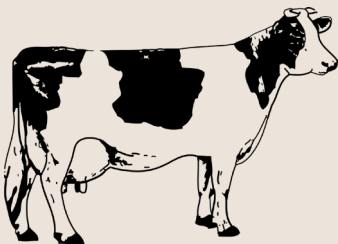
And that's faith.

The only thing in this world that money can't buy.

The Great British Bloke is a (resurrected) comedian who writes The Great British Blog: The Bible For British Behavior.

*If you enjoyed his humor, whether you're fuming or not, give the blog a read. You can also reach him on **Twitter**.*

*Maybe he'll even
let you read the
unredacted version...*



5,000 years later, Raw Butter's
biggest competition tastes like

cr*p.

Do yourself a favor. Eat Real Butter.



*Available at most Markets.

warkitchen.net

Just Food



“Made some broth today. Here’s a before and after. Really need to work on my photography skills”
— ChastnoParty



Just Food



“4 hour braised lamb shanks served with
butter-cream mash, made from scratch

Sauce thickened with bone broth, coconut
aminos & a dash of cream”
— Rocky

the moon is only bright
because it reflects
the Sun's shine



Only Fries

***No Seed Oils.**

You heard us right. See, what most companies get wrong with fries, is not the type of potatoes they use.

It's what they use to fry them.

Based on the latest research, constantly reusing old, rancid canola oil tastes disgusting and is a recipe for heart disease & stroke.

This is why at OnlyFries, we use the best, highest quality duck fat to fry our french.

You're not only guaranteed a beautiful golden brown crisp on the outside, but a warm, fluffly inside that'll make you smile.

Ingredients:

1 large russet potato

1/2 cup duck fat

Equal parts (smoked paprika, garlic powder, salt and pepper)

Technique:

Slice potato in half, lay the flat side down and start cutting 1" slices. Further cut them into 1" by 1" slices. Place in a bowl of water for 15 minutes. Get duck fat rendered on a stainless steel sauté pan, on high heat. Once hot, slowly drop fries in and fry for 5-6 minutes. Repeat if necessary. Pat dry. Add seasoning mixture.

Just Food



“Chicken picatta w/ pan sautéed spinach breading
doesn't look as good as this tasted”
— Vak Capital

Just Food



“Homemade chicken parm with scratch sauce. The sauce was different this time. Added Merlot to cook down the garlic/onion instead of just olive oil. It’s a little darker and the wine flavor takes it to another level.”

— Ian

@TheWarKitchen

Want to Contribute?

send me an email:

rocky@warkitchen.net

P.S remember to join the discord
& share what you've made in the
kitchen to be featured next

ARTICLES. ADVERTISEMENTS. RECIPES. ANYTHING SURROUNDING NUTRITION, GASTRONOMY & LIFESTYLE FITS LIKE A GLOVE. OFFER ACTIONABLE ADVICE. FEATURE QUALITY PRODUCTS & SERVICES. SHARE YOUR WORLDLY REFLECTIONS. THE #WARKITCHEN MAGAZINE IS THE ONLY NUTRITION MAGAZINE WITH STYLE & FERVOUR. WE ARE MORE THAN INDIVIDUALS, WE ARE A COMMUNITY; WHO NOT ONLY WANT TO EAT GOOD, BUT NOURISH OUR MINDS, BODIES & SOULS WITH THE BEST NUTRIENTS. REACH OUT VIA EMAIL OR DM TO BE A PART OF FUTURE ISSUES.



And, that's it
Ladies & Gents

Thank you for
Reading & Sharing

Remember to
Check your emails

Don't miss it,
Every Sunday

warkitchen.net