

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover, by nonasuch.tumblr.com

Cantata in C, by Glinda

Pie Maker, by inchells.tumblr.com

A Better Place, by vickah.tumblr.com

Cup Pies, by Dana Leigh Brand

Charlotte Charles Paper Dolls, by nonasuch

Pear With Gruyere Pie, by Dana Leigh Brand

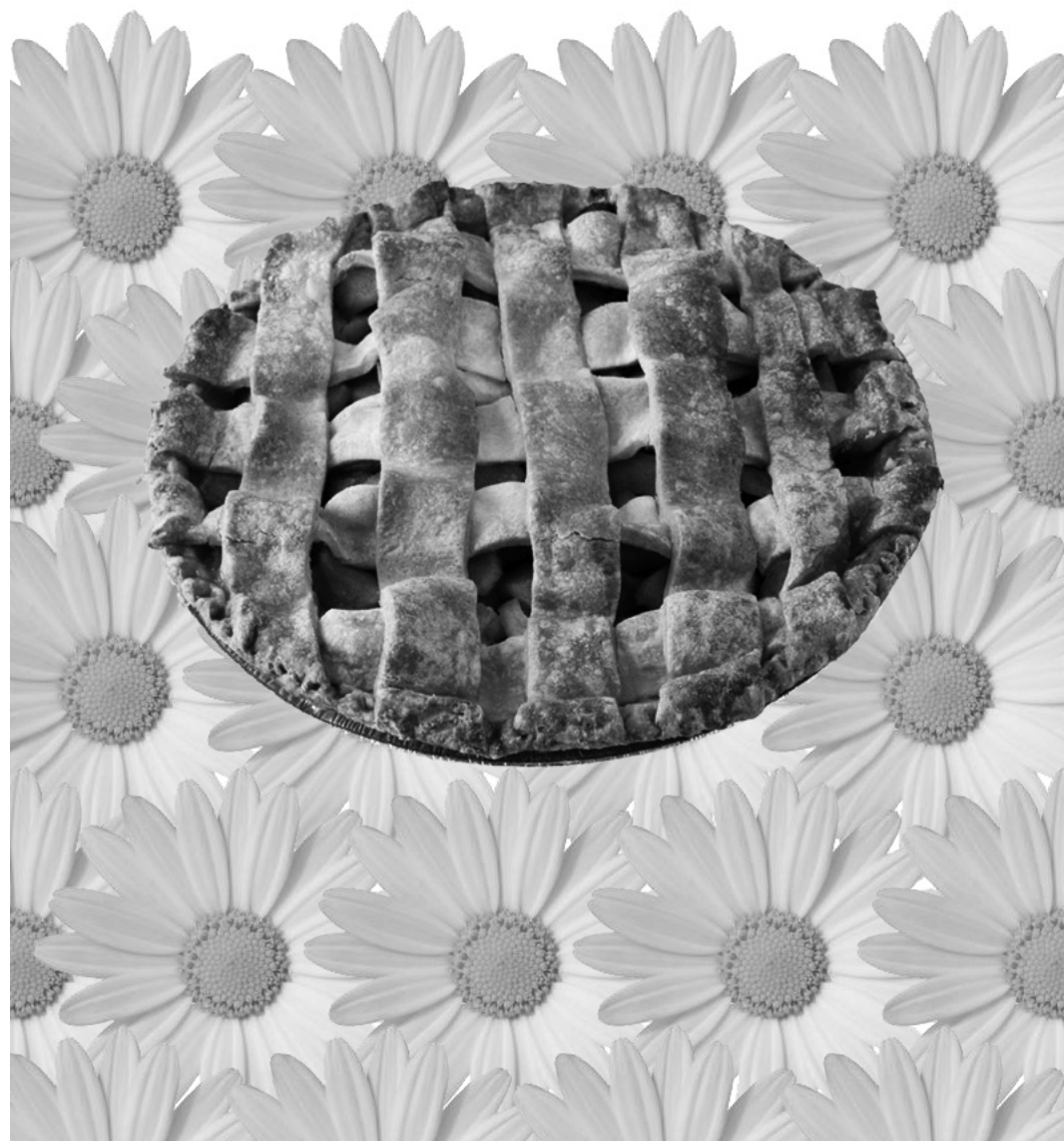
A Second Kiss, by nonasuch

Chuck, by tallytodd.tumblr.com

GREETINGS FROM *Coeurs*

Coeur d' *Coeurs*

A PUSHING DAISIES
FANZINE



Cantata in C, for Voice and Knitting Needles

One of the interesting things about *Pushing Daisies* is that for a show as fundamentally meta-textual as this show was, there seems to be surprisingly little actual Meta written about it in fandom. The show's plot and dialogue were laden with subtext and layers of meaning and reference, playing with archetypes and audience expectations gleefully. Surely such a show would be prime territory for the notorious subtext miners that form such an important strata of media fandom. Yet, there seems to be less Meta in this fandom than almost any other I've participated in. I've read dozens of paeans to the characters and their foibles, even to the gloriously beautiful camerawork and colour utilized in the show. Perhaps, the nature of the show's charm for viewers was its metatextual, technicoloured fantasy world (a storybook come to life), it either swept you up in an embrace you accepted joyfully or left you cold and indifferent to its charms. The critical reaction to the show seems purely that, critically explaining why it didn't work for them, but where was the critiquing with love - digging at the subtext and the plot holes and pointing out where it could be even better - I was so used to in other fandoms? I honestly don't know, at the time I was watching the show in 2009 I was working a job I was progressively growing to hate, from which the show provided some much needed escapism. I wanted to be charmed and swept away into the unreality of Coeur de Coeur, into the lives and bittersweet adventures of Ned, Chuck, Olive, Emerson and the fabulously named minor characters. Even now, I dig out my DVDs of the show for an audio-visual equivalent of a hug.

While I still can't quite bring myself to crossbar my way under the surface for some full-blown analysis, I can dig into one of the major reasons I love *Pushing Daisies* in all its techni-coloured, metatextual glory: the music.

I think the moment in the show that tipped me over from thinking that *Pushing Daisies* was a charming little show I quite enjoyed into being a show that owned a little bit of my heart, was early in the 1st series during the episode 'Pigeon' when Olive and Chuck's Aunts are driving across the country in pursuit of 'Pige'. The scene opens with Olive and Aunt Vivian, singing a joyous rendition of 'They Might Be Giants' *Birdhouse in my Soul*. The cheer joy of their shared love of both the song and the singing of it was such an insight into their characters. It's such an unlikely yet appropriate to the moment song, if you love the song you know exactly why a shared burst of it would bind you into companionship. Even Lily's exasperated and cynical - though oddly tolerant despite her words - response, clues us into the dynamic that exists between the sisters and how Olive will fit into a friendship with them both.

The casting of Broadway star Kirstin Chenoweth was doubtless a clue to a lot of people about what kind of show this would be (her renditions of *Hopelessly Devoted* and *Eternal Flame* are the stuff the young fans of musical theatre's dreams are made of), of the way it would utilise musicals reality - people do randomly burst into song and dance routines and somehow the baffled yet tolerant response of the people around them makes it all charming rather than awkward. But I have to confess I had no idea who she was, it was instead the moment when I recognised Ellen Greene's voice and realise who she was, that unique fragile but powerful voice that I knew so well from a teenage obsession with *Little Shop of Horrors*.

Even the score gets in on the act, with the majority of the incidental music, being variations of the same theme that can always flow back into the theme tune of the show. Each variation passes on a mass of information about the theme and genre of the episode in question to the media literature viewer. The music is every bit as layered and teasing of the viewer as the dialogue, even if it does its work in a rather more sneaking and subtle fashion.

Towards the end of the first series, the aunts return to the water is heralded by Vivian breaking into *Morning has Broken*, it may well be a clichéd musical moment of the tightly-wound, hiding from the world character (she is after all an agoraphobic) bursting into song as she takes her first steps to escaping her grief, but somehow because both the viewers and the makers of the show know it's a cliché it frees the moment up to be actually poignant. There's genuine emotion in the performance, real grief and loss and more importantly hope. Despite Lily's cynicism, she can't turn a blind eye to what her sister is telling her in the only way she can. All that carefully controlled emotion in the song speaks volumes about all the unspoken grief and anger that lies between the sisters. (Especially once you've seen the second series, that scene is particularly loaded.) For all her spiky exterior, Lily has been using Vivian's more obvious fragility and grief as a cloak for her own. She can face a few of her own demons for the sake of letting some joy back into her sister's life.

And perhaps its that mixture of emotions, the ones they keep locked up and the ones they let out that is what gives the show the power to capture the viewer's heart. All the characters carry emotional baggage with them, despite the drama and broad emotional brush strokes of the plots and passions; there is so much in the details. All the unspoken moments and secrets that hang between people are what drive the plot forward. Control and loss of it sit right at the heart of the show. Fitting for a show where the central romance is between two people who can never touch, the exploration of which is almost entirely an argument of love over lust - are emotional and physical fulfilment separate or entwined issues.

Pie-Maker



www.dreamstime.com



By Dana Leigh Brand

There's no honey in the crust, but once you taste these personal-sized delights you won't even miss it!

Make one recipe of crumble, one recipe of crust, and choose one filling to make 12 cup-pies.

CRUMBLE

1/8 cup butter
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/4 cup flour
 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger
 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon
 1/16 teaspoon ground nutmeg

CRUST

2 cups flour
 1 teaspoon salt
 2/3 cup shortening or lard
 7 tablespoons water

CRUMBLE: Mix all powder ingredients. Cut in butter using a pastry blender until mixture is coarse crumbs. Set aside. This makes a lot of crumble, and you can save the leftovers in the fridge to use on muffins, pies, etc.

CRUST: Mix flour and salt in large mixing bowl. Cut in shortening using pastry blender until mixture is evenly distributed and the mixture is medium to fine crumbs. Sprinkle water over part of mixture 1-2 tablespoons at a time and mix with fork until water is incorporated. Repeat until all 7 tablespoons are added. Using your hands, mash all the dough together into one solid ball. Pinch the

ball in half and roll out each half thinly on a floured surface. Take a bowl, cup, or cutter with ~5" diameter and cut out six small pie-crusts from each rolled-out half.

WARNING: do not roll out pie dough more than twice--it will get tough and be unpleasant to eat. You can take the leftover dough from a first rolling and roll it out one more time, but don't use it any more than that.

Arrange your 12 miniature pie shells in a cupcake pan (you'll have to ruffle them a bit around the sides to get them to fit in the deep cups.)

APPLE FILLING

2 Granny Smith apples,
 peeled and cut into
 cubes
 1/3 cup sugar
 1 tablespoon flour
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

BLUEBERRY FILLING

3 cups frozen blueberries,
 thawed
 1/2 cup sugar
 2.5 tablespoons flour
 1/4 teaspoon lemon peel
 dash of salt
 lemon juice (to top!)

CHERRY FILLING

1 16-oz can of pitted tart
 cherries, drained
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
 1/4 teaspoon almond
 extract

Preheat oven to 375°F for apple and blueberry; 425°F for cherry.

Combine all filling ingredients for your flavor-of-choice in a mixing bowl. Spoon the filling evenly into the prepared pastry shells.

Sprinkle a generous amount of crumble on top of each cup-pie. If making blueberry, sprinkle lemon juice on top of crumble.

Bake for 25 minutes. Each recipe makes 12 cup-pies.

Enjoy!

Cup Pies



Charlotte Charles

PAPER
DOLL

Pear with Gruyère Pie

By Dana Leigh Brand

I found a few recipes for pear with gruyere around the internet but they all either had faulty instructions or some serious ingredient miscalculations. Here's my version, modified from a few others.

Crust

1 cup butter
1 cup flour
3 tablespoons water
3/4 teaspoon lemon juice
1/2 cup shredded Gruyere cheese
Sugar to sprinkle on top
1 egg (for eggwash)

Filling

5 fresh pears
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 honey
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon of cinnamon

Preheat oven to 375°F. Peel and halve pears. Remove core (this is easiest to do with a melon baller or a spoon.) Slice each pear half into quarters (or "pear eighths." You want four pieces from every half.) In a mixing bowl, coat pear slices with sugar, flour, and cinnamon. Add honey and stir together. Let stand while making crust.

Cut butter from sticks in thin squares. In a large mixing bowl, mix flour, butter, water, and lemon juice with your hands until a uniform dough forms. Add gruyere and mix until even. Split dough ball in half. Roll one for bottom crust, place in pie plate. Roll out second dough ball for top.

Stir pie filling again, incorporating the new juice runoff, the honey, and all of the powder mixture until it's a uniform goo coating the pears. Dump mixture into pie shell. Place the second crust on top of the pie, trimming excess and pinching edges to make it pretty and seal the two crusts together. Beat egg and brush over the top. Sprinkle with sugar.

If desired, add homeopathic mood enhancer of choice.

Bake pie for 45 minutes (with the amount of butter in this crust, I would suggest placing the pie on a baking sheet so that the runoff doesn't get all in your oven and start smoking.)

Serve warm to neurotic shut-in aunts/secret mothers.



A Second Kiss

It should be noted that, while life is not a fairy tale, life and fairy tales do sometimes share strange commonalities. Magic may come into one's life unexpectedly; the most dire of circumstances can be blessings in disguise. And spells, generally speaking, come with expiration dates. A year and a day is traditional, but less orthodox lengths of time may sometimes be adopted.

And, most importantly of all, a thing brought to life by magic cannot be sustained by it indefinitely. It must, in time, learn to live on its own-- and usually, it does.

The facts were these: Trapped together in a bank vault with no hope of rescue and a rapidly dwindling supply of air, after the pursuit of a career arsonist with a cash-flow problem had gone badly awry, the girl named Chuck turned to the piemaker and said "I want you to kiss me."

"What?" asked Ned, speaking for the first time since he had insisted on silence, for the sake of conserving their oxygen. Chuck couldn't make out his expression in the darkness of the vault, but she could hear the incredulity in his voice. "You don't mean--"

"I do mean," said Chuck. "I mean, the odds of anyone finding us here are awfully slim, and if we're going to die anyway I want to kiss you. Just once. Besides, if I kiss you the air might last a little longer for you, so if anyone does find us--"

"Don't say that," said Ned. "Don't even think it. If I made it out of here and you didn't, I'd wish I hadn't made it out of here for the rest of my life. Please don't ask me to do that."

"I think I'd be all right with it, if you were alive to wish you weren't," said Chuck. She felt a little light-headed, she noticed. Was that the air running out, or just fear at the thought of dying again? It hadn't been at all pleasant, the first time. "And if I die without ever kissing you, I think I'll regret it."

"No, you wouldn't," Ned said. "You wouldn't regret anything, or be all right with anything, because you'd be dead. Will be dead. And we'll both be dead, and won't be regretting anything or all right with anything, in little enough time

that I'd rather not hurry it along."

There was a pause. "Besides," he said, "I-- I don't want you to go, and leave me behind. If I have to die of suffocation in a bank vault, I'd rather not do it alone. Is that terribly selfish of me?"

Chuck shook her head, though she knew Ned couldn't see it, and it made her dizzier. She reached out with one gloved hand in the direction of Ned's voice, and gripped his hand in her own. "It's not selfish," she said. "It's romantic, in a way."

Time passed. The air grew thinner. "Chuck," said Ned, "there's so much I never--"

"I know," said Chuck. "I always wanted to tell you how much I--"

They both broke off, gasping for the little air that was left. Chuck heard Ned lever himself closer to her.

"Can I kiss you, after all?" he asked. "I think-- I think I don't want to die without kissing you, either."

"Okay," was all the girl named Chuck could manage to wheeze out. She reached out, fumbling a little, to cup his face in her still-gloved hands, and draw him in close enough for a kiss.

Ned drew a labored breath. "Chuck, I--"

"I know," she said, and pressed her mouth to his.

Even in her oxygen-starved brain, Chuck found the spare neurons to wonder if dying felt like it took this long for everyone Ned touched a second time. His mouth-- slightly chapped, she noticed, but warm and soft-- was still pressed to hers, and her heart was still beating, and her thoughts were still ticking over sluggishly as the air ran out. "Ned?" she murmured against his mouth.

"Chuck?" he whispered back.

"I'm not dead," she said.

“I-- what? How?” he said. She felt his hands touch her face, hesitantly.

“I don’t know,” she said, “but I’m not.”

Ned didn’t reply-- or rather, he did, but with another kiss. One slightly mis-aimed, in the dark and in the increasing befuddlement of severe oxygen deprivation, but they found their marks quickly enough, and kissed each other even more breathless than they already were.

They kissed until the lack of air made them too weak to do anything but slump against the wall together, Chuck’s head tipped onto Ned’s drooping shoulder. She’d pulled her gloves off, and he took her hand in his.

“Our timing... sucks,” Ned gasped out.

“At least we... got one,” Chuck answered.

And then the vault door cracked open, and light and air flooded in. Blinking in the sudden brightness, near deafened at the volume of Olive’s joy at finding them alive and Emerson’s severe scolding for getting into such a dumbass situation in the first place, Ned and Chuck gripped each other’s hands tighter.

“And furthermore,” said Emerson, “if you two ever get bees in your bonnets again about following a suspect into an abandoned bank building, you will do me the courtesy of leaving me a damn voicema-- hey, are you holding hands?”

Ned and Chuck looked down at their hands, which were, indeed, still gripping one another. They looked at each other. They blinked. And, slowly, they began to beam.

“Wait,” said Olive. “I thought Chuck had some kind of weird allergy?”

“I guess I’m cured,” said Chuck, softly. Ned only smiled at her more. They stayed like that for the entire drive-- holding hands across the back seat of Emerson’s car, and smiling the whole way home.

Were this a fairy tale, it would be quite correct to draw the curtain, proclaim a happy-ever-after, and announce The End. But life is not a fairy tale, and, while certainly happy, in no way should this tale be construed as an ending.

Indeed, if anything, it's a beginning.

