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Global Cuisines by Independent Scholars

A Learned Cookbook

Edited by Helen Ross

with Amanda Haste & Linda Baines

This volume aims to give you an insight into different foods, traditions, and food-related experiences, through brief essays – some scholarly, some personal accounts – each of which has a related recipe. It is completely open access, and freely available to download from the NCIS website www.ncis.org.

For best results, print out as a booklet and settle down for a good read. You could also print out separate copies of your favorite recipes to keep in the kitchen.

Enjoy!

Contents

FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to *Global Cuisines by Independent Scholars: A Learned Cookbook*. This book was conceived in 2015 by Klara Seddon and continued by Nhi T. Lieu, but the project then lay dormant before being revived, with myself as editor and with the immense support of Amanda Haste and Linda Baines. The idea of a scholarly cookbook is not new, but this one is the first to be compiled by proud independent scholars, namely members of the National Coalition of Independent Scholars (NCIS) and its affiliated partner groups around the world. Together we have worked to ensure that the essays produced by the contributing scholars were honored and published. It has been a great privilege to work on this book, as some of the contributions have substantially broadened our horizons.

Traditional cooking and the journey from mythology to modern-day family eating is explored by Lilian Tsappa in her piece around Cypriot wine. She shows us the significance of wine production in Cypriot history and links that history to her own family's lived experiences in the form of her father's recipe, which she is now passing on in her own right. Traditional American fare, with an eye on budget, is shared by Tisa M. Anders in her piece on "L. Maria Child's Nineteenth-Century Election Cake," in which she discusses the impact of Child's activism. The lens of austerity and paucity of resource is cast on *ptitim* (Israeli couscous) by Susan R. Breitzer, who shows us how a staple born of need and scarcity has now gained status, particularly in the United States, as a delicacy.

Other essays, such as Breitzer's "*Challah* - That Jewish Bread" highlight some of the preconceptions held about different groups in society, in this case Jewish people, and show how they can evolve within the culture where they now sit. This is akin to Nhi T. Lieu's "Making Curry Transnational" which arises from her family's immigration to the USA when she was young. The family was navigating cultural differences across nations and, as part of that process, chicken curry stew became a staple. Food touching on religious themes is shared by with Susan R. Breitzer, who shows the importance of *cholent* as a dish served on the Shabbat (Sabbath). The role of religious institutions in supporting people in the cultural melting-pot of maritime life in the South of France between the mid-nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is shared by Amanda Haste, who relates her Marseille-based essay to the Provençal dish *tapenade*. Amanda Haste's second contribution, on the development of musical traditions within monastic communities, links to the presentation of her recipe for *religieuses* (nuns). These are a delicious French pastry, fashioned after nuns' habits and leading us into temptation and more indulgent recipes!

In "Self-Care Smoothies" Nhi T. Lieu shares her personal journey with self-care and gives us a privileged and intimate view of the challenges she experienced when navigating parenthood, work, and care of relatives. Discovering smoothies helped her to focus on herself and her needs, and she has shared those recipes here. The theme of self-care and family echoes in Annie Rehill's essay, in which her family's Christmas traditions take center stage. She shares her family's diverse cultural heritage, which is manifested in her rich egg nog recipe. My own contribution is also linked to self-care: a cream tea is never necessary but always nice. I give a light-hearted overview of some of the history of the development of the cream tea, and the complexities associated with how it may be eaten, based on where the eater is indulging.

It is not without a substantial amount of sadness and loss to the independent scholarly community that, due to the long gestation period of this project, three of the contributing authors are no longer with us. The essays and recipes submitted by Fanny Peczenik, Stephen Facciola and David Sonenschein, whose work was submitted to the project prior to our joining it, have been published without substantive editing since they did not have the opportunity for pre-publication review. The contributions made by these writers have provided a snapshot of their relationships and lived experiences of food, through their academic lenses. Fanny Peczenik writes of her experiences in Tennessee with a Spanish friend who taught her to make gazpacho in the Córdoba style; the dish became a summer-time staple through which she remembered her friend. In Stephen Facciola's novel take on the traditional dessert crumble, for which he uses Japanese knotweed rather than apples or blackberries, he walks us through the background to knotweed and its other uses, providing sensitive and astute insight into Japanese culture and traditions. David Sonenschein's College Food takes us all back to those days when money was limited but our appetites weren't, and we had to make the best of what we could in those shared, university-housing kitchens.

Although constituted in the U.S.A., NCIS has an international membership. In the interests of retaining the voices of each of our contributors, we have therefore decided to use U.S. spelling and conventions throughout the book, other than in those contributions from Europe and Great Britain where British English is used.

As an editorial team, we hope you enjoy reading the essays and trying the foods as much as we have while preparing this book.

Helen Ross

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Tisa M. Anders (Ph.D. Religion and Social Change, University of Denver, USA) is an independent historian and Founder/CEO of Writing the World, LLC in Denver, Colorado (U.S.A.). She received her Ph.D. in Religion and Social Change from University of Denver/Iliff School of Theology Joint Doctoral Program. She specializes in agricultural history and nineteenth-century US reform movements. Anders has authored numerous book reviews and encyclopedia entries on history and international relations as well as chapters for anthologies on Mexico-US Migration with a focus on the Betabeleros (Mexican-origin beet field workers) and their contributions to the sugar industry in western Nebraska. She currently is writing a memoir on love and politics along with completing her forthcoming book on nineteenth-century US activist/author, Lydia Maria Child.

Susan Roth Breitzer (Ph.D. History, University of Iowa) is an educational content writer and independent historian, specializing in American Jewish history, labor history, and religion and society. She has published papers in History Compass, Indiana Magazine of History, Race/Ethnicity: Multidisciplinary Global Contexts, The Independent Scholar, and Religions and her work has also appeared in Lacuna and the Washington Post. She has recently recorded a podcast for the Organization of American Historians' inaugural "Intervals" series in American history on religious responses to the 1918 Influenza pandemic.

Stephen Facciola (1949-2020) was an edible-plants of the world scholar and researcher with proficiency in the disciplines of botany, horticulture and gastronomy. Author, editor and publisher of *Cornucopia: A Source Book of Edible Plants* (1990) and *Cornucopia II: A Source Book of Edible Plants* (1998). Owner: Kampong Publications, Vista, California. He pioneered the development of knowledge of edible plants and brought vivid and dynamic understanding of foraging and cultivating the land to many people who may not otherwise have had access to such depth of understanding.
A detailed and thoughtful biography of Stephen Facciola, with links to articles and interviews is available here: https://www.edimentals.com/blog/?p=26231

Amanda J. Haste (Ph.D. Musicology, Bristol University, England) is an Anglo-French musicologist and a Chartered Linguist; since 2015 she has taught courses in Translation, Applied Languages, and Research Skills for Musicians and Musicologists at Aix-Marseille University, France. Her research focuses on identity construction through music and language, and the British Colony in nineteenth-century Marseille. As well as publishing journal articles and book chapters, she co-authored *Constructing Identity in an Age of Globalization* (Paris: Ex Modio, 2015) and her forthcoming books include her monograph *Music and Identity in Twenty-First-Century Monasticism* (Routledge, 2023), and the *NCIS Guide for Independent Scholars* (NCIS, 2023) co-edited with Linda Baines.

Nhi T. Lieu is author of *The American Dream in Vietnamese* which examines how live music variety shows and videos, beauty pageants, and websites created by and for Vietnamese Americans contributed to the shaping of their cultural identity. She has also published several articles on popular culture, gender, and ethnic performance, and is currently working on a book/memoir that explores the relationship between memories and embodied experiences across four generations of women.

Fannie Peczenik (1947-2018) graduated in 1967 from Brooklyn College with a major in foreign languages. Her Ph.D. thesis at the City University of New York (1981, English literature) was entitled "Adam's Other Self: A Reading of Milton's Eve." She joined the Princeton Research Forum when it was founded while she was working on her dissertation. Her writing and studies encompassed the following: literary criticism, from Milton to Mailer, etc.; animals and plants; travel and memoirs; short stories and a novel; translations (Italian, Yiddish, Spanish); editing (technical, language, for friends).

This biography is taken from Dr Peczenik's recent posthumous publication, "Winning the wager: what Faust could have learned from physics?" published in The Independent Scholar *on 8 December 2020. The full article can be accessed here:*

https://www.ncis.org/sites/default/files/TIS%238%20PECZENIK%20PREPRINT.pdf

Annie Rehill (Ph.D., MS Library Science, MFA) specializes in the literature, culture, and history of Francophone Canada, focusing on intercultural expressions and implications. Her ecocritical-centered work focuses on representations of the Canadian *coureur de bois* figure, and on Francophone Caribbean writings. She is also a creative writer. Having grown up transnationally, Annie enjoys extending culinary boundaries in the kitchen.

Helen Ross (Ph.D. Social and Policy Science, University of Bath, England) is an independent researcher, specializing in dyslexia, specific learning difficulties and special educational needs and disabilities (SEND). Through many years of classroom-based work, Helen has developed an affinity with the Friday Fuddle, the Birthday bun and the Cakey Friday, where she has honed her tastes through direct and necessary consumption of goods associated with these time-honored rituals in the English secondary school staffroom. Dr Ross is also a charity trustee, specialist assessor and general noisemaker around SEND provision locally, nationally and internationally. She feels that many exchanges, negotiations and policy-processes could be better developed, implemented and evaluated over a good cup of tea, cake and a buttery-creamy-jammy scone.

David Sonenschein was an early member of the NCIS, who served in various roles on the Board. He left academia with a broad range of experience in anthropology, sociology and psychology. He focused on human sexualities within American popular culture. He was based in San Antonio and served as Historian for the American Studies Association of Texas. He was known not only for his good humor, dry wit and welcoming nature but for his endless dedication to academic excellence and the support of those working outside mainstream academia. He supported his peers to excel and strived to excel himself.

A full tribute to Dr Sonenschein can be found in The Independent Scholar, *Volume 8 (December 2021) at*
https://www.ncis.org/sites/default/files/TIS%238%20PECZENIK%20PREPRINT.pdf

Lilian Tsappa holds a doctorate in comparative literature from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Her professional experience includes positions in the diplomatic service, in public and international relations, and in academia. As an independent scholar and writer, her work is interdisciplinary and dedicated to the improvement of contemporary life through the synthesis and integration of the ancient with the modern, the esoteric with the exoteric. Lilian is the author of *Cooking Myths: Fire the Imagination Along with the Stove* (2021), a Greek mythology cookbook: *Blessings: Layers of Meaning in Sacred Visual Language* (2014), and a work on Greek Orthodox religious iconography.

LIST OF RECIPES

Key:

Suitable for vegetarians (no meat or fish)

Suitable for vegans (no meat, fish, eggs or dairy products)

Savoury Food

Sweet Food

Drinks

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SAVOURY FOOD

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COOKING WITH DIONYSUS' WINE

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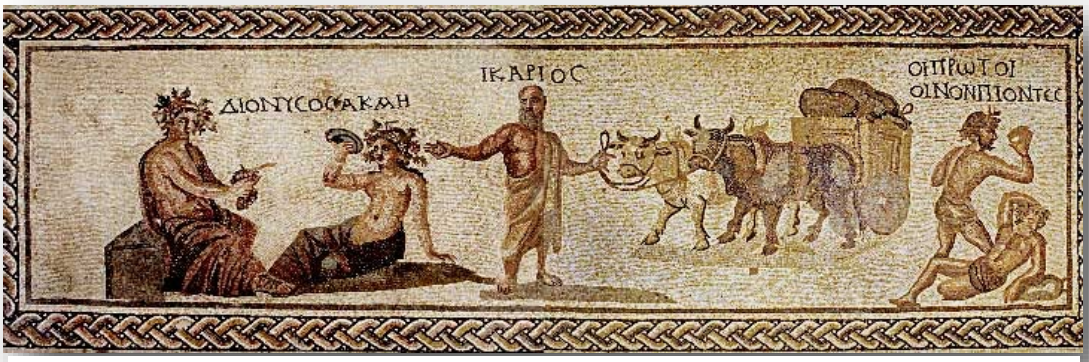

Figure 1. Dionysus and the First Wine Makers
(Floor Mosaic, 2nd century AD, House of Dionysus, Cyprus)

Abstract

This article explores the historical connections between the land, Gods and wine-production in Cyprus through the culinary lens. A overview of Greek Mythological folklore in and around Cyrprus is given, then the development of wine production from the middle ages to modern times is shared. The author's family history is contextualised in the rich history of Cypriot wine production and connected to the art of cooking with wine. The recipe shared is that of the writer's father and has been shared across generations.

Legend has it that Dionysus, the Greek god of wine and the intoxicating power of nature, first taught the Mediterranean people the cultivation of the vine and the art of wine-making some five thousand years ago—a practice that alongside the cultivation of the olive tree, a gift from the goddess Athena, so impacted the ancient world's culinary and cultural experience that it was allegedly described by the fifth-century BCE Greek historian Thycidices as "Emergence from barbarism" (Johnson, 1989, p. 35).

Known as Bacchus to the Romans, Dionysus was the son of Zeus and the mortal Semele, who while pregnant, asked to see the god in his full power and was consumed

by it. Zeus incubated the fetus in his thigh and when born, disguised him as a girl and entrusted him to the care of King Athamas, to escape the wrath of Zeus' wife, Hera. But the ruse failed, so Zeus turned the boy into a goat to be raised by wood nymphs. Not surprisingly, by the time he reached adulthood, Dionysus was mad! Crowned with ivy, vines and clusters of grapes, and accompanied by his drunken followers—the Bacchantes, the woodland spirits Sileni, and the goat-like Satyrs—he roamed the world on a panther-drawn chariot, introducing his cult and the art of wine-making, and rendering mad those who refused him.

Perhaps it was during one such wandering when Dionysus reached the island of Cyprus, my homeland. Strategically located in the eastern Mediterranean Sea and with a history of over 8000 years, Cyprus is known as the birthplace of Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love and beauty. It was only natural that the god of fertility and effervescent life would be welcomed there. The locals set up sanctuaries in his honor, and the sun-drenched Cypriot soil provided fertile ground for the sweeter variety of vines. Before long, Cyprus' powerful mercantile fleet carried what Homer calls "The sweet wine of Cyprus" to the farthest corners of the ancient world. Between the 11th -13th centuries, occupations by the Knight Templars and the French House of Lusignan perfected Cypriot viniculture, and today, a variety of dessert wine called "Commandaria" is recognized as the oldest wine in the world (Guinness World Records, Undated). Another popular story claims that King Richard the Lionheart of England, who conquered Cyprus on his way to the 3rd Crusade in 1191, married there, and toasted his bride, Berengaria, with Cyprus' "Wine of Kings and the King of wines" (Goodyear, 2020).

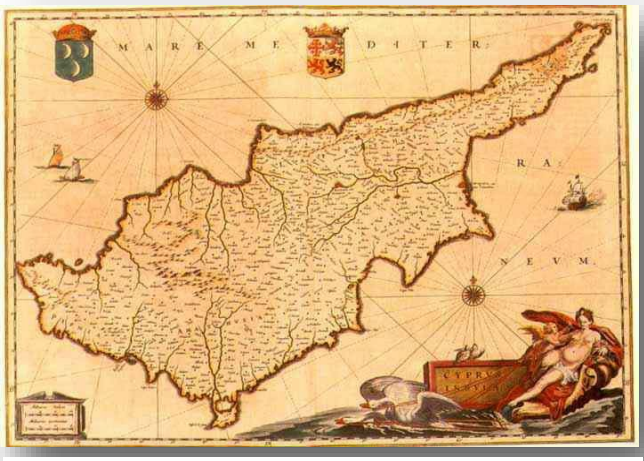

Figure 2. Mediaeval Map of Cyprus

My own family history is deeply rooted in the wine-producing region of Cyprus and the art of cooking with wine. From seasonal harvests to family celebrations and religious observances, cooking with our home-made wine has been a natural, practical and delicious experience. This is especially true with meat dishes, as wine helps release the flavor of the natural ingredients in ways that fat, broth or water cannot (Hanson, 2021). Over the decades, traditional wine-infused recipes were passed on from my grandmother to my father, Leonidas. Here is my dad's recipe for "Aféleia" (Pork loin in wine and dry coriander sauce), a traditional Cypriot dish served with "Patátes Antinaktés" (potatoes in wine and dry coriander). Enjoy!

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LEONIDAS' AFÉLEIA with PATÁTES ANTINAKTÉS

(pork loin in wine and dry coriander sauce with potatoes in wine and dry coriander)

This recipe has been adopted from *'COOKING MYTHS: Fire the Imagination Along with the Stove,* 2021 (ISBN: 9798743945597)' and has been reproduced with the author's permission.

LEONIDAS' AFÉLEIA (6 servings)

Prep time: 3 hours (overnight is optional)
Cooking time: 40 minutes

Figure 3. Aféleia.
Photograph by the author.

Ingredients

2-3 lbs (2kg) pork loin cut into large cubes (boneless is optional)
1/3 cup (80ml) extra virgin olive oil (more as needed)
1½ cups (375ml) dry red wine
¼ cup (35g) dry coriander seeds (crushed or ground)
3 cups (750ml) warm water** (more as needed)
Salt (optional)

Method

In a deep bowl, marinate the pork with the wine and coriander for 3 hours (or overnight) preferably in the refrigerator.

Remove the meat from the marinade and set aside.

In a deep non-stick pot, heat the olive oil and sear the pork over high temperature, turning sides frequently until slightly brown.

Extinguish* the pork with the wine and coriander marinade. Bring to a simmer. Add enough warm water to cover the meat and cook uncovered over low heat until the meat is tender for approximately 40 minutes.

When done, the liquid should turn into a light wine sauce. Let stand for 10 minutes before serving.

PATÁTES ANTINAKTÉS

Figure 4. Cracked Potatoes marinated in red wine and dry coriander. Photograph by the author.

Ingredients (makes 6 servings)

2 lbs/1kg small potatoes, washed and dried well

2 cups (500ml) dry red wine

Extra-virgin olive oil (as needed)

¼ cup (35g) dry coriander seeds (crushed or ground)

Salt and freshly ground black pepper (optional)

Method

Slice lightly or crack the potatoes (with a rolling pin or a heavy object) but do not halve or remove the skin.

Heat the olive oil in a deep non-stick pan or pot and sauté the potatoes over high fire, turning frequently until they turn golden and slightly crispy on the outside. Do not overcook.

Extinguish* the potatoes with wine and sprinkle with the coriander seeds. Stir or shake the pan to coat the potatoes with the wine and spices. Season if desired. Cook uncovered until the alcohol reduces by about half. Reduce temperature to medium-low, cover and simmer until potatoes are crispy on the outside but tender and juicy inside, approximately for 30 minutes. To avoid scorching, occasionally stir or shake the pan.

*Extinguish is the act of pouring wine or a seasoned liquid over food cooked over high heat. As the liquid evaporates, it releases steam.

**Warm enough to comfortably hold in your finger.

CHALLAH - THAT JEWISH BREAD

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Abstract

Challah (pronounced with a "kh") is a traditional Ashkenazic Jewish bread identified as braided egg bread. It gets its name, though, from the ritual that is part of making it that involves separating a portion of dough. Challah is traditionally part of the Jewish Sabbath and other festive meals, but in recent times has taken on a cultural life of its own. This essay looks at the history, law, and folklore of this singularly Jewish bread that comes in many forms and variations and has had many culinary uses.

Challah, identified as the quintessential Jewish bread is traditionally associated with a braided egg bread, but gets its name from the ritual that is part of making it. The term comes from the Jewish religious requirement to take and separately burn a certain portion of the dough (the "*challah*" in memory of the Temple sacrifices) when preparing the bread. There are different rules regarding how much to take (less for commercial bakers than for individuals at home) and whether to take it when making *challah* in a bread machine.

Challah is identified predominantly with Ashkenazi Jewish cuisine although for Jews, all meals are supposed to begin with bread. Typical *challah* is similar to brioche in texture, except that it is made with oil rather than butter, among other reasons, so that it can be eaten with meat meals, which is important given the Jewish requirement to keep milk products and meat separate when eating. Throughout history, many variations of *challah* have been developed—including more savoury potato *challah* from Lithuania, and eggless Georgian *challah*. *Challah* can also be made in different shapes for various occasions throughout the Jewish calendar. The best-known variation from the standard braided *challah* is the round High Holiday *Challah* sweetened with honey (with or without raisins). Another is the "Shlissel" (key) *challah* baked in the shape of a key (or sometimes with a key baked in it) for the first Sabbath after Passover for good fortune (it never worked for me!). Other customs, less widely practiced, include ladders and birds, all based on Biblical references and symbolic meanings (Nathan & Knopf, 1997; Sarna, 2014; Zeidler, 1988).

Although *challah* is traditionally associated with the Jewish Sabbath or holiday meal (except on Passover), has taken on a cultural life of its own. One of the best-known *challah* jokes is about the Reform Jew (stereotypically assumed to not be very observant) who asks the bakery for *challah* and for it to be sliced (traditionally not done until the ritual bread breaking that follows a blessing at the table). Jokes like this get around because today *challah* is widely available commercially (certified kosher or not) and used for many edibles including ham and cheese sandwiches. Fortunately, there are plenty of uses for *challah* that don't have to run afoul of the laws of kashrut, that centre around keeping meat and dairy foods and ingredients completely separate (Tee, 2016). These include, but are not limited to *challah* bread pudding and *challah* French toast (Groveman, 2022; Wiesenthal, 2022).

Even the name "*challah*" has a cultural history, from its Hebrew origin in "taking *challah*," referring to the ritual breaking off of a piece of the dough, regardless of whether the baked item looks like *challah* as commonly understood. This is why a box of matza (the unleavened flat bread used at Passover) can and historically has had the slogan "*challah* is taken" on it (Prinz, 2021). An alternate pronunciation of the term, "Holly" is now regarded as incorrect, though it actually derives from the Yiddish "khale." (Johnson, 2020). A popular cultural reference to the way *challah* should be pronounced may be found in the diner scene of the recent movie tick, tick … Boom!. In it, the very secular Jewish waiter and aspiring musical theatre composer Jonathan Larson sees fit to correct a diner customer's pronunciation of "that Jewish bread, holly," (Miranda 2021).

When it comes to making *challah*, there are many recipes in print and online and growing numbers of variations beyond the traditional. For example, some people bake special chocolate chip *challah*s as a treat, though the appeal of this may be mainly to children (Schwarz, 2022). Rainbow *challah*s dyed with food colouring made to honour inclusion and diversity have also been seen (Kritzer, Undated). For those who have special dietary needs, vegan and gluten-free *challah* is available or bakeable, along with whole wheat *challah*. And home *challah*-baking is made easier than ever with bread machine *challah* recipes, including the one I am sharing here.

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CHALLAH

Ingredients (makes two medium-sized loaves)

Figure 5. Challah.
Photograph by Michael Druker

2 cups (500g) white bread flour
1 ¼ cups (190g) whole wheat flour
1 egg
1 scant cup (230ml) plus one tablespoon water
3 tablespoons oil (30ml) (extra virgin olive oil preferred, but olive or vegetable oil will work)
2 tablespoons (20g) sugar
1 ½ teaspoons salt
1 ½ teaspoons yeast

Method

Crack egg into liquid measuring cup. Fill cup with lukewarm water to one-cup line, then add one tablespoon water. Add egg-water combination to bread machine, followed by three tablespoons of oil.

Add dry ingredients, starting with the 3 ¼ cups of flour, taking care to pour and level flour into dry measuring cups rather than scooping it, except for the last quarter cup.

Add the sugar and yeast. Make a small dent with your finger on top of the mound of flour, sugar, and salt, and pour one and a half teaspoons yeast into the hole. Close the bread machine, set to the "dough" cycle, and start.

When the dough cycle is complete, remove the dough, divide into two balls, then divide each into three strands. Let the strands sit for a few minutes, than braid them into two braided loaves, starting from the middle or the end, pinching together the loose ends.

Let the braided loaves rise on a greased baking sheet for about an hour, covered, ideally in a warm oven. When the loaves are sufficiently risen, take out of the oven to preheat it to 375 ºF (190 ºC). When the oven is hot, put in the risen loaves (uncovered!) and bake for twenty-two minutes. Let loaves cool before eating.

THE HISTORY AND DELIGHTS OF CHOLENT

Susan R. Breitzer
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Abstract

Cholent *(pronounced with a "ch") is traditional Jewish Sabbath stew that is cooked overnight. It emerged as a way of having a hot dish for the Sabbath day without having to cook, and there are Ashkenazic and Sephardic versions, the latter called* Hamim *or* Dafina*. Traditionally it is a meat stew, and associated with the Sabbath, but over history there have been many variations and uses of* cholent*. In recent times the varieties of* cholent *have expanded, as well as occasions for eating it. This essay will explore the fascinating history of* cholent *and the author's personal story of making it.*

The German Jewish poet Heinrich Heine once wrote in a parody of Friedrich Schiller's "Ode to Joy" praising the traditional Jewish stew called *cholent* (Carnegie Hall, 2022; Roden and Knopf, 1997):

> "Cholent, ray of light immortal!
> Cholent, daughter of Elysium.
> So had Schiller's song resounded.
> Had he ever tasted cholent."

While many of us who eat *cholent* might consider this an exaggeration, especially if it has been cooking "past time," *cholent's* reputation as a tasty and integral part of Jewish cooking has been well earned over the centuries.

Cholent is a traditional Jewish Sabbath stew, usually made of beans, meat, and vegetables, and cooked overnight and traditionally eaten on Shabbat (the Sabbath day) has, over the centuries, developed many variations, and become popular for occasions other than Shabbat. The origin of this dish's name is not clear. One theory is that it comes from the French "chaud" and "lent" (hot and slow), but there also may be an even older Hebrew origin of the word, meaning "resting overnight." Though most *cholent*s require some advanced cooking preparations, the general concept of *cholent* is built on the idea of having a hot dish for the Sabbath day without having to cook and goes back to Biblical prohibition against lighting fires and cooking on Shabbat. As Sara Kasdan, the author of the classic Jewish cookbook Love and Knishes described it, it is "like having your cake and eating it too." Cholent, therefore is

designed to slow cook overnight, and is traditionally cooked in a low-set oven (historically, in a communal oven or on hot coals). These days, however, *cholent* is increasingly made in a crockpot or slow cooker (Kasdan, 1956; O'Leary, 2020).

Cholent is not limited to one sector of the Jewish world—there are Ashkenazic and Sephardic versions, the latter called Hamim or Dafina, or Shkin. Hamim (or Hamin), in fact, might be the original Hebrew name for the dish. The other principal Sephardic term, Dafina (alternately Adafina), comes from (tfina, the Arabic term for "buried." Beyond nomenclature, Sephardic Hamim differs from its Ashkenazi cousin in including more of a variety of vegetables, legumes, and meats and different (and usually hotter) seasonings. The Sephardic versions also frequently feature additions such as cooked eggs or stuffed meats. Ashkenazi *cholent*, by contrast, has traditionally been made with chicken or beef, onions, beans, potatoes, though some have additions such as kishke (beef intestines stuffed with a mixture of ground meat, flour, onions, and fat) (Jahwara-Piner, 2022; Roden, 2022; Roden and Knopf, 1997).

In its long history, *cholent* has proved to be nothing if not adaptable. In recent times, there have been new variations that cross the Ashkenazic-Sephardic divide, and it is no longer just for Shabbat. Cholent has proven to be very adaptable to different cuisines—recent innovations have included additions such as Indian spices or salsa, and the development of a slow-cooking chili *cholent* as well as brisket and Boston baked beans. For many of us, the best innovation is vegetarian *cholent* (which, unless you add eggs, is vegan too) that has further been adapted to and from a variety of cuisines. It should be noted that vegetarian *cholent* is not just for vegetarians—if you keep kosher, it makes meal planning easier when milk and meat must be kept separate, with a waiting period typically between eating meat and eating dairy dishes. Even among Hasidic Jews, where there is a strong cultural preference for eating meat on Shabbat, there is an account of a woman from the Lubavitch sect, based in the Crown Heights neighborhood of Brooklyn, who made her *cholent* meatless so that her children could enjoy their Saturday night pizza (and presumably get to bed on time). Similarly, some people like to make *cholent* for a Yom Kippur break-the-fast or, as a friend of mine who is an early riser did, Friday night. Actually, *cholent* can be made any time, simply because "I feel like *cholent*," (so long as you are willing to plan in the advanced preparations and cooking time). In some places, it is available pre-made (which struck me as an oxymoron) and in Israel and New York, as restaurant fare (Nathan and Knopf, 1997; Roden and Knopf, 1997; Zeidler, 1988).

A personal story regarding *cholent*—and its significance amid the pandemic. My family has long made vegetarian *cholent*, at least during the winter months, from the Fall holiday of Sukkot to just before Passover (and switched to summer salads the rest of the year), with a fairly unvarying recipe and noticeable reluctance to experiment with what seemed to work. In recent years, we also enjoyed the *cholent* that was a semi-

regular feature at the kiddush (light post-service meal) of the Orthodox Kehillah, an Orthodox minyan we attend, whose Sephardic contributor gave it a distinct taste with ingredients like chickpeas, wheatberries, and vegetarian sausages. So when the pandemic shut everything down and temporarily ended live services, we decided to make *cholent* every week, through the hottest months, and we have continued, even after in-person services and kiddushes have been restored, except for weekends when we would be away from home for Shabbat. Along the way, we have made changes and improvements to the recipe, from eliminating potatoes and using beans other than lima, to adding whole eggs and, close to eating time, vegetarian sausages (or vegetarian meatballs. I am sharing the resulting recipe below.

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CHOLENT

(Our Pandemic-developed **Cholent** *for Crockpot or Instant Pot)*

Ingredients (serves 6 or more)

1 ½ lb (680g). mixed dried beans
3 cloves garlic, minced
3 onions, cut in rings
6 stalks celery, diced
4 carrots, peeled and diced
2 tablespoons (30ml) vegetarian chicken soup mix
8 cups water (2 litres) (approximately)
Whole eggs (number depends on how many being served)
1 package Beyond Meatballs or Beyond Sausage (if sausages, diced in rounds)

Figure 6. Cholent.
Photograph by Ran Paskal.

Method

Sauté garlic, onions, and celery in oil in a skillet or on the sauté setting of an instant pot. (If using a skillet, add sautéed ingredients to a crockpot.

Add the remaining ingredients, and add whole eggs to the top, if desired.

Set crockpot to the slow setting or instant pot to the slow cooker setting. To make sure *cholent* doesn't overcook (if you are making it in advance) use either a timer or the delay start setting to the desired hour you wish to begin cooking.

About an hour before serving, add the vegetarian sausages, and just before serving, peel the *cholent*-cooked egg.

MAKING CURRY TRANSNATIONAL

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Abstract

This article demystifies American Thanksgiving by examining food consumption and food preparation for the holiday. By examining the turkey meal and a curry recipe her mother makes, the author explores the transnational circuits of her family's way of adopting, adapting, and making meaning out of food they prepare for Thanksgiving as immigrants in America.

Even before I understood the social and political implications of colonialism associated with Thanksgiving, I dreaded it for many reasons as a child. First, I never connected with the idea of pilgrims and Indians celebrating a feast together. Second, I always felt alienated when people spoke about the foods associated with the holiday. For most American families, Thanksgiving dinner consisted of bountiful amounts of food--mashed potatoes, green beans, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and the obligatory roasted turkey. My family and I did not follow such culinary traditions.

As an immigrant who came to the United States with her parents, I am commonly referred by demographers and sociologists as part of the 1.5 generation. The 1.5 generation adapted to mainstream American culture and learned about the symbols of American identity fairly quickly. Growing up, I craved those Thanksgiving dishes. I wanted to embrace new American traditions more than anyone. I thought that the best way to be American was to eat "American" food. My parents, however, steered us clear away from that. We ate what was served to us, mainly Chinese and Vietnamese food. Occasionally, we were allowed to have Ruffles potato chips and breakfast cereals. Eating at McDonald's was a special treat that we rarely could afford. Instead, we were introduced to charbroiled hamburgers through the local burger joint that offered the "buy one, get one free" specials on Tuesdays. We ate hamburgers and hot dogs at Rick's and our Thanksgiving turkey was prepared chopped up and made into a spicy, hearty curry stew served with rice noodles or French baguettes.

My mother worked for an electronics assembly manufacturer that gave employees turkeys and hams every Thanksgiving and Christmas. The best way my mother knew to cook a large bird for her family was in curry stew, marinated to perfection. She

would cut up the turkey into pieces, season it with garlic, onions, salt, and pepper, lightly fry it in oil, and place in a large pot to cook with sweet potatoes, carrots, tomato paste, coconut milk, other spices, and a healthy portion of curry powder. She learned how to make this delicious dish from her mother while growing up in Vietnam.

My maternal grandmother was a grocer who sold live poultry and other pantry goods. She learned how to make this curry recipe from a good neighbor and customer, an Indian immigrant who settled in Vietnam in the 1940s. My mother told me that South Vietnamese society consisted of a diverse population when she was growing up in the 1950s. Indian, Burmese, Cambodian, Thai, Chinese, and other ethnic Asian migrants who lived there provided the labor force and participated in vastly rich economic and cultural exchanges in Vietnamese society. Sadly, many of those expatriates returned to their countries of origin after the war became inhospitable to foreigners. The war severed connections between my grandmother and her customers, prompting many to flee in the late 1970s and early 1980s. My family eventually fled as well, carrying the family recipe with us to the United States. On special occasions, the recipe resurfaces.

I did not know this story until much later in my life. My desire to assimilate overshadowed my mother's attempt to hold on to memories of her mother. This did not occur to me until one year when my mother allowed me and my brother to cook Thanksgiving dinner. After years of begging, she finally gave in and surrendered a turkey for us to roast, whole. My brother and I did our very best to follow recipe books to make Thanksgiving dinner to resemble the picture perfect Norman Rockwell painting. We took our responsibilities very seriously and prepared the most bountiful traditional Thanksgiving dinner complete with pies, candied yams, mashed potatoes and gravy, the desirable oven-roasted turkey with stuffing. We presented our family with the ultimate "American meal" but their appetites were not fully satisfied. Unlike our usual curry dinners, there were leftovers for weeks. Our family was not used to the tastes of America. We were so disappointed with ourselves that the turkey came out dry and the flavors had to be masked by cranberry and soy sauce.

Since then, we all agreed that my mom's curry turkey remains the traditional meal for our family for Thanksgiving. Over time, I learned to appreciate my mother's cooking and began to pay attention as she made other dishes my grandmother taught her caramelized catfish, ginger chicken, and "bo kho," a Vietnamese beef stew. Now that my grandmother has passed, every time my mom cooks traditional Vietnamese dishes, they become even more meaningful. I have not been brave enough to make a turkey curry stew but have ventured to make smaller portions with other meats and vegetables for my own family. However, I plan on carrying this tradition of making curry turkey when my children are older. Despite my children's begging, I have yet to

repeat an attempt at making a traditional Thanksgiving dinner. For Thanksgiving at my house, we just have a regular meal that I am very thankful for on that holiday.

The following recipe was told to my brother and me by my mother, Nhung Truong. My brother, Son Lieu, recorded this as a guideline but most of the cooking is done by approximation.

CHICKEN CURRY STEW

(This recipe can be modified with any other poultry meat.)

Figure 7. Curry chicken in rice vermicelli. Photograph by the author.

Ingredients and method for marinating

1 whole chicken cut in pieces
5 bay leaves
1 Tbsp cloves
5 Tbsp curry powder
5 star-anise
2 cloves garlic (minced)
2 shallots (minced)
1 tbsp grated ginger
Salt and pepper to taste
Combine all and marinate 2-4 hours, or overnight for the fullest flavor.

Method and further ingredients

Pan fry in olive oil at medium heat the following ingredients until golden on all sides:

Taro or sweet potato chunks (1 inch)
Potato chunks (1 inch); Carrots (2 inches)

Pan fry chicken pieces until lightly browned on all sides.

Cook in large pot with the following:

1 Quart (950ml) of chicken broth
1 can (400ml) of coconut milk
2 Tbsp of tomato paste
½ can of evaporated milk; 2 Tbsp turmeric

Add more curry powder until it is a golden orange.

Add 5 bay leaves and simmer for 1 hour. For the last 30 mins, add root vegetables.

Figure 8. Curry with baguettes. Photograph by the author.

Season to taste, top with fresh herbs and bean sprouts, serve with rice vermicelli or French baguettes.

COLLEGE FOOD

In Memoriam

David Sonenschein

(1949-2020)

For many, perhaps most scholars, their association with food is not what I'd call problematic. I've seen it to be challenging, adventuresome, frustrating when hoped for lofty goals of taste and presentation are not met, and in the end, satisfying when consumed in supportive social company. Especially with wine. I'd like to offer a contrary experience.

Graduating high school, I left home with a typewriter (from my father) and a Betty Crocker looseleaf cookbook (from my mother), along with a not-all-that-unkind farewell of "Don't let the door hit you in the ass on the way out". Fine. I went to college, lived in a dorm for a bit and ate at the Student Union. Then three of us rented a house, and I and a roommate got jobs as food workers in a sorority: two meals a day, six days a week. I don't remember if we got paid or not.

We set up the kitchen and dining room, assisted Vera, the cook, and plated the meals for the better-looking frat boys who placed the dishes in front of ungrateful eaters ("diners" would be a much too genteel a word for what they did to the food). We ate our own meals standing up in the kitchen with about 15 minutes before we had to serve. Then it was collect the utensils and plates, tear down the dining room, wash the dishes, take out the garbage of mounds of uneaten food, and clean the kitchen. It took about four hours for the evening meal. Sometimes we could take unserved portions home but not often, and we couldn't let the Housemother see us.

It was a fundamental change in my relationship to food. Food was a means, a fuel, a necessity, and budget item that translated into money saved. The social context was labor rather than recreational. We ate well enough thanks to Vera but but food was basically a chore, a bodily process of brief but not unpleasant duration. We neither looked forward to it nor regretted it. Our social role was specific: we served rather than got served; we were directed workers and the food was not ours. Especially problematic for the frat boys was the social and gender dissonance that came from their self-image of handsome Big Man on Campus against the daily subordination of having to cater to imperious and picky female campus cohorts.

The point of all this whining is that through all of this, there was a respite. We had to eat on our day off, of course, and especially after we left the sorority job. My mother had taught me the basics of cooking and other domestic needs ("So you don't have to marry a Mommy," she said) so I was comfortable and minimally competent in kitchens (later in my academic life and as an independent, I would earn my way cooking in restaurants and bars). In 1961, I invented a dish.
Or thought I did, but others appeared years later claiming a similar recipe; I remain immensely pleased with myself for this, however, and know that it came out of my own imagination.

The basic idea is a one-pot thing that is measured primarily by its low expense, then by its bulk, then by its shelf life, then, still important, by its taste. My roommates liked it and it would often last us up to four days. You can get the ingredients at any grocery store and whip through the express check-out. It took less than 15 minutes to fix.

COLLEGE FOOD

Ingredients

½ to 1 pound (227-454g) ground chuck (beef)
2 Tbs (60ml) cooking oil
½ to 1 whole yellow onion
1 to 2 cans stewed tomatoes
1 to 2 cans whole kernel corn
1 to 2 cans kidney beans (I use dark)
Elbow macaroni
Beef stock or beef boullion cube(s)
Spices (see below)

Figure 9. College Food
Photograph by the author.

COOKING IT

I gave a range of quantities that you can adjust, depending on how much you want to fix and how long you want it to last, or how many are going to be eating this stuff.
Brown the meat in a skillet using the cooking oil to lubricate the pan if needed (we didn't have non-stick pans then). Break up the meat into small chunks, but leave it it a bit chunky. Brown till the pink disappears, and add the chopped onion and stir till the

onions become translucent but still firm. Drain the grease into an empty can to discard; don't dump it down the drain and clog up the sink like my stupid roommate did.

Anyway, now you can season the thing. Here's where you be creative and make it your own, change it every time. Basically, I use garlic powder, coarse ground black pepper, and cumin; season to taste. You can use fresh garlic, but my tradition is based on minimal effort and quickness of preparation. We had other things to do. I've even used a very slight dash of cinnamon. A few drops of Tabasco sauce, liquid smoke, and Worcestershire sauce have been know to fall into this as well. Pickapeppa sauce can be nice too. Have your way with it.

You can continue cooking in the skillet, or transfer the meat and onion to a larger pot. Dump in the stewed tomatoes including the juice. I usually cut them up a bit but again leaving these more on the chunkier side. Bring to a boil, then add the canned corn, with liquid. Bring to another boil and add the kidney beans with their liquid also. Or you can add the tomatoes, corn and kidney beans all at the same time. I don't care. Bring to a final boil, turn the heat down to a simmer, then add the boullion cube and stir till dissolved.

Now throw in handfuls of elbow macaroni. How much depends on your taste, budget, feeding schedule, and number of leeches who just happen to drop by at dinner time. They were my roommates' friends, not mine.

Add as much liquid as needed to cook the macaroni with a bit of broth to swim. (More guests? More liquid. Problem solved.) Cook until the pasta and the broth is the way you want it, about 8 to 10 minutes. I have served it with cheap shredded cheese, and since moving to Texas, a salsa of choice. Serve too with those biscuits in a tube (loved to pop 'em!), or if you're in a mood and have the time, scratch-made cornbread. This dish should last for at least three days. It gets better each day. It gets REALLY better when you're stoned.

Ignore that last part. Your state may not be enlightened. This was a meal, both in its cooking and in its eating, that served me well through my undergraduate and graduate studies and is permanently tied to my memories of college. Fast, cheap, tasty, filling, and comforting, it gave us a warm fuzzy feeling (probably due to a high bacterial count toward the end) while we were trying to make sense of obscure readings offhandedly assigned by incompetent faculty who mumbled their trivial lectures in mediocre universities where we were tested for intellectual compliance.

SOUP AND SERENDIPITY: GAZPACHO

In Memoriam

Fanny Peczenik

(1947-2018)

(Formerly of the Princeton Research Forum)

I got this recipe for gazpacho in the style of Córdoba from a friend I met in the hills of Tennessee long ago. We were both attached to men doing research at a remote physics laboratory, and the two of us, she from Madrid and I from New York, were isolated in that alien landscape. Spanish had been my major in college and I spoke it passably well. Friendship was inevitable. My friend's mother, a native of Córdoba, taught her how to make the gazpacho. Traditionally it must have been prepared with a food mill or mortar and pestle. Fortunately for me, those gadgets had been replaced by the blender. Cooking baffled me in those days; every dish I tried to make -- braised, sautéed, baked, boiled -- ended up an inedible charred or gooey mess. With a recipe that required no culinary skill I was more successful. On sultry Tennessee evenings that echoed with the clamor of tree insects, the gazpacho was pleasant to eat.

After a couple of years, we all moved elsewhere, and although my friend and I exchange notes and photos at Christmas, we haven't seen each other for decades. But from early on, her gazpacho became a summer staple in my home and so it has remained.

Figure 10. Gazpacho Ingredients. Photograph by the author.

GAZPACHO

(Makes 4-6 servings)

Ingredients

1 cucumber, peeled and cut into quarters
1 bell pepper (red, yellow, orange, or green), cored and cut into large chunks
2 medium-sized tomatoes (or more), cut in half
1 or 2 cloves garlic
1 egg (optional)
1/4 to 1/3 cup (60-80ml) of extra virgin olive oil
2 to 3 tablespoons (30-45ml) red wine vinegar
Thick slice of day-old crusty bread
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Method

Put the oil, bread, garlic, vinegar, egg (if using), salt, and pepper into a 6-cup (1.5-litre) blender and process until the ingredients attain a thick, smooth, creamy consistency. Next add the vegetables in batches, first the cucumber and pepper and then the tomatoes, chopping as you go along and adding water as needed. When the vegetables are very finely chopped, add enough water to top off the container and run the blender at high speed until the soup is homogenized. Pour the gazpacho into a serving dish and refrigerate for several hours. Served chilled.

Does the recipe seem vague? It is. I've always made gazpacho from memory; I write it down here for the first time. So it's bound to be approximate. And that's how it should be. Exact weights and measures won't improve gazpacho. Everything depends on the quality of the vegetables. The raw ingredients – unadorned with herbs or spices other than pepper and untouched by the subtle alchemy of heat – they alone determine the success of the dish. You hope it's a good year for tomatoes and seek out the best when they're at their most succulent (i.e., the later in the season the better).

With some good produce in hand, you can adapt the recipe to your own preferences. It originally called for an egg, which I omit and replace with an extra slice of bread and another dollop of olive oil. I've used various kinds of bread: Italian, French, whole wheat, challah (surprisingly suitable), pita (less suitable). And the olive oil? A good one is easier to find now than when I first got this recipe (the history of American cuisine in the latter part of the 20th century can be summed up by the change in the

availability of olive oil – from scarce and mediocre to ubiquitous and sometimes excellent).

Curiously enough, the etymology of "gazpacho" points to the fortuitous nature of the soup. According to the dictionary of the Real Academia Española (http://lema.rae.es/drae/?val=gazpacho), the word is probably derived, via Hispano-Arabic, from the Greek for a church alms box. The reference is presumably to the assorted donations, various coins or crusts of bread, left as alms, just as bits and pieces of bread and vegetable are used in the making of the soup. (If you've ever toured southern Spain during a drought and a heat wave, as I did some years ago, you'd know that under those conditions, the link between charity and a bowl of cold, tangy gazpacho can seem very literal.)

Isn't the recipe for gazpacho, variable and contingent on time and luck, also a recipe for scholarly research? Once, when I was a graduate student, I asked a professor for advice on how to proceed with a research project. I was expecting a brief tutorial on the use of catalogues and library resources, but perhaps because he was a poet as well as a literary scholar, he shrugged those off.

"Serendipity," he said. "You'll find that you'll make your best discoveries by chance."

That wasn't the answer I wanted, but it turned out to be true, itself an instance of serendipity. You focus your research in one direction, work assiduously, and suddenly, spontaneously find what you're after in a place you hadn't thought to look. Or you hear of a conference or a call for submissions that just happens to coincide with an idea half-forming in your mind. My curriculum vitae is, in fact, a record of the detours where serendipity has taken me. Isn't that the natural advantage of the independent scholar? We don't have to follow a prescribed path. If a happy accident leads us into new territory, we're free to go. In time, my husband too became an independent scholar. There were several straightforward reasons for this, but in whimsical moments, I wonder if years of eating gazpacho, ingesting bowls of serendipity, didn't spoil him for a more contained life.

BEN GURION RICE TO ISRAELI COUSCOUS: THE UNLIKELY STORY OF PTITIM

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Abstract

Ptitim*, also known as Israeli couscous or Jerusalem couscous, and its unlikely history as a "poor food" becoming popular as a gourmet item (and in a further paradox also a children's dish in its place of origin, Israel). What culinary direction* ptitim *will go in next remains to be seen, but as a food staple it appears here to stay. This essay will give a brief history of the creation of* ptitim *in response to early food shortages in Israel, and its paradoxical evolution since that time; it is accompanied by a recipe for one of its many culinary uses*

My interest in Israeli couscous, or *ptitim*, began with an anniversary dinner out at a high-end kosher restaurant in Chicago. My chosen entrée must have been fairly unimpressive, because I have no memory of it. Rather, what I found most memorable was the side dish—a small pearl-like pasta called Israeli couscous. Over the years, and initially with difficulty, I was able to find it in kosher groceries, online, and finally in a regular grocery store in my current not-heavily-Jewish city of residence. As a result, Israeli couscous has gone from an occasional treat to something I make with increasing regularity, as a side or even an entrée. However, it has only been more recently that I have learned the fascinating origins and contrasting images of this food item.

Israeli couscous, also known variously as Jerusalem couscous and pearl couscous, is not the same as the fine grain-like pasta of the familiar couscous. In fact, Israelis would never call this item "couscous," and the Hebrew name for it, *ptitim*, literally means "flakes" and is related to an Arabic term meaning "pounded, dry bread." An alternate Hebrew name for is *ptitim afuyia*, which means "baked flakes," an overall more descriptive name for this mini-pasta that cooks and tastes significantly different from the more familiar couscous, which absorbs liquid in minutes and disintegrates fairly quickly. By contrast, *ptitim*, which is machine-extruded and then toasted in production, is larger, less grain-like, and holds its shape when cooked (Larson, 2016).

So while *ptitim* therefore cannot accurately be described as couscous, it is one of the few "native" Israeli foods that is not also common to the Arab world (along with Bamba peanut snacks!) (Larson, 2016). Ptitim earns this distinction because it is closely tied in with the history of the State of Israel, although it has some antecedents elsewhere in the Middle East and Mediterranean world. These include kableye and Sardinian Fregula or fregola, although *ptitim* differs from the latter in that it is toasted in production. There are also similar "species" of small pasta, such as orzo and Mougrabia (also known as Maftoul), the last of which is also called pearl couscous, and hence confused with *ptitim*, even though the former is coated and the latter extruded (Cook's Info, 2022). But though *ptitim*, like many of these other pasta varieties, has achieved a gourmet status, its origin was anything but gourmet. In addition, the original shape of *ptitim* was not even the now familiar mini-balls! Rather, both the form and purpose of this increasingly popular pasta is shaped by the modern state of Israel's early history.

The earliest Israeli nicknames for *ptitim* were "Ben-Gurion Rice" or "Ben-Gurion's Rice," which says the most about this dish's origin and original shape. During the first decade of statehood, from 1949 to 1959, Israelis lived under a period of austerity and experienced significant food shortages and rationing. There was a particular shortage of rice, a dietary staple of Mizrachi[1] Jewish immigrants. So then Israeli Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion approached Ivgen Proper, a founder of the Osem company, a major Israeli manufacturer of food products, to commission the development of a wheat-based rice substitute. The result was *ptitim*, roasted grain-sized pellets of wheat paste, first produced in a rice shape—the familiar mini-balls would be a later development. In addition to providing sustenance during a time of hardship, this might have been a rare gesture of cultural sensitivity on the part of the Ashkenazi[2] leaders of Israel towards the Mizrachi majority during the early statehood period (Schultz, n.d.).

Since its somewhat inauspicious introduction, *ptitim* has been produced in many other shapes besides rice—including hearts and stars—mostly designed to appeal to kids, sealing *ptitim*'s status in Israel as children's food. Today, Ptitim, in various forms, is a common staple on the shelves of Israeli grocery stores. Israelis, however, primarily prepare and served it at home, usually for their children, with additions generally limited to child-friendly ones such as tomato sauce and cheese. Stateside and elsewhere, by contrast, *ptitim*'s status as a gourmet delicacy is recognized by both restaurants and home cooks. It is for these reasons, therefore, that if *ptitim* ever appears on the menu at Israeli restaurants, it will be due to its popularity abroad as a gourmet food, reflecting the growing cosmopolitanism of Israeli cuisine, and effectively bringing this pasta full circle. And though *ptitim*'s origin was strictly as a

[1] Jews from the Middle East and North Africa

[2] Jews from Central and Eastern Europe

wheat-based rice substitute, it is now available in whole wheat, vegetable multicolor, gluten-free, and Passover varieties, now manufactured by other companies in addition to Osem (Tarnopolsky, 2014).

Preparing *ptitim* is relatively easy—the key is to keep watch on it while it is cooking, because, in this scholar-cook's experience, it cooks much faster than the package directions say. Although it comes pre-toasted, many take the option to additionally pre-toast or sauté it in olive oil (sometimes with onions or garlic) before boiling. As an alternative to boiling, it can also be prepared in a pilaf form, similar to rice, reflecting its origins (Cook's Info, 2022). Although *ptitim*'s ability to absorb liquid makes it somewhat problematic as a soup addition (try using a little at time and add late in the cooking process), *ptitim* is versatile enough to appear in salads, entrees, side dishes, and even desserts (!) and is adaptable to many cuisines. Because there are so many good recipes using *ptitim*, it is almost impossible to choose one that could be considered representative. Below, is one of my personal favorites, developed by happenstance and open to adaptation.

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WHOLE-WHEAT-PTITIM AND TOMATO SALAD

Ingredients (serves 4-6)

Figure 11. Different types of *Ptitim*. Photograph by Michael Druker.

Two packages Streit's Whole Wheat Israeli Couscous

½ cup (120ml) extra virgin olive oil.

Six tablespoons (90ml) cider vinegar

¼ cup (60 ml) lemon juice

Four large Roma or other tomatoes, diced

½ cup (120ml) chopped fresh parsley

Salt and pepper to taste.

Method

Prepare Israeli couscous according to package directions, using a saucepan and measuring cup for water.

Drain with a colander and allow to cool.

Put couscous in large bowl and dress with extra virgin olive oil, cider vinegar, and lemon juice (amounts adjustable to your taste).

Cut up tomatoes and chop parsley and add both.

Add salt and pepper to taste and chill before eating. *B'tayavon!* (the Hebrew equivalent of *bon appetit !*)

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA…AND ON LAND: A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MISSION TO SEAMEN IN MARSEILLE

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Abstract

This essay outlines the challenges encountered by English-speaking sailors putting into the Mediterranean port of Marseille, and the practical and pastoral support provided by the Seamen's Club, founded by the Anglican chaplain in the 1850s. Since the advent of air travel, the sea traffic now largely consists of container ships, ferries to North Africa, and the huge cruise ships which make a brief stop at Marseille. The Anglican Church in Marseille continues to support the crews of all these vessels, so I conclude with a brief look at their current role in this valuable work.

Marseille is a major port city on France's Mediterranean coast with a transient maritime population. Life at sea is often dangerous, and even when ashore seafarers have always faced dangers. When the Anglican church appointed a chaplain to Marseille in 1850, the Revd. Michael Mayers lost no time in founding a Sailors' Home, to provide a safe environment for British and American sailors. This essay recounts the role of Marseille's 'English Church' in the Mission to Seamen which continues to this day. The dangers were vividly illustrated in this account written by a chaplain (Author unknown, 1925, p. 34-36):

> "[Marseilles has acquired] a reputation for peril and adventure which still holds, and not without cause. The sounds of struggle, stifled screams, and the sudden report of firearms, followed by as ominous a silence, are no infrequent occurrences in the night there [...]. Some, not infrequently, are waylaid thus even now, robbed, mishandled, even murdered, their bodies being found later in the water…. There is a need of a worthy club for British seamen putting in at this notorious port [...]. The very fact of their not knowing the language puts them at a disadvantage from the onset. They look about for someone who can speak their own tongue, and very often the wrong person speaking it turns up, only too willing to act as tout and guide, and with an eye to a profitable remuneration."

With funds raised in the U.S.A. the Rev. Mayers opened the first Sailors' Home, on the Quai du port, based on the Sailors' Bethels which had first appeared in New York in 1818 and the East End of London the 1820s and which were now spreading throughout Europe. The traditional Bethel, or 'House of God' was a chapel, and sometimes a hostel, for sailors, and the Bethel created in Marseille by the Revd. Mayers provided food at cost price, and tea (Bethels were strictly teetotal). Mayers reported that, for English seamen, "the exclusion of strong drinks is distasteful," although the American sailors were "more temperate and sober." (Mayers, 1856, p. 27)

The Home had rooms for conversation, meetings, and worship, and a library, and provided professional training for a shilling a day. Importantly, they could also rent accommodation cheaply, thereby saving them from the bars and brothels, and the chancers who often robbed them while they were in their cups or enjoying the delights of the local ladies. The Revd. Mayers opened his Sailors' Home in 1854, just before France and her British allies went to war with Russia (1854-6). Hundreds of thousands of sailors and soldiers flooded through the port, and the Home proved to be a valuable resource. In 1856 Mayers reported that:

> "the French government has chartered a large number of American clippers […] for the conveyance of troops and stores […] and I cannot tell you with what delight your seamen hail the existence and comfort of such an establishment as ours [...]. Our Sailor's Home is *always* full." (Mayers, 1856, p. 27)

However, not everyone was pleased to see the Sailor's Home thriving, and "some 10 or 12 publicans, the proprietors of the worst crimping houses and the lowest gin-shops, petitioned the [authorities] to shut up the Sailor's Home," having found their own trade suffering "as most of the sailors preferred boarding at the establishment." In the event, the Home was reprieved when the Commissary of Police concluded that "the Home had been established by the English clergyman for the purpose of moralizing the seamen and protect them against intoxication and the evils practised in the low public houses, [and] he had therefore, to regard the establishment as a public benefit." (Mayers, 1857, p. 345)

In 1863, a school for sailors' families was established, and Mayers' successors continued the work. The port was very busy: "the total number of seamen of all nations who arrived in Marseilles for the year 1864, was 36,451, and who left Marseilles was 35,080. Of these numbers, the English-speaking sailors counted about 7000." (Hawkins, 1865, p. 299). With some 20% of the port traffic involving English-speaking sailors, the English chaplain was, naturally, concerned for their spiritual welfare. In 1865 the Revd. Hawkins reported that there was "no special Sailors' Sunday Evening Service, and

immediately I commenced the same [...]. The "Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company[3] have granted me the use of their steamers in port for this purpose. During the year I held fifty such services, [...] well attended [...] by 50 to 60 people." (Hawkins, 1865, p. 300).

In the 1880s the Anglican Diocese of Gibraltar[4] became very concerned with the wellbeing of British sailors, and in 1882 established the Gibraltar Mission to Seamen "to provide for the moral and spiritual wants of British and American sailors, visiting the ports of the Mediterranean and neighbouring seas".[5] The Marseille chaplaincy played an integral part in this work, and Sailors' Clubs were set up in 1878 in Rue de la République, and in 1910 in Rue de Forbin, both right on the docks. Soon bigger premises were needed, and a new Seamen's Club, opened in 1923 in Rue de Forbin, had "exceptionally light and airy" rooms and boasted gas and electricity as well as luxuries such as central heating in every room. The desire to provide a 'home from home,' particularly for the British seafarers, is evident (Author unknown, 1929):

> "Here sailors from British ships come as to their own Club, read English papers, play English billiards, and drink English tea. At Christmas and New Year we had the usual 'Christmas fare'. On Christmas Day we sat fifty-three, and on New Year's Day seventy, and gave them the task of demolishing turkeys and plum-puddings and all the etceteras. They did it with a smile, and wished for Christmas thrice a week. One visitor backed his opinion with 100 francs, that the homely spirit of the Club was 'deeper, friendlier, humaner and Englisher' than he had ever known it, and he goes back to pre-war days."

And if anyone feared that the Sailors' Club would be invaded by the stereotypical 'drunken sailor' they could be assured that (Watson, 1924, p 58):

> "The genteel behaviour of these cleanly-clad seafarers showed unmistakably that they do appreciate the amenities of an Institute such as this, and the demands upon the canteen (held by Miss Lucena and run on strictly temperance grounds) disprove the popular belief that Jack ashore must have liquor to enjoy himself."

[3] Later known as P&O.

[4] Now the Diocese of Europe.

[5] The Mission founded Sailors' Clubs and Seamen's Institutes all around the Mediterranean to provide an alternative to the traditional sailors' entertainment. In September 1921 the Mission changed its name to the Mediterranean Mission to Seamen (MMS), and in recognition of the many women who work at sea it is now known as the Mediterranean Mission to Seafarers.

While the activity at the Mission has necessarily always taken place in the dock area, chaplains have frequently held services on board ship, and crews have also attended services in the church itself.

Throughout the second half of the twentieth century, the advent of air travel – and the subsequent decline of long sea voyages – meant that the port gradually lost much of its former importance. Most sea traffic now consists of container ships, ferries to North Africa, and the huge cruise ships which make a brief stop at Marseille.
Until 2017 chaplains and volunteers ministered to container ship crews. In 2013, however, a new *Foyer de croisières* was built on the dock, and chaplaincy volunteers continue to welcome seafarers of all nationalities from the massive cruise ships: they comprise not only sailors, engineers and technicians but also cooks, waiters, dancers, musicians and tour guides; just as 170 years ago, the Club is teetotal and everyone behaves impeccably, and the chaplaincy looks forward to continuing its mission to seamen throughout the twenty-first century.

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I have chosen to present two recipes for tapenade, which was created in Marseille in the 1880s; the name comes from the Provençal word *tapenas* (capers). It is a paste of puréed or finely chopped olives and capers and may also include anchovies. Tapenade is very often served with small pieces of toasted bread, as an *amuse-bouche* or to accompany your *aperitif.* It can also be used to stuff poultry as a main course, so often appears on Provençal menus in various guises.

I have provided two recipes, one with anchovies and one without, both of which are current in Provence. Tapenade can be served with French toast, focaccia, flatbread or even frittata.

TAPENADE WITH ANCHOVIES

Translated and adapted by the author from
https://lespapillesdekaren.com/2017/11/tapenade-d-olive-noire.html,

Ingredients (for 4 people)

200 g stoned black olives
6 anchovies in oil
1 clove of garlic
1 cc capers
Olive oil
1 cc of thyme or oregano (optional).

Figure 12. Black olive tapenade. Photograph from https://lespapillesdekaren.com

Method

Skin and quarter the garlic.
Put the olives, capers, garlic, anchovies and herbs (if using them) in a blender.

Do NOT add salt at any stage!!

Mix until they reach a lightly grainy consistency, as in the photo.

Tip out into a big bowl and add the olive oil while stirring so as to stretch and blend all the ingredients.

Put your tapenade in a cool place, but get it out a good 30 minutes before serving, so it's at room temperature.

Serve with small pieces of French toast. It also works with focaccia, flatbread or even frittata.

VEGETARIAN TAPENADE

This recipe, by Eddie D'Costa, can be found at https://wanderspice.com/olive-tapenade-recipe-without-anchovies/.

Ingredients (serves 10 people)

1/2 lb (227g) Kalamata olives pitted
1 clove garlic minced
1 tablespoon (15ml) basil chopped
1 teaspoon (5ml) rosemary chopped
4 tablespoons (60ml) grapeseed oil drizzled
1 tablespoon (15ml) black pepper cracked
1 whole lemon zested
2 tablespoons (30ml) lemon juiced
1 tablespoon (15ml) capers

Method

In a food processor add Kalamata olives and garlic and capers. Do not add any salt, unless you're sure the olives haven't been brined (stored in salt water).
Pulse on medium for 15 seconds.
Transfer to mixing bowl.
Fold in, chopped basil, lemon zest, lemon juice, chopped rosemary, black pepper.
Drizzle grapeseed oil to coat.

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SWEET FOOD

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L. MARIA CHILD'S NINETEENTH-CENTURY ELECTION CAKE

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Abstract

Due to her authorship and activism, L. Maria Child (1802-1880) was a household name in 19th-century USA. She published 47 books and tracts along with hundreds of periodical sketches, stories, and editorials. As a reformer, she championed abolition of enslavement, equal rights for freedpeople, women's suffrage, American Indian reform, and religious toleration. In the 1820s, Child pioneered the domestic advice book: her volumes were quite popular, especially with low- and middle-income families. Through one of her advice books, twenty-first century audiences are introduced to the Election Cake—a dessert in her era made and served for the then-popular Election Day celebrations.

Lydia Maria Child (1802-1880) was a household name for most Americans in the nineteenth century. Her notoriety as an accomplished author began with the publication of her first book when she was twenty-two. She published in the genres of fiction and nonfiction in forty-seven books and tracts, along with hundreds of periodical sketches, stories, and editorials. Additionally, she became a well-known reformer in abolitionism, equal rights for freedpeople, women's suffrage, American Indian reform, and religious toleration. In the 1820s, Child pioneered the domestic advice book.[6] She gave household instructions, cooking tips, and recipes in *The American Frugal Housewife- Dedicated to Those Who Are Not Ashamed of Economy* (Child, 1829/1989). She counted Election Cake among her listed desserts.

Child's writings about women from the 1820s placed her within the traditional realms of female domesticity. In those years, she published a five-volume series, "The Ladies Home Library." The first three books were domestic advice books, including *Frugal Housewife*. Child's volumes contained two unique features. First, she targeted lower-

[6] For a biographical profile on Child, see http://womenhistoryblog.com/2013/02/Lydia-maria-child.html.

and middling-class households; the main readership for other, similar advice books was rich households with such instruction as how to handle servants. Second, Child encouraged women and girls to move beyond the traditional sphere allocated to them. She did so by recommending the cultivation of certain virtues. In *American Frugal Housewife,* she emphasized economy or frugality. She followed this counsel in her own domestic sphere, yet also in the political realm like when she edited and managed the office of the national newspaper, *American Anti-Slavery Standard* (1841-3). Child's (1989) rationale for *American Frugal Housewife* communicates both characteristics:

> The writer has no apology to offer for this cheap little book of economical hints, except her deep conviction that such a book is needed….The information conveyed is of a common kind; but it is such as they cannot obtain from cookery books. Books of this kind have usually been written for the wealthy: I have written for the poor. … I have attempted to teach how money can be *saved*, not how it can be *enjoyed*….Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish…. The man who is economical, is laying up for himself the permanent power of being useful and generous…. True economy is a careful treasurer in the service of benevolence; and where they are united respectability, prosperity, and peace will follow (6-7).

This book influenced several generations of nineteenth-century households, starting with the first volume's publication in 1829. Sarah Van Vechten Brown provides an excellent example. In 1869, Brown penned a fan letter in response to Child's (1968) published pamphlet, "Appeal for the Indians." Brown thanked her for it as well as for her previous one on behalf of African Americans in 1833. She let Child know how much this prominent author and activist influenced her:

> …although I am altogether unknown – to you, you have been my friend from an early day…. When I began to attempt household offices, you were by my side with the Frugal Housewife, & to this day, I go to that little manual for recipes & directions not to be found elsewhere….Your influence over me has always been ennobling, & purifying, & elevating, & stimulating to benevolence & charity (Anders, 2002: 132).

Book sales hit a road block in 1833. That year, Child experienced extreme backlash when she published the first political and economic treatise on slavery from the U.S. perspective (*An Appeal in Favor of Those Americans Called Africans (Child, 1968)*). For daring to venture into the political realm, her audience declared a boycott. Along with a few of her other works, they refused to purchase *American Frugal Housewife (Child, 1989)*. Fortunately, the exclusion did not last long. Carter and Hendee of Boston, the original printer, again published this valuable book in 1834. From that year until 1870,

the work stayed alive through thirty-three editions. In *American Frugal Housewife,* Child (1989) offered a small section on cakes. To practice the virtue of economy, she strongly insisted her audience make their own:

> Make your own bread and cake. Some people think it is just as cheap to buy of the baker and confectioner; but it is not half as cheap. True, it is more convenient [...] but those who are under the necessity of being economical, should make convenience a secondary object. In the first place, confectioners make their cake richer than most people of moderate income can afford to make it; in the next place, [you] may just as well employ your own time, as to pay them for theirs (p. 9).

One recipe gave instruction on making an "old-fashioned election cake." With Child's extensive engagement in the political realm of her century, uplifting this particular confection makes logical sense. To begin, she inherited a strong foundation of electoral politics from her father, Convers Francis, Sr. He proudly voted in his first presidential election for President George Washington and then, at age 90, for candidate John C. Frèmont (Karcher, 1994).[7] She publicly began to champion voting rights in 1865 by advocating black male suffrage after the Civil War. She viewed that vital legislation as a stepping stone for the enfranchisement of women of all races in the United States (Anders, 2002: 207-12).[8]

The earliest known reference to the Election Cake, a type of spice cake, appears to have been in 1771 in Connecticut, although it was popular throughout New England. In those early years, communities came together during the electoral process. People often traveled long distances to the town centers for the election and to enjoy this holiday. They connected with each other through such festivities as dancing, drinking, and visiting. Puritan New England actually considered this secular festivity to be a major holiday since their religion discouraged Christmas and Easter celebrations (Hammonds). In the pre-revolutionary period, the men also gathered to train in the local militia. These desserts thus became known as "muster cakes." After the revolution, the men no longer needed to muster. However, the election-cake tradition continued each November. Through Maria Child, we in the twenty-first century can partake as well.

[8] Black men received the right to vote with passage of the Fifteenth Amendment in 1870; women in the U.S., Nineteenth Amendment in 1920. While these were significant victories, the fight for full enfranchisement and voting integrity continued way beyond those years.

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MARIA CHILD'S RECIPE FOR ELECTION CAKE

Ingredients (10-15 people)

Figure 13. L. Maria Child
(Source: Public Domain)

Four pounds (1800g) of flour
Three quarters of a pound (340g) of butter
Four eggs
One pound (454g) of sugar
One pound (454g) of currants or raisins
8 fl. Oz. (228ml) good yeast

Method

From Child:

"In all cakes where butter or eggs are used, the butter should be very faithfully rubbed into the flour, and the eggs beat to a foam, before the ingredients are mixed."

Mix in the other ingredients and then "wet it with milk as soft as it can be and be molded on a board.

Set to rise over night in winter; in warm weather, three hours is usually enough for it to rise.

A loaf, the size of common flour bread, should bake three quarters of an hour."

A modern-day version suggests baking at 375 ºF (190 ºC) with rack in center of oven for 40-45 minutes. The cake will be done when a toothpick inserted in the middle comes out clean, or when the internal temperature registers 190 ºF (88 ºC). (http://whatscookingamerica.net/History/Cakes/ElectionCake.htm).

JAPANESE KNOTWEED CRUMBLE

In Memoriam

Stephen Facciola

(1949-2020)

Japanese knotweed, Reynoutria japonica, is widely naturalized in Eastern North America, forming broad swaths at disturbed sites of rural as well as suburban and urban areas. I first became aware of its useful properties reading Euell Gibbons' influential publication 'Stalking the Wild Asparagus', the first book I had purchased on the subject of edible plants, which would become my life's work when soon after I added 'Sturtevant's Edible Plants of the World' to my nascent library. Prior to this, I was a regular reader of Mr. Gibbons' column 'The Organic Nature-Lover' in 'Organic Gardening and Farming' magazine during the late 1960's and early 1970's. My aunt, Anna Titus, worked in a book and magazine factory and brought some issues home thinking I would be interested. My maternal grandparents had a summer home on Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, near a wildlife preserve and I quickly became an avid wild food forager.

One did not have to travel far to find patches of knotweed and as I was also a seed collector during this time, finding enough to sell at the end of the season was not difficult. Using 'Stalking the Wild Asparagus' as well as other foraging books of the time such as Fernald and Kinsey's 'Edible Wild Plants of Eastern North America, as guides, I began preparing the young shoots and tender stem tips in various ways including as an asparagus-like vegetable. They're best known in the West, however, as a rhubarb substitute due to their sour flavor and are often used to make jams, sauces and of course, pies.

In its native land, where it's known as "itadori" (イタドリ), Japanese knotweed finds its way into a wider range of preparations such as rice dishes, pickles, stir fries, soups, salads, tea and lately, even kimchi. The very young unfolding sprouts, often reddish in color, are particularly popular and can be cooked tempura style. A honey is produced from the small creamy white flowers that bloom in late summer and early fall. The rhizomes have occasionally been eaten and are a major source of resveratrol, a popular supplement also derived from grape skins, red wine, blueberries and peanuts, among others. Japan and China are the largest producers of the extract at this time. In northern Japan, indigenous Ainu people preserve the shoots of Japanese butterbur or fuki, Petasites japonica, by wrapping it in knotweed leaves and adding salt. [1] Introduced into Maramureş, Northwestern Romania, the leaves are now employed there in making sarma, a preparation which has been reported to use the leaves of eighty-seven different types of plants. [2] [3]

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[1] Traditional Food Systems of Indigenous Peoples: The Ainu in the Saru River Region, Japan; Masami Iwasaki-Goodman, et al.; in 'Indigenous Peoples Food Systems'; Harriet V. Kuhnlein, et al. Rome, 2009

[2] Of the Importance of a Leaf: The Ethnobotany of Sarma in Turkey and the Balkans; Yunus Dogan, et al. 'Journal of Ethnobiology and Ethnomedicine'. Published online: April 3, 2015.

[3] Sarma is a Turkish word applied to dishes where a leaf is wrapped around a filling typically made from rice and meat as the main ingredients. When grape leaves are used the recipe is also known as dolma, a term more commonly used when vegetables such as tomatoes, eggplants and Capsicum peppers are stuffed, uncovered, with a similar filling.

Having enjoyed Japanese knotweed pie on several occasions, the next logical step was attempting to make a crumble. It was not difficult to find rhubarb crumble recipes that could be adapted and they were all quite similar. About this time I also came across an actual recipe for Japanese knotweed crumble in 'Wild Food' by Roger Philips that used the same basic ingredients. I then mentioned my impending attempt to my cousin Barbara Gill (nee Battaglino), an avid cook, who was partial to a peach crumble recipe she had found. Taking bits and pieces from all these sources and adding my own, I arrived at the following recipe.

When harvesting the shoots, pick only stout young ones that are tender and free of fiber, about 6 to 8 (15-20cm) inches tall. Cut off the leafy stem tips and any leaves along the rest of the stem. Then scrape off the rind and remove the nodes. Finally, chop the prepared shoots into small pieces.

NB: Japanese knotweed contains oxalic acid (as do rhubarb, spinach and chard). Oxalic acid can inhibit the absorption of certain minerals, especially calcium and magnesium, and exacerbate kidney stones, gout and other conditions.

JAPANESE KNOTWEED CRUMBLE

Ingredients (Serves 4-6 people)

Filling	Crumble
8 cups (2 litres) Japanese knotweed shoots	1 cup (125g) flour
1/2 cup (120ml) honey [Sunflower works well]	1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup (80g) raisins [Peykani is a favourite]	1 tsp. baking powder
	1 cup (200g) sugar
	1 egg, beaten
	1/2 stick (60g) melted butter
	Pinch of cinnamon and nutmeg

Method

Simmer filling on medium heat until knotweed is tender but still retains its shape, about 10 minutes.

Add more honey to taste, if desired. Pour into 9 to 10 inch (22.5-25cm) buttered pie dish.

Mix flour, salt, baking powder and sugar. Add egg and mix well. Sprinkle over filling. Drizzle with butter. Dust with cinnamon and nutmeg.

Bake at 375 ºF (190 ºC) for 35 to 40 minutes or until the crumble has turned golden brown.

Note: It is customary to cut the butter into the flour, salt and baking powder mixture. The method of alternatively melting the butter and pouring it over the filling was contributed by Barbara Gill who learned of it in a recipe for peach crumble. This saves time but according to Faye Levy, a good friend and wonderful cookbook author and food writer who has tested the above recipe with rhubarb, the traditional technique of mixing the butter into the dry ingredients will produce a flakier crumble with more body.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES: CREATING A MUSICAL REPERTOIRE FOR A NEW RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY

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Abstract

Music forms an essential element in monastic life, but the musical diet of modern monastic communities is moving away from the staple food of plainchant. In-house musical composition therefore becomes commonplace as religious communities create their own musical traditions. This essay uses the experience of an American Episcopalian community (founded in the 1980s) to explore their musical decision-making, and to illustrate the tension between new communities' wish to align themselves to 1000 years of Western monasticism by drawing on the chant canon, and the need to create a musical repertory which reflects the relevance of their life and work in the early twenty-first century.

Monastic life in England was suppressed from the English Reformation, when Henry VIII broke with the papal authority and established the Church of England, dissolving the monasteries in the process. 300 years later, under the ecclesiastical revival of the Oxford Movement, new Anglican monasteries and convents began to be founded, with 29 male and 90 female communities established in England between 1845 and 1960. In America a parallel High-Church Episcopalian movement also led to 22 male and 42 female foundations between 1842 and 1985.[9] Most of these new orders combined active work (e.g. founding schools and hospitals) with a life of prayer, although some were purely contemplative.

Music forms an essential element in monastic life: communities meet up to eight times a day to sing the Daily Office and liturgy, for which a large repertory of musical texts settings is needed. However, unlike their Roman Catholic counterparts, these Anglican religious communities have never been subject to any ruling hierarchy[10] and are thus free to create their own musical traditions. This essay uses the experience of one Episcopalian community (founded in 1985) to illustrate the tension between new

[9] Statistics compiled by the author using partial information in multiple sources.

[10] They were only recognized by the Church of England in 1935, almost a century after the first foundations.

communities' wish to align themselves to 1000 years of Western monasticism by drawing on the chant canon, and the need to create a musical repertory which reflects their relevance in the early twenty-first century.[11] This contemplative mixed Episcopalian order, named after a 14th-century mystic but using modern inclusive language for their texts, was founded by a priest, Fr James. He is passionate about chant, and spent four years translating, compositing and editing hymn texts for the new community's Office. Using sources including the Sarum and Paris breviaries as well as Ambrose, Clemens and Thomas Aquinas, and attempting to source "original" versions of the ancient Latin Office hymns, Fr Charles has produced settings of all 150 psalms, the traditional Office canticles to existing chant melodies, and some 130 'ancient' hymns. He describes his working methods thus:

> "The challenge was to take the ancient medieval chant melodies and adapt them accurately to modern words and phrases without losing their 'spirit' (and that is very, very much harder than some think!) [...] the specific feasts were pre-determined [so then] I went to history, searching out Latin hymns (i.e., words) for the particular feasts. Then I re-translated the Latin (most of them had been translated by John Mason Neale, but I was afraid there would be copyright problems, and, also, his translations were all in Jacobean English with "thee" and "thou", and we use all modern language in our liturgies). Here and there, I composed an additional verse or two. There were a few feasts which had no ancient historical precedence (e.g. James of Jerusalem, which was not kept until the 1970's, or Gilbert of Sempringham). In those cases, I composed a hymn myself".

These hymns comprise a textual canon whose status is assured through its venerability, and which is supplemented by more modern texts. While most of the 173 hymns date from the 4th to the 19th centuries, 20 are original texts by Fr James himself and nine date from 20th-century hymn writers such as Sheila Upjohn and Laurence Housman. Fr James has approached his choice of new texts and translation of older texts from his twentieth-century perspective, saying that many of the sentiments expressed in "the most ancient hymns" seemed "out-of-place, overly sentimental, or inappropriately fervid for moderns if translated literally," so he sought ways to "protect the intention of the author while pleasing the modern ear".

Although Fr James has been responsible for the hymn texts, his 'musical decision-making' has been confined to searching out "all the ancient Gregorian hymn tunes I could find that matched the [metrical] patterns of the particular set of words". In a few cases, there was a precedent in an ancient melody which had traditionally been used for certain hymns, so the community "stuck with the tradition," but often new pairings

[11] Due to a request for anonymity, names of research participants have been changed throughout this essay.

were needed. In these cases, he then "turned things over" to the community's Sr Cecilia, who "matched the music to the hymns," trying to "let the content of the words determine the mode of the music".[12]

The marriage of hitherto unrelated texts and melodies produces a set of functional musical works which can be said to be, in Adorno's words, *stimmig* ("attuned") by virtue of their "authentic" expression of what "the hour calls for historically and philosophically".[13] The community's methods have interesting parallels with medieval tradition, with hymn melodies often interchangeable with metre as the defining factor,[14] and in this sense the music is 'matched' to the words rather than being inspired by them – a matter of metre over meaning.

Through this marrying of texts and melodies, both mainly from 'ancient' sources, Fr James is appealing to the venerability of the chant repertory and subscribing to the canonic ideology of timelessness. Nevertheless, he and Sr Cecilia have effectively created an entirely new repertory from music which is seen, heard, and known to be part of the 'ancient' chant canon.

I have chosen a recipe for the delicious French pastries known as *Religieuses* ['nuns']. They can be made with a wide choice of fillings and toppings – my favorite is chocolate – but they essentially consist of two choux buns (one large, with a small one on top, with a cream ruff between them). The whole pastry resembles a nun's habit, hence the name.

[12] Sr Cecilia was well placed to help Fr James as she had a strong background in both music and history. She had studied Middle English linguistics in her native USA, subsequently moving to England to complete postgraduate work at Oxford [Sr Cecilia, email to the author, 1 Sept. 2006].

[13] Theodor W. Adorno, quoted in Carl Dahlhaus, Analysis and Value Judgment, transl. Siegmund Levarie. Monographs in Musicology 1. Trans. of Analyse un Werturteil. Series Musikpädagogik, Forschung und Lehre 8. Mainz: Schott, 1970 (New York: Pendragon, 1983) 12.

[14] Susan Boynton, "Hymn: Monophonic Latin" in Warren Anderson et al, "Hymn," in Grove Music Online. 24 May 2009 <http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com:80/subscriber/article/grove/music/13648>.

RELIGIEUSES

This recipe, using buttercream, is adapted from http://eugeniekitchen.com/religieuse where you will also find videos of the whole process.

Ingredients (6-8 *religieuses*)

Figure 14.
Religieuse Choux Bun

For the choux pastry

- ¼ cup (57g) unsalted butter
- ½ cup (120ml) water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup + 1 tbs (75g) all-purpose (plain) flour
- 2 eggs

For the *craquelin*

- 2 tbs softened unsalted butter
- 2 tbs + 2 teaspoons light brown sugar
- ¼ cup (32g) all-purpose (plain) flour

Buttercream

- ¼ cup (56 g) unsalted butter
- ¾ cup (94 g) confectioners' sugar
- 2 teaspoons whole milk
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract (optional)

Pastry cream

- 6 egg yolks
- ½ cup (100g) granulated sugar
- 1/¼ cup (35g) cornstarch (cornflour)
- 2 ½ cups (600ml) whole milk
- ½ teaspoon pure vanilla extract, or 1 vanilla pod

For icing

- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 tablespoons milk
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract (optional)

Method

First, make *choux au craquelin*. (see video on http://eugeniekitchen.com/religieuse).

You will need two different sizes of buns: small and large.

When they are cold, make a hole in the bottom, and pipe pastry cream into all the choux buns until they are full.

Make the icing with 1 cup of confectioners' sugar and 2 tablespoons of milk and whisk it. Add any food colour you like.

Dip the choux buns in the icing, making sure the top is smoothly covered. Before the icing dries, place the small buns on top of large ones.

Decorate with buttercream with a small, pointed-star pastry tip. *Bon appetit !*

THE BUTTER-CREAM-JAM CONUNDRUM: A HISTORY OF CULTURE WARS IN SOUTHWEST ENGLAND

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Abstract

Scones and cream teas are a staple in the Southwest of England. They are steeped in local cultural practices and family preferences are also a key battle ground in the debate surrounding the correct order of jam-cream placement. This article takes a short journey through the conceptualisation and lived experiences of those engaging in the art of the cream tea, to build a robustly grounded argument for the optimal configuration for the cream tea.

The Battle Ground

The battle ground that is the 'cream tea' is little known outside the United Kingdom, and is a particular speciality of the counties of Devon and Cornwall in England's "West Country". Traditionally, a cream tea consists of a pot of tea and one or two scones, served with separate little pots of thick West Country clotted cream and (usually strawberry) jam. The cream tea conundrum concerns the order in which these condiments are placed upon the scone. I am acutely aware that labelling the dish with a county affiliation will set me up as biased, ineffective in my construction of the cream-tea apparel and inherently inferior to someone, nay, anyone from a different county, who does it differently.

I am an interloper in the wild lands of the South-West, below the M4, past the deepest, darkest corners of the Cotswolds, just to the north of where I now live in Wiltshire. I have no say about the culture that inhabits these lands: I was born in Lancashire in the North and then grew up too near to Birmingham not to be associated with it, but not near enough to be a proper Brummy[15]. My origins are nebulous, but I am definitely not a southerner!

[15] "Brummy - a native or resident of Birmingham, England"(The Free Dictionary, Undated)

Moving down through my adopted land of Wiltshire, the quest for some semblance of definitive truth about the origins of the scone-related culture wars that survive to this day takes us to Devon and Cornwall, on England's leg, protruding into the turbulent waters of the North Atlantic. As noted by Kolosov (2015) on her way to Cornwall for the eponymous 'cream tea', there may be some flair imbued on the requisite scones in an afternoon tea; egg-wash atop the scones was her observation.[16]

Although Kolosov (2015) does not touch on the cultural war that has existed between Devon and Cornwall, *Time* Magazine (Locker, 2018) had picked up on the ages-old debate that has defined many aspects of inter-county relations between Devon and Cornwall. The debate was originally prompted by a controversial hotel publication which suggested that the 'official' Cornish way of scone preparation (jam then cream) was inferior to the Devonshire cream-then-jam methodology, and was extremely fierce, not least due to the fact that the publishing-hotel was based *in* Cornwall. Locker (2018) reported that local outrage followed the publication of promotional materials for a Mother's Day tea, and led to the hotel making #jamfirst badges for staff members and formally apologising to the local community. Apple (2003), writing in the *New York Times*, noted the controversy surrounding placement of jam and cream, drawing on the history of 'clotted cream' for his conceptualisation of the 'cream tea.' He does not disclose his preference, but provides the reader with ample information through which they can source supplies of high-quality ingredients and develop their own experimental procedure through which they can discern their preferred jam-cream/cream-jam configuration.

The Updates and Subsequent Developments

It is at this point that my personal tastes which, although subjective, are historically founded and robustly grounded in evidence and past practice should be stated. I like butter. Here, I leave the irreconcilable Devon-Cornwall debate behind, go maverick and throw off the constraints of my current region of residence.

As noted by Frawley-Holler (2003), there is precedent for scones to be eaten thus: "warm scones with butter, rich Devonshire cream and strawberry jam, … served on fine china." Here I must also concede and confess my ineptitude; scones should never be placed on fine china in my proximity. Following many years working in a china shop as a teenager, there is irrefutable evidence (mainly held by my family) that I break anything and everything possible by breathing near it. As such, for safety and general well-being, I tend not to bother with posh plates, preferring any old thing that is in the kitchen in the given moment.

[16] An egg-wash applied before baking ensures an attractive golden glaze to the scones.

So, as noted by Frawley-Holler (2003), it is entirely permissible and historically accurate to spread butter upon a warm scone. My lack of identity and cultural affinity with the Southwest of England does permit me to take liberties with the layering of cream and jam upon its sconic receptacle. I am strongly in favour of the Devonian 'cream then jam' methodology updated to include a strong, thick layer of unsalted butter as a solid and lubricating foundation. This is demonstrated in Figure 13.

It is this strategy for the application of butter, cream and jam that I advocate and support, and would gladly eat until it comes out my ears. My family and I are fans of butter, scones, jam and cream and all thoroughly love a cream tea when on holiday. Making scones the traditional way can be a bit tricky and take a while, so here, I present a three-ingredient scone recipe to be cooked, modified and enjoyed as you see fit!

Figure 15. Scone with butter, then cream, then jam. Photograph by the author.

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LEMONADE SCONES

The recipe is taken from Lemonade Scones by Liberty Mendez (undated) and can be accessed at https://www.bbcgoodfood.com/recipes/lemonade-scones.

Ingredients (10 scones)

350g self-raising flour, plus extra for dusting
1 tbsp baking powder
50g caster sugar
120g double/whipping cream
120g lemonade (do not use sugar-free varieties)
1 egg, beaten

Method

Put the flour, baking powder and sugar in a large bowl and mix together. Gradually pour in the cream and lemonade, stirring with a wooden spoon, until the mixture comes together into a dough. Tip the dough out onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth – be careful not to overwork it.

Transfer the dough to a sheet of lightly floured baking parchment, then roll out to a 2cm thickness. Chill for 1 hr until slightly firm. Heat the oven to 220 ºC /200 ºC fan/gas 7/430 ºF. Take the dough out of the fridge and use a 6cm round cutter to stamp out 10 rounds. Try not to twist the cutter as you press it into the dough.

Line a large baking tray with baking parchment, and arrange the scones on top, leaving space between each. Flip them over so the side that was touching the baking parchment when stamping them out is now on top. Carefully brush the tops with the beaten egg, making sure the glaze doesn't drip down the sides.

Bake the scones for 12-14 mins, or until golden. Leave to cool on a wire rack, then serve.

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DRINKS

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SELF-CARE SMOOTHIES

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Abstract

This article deconstructs the concept of "self-care" and explores the complex journey of academia through the lens of health and healing. It takes a deeply personal look at how the tenure process can take tolls on mental and physical health of an individual while they attempt to balance multiple commitments to work and family.

Self-care is a dubious concept adopted by neoliberal ideology to impose guilt and responsibilities onto people with little resources to thrive in a ruthless capitalist economy predicated on a false sense of meritocracy. The very notion of self-care is elusive when labour is an imperative, even in the most flexible of jobs. As a self-care sceptic, I seldom took time to care for myself when I had a full-time tenure-track academic position. I worked constantly--chasing deadlines, designing, preparing for, and teaching classes, running to meetings, researching, and writing. I lived like a graduate student with extra administrative duties and a slightly less meagre paid salary. Walking my dogs and an occasional yoga class were the only forms of exercise I regularly allowed myself to enjoy. My body was sustained by fast food and easily assembled meals that were filling rather than satisfying. I did not prioritize my health.

This began to change after I became pregnant with my first child. My metabolism began to slow down with age and baby. Then it came to a screeching halt after I had my second child three years later. With both my pregnancies, I worked. I continued to teach, served on various committees to recruit new faculty, built connections that bridged diverse university units, and worked on my book before the birth of my first child. With my second, I did the same and lectured on a stool until days before I gave

birth. I graded final papers and turned in my grades days after my baby arrived without hesitation. I was fortunate that my mind and body were able to produce and sustain life despite the busy schedule I kept. I was even more surprised that I was able to produce an abundance of milk for my children's voracious appetites while working my body to exhaustion. When the children moved on to solid foods, however, I began to think hard about the foods they would eat. Fortunately, my mother saved us with her home-cooked meals after my parents moved halfway across the country from California to Texas to help us raise the children. My parents' labor freed me to complete my first book and compile my tenure dossier. I was grateful to have them in our lives but knew that this arrangement was temporary. My parents returned home during a critical time in my career – the university that hired me raised the bar on tenure. Despite having a strong publishing record, my case was denied, and I was given a year for a reconsideration. As I struggled through a long and challenging tenure battle, my health deteriorated. My drive emboldened me to maintain a high degree of productivity as I worked furiously on articles and a second book project, but my body developed gallstones, high blood pressure, back pain and immense levels of stress. I was fortunate to be healthy most of my life up until then, but these professional setbacks not only affected my family, but my body felt them in dangerous ways.

I started to exercise to gain strength. The endorphins I received from exercise helped me think and write better. I also changed my diet to nourish my body. I began to eat food that was less processed and more wholesome, adding more fruits and vegetables and taking more time to prepare my meals. Although I was committed to my career, I became aware that my family was what sustained me and gave me joy. My children's laughter, intellectual curiosity, and creativity made me rethink my life priorities. I wanted to be healthy and strong not only for myself but for them. I began to question my devotion to my job at an institution that devalued the work I had dedicated to it for over half a decade. In the end, my tenure denial became a life lesson.

I have since left academia to become a full-time parent and an independent scholar, luxuriating in a life unshackled to an institution. I am fortunate to have a partner whose income can provide for our entire family. If his wages were inadequate, I would have to chase other academic jobs that may require my family to move halfway across the country and start building community again. Job security in the new position would still be unpredictable. I would not be able to devote time to raise my children without the help of many others. I would not be able to volunteer at their school and lastly, I would not be able to research and write on my own and at a pace that is acceptable for me. I am now advising students to use their academic training more creatively. There simply are not enough academic jobs for the pool of PhD graduates, and I doubt that trend will change in the next decade, since universities have themselves become increasingly efficient models of capitalist enterprise.

Now, I am the healthiest I have ever been since my twenties. I no longer feel guilty about taking care of myself. While I still find an element of narcissism in the idea as it is associated with the "me" generation, I also think it is critical for people to take care of themselves with the goal of becoming healthy individuals in society. With a new attitude on life, I take back self-care to appropriate for my needs so that I can be a strong role model of health and survival for my children.

Below are recipes for smoothies that sustained and energized me as I moved about my day taking care of work, family, and all the little things. I have found joy meditating on simple tasks and doing smaller things as they too can add to larger projects.

SMOOTHIES

These recipes make approximately four 8 oz smoothies in blender.
For best results blend in a Vitamix.

Green Smoothie

2 small/medium-sized apples
½ cup cut up mangos
½ baby spinach
½ cup orange juice
½ cup coconut water
1 medjool date to sweeten
1 tbsp of flaxseed/chia seeds/protein powder
10 ice cubes

Berry Antioxidant Smoothie

(you can use fresh or frozen ingredients)

1 cup blueberries
½ cup strawberries
1-2 apples
1 small carrot
½ cup sliced kale
½ cup orange juice
1 cup of water or coconut
1 tbsp of flaxseed/chia seeds/protein powder
2 teaspoons of honey to sweeten
10 ice cubes

THE MOST VELVETY, ROBUST EGGNOG YOU WILL EVER SAVOUR

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Abstract

Whenever I or my siblings make holiday eggnog using our father's recipe, we are reminded it's the best anyone has tasted. He used these instructions from the Three Bottle Bar *(1943), a delightful, entertaining 64-page treatise worth a read in itself, and, as far as I can determine, in the public domain. Regarding the long history of the concoction, one standout is that of West Point's 1826 Eggnog Riot.*

My father made eggnog every Christmas season, and his five children helped him, at various points, with sous-chef tasks such as whipping up the egg whites with a manual beater; pouring the rum and brandy into the punch bowl; or adding the milk and cream by turns. Basically we grew up making eggnog every year, and today we all still make it to share with family, friends, and colleagues. The mix Dad blended remains the best (by far) I have ever tasted.

If he had plenty of lead time, Dad followed the recipe's recommended six-hour refrigerated "resting time" to allow the intermingling of egg yolk, sugar, and alcohol to reach a smooth peak of gustatory gratification. Only after that were the milk, cream, and egg whites added. But if he was running late, or if a second batch was suddenly foreseen to be necessary for the numerous friends who dropped by to join in the legendary Collier Christmas caroling tradition—with Dad or my sister on piano, Mom singing beautifully, and the rest of us miauling with joy—he reverted to a "hurry-up job" in which there was no resting time, leaving the flavors to fuse into full bliss level by the next day.

There was plenty to keep us busy in the meantime, as we helped Mom decorate the tree and hang stockings. Helpers in the kitchen were less numerous, but I was among them and always loved cooking with Mom. Since her own mother, a formidable Irish American, Catholic former math teacher "for the difficult boys," did not allow children in the kitchen, Mom reveled in her domain and encouraged sloppy participation and experimentation. It was great fun making stuffing for the turkey with Mom or baking a pumpkin pie; she even knew how to make mashing potatoes fun.

Mom and I were in the kitchen most late afternoons. By 5:00pm or so (earlier on holidays), we poured ourselves a little glass of sherry to mellow the atmosphere as we created and visited. We played records—Credence Clearwater Revival, Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, or, if Dad didn't

complain too much about what he called a horrible voice, Bob Dylan. Sometimes we opted for classical, maybe *Blue Danube* or Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*.

We paid attention to ingredients, trying to remain healthy for the whole family and mostly steering clear of high fat. Together we experimented with food preparation and cooking as we learned and shared tips. When we heard one holiday season that raw eggs could make you sick and asked Dad about it, he assured us that the abundant alcohol would kill any pathogens. Even though Dad was sometimes known to embellish his pronouncements to accommodate the message he wished to promulgate, my biologist husband concurs that most pathogens would indeed not survive in the rum and brandy, especially since Dad added a little more than the recipe called for.

The original concoction developed in Olde England, cultural historians generally agree. Its variations were modified over the years, improved (with rum), and exported, undergoing further refinement and adaptations according to its environment and available resources (Dias, 2011; Funck, 2010; Crackel, 2002; Rognvalardottir, n.d.). Among many associated tales and anecdotes, one standout is that future president of the Confederate States of America Jefferson Davis, while a cadet at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, participated in 1826 in what became known as the Eggnog Riot (Williams, 2016; Geiling, 2013). Rebelling against an alcohol-free mandate, intoxicated cadets went on a holiday wrecking spree, breaking windows and dishes, tearing down banisters, even assaulting officers. Eleven cadets were expelled after 19 were court-marshaled. Up to a third of students may have been involved. Jefferson Davis apparently did not offend sufficiently to be disciplined (Williams, 2016). Also in attendance, though it's unclear if he partied, was future Confederate general Robert E. Lee (Geiling, 2013).

Mom and Dad were both history buffs who enjoyed reviewing the names and dates of English and French monarchs, the long Irish oppression and rebellion, the American Revolution, the names and roles of Greek and Roman gods, major battles and struggles for dominance throughout known history, and anything else that had caught their lively imaginations. They never did make it to see the paleolithic Lascaux Cave paintings in southwestern France, and I wish we could have done that together. Nor did they learn a lot about the African slave trade and reasons behind the long U.S. oppression of nonwhite people, but, had they lived longer, they would have. Their minds were always open to new information, and they would have been fascinated by yet more evidence of how established fact can be re-embroidered and presented as an entirely different story.

The history of eggnog is not always clear, with a lot of variations swirling about it. But Jefferson Davis drank it, as researched and documented by Carol S. Funck and others. That is not a reason for me to recommend it; in fact I would dis-recommend it for that reason, if it were a reason at all—which of course it is not. Just enjoy the eggnog yourself, if you are so inclined. The nectar has been around for a long time, and in this version it is perfected.

Dad used these instructions from a little cocktail-mixing book titled *Three Bottle Bar*, which I am honored to have on my shelf today (Williams, 1943). This delightful, creative, and entertaining 64-page treatise is worth a read in itself, for its guidance on maintaining a simple at-home bar that accommodates most (in 1943) tastes. It's available online from several used-book sources. To the best of my ability, I have determined that it is in the public domain.

I offer it here with my notes, which appear in brackets in both the list of ingredients and the instructions. These are guidelines: savor and adapt to your own taste! Aside from the bullets that I added to the list for clarity, original capitalization and punctuation have been retained for historical fun.

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DAD'S EGGNOG

Ingredients (30–50 servings—depending on size!)

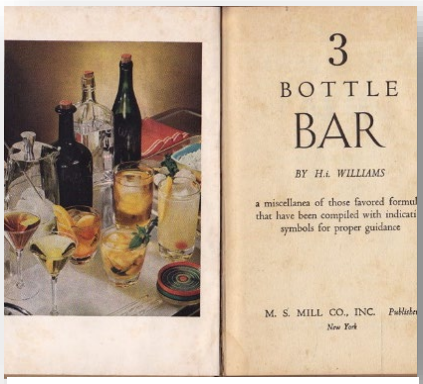

Figure 16. *Three Bottle Bar*
Image Source: Public Domain

- **12 eggs**. [You will have to separate these. I only recently learned about the tool called the egg separator. I probably won't use it all the time, as it will destroy my egg-separating skills painstakingly mastered since childhood.]
- **1 ½ cups (280g) sugar.** [You can decrease the amount of sugar called for at each stage. This depends on your taste; I don't like it too sweet.]
- **3/8-quart (355ml) Jamaica Rum**. [Or an entire bottle (750ml); I like dark Bacardi. One of my brothers likes Captain Morgan's, and a nephew prefers Myer's. You may have yet another variation.]
- **1 quart (950ml) Brandy.** [I use a tad less than this: a 750 ml bottle of St. Rémy or another VSOP, preferably French. I tried using less-expensive Brandy, but it was not as smooth.]
- **1 ½ quarts (1400ml) heavy (double) cream**
- **1 quart (950ml) Grade A milk.** [Some years I use half double cream and half skimmed milk in lieu of the heavy (double) cream and milk, but in general I adhere exactly to the recipe for the dairy products.]
- **About 1 tablespoon vanilla** [more or less]
- **½ teaspoon nutmeg** [maybe a little more]

Method

Beat the egg yolks until light, adding sugar, nutmeg and vanilla while beating. Place in punch bowl. Add the Rum gradually, stirring all the time, then the Brandy the same way. Let this mixture stand in a cold place from 4 to 24 hours, stirring it occasionally. Add the milk and cream at intervals, a little at a time, until the entire amount is added. Beat 6 of the egg whites and fold into the Egg Nog. Beat the remaining whites stiff (not dry), adding an *extra* [*sic*] 2 or 3 tablespoonsful of sugar and a teaspoon of vanilla. [If you prefer, you can skip the stiff whites topping and just beat all 12 whites until they are the right consistency for folding into the nog. Also, less sugar added at this stage is fine; sometimes I only add another half-teaspoon or so.] Spread this on the top of the Nog with a spoon or spatula [if you go with the topping], swirling it as you would a cake icing. Then sprinkle with nutmeg in some appropriate design, such as the numerals of the year. This makes about 50 servings [or 30].

NOTE:—Letting the egg yolk and liquor mixture stand for several hours is important—is responsible for a smooth, well-rounded flavor. But be sure to stir it every time you pass it—and pass it often!

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Figure 16. Bottle bar image. Source: Public Domain.

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