



AN INTERNATIONAL
KNOWLEDGE EXCHANGE
INITIATIVE ABOUT FOOD
& FOOD SYSTEMS

USA

Portland, OR

Recipe Telling in PDX

On Tuesday, October 25, 2016, at the Old Salt Marketplace in Portland's northeast, a most eco-gastronomic event took place. The Project's first-ever Heritage Recipe Slam brought together talking, making, feeling, eating, and sharing about food in a way that embodied the Eco-G ethos. Eleven individuals 'told' the assembled group a recipe from their personal or family heritage, a dish that they had also prepared and brought along. In the kitchen beyond, two professional cooks worked their own stoves, while just to one side, a local painter drew inspiration for her own paint-and-canvas concoctions. The outcomes for all who were there can never be truly reproduced in words or pictures. Nonetheless, what appears below offers some echo of that night, while a gallery of visual memories can be found [here](#).

Brittany Baldwin

"I Know Better And Yet"

Lamb With Honey And Almonds

Chocolate Crepes Stuffed With Chocolate Mousse And Hazelnuts

I dried the lamb, browned it in your old antique flea market le creuset. Diced yellow onion, garlic, combined it with cumin, cardamom, clove, honey, water and whole almonds. I bought it as a treat for us on our last night. It simmered all afternoon while you wrote inside and me, on the back porch, both avoiding what this had become.

For the crepes I mixed the cocoa powder, flour, salt, milk and eggs. Melted chocolate with hot milk, whisked in a yolk, folded in whites whipped by hand so that the building could hear. And you would stop for a moment and stare into the coffee table, then watch me through the door in my dress. When I went in the bathroom I would smell your work shirts on the back of the door. The collar, the soft pocket between your neck and arm, the place I would've pressed my head if I would've let you closer. But I said too much in such a way that would stop you from reaching for me. While I waited out my escape I allowed myself this small deceit.

After you dropped me at the airport, when you returned to your bed I'd borrowed for the few days we spent talking all night, did you notice me in any of it? The way I'd sat at night, my head swimming, watching the light from the street come through the shade. It wasn't what you think. I was afraid that if you reached for me I wouldn't stop it and I knew I was nothing to you. You reminded me on purpose and then sometimes without even meaning to. It was in everything.

After I left you may have realized the distance I kept. You may on some level have sensed how close I was to failing myself. I sat there at night in your borrowed bed watching the light outside imagining the bricks and mortar that I laid over these feelings and welcomed the numbness that would get me to sleep and get me up the next day to endure more of the circling between us.

The dance back and forth. You reaching over and lifting a single strand of hair strung over my arm. How you pulled it probably watching my face. I did not look up but changed the subject and distracted us both so that you wouldn't notice how my breath caught. This is what you wait for. You have so much fun figuring out what it takes to make each woman's toes curl. How different it all is for each and yet all the same.

It's that you do this to as many women as you can sometimes. You describe to me over drinks the technique of dating four women at the same time without implied monogamy. Pull me in all day then say this. I sipped my drink and let out the air I'd been holding. It's different for me is all I can say, but I don't. I just let the air out and try to forgive myself for the things I notice while I walk next to you.

How so much is knives and pride, but this way in I am so broken and so ready for you to fail me that I help you.

There was a woman just before me, you told me there would be a storm of women to follow. The light from the lamp post outside above your desk, the lean of your shoulder against mine on the train and the soft pass of your hand on the small of my back while I cooked and you reached to grab a dish and offer me more wine. I was so solved for these short instances. To you I was just a guest in the menagerie. It's never supposed to matter as much as it does. I know it's this way for everyone, it's different for me.

I boarded the plane, I sat in my car in the rain and drove to work then later to my quiet home in the country next to the creek. You wrote me about the dinner you made after I left, that I should've been there. One more twist of this to tap in before the next woman arrived.

I bend away from it and never respond. I know this doesn't mean anything beyond chess. I move my Queen to the corner. Surround her first in awkwardness then a thousand miles and silence. The whiskers on your chin I tried not to linger on have been shed, regrown and rubbed into another woman's thigh by now. As I walk to the creek to drink tea with the dog abandoned strands of hair drape my arms. It is this way for everyone and so must be for me.



Evan Gregoire

Marmellata di Zucca Cacao Cardamomo (Pumpkin Jam with Cocoa and Cardamom)

800 g pumpkin, cleaned (peeled and chopped)
300 g brown sugar
the seeds of 3 or 4 capsules of cardamom
1 tablespoon unsweetened cocoa
2 cups water (I use less)

(uncorrected English instructions courtesy of Google Translate)

Put the pumpkin, cut thinner than failed, in a non-stick pan and add all ingredients. Bring to a boil over medium heat with the lid, in order to dissolve the sugar, and just begins to boil, remove the lid and increase the heat. Use the bowl of medium size. Stir occasionally and, when the pumpkin is tender and is pressed with a spoon, remove from the heat and blend everything with the blender.

Now the phase two. The jam will still watery, and since we used a little sugar, for caramellarlo and achieve marmellatosa consistency, turn the biggest focus you on the stove and, stirring constantly make dry your creams pumpkin chocolate. And the only time they are granted no distractions, penalty, charcoal caramelized.

But with this method the cooking times are shortened a lot, and the result is fantastic. If you want to preserve the jam proceed, after putting hot into jars, to pasteurize as I explained [here](#).



Heidi Nestler

Nukazuke
(Japanese pickles)

In 1992 I moved from San Francisco to rural Japan to learn the language and culture of the man with whom I had fallen in love. I arrived wide-eyed with a little notebook intent on recording everything. I need two years, I naively thought, to take it all in. Two years and many little notebooks. The first word in my first notebook was *rakkyo*, a type of scallion, pickled and audibly crunchy with a sharpness, but a sweetness too, a liter sized jar of which sat atop my mother-in-law's avocado green refrigerator. All other bottles and jars were miniature next to the *rakkyo*. Another early entry in that first notebook was *nukazuke*. Had the pickling pot that produced this alluring pickle been sitting out prominently like its bold kitchen mate, *rakkyo*, *nukazuke* could have been the first to catch my attention. But the white enameled container, which held a paste of rice bran, or *nuka*, salt and water, was hidden away in a low cabinet. Hidden within this paste were whole vegetables—a cucumber, an eggplant, a carrot—each quietly being transformed by the invisible microbes that populated this vessel.

In department store basement marketplaces throughout Japan, an array of *tsukemono*, or “pickled things,” are proudly on display in all their regional glory. While *nukazuke*, a subset of *tsukemono*, are certainly available commercially, they are more often associated with the rhythms of a traditional Japanese kitchen. If pickles are on the breakfast menu, the home cook must place vegetables in the *nuka* pot the previous day. And if there are no vegetables being pickled, the rice bran medium still requires daily stirring by hand to aerate and keep the mash from going bad.

In the beginning though, the rice bran pickling medium, or *nukadoko*, is a clean slate. Sometimes a relative or neighbor will pass along a handful of *nukadoko* in a little Ziploc bag to help get the whole thing started, but with or without this boost, the beneficial bacteria are generated from the “starter vegetables.” Chunks of cabbage are often used for this purpose as they are naturally covered in lactic acid producing bacteria, the same reason cabbage is traditionally central to many ferments throughout the world. Other vegetables can be used to start the medium, such as daikon or carrots. As starter vegetables are typically tossed, frugal fermenters opt for whatever is in season and cheapest. The early vegetables that come from the *nuka* pot will taste salty and eventually fermented, but not distinct. After about a month, as air and hands continue to stir, stir, stir, the pickles that emerge can't help it: they begin to taste of home.

Probiotic benefits aside, another nifty fact about lacto-fermentation, one of the earliest forms of food preservation, is that the process itself enhances the vitamin content of the original vegetable and also creates vitamins. Vitamin B1, for example, contained in the outer hull of each grain of rice, is lost when rice is polished. As white rice became a bigger part of the Japanese diet, the incidence of beriberi, or Vitamin B1 deficiency, rose. By utilizing the rice bran as a pickling medium, B1 is added back to the diet. *Nukazuke* reportedly has sixteen times the Vitamin B1 content of its unfermented counterpart. Eggshells are sometimes added to increase calcium, while nails are included for their iron.

Additions, such as knobs of ginger, konbu, hot mustard powder and dried red chilies serve to tweak flavor or to correct an imbalance, such as when the nukadoko has turned unpleasantly sour. All of these additions remain part of the mix. When removing nukazuke from the pot, some of the mash will remain clinging to the vegetable and need to be rinsed off before serving. Eventually you will need to replenish with a new mix of salt, water and rice bran in the same proportions as in the original recipe. When added in small quantities, the microbial environment soon rights itself and is again teeming with a robust population of lactobacilli.

A nuka pot is often likened to a pet and the pressure to properly care for this pet, which does not whine or bark when it needs you, can feel immense. I once received a little baggy of nukadoko that had been started by my friend's great great grandmother. I tried my best pre-internet and with my poor Japanese to start and maintain my own nuka pot. In the end it was my inattentiveness that turned it sour. While it is possible to keep a nuka pot going for generations, my advice is that if you do start your own nuka pot, forgive yourself now for eventually killing it. Maybe what you will ultimately be passing on is the knowledge itself.



Jane Pelliciotto

Grandma's Artichokes

baby artichokes
white vinegar
salt
red chili flake
oregano
garlic cloves
olive oil

Trim the artichokes by pulling off about 1/4 to 1/3 of the leaves, revealing the more pale ones towards the interior. You will feel like you're getting rid of a lot of the artichoke. You want to eliminate the leaves that will be too chewy to eat in their entirety. This is guesswork.

As you work, keep the prepped artichokes in a bowl of lemon water to prevent them from turning brown.

Boil the whole artichokes in a half-and-half mix of water and white vinegar for about 5 minutes until tender. Test by inserting a knife into the stem end. Drain and let cool. Cut the artichokes vertically in halves or quarters. Make sure they're cool and dry before putting them in jars.

How many jars you'll need depends on how many artichokes you have. Have a few clean jars ready to go. Pack them with the artichokes. Add a pinch or two of chili flakes, garlic cloves to taste, several pinches of oregano and salt. Fill the jar with a decent olive oil. Press the artichokes down to make sure they're submerged under the oil.

Done this way, they are not shelf stable but should be able to stay in the fridge for 2 to 4 weeks. Make sure there's an olive oil barrier at the top. You can also freeze them. Use the leftover oil for salad dressing!



Jennie Spada

Spada Family Meatballs

Since we make such large batches, I am scaling this back to a two-pound batch, which would net, I'd estimate, around 30 to 40 meatballs.

1-2/3 lbs ground beef
1/3 lb ground pork sausage
2 cups breadcrumbs, finely crushed
2 eggs, beaten
1 small to medium onion, finely chopped
3 cloves garlic (have to have at least one large clove per lb of meat), chopped super fine
3/4 cup grated Parmesan (the powdery grated consistency, not shredded)
2 tsp salt
2 tsp pepper
2 tsp finely ground oregano (not flakes, again you want powdery)
2 tsp Italian seasoning
4 Tbsp dried parsley flakes*
milk**

Mix the meat with all the dry ingredients; don't overwork the meat or it will get tough! *The last dry ingredient we add is the parsley and I have to admit I am really guessing at this measurement. What happens is I hold out both my hands cupped and Cosmo pours from the big parsley jar into my hands until I say stop and then I grind up the flakes in my hands and sprinkle them across the top of the batch and add more until it looks the right level of green. Then we mix in the egg and start adding **splashes of milk until the meat is the right moisture level and good consistency for rolling. For this size batch it maybe could be 1/4 cup of milk, but I am not sure, we never measure it. Roll them all up and fry them in canola oil, preferably in a cast iron skillet. (Do not attempt to use olive oil as the smoke point is too low.)



Jess Pierce

Louisiana Cornbread Dressin'

1 pan of baked cornbread (recipe below)
6 boneless, skinless chicken thighs
1 pint of fresh chicken livers
6-8 cups of chicken stock
1/2 cup butter
2 yellow onions, chopped
1 bunch celery, chopped
2 green bell peppers, chopped
4 cloves garlic, chopped
1 bunch sage
salt
1 tsp cayenne pepper

Cornbread Recipe

15 ounces (3 cups) stone-ground cornmeal

2 teaspoons kosher salt

6 teaspoons baking powder

3/4 teaspoon baking soda

3 teaspoons sugar (optional)

2-1/2 cups buttermilk

3 eggs

1-1/2 sticks unsalted butter, melted, divided

Place a well-seasoned 12-inch cast iron skillet on the center rack of the oven and preheat oven to 375°F. Meanwhile, in a large bowl, whisk cornmeal with salt, baking powder, baking soda, and sugar (if using). In a separate bowl, whisk buttermilk with eggs until homogenous. Whisking constantly, drizzle in all but 1 tablespoon melted butter. Whisk liquid ingredients into dry ingredients just until thoroughly mixed; avoid over-mixing. Pour remaining 1 tablespoon melted butter into preheated skillet and carefully swirl to coat bottom and sides. Scrape batter into prepared skillet. Bake until cornbread is lightly browned on top and a skewer inserted into center comes out clean, about 45 minutes.

Make cornbread, allow to cool. In a cast iron skillet, melt 1/4 cup butter. With a paper towel, pat dry chicken parts and lightly salt. Add chicken livers to skillet on medium-high heat and quickly sear both sides to brown with pink middle, maybe 2 to 3 minutes per side. Remove from skillet and put to the side. Add chicken thighs to same hot skillet. Brown both sides. Remove from skillet and put to the side. Turn heat to medium-low, add 1/4 cup butter and onions, celery, bell peppers and garlic to the same hot skillet. Slowly melt the butter and deglaze the skillet with the veggies. Cook slowly, stirring regularly until clear and soft, about 15 to 20 minutes.

In a large bowl, crumble your entire pan of cooked, cooled cornbread, smashing it with your hands until it feels like sand. Add chicken thighs and livers, pulling apart and smashing into small pieces with your hands (chicken meat should be medium-rare inside and brown on the outside). With your hands, combine the veggies until everything is mixed well. Add chicken stock a cup at a time and mix until desired consistency. Add cayenne pepper. Stir. Should be soupy, just a bit thinner than the original cornbread batter. Pour the mixture into a large buttered cast iron skillet or buttered baking pan. Cover with a lid or foil. Bake in oven for approximately 2 hours. Uncover and continue baking until brown. Test with a fork in the center until it comes out clean. Serve warm.



Kevin Scribner

Salmon Poke (recipe by Christine Ha)

1 lb sashimi-grade salmon, cubed

1/2 cup soy sauce

3/8 cup chopped scallion

1 Tbsp sesame oil

1/2 Tbsp toasted sesame seeds

1/2 Tbsp crushed red pepper

1/2 Tbsp seaweed seasoning

In a medium bowl, combine ingredients, mix well, and cover. Refrigerate for at least 2 hours before serving.

Paulla Dacklin

Jansson's Frestelse

(yahn-SOHNs-FRESS-tel-SEH)

This potato dish is the hands-down favorite at the traditional Swedish smorgasbords that I have held for years.

I had Jansson's Frestelse for the first time in 1999 at a family reunion held in northern Sweden near Vannas, in a "party house" somewhere out in the woods. We were requested to arrive at the house at 11:00 in the morning, which seemed to be a bit early for a dinner party. It turned out to be that we needed to be there for a total of 15.5 hours until 2:30 am in the midnight sun to eat all the foods that my cousins had spent days preparing. It was one continual course, interrupted only by a very serious discussion of the giant 4' x 6' Dacklin family tree posted on a wall that went back to the 13th century, and the drinking songs. Which meant that aquavit, 180 proof spirits made with juniper berries, was flowing, shot after shot.

Earlier, we had consumed pork and moose with red peppercorn cream sauce, meatballs, cucumber and beet salads, all types of breads and crackers, *smorbra*, tiny slice of breads with artful toppings, 4 flavors of cod roe spread, several colors of cheeses, more types of pickled herring than could be imagined, apple cake with vanilla sauce, pastries and rolls and cookies, and that was just what had been served by 4:00 pm.

Somewhere around 11:00 pm, while still being full, platters of the very tasty Swedish hot dog (*polser*) appeared, with *tunn bord* (a thin northern style anise flavored bread) and *leftse* (a type of potato tortilla) to wrap them up with, stuffed with mashed potatoes, and shrimp remoulade, lingon and grilled onions to top off the polser wraps.

My cousin Lisa swept out of the kitchen bearing a steaming pan and set it down with a flourish. Don't sin, she smiled. It was just a brown bubbly dish of potatoes with an enticing aroma. The name of this dish was almost too hard to say. Over and over my cousin schooled me on how to say it, Jansson's Frestelse. The story, as most Swedish foods seem to have a story that illuminates its origins or the moral behind the name, went like this:

An impoverished bachelor preacher was making house calls to his flock in a small village up north, where the harsh climate limited the availability of ingredients to cook with. Potatoes and onions were one of the few crops that could grow and everyone had to have a cow for milk, cream and butter. An easily available fish was anchovies, preserved in oil. Pastor Jansson had said his Gott Natt and was passing through the pantry to the back door when the smell emitting from the recently cooked potato casserole seized his common sense by the stomach. In a weak-kneed moment of temptation, he seized a fork and ate the whole of the tasty casserole. Nowadays we would say that he had binged! And of course gluttony is a sin!

The method:

Preheat oven to 350°F. Peel and slice two large yellow onions. Sauté slices in butter over medium-low heat until limp. While onions are cooking, take 6 to 7 large and long russet potatoes and peel them. Cut each potato into slices about 3/8" thick. Separate the slices by size, and stack the largest of the same size together and slice again so that there are long matchsticks about 3/8 x 3/8". Repeat until all the potatoes are cut into large matchsticks. Do the same with the smaller slices, creating shorter matchsticks. Butter the bottom and sides of a 15 x 10 x 2" glass casserole dish, shake bread crumbs into the dish and rotate dish to cover the butter with a crumb layer. Add one third of the onions to the bottom, add a layer of 1/3 of the potatoes in two rows on top, using the smaller length potatoes to fill in any gaps between the ends to make a consistent surface. Add 2 oz of chopped anchovies (one small can) evenly, including all the oil in the tin. Add salt and pepper in each layer, if desired. Repeat the layers of onion, potatoes and 2 more cans of anchovies. Put the glass dish on a rimmed baking tray, slowly pour 2 quarts of 40% organic heavy

cream over the layers. Crimp heavy foil over the top edge. Bake for one hour. Remove foil, sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and return to oven until the potatoes are soft and the top is browned and bubbly, about 1/2 hour more. Let the dish rest a bit before serving. This version will be very creamy. Cut into squares to serve. Keep leftovers chilled. To serve again, reheat in a frying pan. Makes enough for a hungry crowd. Freezes well when tightly wrapped.



Russell Ruscigno

Torta di Pasqua

Holidays and food went hand in hand in my childhood. In fact, every day and food went hand in hand in my childhood. Mollie, my mother, cooked three meals a day, every day. Most of these meals were good, some very good, and some, well... Mollie did not do simple very well. If she had to cook a big holiday meal for 25, no problem, but in all my entire childhood I do not believe she ever cooked a hamburger that was eatable.

But those holiday meals... Being Italian-American, every holiday meal was a combination of those two cuisines. If the holiday called for a turkey dinner, in my world that meal started with antipasto of imported hams, salami, cheeses, olives, peppers, fennel, lots of bread... followed by lasagna with a side dish of sausage and meatballs and lots of bread... followed by a traditional turkey dinner with potatoes, gravy, stuffing and lots of bread. The common bond between Italy and America seemed to be bread.

Mollie was the youngest of five sisters and those holiday meals rotated from sister to sister. Easter at our house, Mother's Day at Ann's, Thanksgiving at Jean's, Christmas at Tina's... Florine never cooked. She was the artist—single, world traveler, and expert on raising children (she had none). She showed up at each meal, ate, started an argument about something, and then left in a huff. Not to be heard of again until the next holiday. The other four sisters were a bit more civilized. Ah, but with one exception: Who cooked most like Mama (who was long dead by the time I arrived on the scene). The meatballs, gravy (never called tomato sauce in my memory), and of course the Easter Pie, which is what I made today.

A few years ago, I saw a recipe in an Italian magazine for Torta di Pasqua, which it turned out was what was called Easter Pie in my childhood. My mother made Easter Pie the week before the holiday, but like many of our culinary rituals she didn't make *an* Easter Pie... no, she made multiple Easter Pies. There were pies made without sausage for the days we could not eat meat (we were somewhat Catholic), pies with sausage, and always two smaller pies made. One of which had a big doughy M on top—M for my sister Maria—and one with a big doughy R for me, Russell. Notice that bread thing again.

Seeing this recipe I decided to find my mother's recipe and recreate a childhood memory. That's what happens as you get older.

As it turned out, that recipe was a testament to the excess of the day. The magazine recipe called for 3 eggs; my mother's recipe had 9 eggs. The magazine called for 1/2 pound of sausage; my mother's recipe had 2 pounds of sausage. I sought to find the richness of my mother's pie with present-day sensibilities.

The recipe you have before you is the result. This is still a gut bomb, but in small slices it's a rich and wholesome meal.

My story would end there, except I decided to test my creation on some cousins who were visiting from New York. Suffice it to say, old ways die slow. The next generation did not miss a beat: Whose mother made the better Easter Pie consumed the conversation as they consumed my "not quite right" pie.

Margie, my wife, comes from a different type of family... no one ever argues. Getting along, regardless of the situation, trumps all. In fact, if you trace the history of the phrase "passive aggressive," it has roots in her family.

My next test was for Margie's family. I figured there was no history there, so I felt I had very little to risk. My mother-in-law just raved about the pie as she put it in her mouth, before she could possibly taste. But that is the M.O. with her. Everything is wonderful!

As I watched her chew—yes chew, and chew—I could not figure out what was taking so much effort. Finally, she pulled a rubber band out of her mouth. I was stunned, but then I suddenly realized that the ricotta I bought had been covered by paper held firm by a rubber band. And I had mixed that rubber band into the mixture and baked it into the pie.

Have you ever tasted anything cooked with a rubber band inside? It was pretty disgusting. But my mother-in-law removed the rubber band and continued to eat.

Oh the differences in families.

for the pastry

3 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
2/3 cup water
1/3 cup olive oil
1 teaspoon salt

In a bowl, quickly mix together all ingredients. Transfer to a work surface and knead until you can form the dough into a ball. Divide into two pieces, 2/3 and 1/3. Form both pieces into a flat disc, wrap each in plastic film and refrigerate for 30 minutes.

for filling

2 cups ricotta
4 eggs (set aside one for egg wash)
1/2 pound cooked sausage
1 cup shredded mozzarella
1 cup mixed parmigiano, asiago, romano
2 tsp salt
1 tsp pepper
1/2 tsp nutmeg
1 cup freshly chopped herbs (basil, oregano, thyme)

Combine all ingredients (reserve one egg). Roll out the larger piece of dough to fill a springform pan, covering bottom and sides. Fill with the cheese mixture. Roll out the smaller piece of dough and place on top. Pinch the two pieces of dough together and brush with egg wash. Bake in 350°F oven for one hour. Bring to room temperature before serving.



Sarah Mooney

French Onion Soup

When my father was five years old, his parents passed away. He was living in Griffintown, Montreal and can remember sitting under the stairs listening to his aunts and uncles argue over who would have to take him, another mouth to feed during the Depression.

My dad had a less than idyllic childhood. He never felt truly cared for, except by his grandmother, a cook at the local seminary. My dad would often sneak into her room at night and they would share her

tiny single bed. Eventually the priests heard of this arrangement and brought him into the seminary as a student. He received his high school diploma when he was 22 years old and continued his education to receive a Masters degree in social work from Boston College after being ordained as a Catholic priest. He was adored by his congregations and helped move them into the new era of Vatican II.

My mother, on the other hand, had a wonderful childhood. The only child of two successful and well-educated parents, she fondly remembers enormous parties, beautiful dresses and a great love for music. She was sent to the finest private school in Washington, led by the Holy Names Sisters. These women took great pride in educating through the arts, and my mom's musical abilities flourished. After graduating from college, my mom decided to take her vows as a Holy Names Sister. Her parents, not respecting her decision, disowned her. As a nun, she continued with her own education and completed her PhD in Music Theory in Boston, where she met my father.

They fell in love.

My parents followed their hearts and left their Orders, driving across the country in a Dodge Dart to Washington State to be married. Although my mother's family did not understand her reasons for becoming a nun, they welcomed her home with great love and settled my parents into their new life. Traditions and rituals and family have always been central to my mom's life. She knew my dad did not have that and wanted to share as much as possible with their growing family. One memory my father had as a child was the French onion soup his grandmother would make at the seminary on Christmas Eve. Rich meaty broth with caramelized onions, wine, crusts of bread and a little cheese melted at the bottom before Midnight Mass, also became our tradition each year.

My parents passed away over ten years ago from cancer and an aging heart. My mother's generous and enormous love for my family has allowed me to appreciate and continue these traditions with my friends and family now.

5 cups sliced onions
4 Tbsp butter
1 tsp salt
1/2 tsp sugar
3 Tbsp flour
3 pints boiling beef stock
3 cups boiling water
1/2 cup dry white wine
1 cup grated Swiss cheese
16 slices of French bread, hard toasted
1/2 cup Parmesan cheese
salt and pepper to taste

Cook onions slowly with butter in heavy covered 4 quart pot for 15 minutes. Stir in salt and sugar, raise heat to moderate and cook uncovered for 35 minutes, stirring frequently, until onions are deep golden brown. Add flour, stir 3 minutes. Remove from heat and whisk in beef stock and water, stirring well. Add wine, season to taste and simmer partly covered for at least 35 minutes.

Bring soup to a boil and pour into an oven-safe tureen*. Stir in grated Swiss cheese, top with toasted bread, cover bread with butter and Parmesan cheese and set under broiler to brown slightly. Serve immediately.

*(*We always served this soup in individual oven safe bowls so everyone would have their own melty gooey bowl of goodness.)*



David Szanto

Liptauer

My grandfather Miklos was born in Budapest in 1901—hence my Hungarian last name, despite his family’s Viennese origins. He spent his first year and a part of his later young life there, moving back to Vienna after World War I. Paprika seems to have come into our family culinary heritage in that way, and it still leaves its traces on various foods I eat. Hard-boiled eggs during Pesach seder (and other times); the occasional chicken paprikash; and the recipe I’m about to tell you: liptauer.

I used to visit my grandparents in Manchester, New Hampshire, where they, along with their sons—my father and uncle—had moved after the Second World War. Summertime in Manchester was always new foodscape for me. Cylindrical loaves of cinnamon bread, mini-packs of sugary cereals, margarine. I have very fond memories of that weird, slippery spread—which my grandparents also ate happily, partly for its ‘modernity’ and low-cost, and partly for its kosher neutrality. To make liptauer, margarine, not butter, is combined with cream cheese, anchovies, onion, paprika, and cayenne, forming a silky and aromatic spread. It was one of my grandfather’s many contributions to the culinary household, and when I visited, we would make it together.

Equal parts cream cheese and margarine would be cut into slices and alternated on the plate for eventual amalgamation with a big fork. We did the mashing on the kitchen counter, but I was too short, so I had to stand on my tiptoes, and my grandfather did most of the actual work. If he turned away, I would sneak a fingerload of marge/butter and eat it, fast and piglike, before he turned back. I loved that raw taste, melty-salty-milky. Some tinned anchovies, pressed with a finger onto the same plate and scraped rapidly with a sharp knife to shred—not chop—them. Minced white onion, just a few tablespoons. All of this mashed and folded on top of itself, then mashed some more; rotate the plate, scrape up the unmixed parts, fold it together, mash it again. When it was almost completely homogeneous, I would get to (very carefully!) add a sprinkling of cayenne, always first, before the paprika. You had to be able to see how much you had added. And then I’d add a little more, because even then, I liked things hot.

My grandparents fled Vienna in August of 1939. The borders had already been closed, but my very clever grandmother, Dora, told her husband to get his skis and load up his backpack. No one would suspect anything of two Jews traveling *into* Germany on a skiing trip. And so they did just that—and then, like something out of a film, they skied over the Alps and into Switzerland. Strangely, not long after making it to Northern Ireland, they did manage to get both of their mothers out of Austria, too. Things were more porous then than history sometimes tells.

After you add the cayenne, then comes the paprika—lots and lots and lots of it. My grandfather would have to stop my enthusiastic shaking of the little spice can. More folding and mashing, and when it was all orange and smooth and wonderful, we would put it into the small brown-glazed crock and sprinkle on a little more paprika for decoration. Closed up with a pressure hinge that fit into a little notch on the top of the lid, the crock went into the fridge. Then, the torture of waiting. Liptauer is best when it solidifies and matures for at least a day, after which it is finally time to spread it on anything and everything—matzah, toast, fingers.

