

# *between each forkful is a full breath*

A series of recipes created in response to an online workshop developed and facilitated by Inês Neto dos Santos. In these sessions we delved into the metaphorical values of food and its surrounding processes, elements, stories and contexts.

If food is a language, how and where do we speak it?

What are the gestures involved in cooking, feeding, eating; growing, harvesting, sharing?

How can textures, colours, flavours and smells communicate ideas, feelings or visual impressions - and vice-versa?

This digital zine expands upon the riso printed publication, giving space to the recipes in their entirety.

# CASTAGNACCIO

*Claudia Capocci*

It is Autumn. It is Northern Italy. It is always a small town.

There have always been Chestnut Trees and Olive Trees and Stone Pine Trees. There have always been Grape Vines and Rosemary Bushes.

Those who pinch the salt have the flavour.

The Chestnuts milled, the Olives pressed, White Grapes - raisined - Rosemary - plucked - Pine Nuts - sun dried - shelled - by someone here - there - together - apart.

A few Days-Weeks pass.

In a Central Place there is moderate heat.

All labour and fruit brought forward, smoothly combined, poured and sprinkled into well-oiled dishes.

After 45 minutes, when the top and air outside are crisp, we will be served and enjoyed.

*- An extended recipe for Castagnaccio Florentine by Claudia Capocci.*

*Original recipe from The Talisman Italian Cookbook by Ada Boni*

# Pão-de-Ló de Alfazeirão

*Francisca Patrocínio*

We get together,  
in the middle of the flour,  
the sugar and the eggs, a lot of eggs,  
and we bake it.

Sweet and soft, this is one of my favorite recipes  
of Pão de Ló.

The name of this cake wasn't always the same,  
some say.  
Because of a misunderstanding, it changed.

It was Pão-de-Ló da Tia Amália, Aunt Amália's  
recipe.

But someone heard it differently,  
so it became Pão-de-Ló de Alfazeirão, evoking  
the place where it was born.

It's quite simple:  
100 grams sugar;  
2 whole eggs + 6 egg yolks;  
50 grams of flour.

We set the table.  
The ingredients and the utensils.  
2 bowls, a metal whisk, a sieve, a silicone  
spatula, 2 sheets of baking paper, a cake pan  
and a plate for serving.

We do it together.

2 whole eggs, crack them into a big bowl.  
Add the sugar (100 grams) and mix vigorously  
with the metal whisk.

- I want to do it!  
- Do it. And be agile!

And whisk and whisk and whisk until the mixture  
is light. Texture and color.

Add 6 egg yolks

- Yes, just the yolks!

*Image 1: Documentation of Pão-de-Ló de Alfazeirão being eaten spoonful by spoonful*

Before you add them to the mix, whisk them until they get together forming a liquid.

- And so vivid. So characteristic, the color that paints this cake.

And whisk and whisk and whisk, for approximately 20 minutes, until the mixture is light. Texture and color.

- And airy. Like a big fluffy cloud!

Add the sifted flour (50 grams) to the mixture, using the spatula.

- Don't stir too much. Be gentle.

- Together. You mix, I add the flour.

- We create a rhythm. Just like a dance.

- Don't stop!

- There!

Place a baking paper sheet in the cake pan. Pour the batter in the cake pan, using the silicone spatula. - People in Portugal often use the word "Salazar" to describe the silicone spatula. The resemblances.

Cover the tray with other paper sheet, so the heat warms the cake batter evenly.

To the hot pre-heated oven, 225° C, for 10 minutes.

By the end of the baking time, if it is not so yellow, brown and golden as you wanted,

take the top paper off and let it stay in the oven

until you think it's ready. It should be fast!

Out from the oven, remove the cake from the cake pan, so it doesn't continue cooking.

Place it on the cake serving plate.

Wait until it cools down.

- We should wait until tomorrow, but we all know how difficult it is!



# Tagliatelle

Esther Collins

We meet  
Along ley lines and astral paths  
Waitrose delivery and working from home  
My licks and spits  
  
Gluey gluten and internet interruptions  
Hiding my shyness behind a dish  
Time stretching, pushed and manipulated under the fingernails  
Dad in the background I  
Return to blob

Flour                      Eggs                      Salt  
    Spilling                      stirring

A gesture towards my leeks  
We are trying not to mention  
[pause]

Mussels filled with mud

We get together in the middle of the flour  
Familiar roles, Females males punctuated  
By bike rides  
And shed beer while balls  
Cool in summer fridge

I feel  
To connect, stretch and re-align fibres  
To see a hand print in a material  
Which springs back

Triumphant links through time  
To tradition from pandemic  
To simple materials

*Image 1: Tagliatelle  
being extruded through a  
pasta maker  
Image 2: the egg being  
cracked into a flour nest*

1.



2.



Molecules mixing

Like this?  
Cioe  
Scusa  
Ma  
hai  
fatto  
le  
tagliatelleeeeeee??

Conceptual framework but I never filled it in

The dough is then rolled gently and repeatedly  
To form an ever thinner sheet.  
Last time I looked I was on a table folded down from a seat  
This gradual sheeting presses out  
In tune with the emotional temperature in the room

Air bubbles that weaken the dough structure,  
and organises the gluten network, compressing  
There is an end. You’ve got to eat it and then you’ll make a  
better one next time  
and aligning the protein fibres, but also spreading them out so  
that the dough becomes more easily stretched without snapping  
back.

It’s a bit like Gap and H&M having exactly the same website.

*This text contains:*

1. Pasta making with Giles on Facetime during lockdown 2. *Harold McGee on Food & Cooking: An Encyclopedia of Kitchen Science, History and Culture p.574* 3. A 3-month conversation with Lorenzo (an eBay seller from whom I bought a desk, in Mantova, Italy) on Whatsapp 4. Conversation and quotes from participants in the Open School East workshop Between Each Forkfull is a Full Breath with Inês Neto dos Santos 5. Planning for 5-year Learning Strategy at Towner Eastbourne 6. Last year’s breakup 6. The melody of Under My Thumb by the Rolling Stones

*Hannah Fincham*

They stoked the fire, momentarily boxed in by smoke like four small metal walls, and set to work chopping up onions and courgettes.

Leaf mulch cushioned them as well as any upholstered bench from where they looked around for a way to open the tinned beans. A stark silver that reflected the browns of natures packaging back into the scene.

The wind whipped the woods into a steady pedestrian beat. Trees groaned, trunk on trunk, trunk on lorry trundling by, shaking the boundaries of their safety bubble.

The chilli, bubbling now, was glazing over as the water and oil within emulsified. Into the mirror they could see themselves looking back, but the backdrop was different.

The same food, the same faces, but here they were hovering over a gas hob, painted wood panelling and a victorian style tile splash back surrounding.

When they looked back up at each other, they noticed their hair was styled differently, and suddenly that those deep greens in their own foreground were tiles not leaves.

They were confined in a mini kitchen on wheels and saw that the windows were tinted so there was no way of knowing where they were situated, or that they were in fact even there.

The empty tins in the small circular sink had been rinsed out with the electric tap. They were of the same variety to those which they had poured out into their camping pan, maroon kidney beans it seemed, but the words on the label were in a different language.

They looked back into the chilli pot for some answers, but couldn't quite make anything out beyond a swift spoon stirring. Then it was drawn out down through the depths of the pot and there they were again, sprinkling cacao powder into the mix this time.

The light glinting off the tiles had taken on an almost metallic sheen. They could taste the sweet powdered chocolate in the air and closed their eyes to savour the flavour, one they had forgotten to bring with them originally into the woods.

When they opened their eyes again they were in a very sterile environment. Metal walls, shiney chrome benches, colour coded chopping boards.

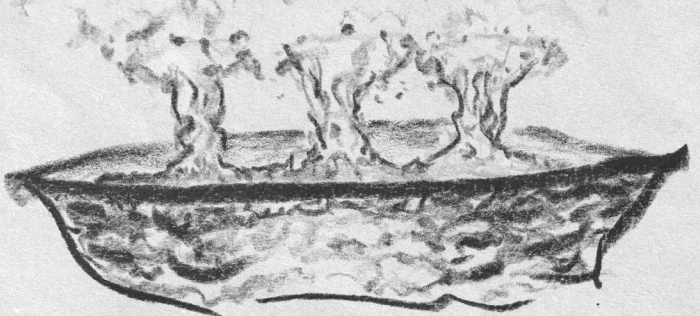
The chilli pot had grown, as big as a pool they could imagine their reflections drowning in, so they daren't step back over to look. But it's sweet and spicy-rich aromas came to them and lifted them out of the room just as they could see one hundred plates being laid out for serving.

They slipped off the stream of scent into a seat where they were promptly presented with a bowl of steaming chilli. Two kidney bean shaped eyelids opened within the dish and looked at them inquisitively. That's weird, it said, last time I looked I was sitting on a table that had folded out from a seat in an airplane.

Image 1: Tagliatelle being extruded through a pasta maker

Image 2: the egg being cracked into a flour nest


VUVU PAKA



Oh so you want to make Kuku Paka without Kuku? Silly. Go get this.

**Cauliflower.** How much? Agh, I don't know. Whole one. cut into chunks.  
**1 coconut cream,** half.  
**Garlic and ginger.** puree.  
**Eggs** (boiled) (2) boil them first and add.  
**Potatoes** boiled (3 or none)  
Little **tumeric powder** little. LITTLE. 1/4 teaspoon  
**Green chillies** paste. Be careful, or you'll come crying.  
**Corriandor** fresh. always fresh. It's better. You know this.  
**Fresh tomato** small 2.

1 In a sauce[pan] put very little oil. (optional)  
2 Put garlic and ginger paste  
3 Add tomato blended  
4 Add tumeric. LITTLE.  
5 Add cauliflower  
6 Add the coconut cream.  
7. In a separate saucepan boil eggs and potato  
8. Add to the cauliflower. SALT.  
8. Lastly add chopped coriander.  
9. Lemon [juice] at the end  
**NOW EAT**



# The Reliable guest

Ross Bennett

What shape do you think they'll appreciate

I can do cigars or balls, screwed up  
I've seen the spells in the book but  
it all sounds rather demanding I'd  
prefer to just offer the hand and see  
if you take it.

But should I wear gloves, I don't  
know how rough they'll be.

What about the wooden table, is that  
safe in their company.

I wish there was a written recipe

**Rip**

**crack**

**hiss**

**smoke smoke smoke, crack**

Do they need a chair? Maybe I should  
have a spare chair incase they want  
to sit there.

Do they need a plate, perhaps a plate  
would make them feel welcome at this  
table.

How about cutlery; a knife and  
fork, a dessert spoon? I'm not  
sure how long they'll stay for  
or whether they eat food in this  
way, but rather than exclude for  
differences, I'll include.

*tell me what it is you prepare*

*A million stories lay in my  
ashes, many of food and flavour  
and texture*

*I can add my touch*

*a little, a lot, or not too much*

Should I sit them at the head of  
the table, maybe they aren't sure  
of themselves, being the only  
stranger. Or perhaps not. Maybe  
they've already been a guest with  
everyone else.

Maybe they'll blend into the  
background preferring to be the  
ears and not the mouth.

Should I steer off certain  
conversation, or maybe just  
particular elements.

would putting water on the table  
been seen as an attack, I don't  
want them to feel like that.

*Endless dances move among my  
licks and spits*

*I've been to every celebration*

*you can imagine*

*You'll always have company by my  
side*



# no recipe for memories

*Sabina Enea Teari*

Autumn has always brought a touch of grief with it. I don't know if trees miss their little green selves when they detach and depart, but I've always missed them, especially after the farewell symphonies of wind and colour have quieten down, and everything stands still and bare... Autumn has always been for me a time of missing what is gone or is about to disappear.

Perhaps, it's no wonder that my mother chose autumn as the time to leave.

A while ago my mother's Japanese friend, Maki, gave me a book of recipes she illustrated, where the carrot cake has a story of being the most delicious creation by Matilda. I don't know who Matilda is, but my mother loved this carrot cake Matilda included in the book, she said it was the sweetest thing. Moreover, Matilda assigned this cake to the autumn season, and I somehow felt drawn to make it on this cold November day.

The original recipe unfolded as a rap song. It's written in German, and I sometimes read German rapping. The verb comes at the end. So you only find out what it is you're actually supposed to do at the very end. You have time to get to know all the other words, their nuances, colours, the way they are walking with each other hand by hand, and at the very end you realise what they are actually up to and where are they walking together.

Mine unfolded as a jazzy melody. Improvised and slow. Every ingredient listening to the other one, trying to sense the right moment to join in, and to give enough of itself. Without a score, without a conductor. Unfolding as a free flow in minor tones, in-tune with the emotional temperature in the

kitchen.

Free play was the only option anyway: it turned out that all I had in the kitchen that coincided with the ingredients Matilda suggested were carrots. And eggs. Inspired by the original corn stories I decided to go for a local corn flour instead of a monocultured wheat. I had honey instead of sugar, yoghurt instead of crème-fraiche, almonds instead of walnuts. Our almond trees offer so much harvest these days that no other nutty fruits make it into the kitchen during autumn months. We brought the almond trees from Spain 10 years ago, they were babies. Two of them liked it here and stayed, now grown into capricious but generous teenagers. Even though they still complain when temperatures drop, and look at us astounded not understanding our joy in those rare moments we see snow falling.

One could say that making a carrot cake for a spirit, wishing to arrive at that sublime Swann's madeleine experience, at a vivid sense of remembrance of things past, I should have followed Matilda's recipe, I should have had all the right ingredients, and should have pursued the written instructions with precision and diligence. But somehow I still prefer not to. Somehow the lion in me is still engaged with the dragon of "thou shalt" in a battle of questioning that which has established itself as the 'way to go' and now just asks to be repeated. When someone turns into a spirit, when transformation takes place you can never go back. The whole situation is new. Imperfect as it appears, when absence is so acutely felt. But whenever I try to go back in time, wabi sabi of the present takes over, and all I can do is attend to what is with me, next to, close by, at this very moment. Listening meticulously; eyes, ears, tongue, touch involved.

And yes, it will never taste like that carrot cake by Matilda that my mother loved. That moment of love cannot be reproduced. My mother is also not coming back from the post-human universe and will never be reproduced. I always found post-humanism a vague term. But if indeed it has to do with extending subjectivities beyond the human species, my carrot cake could contribute something to advancing post-humanism. Not in its wish to develop technologies that eliminate ageing and dying, nor in its preparations for a future without humans, but in its affirmation of transformations. In the way it is living transformations every time I make it. In extending an invitation to be surprised every time it comes out of the oven.



1.

'no recipe for memories' cont.

Experimentation as a living practice can be most enjoyed with a song. The central and lavish ingredient is love. Love despite loss. The loving memory of those moments we shared, stories we lived through, seeds we have exchanged, sometimes without knowing what were we actually giving one another. Sprouting with a song. "...if there is singing then there is the resumption", Gertrude Stein writes in Tender Buttons. So the recipe for this carrot cake is very simple and rather challenging:

Take the ingredients at hand, feel within yourself when you choose those you invite into your upcoming dish. Listen to each of them and let them speak to each other. Allow pauses. As the conversation develops, follow your gut through the process and stay attentive. Serve cool, season with a song. That song you used to sing together with someone dear. In my cake-making for my mom, it's the song that becomes the bridge between past and present, bringing back memories and presence of a dear one, in co-presence with timelessness. Tenderly close by, the sweetest thing.

18 monday *lean mean bean*  
for every dining team or solo  
*you know what I mean*

19 tuesday *For ~~any~~ <sup>the</sup> day <sup>you</sup> need comfort*  
*for the night or say...*  
*moments of ~~your~~ <sup>a bump</sup> food.*

20 wednesday *no ~~cash~~*  
w/ no cash, eat your beans  
and dash.

21 thursday *Throw from a distance*  
*some cumin? dill?*

22 friday *chilli? pepper? butter? dill?*  
*paprika? or even eggs*

23 saturday *you just need a sauce*  
*pan to do the rest.*

24 sunday *go w/ your intuition*  
*follow your heart &*  
*the kitchen*

## fancy beans

06

- Intuition
- Heinz Beans
- butter
- cumin
- pepper
- chilli
- pepper
- coriander
- fennel?
- salt?
- potatoes
- dill?
- Paprika?
- eggs?
- Need
- saucepan

This recipe is an affordable and timeless recipe for one or many. Suitable to any time of the day but I find I eat it for tea or night.

It came to me through a dinner party I wasn't invited to, however I love it because it reminds me of my Grandad's *deasy* beans but now I'm older.

*poor mans shakshuka* - movements & turn throw from a small distance

*w/ coriander*

Image 1: Hannan Jones' recipe for Fancy Beans



# References:

A selection of the recipes, artists and conversations that inspired our recipe contributions. This list has been compiled in collaboration with Ines and the workshop participants.

1. *Bread on Earth*
2. *Martha Rosler - 'Semiotics of the Kitchen' (1975)*
3. *Samin Nosrat - 'The Crispy Leftovers as the Main Course' (2018)*
4. *Rachel Roddy - 'Indignant Crumbs' (2015)*
5. *Alison Knowles - 'Make a Salad'*
6. *Susannah Worth - 'Digesting Recipes, the Art of Culinary Notation' (2015)*
7. *Thom Eagle - 'First Catch: Study of a Spring Meal' (2018)*
8. *MFK Fisher - 'The Art of Eating' (2004)*
9. *'Edible Spell for a New Moon Stew' by Jesse Darling*
10. *Emergence Magazine Podcast: 'Corn Tastes Better on the Honor System', by Robin Wall Kimmerer*