

From Our Kitchens

Recipes from the
Philadelphia Assembled
Kitchen

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Welcome to the Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen

In 1997, Ntozake Shange—poet, playwright, cook, novelist—wrote a cookbook entitled *If I Can Cook/You Know God Can*. She wrote it in Philadelphia. In Philadelphia one is able to taste and enjoy the the cooking legacies of pots from all over the world: from the Gullah islands of South Carolina to the tropical islands of the Caribbean, from Southeast Asia to East and West Africa, from Europe to the Arab Peninsula, and so on. In the midst of all this cooking, Shange recalled memories of her own culinary past and invited her readers to do some imagining too.

In the first chapter, “Learning to Be Hungry/Holdin’ On Together,” she writes,

But seriously, and here I ask for a moment of quiet meditation, what did L’Ouverture, Pétion, and Dessalines share for their victory dinner, realizing they were the first African nation, slave-free, in the New World? What did Bolivar crave as independence from Spain became evident? What was the last meal of the defiant Inca Atahualpa before the Spaniards made a public spectacle of his defeat? I only ask these questions because the New York Times and the Washington Post religiously announce the menu of every Inauguration dinner at

the White House every four years. Yet I must imagine... what a free people chose to celebrate victory. What sated the appetites of slaves no longer slaves, Africans now Haitians, ordinary men made mystical by wont of their taste for freedom? How did we consecrate our newfound liberty? Now this may only be important to me, but it is. It is very important. I need to know how we celebrate our victories, our very survival. What did we want for dinner?



Philadelphia Assembled press event, September 2017, Philadelphia Museum of Art
Photo by Joseph Hu, Philadelphia Museum of Art

Emerging out of the city-wide collaborative project, *Philadelphia Assembled*, the Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen offers recipes and dishes curated and prepared by a group of twelve culinary artists, cooks, and storytellers residing in Philadelphia. The kitchen serves up rotating menus inspired by Shange’s inquiry into what food we, everyday people, cook to “celebrate our victories, our very survival.” Drawing from culinary traditions from across the city, the kitchen is a space for sitting with each other—individuals from different communities, with different experiences and backgrounds—and for learning about our unique and overlapping histories of **survival, resistance, and victory**.

The Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen could not happen without its partnerships with W/N W/N Coffee Bar and Sunday Suppers.

W/N W/N Coffee Bar was founded as a worker cooperative in 2014. As an autonomous organization beholden to no one, W/N W/N strives within the larger capitalist narrative to cultivate an environment where people are privileged over profit and value is given to community and relationships. As such, W/N W/N is grateful for the opportunity to be in communion with the inspirational culinary artists of the Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen.

Learn more at www.winwincoffeebar.com and [@winwincoffeebar](https://twitter.com/winwincoffeebar).

Sunday Suppers is proud to support the Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen. Serving low-income families with young children, Sunday Suppers focuses on strengthening the health and well-being of families through the transformative power of family meals, with the core belief that family interaction and participation create the opportunity to build sustainable community. The five-month program centers around a weekly family meal made of fresh, local, healthy food with ingredients that are familiar,

affordable, and accessible. Each week, participants learn a new cooking skill and, at the end of the meal, each family is given the ingredients and recipes to make a part of the meal on their own. A key component to healthy eating is having the right kitchen equipment: Sunday Suppers receives donations of new and gently used kitchen items that are provided to participating families.

Learn more, donate kitchen items, or volunteer at one of their suppers, visit sundaysuppersphilly.org

On Survival, Resistance, and Victory

Andrienne Palchick and Miki Palchick

The tried to bury us, but we are the root and the seed.

—Adapted from Greek poet Dinos Christianopoulos and later used in the Zapatista movement

Survival

The word “survival” comes from the root words “viere,” meaning to live, and “super,” meaning over or beyond. Seeds are the body that lives beyond. They survive the parent plant, and keep its lineage living with them.

People save seeds to survive. They collect and store them in times of preservation and planning, and stow and move them in times of forced relocation and escape. Those who plant the seeds live beyond not only through the sustenance of future fruit, but also through their stories of foodways, of ritual, and of survival that live on with each seed saved. In this way, seeds hold a potential for new life at the same time

that they honor that which came before. Seeds keep, and we save seeds to keep living.

Resistance

When we take care of each other, we resist.

“Mycorrhiza” is the relationship that exists between plants taking care of each other. It develops underground between a fungus and the roots of a host plant. This relationship can develop on a scale as small as a bean sprout and as large as an entire forest. In a forest, a tree feeds the fungus nutrients it gathers through photosynthesis, and in return, the fungus delivers the tree nitrates and other minerals from the soil. This underground network also

functions as a communication system through which plants communicate about the threat of disease, toxins, or drought. If one tree is under attack from a certain pest, it will send a warning signal to other trees. The other trees can then start producing chemicals that deter the pests. Even more powerful is that this information is delivered across different species of plants, creating a connected and thriving ecosystem. A *mycorrhizal* relationship functions through underground intelligence, mobilized defense mechanisms, and organized networks of care—all of which are powerful expressions of resistance.

Victory

New growth is a victory. It is the seeds that stayed living, the roots that stayed resisting, and the emergence that says we will stay thriving. Victory is nonlinear. Sometimes it is a culmination, but it can also be ongoing. Growth from seed and the fruit it eventually bears is certainly a triumph.

The harvest is a celebration, but it is not the conclusion—just as seeds are not the beginning. The seeds that helped us survive came from the fruit and flower of a harvest.

Our moments of survival, resistance, and victory repeat, overlap, and happen together. When we win, we survive, living is a resistance, and feeding each other is a celebration.

Victory is not an ending.

Editor's note: The condiment containers at the center of your table were created by sisters, visual artist Andrienne Palchick and potter Miki Palchick. They were tasked with creating dishes that represented our three themes: survival, resistance, and victory.

In Search of Freedom

khaliah d. pitts

One of my earliest, living memories is watching my father make homemade French fries. I was sitting on the floor under the kitchen table; the room was a bright yellow, or maybe it just felt yellow; I remember seeing my dad's legs stretch forever up and out of sight; and I remember the sound of the hot oil popping and skipping in the pot. To this day French fries are one of my very favorite foods, none ever topping the taste of my dad's homemade batches. The other night, my partner and I were preparing dinner: I was making Brussels sprouts, dressed with onions, garlic and a crapload of habanero peppers and he was preparing twice-cooked French fries. "Now, this first batch isn't how I usually cook them," he said, placing a bowl of fresh from the oil fries on the table in front of me. "They didn't cook long enough. But you'll like them cause they're like your dad's." It was true; I devoured half that batch, the soft, potato-y spears hittin' the spot and darn

near sent me off with an early itis. But I persisted enough to make it through two more batches of my love's fries, each crispier than the last. They were bangin'. Dinner was amazing, and the leftovers the next day were made even more so, as we added a tomato, basil, and avocado salad to temper the heat.

But standing in the dining room, fingers greedily digging again and again into the pot of my favorite snack, I began to wonder about time, about change, adapting. I'm steadily approaching thirty, and I feel young as ever, and yet suddenly I'm making the most "grown-up" decisions of my life: deciding how I want to live my life, what life am I going to live? What do I leave behind for whatever sorts of seeds I plant? It's terrifying, almost. Like the first time I try to make a dish that my father or mother made a specialty. Will I get it right? Will it taste like theirs? And it doesn't, ever. Sometimes, it's a miss.

Should have added more butter or broth or pepper or time.

But sometimes, it doesn't taste like theirs; it doesn't taste like anybody's. It tastes better because it's yours.

Is that what freedom is? Standing firmly on ground fertilized by your ancestors' ashes, building beyond their dreams, adding the spices and scents and flavors and stories gathered from across time, from a memory, all the secrets and recipes stored up in you. In your very blood. Are you not the greatest creator, with the raw material of a thousand lifetimes swimming 'longside your solid bones? Are you not free in that?

I've been searching for freedom for a long time. Freedom from fear, oppression, hate, failure, restraint, politics, bureaucracy, whiteness, institutions. And do you know where I found myself? Where I found a sanctity and a security and a safety? I found it standing next to my sister-friend, amongst a dozen little black girls, in a kitchen, out in the open air, overlooking a small farm, preparing greens that we had just picked ourselves. I found it in the smiles of every sister and friend who helped us create our own

little oasis of freedom. I found it in the words and eyes and arms of those little black girls, who reached deep within themselves and gifted us with the stories and songs of their mothers' mothers' mothers.

I found, I find, freedom in the kitchen, before the counter, the stove, ready to create and connect and honor every damn breath of life that has ever been taken. I found it in our mothers' kitchens. In my father's kitchen. Right back where I started, peeking from under the table, awed and hungry.

In search of freedom we find ourselves in Our Mothers' Kitchens.

Mieng Lettuce Wraps

Catzie Vilayphonh

The items in my altar are the crown I wore in the last Mummer's parade; the only photo I have of my family in the refugee camp where I was born; my dad's camp ID at the second refugee processing site we were placed before we came to America; a *thip khao*, or sticky rice basket; and the Lao-style mortar and pestle known as *kohk* and *sahk*.

The dish I chose to represent me and my heritage is *mieng*, a sticky rice filling lettuce wrap. Rice is so important to our culture that the word for "rice," *khao*, is the same word for "food." In Lao, the rice we eat is *khao niew* or "sticky rice" and its texture allows for eating with your hands. The process of making *mieng* from *khao niew* exemplifies survival, going through many stages before becoming its final self. The filling is made from sticky rice that has already been cooked, then dried, fried, and finally mixed with broth to make a savory spread. For something served as a snack,

it seems like a lot of work, but for Laotians who've enjoyed it for generations, it is simply another way to preserve our precious rice.

Laos is a relatively poor country, so *mieng* is a shining example that sometimes a cuisine's most delicious dishes come from the ingenuity of not wasting food. While sticky rice is the staple of all Lao cuisine, it doesn't last long, so drying it out is another option to extend its life. When it's fried it becomes a puffy rice that can be eaten as a snack, or extended even further to make *mieng*.

Sometimes called *mieng muang luang* or "*mieng* from Luang Prabang," a region in northern Laos where it's believed to have originated, toppings can vary and include lemongrass, cilantro, ginger, coconut, dried shrimp, eggplant, lime, pork rinds, tomatoes, chili peppers, and peanuts, depending on who's serving. In Thailand, street vendors serve it prewrapped in folded betel leaves

Survival altar of culinary artist Catzie Vilayphonh, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



using a coconut filling instead and call it *mieng kham* or “small bite *mieng*.” The filling combines all the distinct flavors of sweet, sour, savory, and spicy.

The beauty of making your own *mieng* wrap is customizing your flavors however you like: use the same toppings to create a favorite flavor or mix up ingredients to get a different bite every time. A favorite at parties and gatherings, *mieng* is even more fun when shared as a group (highly recommended), because it can be enjoyed by anyone, and can be adjusted to meet any dietary requirements.

As an immigrant whose parents were also refugees of war, I am grateful that Lao Americans have been able to adapt their recipes to whatever available resources they found here, despite any language barriers, and continue creating traditional foods that honor their homeland, surviving through teaching their children and sharing them with new friends, like you.

Mieng Lettuce Wraps

Filling

Sticky rice
Water
Palm sugar
Soy seasoning
Fish sauce
Shrimp paste
Monosodium glutamate
Kaffir lime leaves
Lemongrass

(To make the filling vegetarian, omit the fish sauce and shrimp paste)

Toppings

Peanuts (with or without tom yum seasoning)
Cilantro
Ginger
Shallots
Chilies
Dried shrimp
Lemongrass
Toasted coconut
Vinegar-garlic pork rinds

Recommended Topping Combinations

- * Peanuts, lemongrass, chilies
- * Dried shrimp, ginger, coconut, cilantro
- * Pork rinds, cilantro, shallots

Grits and Greens

khaliah d. pitts

We had grits many a Sunday morning growing up. Still, when we all find the occasion to get together and share that first meal, grits are often on the menu. Cheese grits, specifically. I could never develop a real appreciation for cheese grits. I'm not a huge fan of cheese as it is, so usually I'd get served a bowl of hot and steamy sweet grits: just grits with sugar. Once my family stopped making it a habit to eat together every Sunday morning, I left grits firmly in the past. It wasn't until I was a bit grown, living on my own, that I was able to really love grits. I was fasting for Ramadan one year (in solidarity with my Muslim folks) and I decided that grits would be a perfect pre-sunrise meal, filling enough to carry me through the day, but not too heavy to enjoy at 4:00 a.m. I made my grits with no cheese, butter, salt, and pepper and paired it with a fried egg and a small breakfast salad, probably arugula, tomatoes, and blueberries. It was hittin'.

I enjoyed it immensely on these mornings during the fast. It brought back those feelings of early mornings, Sundays, and my Dad whippin' around the kitchen in his 5th Generation Tillery apron (my mother's family). I let it become my comfort food again.

In recent years, seeking a natural way to fight the seasonal blues, turmeric was suggested as something to add heavily to my diet. I threw it in my grits, my bowl of warm memories, enjoying the sunny yellow color. I poured the grits over a bed of torn up kale, 'cause I have to get my raw veggies in somehow. Sometimes, I'd put the grits over my breakfast potatoes and enjoy the hot grains dancing alongside mushrooms and onions and peppers, everything warm and still crunchy and so, so yummy.

Survival altar of culinary artist khaliah d. pitts, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



Turmeric Grits over Wilted Greens

Rough chop (or chiffonade, if you fancy) greens of your choice (I'll be using dandelions—weeds—in the spirit of resilience, of survival). Cover the bottom of a bowl with your greens.

Prepare your grits, however you like, but for the best effect, make sure they're kinda soupy; you want to pour them over your greens. Dress your grits with butter of your choice, pink salt (a must), and black pepper. Sprinkle in the turmeric while stirring. You want to shake enough in there to get a golden color.

Now, pour these hot, soupy grits over your greens. The heat will wilt them.

Add whatever toppings you're into: shrimp and onions, fried plantains, an over-easy egg, avocado, mushrooms and peppers, however you get down.

howmany, thatmany

how many cups of water can you carry?
in your dust-worn palms

that many

how many seeds can you hide?
under the warm throws of your tongue

that many

how many moons can you tuck?
behind your grandad's ears

that many

how many laughs you got?
folded into the corner of your apron

that many

add that, all that.

to that pot, nah, nah

that skillet

coconut oil

and garlic and thyme

and time

and maybe you can pray, if you try

and you can stir it with the wooden spoon

and a sprig of basil too

peer into the cast iron eyes

and let the steam kiss you.

—khaliah d. pitts

Pumpkin Bread *Saigay Sheriff*

When thinking about a survival dish, my mind immediately raced back to my Liberian roots. I began to think about what the people of Liberia do to survive. How did they survive during two periods of vicious civil war? How did they survive before the war? And then I began to reflect those questions onto the Liberian and Liberian-American people living here in Philadelphia. How do their survival traits affect ours today? Though survival can have many different meanings, with these questions in mind, I have concluded that there are three key meanings of survival.

Survival means utilization

The people of the Lorma tribe in Liberia are considered the farmers. Located in the forest area of the country, the people make practical and effective use of the items they grow, like cotton, different types of greens, palm oil, and other foods. They use it to help their families and neighbors, and even sell it at markets to earn

income. This is similar to what the people of Philadelphia do today. We use every ingredient to its fullest potential, even using the scraps of our foods as a garnish or a flavoring for another meal. We grow gardens in our backyards and have plant pots in our homes. Utilizing what we reap, some foods even last us through winter, helping to save us extra money.

Survival means strength

Physical strength is needed not only to work in our gardens, but also to cook, clean, and complete other day-to-day activities. But there is also a mental and spiritual strength that is important. As we go through each day, we rely on our spiritual and mental strength to push us to do the physical work. To make ends meet, we unconsciously stretch our strength to make sure we get what we desire and need. In many ways, the food we eat provides the strength that is needed to help us get through the day. Our meals do not just

Survival altar of culinary artist Saigay Sherrif, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



The Peoples Peas

Shivon Love

Black-eyed peas. Enjoyed across cultures—from Pakistani *lobia keema* to Nigerian *ewa dodo*, to Ethiopian *berbere stew* to Ghanaian *redred* to the American South's Hoppin' Jean—they are tradition, comfort and home.

Domestically, they have been prepared and consumed at the dawn of the new year. They are considered symbols of luck, blessings, survival, and hope for the year to come.

I didn't grow up eating black-eyed peas. I cringed at the thought of those little suckers — staring up at me, waiting to be eaten. Ha, well y'all better keep waiting.

Then one day, many years later, much like their shriveled and shed skins in soaking water, they re-emerged and somehow became a beloved addition to my pantry.

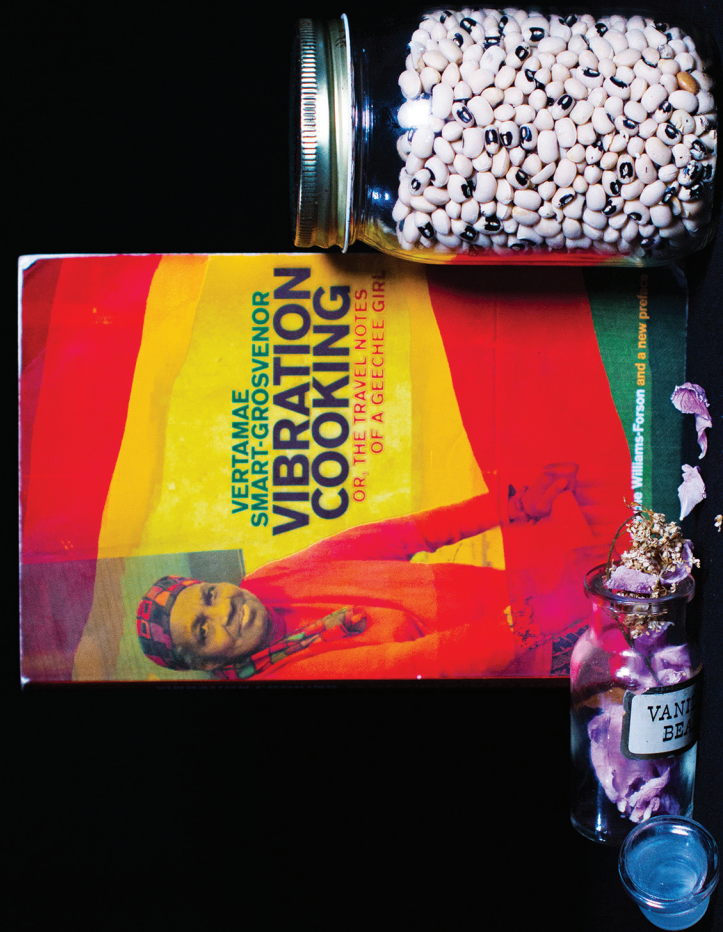
Perhaps trying to make up for what I may have missed, all those years eschewing the bean with the curious appearance, I began

unconsciously trying to perfect the pea. Acaraje or black-eyed pea fritter, black-eyed pea salad (or Texas caviar as some call it), Hoppin' Jean, and most recently, this dish whose name, well, is simply what they are. A dish that holds the traditions and stories of many people.

I now feel comforted and nourished when I eat black-eyed peas, especially in this dish, inspired by the hands, hearts and hopes of brown people across continents.

I pray that it will become a tradition for my family here, in Philadelphia, or wherever we may be. A dish that celebrates our blessings, our survival, and our hope for the future.

Survival altar of culinary artist Shivon Love, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



The Peoples Peas

Spices

- 1 tsp turmeric
- 1 tsp fenugreek
- ¼ tsp allspice
- ½ tsp cardamom
- ½ tsp clove
- 3 tbsp smoked paprika
- ½ tsp ground nutmeg
- ½ tsp cinnamon
- freshly ground sea salt and pepper, to taste

Peas

- 4 15 oz cans of black-eyed peas, drained and rinsed
- 4 tbsp butter
- 1 large onion
- 1½ tbsp fresh ginger, minced
- 3 garlic cloves, minced
- 1 hot pepper of choice, seeded and minced
- 3 medium tomatoes, roughly chopped
- 1 c coconut milk
- 1 c vegetable broth

Optional

Fresh parsley, cilantro, scallions, or fresh lime juice added before serving.

One

Measure out all spices. Put them together in a bowl. Let them get to know one another. Inhale.

Two

In large pot or saucepan, melt butter. Add onion, ginger, garlic, and hot pepper, stirring until they visibly begin to soften and brown.

Add spices, stirring until you like what you smell.

Then invite tomatoes, stirring and cooking until they begin to break down slightly.

Stir in coconut milk and broth, bringing to a boil. Simmer over medium heat, stirring occasionally until sauce has thickened, about 20 minutes.

Three

Add black-eyed peas. Continue to cook over medium heat for 10 minutes. Taste. Add more spice, if desired. Fold in parsley, cilantro, and scallions and squeeze in fresh lime juice before serving.

Four

Give thanks and break bread.

A Menu for Resistance

the body battles
disease and despair and the
dismembering of

memories and it
fights back because health is the
natural state of things

the people battle
disease and despair and the
dismembering of

memories and they
fight back cause freedom is the
natural state of things

and we will always be free.

—khaliah d. pitts

Altar of Resistance, 2017, Sulaiha Olatunji, Taylor Johnson-Gordon, Ailbhe Pascal, and Kristin Schwab
Photo courtesy of Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



A Witche's Resistance

Ailbhe Pascal

I am a kid who ran away, and I am a kid who found a place to stay. Resistance means knowing what you need to feel Safe and demanding those terms for every single living being. Resistance begins with you. What does Safety mean to you? Are you Safe?

(If you are reading this and you are not Safe, please contact WOAR's 24-hour crisis hotline: 215-985-3333. WOAR is a reliable, free, non-police entity that will help you.)

I am indebted to the people and places that comprise so-called "Philadelphia" for offering me my first-ever home, so I do the work necessary to keep our freedom fighters fed and our families celebrating. Resistance means daring to celebrate our ridiculous collective existence.

Spells are integral to the work I do. A Spell is an intentional act. "Spell" once was used to refer to any conjuring—a quilt, a kiss, a Spell cast.

Gastronomy, the chemistry of food, is Magick through a sterilized, white supremacist, capitalist, hetero-patriarchal lens. Have you taken off those glasses today? Decolonizing food, to me, means naming harm done to each other and our earth, naming the legacies of that violence, and then holding the inherent Magick of our food—food that has survived, food that has and will sustain us—as sacred. A seed planted is a spell, you see. A kitchen cleaned is a spell, as is a recipe. Take those glasses off. Resist. Now, what can we conjure together?

Resistance altar of culinary artist Ailbhe Pascal, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



Below is a basic introduction to my kitchen witchery. Experiment with the effects your food has on your energy for the day, and the effects your intentions have on your food. I use a "Magick Spoon", wood chosen and carved with intent, for the spells I cast. Try breathing into a bowl before you place food into it, or naming a tool you often use to cook for added ritual and intent.

**A Witche's Table of Ingredients,
indexed by resistance intention ***

Action	Ingredients
Lift voices	Cucumber, ginger, maple syrup, orange, pepper, tomato
Heal wounds	Aloe, apple, avocado, coconut, honey, spinach, squash
Give strength	Arugula, beans, collards, mushroom, polenta, potato
Clear thoughts	Carrot, garlic, lemon, sage, sprouts, tree nuts
Find rest	Chamomile, mint, noodles, peas

*** Water for everything! Water is life!**

Add your own recipe of Resistance here:

Filling Her Apron

Kristin Schwab

I was born and raised in Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, two miles down the road from my grandparents and twenty miles from where I live now in West Philadelphia. Most of my paternal ancestors came to Philadelphia from Ireland and Germany, four and five generations ago, respectively.

I don't know what life was like for my great-great-grandparents when they arrived in Philadelphia in the mid- to late 1800s, but I can speculate based on my studies in food, Irish, and Philadelphia histories. Between 1839 and 1855, approximately 75,000 Irish immigrants came to Philadelphia.¹ If my ancestors were part of this massive Irish immigration to America in response to the Irish Potato Famine, they were most likely poor and suffering from starvation and disease when they arrived. Although their suffering started from crop blight, it persisted because of British colonialism and policy in Ireland.

Upon my ancestors' arrival in the Kensington section of Philadelphia, their food choices may have been affected by financial constraints, location, and culture. Like immigrant groups throughout American history, they may have grown their own ethnic foods and cooked in ways similar to those in their homeland. I like to imagine that I have retained these foodways as I preserve and eat seasonal foods from the Philadelphia region today.

Most of these cultural foodways and kitchen practices were gone by the time I entered my Grandmom Pauline's kitchen as a kid. During the week, the coupons and recipes she collected from the Philadelphia Inquirer influenced her cooking practices. It was only during holidays that I occasionally tasted morsels of our family's heritage in pork and cabbage and kielbasa and sauerkraut that stewed for hours

Resistance altar of culinary artist Kristin Schwab, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



¹ Peter Binzen, *Whitetown, USA* (New York: Random House, 1970).

in her crockpot. I never learned how to cook these dishes from her.

I catch myself daydreaming about what it would have been like to stand by her side while she made pineapple bake and lima beans. Would I know today which cut of meat to use for what occasion? Would I know how to cut most everything with a paring knife rather than a chef's knife? I yearn to know where she learned to cook, her favorite seasonings, and her least favorite kitchen chores. Each year on New Year's Day, I try my best to recreate the smells of her kitchen with her faded recipes and the internet guiding my way. I feel like I am filling her apron by nourishing my guests and warming their spirits. I add my own greasy handprints and flavorful memories.

I feel jealous when I meet people who learned to cook family recipes from their grandparents. As a professional cook, I can replicate dishes from all over the world, yet I want nothing more than to cook a family dish passed down over generations. My friends who learned to cook from their grandparents seem to know deep down in their bones where they came from and how to cook;

I too want to be rooted and have this intuition. For many reasons, I lost this opportunity. For many reasons, my ancestors, like other immigrants of European descent, chose to embrace whiteness over our ethnic identities, Irish and German, in order to access the racial privileges afforded to this whiteness in the United States.

But there is resistance, still, to famine, to colonialism, to white supremacy, to losing the very last bits of ourselves. I am cooking up a bit of resistance for you today—rooted in my ethnicity and harvested from our region's soil. This resistance is bubbling up in our pots, our neighborhoods, and our dreams. I find it, resistance, folded into the creases of my grandmom's apron. Like her, I am a Philadelphia cook. Like my Irish ancestors, I am resisting colonialism. Like you, I want to live in a world where we all are nourished. I can taste the flavors of collective liberation, and I am hungry for more.

The Foundation of Cabbage Salad

Slice 1 head of cabbage fine. Massage with 1 tbsp of sea salt. Put aside.

In a small jar, shake 3 tbsp of fresh citrus juice and zest, 2 tbsp of dijon mustard, and ¼ cup of neutral tasting oil.

Toss cabbage with dressing. I like to add an assortment of the following ingredients: a chiffonade of spinach or other dark leafy greens, apples sliced thin, toasted pumpkin seeds, dried cranberries, crumbled cheese, fresh herbs like scallions or cilantro. One of my favorite ways to make cabbage salad is to add toasted coarsely ground cumin and fresh lime juice and zest to the dressing and cilantro to the salad

Enjoy.

Shepherd's Pie

Sulaiha Olatunji

Shepherd's pie is a dish I remember my mother making—a vegan version, adapted from the traditional version she grew up eating as a kid in England. Her mother usually made it from the remaining meat from Sunday's roast (typically lamb or beef), minced up with a brown gravy, herbs, and some veggies with a nice layer of mashed potatoes on top. It's a wholesome one-pot meal that is a simple way to make something new out of leftovers. This meal is resistance to food waste. It is also an economical and well-balanced meal that resists the idea that "good" food is accessible only to the wealthy. Potatoes are an inexpensive staple and they store well; the other ingredients are versatile and can be substituted with whatever is available. It's a nourishing meal—protein, veggies, and starch—necessary for building up one's inner resistance to diseases.

These values around food waste and eating balanced foods that my parents grew up with

were further shaped when they joined a Sufi Muslim community in the Overbrook section of Philadelphia. My mother, raised Protestant, immigrated to the United States from England in the mid-1970s. My father was raised Jewish in Brooklyn in a Russian/Polish family. They met in the Sufi Muslim community in which I was raised. The community was formed when a Sri Lankan Sufi mystic, Bawa Muhaiyaddeen, came to the United States in the early 1970s. His teachings attracted spiritual seekers from all walks of life to study and learn about the Sufi philosophy of unity and justice and the value of introspection and meditation. I grew up eating a predominantly vegetarian diet and learning to cook plant-centric, flavorful meals. Vegetarianism is not mandated in Islam or Sufism, yet it teaches that one must treat all lives as their own and some choose to practice it for spiritual reasons.

If you are to eat meat, as in Judaism, it must be raised and

Resistance altar of culinary artist Sulaiha Olatunji, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



slaughtered in a humane way. In our Sufi community, Bawa taught how to cook vegetarian dishes with South Indian spices. He taught about the medicinal properties in spices and the vitamins and minerals found in fruits and vegetables. He encouraged people to eat fresh, nutrient-rich food and to always be conscious of what you are putting into your body. This includes the energy and thoughts that you bring to the food that you are preparing. Setting one's intention before cooking and preparing it in a mindful way is paramount to Sufi food practices as well. The core of this philosophy and way of cooking is an act of resistance to the mass production of food and the mistreatment of all beings.

Many of the South Indian flavors and dishes that I grew up eating are comfort foods for me, as they bring me back to the very unique culture of the Sufi community (predominantly made up of converts) in which I was raised. However, I felt it more appropriate to offer a dish to the resistance menu that exemplifies my European ancestry and the way in which my white culture has been shaped by the choices my parents made, following the religious traditions of cultures that my

family had not passed down for generations.

As a culinary artist, community chef, and educator, it is my intention to continuously resist the "whitewashing" of food traditions and create space to honor the complex stories and experiences that accompany them.

Add your own recipe of Resistance here:

Cooking Greens

Taylor Johnson-Gordon

cutting greens

curling them around
i hold their bodies in obscene embrace
thinking of everything but kinship.
collards and kale
strain against each strange other
away from my kissmaking hand and
the iron bedpot.
the pot is black.
the cutting board is black,
my hand,
and just for a minute
the greens roll black under the knife,
and the kitchen twists dark on its spine
and i taste in my natural appetite
the bond of live things everywhere.

—Lucille Clifton (1936–2010)

Resistance altar of culinary artist Taylor Johnson-Gordon, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



Although cooked greens are becoming increasingly popular within Western culinary culture, people of African descent have cooked their greens for centuries. Collard. Mustard. Dandelion. Turnip. They have become a beloved staple in my life and in the lives of so many. Unlike many African American families, I did not grow up eating collard greens on a regular basis. Traditional soul food meals were not a part of our weekly food ritual, but instead, were reserved for special occasions. Greens—particularly collard greens—have always been a symbol of celebration in my family's home. I can remember preparing the greens for my mother to cook them like it was yesterday.

i turn on the faucet
and baptize the collards
under ice-cold water.
minutes pass by.
my 12-year-old hands
pick the leaves apart,
casting the stems to the side.
a few feet away,
my mother reheats her coffee in the microwave
and then,
between sips,
crumbles cornbread and chicken liver
into a large, sage-colored bowl.
the familiar scent
of sweet potato pies dances around the kitchen,
married with the unmistakable
gust of laughter coming from
my mother on the phone with one of her girlfriends

My mother was always making magic in the kitchen, creating something wonderful out of simple ingredients. Her food was more than just food; it was nourishment. My mother was unaware of it at the time, but it was in moments like that in her kitchen that she gave me a resistance tool. As a 29-year-old woman, my hands still seem to find themselves under a faucet, baptizing greens, except now they are a more frequent food ritual. Instead of seasoning them with Lawry's and ham, I prefer to season mine with garlic and yellow onions. Adding this makes the potlikker extra healing because it helps fortify our immune system. Plus, the flavor is poppin'.

Perhaps, however, it is the potlikker that captivates me most. During chattel slavery, white slaveholders ignorantly discarded the potlikker, but my ancestors believed that nothing should be wasted. I believe that God told them that when the greens are completely boiled, the bitterness subsides and the potlikker becomes nutrient rich and medicinal. Conjuring healing in the midst of bitterness—this is what resistance tastes like.

A Menu for Victory

your feet
will be tired, they will be blistered and busted
maybe your back will be broken
your voice may be beaten
and your songs crooked and off-tune
but you will still sing
won't you?

you'll be hot, i'm sure
and fan yourself with the cracked palms of your mother's
mother
and maybe you will sweat tears of long gone mens
and maybe you will taste the oceans
on your own lips

and the salt will make you hungry
and the hands of your sisters and brothers and children
will join you at the table
and together your tired hands
will find the rhythm of freedom
the hum of triumph
and you will have brought
the harvest that carries
the taste of victory

what will it taste like?
sweet? spiced?
what will it feel like?
soft? warm?

what will we eat?
what will we sing?
what will we dance?
for victory

—khaliah d. pitts

Altar of Victory, 2017, Acorn, Frances Rose, Nia Minard and Pascale Boucicaut
Photo courtesy of Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



Coconut Sea Salt Rolls

Acorn

Before I put myself to bed, I wake up the sourdough starter. She emerges from the fridge cool and calm. I offer her a simple meal of flour and water. I stir. She stirs. Already slow bubbles ease up from her depths as yeasts and lactobacilli bacteria within her begin to feed. She contains multitudes.

By the next morning she has given up any pretense of rest. The air is sweet with her sour scent. The yeasts release carbon dioxide as they feed; it bubbles vigorously to the surface and helps bread to rise. They release ethanol as well, which is transformed by the lactobacilli into lactic acid, which protects the starter from being overwhelmed by other organisms and contributes a sour flavor. She is eager to begin.

I ask her: may I? She assents. I gather the beings who give their lives to fuel mine, in the form of coconut sea salt rolls...

Victory altar of culinary artist Acorn, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



Coconut Sea Salt Rolls

Hail and Welcome

- 2 c (17 oz) sourdough starter, fed and active
- 3 c (14.4 oz) whole wheat flour
- 3½ c (27 oz) warm water
- ¼ c (2.9 oz) honey
- ¼ c (1.7 oz) coconut oil, melted
- 1 13.5 fl oz can coconut milk
- 11 c (57.2 oz) all-purpose flour
- 1.3 oz sea salt (enough to lightly blanket the dough)
- 1 egg
- 1 tb honey
- 1 tbsp water
- 2 tsp coarse sea salt and
- ¼ c dried, shredded coconut

Combine starter, warm water, and whole wheat flour in a large bowl. Let sit for 5–10 minutes. Enjoy a deep breath.

Mix in honey, melted coconut oil, and coconut milk. Then add all-purpose flour to form a shaggy dough. Press dough so it is spread on the bottom of the bowl and has a flat surface. Cover the top of the dough with a layer of sea salt, but do not mix. Let sit 10–15 minutes. Say thank you to each ingredient.

Fold dough to encase the salt layer and transfer to a floured surface. Stretch and fold the dough until it begins to firm up (4–8 folds).

Rest for 15 minutes.

Repeat three more times for a total of four stretch-and-folds with 15-minute rests in between. Ask if the dough will carry your prayers.

Fifteen minutes after the last stretch-and-fold, divide the dough into 40 equal pieces, shaping each piece into a round roll. Place the rolls close together (touching) on parchment-lined baking sheets. Cover with a lightly oiled piece of plastic wrap. Celebrate the uniqueness of each roll as it emerges from the oneness of dough.

If you wish to bake the rolls on the same day as making the dough, let it sit at room temperature for two hours. If you wish to bake the rolls the day after making the dough, let it sit for 15 minutes at room temperature and then refrigerate overnight. Ensure your own survival by making time for rest—and fermentation.

When ready to bake, preheat the oven to 450 degrees. To make an egg wash, combine beaten egg, honey, and water. Uncover the rolls and brush with egg wash. Sprinkle each roll generously with dried coconut and coarse sea salt. Resist the forces that would have you shrink your offerings—honor the role of audacity.

Bake rolls for 30 minutes. At the 15-minute mark, flip trays and cover rolls with tinfoil if the coconut topping is browned (this protects the topping from burning). Cool and tear off individual rolls to serve. Enjoy with ghee (clarified butter). Whom and what in the world do I want to feed with this abundance, this victory? How I can give back to those beings who made it possible?

May We Imagine Victory?

Frances Rose

Any menu celebrating victory must carry and feature: foods of the resistance, and of survival. I need to see seeds of resistance and survival in victory—for it is out of them that it grows. For me, the difference lies in embellishment and presentation—the addition of more to that which carried us through harder times, be they resistance foods or survival ones. Victory foods feature dashes, dishes, sauces, sweetness, layers and more that fill out the experience—and the mouth.

Victory, it needs be stated, lest we allow ourselves to stray too far from our roots, does not last forever. Furthermore, the role of resistance remains ever-present in victorious societies. The active valuing of victory necessarily involves resisting that which otherwise seems to erode an abundant life together: retribution, retaliation, torpor, entropy, smugness, etc. Pushing back the forces that work against life will likely remain a collective responsibility, always.

Additionally, just to underline the point, victory will not remain so, if whatever group celebrating it gets carried away, and ignores or forgets the values that earned it in the first place.

A victory menu, to me, feels glorious and sumptuous—careful and celebratory—and in touch with whatever forms of wealth remain available to the people on the victory side of the revolution. True victory, I imagine, also includes peoples of all cultures and seemingly features tastes of everywhere. Its energy feels jubilant, excited, bubbly, with maybe a hint or more of tired and wary. I expect that trust in victory's realness wavers in the face of eons of recalled resistance and survival. "Is it true?" "Have we really won?"

Imagining a café that serves up victory, I see it adorned with the still warm articles and artifacts of the revolution—objects of story and fascination around how the

Victory altar of culinary artist Frances Rose, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



Mississippi Hot Tamales and Collard Greens

Nia D. Minard

The concept of food being an act of survival, resistance, or victory can get lost in the revolutionary act of just living one's best life on a daily basis. In the Black American culinary mind, what some may consider "heritage foods," others may call "slave foods." Growing up, I believe that I sometimes self-consciously denigrated Black foodways because they were different from the standard American diet (read: white). As an adult, I resist by embracing my Black culinary heritage and ensuring that cultural traditions survive.

In my family, cooking is a language that threads memories across generations. Some of my earliest memories take place in the kitchen: my mother teaching me how to properly crack a boiled egg on the lip of the stove, peeking through my great-grandmother's swinging kitchen door and watching my cousin, Denise, wrestle live crabs for the boil, or getting excited when I

got my first grease pop when cooking pancakes at eight years old. I was always in the kitchen: as my grandmother's shadow (while she orchestrated the gaggle of grandchildren vying to lick the spoon from the latest box cake), stealing nobs of butter while my mother's back was turned, or watching my father dressing a bird for an evening roast.

Victory altar of culinary artist Nia D. Minard, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



For the purpose of this café
 [the PHLA Kitchen], I've decided
 to exude victory by contributing
 Mississippi Hot Tamales and
 Collard Greens. Unbeknownst
 to most folks up here in the
 Northeast, our South American
 sisters and brothers aren't the
 only ones that make tamales. Yes,
 Black folks have been making
 tamales for nearly 100 years in the
 Mississippi Delta, as immortalized
 by the Robert Johnson song,
 "They're Red Hot"

Hot tamales and they're red hot
Oh, she got 'em for sale
She got two for a nickel,
four for a dime
Would sell you more, but they ain't none of mine, so, hey
Hot tamales and they're red hot
Well, she got 'em for sale, I mean um
And she got 'em for sale, oh yeah
Hot tamales and they're red hot

Add your own recipe of Survival here:

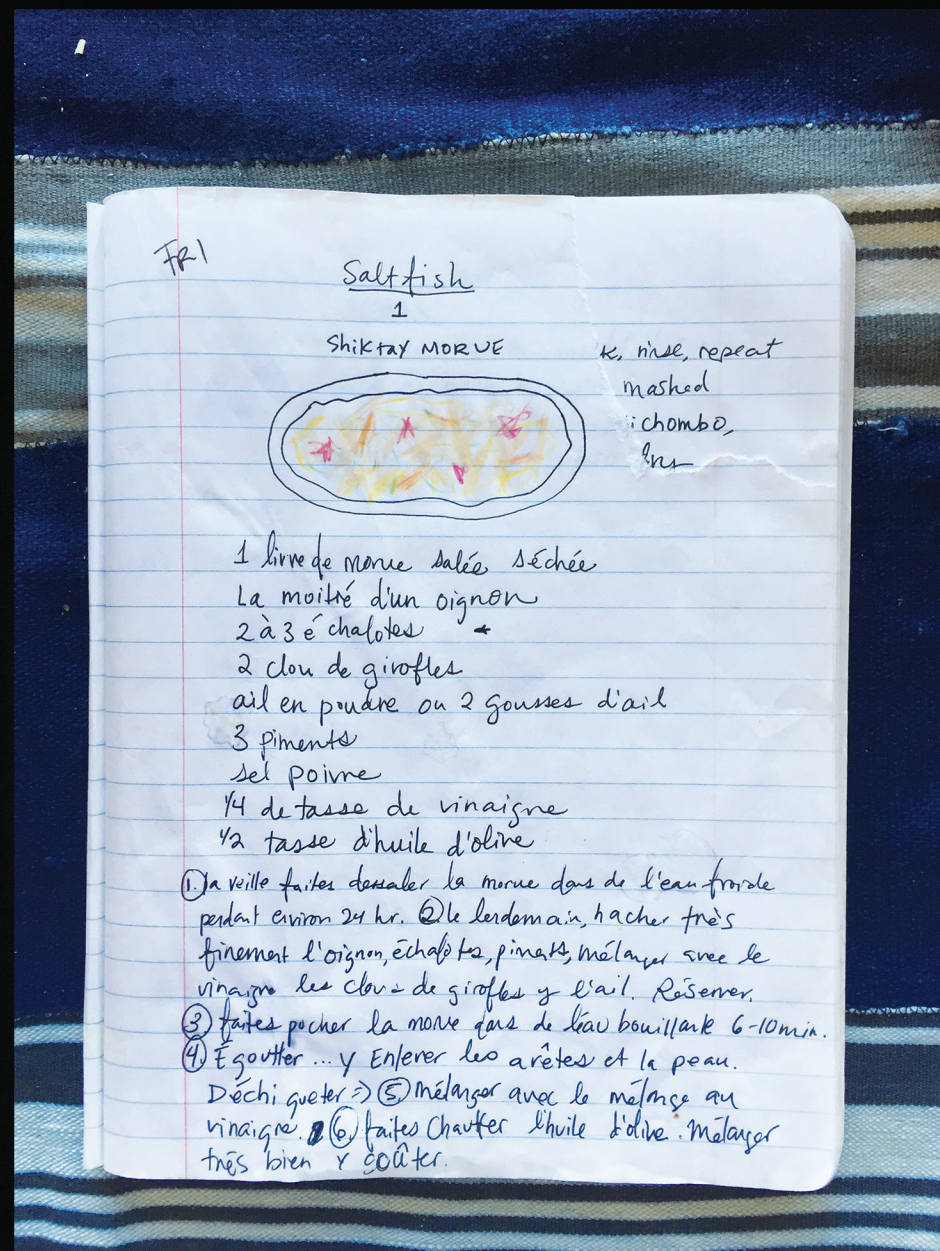
Shiktay Moru

Pascale Boucicaut

Serves 15

- 2 pounds salted cod (heavy salt)
- 1 yellow onion
- 5-6 shallots
- 4 cloves
- 4 garlic cloves
- 6 sweet peppers
(cubanelles are best)
- ¼ c white vinegar
- ¼ c fresh-squeezed lime
- 1 c olive oil
- Salt and pepper to taste

Victory altar of culinary artist Pascale Boucicaut, 2017. Photo courtesy Rashid Zakat, Creative Direction Shanti Mayers



One

Let the salt cod soak for 24 hours.
Change the water three times.

Two

The next day, finely chop all the vegetables and place them in a large bowl. Add the cloves and set aside.

Three

Place the soaked cod into a pot of boiling water and let cook for 6–10 minutes. Be careful not to overboil, or the fish will be tough.

Four

Drain the cod and squeeze it with a towel to get the excess water out. Then remove any skin and bones.

Five

Mix the cod with the vegetables and add the vinegar and lime.

Six

Gently heat the olive oil till just before smoking and pour over the fish and vegetables to “just cook.” Mix together and season to taste.

I prefer to eat this very cold with a large avocado and crusty bread. The dish can also be served at room temperature.

Variations: Occasionally, I skip the yellow onion and pickle red onions instead and serve them on top. Though the recipe doesn't call for it, I almost always add scotch bonnet pepper for heat. When I'm feeling very festive, I add some sour orange (naranja agria) instead of the lime. It's a really terrific flavor!

Culinary Artists



Pictured above are the culinary artists that birthed the Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen: (left to right) khaliah d. pitts, Shanti Mayers, Kristin Schwab, Acorn, Shivon Love, Sulaiha Olatunji, Saigay Sheriff, Frances Rose, Nia Minard, Taylor Johnson-Gordon and Catzie Vilayphonh. Not pictured is our dear Ailbhe Pascal and Pascale Boucicaut.
Photo by Janneke Absil

In March 2017, *Philadelphia Assembled* put out a call for Philadelphia cooks and storytellers who were passionate about food and change to collaborate on the creation of the Philadelphia Assembled Kitchen. Forty people from various communities and backgrounds applied and a dozen were chosen to share their experiences, foodways, and visions of survival, resistance, and victory. Throughout the spring and summer, these culinary artists gathered to honor those who inspire their cooking, to share their recipes, and to create menus that celebrate and build their individual and collective foodways.

Catzie Vilayphonh is a multimedia artist with a background in writing, spoken word poetry, photography, and filmmaking. She runs *Laos in the House*, a project that promotes storytelling in the Lao American refugee community, and is a founding member of the group *Yellow Rage*, who were featured on HBO's *Def Poetry Jam*. Through her work, Catzie provides an awareness not often heard, drawing from personal narrative. She has worked on various artistic projects with partners such as Mural Arts Philadelphia, Asian Arts Initiative, Smithsonian APIA Center, the Moth, and Legacies of War.

khaliah d. pitts is a Philly native and a lifelong artist. A writer and food educator, she dedicates her work to telling the stories of brown people and always striving for liberation. In 2016, she co-created *Our Mothers' Kitchens Culinary + Literature Project* for girls of color with her sister-friend, Shivon Love.

Saigay Sheriff is a proud Liberian-American. She is a recent graduate of the Culinary Institute of America with a bachelor of professional studies degree in business management and an associate occupational studies degree in baking and pastry arts.

Shivon Love is a mama of two and a community educator. A lifelong Philadelphian, she advocates for communities of color to have agency over their health and well-being. As a neighborhood gardener, yoga teacher, and burgeoning herbalist, she offers resources to support people in leading more vibrant and self-sufficient lives. In 2016, she co-created *Our Mothers' Kitchens Culinary + Literature Project* for girls of color with khaliah d. pitts.

Ailbhe Pascal is a healer, gardener, poet, lover, queer, witch, and chef. Ai has had culinary training in Italy, Turkey and the US. They founded *Fikira Bakery* in 2015.

Kristin Schwab is a community educator, cook, and organizer with roots in the Philadelphia area. A woman of Irish, Pennsylvania Dutch, and German descent, Kristin is passionate about using her love of food and cooking to build community, uproot oppression, and work toward collective liberation. Her work is fueled by a hunger for a world where all people can make the decisions that affect their lives and feed themselves and their families food that brings nourishment and joy.

Sulaiha Olatunji is a community chef and educator. She offers personalized in-home cooking and education services. Sulaiha specializes in vegan and vegetarian fare, but enjoys creating colorful, flavorful, plant-centric menus that cater to a range of dietary needs. She is passionate about building “community supportive food” and envisions a world where each layer of our food system is designed to sustain and grow ourselves, our communities, and our environment.

Taylor Johnson-Gordon is an independent Black womanist educator, food healer, urban gardener, minister, and a part of the struggle for Black Liberation. She is the founder and creator of Sistah of the Yam LLC, a physical and web space dedicated to Black women and girls who desire to heal and build resiliency through real, affordable food. Taylor has an academic background in both biology and theology and is currently pursuing her master’s in integrative nutrition and herbal medicine. Her tools of resistance are her hands, a good knife, and a cast iron skillet, and her approach to plant-based health is always through the lens of affordability, practicality, and Africanity.

Acorn is an enthusiastic explorer of all things bread, a budding cook, and a humble student of Earth magic, living systems, and human communities. As a descendant of Western and Northern European immigrants, they strive to leverage their privilege to collective advantage and to be in an active practice of co-creating a liberated world beyond white supremacy. Acorn co-coordinates West Philly’s Community Supported Kitchen (culturalengine.strikingly.com) and is a co-founder of the cooperative food business K Is for Kitchen (KisforKitchen.com).

Frances Rose is a plant-being committed to loving, healing, and growing—and helping others do the same. Her passions drive her development of both regenerative community food systems and cultures of sanctuary in which any may feel at Home. She is the founder of West Philly’s Community Supported Kitchen (culturalengine.strikingly.com) and the co-founder of the cooperative food business K Is for Kitchen (KisforKitchen.com).

Nia Danielle Minard is a curious home cook with a master’s in fried arts. Born in Philadelphia and raised in the Mississippi Delta, her taste buds are rooted in the cookery and traditions of Southern Black foodways. The stove is her side jawn and when she talks about food, people get hungry.

Pascale Boucicaut is a culinary artist and foodways historian. She has worked with food since she first learned that there are secrets, histories, and stories that can only be told in the kitchen. Since then, she has been busy resuscitating traditional cooking methods and ingredients that are endangered or already obsolete, in order to promote the dynamic cultures, physical health, and spiritual well-being of our diverse communities around the world. You can find Pascale out collecting stories and recipes for her work on foodways projects throughout the United States and abroad. Most recently, she produced Dishes of the Diaspora, a mixed media archive project documenting African heritage foodways throughout the Americas. She is also the culinary artist and co-founder of Paloma, a Caribbean supper club.

Philly Food Justice Movements

Philadelphia is full of stories, thousands and thousands of stories. How many of those stories are ones of survival or resistance or victory? Or all of them? How many of those stories are being told in kitchens, exchanged over steaming pots and kneading hands?

The following is a list of some kitchens that hold the stories of these culinary artists. We understand that this is only a snapshot of the expansive and ever-growing Philadelphia Food Justice Movement; yet we send the utmost love and gratitude to every organization, every home cook, every hungry body that contributes to this movement and continues to create stories of survival, of resistance, of victory. Those stories are the stepping stones to freedom.

Books and Breakfast

A youth-based literacy program that nourishes mind and body. The goal is to empower the people through literacy and holistic health.

Find Books and Breakfast on Facebook @booksandbreakfastphill

Broad Street Ministry

Broad Street Ministry began as a broad-minded faith community and over time expanded into an organization that holistically addresses the challenges facing Philadelphians living in deep poverty. Along with nutritious meals, guests can

benefit from a mailing address, a change of clothes, therapeutic arts, and personal care items.

Visit broadstreetministry.org

Community-Supported Kitchen

The Community-Supported Kitchen (CSK) is a West Philadelphia-based project that plants the seeds of a more resilient world by sharing skills and knowledge essential to preparing amazing food anywhere, while investing in local community and regenerative food systems. CSK hosts donation-based cook-days that bring together folks from diverse walks of life around

delicious food, and provides free food to queer and trans folks of color, as well as to many local community events. In addition, CSK offers an open-to-anyone subscription menu of prepared foods and pantry staples that are designed to add depth, zest, and serious nourishment to day-to-day foods. CSK strives to source all ingredients as ethically as possible, and often works with donations of unsalable food from Mariposa Food Co-op and the Fair Food Farmstand. This donated food is thus diverted from compost and the landfill, and is instead transformed into delicious, nourishing meals.

Visit culturalengine.strikingly.com

The Center for Culinary Enterprises

Located at 310 South 48th Street, the Dorrance H. Hamilton Center for Culinary Enterprises (CCE) supports both established and start-up food businesses and food processors in need of commercial kitchen space and technical assistance. The CCE boasts 5,000 square feet of commercial-grade cooking facilities, including four state-of-the-art, shared-use commercial kitchens, an e-kitchen, and space for Common Table, the CCE's restaurant incubator pro-

gram. Additionally, the building houses the 48th Street Grille, a sit-down restaurant operated by former CCE client Carl Lewis. The facility also houses two walk-in refrigeration boxes, a walk-in freezer box, a dry storage room, an ice machine, locked cages for storing product, small wares, a shower, and lockers.

Visit the enterprisecenter.com/business/cce

Culinary Literacy Center

The Culinary Literacy Center is a commercial-grade kitchen at the main branch of the Free Library of Philadelphia that serves as a classroom and dining space for Philadelphians. The center is more than just a cooking school. Teachers can bring students to the hands-on lab to learn math via measuring, reading via recipes, and science via seeing what pops out at the end of the cooking process. Chefs of all ages can experiment with new foods, new tools, and new ideas.

Visit freelibrary.org/programs/culinary

Eat Café

The Eat (Everyone at the Table) Café is a nonprofit, pay-what-you-can café that nourishes, educates, and unites community in a welcoming environment.

The café is a collaboration among the Center for Hunger-free Communities and the Center for Hospitality and Sport Management at Drexel University, Vetri Community Partnership, and the Greater West Philadelphia community.

Visit eatcafe.org

Sankofa Community Farm at Bartram's Garden

Founded as the Community Farm and Food Resource Center in 2012, the Farm at Bartram's Garden increases access to fresh, organic, nutritious food in the Southwest and West Philadelphia communities. Located in Southwest Philadelphia, the farm aims to build a more just and community-powered food system, helping people to develop self-reliance through food sovereignty and deepening their relationship with the land, their food, and each other.

Visit bartramsgarden.org/explore-bartrams/the-farm/

Fikira Bakery

Fikira Bakery is a sustainable, accessible food justice project in so-called "Philadelphia," occupied Nitapèkunk Lenapehoking. Fikira sources from local farms and transforms

those ingredients into baked goods, workshops, and catering spreads for everyday people and the organizers who fight for our collective freedom. All offerings are available on a sliding-scale, bike-delivered, and adaptable to the needs and interests of Fikira's neighbors.

Greensgrow Community Kitchen

The Greensgrow Community Kitchen is an ongoing part of the nonprofit Greensgrow Philadelphia Project, which brings green ideas to life and supports entrepreneurship. Located at Saint Michael's Lutheran Church, the kitchen holds culinary classes, makes the Greensgrow Made line of prepared foods, and is available for rent by food entrepreneurs at an hourly rate.

Visit greengrow.org

Hot Pot Philly

Hot Pot Philly is a Philadelphia-based gathering that works to build community for queer Asian and Pacific Islander lesbian, bisexual women, trans, gender variant/queer/non-conforming identified folks through social gatherings, political action, and good food.

Find Hot Pot Philly on Facebook @hotpotphilly

Laos in the House

Laos in the House is a project that promotes storytelling in Lao American refugee communities through art. The project engages community members to share their personal stories in the way they want it to be done, seen, and heard. Laos in the House acknowledges the work of Lao-American artists already sharing their own stories while giving voice to those who cannot do so for themselves, in the hopes of healing the scars of war and beginning the process of regular intercultural, inter-generational exchanges.

Visit laosinthehouse.com

Our Mothers' Kitchens

Using the works of Vertamae Smart-Grosvenor, Ntozake Shange, Zora Neale Hurston, and Alice Walker, Our Mothers' Kitchens (OMK) introduces young women of color to the ways in which these Black female authors intersect food and language as a means of liberation, expression, and cultural preservation. Continuing the use of traditions from the African diaspora, where art and life are one, OMK takes a vital step towards building optimal health, self-awareness, and cultural connection through the ritual and art of cooking and storytelling.

Visit ourmotherskitchens.org

Philadelphia Folklore Project

Folklore means something different to everyone, as it should, since it is one of the chief means we have to represent our own realities in the face of powerful institutions. The project works to sustain vital and diverse living cultural heritage in communities in the Philadelphia region through collaborative projects, research, documentation, and education, prioritizing folk and traditional arts in service of social change.

Visit folkloreproject.org

Ppl Food

Ppl Food is all about the people. Philadelphia-based community chef Sulaiha Olatunji offers affordable and healthy in-home meal prep, catering, and education service.

Email sulaiha@pplfood.com

Soil Generation

Soil Generation is a coalition led by people of color from Philadelphia organizations, as well as individuals who support equity and social justice for community-managed green space, gardens, and farms through advocacy, grassroots organizing, and community education.

Visit groundedinphilly.org

Sistah of the Yam

Founded by Taylor Johnson-Gordon as a physical and web space dedicated to Black women and girls who desire to heal and build resiliency through real, affordable, plant-based food. The name is inspired by prolific Black feminist author and educator bell hooks's book *Sisters of the Yam: Black Women and Self-Recovery*.

Visit www.sistahoftheyam.com

VietLead

VietLead was founded by Vietnamese and allied community members with a vision for sustainability, self-determination, and "taking on" the work of building what the community wants. Collectively, VietLead's leadership has over 20 years of experience in Vietnamese and Southeast Asian communities in the Philadelphia

region, patient navigation and translation, ESL and citizenship classes, advocacy and leadership training for adults, voter engagement and ballot initiative training, agricultural training, farming and healthy cooking, and youth and community organizing.

Visit vietlead.org

Many of these organizations accept volunteers and are great resources for folks interested in growing and cooking up change.

In Gratitude

A great many persons contributed to the magic of this project. A great many Philadelphians who fight to survive, who resist with passion, who will be, who are, victorious. Organizations, farms, gardens and kitchens; individuals, friends, and family; mentors and idols; gods and ancestors. We could not even begin to attempt to name them all, all those who came before us, who stand beside us, who will walk behind us. It is you we invite into the kitchen, to the table. It is to you where we express the utmost gratitude. All of you.

And you too. You holding these writings, these pictures, these stories. Whether you hold them in your hands, your hearts, your very breath, we thank you for being here with us. Add your story to the pot, your own spices and songs. Call forth the names of loved ones, here and beyond, all those who strive, steadfast, towards freedom. We will get there, together.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

PHLA Kitchen Collaborators

In partnership with W/N W/N Coffee Bar

Survival: Catzie Vilayphonh (Laos in the House), Shivon Love (Our Mothers' Kitchens), khaliah d. pitts (Our Mothers' Kitchens), and Saigay Sheriff

Resistance: Sulaiha Olatunji (PplFood), Taylor Johnson-Gordon (Sistah of the Yam), Kristin Schwab, Gorman and Baldwin Bright (Epicurean Jerk Sauce), Ailbhe Pascal (Fikira Bakery)

Victory: Acorn (K is for Kitchen & West Philly's Community Supported Kitchen), Nia Minard (Bite Curious), Frances Rose (K Is for Kitchen & West Philly's Community Supported Kitchen), Shiktay Moru, and Pascale Boucicaut

Design and Service: Shanti Mayers

Playlist: Rashid Zakat and Oluwafemi

Textiles: Oluwafemi

Pottery: Miki Palchick (Clay Kitchen Studio) and Andrienne Palchick

Recipe cards and menu design: Janneke Absil, Jenna Peters-Golden and kiran nigam

Community Partners: Sunday Suppers, Sweet Nectar Dessert Kitchen, TOT's Hot Sauce, Sister's Original Supreme Pies, Jezabel's, El Compadre Community Partners: Sunday Suppers, Sweet Nectar Dessert Kitchen, TOT's Hot Sauce, Sister's Original Supreme Pies, Jezabel's, and El Compadre

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Philadelphia Assembled is a project initiated by artist Jeanne van Heeswijk in collaboration with stakeholders from across the city and the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The views expressed by individual participants or in materials developed as part of *Philadelphia Assembled* are representative of the project's collective conception and production and are not, necessarily, the views of the Museum or any other individual involved.

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Philadelphia Assembled is made possible by the William Penn Foundation, The Pew Center for Arts & Heritage, The Daniel W. Dietrich II Fund for Contemporary Art, Wyncote Foundation, The Arlin and Neysa Adams Endowment Fund, Nancy M. Berman and Alan Bloch, Lynne and Harold Honickman, Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Schneider, Constance and Sankey Williams, the Mondriaan Fund, Lyn M. Ross, and The Netherland-America Foundation.

