



# YOU ARE HERE

THE JOURNAL OF CREATIVE GEOGRAPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

RECIPES FOR REVIVAL



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## RECIPES FOR REVIVAL

Volume XXI

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School of Geography & Development  
University of Arizona



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## TAYLOR MILLER

### LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Somewhere I read that alliums are wonderful for circulation and can detox heavy metals in the body. Whenever I feel particularly lethargic, or that my throat is at risk of a scratch, I peel and eat four to six raw cloves of garlic. If I have some spare time, I'll make a bit of ad hoc fire cider: chiltepin chiles, habanero, ginger, garlic, Celtic sea salt, lemon/orange/grapefruit slices all smashed up a bit and steeped in warm honey. Once cooled, a tablespoon or so per day until I feel back to whatever normal is lately.

When I long for the thrill of days spent researching in the field, of wandering the roads and hills of Ramallah or combing the Jaffa shores for sea glass, I fix a plate of hummus – a generous slick of olive oil and huge dash of Palestinian za'atar ontop. Wedges of white onion on the side, to remind me of all my favorite lunches at Abu Hassan.

For other kinds of nostalgia, longing or melancholy— a phone call with my mom will help sort out the ingredients needed to recreate her pot roast. In these months postpartum, my desire for nesting and fueling my body beats louder than ever before. I cook through my anxieties; pleasure in the process – the chiffonade and dices, trimming meats and stripping stems of thyme. Still, I will never quite achieve the fond on the bottom of the dutch oven, nor the unctuousness of the sauce like I remember as a child at the Shabbat dinner table.

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In the previous two issues of *You Are Here*, we've meditated on notions of war. This is part of an ongoing quest to better understand the motives of violence, xenophobia and the myriad forms that hatred, disrespect and exclusion take. We've also fixated on peace. What does peace look like to a people or place fraught with turbulence, marred by wounds of distant or recurrent conflict? Can the individual self ever truly know peace? What would it feel like?

The questions and answers provided by contributing artists/activists/scholars sparked incredible conversations and reflections, but of course—there is no one solution or remedy to the malaise of a society sickened by the ills of capitalism, corruption, bigotry and injustice.

So for the current issue, we shift our attention to recipes for revival. Routinely putting our bodies, words and hearts on the line commonly leads to burnout, discontent or an overall sense that we could be doing more...that what we offer isn't enough or leading to more immediate change. How do we remain vigilant to the cause? How do we nourish ourselves, our families and communities in order to press on?

Food, foodways and the spaces we tend are the very core of this necessary sustenance. They create opportunities to decolonize our dependencies and break negative



emotional and physical cycles so engrained in the everyday. From the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum's magazine, *Sonorensis*:

Knowledge of drought-resistant crops, strategic agriculture, and expert botanical knowledge are ingrained in indigenous life, song, and ceremony. Native species such as the drought-resistant and protein-packed tepary bean have and will continue to sustain peoples in arid regions. The tepary bean is just one example in a long list of wild and cultivated indigenous foods that are now being used in professional kitchens at the highest level, as well as in the homes of indigenous people...These foods are finding increasing appreciation with the greater public. And these foods and this culture provide opportunities for scientific study, learning, and practice as we enter an age of climate change. Ancestral knowledge is a source of health, not only for indigenous people, but also for our landscapes.

Just as our biodiversity of flora and fauna is at risk, so is the “biodiversity of thought.” It is not enough for agricultural and food practitioners to simply interact and manage the landscape(s) as dictated by their discipline—be it farming, science, or cooking; it is just as important to have “biodiversity of thought.” A curious and imaginative heart that senses themes of health, art, and indigeneity will help restore the health of both the land and all people. Landscape is the great educator of all people.<sup>1</sup>

There's plenty written these days about “slow” food, and of ways that farm-to-table is being re-appreciated, reimagined. Similarly, there is a depth and breadth of scholarship on how climate catastrophe, corporatization of agriculture and water/land/resource scarcity is damaging our ecosystems, our communities' health and our dinner tables beyond repair. This year's theme of “Recipes for Revival” seeks to create dialogue about burnout, and dialing in. The ways that we attempt to heal ourselves and our families; the modes of fighting a system in which we so frequently feel so powerless. Foods and folklore we turn to in times of despair, anxiety and/or when we are fueling up for the next phase of protest. This issue is a tiny take on honoring the recipes, the resistances, the resiliencies of our bodies, the land and those with whom we break bread. I hope you find as much pleasure and reassurance as I do in these pages – and motivation to better care for ourselves and others.

[1] Craig, N. (2016). The Resurgence of Indigenous Food-ways: Back to the Roots. *Sonorensis Magazine*, 9-11. Retrieved April 1, 2019, from <https://www.desertmuseum.org/members/sonorensis/>.

## DINO KADICH AMERICAN FAMILY (SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE)

preheat the oven on the broil setting (high);

for the first decade of my  
life i was not related to any  
americans. (oh, utopia!)

1 kg sweet potatoes (orange)

i remember my parents asking  
why they hadn't picked up  
the phone in '94, almost before  
i remember meeting them.

40g melted butter (unsalted)

a stunningly white  
cockatoo  
at thanksgiving  
is the most triggering  
memory i own.

100g marshmallows (large)

why was that cockatoo more  
important than us? why was  
that american more important  
than us? resent that  
predated my own birth

1g cinnamon (ground)

their bodies were the first  
i watched break down. their



lives, too. what frightens me  
is that i see myself in them:

steam the sweet potatoes;

i am more american than they.  
my cockatoo: my phone,  
my school, my travel, my lap  
(luxury).

slice them and arrange on a platter;

my family history has long  
terrified me: generational  
gaps are nothing when  
one of you receives your  
pension in convertible marks.

mix butter and cinnamon to combine,  
then top sweet potatoes;

for as long as i've carried  
my family history: mixed  
marriages, early deaths,  
partisans, sarajlije, villagers?  
married at 15, like  
they used to do.

arrange marshmallows on top of the sweet potatoes;

the cockatoo would always  
scream and yell. but it only  
scared me because it reminded  
me of promises made  
on my behalf, promises i  
failed to keep.

broil until marshmallows have softened  
and are golden brown on top.

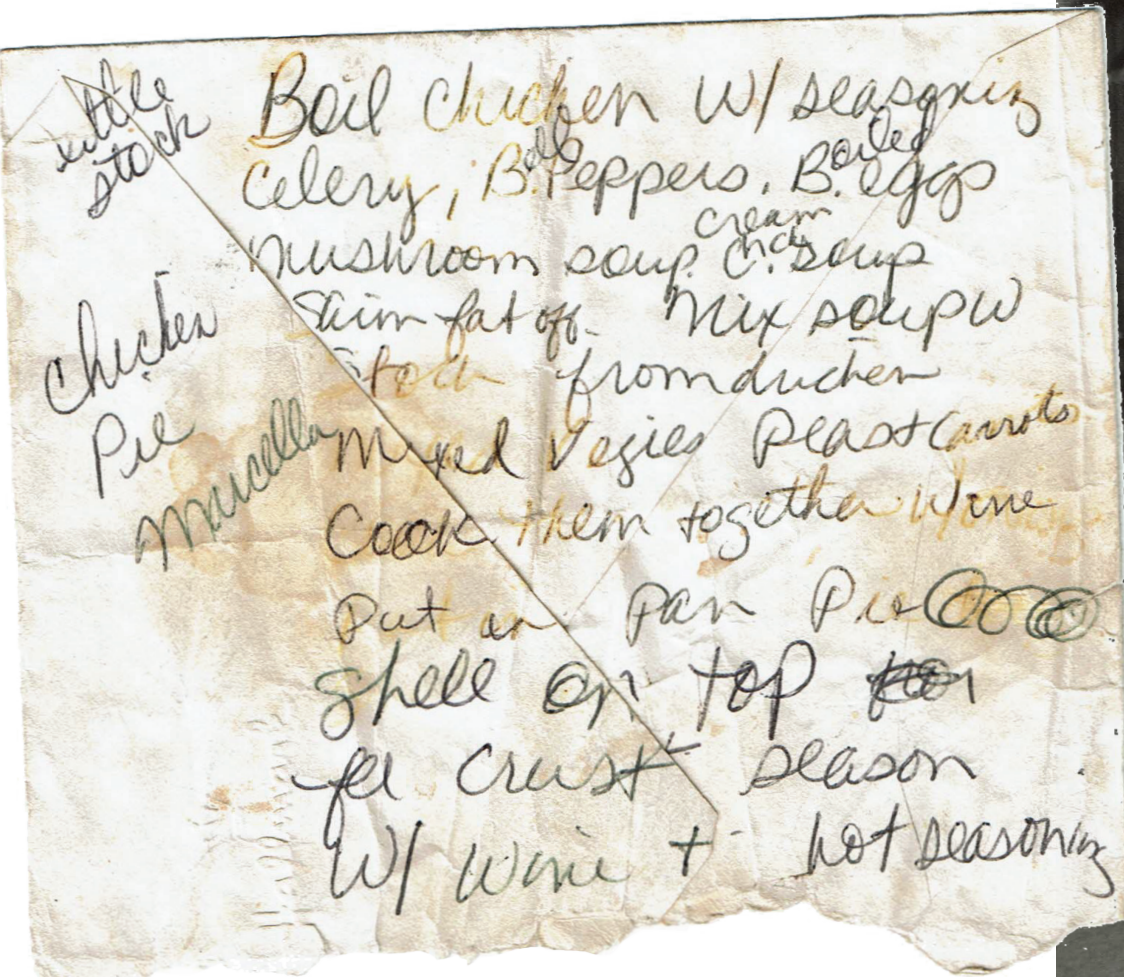
do they wonder why i  
don't answer the phone?

# LIZ ELLIS MARCELLA

Marcella liked to call herself our "Black Mama" and she loved to cook for her "white children".

This Chicken Pie was a favorite she made when the sultry Mississippi summers gave way to fall.

We worked together at a city-owned botanical garden and she became not only my "black mama" but my confidante and someone I admired and loved so strongly to name my first child after. She deeply touched my soul and still does every time I make this recipe.







## DAVÍD BARCELÓ

### CARNE ASADA

If you're like me, I expect you enjoy grilled meats and friends. Some of my earliest (and fondest) memories include watching my family make Carne Asada. From starting massive mesquite fires to build embers to cook with, to the smell of Tecate, limes and Bacanora. This is something I will die with. This is something to celebrate the living and the dead alike. I hope you do the same in your own flavor.

It's all too simple and highly rewarding. Something communal, visceral and *a la madre*. This is an absolute must for any party especially at the Ellis y Barcelo estate. We have a modest home with one little grill that will push out enough Carne Asada to feed 30 plus people. [This is not a vegan or vegetarian friendly recipe. I do apologize. Still come to our parties though. We love y'all.]

**Step 1:** Go to your local carniceria. Aguajito Meat Market on Fort Lowell is one of my favorites, but Food City is optimal for a larger affair (10+). Acquire: limes (lots, put 'em in beer or whatever), cebollitas (about a bundle per three people), tortillas (lots, don't worry you'll eat them later if you don't go through them that night), 1-2 pints premade beans. They usually have the real good stuff with pork fat. ASK. Corn on the cob is great. Get one ear per two people. Some Oaxacan cheese is also ideal for this soiree. 1 pint orange juice. The real star at this party is the carne. Carne Asada is the only reason that you and I have this available brain power that has allowed us to achieve such great heights. Our primordial history forced us to learn that cooked meat tastes better and subsequently broke down nutrients to more easily absorb and make bigger brains. Carne Asada makes people smarter. Buy 1.5 lbs of arrachera per person attending such an event.

**Step 2:** This is the easiest step. MARINADE 1 HOUR at least...Get a big enough bowl to comfortably marinate the meat with liquid. I will generally use 2 cans of Modelo Especial for about 5 lbs. of meat. Empty 2 cans of beer (any, really) into a big bowl, add 3 cups of orange juice, add 6 limes worth of lime juice and a healthy amount of salt and pepper to taste. Add the carne and marinate for upwards of an hour. Mix and just let sit.

**Step 3:** Start grilling corn (husk on). Once corn is grilled, toast your tortillas, warm your beans and throw your carne on the grill! Grill to your specifications. I will char about 1/3 of the total carne and grill the other 2/3 medium rare. I personally love the burnt-ish pieces. The actual grilling doesn't take long. Once you slice it all up, your results are a perfect mix of crispy bits and tender bits. Add salt and lime to taste. Like really hit it with the salt and lime. Give it a final little loveliness.

**Step 4:** Assembly. Just leave it all out on a table. People know how to make their own plates. C'mon...

Loud music is also a part of the experience. Any 90's hip hop or salsa music are highly suggested. Enjoy your evening with friends. Drink and eat with people. It's what makes us all happy.







# NUPUR JOSHI

## NOTES FROM THE INDIAN GRANDMA

This summer when I visited India, I documented my grandma's recipes, ate with her and learnt what she thought about health and nutrition. Here is one of my favorite recipes – *Puran poli*, best for those who have a sweet tooth!

### Puran Poli

A traditional vegan recipe from Western Ghats of India is an example of eating simple, local and sustainable food!

#### Ingredients:

1.5 cups whole-wheat flour; 1 tsp rava (cream of wheat/semolina); 1 tsp rice flour, 1/4 tsp salt; 3 tsp vegetable oil; 1 cup chana dal (grounded Bengal gram cooked until tender); 1 cup jaggery (fresh cane sugar juice); 1 tsp cardamom powder; 1 tsp nutmeg powder; water.

In western India, puran polis are traditionally eaten with *Kathachi amti* – a watery concoction made with the stock left over from boiling chana dal. It is also eaten with ghee or milk.

Grandma says—health is about satiating hunger, feeling energetic, and thoroughly enjoying what is on your plate. Good health lies in the health of your soil (earth). She explains why puran poli occupies a place of pride in her kitchen:

**1. Climate Resilient:** The Bengal gram is a wonderful substitute to growing wheat, sugar cane and other cash crops. When the earth is exhausted from year-long cultivation of these crops, sowing seeds of Bengal gram is a way to repair the soil. That way you are not just cultivating for the sake of feeding people, but also making sure that the earth stays healthy and rich of nutrients. It is possible to grow Bengal grams with less water and it is drought resistant!

**2. Zero Waste:** You can make the stuffing of the puran poli and store it for months, it will come to your rescue after a long day of work, it should not take more than 5 minutes to make the poli. So, don't go for packaged food wrapped in plastic, cardboard and tissues. Besides, the water concoction made from the stock of the chana dal, is an example of how you can make something delicious out of leftovers. Nothing goes into the waste bin! No garbage creation!

**3. The good life:** Ghee is good for you! Don't listen to the food and pharma industries, they have to do their business. Grandma laughs, and says, "Now a narrow waist only belongs to those who embrace their heritage. You deserve it now, not after you have lost 2 sizes to become small."

Grandma, you were way ahead of our times! What a wonderful discussion to have with you, in the backdrop of #climateaction and #climatestrikes.

**Photo:** On the top, spice wheel with homemade Indian spices; On the bottom, a plate serving Puran poli with ghee on it, rice and lentils, milk and fried colocasia leaves.





## YU (ANGELA) BAI

### WE EAT WHAT WE ARE: FOOD AS MIRRORS OF THE SELF IN ASIAN AMERICAN LITERATURE

For minority groups in America, food occupies a large space within the collective consciousness informing notions of shared heritage. Robert Georges writes of the ethnic identity of Greek Americans: in serving and sharing their food, they symbolically reinforce their 'bonding' with those present who share that heritage (Georges 1984). Conversely, established culinary traditions can also reinforce existing social structures by "rendering us acquiescent to divisions along the lines of culture, region, race/ethnicity, religion, gender, age, class, and sexuality" (Xu 2008). Suffice to say that much of our sense of self is informed by the ways in which we and others around us manipulate and consume food.

Culinary interpretations of identity are particularly interesting when viewed from the perspective of Asian American communities. Food rituals create the backdrop for some of the most fundamental Asian American experiences and often serve as proxies for emotional communication. These rituals are frequently depicted in Asian American literature through descriptions of foodstuffs, cooking methods, and table practices contained within it. I analyze culinary motifs in selected works of Asian American literature, focusing primarily on ways in which descriptions of food mirror the characters' sense of self felt by the characters themselves and seen by others around them. I use the contrast between Western food and Asian food as a metaphor for the duality of Asian American identities to argue that although Asian Americans must sometimes choose one identity over the other, they are most empowered when both identities are able to coexist.

A distinctively American palate is, for many children of ethnic families, the first symptom of rebellion against the culture they inherited. No coming-of-age chronicle of the Asian American experience is complete without a reference to the Asian lunch, an object of mockery and a foil for the All-American Lunchable (Huang 2015). A child's ultimate rejection of the cuisine of their parents' heritage in favor of American food reflects a deeper resistance against the legitimization of the Asian element within their Asian American identity.

John Okada creates one such character in his novel *No-No Boy* (1976). The book tells the story of Ichiro Yamada, a second-generation (Nisei) Japanese American, after he comes home from the internment prison in which he was held for refusing to be drafted into the U.S. military during World War II. He blames his parents for coercing him to refuse the draft. To Ichiro, his parents represent unqualified loyalty to Japan, a value from which he is estranged. Instead, he finds comfort in his friend Kenji Kanno, who injures his leg while fighting against Japan in the war. While Ichiro's

parents are always depicted eating traditional foods of rice and soup (Okada 1976, p. 103), Kenji's family is decidedly more Americanized. For Kenji's homecoming dinner, his father buys a "large roasting chicken" from Safeway, an American neighborhood staple. His sister Hanako bakes a pie, and they all have "coffee and milk and pop and cookies and ice cream" (Okada 1976, p. 115-117) for dessert. The Kannos' and the Yamadas' culinary choices directly reflect the differences between the two families' national allegiances. Okada contends that the Kannos encouraged Kenji to fight in the war because they do not consider themselves anything but American. They have assimilated comprehensively, adopting American ideals in everything from political ideology to the literal bread and butter of life. In contrast, Ichiro's family continues to eat Japanese food to demonstrate their loyalty to Japan.

Craving the ease Kenji has within American society, Ichiro deviates from culinary norms established by his family. His choice of food satisfies a deep hunger not only for sustenance but also for a sense of self. While visiting a friend, Ichiro washes down Kenji's "frying eggs and bacon" (Okada 1976, p. 91) with coffee. On a road trip to Portland, the two "stopped for coffee and sandwiches at the roadside café" (Okada 1976, p. 125). In both cases, Kenji stewards the American meal that Ichiro accepts willingly. Through Kenji, Okada is able to normalize Ichiro's rejection of his Japanese identity.

If Okada was subtle in his presentation of the loss of identity through gastronomic preferences, Violet Kupersmith chose to magnify the sense of alienation from one's heritage with a culinary lens. In "Skins and Bones" from her anthology of short stories, *The Frangipani Hotel*, Kupersmith follows two sisters, Kieu and Thuy, as they travel to Vietnam to visit their grandmother. The trip is motivated by their mother's displeasure toward Thuy's boorish consumption of a very American chocolate cake. Their mother hopes that Thuy can lose weight on "a diet of fish and rice" (Kupersmith 2014, p. 54) in Vietnam, but her efforts are thwarted by Thuy's hatred for Vietnamese food.

[Thuy] loathed the food of her people. She spent mealtimes pushing around the contents of her plate and trying not to grimace, all the while dreaming of the food back in America. To be specific, she dreamed constantly of sandwiches [...] Every time she lifted her chopsticks to her lips, with every spoonful of rice gruel that she managed to choke down, she was constructing imaginary sandwiches in her head: slabs of cheese and pastrami and pink roast beef piled onto thick bread and slathered with mustard and mayonnaise. (Kupersmith 2014, p. 64)

This hatred is even made comical by Thuy's ploy to avoid Vietnamese food at all costs on her trip to Vietnam by

[planting] several decoy chip bags near the top [of the suitcase] [...] the box of cookies stashed near the underwear at the bottom, the chocolate bars in the toiletries bag, and the packet of cheesy snacks tucked carefully into each of Thuy's sneakers. (Kupersmith 2014, p. 54)

Through vivid descriptions, Kupersmith juxtaposes the messiness of "congealed goat's blood stew" (Kupersmith 2014, p. 60), a Vietnamese street food, with neatly processed snacks from sterile American supermarkets. This juxtaposition highlights the tension between Thuy's Vietnamese ancestry and the American mold in which she has been manufactured. Although she looks Vietnamese, her gastronomic preferences reveal her exclusive attachment to American culture. Her consumption

of American food has even changed her appearance by turning her into the much-stereotyped “fat” American. Thuy’s mother has disguised this trip as a root-finding journey, but this façade may hold more truth than it appears. Thuy’s acquaintance with foods of her heritage would mark the turning point when she would discover her Vietnamese identity, something she has never claimed before the trip.

Appropriately, *bánh mì*s sold by a faceless street vendor trigger this turning point. The *bánh mì* is a Vietnamese sandwich typically made with meats and pickles in a butterflied baguette. Kupersmith describes Thuy’s first experience with the sandwich thus: “Something warm and light was spreading from her stomach throughout the rest of her body, flooding her, lifting her” (Kupersmith 2014, p. 69). Thuy’s rediscovery of her culture through the *bánh mì*, a culinary relic of French imperialism in Vietnam, is symbolic commentary on the rapid globalization and re-appropriation of Vietnamese culture. After the French imposed colonial control in Vietnam in 1887, the natives used traditional French foods like baguettes and *patés* as well as Vietnamese pickles and herbs to make sandwiches (Lam 2015). The *bánh mì*’s international prevalence, however, was spurred by the mass migration of Vietnamese refugees into the United States after the Fall of Saigon (Lam 2015). In America, *bánh mì*s were initially found only within Vietnamese enclaves, but non-Vietnamese locals looking for cheap food eventually caught on to their deliciousness. The surge in *bánh mì*s’ popularity was no accident. The rise in “foodie” culture in Western countries provided precisely the conditions under which *bánh mì*s and other “immigrant” foods could thrive. Deemed an ethnic food by Western cultures, *bánh mì*s are still familiar enough to appeal to the taste-buds of mainstream America. The ingredients are just exotic enough to pique interest and confer worldliness but not *too* foreign as to repulse. Both the *bánh mì* and Thuy represent superficial attempts at blending Western and Asian cultures. Kupersmith recognizes that Thuy, an American with a Vietnamese appearance, is an ethnic commodity consumed by Americans for a respite from cultural monotony without sacrificing too much familiarity. It is also a powerful vehicle through which Thuy is offered the opportunity to reclaim her roots without completely sacrificing American comfort.

Although the *bánh mì* promises Thuy a deeper exploration of her heritage, she becomes so infatuated with them that, in the days following her first encounter with the street vendor, she refuses her grandmother’s food completely so she may leave room for her daily *bánh mì*. Her choice to forgo the more genuine cuisine of her grandmother in favor of a sandwich rooted in imperialism foreshadows her failure to truly understand herself as a Vietnamese American. Her brief and superficial ownership of her Vietnamese heritage ends with her discovery of her grandmother’s rotting body, a mythical element that emphasizes the story’s allegorical nature. The death of Thuy’s grandmother powerfully symbolizes the irrevocable loss of Thuy’s Vietnamese identity.

The *bánh mì* is only one example of the global trend towards converging culinary cultures. The popularity of ethnically Asian restaurants has exploded in numerous American cities, and ethnically Asian chefs like Niki Nakayama and David Chang have leaped into the culinary imaginations of America’s elite. However, recent immigrants still struggle to find flavors of home amongst the Westernized, fusion-dominated cuisines of Asian America. Furthermore, globalization has enabled Western flavors to penetrate much of the world: chains like McDonald’s operate in more than 100 countries worldwide. Reflection on converging culinary cultures inevitably raises issues of authenticity, which Ruth Ozeki explores in her novel *My Year of Meats*. She considers the cross-cultural exchange of meat, particularly beef, through the eyes of Jane Takagi-Little, a Japanese American, mixed race filmmaker recruited to produce

the Japanese cooking show *My American Wife!*. Ozeki notes that authenticity is difficult to validate given the history of Western influences on Asian countries:

[T]he eating of meat in Japan is a relatively new custom. In the Heian court...it was certainly considered uncouth, due to the influences of Buddhism, meat was more than likely thought to be unclean. (Ozeki 1998, p. 44)

Despite this, modern day Japan reaps fame as the home of Kobe beef. Meat-eating has arguably been popularized in Japan by a desire to keep pace with the modern world, much of which is dominated by Western cultures. However, Ozeki points out the nuance of the “Americanized” practice of beef-eating in Japan when she comments that the U.S. “didn’t even have cows in this country until the Spanish introduced them” (Ozeki 1998, p. 45). Thus Ozeki effectively questions the validity in associating authenticity with the place of origin.

Unlike Kupersmith, who contends that *bánh mì*s market Vietnamese culture to American audiences, Ozeki maintains that beef is used to market American culture—and the corporatism of American food-processing giants—to Japanese households. For Jane, meat represents the image of the American woman society expects her to be. Not only must beef, the central ingredient presented in *My American Wife!*, “foster among Japanese housewives a proper understanding of the wholesomeness of U.S. meats” (Ozeki 1998, p. 10), the women presenting the beef must also embody “attractiveness, wholesomeness, [and] warm personality” (Ozeki 1998, p. 11). Jane becomes fully aware of her alienation from American society when a WWII veteran hounds her in attempt to get to the bottom of her heritage. She is an American born in Minnesota and raised in New York, yet she cannot lay claim to an American identity because of the way her half-Asian appearance deviates from the blonde and blue-eyed American Wife deemed attractive and wholesome by producers of the show and its Japanese audience. Jane’s earlier lapse into “a vegetarian diet of cabbage and rice” (Ozeki 1998, p. 7) then becomes more than a literal constraint by her bank account—it is the acquiescence of her differences from the supple, carnivorous American housewife. Sadly, the ever growing popularity of fusion foods still fails to translate into full acceptance of American minorities bridging two or more cultures.

Ozeki’s assertions about authenticity question whether it is fair to represent American culture through beef. Jane’s deviations from the proper image of an American Wife reflect the struggles of so many like her who believe that the “authentic” American exists only in the imagination of mainstream media. Jane is defeated because she does not realize that being “authentically” American can mean embodying two cultures at once. Although Jane differs from Ichiro in that she does not seem to have an active voice in choosing what she eats, both characters are caught between their Asian and American identities and ultimately make the choice, willingly or not, to accept one but not the other.

Meat reliably figures into Asian American literature as symbols of Western influence on Asian American communities. For Biju, an illegal Indian immigrant in New York City in Kiran Desai’s *The Inheritance of Loss*, meat becomes the antagonist in his fight for personal and cultural liberation. While Jane reluctantly accepts her status as an outsider of American society by becoming vegetarian, Biju finds pride in his Indian heritage through championing his rejection of beef. Desai’s novel chronicles Biju’s culinary stints as he tries to succeed as a chef in America. He jumps from restaurant to restaurant and fails each time for different reasons, but the most moving account is perhaps one of his time at Odessa and Baz’s steakhouse, an establishment

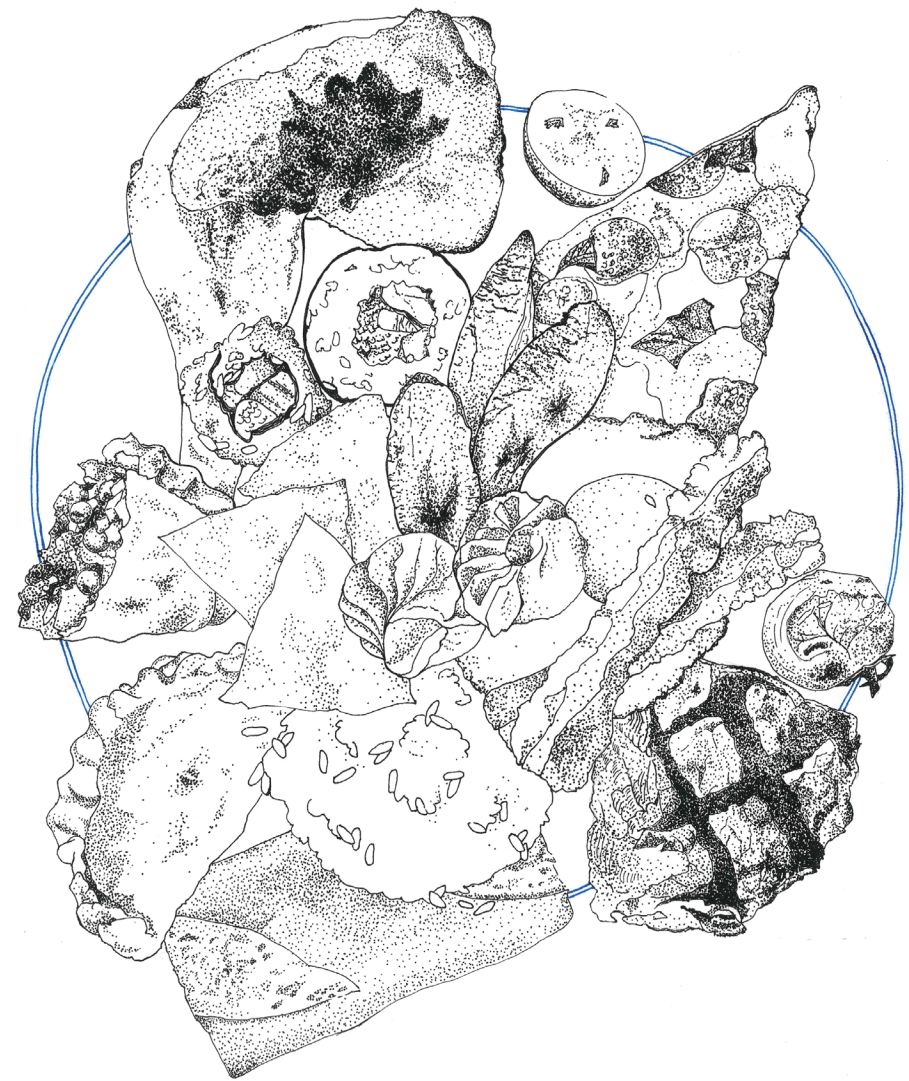
"[serving] only one menu: steak, salad, fries" (Desai 2006, p. 150). Biju's Hindu origins throws him into existential turmoil: should he cook the beefsteaks, the consumption of which is prohibited by Hinduism, and in doing so eschew the antiquated principles of a religion he inherited but does not practice?

As Biju tries to rationalize leaving the job, he cites loyalty to "the principles of one's parents and their parents before them" (Desai 2006, p. 151) as a major reason for his discontent with his job at the restaurant. However, this line of reasoning alone could not persuade him to leave. Biju decides to resign only when prompted by Saeed, Biju's immigrant friend, who proclaims "*First I am Muslim, then I am Zanzibari, then I will BE American*" (Desai 2006, p. 152) when asked about his refusal to eat pork. Biju's ideological aversion to beef is maximized not in the context of his legacy but in the context of his selfhood. The decision he makes is a highly personal one concerning his view of himself as an Indian trying to fit into mainstream America.

Saeed's manifesto resonates with Biju because it marks the first time since Biju's arrival in America that he values his allegiance to a minority ethnic group. Saeed's confidence helps Biju dissolve any shame he might have had in putting his Indian heritage above everything, even his desire to succeed in America, which he believed to be achievable only by conforming to American values. As Biju screens for future employment in the restaurant industry, he always asks "Do you cook with beef?" and proudly rejects any restaurant that serves beef despite derisive remarks made about Hindus. Thus Desai seals Biju's final transformation into an Indian in America at ease with his own identity.

Biju succeeds where Ichiro, Thuy, and Jane have failed. He alone was able to reconcile his life in America with his non-Anglo-Saxon heritage. Ironically, this fact has made Biju the most "American" out of all four characters. His symbolic campaign for the coexistence, tolerance, and most of all preservation of different cultures echoes America's founding principles. Biju, an unlikely crusader for the American brand of freedom, successfully exercises this spirit in his own life. I end my analysis on a positive note to emphasize both the difficulties and joys of being Asian American. Maintaining a sense of self in America is challenging—three out of four characters I analyze chose to sacrifice some aspect of their identity. However, I contend that American society is on a trajectory toward monumental change. The opportunity to shape the future of American culture as not simply an American but an immigrant, ethnic minority, or refugee will bring immense rewards for those fortunate enough to preserve the original spirit of their heritage.

Nobody can live without food, and this is true for celebrity chefs and refugees alike. Food's role as a universal manifestation of home, comfort, and safety makes it especially compelling as an entryway into complex and often harrowing discussions of topics like authenticity, multiculturalism, and identity. As a result, food has become ever more important in the socio-political discourse of ethnic America. Like American cuisine, ideas about American identities will continue their dynamic transformation as the sociological landscape evolves to accommodate ever more diverse cultures and perspectives. Ozeki reflects on the inevitable disappearance of racial distinctions: "Eventually we're all going to be brown, sort of" (Ozeki 1998, p. 45). But I think her sentiment reflects not the homogenization of American culture but the non-binary nature of Asian American identities. In the end, Asian Americans will need to meaningfully unite distinct identities rather than choose one over others. The most famous culinary metaphor for the vibrant diversity of American culture, the "melting pot," has already given way to the "salad bowl," a collection of distinct ingredients bound together by a dressing of American values. National borders and even ethnic identities may eventually become obsolete, but our culinary identities, the most profound reminders of our heritage, will still tell powerful stories of the places from whence we came.



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**DALAL RADWAN**  
OLIVE PICKING  
NABI ELYAS, PALESTINE







## ZAINAB HUSSAEN

### A LANDSCAPE OF TEA AND OLIVES

I grew up listening to my parents narrate the assortment of fruits and herbs that were grown in my grandparents' farms and gardens in Lebanon, Iraq and Iran. The importance of farm fresh olive oil to luscious cherry jams and dried herbs for teas. Every year, olives are harvested on the family farm in southern Lebanon to produce jugs of raw olive oil that are later distributed between the families. The stories of these landscapes are intertwined with my memories of my childhood where I was nourished by the foods and recipes passed down through generations of women in my family. The cultivation of food and connection to the land is a natural part of my grandparents' lives, providing sustenance to families and forming community connections.

The tradition of drinking herbal teas is an everyday food ritual, the secret to digestive health especially after a heavy meal, as my grandmother would explain. Traditionally my grandmother's family harvested the herbs and flowers, dried and stored them in the pantry for this purpose. The herbal teas are more than a staple cultural drink, they serve as an expression of love, nourishment and hospitality for families. My grandmother's medicinal remedy for digestive ailments was a soothing cup of anise seed tea, known as *yansoon* in Arabic. Other popular teas I grew up drinking were sage, chamomile and a special blend called *zuhurat*, made of wild flowers and fruit. I grew up an ocean away from my grandparents however the stories of the food and traditions passed down by my parents tie me back to the landscape of my ancestors.

#### Sage Tea

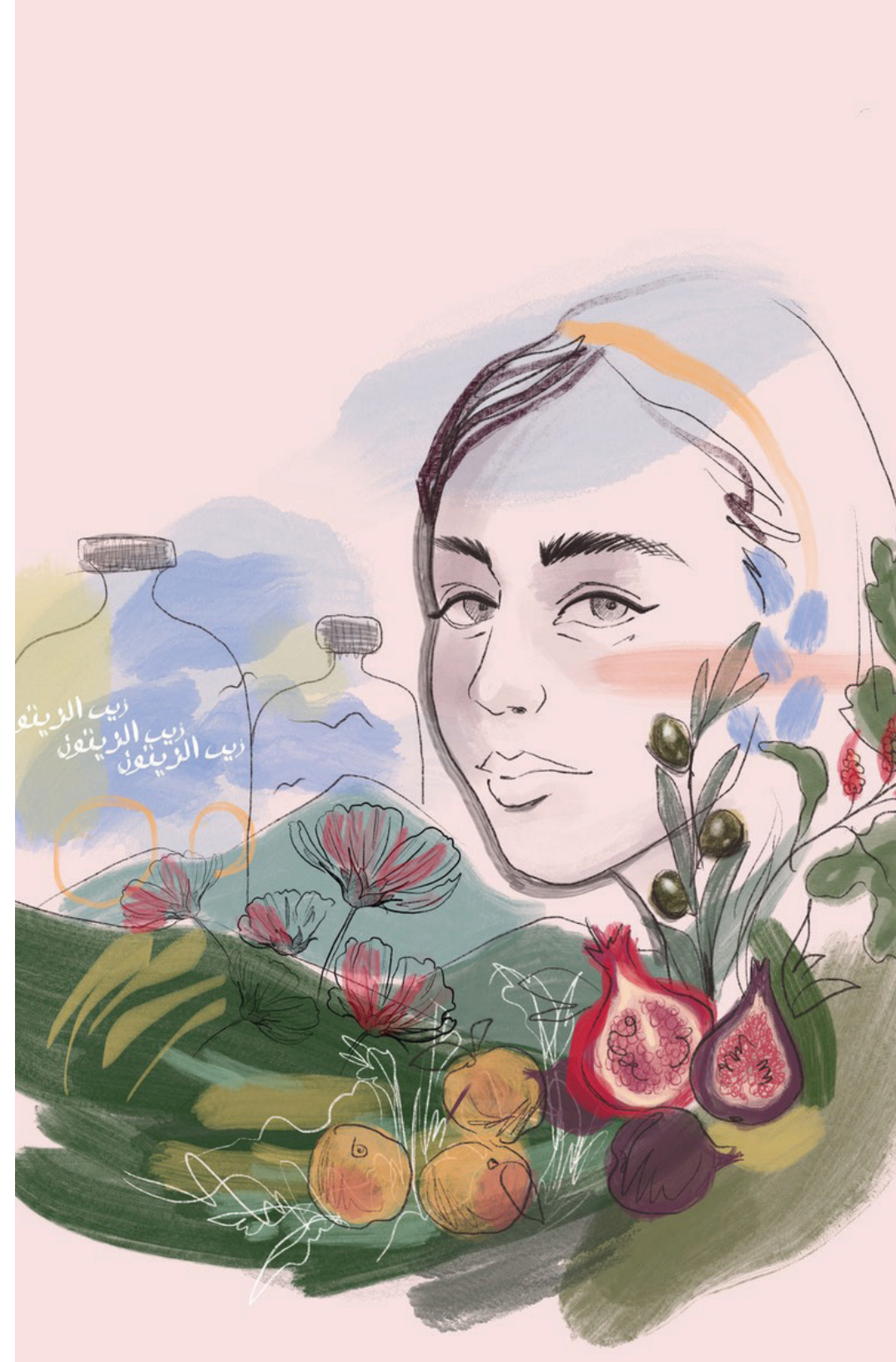
4 tsp dried sage  
4 cups of water

Boil the water and pour over  
sage leaves in a teapot. Steep for  
a few minutes, strain and drink

#### Anise Tea

1-2 tsp anise seed  
2 cups of water  
Optional honey

Combine seeds and water into a  
teapot and bring to a boil.







**JACK DEBOER**  
CAMEL - HARAR, ETHIOPIA

WAT AND INJERA,  
LUNCH IN AMHARA









**MARIE GERLACH**

COMMUNITY IFTAR IN BAR ELIAS  
(BEQAA VALLEY, LEBANON)

OLD SOUK, TRIPOLI (NORTH OF LEBANON)  
-FISH SELLING SECTION  
-IN THE MEAT SECTION









**RAMI ABI RAFEH**  
HAMRA, BEIRUT







REEM GAMAL







My first piece shows two boys, **Ali and Ali**. They are two window cleaners under the age of 16. They work next to one of the most popular restaurants in Khartoum. Even with the protests, many children can be found in the street working for pay.

My second piece shows three **School Boys**. Since the protests erupted, public transportation in Sudan has deteriorated. Buses are rarely found; people started hitchhiking and walking to work. These three boys are seen walking from their schools. Disregarding the conflict, they continue to search for ways to nourish their minds.

The third piece is of **Sit Elshay** or Lady of Tea as she is referred to. Sudan is full of Sit Elshay's and they can be found on every corner. During break from school or after work it remains a spot where students, teachers and workers come to relax. Even during dire circumstances, the ladies pressed on with their stands. Their presence has provided people with something consistent, whilst also being a literal form of nourishment to the people.

**Guard I** shows a man guarding a home. He is seen with the Quran, a form of spiritual nourishment.

**The Tabag Sellers** are seen waiting for the public transportation carrying their dishes.

After months of protests, in April 2019 the people of Sudan managed to topple a regime that spanned over 30 years. While the protests did manage to free the people from a Tyrant government, the victory was short lived. Since the overthrow of El-Bashir, the country went through three different governments. During this span, over 50 people were left dead, and even more injured. Even with the signing of a peace treaty in July, the Transitional government is still committing heinous human rights violations. Bodies are found weekly in the Nile while peaceful protests are being stomped on by the junta.

Even with the situation being frightful, people of Sudan continued to show up, fighting for a better life.

My photographs mainly focus on different Sudanese people. The primary emphasis is on their jobs and their everyday lives and how they choose to live even with dire circumstances. Some jobs provide a safe space for people, with others providing literal nourishment.





# ALTON MELVAR DAPANAS

## CITIZEN OF COAST: A TYPHOON

### SENDONG LYRIC

"[A]t least 1000 people died in Cagayan de Oro and nearby Iligan City, and about 70,000 families (300,000-400,000 people) had been displaced or made homeless. Direct damages and expected recovery costs were estimated at over USD 100 million and USD 500 million, respectively."

Franta, B., H.A. Roa-Quiaoit, D. Lo, & G. Narisma. 2016. Climate disasters in the Philippines: A case study of immediate causes and root drivers from Cagayan de Oro and tropical storm Sendong/Washi. Cambridge, MA: Harvard Kennedy School-Belfer Center for Science and International Affairs. Retrieved 1 June 2019 from <https://belfercenter.org>

"we will simmer in waters  
that are the body's own.  
The mind searches for higher ground.  
All will be remembered,  
heartbreaks of the most crucial kind."

About the Weather, Zola Gonzalez-Macarambon

i.  
every street drowned in river  
yearning to inhabit the ocean's evident enclosure

*one body drowns, another floats*

•

as steam rises from the burning pavement  
with the last thunderstorm of december,  
i divine my rain-soaked shadow  
on the same aisles to unmark  
the gesture of your leaving

*the night's obsidian wash  
water against asphalt, black mist,  
the color of ripe bruise*

•

hymn of seafarers, harbingers of the lost and left,  
who dream of an endless shape  
of ocean, this portion of dwelt ripple

how do we wean pallid rain  
from the shore before its tragic retreat  
before it tremors down the landscape  
back to the realm of lidagat

*above us this time,  
there is no redemption  
only a history of skies*

•

dear fugitive of false pretenses  
who knew everything about depth  
this is the only myth  
we can convince ourselves

ii.  
you became true to me, city,  
when i heard you float above the ripple  
when i saw you framed by disappearance  
as if you are kaptan's last loved earth

find me shivering in response  
hope is horizon in endless collapse  
chalky pale as page, white as fish bone,  
empty and gasping

•

i saw you, city, as you slumber  
redrawing the border of you  
and the deep black cathedral of mud and logs

below you now, i sunder nothing  
but this cold skin of waters  
current crashing against coastline  
the open waters racing for shore

•

here's a confession:  
at the border of those left and those lost,  
the disappeared and the damned, is mere stillness

city, territory of torrential,  
stronghold of storm, whose dwellers drown  
while its river reshapes, whose downpour  
is bereft of everything  
except the fertile monochrome  
of rainfall, you are now  
a continent of aftermath

nothing saves, nothing lingers  
you do not resurface

iii.  
abandoned but alive i recite  
to you inherited pagan elegies  
death-songs from a long dead language

but what do i yearn  
to hover above this river  
or to drown in sleep and in surge

one gust after the other,  
i plunge headlong into the vast emptiness  
of littoral lust, the monsoon that takes  
the shape of void, the depth of surface

who am i but an oracle of overcast,  
a citizen of coast, humming a dirge  
into believing

my afterlife is a half-dark colony  
of waters, this waterscape knows  
by which side the sky begins

everywhere, an absence of color

i must now excuse myself from your prayers  
i cannot be saved

*for JDA, after Rae Armantrout*



**NIKA KAISER**  
HANUKKAH WAX ON CAVIAR



## ANNA LEAH EISNER AND THE BEETS

Blight in the tomatoes, cabbageworms in the kale –  
the routine outside somehow still a surprise  
like the weather, a shifting of winds, unmanageable.  
Rot starts on the blossom-end – from above,  
red of new fruit winks blindly, disguising the folly-like  
grey distortion on the underbelly –  
discovered too late in a week.  
Green fraternities multiply on the leaves.  
Eggs, dropped by a moth flying by, pass inspection  
until evidence reveals itself in dwarf spots  
where leaves were, but now are lost  
in the froth of a growing thing's metamorph.

An attempt by hand: uncovering, tossing,  
cringing with memories of stopping to watch  
a spider inch across the kitchen countertop  
before cupping and landing it, gently, outside.  
Throwing rocks into the wind,  
the nursery promotes insecticide.  
Reconcile that you want certain things to grow,  
and to eradicate others.

## ROSEANN HANSON THE ART OF SEEING INSTEAD OF LOOKING

*How journaling nurtures deeper understanding and reverence for nature  
while healing our digitally fractured minds*

Nature journaling is the art of seeing instead of looking.

Nature journaling is

observing closely

asking questions

reflecting

daily renewing connections with our neighbors the plants, wildlife, rocks, wind,  
rain—from the smallest insect to the farthest stars.

I've been keeping journals for over 45 years, since I was 8 or 9 years old, and they became nature-oriented about 35 years ago, when I began studying ecology and evolutionary biology at the University of Arizona and began publishing books and articles about natural history. Data and sketches from my journals have been used in several books written by me and my husband, Jonathan Hanson.

In the early years I used the Grinnell field notes method, a rigorous system developed by Joseph Grinnell (1877–1939) – first director of the U.C. Berkeley Museum of Vertebrate Zoology – of trip log, species lists, and scientific observations and data. Over time I added sketching with pencil, then pen, and finally added watercolor. Today my field journals are a hybrid of science data, species lists, and trip log joined with art and a joyous sense of wonder.

My pages often contain circled question marks, to remind me to research into a question sparked by close observation. And they often show exclamation points of surprise and delight in learning something new.

The ink sketches and watercolor paintings add interesting and colorful touches, and they are useful for reminding me of the exact yellow-emerald of a sunbird in Botswana or the delicate pale green of a *Commiphora* trunk, but more importantly the very act of drawing and painting something from life involves incredibly intense observation. The whole world of work and stress and political discord slips away and my brain is wholly occupied by only that thing I'm observing and drawing—a kind of meditation that results in deeper understanding and even reverence and gratitude.

In this way journaling nourishes our connections to nature, and heals us daily.

Naturalist, artist, and author John Muir Laws (*The Laws Guide to Nature Drawing and Journaling*) wrote of these connections:



*"If you train your mind to see deeply and with intentional curiosity . . .  
the world will open before you;"*

Intentional curiosity is a wonderful phrase, full of meaning about the art of seeing. To be curious is to ask questions, to dig deeper, to learn something. When you make the commitment to take down an entry in your nature journal, you are focusing your mind both intently and intentionally.

So even if I'm "only" sitting in my backyard, if I focus and pay attention with intention, I almost always learn something new. Recently I was drawing and taking notes on the flowers of a Mexican palo verde (*Parkinsonia aculeata*), which I've seen 100 times. But by intentionally studying it, *by observing-questioning-reflecting*, I learned something new: the flowers have three color phases. Why, I asked? I learned that the top flower petals change color to red after pollination, to signal to bees that their nectar is no longer available and not waste their time on those flowers but to head to the yellow ones instead.

Keeping a nature journal—field notes, or field notes with sketches—and developing the skills of a naturalist are more important than ever in this digital age of noise and interruptions. The digital generation is adept at multitasking, but they could be losing the ability to focus and see deeply, to slow down and *see* not just *look*.

With this seeing comes gratitude and reverence for the natural world. And only from this will we as a society be able to come together to conserve the world's ever-dwindling wild places and plants and animals.

I am re-reading John Steinbeck and Ed Ricketts's 1941 *The Sea of Cortez: A Leisurely Journal of Travel and Research*, which is their shared vision of the collecting expedition aboard the Western Flyer that was popularized in the later *Log of the Sea of Cortez*. The account is a supremely readable travel journal, philosophical essay, a nature journal, and a catalogue of species. Steinbeck described the purpose of the journey was:

*"to stir curiosity"*

And so we are back to the core of nature journaling.

Laws sums thusly: The goal of nature journaling is not to create a portfolio of pretty pictures but to develop a tool to help you see, wonder, and remember your experiences.

And Steinbeck concurs: It is advisable to look from the tide pool to the stars, and then back to the tide pool again.





For lunch we  
took a desert track  
east across pale  
sand desert that  
is ringed by small  
hills and ridges  
of black rock.

Stopped at an  
area of old  
Gase Quartz and  
Mica mines.

Very  
beautiful  
sparkles,  
star-  
burst  
licking  
(black) on  
the rare  
quartz.



A tiny & Dusky  
Sunbird appeared in the shade of the truck  
while we dined - tiny, pale - barely larger  
than a hummingbird, but long. There are  
small (< 6" tall, 4" wide) plants with bright lime-yellow  
and orange "seeds" that are along covered in  
translucent tiny bubbles - fleshy, woody stems.

Gase Quartz and Mica Hills



## ANDY HARROD

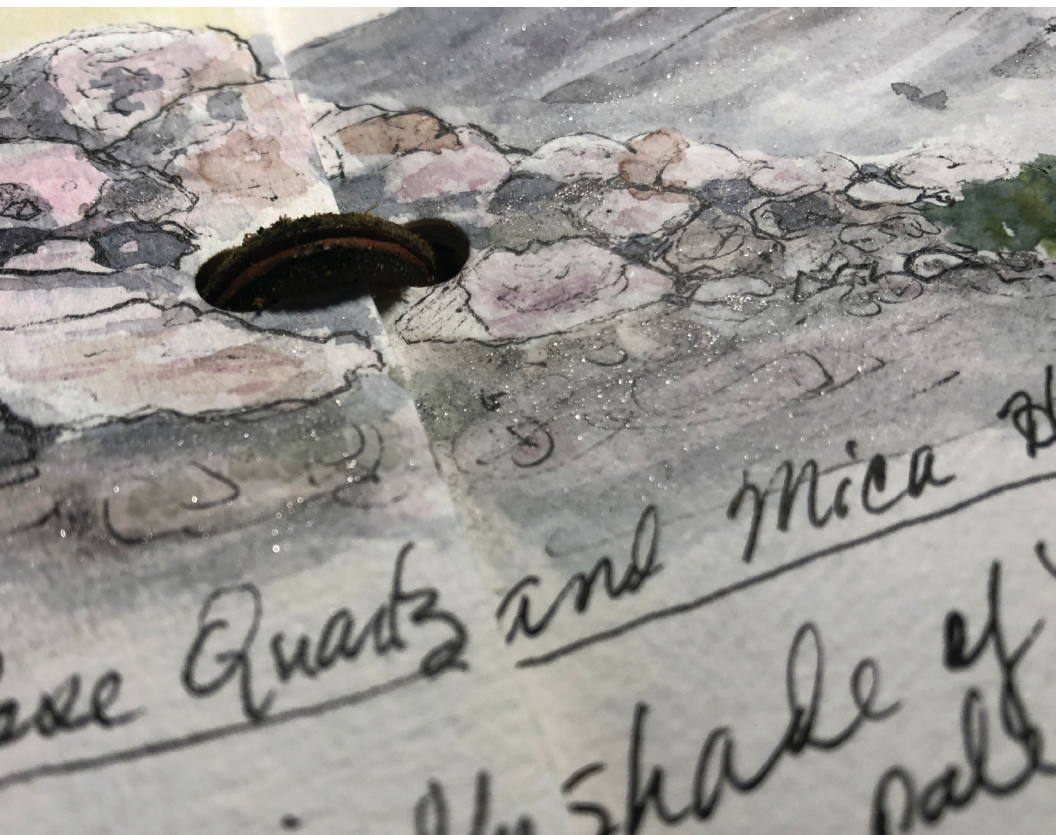
### NATURE & NOURISHMENT

The leaves are turning, from a summer of greens to yellows, oranges, reds and browns. They hang above us, reminding me of the beauty in impermanence, before floating to the ground - if I am aware, I will catch sight of the fall. On clear blue days, I hear the crunch and rustle of leaves under my walking feet. The sun bringing sparkle to the first frost of autumn, and I feel its warmth upon my body. As I walk, I spy the helicopter seeds of maple trees and I hear the crunch of hazel seed pods under my feet. If I am aware.

Outside the window, blackbirds and house sparrows chirp and sing in the bush so full of bees in the summer. I recall the sparrow hawk and the sparrow my wife spotted in our small garden. That unusual moment, slowed us, enraptured us - a moment of wildness. Our cats showing no interest, instead they meowed and walked around our feet, wanting their tea on our return home. More recently, mushrooms have popped up at the base of the red robin tree. As autumn takes hold, I am reminded of my desire to be in tune with my needs, to embrace a period of slowing down, of renewal. I seek to replenish myself through grounding in my places of belonging, places of more-than-human nature, where I nourish my being. Where I can unbind myself from my head, letting go of the to-do lists, the promises and deadlines and open my heart to the moment I am in. In those places I uncoil from the state of tension I have placed myself in and breathe. One breath, two, begins the shift. I notice the trodden path curving up the hill and follow it down to a couple of planks of wood bridging the stream. My curiosity awakens as I step across the bridge.

A beginning in my shift of perspective occurred on the slope of a Yorkshire fell. I sat on the grass, flask of tea by my feet, sketching the plantation opposite, where I had earlier been digging soil samples. There were no other humans near, but I was not alone, rather, as I pressed pause on my music, I noticed a sense of connection to the more-than-human sculptured landscape. I placed my pencil down, I lifted my white plastic mug of tea and I stared, as if my vision switched to wide angle. I felt at ease in this wide-open space, this sensation was new. I took a sip of tea and imagined the glacial progress of the ice as it carved out the valley, I was now part of. I was in flow for a moment. A year earlier I had first visited the North on a geography fieldtrip and fell in love with the spaces offered by the undulating landscape, the slow rivers weaving along the valley bottoms, the quiet narrow roads merging with the fields. There were also the stone cottages where I had to duck and the laughter of friends. This growing connection with more-than-human nature had very human beginnings.

Without realising it, I had been building roots by playing in the local woods as a kid, by cycling along paths that were once the domain of the railways, and through my family's dog. I recently returned to those woods, for after a difficult day, I wanted to share with my wife an aspect of my childhood that I enjoyed. The space was smaller than in my memory, but the stench of the mud was the same - part decomposition, part preservation. Whilst I have many enjoyable memories from playing, cycling and dog walking around and in those woods, like that day, it was a place to run to, to run away in, away from watching eyes. For I hadn't created a place in which to connect to and understand myself, but a place that too often required another type of fitting





in, a trade-off that allowed some fun. Those woods have all the qualities for a place of nourishment, but I wasn't seeking them at the time. For I wasn't aware of my need for nourishment or that I deserved that kindness and care. I had developed a relationship with the other-than-human nature, but it was one involving escape and respite. It was only when I pressed stop *On the Day I Caught the Train*, did I become aware that I could form a relationship of care and the other-than and more-than-human nature could provide belonging and places to be, to grow, to reflect upon and support my sense of self and passions.

The dew was whipped from the blades of grass onto my shoes and bare ankles, as I ran through the field, up to the gap in the stone wall. Squeezing through into the woods beyond, I followed a path and passed an old ruined house, trees growing where people once rested. I continued and ascended onto an area of limestone pavement and to the fairy steps. A narrow gap between two blocks of limestone and part of an old coffin route. I walked down, unable to avoid touching the sides, so no fairies appeared for me. Though this was a run more akin to the carrying of the dead. I continued along the coffin train, watching my feet on the slippery limestone. I ran through a farm yard and across fields, following the route in my mind, but it was a hunch in my heart that led me to take a turn up a step path through another wood. I found myself on a road, I was momentarily lost, until I decided to keep running and as I rounded the hill, there were the familiar woods that wind around the base of the Knot. At the trig point I whispered my words of goodbye. I returned along the coffin trail a little lighter.

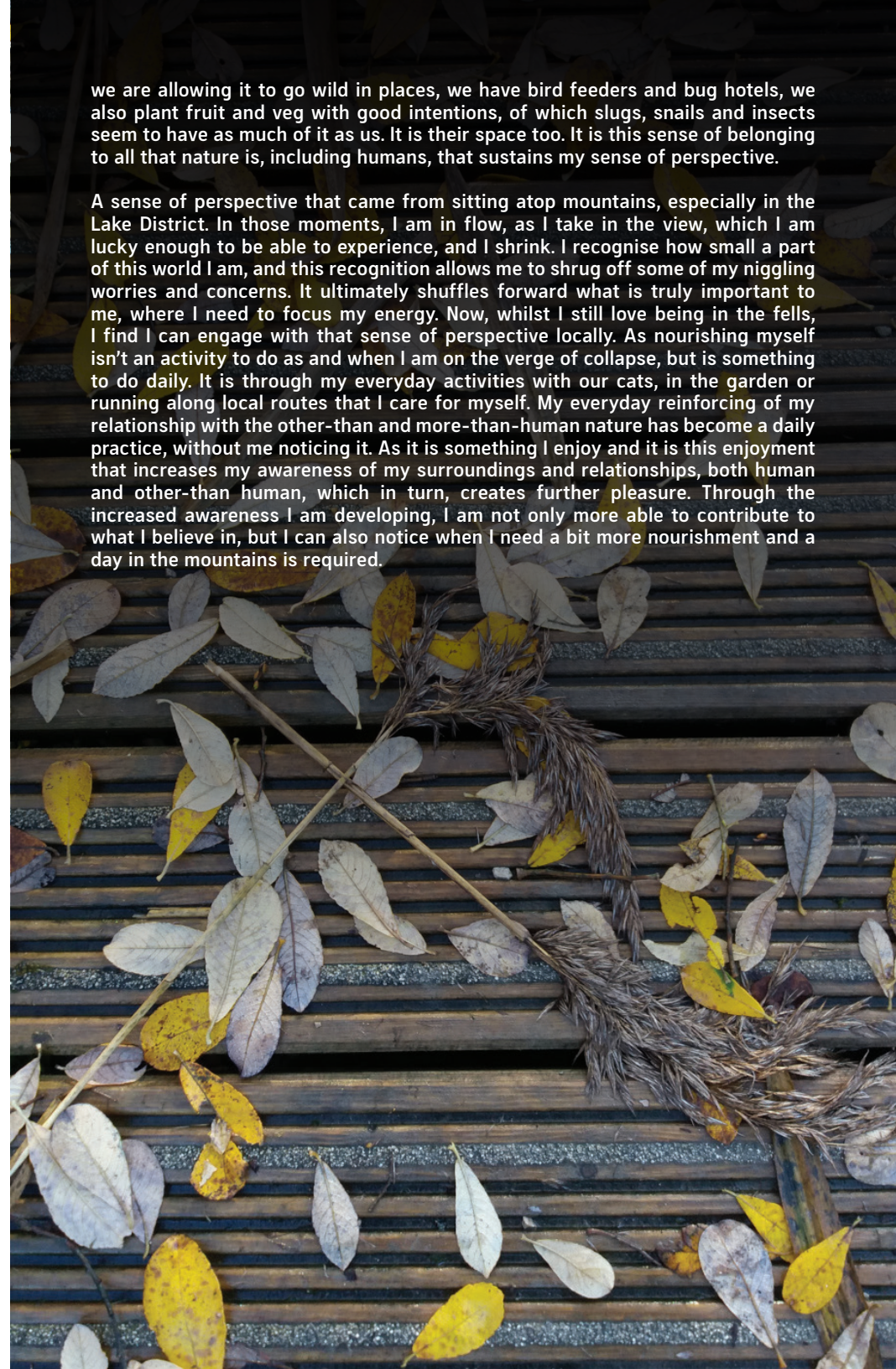
Here, having created places of belonging within the more-than and other-than-human nature, I engaged with the landscape as I experienced it, complete with its hauntings through the human marks and tales that had been left, to form a ritual to honour my loss. A ritual that I hoped would help my grieving process, help nourish me, for I wanted to do more than function, I wanted to return to feeling alive and being able to be fully involved in my life and work. That route, that hill is forever associated with my childlessness, and whilst it did help my grief, this (in)visible grief would clearly need more than a run to process it, to be at peace with my unexpected situation.

So, I returned to my everyday. For whilst it is important to have places to go to, where we can nourish ourselves, as well as reflect on our experiences, ideas and emotions and through that process we can reconnect to our purposes with a sense of curiosity and passion, I also believe we need it where we live. Especially if like me, you have found yourself in boom and bust cycles of energy, of work. I found I could no longer live like that and it has taken a great loss for me to learn this. I have learnt I need more than places of retreat and reconnection, I need everyday care if I am to enjoy my research and from that research have something to offer that I believe will help other people to be in the flow of their lives and support them to flourish.

My everyday includes two cats and a garden, often together. There was a memorable summer's night watching our cats watching bats fly overhead, as they left their roosts underneath the fascia boards of the houses to go and feed in the nearby woods and along the hedgerows. Under the few stars of a city sky we all sat mesmerized. There is also the daily warmth from a cat cuddle and the look on their faces whilst they wait for one of us to do the right thing, such as feed them or turn the fire on for them. The co-creation of this companionship brings me joy, which is healing, as well as encouraging as I know I am not alone in my pursuits. Within the garden

we are allowing it to go wild in places, we have bird feeders and bug hotels, we also plant fruit and veg with good intentions, of which slugs, snails and insects seem to have as much of it as us. It is their space too. It is this sense of belonging to all that nature is, including humans, that sustains my sense of perspective.

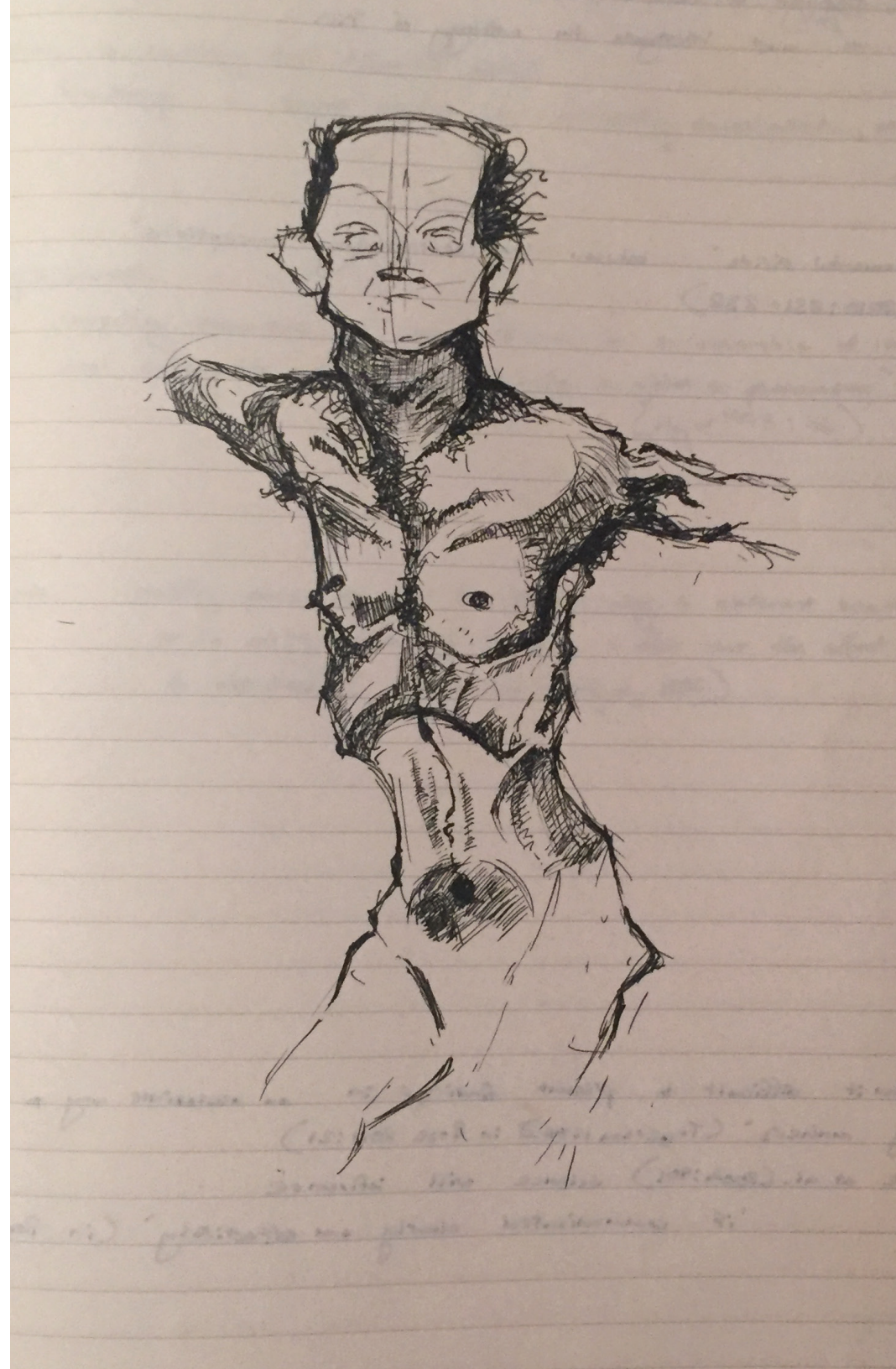
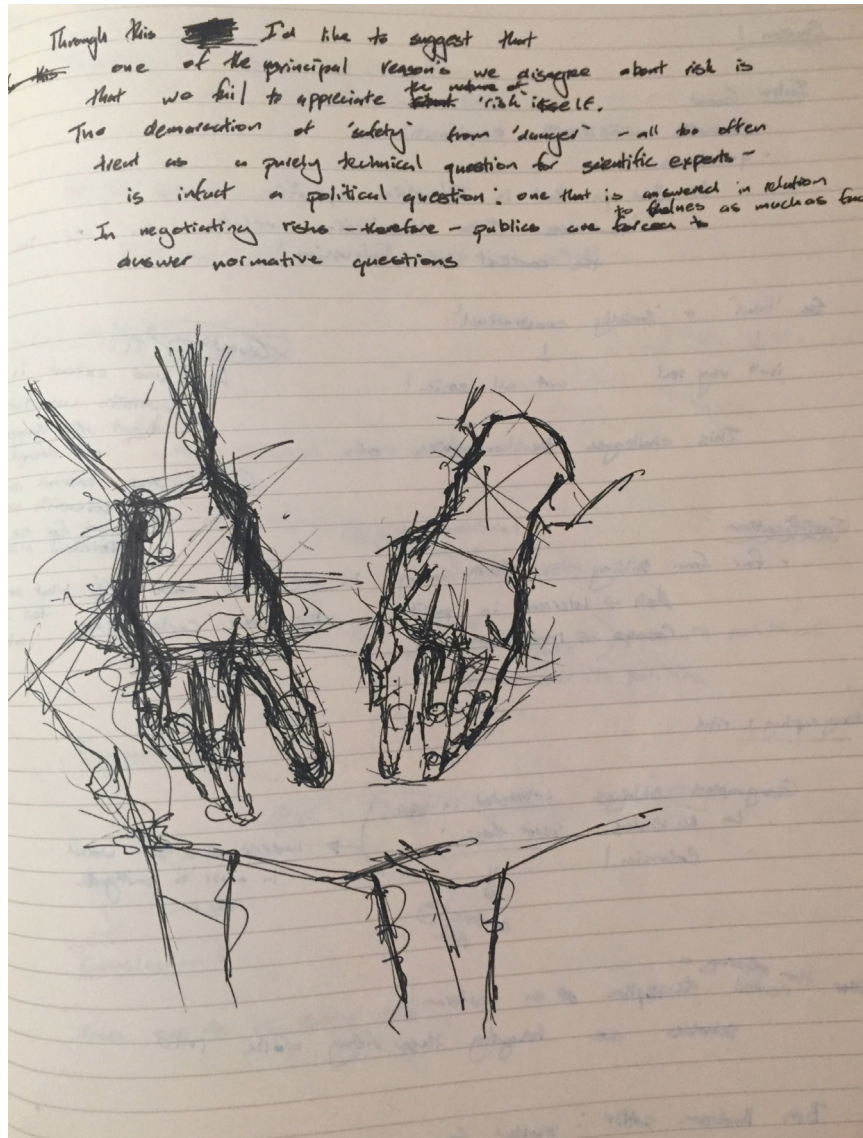
A sense of perspective that came from sitting atop mountains, especially in the Lake District. In those moments, I am in flow, as I take in the view, which I am lucky enough to be able to experience, and I shrink. I recognise how small a part of this world I am, and this recognition allows me to shrug off some of my niggling worries and concerns. It ultimately shuffles forward what is truly important to me, where I need to focus my energy. Now, whilst I still love being in the fells, I find I can engage with that sense of perspective locally. As nourishing myself isn't an activity to do as and when I am on the verge of collapse, but is something to do daily. It is through my everyday activities with our cats, in the garden or running along local routes that I care for myself. My everyday reinforcing of my relationship with the other-than and more-than-human nature has become a daily practice, without me noticing it. As it is something I enjoy and it is this enjoyment that increases my awareness of my surroundings and relationships, both human and other-than human, which in turn, creates further pleasure. Through the increased awareness I am developing, I am not only more able to contribute to what I believe in, but I can also notice when I need a bit more nourishment and a day in the mountains is required.





## MAKOTO TAKAHASHI

STOLEN MOMENTS, AFTER A SKETCH BY SCHIELE  
STOLEN MOMENTS, AFTER A VIENNESE HERMIT





# REBECCA PATTERSON-MARKOWITZ

## A RECIPE AGAINST IMPOSTER SYNDROME

make and use this antidote when needed.

use the whole recipe or just keep the parts you like.

add any ingredients you know and love.

### ingredient 1 – a handful of support

*this imprecise measurement might vary depending on the day. the important thing in determining how much to include is to check in with yourself. do i need to talk with one of these people? do i need to make time to do one of these activities?*

who or what makes you feel like you're supported?

write a list.

come back to it whenever you need, and maybe even when you don't.

### ingredient 2 – a splash of sensory awareness

*this can be a lot for the senses, use as you see fit, up the amount as needed. academic spaces have long histories, ongoing into the present, of exclusion. if you are in a body that has been excluded historically from academic spaces, play with this ingredient with extra self-compassion. add this ingredient when you feel like you have a little more capacity, maybe go sit somewhere that feels good to you. know you are an amazing badass.*

with curiosity like you would for a friend or small child,

notice what sensations arise in your body as you're feeling like an imposter.

maybe something grabs your attention right away,

give it some space to be there.

if it's really intense maybe call on or imagine one of your supports there holding it with you,

or imagine it as a color or shape or image,

or take a few breaths focusing on your toes or fingers.

maybe nothing grabs your attention.

try a body scan from feet to head.

or notice the feeling of the chair you're sitting in,

or simply pause and let yourself look around and take in your surroundings.

### ingredient 3 – a heaping teaspoon of shame antidote

see if you can identify if shame plays a role in your experience as an imposter.

are you worried or feeling a sense that you somehow messed up or disappointed someone?

is someone with more power than you determining how you hold and evaluate yourself?

when met with critique or disapproval, do you feel that it is you who is bad/ wrong vs. your work?

don't go getting ashamed of your shame if you notice it's there.

see if you can investigate it to understand its role in your experience.

find ways to name it and loosen its hold.

explore sitting up straighter,

then slouching a little,

then sitting up straight again.

repeat as many times as feels interesting.

what do you notice?

notice when and how in your body you sense your own competence.

call on support when needed.

mix all ingredients together as you see fit. revisit and revise as often as feels right.

share with your friends and loved ones.



## MARINA AITCHESON, DUNCAN CHALMERS, ALICIA FALL A GEOGRAPHER'S MEAL

Pictured here is the finished product of a meal made by three geography friends, who recently graduated from the University of Victoria.

Our recipe for revival is freshly grown vegetables, making pasta for the first time and talking about everything. From past experiences together in university and lessons learned to future ambitions and anxieties.

Together, this meal was created with love and some struggle as we could not get the pasta roller to work quite right. Together, we thought about how nice it was to work towards something again.

Although life after university can be challenging, making this meal together reminded us of the importance of coming together at the table with friends who are comfortable sharing their diverse experiences and opinions.

In the future, we hope that this recipe will revive us when we are feeling alone in the world. When we become overwhelmed with the work ahead of us or when we fail to see how far we've come. We hope that we remember this simple recipe of food, friends, and a communal kitchen, is one that need not be deviated from.





## ANNA SOUTER

### MIND-CHANGE

*Written to accompany an edible installation by Ines Neto dos Santos at the Porto Design Biennale 2019. The event explored climate change and speculative post-carbon futures through words and food.*

There is a plant in front of you. Eat it. The plant is perfectly safe to eat.

The plant is innocent, innocuous. Eat it. At least consider eating it.

The plant will not change you. The plant will change everything. If you eat the plant, you will change the future. Even thinking about eating the plant will change the future.

This is not extraordinary. The course of history has often been changed by plants and thoughts.

Plants have the capacity to change our thoughts. They can be hallucinogenic, mood-enhancing, pain-relieving, poisonous. They can affect the chemicals in your brain, the physical make-up of your psyche, your body, your mind, your soul.

These changes can occur through eating them, burning them, smelling them, touching them, looking at them. Sometimes, just thinking about them is enough.

If you change your mind, you can change the future. The plant – still on your plate or already eaten – will change the future.

What if we all changed our minds?



## ARTISTS & AUTHORS

**Alton Melvar Dapanas** is a queer polyamorous poet, travel writer, and essayist from the southern Philippines. They have edited *Bukambibig Poetry Folio of Spoken Word Philippines*, *Libulan Binisaya Anthology of Queer Literature* (Cratos, 2018), and other independent publications based in the southern Philippines, both print and online. Their literary works have appeared in *Eastlit: Journal of Southeast Asian Writing in English* (Thailand), *Of Zoos* (US), *We Are A Website – New Literary Journal* (Singapore/UK), *The Asian Signature* (India), *Kitaab*, (Singapore), and elsewhere. They have received fellowships from the 25th Iligan National Writers Workshop as a writing fellow for prose and the 10th Taboan Philippine Writers Festival as a panel discussant on performance poetry.

**Andy Harrod** is studying a PhD in Geography, researching the effects of therapeutic interventions in nature on long-term wellbeing. He is also a person-centred therapist, specialising in working with survivors of sexual abuse and sexual violence, as well as a writer and author of *Living Room Stories* and *tearing at thoughts*. Find out more at [decodingstatic.co.uk](http://decodingstatic.co.uk) or connect at @AndyHarrod79.

**Anna Leah Eisner** graduated with a degree in English and Russian Literature from Boston University. She currently works as a medical scribe in an emergency room, and has a cat named Manas, which, coincidentally or not, is the name of an airport in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan.

**Anna Souter** is an independent writer and curator based in London, UK, with a particular interest in the intersections between contemporary art, nature and the environment. Anna's writing spans fiction and non-fiction, drawing on tropes from academia, memoir, poetry and science writing. She also works on exhibitions about art and ecology. [www.annasouter.net](http://www.annasouter.net)

**Chase Lang** studied printmaking, design, painting, and visual culture theory and runs the independent media project *Radio Free* [radiofree.org](http://radiofree.org). Chase's website is [chaselang.com](http://chaselang.com)

**Dalal Radwan**, Fulbright alumna from Palestine, holds an MA in Journalism from the University of Arizona and a Bachelors in English Language and Literature from An-Najah National University. Dalal focuses her career on teaching different topics in journalism while pursuing her dream to create short films on issues of culture and diversity.

**Davidí Barceló** is a multi-generational, born and raised Tucsonan with deep Mexican roots. Growing up with traditional grandmothers, David was not allowed in the kitchen to help with cooking because "that wasn't a man's place." Enjoying the colorful Mexican food throughout his childhood stirred a strong curiosity to recreate those flavors. Through education of fermented sciences and lots of trial and error, David has found his own flavor with a nod to the sweet memories around his childhood dining table. David currently lives, cooks and brews beer in Tucson, Arizona.



**Dino Kadich** is the son of two people, Senada and Azmir, who met in the basement of an apartment block during the Siege of Sarajevo. He grew up in Arizona, where after some years two strange Americans joined his family: Nina (*rahmet joj duši*) and Timothy (*rahmet mu duši*). His complex relationship with identity and belonging form the basis for his research on young people's politics at the margins of Europe, which he undertakes as a PhD student in geography at the University of Cambridge.

**Jack DeBoer** is a Masters in Development Practice student at the University of Arizona. He served in Peace Corps Ethiopia from 2015 to 2018 and worked in the Beqaa valley of Lebanon.

**Liz Ellis** grew up in Jackson, Mississippi during the 1960's & 70's. She relocated to the Southwest via New Mexico in 1983. She has lived in Tucson since 2001 and is an avid gardener, keeper of treasured recipes and lover of stories.

**Makoto Takahashi** is a social scientist whose work examines how claims to expert authority are made in conditions of low public trust. Currently a Postdoc at Technical University Munich (TUM), he studied for his PhD at the University of Cambridge, authoring a thesis entitled, *The Improvised Expert: Performing authority after Fukushima (2011-2018)*. Alongside his academic work, Makoto maintains an active interest in art. On most weekends he can be spotted at one of Munich's many museums, studying modern masters or sketching passersby.

**Marie Gerlach** currently resides in Lebanon and works for an NGO. She loves trying out new food, especially while traveling, and is very passionate about capturing these moments through her camera lens.

**Marina Aitcheson, Duncan Chalmers & Alicia Fall** We are three geographers from the University of Victoria. Our friendship was solidified in the Society of Geography Student's room with a cup of coffee, lively debate and walls plastered with maps. Since graduation, we have taken our studies around the world but still we find ourselves drawn back to the beaches and forests of the west coast. We all share a common love for food, music and community.

**Nika Kaiser** is a visual artist working with photography, video, and installation. Born in the desert of Tucson, Arizona, this landscape informs her work as she intersects ideas of mysticism and feminist ecologies. Kaiser received her MFA in Visual Art from University of Oregon in 2013. She is the recipient of numerous awards, most recently the Arts Foundation New Works Grant and a Pollock-Krasner Foundation Fellowship. She currently teaches in the department of Film & Television at the University of Arizona.

**Nupur Joshi** is a PhD student in geography and conducts research on water security in Kenya. She is trained in Indian classical dancing and teaches a Bollywood dance class at Floor Polish Studio in Tucson, Arizona.

**Rami Abi Rafeh** holds a Masters in Migration Studies from the Lebanese American University. During his free time, he captures the chaos in his city Beirut by exploring the intersection between public and private space. Rami is also an electronic music DJ.

**Rebecca Patterson-Markowitz** (she/they) is a PhD student and feminist geographer interested in the connections between the body, power, and well-being. She is currently at UNC-Chapel Hill researching the intersections of embodied/somatic practices and social justice, and is also training in Somatic Experiencing. She drew inspiration from these practices for her submission to this journal. When not in school you can find her dancing, getting to know the woods of North Carolina, or recharging in her home in the Sonoran Desert.

**Reem Gamal**, born in Jeddah to Sudanese parents, spent most of her childhood in Khartoum. After graduating from high school, she moved to England to study Politics and International Studies. She is currently in the process of applying to art schools and hopes to begin in the fall of 2020.

**Roseann Hanson** is a naturalist, sketch-artist, and author whose work explores the connections between people, nature, and conservation. She has worked in the U.S., Mexico and East Africa, and currently is program coordinator for Art & Science at the University of Arizona's Desert Laboratory on Tumamoc Hill, where she teaches nature journaling and writing.

**Yu (Angela) Bai** is an urbanist interested in ecology as a tool for creating dignified human habitats in the era of climate catastrophe. She was trained as a biologist and currently studies architecture and urban studies at the University of Cambridge. Outside of professional and academic pursuits she makes art, cooks food, and marches for climate justice.

**Zainab Hussaen** is a multi-disciplinary graphic designer and illustrator specializing in various mediums from watercolors to digital illustration. Her work is preoccupied with themes of women, culture and art. She lives in Walnut Creek, California with her husband and two children.



## A NOTE ABOUT THE FONT

Manifold DSA is the font used by the Democratic Socialists of America. The tone and messaging of this organization strives to “create an anti-capitalist message that is as inclusive as possible and stands against racism, sexism, xenophobia and all forms of discrimination.” The message of Democratic Socialists is the belief that “both the economy and society should be run democratically to meet human needs, not to make profits for a few.”