nition of the occasion as "exotic" can characterize social situations in which Ashkenazi and Sephardi Jews find themselves entertaining each other for dinner.

Although all foodways act, in some manner, to characterize the eaters as members of a group, laws governing the holiness of one's food carry more significance than foods simply marked by preference or custom. In Israel, many observant Jews of European extract have accepted Mediterranean foods as kosher, and "Israeli." Witness the popularity of falafel. But the barriers between datim, haredim, and secular Israelis are far deeper and more difficult to transcend socially, and are characterized by the inability of the Orthodox groups to eat the foods of "others."

Each time we take a bite, we express what kind of person we are, what kind of Jew we are, what Judaism means in our lives. Foodways are us! �

In my grandmother's kitchen

Nina Beth Cardin

8 cups flour
6 eggs
3/4 cup oil
1 3/4 cups sugar
3/4 tsp salt
1 tsp vanilla

1/3 cup orange juice
3/4 cup oil
1 stick margarine
3 + tsp baking powder

This is my grandmother's famous cookie recipe. Like almost all recipes when listened to carefully, this one can tell you wonderful stories. Notice the flour. The recipe calls for eight cups. That is more than double the amount one finds in standard recipe books for similar cookies. Standard recipe books expect you to bake for a standard family. But Bubbe Ema (as her great-grandchildren called her) baked for many more: her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and friends. The sheer volume of these ingredients speaks of a woman who, in the magical private domain of her kitchen, was not alone. Through measuring the flour and selecting the eggs, she drew around her a circle of family made present by the mounds of mixings and stirrings on the kitchen counter.

Notice too the baking powder. Its inexactitude is out of place. A tell-tale sign. Bubbe Ema herself never measured ingredients. Truth be told, all the measurements listed are artificial creations born of her descendants'

requests for a copy of the recipe. The 3+ tsp is her flag of resistance. As reluctant as the early rabbis to writing down the oral law, she nonetheless eventually succumbed, as did the rabbis, surrendering to our repeated, insistent requests that she share her wisdom with us. After acquiescing with precise amounts for all the other ingredients, her last ingredient reflects an act of defiance, as if to say, you may think you have captured the recipe's essence through all this frozen precision. But you haven't.

The Academy Of The Kitchen

And of course she was right. We needed written measurements because we did not know, we did not learn, the secret of baking the way she did, by rote and routine in her mother's kitchen. The written recipe is testimony to the lost world of women's learning, the lost academy of the kitchen.

A written recipe from home is an heirloom, but also a scar, a reminder of a painful loss of what women once had: shared time in the kitchen as a daily affair of the hearth. Such time was holy for women, a time when the family's sacred texts and stories were told and retold, where remedies for health and wisdom for happiness were shared, when updates on happenings and people's whereabouts were reported, and strategies for helping out the needy were plotted.

Food, after all, was a primary medium for one traditional *mitzvah* of Jewish women: feeding the hungry. Several stories in the Talmud teach that women, specifically wives of holy men, merited miracles when their husbands did not for they—the women—fed those who were hungry. Men offered money. Women offered food.

The women's method appeared to be preferred by both the tradition and the women. For what could the hungry do with money? First they would have to go and buy food, this in the days before pre-packaged prepared food. Then they had to take the food home, if they had a home; and prepare it, if they had the knowledge and the utensils; and cook it, if they had the resources for fuel and a stove. And then they had to wait, and wait, and wait until the food was ready.

To give money, tradition seemed to tell us, is to recognize the *condition* of hunger. But, to give food is to recognize the *person* who is hungry.

Two other ingredients reveal a bit of the story of my grandmother: the orange juice and the margarine. Most recipes of this nature would ask for milk and butter. But my grandmother kept kosher, as do many of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. To use orange juice and margarine is to make the cookies *pareve*, and thus edible

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24 hours a day. If they were baked with milk products, they could not be served at dinner, which was almost always meat, nor could they be eaten as a snack before bedtime, for one had to wait 6 hours after meat before eating dairy. What good are cookies of love, cookies of home, cookies of belonging if they were off-limits for large blocks of time (especially prime noshing time)? As the cookies were there whenever we wanted them, no matter what we had done earlier, so was Bubbe Ema, and by extension the whole family. And so, we were being taught, should we be for our family and our children.

Reclaiming The Domestic Sphere

I write this not as a foray into the fields of nostalgia (although, in truth, in part it is). Rather I write this as a call for so many of us—especially women—who have, over the past 20 years of Jewish feminist creativity, overlooked the home as an arena of sacred space, to reclaim the domestic sphere. In turning our gaze to the public arena, we, purposely or not, turned our backs on a rich tradition of our mothers, grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Even as we enter the public sphere and continue to reshape it to reflect women's ways of leader-ship and public conduct, so must we expand our sphere of feminist energies and re-enter the domestic sphere, reclaiming and refashioning the wisdom we have lost.

Tools Of Her Priesthood

My grandmother had a stable of 4 or 5 cookie cutters that she used to shape her cookies: a diamond, a club (she played canasta every week), a rooster, a dog, and a horse. When I was growing up, I never paid much attention to them. But when I began to outfit a kitchen of my own, I recognized them for what they were, artifacts of her priestly rites.

My grandmother died making her famous cookies. It was fitting, it was a blessing, that she die performing her holiest of acts. The night before her funeral, the family gathered for dinner. And for dessert, we passed around the cookies, the last batch that would come from Bubbe Ema's kitchen. I did not want to eat mine. I wanted to save it, to preserve a last physical remnant of her being, her warmth, her magic. And why not? Did not God command the Jewish people to save a bit of manna for all time for a similar reason?

But, I knew, the manna did not last. And neither would Bubbe Ema's cookies. They were meant to give life, to give joy, to draw a circle of warmth, belonging and protection around those she loved. To freeze a lifegiving force, to try to turn it into a memorial, would have

been a defamation. Amid tears, amid unbearable sadness, we ate the last cookies together.

Weeks later, when it came time to divide up her life's possessions, the granddaughters took what we each wanted the most: Bubbe Ema's cookie cutters.

I got the horse and the rooster. �

Guidelines for an eco-kosher kitchen

Stewart Vile-Tahl

Eco-Kashrut is one of the most creative and powerful ideas to come out of the Jewish Renewal movement. The term was coined by Reb Zalman Shachter-Shalomi in the 70s and has been elaborated by Arthur Waskow and others more recently. Eco-Kashrut is a practice for sanctifying not only the act of eating, but every act of consuming some of the earth's resources. The power of the Eco-Kashrut principle is that it brings a diverse set of Jewish teachings together with the ecological needs of a planet devastated by human over-consumption of petroleum products, wood, water, minerals, etc., as well as food. But food is still our most intimate connection to the earth. Our *kishkes* and our moral teachings come face to face with one another in the kitchen and around the dinner table.

Among the many Jewish teachings that have a direct application to food, there are four key teachings that have particular significance. The first is tza'ar ba'alei chayim (consideration for the suffering of animals). There are numerous biblical, talmudic and latter rabbinic sources which discuss this principle (Gittin 62a; Berakhot 40a; Exodus 28:8-10; Exodus 23:5; Deuteronomy 22:10; Deuteronomy 25:4). Some of the highlights of these teachings include: providing food for one's animals before oneself; providing Shabbat for our animals as well as for ourselves; the obligation to relieve the suffering of an animal; the prohibition on teaming together animals with vastly differing levels of strength. There are also numerous stories of classical heroes who embody the principle of compassion for animals (Moses, Exodus Rabbah 2:2; Rebekah, Genesis 24:11-20; Rabbi Judah the Prince, Baba Metzi 85a).

In contrast to the dictates of tza'ar ba'alei chayim, farm animals now, including most animals raised for

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