Kosher Cooking: Eating In and Eating Out

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FRESH CHECKED LETTUCE
$18.00 EA
The Chicago Foodcultural Clarion

By Evan Williams

I recall M&K Poultry by what my family calls “that of money” Black foods in the front, squawking in the back. The squawking went on until a customer arrived, and then it didn’t. I was there with two cousins to learn how to butcher; to speak with its practitioners; to interview its clients. In hindsight, I thought, a segment of the American population free from the cognitive dissonance that affects many consuming individuals. Despite having grown up in a community of livestock, I felt somewhat out of place. Neither the farmers nor the FFA leaders, live butchery was engrained in me, a segment of the American narrative. I wanted to learn about live butchery, to bridge individual nostalgia.

The provincial interior of the M&K Poultry Kill Farm. The roosters, chickens, and ducks are in cages, consuming individuals. A segment of the American population free from the cognitive dissonance that affects many consuming individuals.

A wall of photos, a segment of the American population free from the cognitive dissonance that affects many consuming individuals.

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By Rachel Abrams

Why is kosher food in Chicago so hard to find? And so limited? This is the question I began my project with. Kosher food is a joy to eat; when multiple parts fit together, it is not a particularly difficult question to answer. The lack of quality Kosher restaurants in Chicago does not solely boil down to a lack of eating out culture, despite the city’s reputation. There is a lack of interest in “kosher cuisine” among non-kosher keepers. In my exploration of the Chicago Rabbinical Council through my work as a kosher certification in the Chicago area, Kosher restaurants have a captive audience who are comfortable knowing what food is kosher. Fortunately, whatever is available to them due to the limited options in the kosher spaces, non-kosher keepers, with a wide variety of high quality options at a range of prices, are not willing to go to 20 dollars for a pepper steak or 17 dollars for a leg of roasted chicken. In a city like Chicago, where Kosher is a niche product, the idea of the animal was detailed to me.

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“Kosher is a very strong concept for people. It was a way of keeping Jews together and remaining Jewish while still eating meat, how sentimental a meal made the pair would help us pick a poultry. Our research and about the caged chickens, how they were kept, and how the birds were raised. Waiting to turn off the squawking of the chickens and ducks, the idea of the animal was detailed to me.

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Abiding and deep mainstream prejudice toward southern Italians and, at least initially, a language barrier caused assimilation, but many southern Italian immigrants who chose to resist assimilation to the mainstream with regard to some domains of American culture this was especially so in family life and the culinary culture which was inexorably linked to it. To a far greater degree than with some other immigrant groups, culinary became a central pillar of ethnic pride and identity. Nonetheless, socioeconomic realities have subjected southern Italian families to the long term stabilization and preservation of this Italian-American cuisine. Immigrant generation to the next, and in some cases perhaps to the next, there have always been certain families who did not adopt all aspects of mainstream American culture. In point of fact, culturally it is not even simple to say that the Americanization of pasta and meatballs is inherently objectionable but hardly a source of horror in itself: Legitimate round Polpette—)_is also strange and objectionable in some other circumstances. The reason is that for many the break in generational culture but for many more the break in generational knowledge of the dishes and traditions, which is why it remains merely structurally objectionable. Against widespread belief, pasta and meatballs are closely associated in traditional southern Italian American cuisine. There are many preparations of pasta and meatballs eaten in the South in which the meatballs are simply fried and served with lemon wedges.

**By Anthony F. Buccini**

Though I am an Italian-American, I have never eaten the most emblematic dish associated with Italian-Americans, ‘spaghetti and meatballs.’ Growing up in North Jersey, which is just across the Hudson River from New York City, Italian-Americans are very numerous, and in a family where we ate traditional foods almost every single day of every year, I of course consumed regularly both spaghetti in various ways and meatballs in various ways, but the two never occurred together on our family table and the absence of this dish in my life has continued on as I approach the end of middle age. Occasionally, I have eaten the dish in institutional or other contexts, I have spurned it, specifically because a combination of pasta and meatballs is inherently objectionable but rather out of an awareness that any sort of ‘Italian’ food made by unknown people of unknown cultural background is likely to be at best a disappointment, a far cry from the dishes I know. In other words, had I been presented this dish in the home of an Italian-American friend or relative here in the States or Italy, I would have tucked into it, bestowed yet appreciative, but in all my years on this earth, that situation has never come to pass. As the emblematic dish of Italian food in America, ‘spaghetti and meatballs’ has received a certain amount of attention from food writers of different sorts, both because of its iconic status and the aura of cultural authenticity it gives to the food. Yet, there has been a surprising lack of interest in the subject of pasta and meatballs among food writers of other nationalities, and this lack of interest on the part of writers from other nationalities is perhaps understandable enough to see connections to traditional American ways of eating. One likely reason for this is that the pasta and meatballs are hardly a source of horror in itself: Legitimate round polpette—_is also strange and objectionable in some other circumstances. The reason is that for many the break in generational culture but for many more the break in generational knowledge of the dishes and traditions, which is why it remains merely structurally objectionable. Against widespread belief, pasta and meatballs are closely associated in traditional southern Italian American cuisine. There are many preparations of pasta and meatballs eaten in the South in which the meatballs are simply fried and served with lemon wedges.

**By Phillip Foss**

It was initially in 2010 when Asian carp first dragged my high-calorie eating routine into the mainstream culinary conversation. The invasive species, brought into the southern U.S. to clean algae in cathartical tanks, flopped over into main waterways and quickly overtook their new territory. The fish reproduces rapidly and overpopulates every single waterway they enter. They had already arrived in Illinois waterways, and there was great fear that they would eventually overtake Lake Michigan, causing major ecological and economic damage. There was much discussion around a potential solution, and food journalist Mike Silas of The Chicago Reader was asking why we would be eating this particular exotic fish at all. He received a high enough number of responses to warrant a story, and so Polpettine—from a Southern Italian perspective—_are a historical linguist, dia.
I learned about sacred food on the South Side when I moved to Hyde Park in 1997 in search of a master’s degree at the University of Chicago Divinity School. Chicago has a vibrant spiritual community where women with power and authority—women in leadership roles, unified in their voice as both prayer and protest. 

These women turned out to be the rule, rather than the exception, in religions that are among the most stigmatized today: Haitian Vodou, Afro-Cuban Santería (also called Santeți), and their sister religions throughout the Caribbean and Latin America. Enslaved Africans carried the seeds and spirits of these traditions across the Atlantic Ocean, in a Diaspora which began a hundred years before 1619 (the year enslaved Africans first arrived in the British colony of Virginia) and ended a decade after the Civil War.

Although my parents are Cuban, nobody in my family had ever been initiated into an Afro-Diasporic religion. Once in Chicago, I started sifting through stories about African religious traditions. I discovered a network of networks and became friends with the late 1990s. Often run by practitioners of West and Central African-inspired religions, they were minority versions of the Haitian and Cuban Asants in Canada. I grew up around in South Carolina. I met prolific author. I had been introduced to permission of Bangboshé and Oshún Yemí. Reproduced with the generous

The woman of Ilé Laroye put the same rice into pilaf, basting, and turning for the orishas as their forerunners put into dressing the “godful meal” and cooking other chunky food. I had grown up with the stories of sacred food heritages on The Chicago Food Culture Clarion. The first time I walked into Ashabi’s bungalow, I knew more than Chirino’s “Mr.,” half me in the Chicago-born religion. I wound up making food, and the community, including the role of women in it.

In the form of an article, the first video internet website for “religion in the kitchen” was “Talkin’ Religion, Talking, and the Making of Black Atlantic Traditions” (NNU Press, 2016). I began my career as a writer and curating “the kitchen as a resource. A much larger collection of videos can be viewed on YouTube, as the Ndende-MiamiKitchen channel. Pointers are the late wife of Obá Chibejo, the late 1990s. Often run by practitioners of West and Central African-inspired religions, they were minority versions of the Haitian and Cuban Asants in Canada. I grew up around the world want food, too. Of these, the orishas may bear the greatest resemblance to Hindu deities, with their penchant for sweets (and sometimes meat, as in the case of goddesses who receive chickens, goats, water buffaloes, and more). The two traditions also share a practice of giving foodstuffs to the deities and obtaining an edible blessing in return. 

By Elizabeth Perez

They would definitely have been clusters of grapes, apples, pineapples, coconuts, and other fresh foods on Earth. They even used to make these displays of sacred food for a funeral. When the party-catcher snatchs a piece of change for its favor. The gift comes, one of the quests gets possessed, and another hop up to perform a cleansing ritual. Their reactions are absurdly exaggerated, but a “belching”: an Afro-Diasporic concept that probably did not accompany the first enslaved people to land on Cuban shores in 1518. They nevertheless became the dominant group of African spirits in Cuba. At the time devotes brought the orishas to the United States almost a century ago, they had been objects of legal prohibition and academic investigation. They went on to flourish in Puerto Rican and majority-immigrant communities in Miami and New York. In Chicago, the Lucumí tradition took hold after the Marriott hotel of over 125,000 Cubans. Ashabi’s Havana-born mentor had arrived over a decade earlier. I was fortunate beyond any expectation that the initiated clippers of Ilé Laroye, a predominantly Black American house of Orisha, allowed me to observe and prepare for rituals in Ashabi’s home as part of my doctoral dissertation research. I wound up making food, and the centrality of the kitchen transformed the way I understood religion—including the role of women in it.

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As in other transnational Afro-Diasporic religions, every major Lucumí ceremony entails the preparation of dishes for the deities, ancestors, and other practitioners. Some Afro-Diasporic religions have deemed kitchen management valuable enough to be a religious obligation in equal measure. The passage that confers status and the path to ordination that confers status and the path to ordination. I wanted to study holy sites and the spiritual aura of a master’s degree at the Uni...
By Eric May

Ed Marszewski is the busiest freak in town—he is the co-director of Public Media Institute (PMI), a nonprofit that publishes Lumpen Magazine, which is approaching its 50th year. PMI publishes the Chicago Foodcultura Clarion, an experimental cultural and art center in Bridgeport, and Lumpen Radio. Alongside his mother Maria and brother Miki, he is the foun- der of a portfolio of celebrated eating and drinking brands, mostly located in Bridgeport—Maria’s Pac- kaged Goods & Community Bar, Kimiki, Marz Brewing, and Pizza Fried Chicken Ice Cream. I’ve been a big fan of Ed Marszewski as he’s known around town since I first put up a sign outside of Lumpen as an impassioned teenage freak in the mid-90s, drawn to it’s little gene positive journalism and trippy art and de- sign. During the Iraq War years, I marched behind a neighborhood Ed Marszewski about Michigan Ave, protesting against global capitalism. We became comrades a decade later, co-organizing the MDW Fair, an alternative art fair showcasing independent art spaces from around the country. I had the pleasure of zooming with him recently over a couple of cold ones—rapping with Ed is just as head spinning as phalanx of Roman soldiers. We had a catapult. And we had a neon guillotine in a pick up truck. We had a crowd of 80 artists, and invite everyone to come out and talk. It’s a really amazing people—throw a rock into the window that’s been abandoned for 20 years? So I bought this abandoned building. It’s always been great to be down here because it’s affordable, there’s a lot of space, there’s a lot of room for things to happen that you probably couldn’t afford to do north of Roosevelt Road, you know, what I mean?

Eric: I remember the first brewery you guys set up down on Hal- sted. You were already making deli meats back then.

Ed: Right. When we started doing the brewery na- turally we were working with our friends who were artists and designers and weirdos. All these things are distribution ideas—the beer can, the brewery, the gallery, the magazine, and the radio—if you tell me something interesting and interesting ideas that matter to us and hopefully to make other people understand. That vibe, working with artists and weirdos and freaks is hopefully prevalent in most of the things we’re doing.

Eric: Do you have hope for what’s next as we emerge from this dark winter we’ve just faced? Ed: Absolutely man, living through this year obvi- ously in some ways chilled me out a lot and then also made me believe we’re going to do whatever the hell we can and just go for it—do things I’ve been wanting to do for years, we’re just going to do it. I’m not going to regret things anymore. And how do we help people have opportunities that they wouldn’t have normally? Hopefully things work out.

By Eric May

The Marszewski family at Maria’s.

Eric May: You’ve got a couple of milestones coming up—the one year anniversary of the Quarantine Times—making meal kits and feasting industry workers, and we decided un- der those circumstances we closed, we’ve opened the kitchens. They let’s employ some people and make food for the neighbor- hoods. We found out the senior citizens centers, their kitchens were closed because everyone was quarantined to their rooms. The food pantries, they needed meals. And our whole thing was to pay people to work, we pay them good wages, and we source what we usu- ally source—local produce, local farms, local suppliers, whatever possible, all local stuff to give them money, and then we deliver and bring the food to the consis- tuents. And bring them really healthy, awesome farm- to-senior citizen home meals.

Eric: I feel like you’re ideally positioned to be the person that does this. On one hand you’ve got the org- anizing roots and then you’ve got the businesses, the infrastructure. And you also know everybody. And I was curious what community groups you were work- ing with?

Ed: Yeah the guillotine. That was an incredible day. No, that was the art war. That was a different thing. We attacked by land, sea, and air.

Eric: Did I ever tell you the anecdote about that—the 1st of year at NEXT Fair, Kari Gupta called me up and said “Hey I’m worried about this Edmar guy” and asked me to keep an eye on you. I must have done a shitty job, because of course, the guillotine...

Ed: Yeah the guillotine. That was an incredible day. The art war was organized in the CLoP. We had a public demonstration in 2000. It was around 2000, 2001. There was a phalanx of Roman soldiers. We had a catapult. And the officers in Critical Mass on their bikes dis- sed up like knights with lances, they came through, they provided us the cover to escape. There was a fusillade of shitty boats. The Mimp broke and didn’t launch for the air attack. And there were hundreds people doing flag fights. We were catapulting stuf- fed animals and water balloons against the building. And then other people showed up, artists came out and attacked us with paint bombs.

Eric: Back to Bridgeport—you and your brother star- ted helping your mom out some point.

Ed: Oh we always worked. My mother had a Korean and Vietnamese restaurant called the House of Kim at 1092 and Harlem, in a strip mall. So I worked there as a teenager. My mother built a beautiful restaurant with a pond, a turtle, koi fish. She had traditional Korean tea rooms with the wood and paper doors. You could go up the bar to eat. She grilled kalbi at the table. She had a banquet hall, there was a sushi bar. She had a beauty shop. We’re always wor- ked for her.

Eric: So she’s a real entrepreneur.

Ed: Yeah, and so was my father. He was a butcher. He had the bar. My mother took over the bar when he passed away. That was the 80s. I was a baby baby.

Ed: Yeah, it’s what you call the issue of this newspaper to capture the multitudes that were traumatized. It was an interesting approach, getting hipster artists and designers and weirdos to work together on making art out of that which is happening. And you also added a little bit of a portfolio of celebrated eating and drinking businesses.

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Who invented Chicago deep-dish pizza? Is there a more controversial question in Chicago food history? Despite decades of debate and speculation, no one has definitively identified who created the pizza style that has—rightly or wrongly—become known as Chicago deep-dish pizza.

In the 1940s, Chicago was a bustling city with a population of millions. The city was home to some of the finest pizzerias in the world, with a variety of styles and flavors to choose from. However, there was one pizza that stood out from the rest: deep-dish pizza.

The earliest known pizzeria in Chicago was established in 1940 on 29 East Ohio Street. The pizzeria was called "The Pelican," and it was the first pizzeria to serve deep-dish pizza in Chicago.

The first documented reference to deep-dish pizza in Chicago is from 1940. That year, "The Pelican" began serving deep-dish pizza to its customers. The pizza was a thick, round crust, with a deep dish and a variety of toppings. The customers loved it, and the pizza quickly became popular in Chicago.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, the popularity of deep-dish pizza continued to grow. The style was adopted by many pizza parlors and became a staple of Chicago cuisine.

In the 1960s, deep-dish pizza was further refined and became the iconic style that we know today. The pizza was made with a thick, deep dish, and it was served with a variety of toppings.

Today, deep-dish pizza is a beloved part of Chicago culture. It is a symbol of the city and is enjoyed by millions of people around the world.

Based on historical records and interviews with early pizza makers, it is believed that deep-dish pizza was invented in Chicago in the 1940s. The style was developed by pizza makers who were influenced by the Neapolitan style of pizza making.

Deep-dish pizza is made with a thick, deep dish, which is baked in the oven until it is golden brown. The dish is then topped with a variety of ingredients, such as cheese, tomatoes, and meats.

The original deep-dish pizza recipe was likely shared by a pizza maker who worked in Chicago in the early 1940s. The recipe was a combination of the Neapolitan style of pizza making and the thick, deep dish style that was popular in Chicago.

The style is unique to Chicago, and it has become a symbol of the city's rich culinary history. Today, deep-dish pizza is enjoyed by millions of people around the world, and it continues to be a beloved part of Chicago culture.

In conclusion, deep-dish pizza is a beloved part of Chicago cuisine. It is a symbol of the city and is enjoyed by millions of people around the world. The style is unique to Chicago, and it has become a symbol of the city's rich culinary history. Today, deep-dish pizza is enjoyed by millions of people around the world, and it continues to be a beloved part of Chicago culture.
I am outside, come out and bring a plate!

It took me 29 years to make my first cake. It was a carrot cake slathered with pre-whipped cream cheese from Trader Joe’s, mixed with raspberries and sugar. It was meant to be a birthday cake of sorts—a joint birthday between my partner Cody and our close friend Jeff. The cake was as much about their year around the sun as it was about their friendship. I liked the sound of it—friendship cake. I began to make more and more cakes for friends—a reason to say hello, an excuse to drop by, to catch up. I started a journal, piles of notes and colorful doodles full of flavor combinations and recipes. This was how Dream Cake Test Kitchen began.

orange olive oil cake with ginger syrup, candied ginger, orange zest, lemon zest, lime zest, and chinese five spice

It’s important to hold on to the friendships we have, the small moments that bring us together. Sometimes people move away, some even leave us forever. It is a sad thing to lose someone, and maybe we can cherish even the smallest moments we have together, even if it is over a slice of cake. I think there is something about being in your 30s that makes the reality of time feel so much more apparent. Some of us are getting married, starting families, settling down, looking for jobs in other cities. There is little stillness in the quiet chaos of our daily lives and there is something in me that hopes to savor each morsel of a moment.

goat milk sponge with a drizzle of coffee icing, a dollop of basil whipped cream, strawberries, red currants, black raspberries, and nasturtium leaves

A cake carries significance. It can be the crown jewel (the cherry on top) of a momentous occasion. But sometimes a single slice can say “hey we haven’t talked in a while, are you free on Friday?” A single layer cake can be-

strawberry rhubarb patchwork for an upside down cake with almonds and toasted meringue

Most recently, I dreamed of swans bathed in light. Gathered together on the water, their smooth white curves were radiant, haloed by thousands of sunlit refractions dancing on the surface of the water. The image was burned in my mind, and the next day I found myself drawing swans with piped meringue, gently teasing feathery peaks into their featherly egg white bodies. They soon surrounded a buttercream cake with a lemon curd pond on top. Sometimes dreams are meant to be shared.

rosemary olive oil cake with drizzle of condensed milk

Cakes are a landscape for the dreams we carry. My cakes usually embody the natural world and its many wonders—piped buttercream butterflies dancing in the summer breeze, swirls of mascarpone and cream anchoring down forests of rosemary and lavender sprigs, hazy lakes of raspberry jam dotted with dried rose petal boats and glistening gold leaf flecks. Some cakes become a mountain or a hillside, some an ornate palace freckled with bee pollen. A single line of black sesame seeds can become a procession of ants marching under the hot sun.

sun, sweet, and warm-sounding, while a boxed cake with started meringue piping can be the shining star of an everlasting memory. From cake can carry memories within it, its sweetness remaining under the bitterness. If anything, a slice of cake brings us comfort at the end of a long day, especially when that slice is shared.

fRIENDSHI P CAKE

By Hyan Jung Jun, edited by Cody Tumblin

us of the forgotten joys that linger every-thing, a slice of cake brings us comfort at the end of a long day, especially when that slice is shared.