

Histories of Trauma, Futures of Identity, As Told by the Kitchens of the Polish Diaspora

by
Miriam Wojtas

A THESIS

submitted to
Oregon State University
Honors College

in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the
degree of

Honors Baccalaureate of Arts in Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies and Spanish
(Honors Scholar)

Presented May 31, 2019
Commencement June 2019

AN ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS OF

Miriam Wojtas for the degree of Honors Baccalaureate of Arts in Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies and Spanish presented on May 31, 2019. Title: Histories of Trauma, Futures of Identity, As Told by the Kitchens of the Polish Diaspora.

Abstract approved: _____

Bradley Boovy

A recipe as a piece of text can tell a variety of stories as well as any other. Using a feminist rhetorical analysis, I read my grandmother's personal recipe journal to show that her writings contain valuable information about women's lives in twentieth century Poland. Through the close examination of three recipes, I argue that family knowledges inherited through cooking serve as a larger commentary on the social, political, and economic conditions of their lived experiences. The use of recipes especially prioritizes Polish women as cultural stewards and knowledge producers, as their work in kitchens is fundamental to the maintenance of the family and state.

Key Words: food studies, feminist rhetorics, recipes, memory, Poland, kitchen

Corresponding e-mail address: wojtasm@oregonstate.edu

©Copyright by Miriam Wojtas
May 31, 2019

Histories of Trauma, Futures of Identity, As Told by the Kitchens of the Polish Diaspora

by
Miriam Wojtas

A THESIS

submitted to
Oregon State University
Honors College

in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the
degree of

Honors Baccalaureate of Arts in Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies and Spanish
(Honors Scholar)

Presented May 31, 2019
Commencement June 2019

Honors Baccalaureate of Arts in Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies and Spanish project of Miriam Wojtas presented on May 31, 2019.

APPROVED:

Bradley Boovy, Mentor, representing Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies

Qwo-Li Driskill Committee Member, representing Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies

Kryn Freehling-Burton, Committee Member, representing Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies

Toni Doolen, Dean, Oregon State University Honors College

I understand that my project will become part of the permanent collection of Oregon State University, Honors College. My signature below authorizes release of my project to any reader upon request.

Miriam Wojtas, Author

Acknowledgments

This project is for my family, to honor the ways in which I was raised and the ways in which I continue to grow. When I think of you, I think of the poem “Koniec i początek” (“End and Beginning”) by Wisława Szymborska:

Ci, co wiedzieli
o co tutaj szło,
muszą ustąpić miejsca tym,
co wiedzą mało.
I mniej niż mało.
I wreszcie tyle co nic.

Those who knew
what was going on here
must make way for
those who know little.
And less than little.
And finally as little as nothing.

W trawie, która porosła
przyczyny i skutki,
musi ktoś sobie leżeć
z kłosem w zębach
i gapić się na chmury.

In the grass that has overgrown
causes and effects,
someone must be stretched out
blade of grass in his mouth
gazing at the clouds.

Thank you for knowing what happened, so I could know little, and for letting me stretch out in the grass.

I am grateful first and always the most to my mother, Gosia, without whom I would never have had the privilege of attending college like this. She is responsible for who I am and all that I have today. My only hope is that I have made her proud.

I am indebted to my grandparents, Barbara and Ryszard, who are the stars of this thesis. Their sacrifices gave me the space to do this. I am grateful for their insistence that I eat whatever was placed in front of me, and that I speak Polish with them at all times. Teraz dobrze wiem, że polak potrafi.

I thank all the supportive faculty in my life who have challenged me to think more critically, to write more honestly, and to imagine more deeply. I thank my thesis committee, Dr. Bradley Boovy, Dr. Qwo-Li Driskill, and Kryn Freehling-Burton; my many mentors across

campus, including Dr. Adam Schwartz, Dr. Nicole von Germeten, Dr. Liddy Detar, Dr. H Rakes, Dr. Patti Duncan, Dr. Robert Thompson, Dr. Marta Maldonado, Dr. Anuncia Escala, Whitney Archer, Cindy Konrad... and many more, who I will always think of not only as some of the best teachers but the most important people in my life so far.

Many, many thanks to the friends and loved ones who have watched me grow through this process. I'll cook for each and every one of you, any time.

Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Chapter 1	7
Chapter 2	15
Chapter 3	22
Conclusion	32
Works Cited	34

Introduction

The Orange Notebook: Memories of Life in Poland, as Chronicled in a Recipe Diary

I first fell in love with food in the same way that one might expect to fall in love with her best friend. Taken for granted, food was never the center of attention in my life until suddenly, it was. As if overnight, it became clear to me that food is the source from which my interest in life grows. I was raised in a Polish household, both in Poland and in the United States. It was in these homes that I was fed by my mother and grandparents with the intention of growing into the person I am today. Of course, I was not necessarily aware of that over every meal that we shared; I ate when food was placed in front of me and made sure to clear my plate before anyone could scold me for my wastefulness and ingratitude. But one day, it did become clear to me: every meal I ever ate in my home—from the starchy leftover boiled potatoes refried in butter, to the labor intensive pierogi made entirely from scratch—has been responsible for my ability to work, to dream, to be alive in spite of my family's worries that they could never make it. Through food, I feel my truest love for my family. Food is the language I speak to define and understand myself. Through food, my ancestors are haunting me, teaching me, making sure that I live up to their many impossible and unknowable expectations.

I remember visiting Poland for Christmas in 2017. It was the first time I had spent the holidays there, and for my recently retired grandparents, it made all the difference that I came overseas to join them around the stół wigilijny. My grandmother's arthritic fingers and swollen hunchback were grateful for my ability to help with chores, especially in the kitchen. It was at this time that I read closely her journal, a worn, stained, fading book of recipes that she had begun collecting in the early 1960s. I had seen its orange vinyl cover all throughout my childhood, but I

had never taken the time to read any of its recipes so attentively as to make something out of it. The experience was, to put it lightly, impactful.

The stories of my family, their people and country, are mostly tragedies. Popular interest in Poland is largely rooted in fascinations with war, death, genocide, scarcity, dictatorship, and other such sensationalized experiences. I know that I have inherited unimaginable traumas from generations of working-class Polish women, but I refuse the insistence that they passed down to me nothing more than what can only be said about Poland in generalizations. The proof I have otherwise is every story I have been told by a woman teaching me how to cook.

A recipe, in the words of Julia Turshen, is a story that always has a happy ending (2018). It is comfortable in its predictability, yet sidesteps monotony in its ability to be bent, shaped, and molded to the liking of the reader. It even has the power to turn tragedy to inventiveness, bravery, and joy. The dire straits of the Soviet period frame recipes for chocolate desserts as doomed, unrequited love stories... until a hero arrives, perhaps in the form of raw cacao powder, smuggled across a border, hidden in a coat pocket, boiled down into butter and sugar, and poured onto a romantic, fragrant gingerbread cake, surrounded by an impressive Christmas Eve dinner spread. When the recipe for homemade chocolate, for example, reaches the part that asks for several spoonfuls of cocoa, it does not pause and include instructions for obtaining elusive ingredients. It does, however, force the reader to ask: "But how?" Instead of ruminating on the unavailability of the product, the reader has the opportunity to answer that question by finding a way to bring themselves the pleasure of chocolate, by whatever means necessary.

My grandmother, Barbara Wojtas (nee Górka), was born in 1949. Known affectionately to all as Basia, she lived in a working class family in Tarnów, in the south of Poland. By the early 1960s, Basia had found her husband (my grandfather, Ryszard), immediately had two children,

and was destined for a long life of work—some of the time as a modestly compensated laborer within a communist state, and all of the time as a mother. Cooking was the unpaid labor that was naturally expected of her. Basia never took a day off from it, and she always did her best to do her job well. This meant preparing food for three meals a day, for her husband, her two children (Tomek and Małgorzata), and her two parents (Maria and Edward). It also meant always keeping a minimum of two cakes in the house to take with tea, and showing up to the neighbor's house, the priest's quarters, and everyone's name day and birthday celebrations with an offering. And all the while, hidden in plain sight, it meant authoring a collection of recipes that speak to the cultural and social circumstances of the time, which I now open to read as deeply meaningful historical evidence.

My approach to this unassuming orange journal is rooted in existing work by feminist scholars of food, including Arlene Voski Avakian, Jennifer Cognard-Black, Sherrie Inness, Deborah Lupton, Carrie Helms Tippen, and Janet Theophano. Specifically, I analyze the pages of this diary by relying on feminist rhetorics, which allow me to acknowledge these recipes as valuable texts containing layers of information while keeping in mind the structures of power and dominance that have historically stripped them of their importance. Tippen describes the rhetorical analysis of cookbooks as a form of doing feminist historiography. The examination of recipes, according to Tippen, necessitates a reframing of rhetorical practice to include women as the practitioners of rhetoric in the first place (16). As a result, a careful rhetorical analysis of a recipe can resist patriarchal narratives of women's lives, as they contain deeper information about the cultural, political, and economic contexts within which women cooked these recipes

But what happens when we apply even the most traditional Aristotelian formula and check a recipe for ethos, pathos, and logos? Women demonstrate ethos almost immediately by the fact

that they fulfill patriarchal expectations when they enter the kitchen space. Under patriarchy, a woman cooking in the kitchen is natural; that is her rightful place. Therefore, her recipes carry significance and authority. The instructional quality of the recipe establishes logos. Of course, some recipes are more detailed than others, with specific cup measures or baking temperatures, but a set of steps that result in an edible product when tested demonstrates logic. Turshen's perspective—that a recipe is a story that promises a positive outcome—holds true, in the sense that following those instructions even tenuously begets an act of creation. Pathos weaves throughout the process of reading and using a recipe. Food on its own invites an “intensely emotional experience” into our lives every time we encounter it; to eat or to hunger means to carry some strong feeling that connects the body to the emotions (Lupton 36). Recipes are vehicles for experiencing emotion, and when inherited as heirlooms, can even on their own connect the reader to a set of memories that elicit a deep emotional response. Such is the rhetorical strategy of the home cooks, like my grandmother, who leave behind journals, cards, and even newspaper clippings, to make their statements on the state of the world.

After fully reading Basia's recipe journal, I have selected three recipes to analyze in separate chapters. The first chapter is about *kruche ciasto*, a very basic shortcake recipe. This chapter examines more closely the power of memory as a fundamental part of cooking, as well as its function within feminist historiography. The second chapter on *czekolada domowa*, or homemade chocolate, introduces the particular type of Soviet-era resourcefulness upon which women depended in order to feed their families. It serves as an insight into the political, economic, and cultural limitations within which culinary ambitions were contained in communist Poland. The simplicity of the recipe reflects the duality of scarcity and innovation. Finally, in the third chapter, I present Basia's recipe for *murzynek*. In a way, *murzynek* marries the recipes for *kruche ciasto*

and czekolada domowa. This chocolate cake is the basis for a broader analysis of race, gender, and nation in post-Soviet Poland and beyond. Together, these chapters form a feminist historical portrait of my family in twentieth century Poland, via the recipes my grandmother (and her mother) cooked and ate throughout the course of the century.

My readings of these few selected recipes are just the beginning of a larger project that aims to tell the histories of Polish women by using one of the most common and overlooked modes of self-expression: cooking. This is also deeply personal work for me, as I connect to my family and heritage through memories of the home that are admittedly not always as idyllic as they may seem. But after all, my grandmother was also once twenty one years old, and she had a vision for the world that she could only realize through food. For her, it was an unending obligation; I honor this by returning to my roots and taking up this labor for the purpose of this thesis.

I do not anglicize or translate the names of individuals, the titles of recipes, or other culturally specific words, such as Polish holidays or cities, beyond their first mention in each section. Notes on meaning and pronunciation, when necessary, can be found at the end of each chapter.

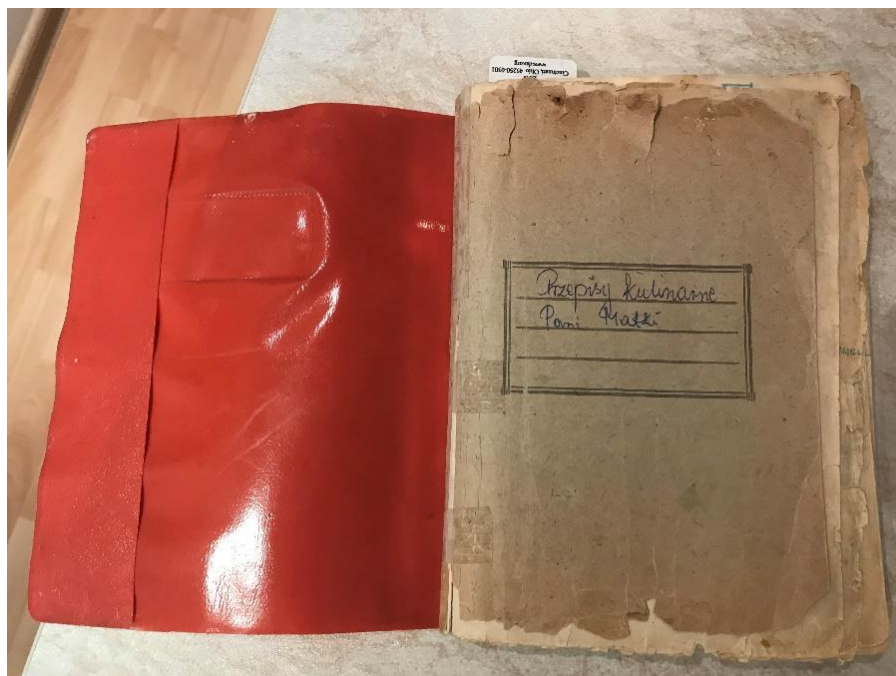


Figure 1 First page of the recipe journal. Inscription reads: "Przepisy kulinarne Pani Matki". Translated: "Culinary recipes of Mrs. Mother".

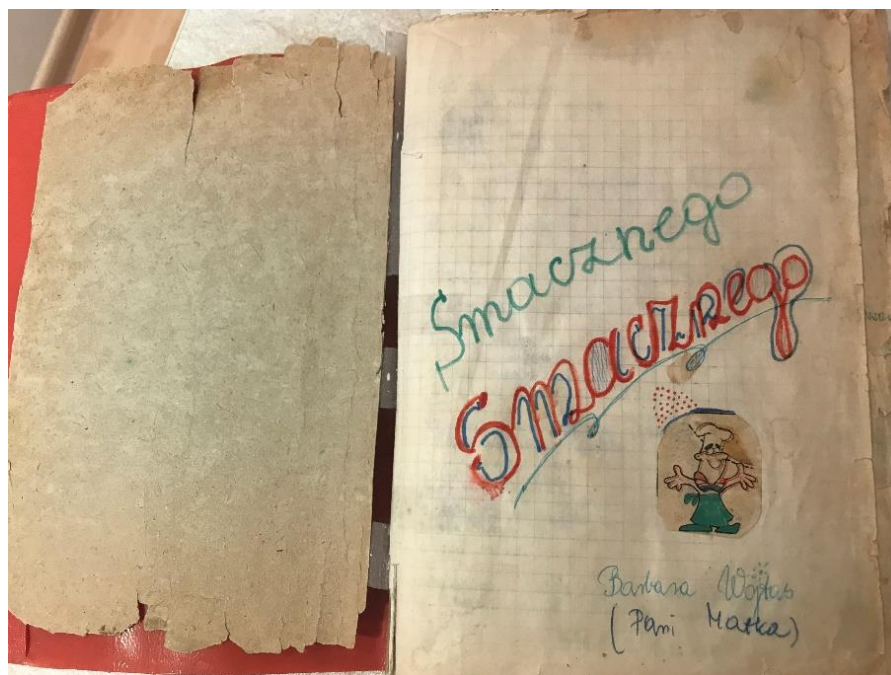


Figure 2 Second page of the recipe journal. Inscription reads: "Smacznego Smacznego" and "Barbara Wojtas (Pani Matka)". Translated: "Bon Appetit Bon Appetit" and "Barbara Wojtas (Mrs. Mother)". A sticker of a chef adorns the page along with colorful ink details.

Chapter 1

Memory Serves: Remembering as a Site of Resistance

“I used to bake two, sometimes three cakes at a time, every Saturday,” my grandmother explains to me, though the annoyance and exasperation in her voice make me think she is really scolding her younger self. “And for what? For what?”

Over Christmas preparations, my grandparents, Basia and Ryszard, tell me stories of their lives before they left for America in 1995. Each story has come out of a task that they have instructed me to do in the kitchen; at one point, they both stop working and leave me to continue rolling out dough, stirring chocolate sauce, frying apple fritters, and peeling potatoes. My grandmother in particular has landed on a story that is unlike any other she has ever told me—it’s a story of complaints.

In an attempt to soothe her impending foul mood, I suggested that the family had probably felt deeply grateful for all the desserts she produced for them. Basia ignored me altogether let out her typical, enraged, “EH!” She went on: “What was I thinking? Where did I get this energy from? I was so tired. I would get up, cook, then be at the school all day, teaching my feckless students, then I would come home and cook more... and nobody said a word to me, even though my feet would swell up so huge I couldn’t remove my shoes!”

Basia is a hard, sullen woman. As long as anyone has known her, they have always described her as difficult. Yet it surprised me to hear her narrate this story of her life as a mother and wife to me. All the memories that came cascading out of her were coated with comments on how exhausting it all was, even if laboring away in the kitchen did allow her children to grow, her husband to work, and her parents to age gracefully. But what did I expect? I had learned about Arlie Hochschild’s theory of the second shift in my classes, but Basia was way ahead of me.

It wasn't all bad, though. "When I really was out of ideas, or out of ingredients, I would just make kruche ciasto. It's so easy, I could do it with my eyes closed. And everybody liked it, or at least, nobody complained."

I begin this first chapter with a discussion of memory, because oftentimes it is through remembering alone that women like Basia can access the histories of their lives. Memories are typically linked with the emotional, which are in turn degraded as unimportant or secondary to so-called "objective" knowledges (Lupton 31). In reality, memories like my grandmother's are vital to the comprehensive understanding of history; they are an essential component of feminist historiographies that center women's experiences in broader national and cultural stories (Lupton 31-32). I use the recipe for kruche ciasto, or basic shortbread, to show how instrumental our memories are, not just for experiencing the joy or pain of reminiscing on days past, but for the continued maintenance of a culture and a people.

I never knew that my grandmother had actually written down a recipe for kruche ciasto, because every single one of the hundred or so times I watched her make it, she never consulted her journal. Flipping through the diary one afternoon, I was surprised to find it packed into a short few lines at the top of one of the first pages.

This particular page in the notebook, ripped almost entirely out of the worn binding, is taped down the middle with long pieces of clear plastic tape. Although the paper itself is an off white, the edges are stained brown, beige, and yellow from water or other liquid damage. The recipe is titled, in red ink, "Kruche ciasto," then marked with a number 25 and an X, signifying its addition to the index in the back of the journal.

Then, in black ink, the text reads:

½ kg maki
1 kostka margaryny

3 jajka (2 jajka, 1 żółtko)

$\frac{1}{2}$ szklanki cukru

Margarinę, jajka, cukier rozbić w garnku, wyłożyć na stolnicę i zrobić z mąką.

Translated:

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg flour

1 cube margarine

3 eggs (2 eggs, 1 yolk)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Combine margarine, eggs, sugar in pot, place onto worksurface and knead in flour.

As a finishing touch, a peeling sticker of a delighted Smurf fills the vacant space to the right of the ingredients list and just above the brief directions. Below the one sentence of instruction, there is a small break among the graph paper grids, and the next recipe begins.

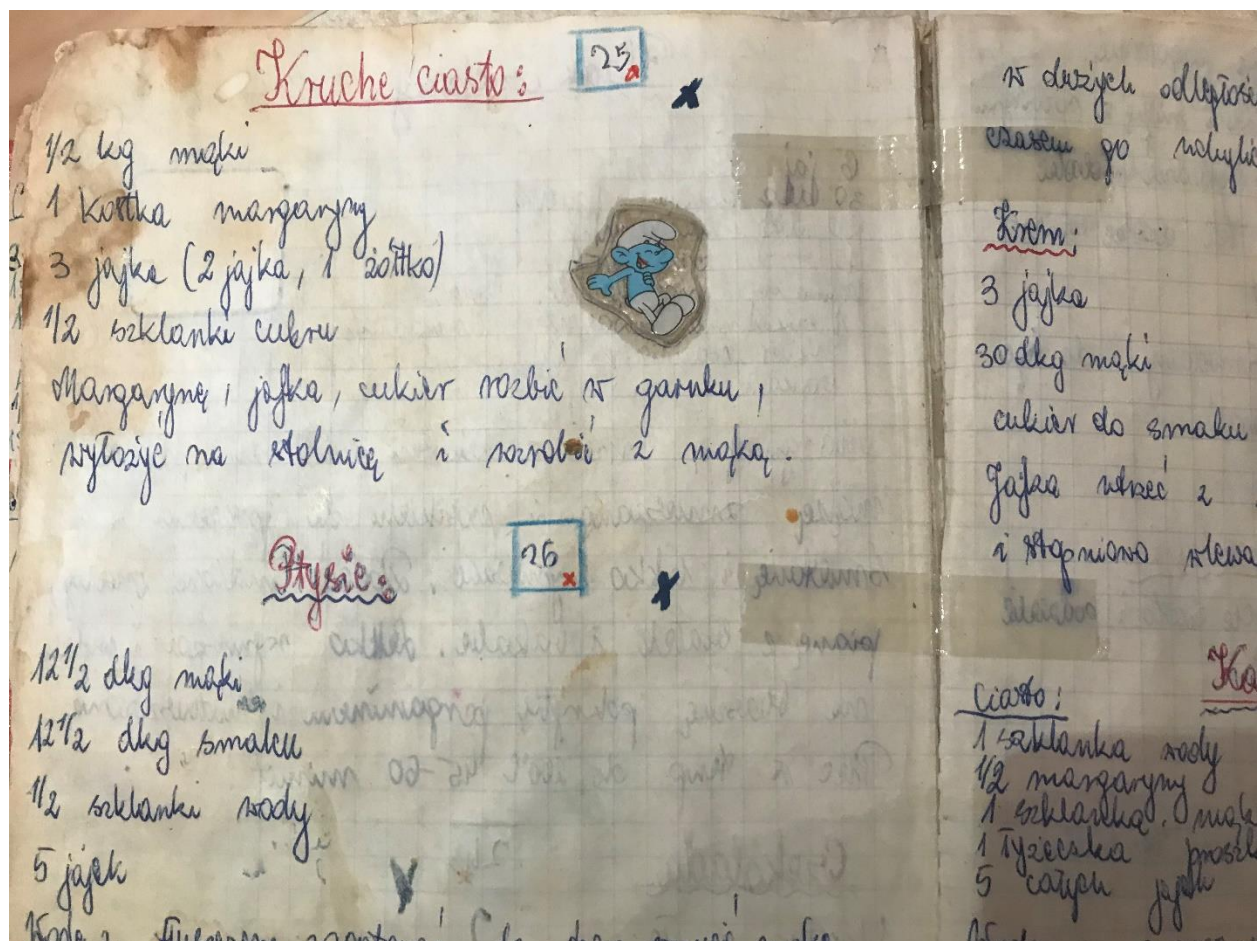


Figure 3: Recipe for "Krucze ciasto"

Unique to this recipe among all the others is that it does not contain any baking instructions; it truly is only the recipe for shortbread dough. I pointed this out to my grandmother, who retorts, “What do you need baking instructions for? You put it in the oven. It’s ready when it’s fragrant.”

She said it with a finality that I knew meant that the conversation is over, but I wasn’t finished. I asked her how she just knew how to do some of these things, how she managed to keep it all in mind after 70 years of life, 60 of those she had spent cooking and baking. Basia told me that it’s just what happens when it’s all you do, all your life. It becomes as natural as brushing your teeth. That’s why she no longer uses the journal for this particular recipe; she just knows.

In that knowing, Basia expressed great resentment for the circumstances under which she was forced to know how to meet a hungry family’s expectations at all hours of the day. For my grandmother, cooking was rarely framed as an activity of pleasure or joy. She griped over the endless birthdays, name days, holidays for which she had to produce treats, the many jars of jam and pickled vegetables that she had to stockpile for the winter, and the hundreds of hours she spent on her feet, from standing in line for rations, to kneading out dough on the countertop. Food, in her memory, occupies a tense landscape of exhaustion, frustration, as much as it signifies celebration and sustenance of life. As food studies scholar Arlene Avakian states, “conceptualized as a part of [women’s] oppression, ‘liberation’ ... meant freedom from being connected to food” (Avakian 5). Because, in Basia’s life, cooking was an unending labor, it should have come as no surprise that the easiest recipe—four ingredients, two steps—is the most salient in Basia’s mind. It was the quickest way out of her most draining responsibility, a way for her to still fulfill her responsibility as the caretaker of the family without sacrificing too much of her own time.

Hearing my grandmother speak to me of her life in this way shocked me. I thought to myself, how many years had she been waiting to admit that she was sick of the rote action of

preparing cakes, soups, cutlets, salads, ad nauseum? As whirling as this confession had been, it forced me to face the fact that I had been cheating my family histories of the feminist consciousness that they deserved.

In a detailed critique of crumbling socialism in Poland in the 1980s, Polish scholar and Solidarity Party member Stanisław Starski wrote that in spite of socialist goals of gender liberation, which did allow for more equitable participation of women throughout all levels and fields of the formal economy, they did not adequately address the burdensome domestic labor with which women were charged (232). Starski argued that women's liberation in Poland has always been and will always be impossible, as long as the family is constructed as being serviced only by a wife and mother (232). This was not, however, entirely the fault of a patriarchal, male-dominated culture of Poland; rather, the state, as it demanded men in the labor force, was at fault. As long as the state ripped men away from their families and required them to prioritize the state over the family or community, the family could never "become a solidarity outpost, a very compact and mutually loyal group," wherein all members of a kinship network may participate in the maintenance of domestic bliss (233). Basia is a lucky woman; my grandfather, Ryszard, was taught to cook as early as ten years old. He was raised to serve himself and rarely expressed a patriarchal entitlement to domestic care in our home. He has always loved to feed his children, grandchildren, friends, and neighbors, but his profession as a truck driver for the state sponsored transit company drew him away from his family, his wife, and her kitchen. As a result, my grandmother was charged with returning from her full time job as a music teacher to resume the labor of keeping a family alive.

Even though Basia has certainly carried strong negative emotions associated with her memories of wife- and motherhood, they have only ever been cast aside as a part of her

temperament. Her tightly wound temper and aptitude for eroding the self-esteem of everyone around her has always been a mystery. I argue that it is my grandmother's memories of struggle in the "profession" of wife and mother that preclude her from expressing joy or satisfaction through food. As food scholar and sociologist Deborah Lupton states:

"There is a strong relationship between memory and the emotional dimension of food. Given that food is an element of the material world which embodies and organizes our relationship with the past in socially significant ways, the relationship between food preferences and memory may be regarded as symbiotic. Memory is embodied, often recalled via the sensations of taste and smell. The effects of memory are inscribed upon the body, in terms of such factors as posture, styles of walking, gesture and appetite for certain foods. The taste, smell and texture of food can therefore serve to trigger memories of previous food preferences and choices based on experience. Preparing a meal may evoke memories of the emotions felt at that time, or the experience may look forward to the sharing of the meal with another, anticipating an emotional outcome." (32)

In the case of my grandmother, the experience of trudging through a scarcity economy in a failed socialist state and dealing with the gendered consequences of the decay of the Soviet project set her up for a life of dissatisfaction. As such, *kruche ciasto* occupies a part of her memory that evokes exasperation and exhaustion. Set against the backdrop of Starski's analysis, Basia's recipe for *kruche ciasto* fills in the gaps in the histories of the many shortcomings of the Soviet Polish state. It is straightforward in the effort it requires because Basia had no time; it is unassuming in the ingredients it asks because she rarely had any more varied foodstuffs with which to cook. The recipe takes up space in the journal because it is a part of the story of her life, a reminder of everything she endured. In this context, these few modest lines in my grandmother's journal assert themselves as a crucial document in a feminist historiography of Poland, one that tells an intimate, emotional story of women's lives under conditions of poverty, and how they continued to live up to the harsh cultural expectations of the collapsing satellite state.

I had always thought of my grandmother as a woman who simply loved to cook; it was through her that I first began to associate womanhood with the kitchen. Fortunately for myself, I was able to develop my relationship to cooking as if it were a hobby. When I watched over my grandmother's shoulder while she made even the simplest *kruche ciasto*, I never felt the weight of anyone's expectations to commit the process to memory. In an essay on her own food education delivered to her by her great-grandmother, Elizabeth Minnich reflects: "A cooking woman is strong, fragrant, capable unto magical, loving and very much in charge in a world my child memories hold, still, as more real and more important... *Some things need to be learned standing beside someone*" (135). Basia was very much that way in my own memory; in hers, however, she was a domestic worker in service of not only her family but her culture. Even the Smurf sticker, placed onto that stained and faded page sometime in the early 1980s by my mother when she was only a child, is a reminder of the unquestionable responsibility of my women ancestors to bring children into this world, no matter the circumstances. From our conversation, Basia makes it clear that although she loved her children unconditionally, she could never successfully play the role of the jovial mother dancing happily around her kitchen. She did not see magic in the food, nor did she always feel love for the job. She did it because she had to, with no way out.

One day, Basia will die—this is a simple fact. She herself has been wondering aloud for the last twenty years when her time will come. When she goes, she will be every bit as irate and intractable as she has always been. My memories of her will never be disentangled from memories of food. Her recipes, written and remembered, are stories that reveal to me a Polish woman's commentary on the circumstances of her life. Her "own life stories... the visions [she had] of society and culture" are a feminist intervention into patriarchal narratives of our family histories (Theophano 3). Basia never had the chance to seize pleasure out of cooking. Now, in her

retirement, she complains even more loudly about her swollen feet and her aching back. The story continues, at least for now.

From Basia's stories, I hope to find within myself a resistance to the circumstances that poisoned her emotional relationship to food. I have the privilege of experiencing pleasure through cooking; I have the freedom to uncouple cooking from the intimidation of assuming it as a lifelong, inescapable labor. With time, kruche ciasto will slowly work its way into my memory, not as a mindless task, but as an inheritance of womanhood that persists, resists, and survives.

Chapter 2

Culinary Border Crossings: Crafting Foodways Beyond State Control

I would be remiss if I did not, at some point in this one set of stories from Soviet-era Poland, address one of the most common stereotypes associated with the time and the place: that we were always hungry. Through the eyes of the United States and the capitalist West generally, sensationalized ideas of a communist Eastern Europe as always already suffering on the other side of the iron curtain continue to affect our food traditions. I did not undertake this project from the position of a political scientist, nor that of an economist or legal historian, but in many ways, I have arrived at a place where I am able to do these types of analysis all through the lens of my grandmother's kitchen. In this chapter, I show how Basia's development of a recipe for homemade imitation chocolate demonstrates Polish women's pushback against the insecurity of a rapidly crumbling economy, as well as the rejection of state sanctions that blocked possibilities for foodways to change and thrive.

Some historical context is, however, necessary to understand exactly why chocolate in this case is a radical food to make and to eat. My grandmother and grandfather were born soon after the end of World War II, on the eve of the end of Stalinist control over Poland, in 1949 and 1952 respectively. They were married in 1973 after a short courtship and an unplanned pregnancy. Basia and Ryszard started their family in the midst of widespread political unrest. By the 1970s, workers across Poland had led strikes against corrupt leaders of the Polish People's Republic who had become entrenched in a competition with the West to maintain control and autonomy over the communist East. Striking workers' motives were uncomplicated; most often, they simply demanded that affordable, basic foodstuffs be available and accessible to them. Under the Polish United Worker's Party, known as the *Polska Zjednoczona Partia Robotnicza* but abbreviated and

popularly referred to as PZPR, the Polish state was unreliable and volatile. Party Leaders Edward Gierek (in office 1970-1980) and Wojciech Jaruzelski (in office 1981-1989) made policy and trade decisions in the interest of hoarding wealth amongst the governing bodies of the state, as well as for the appeasement of Soviet expectations to overcome Western pressures to assimilate to global capitalism (Sowa 365-375). The consumer economy decreased every year, with no appropriate government subsidies to replace it. Imported goods came in at random. Trade embargos were set and lifted overnight. As Andrzej Sowa's encyclopedic writing on the political history of Poland during the Soviet period shows, life ran in a short cycle: hunger, protest, and temporary and inadequate relief, repeating with few sustainable changes to support the population in lasting, material ways.

As occurs in the midst of any national drama, people like my grandparents continued to have babies and build families. The dire straits of the time did not exempt them from finding ways to feed themselves, their children, and at the time, my grandmother's aging parents. The people craved good, filling food, and those who cooked were invested in diversifying the rote offerings of the state. Home cooks across Poland "had to cope with, exploit, manipulate, resist, and in some cases overcome the imposed limitations" of the Soviet economy that so drastically lacked in choice; as such, in learning how to cook they were also required to "master the knowledge about the production and distribution system to survive, and then they strive to find ways to use the system, to exploit it so as to minimize the exhausting and humiliating daily struggle entailed" (Lakhtikova et. al 12-13). Obtaining food was never just a simple task of placating a physical need; those charged with finding foodstuffs to eat were forced to confront a variety of emotional and intellectual trials, including reckoning with the political order of the day and facing the limitations of their own dignity. I remember my grandmother once telling me rather suspiciously that she

would have done almost anything for something other than the same rote bread and butter. Specialty items, like tropical fruit, candies, and processed foods, were not within the production capabilities of the Soviet Union, nor of any of its satellites. A craving for chocolate could therefore only have been soothed through the at home innovation of home cooks, like my grandmother.

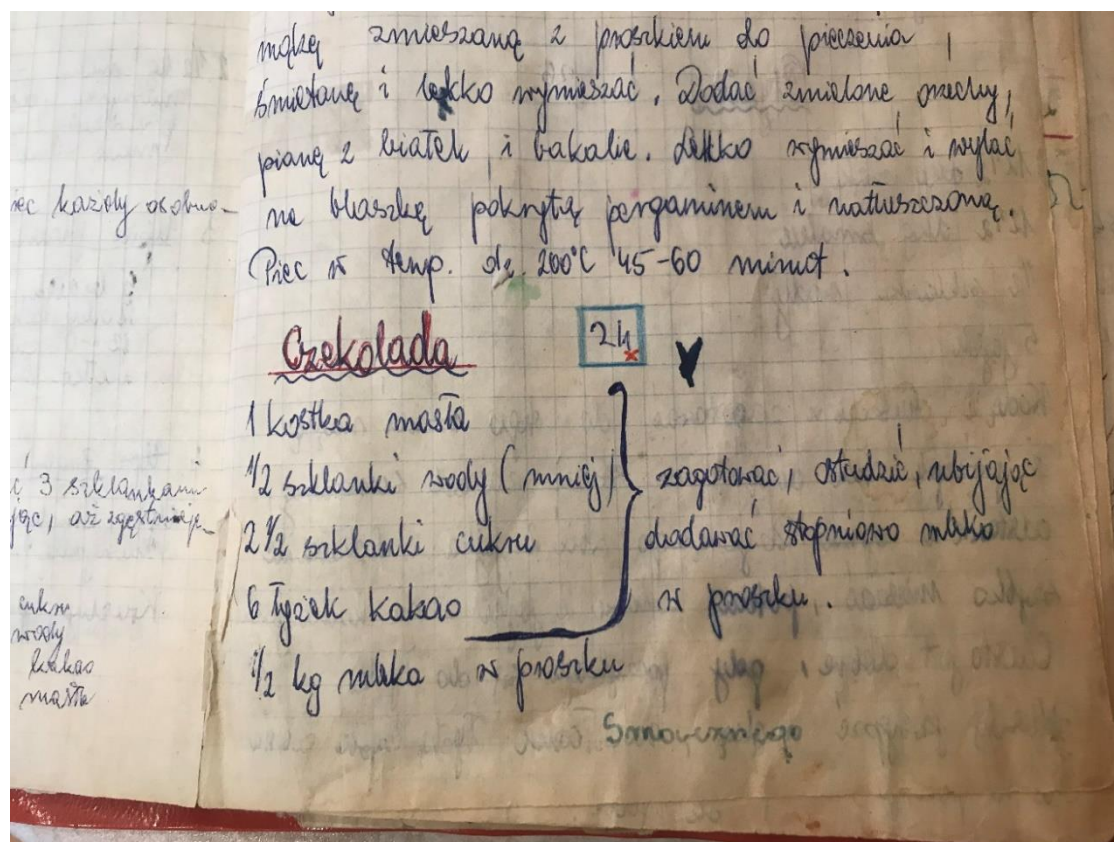


Figure 4 Recipe for czekolada.

There is a recipe for one such elusive treat in my grandmother's journal, entitled "Czekolada"—just chocolate. It occupies the bottom quarter of a page, listed as recipe number 24.

In red ink, the word Czekolada precedes a list of ingredients:

- 1 kostka masła
- 1/2 szklanki wody (mniej)
- 2 1/2 szklanki cukru
- 6 łyżek kakao
- 1/2 kg mleka w proszku

Translated:

1 stick of butter
½ cup of water (less)
2 ½ cups of sugar
6 spoons of cocoa powder
½ kg powdered milk

The first four ingredients, or everything excluding the powdered milk, are enveloped in a curly bracket, after which the following instructions appear:

Zagotować, ostudzić, ubijając dodawać stopniowo mleko w proszku.

Boil, cool, and while stirring, add powdered milk gradually.

The final direction, left out of the written record, is to pour the chocolate sauce out onto a tray and allow it to harden. The final product is a fudgy chocolate bar that breaks easily into solid pieces that crumble at the edge.

This recipe would not be remarkable if not for the cocoa powder. The butter, water, sugar, and powdered milk on their own would make a sugary syrup, which when hardened would likely taste not unlike a butterscotch bar. It is also noteworthy due to the constant reminders I grew up hearing from my grandparents that when they were in Poland, they could never have just walked into a store on any regular day to purchase a chocolate bar or cocoa powder. It took a special type of planning to make sure that they had cocoa in their reach before anyone could get a taste of even an imitation of chocolate. Most frequently, that meant making arrangements with trusted friends to bring the product over from abroad, a feat that was often costly, risky, and unreliable.

By the late 1970s, modest cocoa imports to the Soviet Socialist Republics came primary from Ghana and Nigeria. In exchange, the West African countries received Soviet-made machinery, though these trade deals would be soon jeopardized by widespread strikes in shipyards

and other industrial yards, resulting in labor shortages. Trade relations between the USSR and West Africa also fluctuated as policies changed rapidly during the final years of the Cold War. In many cases, these imports were delivered in meager quantities, were not distributed to the people, or stopped arriving altogether (Stevens 81-87). The Polish People's Republic was in the same boat as its many other socialist counterparts; and with the added pandemonium of poor leadership by PZPR, chocolate was an exclusive delight, reserved only for those patient enough to wait indeterminable amounts of time for it, or for those brave enough to smuggle it over the border.

According to my grandfather, who always loves to chime in with his own side of the story, he successfully ran dozens of embargoed, restricted, and illegal products from Western Europe to Poland during his approximate two decades behind the wheel of an international cargo truck. In every story he tells me, the content varies slightly; I have never been certain of what exactly he was supposed to be transporting. Nevertheless, his work assignments, given to him by a state controlled shipping company, made him one of a lucky few that our family knew who had regular access to the free market in the West. During his regular long distance trips into West Germany, France, and Belgium, Ryszard would find ways to acquire all manner of illicit goods. By trading novelty items from Poland or bartering with other items he picked up along his routes, my grandfather collected things like leather shoes, car parts, school supplies for his children, motor oil, hosiery for his wife, and special foodstuffs not normally available in his country. This included, of course, individually wrapped chocolates and other candies, as well as plain cocoa powder.

Upon his return to the socialist Eastern Bloc, my grandfather and his cargo were checked thoroughly. He was subjected to invasive pat downs by the Polish militia, the main policing body of PZPR. On more than one occasion, he reported being physically accosted or beat by officers who believed him to be illegally carrying smuggled goods. False bottoms and hidden

compartments in his truck cab facilitated the transport of his contraband items, and if they were still discovered, a bribe or small offering of a portion of those goods would usually do the trick. As hostile as border guards were, they participated as vehemently in the desperate search for the rare delights of the West. In one particular story, my grandfather found himself sought after by militia at his family home. My grandmother corroborated the story; one evening, police came searching for him under suspicion of smuggling goods. Ryszard was due back that night; in fact, he had just returned from a trip when he saw the militia vehicles parked beside the gate. He hid in the shrubs around his apartment building. Meanwhile, upstairs, Basia merely told the militia officers that she did not know where her husband was, nor when he was to return. They left, unsuccessful in their assignment to detain and likely abuse my grandfather for his frequent furtive border crossings, and never returned.

Reading this recipe for czekolada, and especially the one line that asks for six spoons of cocoa powder, I read my grandparents' everyday struggle with state-induced anxieties. This innocent instruction is not just my grandmother's determination that six spoons of cocoa do the job in making homemade chocolate. It is her own commentary on the lengths to which she and her husband were willing to go in order to provide their family, friends, and neighbors the small joy of a buttery, crumbly chocolate bar. This is Basia's diary as much as it is her contribution to political science and Soviet economic studies. In the words of linguist Cornelia Gerhardt:

“recipes are not simple, straight-forward ... instructions that can be successfully used by any novice[;] they represent a register containing presuppositions on many levels, necessary incompleteness in the steps of preparations or sets of instructions, [and] assumptions about cultural knowledge, practical skills, and technical equipments evoking a complex set of practices” (43).

The recipe for czekolada is not a straight-forward guide by any stretch of the imagination. To cook this dessert recipe is to also engage with challenging and unclear political and economic legacies

that call into question everything from the true purpose of the rule of law to the legitimacy of state control.

This old orange notebook has taught me far more how to cook. It has shown me in the smallest corners of its browning, warped pages that cookbooks, even handwritten ones, are “sites to discuss political issues” that include “lessons for social change” (Inness 7). It has taught me far more about the convoluted histories of my grandparents’ lives in Poland that I have ever learned in any classroom. It has given me the precedent to examine the privileges and the traps of living under conditions of global capitalism in the West. Never in my life have I had to question my ability to obtain chocolate; if I only had the money, I could get it anywhere, at any time. Making czekolada with my family reminds me of the power of the borders within which I live, and how even these borders, like those of the Polish People’s Republic, are temporary, perhaps even fleeting.

Chapter 3

Grandma's Racist Cake: Reading Racist Discourses in Traditional Polish Foodways

In this chapter, I show how traditional Polish recipes are discursive sites of racialization that simultaneously maintain histories of non-white identities and prioritize whiteness as the default way to be Polish. This racialization of a Black “Other” happens by way of cultural understandings of anti-Black racisms (Hill 20). I explain why the popularity of a beloved dish, *murzynek*, erases opportunities for critical conversation about its roots and how current racist, patriarchal, xenophobic, and capitalist national attitudes deny multilingual, multiethnic, and multiracial possibilities in the country and its diaspora. Consequentially, I focus primarily on how anti-Black racisms manifest in the construction of Polish identities by way of the kitchen. Finally, I propose that cooking Polish cuisine has radical anti-racist potentials that will be unlocked only through deliberate interruptions in white supremacy, patriarchy, xenophobia, and capitalism.

Although I am nearing the conclusion of my examination of Polish food and culture, I find it important to position myself more clearly here. I write from a diasporic position. It is challenging to offer a single, clear definition of what this means, but by stating this, I hope to point to an in-betweenness that pushes me to always already be considering a multilingual, multicultural perspective on a given issue. As for the circumstances that brought me to this position: I was born in the United States, raised in my earlier childhood in Poland, and socialized in each of these spaces to have a strong attachment to both Polish and USAmerican identities. These dual national and cultural identities have significantly marked the ways in which I come into all other social identities, especially as I have been formally educated in the United States. I was first primarily a speaker of Polish and became fluent in English later. I have lived without interruption in the United States since I was in my last years of elementary school but have fortunately in the last four years

been able to consistently visit Poland. Therefore, my reflections on this matter clearly come from my reality as a primarily USAmerican English speaker in my daily life. However, because I can never entirely separate myself from my roots, I place myself in the diasporic position to make sense of all realities of my life and histories at once.

My racial identity is defined and perpetuated by these experiences; I benefit from whiteness in both the Polish and US contexts, so I acknowledge my privileges and power even in this precarious in-between space. It is important to note, therefore, that due to my family's histories of migration into and out of the diaspora, my mild experiences with xenophobia directed at me and my family are doubtlessly softened by my whiteness. By focusing this paper on anti-Blackness, I implicate myself in its maintenance and acknowledge its role in both the United States and Poland. For this analysis, I will be writing on the consequences of anti-Blackness within the diasporic position, with a historical focus primarily on Polish conceptions of race and racism.

As previously mentioned, my intimate familiarization with the content of this paper is thanks in large part to my childhood in Poland and in a very much closed-off diasporic family and community. My personal fluency in Polish language, culture, and history guide and inform my analyses. As I describe my theoretical frameworks and approaches to this project, I center my homegrown understandings of food and its consequences. By drawing my lived experiences growing up bilingual in Polish and English and applying critical linguistic commentaries, I present a critique of not only food and recipes themselves, but of a broader culture of violence and injustice perpetuated by language. This is a counter-narrative to the dominant cultures in both Poland and the Polish diaspora in the United States today.

My grandmother's recipe for *murzynek* is one of hundreds in just as many notebooks like her own across Poland. What is more than the recipe itself are the two additional recipes for

murzynek that supplement her own original, handwritten edition. Listed as recipe number nine, the handwritten recipe for murzynek is actually first referred to as Ambassador. Afterwards, as if an afterthought, the label murzynek follows. At one point, Ambassador might have been the more popular name for this type of cake, but today, the term is used to describe a type of cake—one that is layered with a particular type of cream or frosting. Murzynek is not only widespread, but even accepted by the formal culinary institutions of Poland. For example, in the journal, a clipping from a newspaper, likely found in the late 1970s, obscures most of my grandmother's own instructions. On this clipping, two children's illustrations provide a visual caricature of a Black individual—a face with exaggerated eyes, lips, and curly hair, as well as an all brown ink drawing of a stick figure person. Many pages after these two recipes for murzynek, a third appears, clipped from a magazine printed within the last five years; my grandmother tells me she found it after she had returned to Poland in 2014 and stuck it in the back of her diary. The details of all three recipes are, more or less, the same. The ingredients are comparable; the directions are predictable. The only exception is in the most modern recipe, which includes optional instructions for twaróg, or cottage cheese-based, filling.

www.daw.org
Cincinnati, Ohio 45250-0301
DAV

Ambasador / murzynek /

1 kostka margaryny
1/2 litrówki młyna
2 szklanki młyna
1 łyżka kakao
1/2 szklanki cukru
1 łyżeczka proszku do pieczenia
4 jajka
kakao
serek homogenizowany + cukier

Margaryna z młynem
odlać 2 łyżki 1/2 szklanki
do reszty wyciągnąć młyn
z młyna - lekko
piec ok. 40 min.

Serek sernik z cukrem
kwasu do smaku. Glazur
dla reszty. Polać placki



Masa do 15-7:

1 kostka masła lub margaryny
1 szklanka cukru
1 - młyna kwaśnego
kwasu wyciągnąć do smaku

Tłuszcz sernik dobrze z cukrem, przesieć po tym
kwaśnego młyna, po koniec odlać proszek do pieczenia

Do 15-7 ciasto napomieszać.

Przepis:
Szklanka wody przegotowanej, kieliszek czystej wody i olej
umyć lub arcyzły cukier do smaku.

 **MURZYNEK** 

1 kostka tłuszczu (masła roślinnego, margaryny), 1 i 1/2 szklanki cukru, 3/4 szklanki wody, 3 łyżki kakao, cukier waniliowy, 4 całe jajka, 2 szklanki młyna, 1 łyżka od zupy proszku do pieczenia, tłuszcz do wysmarowania formy, tarta bułka do wysypania.

Masło roślinne, cukier, wodę, kakao i cukier waniliowy włożyć do garnka i mieszając gotować, aż tłuszcz i cukier dobrze się rozpuszczą. Wówczas odlać 1/2 szklanki płynu i odstawić. Lekko przestudzić resztę i do chłodnego płynu dodać młyn, proszek i kolejno po jednym jajku, stale mieszając. Dobrze wymieszaną masę wylać do nasmarowanej tłuszczem i wysypanej tartą bułką formy i piec w średnio nagrzanym piekarniku ok. 35-40 minut (sprawdzić patyczkiem, czy wypieczony). Lekko przestudzić, wyjąć z formy i jeszcze ciepłe polać po wierzchu odstawionym sosem (1/2 szklanki). Wystudzić. Można ubrać gotowe ciasto siekanymi orzechami lub migdałami.

Figure 5 Recipes for murzynek, written by my grandmother and clipped from a newspaper.



Figure 6 Recipe for murzynek, clipped from a magazine printed in 2014-2015.

In Polish, *murzyn* really does mean negro, with the *-ek* ending indicating a diminutive. *Murzyn* (and *murzynka* in the feminine form) is the most widely used word for a Black person in Polish; it is a word derived by way of German from “moor” and occupies a position of ambiguity as to whether it may be used as an acceptable or pejorative term. Few resources on this word and other racial identity labels exist within Polish academia and outside of it, such as in popular media. Those who do choose to view this word with a critical lens, however, make note of how specifically Polish this word is. In other words, the use of *murzyn* as an identifier of a Black person has been taken up in Poland as a function of the ways in which European traditions of racism have engineered stories of Blackness. So writes Dr. Sarah Grunberg, whose work on race and ethnicity in Poland has touched on the complexity of this word: “Because Poland does not have an extensive modern history of relations with individuals from Africa, most of the notions of the ‘black other’ are informed by a uniquely Polish African mythology” (49). This necessarily contextualizes *murzyn* and Black identity in Poland and also aids in defining how these identities function from

a diasporic position. As a white person, I have essentially been given permission by the United States and Poland to take for granted Black identities as constructed by white racist cultures, rather than understand Blackness as something that exists beyond white dominance. My socialization permits me to use *murzynek* and participate in transnational patterns of anti-Blackness as a way of participating in and belonging to the culture of my home.

It is challenging for me to take the word *murzynek* and dislocate my USAmerican understandings of Blackness from it; therein lie the complications of the diasporic position. When compared to the United States, Poland as an over 1,000-year old country has had very different experiences with racial formations. Today, Poland is considered a homogeneously white country, and anti-Black rhetoric is commonplace in all levels of Polish society, even in Polish kitchens—including, of course, those found in the country and outside of it. According to sociolinguist Jane Hill, racist ideologies are insidious in the ways in which we become socialized to believe them through language ideologies. We take for granted the ways in which we use language—in my case, the Polish language—according to the ideologies that guide and manipulate it. In this particular example, language ideologies in Polish linguistic spaces dictate that a Black person be defined by the label *murzyn* and all of the cultural associations that come with this contentious word. Furthermore, they allow for Polish people to look to a beloved dessert, dyed brown with cocoa powder, and equate it to the bodies of Black folks. As a traditional food, it assumes a status in the culture that is unquestionable; it becomes natural to call a tasty chocolate cake a *murzynek*. In Hill's words, people no longer question the use of a potentially offensive word as it becomes "common sense" to use this vocabulary without interrogating it further (Hill 34). The political, social, and historical elements that surface each time someone looks for this recipe, prepares this

food, and then consumes it are popularly regarded as insignificant, evidenced more broadly by Poland's continued stagnancy in any anti-racist efforts.

To focus further on the way in which a collective Polish identity is formed around this word and the consumption of this dessert, I turn to Glenn Martinez's writings on language ideologies and delve deeper into the broader implications of *murzynek* on not just white Polish people, but Black people within Poland and outside of the country. There exist common ways of speaking among me and other Polish people that permit us to name this cake and eat it, too. More complicated than that is what happens when we name a dessert made with an ingredient that, until recently, was treated like an exotic delicacy, to be used only in the simplest recipe so as not to overcrowd its flavor. Martinez states that language "divides us through difference" (8). Of all the ways that white Polish people could have introduced this cake into domestic life across the country, they chose to use a diminutive racial term to affix unto it a paradoxical simultaneous status of simplistic (so much so that a child could master it) and elusive (for its expensive, overindulgent main ingredient -- the very same thing that gives it its color). Furthermore, because of the colonial and neoliberal ways in which chocolate entered the European market, this name only reifies legacies of Eurocentrism and colonial dominance over Africa. In this way, *murzynek* reminds the Polish family that Black bodies exist, perhaps somewhere out there, where the cacao came from, but certainly not in the intimate spaces where we enjoy a slice of cake with a cup of tea. The cake and the people it names are all at once easy and uncomplicated, but specific in their difference from all that is normatively white and Polish. After all, few truly classic Polish desserts contain raw cacao or baking cocoa as an ingredient. It is a slice of difference in the canon of Polish domesticity.

This culturally embedded racist discourse is a part of my inheritance. My mother (and grandmother) tongue framed the word for me in a particularly racialized way, from the very moment I ate and made *murzynek*, to this day. This is what Jennifer Cognard-Black refers to as the real, as opposed to the ideal, of studying legacies of our familial foodways (31). Basia is a white woman, who gave birth to white children, who again, gave birth to white children. And they were all reared in the same environment, where it was assumed that because we are white, we are entitled to critique those who are unlike ourselves. In the household of my mother's childhood, the sight of a Black person in a large metropolitan area was an oddity, a moment ripe for the objectification of the white gaze. In my childhood in the Bay Area of California, Black people were no longer unfamiliar to my family, but they were instead treated as inferior, unimportant, and fearful. The white supremacist discourses of Poland collided with the same ones that exist in America, fueling the racist attitudes my grandmother continues to carry to this day. And for all the time I spent with her in the kitchen, making *murzynek* or not, I learned the most about the world in that space, including how white people should talk about people of color. This was the reality of my time growing up in my grandmother's kitchen; now, in my own kitchen, I attempt to unlearn these lessons. I am charged with finding a way to honor what she taught me while confronting and interrupting these most problematic legacies.

Through my explanations of *murzynek*, I conclude that the language of food, in this context, permits a specific type of colorblind racism that is symptomatic of a self-proclaimed homogenous white space. Polish people's use of *murzynek* displays Bonilla-Silva's central frames of colorblind racism in action. Most importantly, the frames of "cultural racism" and the "minimization of racism" come to mind when I try to rationalize the use of such an inappropriate word to describe food (28-29). As an example of the former, the source of the cacao and the

perceived homelands of Black folks are combined in the white Polish collective conscience in a way that constructs toxic cultural racisms. These beliefs, rooted in colorblind racism, maintain the idea that Blackness is exotic, frivolous, and always at a distance from Poles. In the same breath, the racist ideology may be acknowledged but it is treated as a quirk of the culture, just the way things are. The minimization of racism operates in a similar way to downplay the racist consequences of these ideas, particularly through the way white Polish people of all generations explain away problematic comments by saying that there are no people of color in Poland, anyway. This perpetuates white Polish fantasies about Poland as a homogeneously white space and does in fact fulfill a certain destiny of ensuring that Polish society keeps Poles of color and those with non-white ancestors at a distance from white Poles.

Ultimately, it does not matter that thousands of students of color from all over the world come to study in Poland, nor that a huge portion of the Polish diaspora have historically shared spaces in the United States with people of color, nor that there are public displays of mourning about the violence committed against marginalized peoples who at any point shared histories with Poland. I will never forget the day I learned how Slavic immigrants to the United States earned their whiteness. In an effort to compete with Black folks trying for jobs and housing in early twentieth century Chicago and prove that they were worthier for the good life, Poles learned to emulate USAmerican white supremacist tactics. With time, Polish immigrants and other Slavs learned to tap into whiteness, and in turn, fuel anti-Blackness both in the United States and at home in Poland (Roediger). As a consequence of such histories, people of color in the Polish imagination are always already erased, far and away by the time anyone can offer a seat at the table.

The inconvenient truth for many Poles today is that their cuisine only exists the way it does thanks largely to the presence of and interactions with people that today find hostility and erasure

in the modern Polish script. The very same ideologies that make way for discriminatory, prejudiced, or hateful language are in turn constructed by the language of food. As for many cultures and peoples, food has storytelling abilities; it exists in the Polish imagination as an archive of both struggle and love. The deliberate choice to look to traditional recipes, to put in the manual labor that so strongly characterizes this food, holds tension as it forces contemporary white Polish people to fabricate lies about its origins. This self-censorship and self-denial of collective national histories will persist until the descendants of the grandmothers and mothers and aunts who wrote down these recipes choose consciously to rewrite the techniques. This reclamation and reauthoring has to include languages other than Polish; it must know responsibly where and when suffering ends and exploitation begins; it will even find new words to make sense of and heal ancestral trauma, to acknowledge its consequences, and to present future generations with more room to be Polish.

Conclusion

One Day It Will Be Mine: Inheriting the Notebook and the Secrets it Contains

This year, my grandparents wrote their wills. The recipe journal is explicitly stated as belonging to me upon Basia's death, along with a handful of other assets and sentimental belongings that my grandparents divided more or less equally among their children and grandchildren. One day it will be mine, and so will all the secrets it contains. It will be my job to read between the lines, the stains, and the miscellaneous additions on its pages to get closer and closer to the big and beautiful story of my grandparents, and their parents, and their parents before them.

Reading my grandmother's journal has shown me a way to study my histories in a way that prioritizes women's responsibilities as culinary innovators and stewards of culture. Thinking about women's role in the creation of a culinary culture of a country allows me to better understand their lives under state oppression and global systems of power (Avakian 9). The use of these writings establishes a feminist historiographical approach to studies of Polish history, a technique that simultaneously sustains the depreciated and downtrodden stories of women in Poland as it literally feeds their bodies and the bodies of the families they create.

This unassuming diary serves for so much more than a glorified instructional manual. Its recipes are incisive commentaries on twentieth century Poland that take into account scarcity, socialist policy, domestic labor, border crossings, and more. Cooking from this book means exhuming these political, legal, and economic histories in a way that prioritizes the women of the working class who were working within a state that did little to invest in their wellbeing. In the words of Minnich, "cooking, study, and being political have in common taking the risks that always go with caring and trying to do something about it" (147). These few entries are a

subversive glimpse into Soviet-era political science and economics, one that departs from traditional studies dominated by men and is held by the women who struggled to feed their families under corrupt state policies and foreign relations.

For Polish people living both in Poland and in the diaspora, recipes and cookbooks are a site of identity construction and maintenance. Contradictory histories of racial, ethnic, gender, and class identities have complicated the idea of one coherent Polish national identity. Polish pride around the cultural significance of food contributes to legacies and ongoing realities of nationalistic identity projects and the construction of non-Polish others. This journal is an invaluable resource to understanding how systems of power and oppression manifest in my life, the lives of my ancestors, and the lives of my descendants.

In many ways, this journal made me. One day, it will be mine. What I do with it will be in service to the creation story that gave life to my grandparents, Basia and Ryszard, my mother, Gosia, and me.

Works Cited

- Anzaldúa, Gloria & Cherríe Moraga. *This Bridge Called My Back*, 4th edition. SUNY Press, 2015.
- Avakian, Arlene Voski. "Introduction." *Through the Kitchen Window: Women Writers Explore the Intimate Meanings of Food and Cooking*, edited by Arlene Voski Avakian, Beacon Press, 1997, pp. 1-9.
- Bonilla-Silva, Eduardo. "The Central Frames of Color-Blind Racism." *Racism Without Racists: Color-blind Racism and the Persistence of Racial Inequality in America*. Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, 2009, pp. 25-52.
- Cognard-Black, Jennifer. "The Embodied Rhetorics of Recipes." *Food, Feminisms, Rhetorics*, edited by Melissa Goldthwaite, Southern Illinois University Press, 2017, pp. 30-47.
- Gerhardt, Cornelia. "Food and Language—Language and Food." *Culinary Linguistics: The Chef's Special*, edited by Cornelia Gerhardt, Maximiliane Frobenius and Susanne Ley, John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2013, pp. 3-52.
- Grunberg, Sarah. "Sensitive Populations and Self-reflexive Methods: Ethnographic Exploration of Race and Racism in Poland." *ASK Research & Methods*, vol. 25, no. 1, 2016, pp. 47-60.
- Hill, Jane. *The Everyday Language of White Racism*. Wiley-Blackwell Publishers, 2008.
- Inness, Sherrie A. *Cooking Lessons: The Politics of Gender and Food*. Rowman and Littlefield, 2001.
- Lakhtikova, Anastasia, Angela Brintlinger and Irina Glushchenko. *Seasoned Socialism: Gender and Food in Late Soviet Everyday Life*. Indiana University Press, 2019.
- Lupton, Deborah. *Food, the Body and the Self*. SAGE Publications Ltd., 1996.
- Martinez, Glenn A. "Language Ideologies." *Mexican Americans and Language*. U. of Arizona Press, 2006, pp. 3-39.

- Minnich, Elizabeth Kamarck. "But Really, There Are No Recipes..." *Through the Kitchen Window: Women Writers Explore the Intimate Meanings of Food and Cooking*, edited by Arlene Voski Avakian, Beacon Press, 1997, pp. 134-147.
- Roediger, David R. "Racism, Ethnicity, and White Identity." *Encyclopedia of Chicago*, 2005. Accessed 11 June 2018.
- Sowa, Andrzej Leon. *Historia polityczna Polski, 1944-1991*. Wydawnictwo Literackie, 2011.
- Starski, Stanisław. "Women's Liberation." *Class Struggle in Classless Poland*, by Stanisław Starski, South End Press, 1982, pp. 231-238.
- Stevens, Christopher. "Entente Commerciale: The Soviet Union and West Africa." *Economic Relations Between Socialist Countries and the Third World*, edited by Deepak Nayyar, Palgrave Macmillan, 1977, pp. 78-104.
- Theophano, Janet. *Eat My Words: Reading Women's Lives through the Cookbooks they Wrote*. Palgrave Macmillan, 2002.
- Tippen, Carrie Helms. "Writing Recipes, Telling Histories: Cookbooks as Feminist Historiography." *Food, Feminisms, Rhetorics*, edited by Melissa Goldthwaite, Southern Illinois University Press, 2017, pp. 15-29.
- Turshen, Julia. "Feed the Resistance with Julia Turshen." Center for Civic Engagement lecture series, 15 October 2018, Memorial Union, Oregon State University, Corvallis, OR. Book talk.

