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Romanced by Cookbooks

ANOTHER GRAY DAY IN CENTRAL OHIO, and I should be grading papers or editing an article. Instead I turn to a cookbook. Let's see—Theodora Fitzgibbon's 1968 *A Taste of Ireland*, with its wonderful old photographs of Irish hillsides and cities accompanying dishes that include exotic-sounding ingredients like dulse, cockles, and golden syrup. Will I cook any of these alluring concoctions? No, but still I sit reading. In my mind I cook this stew or that fish, I taste soda bread and Guinness, I offer tastes to others, share meals with them; I'm in Dublin, then out in the craggy West—there's a castle in the distance, horses in a green pasture... And I know that others, too, are romanced this way by cookbooks.

The cookbooks I want to discuss aren't presented as romances, although plenty of other books out there provide recipes for aphrodisiac dishes, guides to eating in supposedly romantic locations, and ways to cook and serve recipes to encourage amorous feelings. Books like Norman Douglas's 1952 *Venus in the Kitchen* combine wit and esoteric lore to produce many exotic recipes; the 1999 *Food as Foreplay: Recipes for Romance, Love and Lust* deliberately appeals to readers' desires to cook up romance, literally or in fantasy; and *InterCourses: An Aphrodisiac Cookbook* uses erotic photography, poetry, and sexy prose to create lusty food fantasies. *The Food of Venice: Authentic Recipes from the City of Romance* (by Luigi Veronelli), full of beautiful photos, adds travel to the mix. However, what I want to focus on is the way our own needs to escape out of the mundane or into idealized settings and self-images can transform the way we read almost any cookbook.

Reading a Cookbook Like a Novel

Jan Longone, internationally known culinary historian, cookbook collector and seller, told me that many buyers of cookbooks say: "You won't believe this, but I don't really cook from these books; I read them like novels." Longone believes that people like to think that if they had the time, they would cook all this, go to all this trouble. But instead, they read. Books that contain recipes alone or books that combine recipes with travel, stories, or history, and the kind of lush photographs that have become so common, provide

the same kind of escape from daily life as found in a novel. Longone also thinks that people identify with the authors of some of the story-style cookbooks, imagining themselves the founder of a restaurant, the traveling recipe collector, the famous person sharing her gossip as well as her favorite dishes.¹

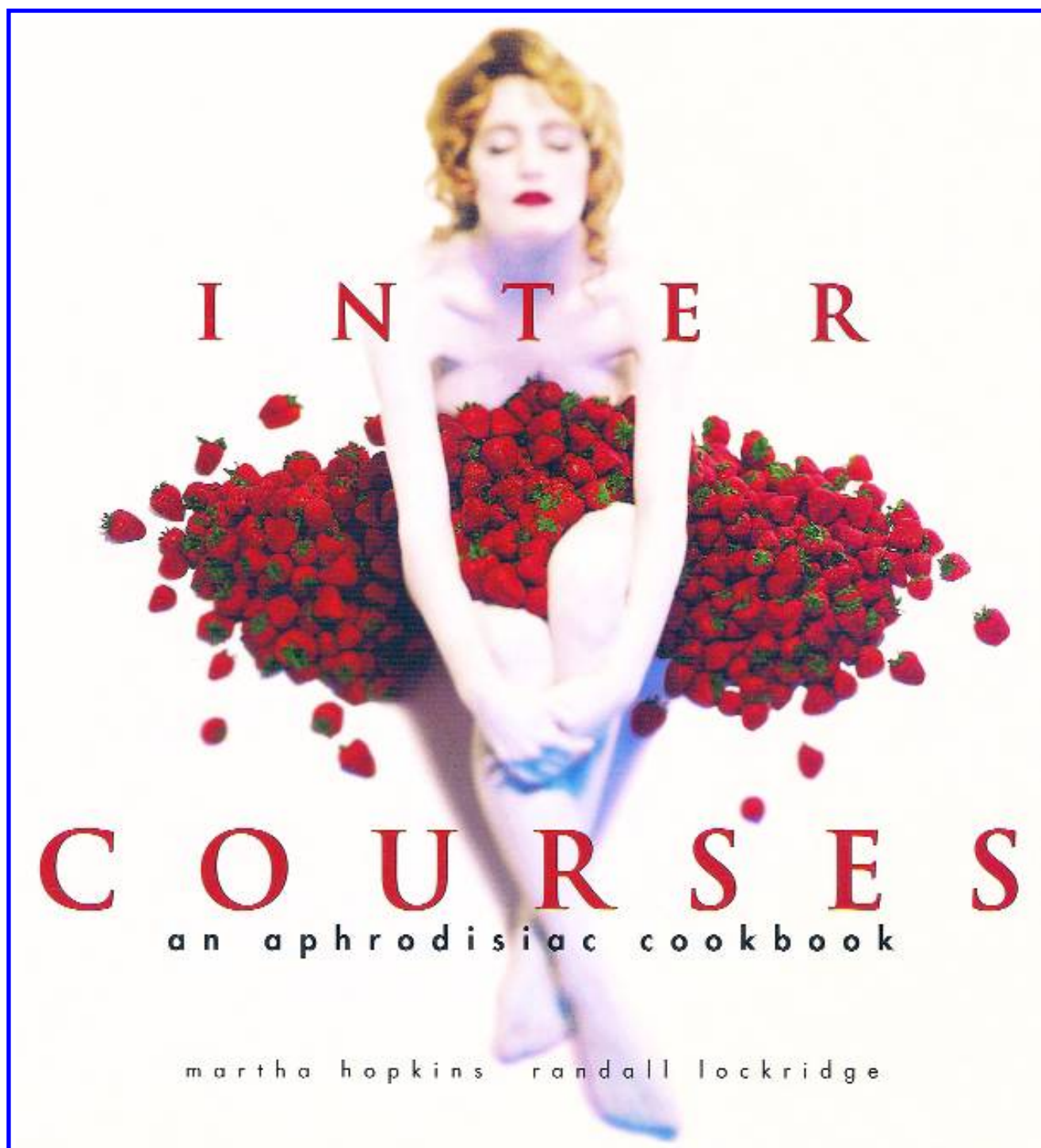
I agree. In various ways, and for many years, cookbooks—especially those with exotic or ethnic or upper-class or "star" features—have provided reading material that allows a reader (usually female) to accomplish two goals simultane-

The fantasy or imaginative activity that occurs during the reading of a romance novel or cookbook may do nothing more than allow some moments of escapism, but in some cases, reading romances and cookbooks can have some genuinely transformative power.

ously: 1) *maintain* a self-image that fits some variation of a fairly traditional female role—the nourisher, the giver, the homemaker; and 2) *escape* the mundane aspects of that "feminine" role into an elevated or new vision/version of herself as she identifies with the cookbook author, a different role or way of life, a different culture.

Comparing Cookbooks and Romance Novels

The kind of doubly inflected cookbook reading I've just described is very much akin to the process at work for readers of romance novels. Janice Radway's groundbreaking study, *Reading the Romance: Women, Patriarchy, and Popular Literature*, reveals that for many women, romance reading is



valued because the experience itself is different from ordinary existence. Not only is it a relaxing release from the tension produced by daily problems and responsibilities, but it creates a time or space within which a woman can be entirely on her own, preoccupied with her personal needs, desires, and pleasures. It is also a means of transportation or escape to the exotic or, again, to that which is different.²

Now, at first glance, a cookbook and a Harlequin or Silhouette romance might seem very different, appealing to almost opposite sides of the reader. But when you consider

Martha Hopkins and Randall Lockridge, InterCourses: An Aphrodisiac Cookbook. Memphis, TN: Terrace Publishing, 1997.

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Radway's definitions, the romance novel and the cookbook aren't so far apart. Based on surveys she conducted with actual readers, Radway concludes that "a romance is, first and foremost, a story about a woman."³ Granted, cookbooks can be by men and they can presume male cooks, but the majority of people cooking food at home are still women,

the majority of people buying cookbooks are still women, and a very large portion of cookbook authors are women (with community cookbooks the collective authorship is almost exclusively female). In addition, our cultural representations of food habits mostly present us with images implying that a woman's regular, "natural" role is to prepare food for others rather than be a regular recipient of such care.⁴

In the romance novel, Radway tells us, "the story must chronicle not merely the events of a courtship but *what it feels like* to be the *object* of one" and notes that "a happy ending is indispensable."⁵ Many cookbooks allow the reader to project what it "feels like" to be the discriminating selector of gourmet ingredients, the fine, highly skilled cook, the gracious hostess, the "object" of others' admiration and gratitude for an excellent meal...even if one doesn't cook that meal. Modern cookbooks with their elaborate descriptions and elegant photographs of beautifully presented food allow the romantic fantasy of cookery without the actual shopping, chopping, and slopping. And the happy ending of this reading activity? From one point of view it is the fantasized excellent dish or meal—the imagined or anticipated pleasure of really good food, well prepared—whether one imagines sharing it with others or eating in glorious solitude. From another point of view it is the fantasized experience of being the kind of person who is capable of such cookery.

Radway finds that what the readers of romance novels most enjoy "is the opportunity to project themselves into the story, to become the heroine, and thus to share her surprise and slowly awakening pleasure at being so closely watched by someone who finds her valuable and worthy of love."⁶ The cookbook reader, too, can dream herself into someone more valued and loved as she peruses a cookbook. That is, stimulated by reading certain cookbooks, the reader can imagine a range of responses to the food she mentally cooks—from simple recognition, to praise, to hugs and kisses, to passion (like that in Laura Esquivel's *Like Water for Chocolate*) brought on by wondrous spices and special ingredients—dishes swept crashing from the table, the damask table cloth against now-naked bodies, tastes of chocolate and cinnamon blending with the pungent flavor of perfect kisses, caresses so probing they could shiver the kitchen walls. Reading a romance is an "escape," as Radway makes clear, and cookbooks, too, can function this way, whether we escape through them to a place of sexual abandon, or to adventures in faraway locales, or to that nostalgic place, the ideal home. And just as Radway finds that the romance readers she interviewed turned to these novels to "diversify the pace and character of...habitual existence," so too can a cookbook bring variety to the dailiness of life.⁷

Utility of Reading Cookbooks as Romances

Can "escapist" reading—with its nonthreatening transgression of daily norms—lead to any useful change or growth? In "Eating the Other: Desire and Resistance" (which, despite its title, barely mentions actual foods), bell hooks discusses the "commodification of Otherness" that she sees occurring in sexual habits, fashion, music, films, and many other areas of life. She points out the way that "whatever difference the Other inhabits is eradicated, via exchange, by a consumer cannibalism that not only displaces the Other but denies the significance of that Other's history through a process of decontextualization."⁸ Relative to my discussion, I take this to mean that, in the instance of the romance novel, reading fictionalized bits of nineteenth-century history (no matter how well researched and reported they may be within a novel) decontextualizes and thereby misrepresents the actual roles of men and women in a particular society, their class relationships, and the true place of servants, governesses, and others at the economic margins. Such decontextualization forbids a true understanding of the actual power structure within the society and prevents any but the most superficial knowledge and experience of the "Other's" reality. And since the reader has an illusion that she has sampled another culture, she may be disinclined to search for a deeper understanding of that other culture's workings. Similarly, a middle-class white person browsing a cookbook of, let us say, Japanese or African-American food, may get a sense of having experienced another culture's foodways. However, since one is taking those culinary habits out of context (of socioeconomic factors, lived experience, and historical patterns of food acquisition, preparation, and consumption) the likelihood is that all one comes away with is a comforting but illusory "taste" of the other culture. In fact, after reading a cookbook, one may merely solidify old stereotypes and assumptions about the other culture.

The overall point of view of hooks is that those who have power (even relative power) see ethnicity as merely a "spice, seasoning that can liven up the dull dish that is mainstream white culture." Thus, there is the danger that "cultural, ethnic, and racial differences will be continually commodified and offered up as new dishes to enhance the white palate" and that "the other will be eaten, consumed, and forgotten." However, hooks does acknowledge the possibility that a true *appreciation* for difference and otherness might result in something deeper than mere *appropriation* of snippets of difference and otherness.⁹

I want to hold onto that possibility. I've read enough stories of people liberated or motivated via reading to believe

that exposure to the values encapsulated within various texts can make a difference to readers. The fantasy or imaginative activity that occurs during the reading of a romance novel or cookbook may do nothing more than allow some moments of escapism, but in some cases, reading romances and cookbooks can have some genuinely transformative power. Radway reports that romance readers she spoke with claim their interactions with romance novels yield improved self-awareness, self-confidence, and, for some, greater power to act autonomously.¹⁰ Cookbook readers, too, can experience adjustments in attitudes and thought patterns that allow for changed views of people and places and history previously seen as unapproachably “Other.” As I’ve learned through discussion with colleagues, students, and family members, cookbooks sometimes encourage discussions, trips to restaurants, purchase of and experimentation with new ingredients, other reading, and, in some cases, travel. (Cookbook reading may also follow those other activities, reinforcing or complementing previous experiences, sometimes with actual cooking, sometimes with imaginary food preparation.)

Cookbook Romances through the Years

Imaginative reading of cookbooks may seem only a recent phenomenon, but it’s likely that women of earlier times also bought some recipe collections for their “romance” value, whether the romance was based upon aspiration to a higher status in society, being more appreciated as a homemaker, being more powerful or wealthy, or the imagined eating of delicious food itself. As Mary Anna DuSablon points out in *America’s Collectible Cookbooks*, books like *The Cookbook by “Oscar” of the Waldorf* (1896), the *White House Cook Book* (1887), and *French Dishes for American Tables* (1886) could provide “inspiration” to “homemakers” and introduce them to “foreign cuisine.”¹¹ My suspicion is that a goodly share of that inspiration turned to daydreams rather than the cooking of actual food. Even though early cookbooks lacked the charged language, color photographs, and global reach of our contemporary works, their pages could still allow a reader to imagine herself differently—whether she sought a heightened self-image within the traditional female roles of her day or sought escape into some new definition of self or alternative way of life. Just sampling a few cookbooks from my own kitchen shelves, I see these possibilities.

The Dispatch Cook Book, compiled by Ella Mae Ives for the *Columbus Dispatch* newspaper in 1928 (Ives was the newspaper’s first food editor), is dedicated “To Brides and all others who are interested in the health and happiness of mankind.” This hefty book (over seven hundred pages),

takes a very practical approach, combining discursive instructional passages on everything from “Invalid food care and diet” to choosing and storing cheeses. Rules for selecting and cooking meats, along with meat recipes, get preference, although dessert recipes also occupy considerable space. A woman buying this book back in 1928 or 1930 probably *did* use it as a household and cooking manual (my copy shows obvious signs of repeated use), but she also might have *read* the recipe for “Jellied Meat for 20 Persons” and imagined herself hostess of an elaborate party, rather than actually preparing the dish. She might have read the “Watermelon Cake” recipe, with its white and pink batters and green icing, and have fantasized its reception at a party rather than actually baking it. Despite the book’s plain style, she could romance herself into culinary experiences different from those of her daily life, dream of tasting foods beyond the reach of her pocketbook or culinary skill.

It’s quite a change to move forward less than twenty years and look at a book like *Clémentine in the Kitchen* (1943), in which charming drawings, stories, verbal enthusiasm, and ingredients both simple and exotic combine to bring France into everywoman’s kitchen, at least as a reading experience. Within a wartime economy, this book probably provided great fantasy material. Following the fortunes of a returned American foreign-service family and their French cook as they settle into American life after years in France, one has plenty of options for lively imaginings. One could take the role of Clémentine the cook, amazed at America’s abundance of foods or frustrated by the nonavailability of certain ingredients, a woman resourceful yet adaptable, able to create grace and beauty in her dishes and manner of presenting them; a working woman determined to hold onto her own culture but also to find success and happiness in a new land. Alternatively, one could imagine oneself as the diplomat (his is the voice of this narrative cookbook) or his wife, eating foods prepared by that cook in a beautiful French setting or back home in the USA, a person of status and comfortable wealth, with great love of life and a discriminating palate.

Many of the recipes are quite simple and use common ingredients. One could cook from this book or read it for a sense of possibility, entranced by the French titles and the writer’s enthusiasm. I speak from experience. It was from this book that I learned to cook mussels, back in the days before they were farm raised. With chopped garlic and parsley and a blob of butter, after a messy job of scraping the beards from what seemed countless shiny blue-black shells, I brought a bit of France to my husband and friends in a sixth-floor Greenwich Village walk-up.

Yet many of the recipes strike me as fantasy material... I do wonder how many readers of the book have actually prepared *Foie de Veau Poêle à la Bourgeoise*, which begins: "Select a whole calf's liver, and with a larding needle lard it generously with salt pork which has been powdered with chopped parsley, seasoned with pepper and spice [unspecified] and sprinkled with brandy"? Realizing that at the time of the book's publication liver was more popular than now, and larding needles found in more homes than at present, I'm still willing to bet that more women have *read* than prepared this dish. Part of its readerly appeal comes from the title, part from the somewhat unusual preparation style, part from the interpolation of French terms, part from the idea of such elaborate treatment of organ meat, and certainly part is the amusing, four-page anecdotal introduction concerning the role of veal in French cooking as compared to its scarcity in many parts of mid-1940s America. This cookbook presents the romance of a culinary *culture* in terms simultaneously idealized, down-to-earth, and humorous.

A very different early "exotic" takes the reader into Chinese culture. *The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook*, originally published in 1966, introduced what was still a new cuisine (other than the already familiar restaurant eggrolls, wonton soup, and various Americanized dishes) to many Americans. Written by a non-Chinese, Gloria Bley Miller, but endorsed by a man of Chinese origin (Roger Yuen Lee), the book allows its reader to feel that cooking these exotic dishes for someone *is* possible. With long sections on Chinese food traditions, food selection, regional cooking, cooking techniques and utensils; with beautiful ink and wash drawings; and with an extensive glossary of Chinese ingredients, this nine-hundred-plus-page book provides a veritable tour of Chinese culinary traditions. The rhetorical design of this book is particularly interesting, for the background and instructional sections are quite descriptive, allowing the reader space for imaginative adventures. In contrast, the recipes themselves are very businesslike, with almost no evaluative or conversational qualities. The *idea* of cooking from these recipes, having access to the unusual ingredients, knowing the special techniques, would have provided a new kind of imaginative culinary act for many a reader.

A number of more recent books encourage a romanticized idealization of the nurturant, traditionalist side of the female reader, whether she is in real life an account executive, professor, nurse, or work-at-home mom. *Moosewood Restaurant Cooks at Home* (1994) offers the busy worker the idea that cooking your own great pizza at home will give you and your children greater satisfaction (and nutrition)

than ordering a ready-made; it also conceives of such food as a "gift" you can provide. The book's authors laud the "transcendent moments of beauty and well-being" and the "sense of being truly home" that you can achieve when "cooking wholesome, delicious food."¹² Similarly, Laurie Colwin, in the 1992 introduction to her *More Home Cooking*, stresses the gift aspect of food. She assures us that the harried "professional woman of the nineties" is no worse off than the "depressed, bored, nonworking housewife of the fifties," and we are foolish to long nostalgically for a perfect mealtime togetherness that probably never existed. However, we can "reinvent life for ourselves," and one way is to consider this ideal: "The table is a meeting place, a gathering ground, the source of sustenance and nourishment, festivity, safety, and satisfaction. A person cooking is a person giving: Even the simplest food is a gift."¹³ Reading the chatty book that follows, one can conjure up a closer family, happier friends, more satisfactory cooking than encountered in one's day-to-day life. For many readers, just the imagining of that possibility, reading the book for the romance of family and community closeness rather than actually using its instructions, may be the point.

Community cookbooks share the varied appeals one finds in commercial cookbooks, frequently stressing family closeness, but also dwelling on regional traditions, ethnic exoticism, creativity, and what an older friend of mine, with reverence in her voice for an era that seemed to have slipped away, longingly referred to as "gracious living." The foreword to *Stop and Smell the Rosemary* (a 1996 publication of the Junior League of Houston) promises that meals can be simultaneously "a feast of the senses...a celebration of nature's bounty...a gathering of the entire family for conversation, reflection, and communion." Their cookbook presents recipes that "celebrate family ties with the greatest humor, love, and joy."¹⁴ However, many of the dishes require elaborate preparation, quite a few call for unusual ingredients, and the elegant photographs that accompany this hardcover edition give the book a "classy" or romantic aspect that may be as important to its success as its actual recipes. Reading this book, like reading a number of other Junior League productions, one can indulge a self-image of perfectly executed total womanhood (job, homemaking, community service), even if long work hours, inadequate pay, family illness, self-doubt, or other limitations mitigate against "having it all."

"Through choosing this cookbook, you are embarking on a process that goes beyond the preparation of food. You are partaking in centuries of history, tradition and culture." Thus begins *The Black Family Reunion Cookbook*,

published by the National Council of Negro Women in 1991. Further, in a time-honored tradition, this book asserts that “where family values are strong, the health of the community is likewise” and assures the reader that by encouraging the rituals of cooking and shared mealtimes, we too will be contributing to family and community strength. Participation in a living sense of family and ethnic/racial identity is another romance that cookbook readers can enjoy. Whether reading a book like *Spoonbread and Strawberry Wine*, where the reminiscences about Papa Dardon, Uncle John, Aunt Artelia, and other members of this extended African-American family combine with photographs and recipes, or reading one like *Out of Our Kitchen Closets: San Francisco Gay Jewish Cooking*, which encourages the sense of participating in a warmly accepting community of friends, neighbors, and families, cookbook reading becomes a way to experience the interactions of people who are depicted in down-to-earth, believable, and yet idealized terms. If one shares the cookbook’s ethnic or other orientation, reading it (as opposed to cooking from it) can function to reinforce existing ideals; if one is not part of the cookbook’s community, then the reading experience allows a sampling of those ideals, a fantasy of a culture that might help (but then again, as hooks warned us, might hinder) deeper, more realistic cultural knowledge.

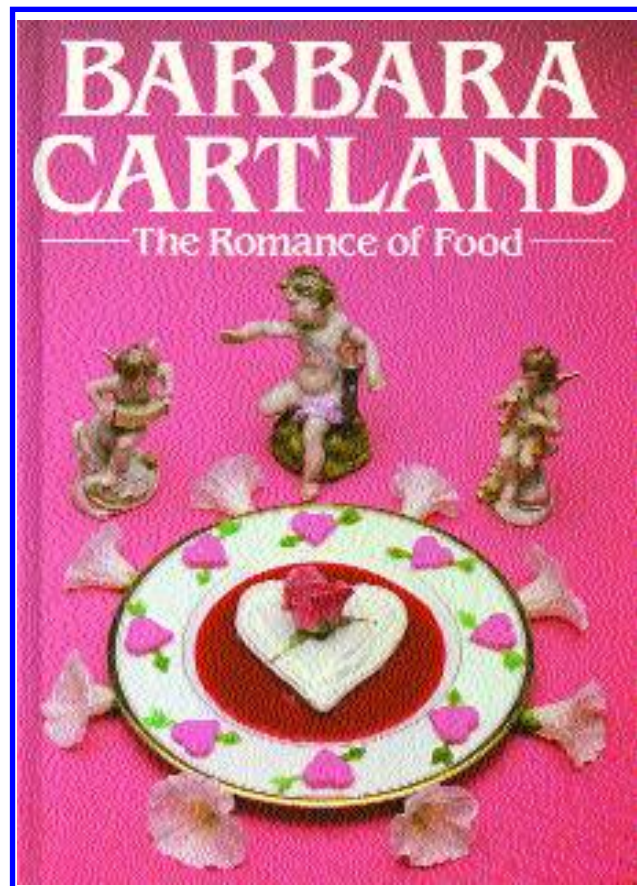
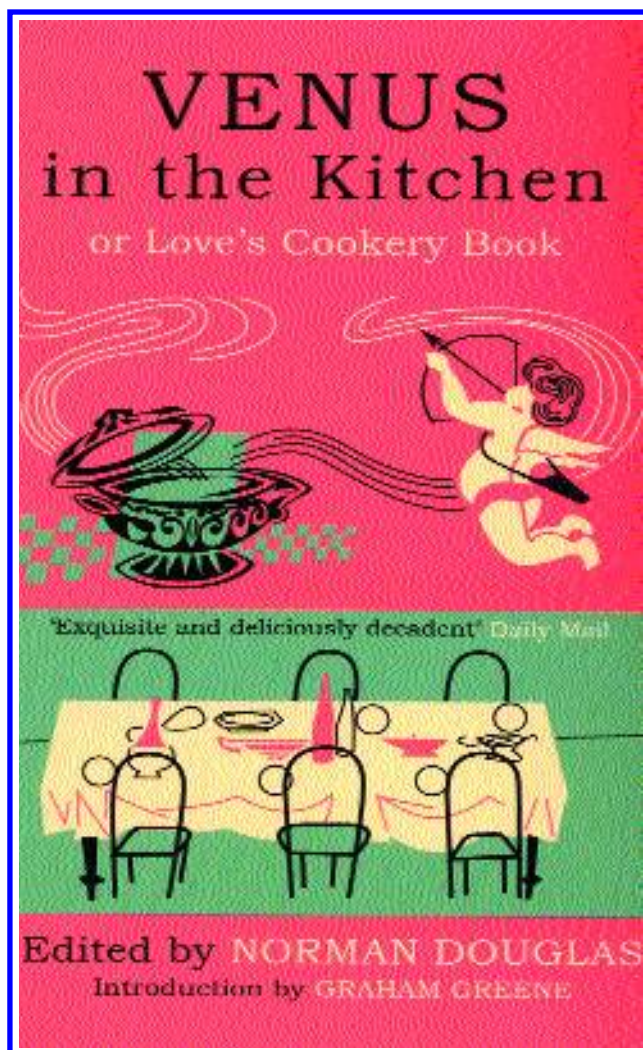
Situational Reading: Changing Food Needs and Eating Patterns

Another aspect of the readerly pleasure cookbooks provide results from our life situations. On a diet? Read about chocolate. On a tight budget? Read about caviar. Entrapped by the food preparation norms put forth by schools and other institutions and through the media from the 1920s on? Read books that break out of those norms and traditions. There’s no doubt those traditions are still with many of us. William Alex McIntosh and Mary Zey stress that women involved with families have been acculturated to believe it’s their responsibility “to provide the healthiest, most thrifty meals” possible and have been told of the importance of preparing “likable food and a pleasant atmosphere.” This role has been emphasized because, traditionally, women have been seen as the “gatekeepers” when it comes to food, controlling what comes into the house. But while women still have primary responsibility for food eaten in the home, men may control the food budget and/or, by their stated or implied food preferences, control what is presented at the table.¹⁵ Therefore, it seems logical that many women who are prevented by their husbands’ preferences from serving new

or different foods at home may turn to the cookbook reading experience to satisfy their taste for culinary adventure.

In their 1989 article, McIntosh and Zey report that the higher a woman’s income and status, the more power she has to control what is eaten in the home. In addition, for middle- and upper-class families, the “status production” values of foods produced at such events as dinner parties may allow women to buy or prepare foods that might otherwise not be their husbands’ or children’s first choices.¹⁶ The well-to-do member of the Junior League may gain status among her peers, with her husband, and with an employer by preparing an elegant dish that introduces novel foods, new combinations of known foods, or new cooking and serving techniques. I would add that the individual whose circumstances prevent such enactment of culinary adventure may at least derive pleasure and a sense of self-expansion through reading the Junior League cookbook. Likewise, the busy executive or professional, with no time to actually cook, may indulge herself in the fantasy of cooking through simply reading about it.

It’s quite likely that a sense of time limitations along with our changing eating patterns may factor into the reading-a-cookbook-like-a-novel habit. Joan Acocella, in a 1999 *New Yorker* article, quotes a 1989 Gallup survey reporting that on any given evening, half of Americans polled were having “frozen, packaged, or take-out meals” at dinner-time.¹⁷ In the year I’m writing this, “nearly half of all meals are consumed outside the home, a quarter of them as fast food.” And those engaged in statistical predictions bring the figure for meals purchased outside the home to two-thirds of all meals in the not-too-distant future.¹⁸ If one can heat up a frozen dinner in the microwave, order in cheap food, or eat out, and when so many people do, what does it mean to cook for pleasure or to participate in an older tradition of food production (putting aside economic necessity for some, of course)? More importantly, for my purposes, what does it mean that even as people cook less, they continue to buy and read all kinds of cookbooks? Acocella reports that in 1998 alone, about a thousand recipe collections were published in this country, from celebrity cookbooks to ones detailing such arcane matters as medieval cookery to a *Star Trek Cookbook* complete with photographs of impossible dishes—“Heart of Targ” and so forth—and she asks, “Who buys these books?”¹⁹ And what about all those magazines devoted to food or with major food sections? All those newspaper sections? How many reading hours yield food cooked and eaten? What about all those television cooking shows? How many viewing hours actually translate into action at the stove? In that culinary medium, too, I contend, the



Left: Norman Douglas, *Venus in the Kitchen*. Originally published in 1952, reprinted by Bloomsbury in 2003. Above: Barbara Cartland, *The Romance of Food*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Co., 1984.

LEFT: USED BY PERMISSION OF BLOOMSBURY, NEW YORK; ABOVE: USED BY PERMISSION

shows function much the way soap operas or dramas do, providing “romance” or at least escape and relaxation. The food writer Molly O’Neill sees many of the shows and writings about food as a kind of stand-in for what we are afraid of losing—the sacramental aspect of foods slowly cooked and shared, the sense of connection to where food comes from, the energy and traditions of cooking from scratch.²⁰

And We Keep Reading

Radway asserts that mass-market romances, mysteries, and westerns rely on a repeated “recipe that dictates the essential ingredients to be included in each new version of the form”; such “category fiction,” often produced by one company, “is *also* characterized by its consistent appeal to a regular audience.” Looking at series romance novels in particular, Radway proposes that the women readers of such novels find within them affiliation to other women (the heroines especially) and that this provides a kind of nurturance or support lacking in their demanding lives. However, since each romance novel read supplies only a brief period of

“therapeutic value,” a new one must be purchased (or borrowed) so that the same kind of experience can be repeated.²¹ Women who collect cookbooks or who read them “like novels” may be finding within their pages a similar combination of escape, relaxation, and female affiliation. They may also find, in the continuing “thin is beautiful” culture, that the books supply vicarious eating, guiltless (or delightfully guilty!) consumption of paper calories.

Analyzing romance novels, Radway uses the term “*compensatory literature*” (her italics; she sees these fictions as providing “emotional release that is proscribed in daily life because the social role with which [the women readers] identify themselves leaves little room for guiltless, self-interested pursuit of individual pleasure”). But another reason for reading, stated by the women themselves as a rationale to justify their romance “habit,” is that the novels teach them about “faraway places and times and instruct them in the customs of other cultures.”²² In terms of those who repeatedly read cookbooks, I think both these characterizations hold up. Those habituated to reading recipe collections probably do often turn to their cookbooks (or cooking

magazines or TV cooking shows) as a source of “guiltless” pleasure. Indeed, since the cookery book, magazine, or television show *could* result in production of food, to turn to cookbooks (etc.) as “compensatory” activity would be even more justified and justifiable (if one has to justify one’s acts) than reading a Harlequin romance. And while the romance novel may give you a few facts about long-ago wars or clothing from a bygone era, the cookbook, too, can provide educational information on foodways and history, sociological and anthropological understanding, and insights into geography, natural and urban settings, and the like.

Whether the world depicted within a cookbook’s pages is exotic or homey, low budget or pricey, stresses health or sensuality or some particular tradition, I would contend that the cookbook reader is frequently consuming the book and its imaginary possibilities, rather than deciding which recipe she’ll cook and consume at her table. The book allows the reader an imagined presence at a stove or buffet, in a home or in a restaurant, in a place familiar or totally foreign, perhaps in an atmosphere of sharing, perhaps in an atmosphere of exclusivity. The cookbook reader may become cook, guest, host, hostess, visitor, mother, child, even father, even grandparent, possibly a person born to this way of food, possibly someone tasting it for the first time. Cookbooks, like the romance novels that Radway discusses, provide their own kind of nourishment. What each reader does with that nourishment is, of course, up to her. 

NOTES

1. Jan Longone, telephone interview, 5 January 2000.
2. Janice A. Radway, *Reading the Romance: Women, Patriarchy, and Popular Literature* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1984), 61.
3. *Ibid.*, 64.
4. Susan Bordo, “Hunger as Ideology,” *Eating Culture*, Ron Scapp and Brian Seitz, eds. (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1998), 26.
5. Radway, 64, 65–66.
6. *Ibid.*, 67–68.
7. *Ibid.*, 87, 89.
8. bell hooks, “Eating the Other: Desire and Resistance,” *Eating Culture*, 191.
9. *Ibid.*, 181, 200. Lisa Heldke, in “‘Let’s Eat Chinese!’: Reflections on Cultural Food Colonialism,” *Gastronomica* 1 (Spring 2001): 76–79, makes a similar point about food appropriation—what she calls the “easy acquisitiveness” with which one can collect gustatory “adventures” or participate in “breezy sampling.” In her opinion, “just by eating ‘ethnic’ we adventurers don’t have a claim on another culture.” No matter how strong the illusion that by understanding how others eat we understand those others, such understanding *is* definitely illusory. Yet as the self-analysis of her own gustatory colonialism seems to demonstrate, admitting the complexity of our cultural/gustatory adventures may be one way to benefit from those experiences and have at least an honest appreciation for others’ foods and cultures.

10. Radway, 101–102.
11. Mary Anna DuSablon, *America’s Collectible Cookbooks: The History, the Politics, the Recipes* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1994), 121, 122–24.
12. Moosewood Collective, *Moosewood Restaurant Cooks at Home: Fast and Easy Recipes for Any Day* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994), 12, 14.
13. Laurie Colwin, Introduction, *More Home Cooking: A Writer Returns to the Kitchen* (New York: HarperCollins, 1993), 4–5.
14. Junior League of Houston, Foreword, *Stop and Smell the Rosemary: Recipes and Traditions to Remember* (Houston: Junior League of Houston, 1996).
15. William Alex McIntosh and Mary Zey, “Women as Gatekeepers of Food Consumption: A Sociological Critique,” *Food and Foodways* 34 (1989): 319, 319–20, 320–21.
16. *Ibid.*, 324.
17. Joan Acocella, “American Pie: The Culinary Canon, from Ketchup to Cuisine Moralised,” *New Yorker*, 6 December 1999, 165.
18. Marion Nestle, *Food Politics: How the Food Industry Influences Nutrition and Health* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002), 19; Joanne Finkelstein, “Dining Out: The Hyperreality of Appetite,” *Eating Culture*, 201.
19. Acocella, 148–49.
20. Molly O’Neill, “The Power of Food Memory,” lecture at Ohio Wesleyan University, 30 September 2003.
21. Radway, 29, 85.
22. *Ibid.*, 95–96, 107.